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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 679.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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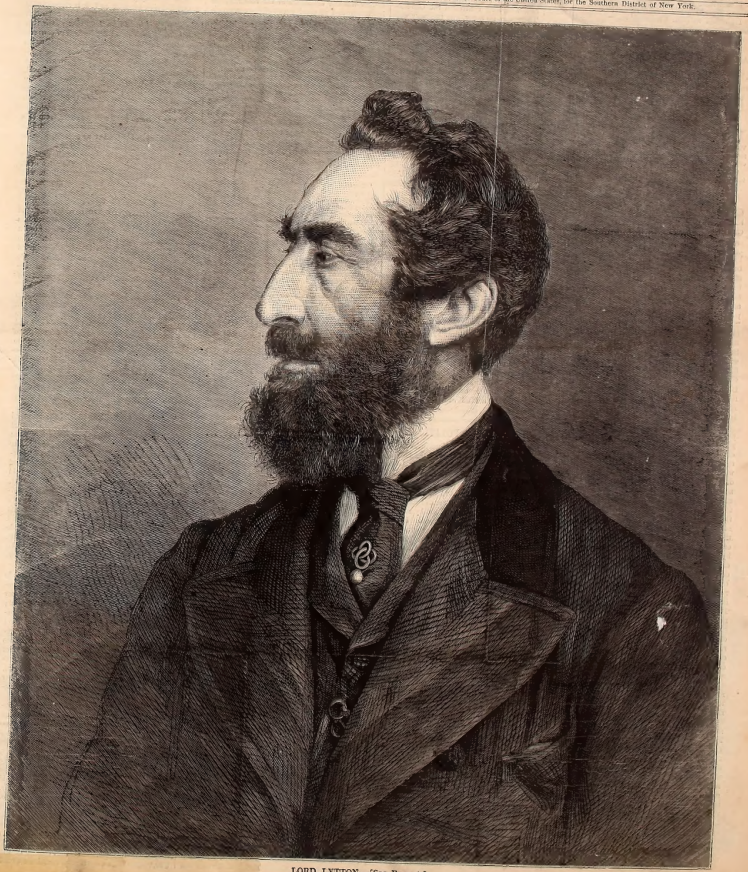

LORD LYTTON.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

SANTA CLAUS.

He journeys, a guest,
To our gladdened West,
In the gay memorial season,
At the merry time of chime and rhyme
When pleasure romps with reason.

Strange tales we know
Of his beard of snow;
And the reindeer steeds that draw him;
But not a man exists who can
Affirm that he ever saw him!

Always he pays
In secret ways
Those visits that delight us;
And drops by stealth his Christmas wealth,
Too cautious to affright us.

And though unseen,
Where his hands have been
Rare joyance follows after;
While his praises float from many a throat
In ripples of mellow laughter.

To us his name
Means more than fame,
With fairest memories round it.
He loves the true old Christmas-bell—
Oh, bid the steeples sound it!

And warm and free
Let the welcome be
As the flame of our brightest logs;
For he comes, a guest, whither every breast
Pays homage to Kris Kringle!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

☞ Subscribers who wish to bind the Thirteenth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY, ending with No. 676, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News-agents a TITLE-PAGE and TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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OUR NEUTRAL POLICY.

SENATOR CARPENTER undoubtedly presents the feeling of Cuba as strongly as it can be urged; but the very vital point of his speech was its weakest part. We are neutral, he found, by the laws of nations and by our own pledges to stand entirely neutral between Spain and Cuba. But how can we be neutral and stand between two professed belligerents? For this most obvious question Senator CARPENTER has a reply. It is, that the acts of 1794 and of 1818 declare the policy of this country to be "neutrality, with the recognition of belligerent rights from the inception of any actual revolution." What is any actual revolution? This question, also, the Senator answers by saying that, in a legal sense, when the fact has not been enforced by civil officers, but only by military authority within a state, war exists. This may be a legal fact and a fact in an international sense; for such a principle would foment and strengthen insurrection every where. It would practically abolish international comity.

Certainly Senator CARPENTER would not say that the necessity of enforcing the law in the presence of General GRANT'S bayonets the other day in Brooklyn made a state of war between that district and the United States. He would probably admit that time and a certain display of force and evidence of purpose were necessary to elevate a riot into a revolution, and to justify the concession of belligerent rights to the rioters by foreign Powers. Until those things were approved he would doubtless concede that there was not "actual revolution," although his words, as reported, are more peremptory, and seem to contemplate interference by recognition at the "inception" of actual revolution—such as the Boston massacre in 1770, or the firing on the *Star of the West* in 1861, or the firing on the *Sumter* in 1863.

Upon such a principle as this, Senator CARPENTER would not, of course, complain that at the inception of the revolution in the country in 1861, England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the revolutionists. But if, as we assume, he would allow some considerable period of purpose, but of power, to be essential to the recognition of belligerency to both parties in a civil war, he would probably ask international precedents. That custom demands that a belligerent claiming recognition shall have a corporate existence, a civil government performing its functions, ports, and prize courts; that is, that it be more than an armed body of men able to defy the ordinary military force.

The Senator's speech begs the question. He says that, if Cuba violated our neutrality laws by fitting out expeditions, Spain was equally guilty in doing the same thing. This argument asserts that we were bound to treat them both alike. But this is a total mistake. Cuba is not a Power. Cuba is not even a belligerent, so far as we are concerned, until we choose to be so by recognition; and when we do that, we do it upon evidence of the existence of the facts we have mentioned. The act of 1818 indeed forbids the fitting out, or arming in our ports, of ships to be used against any foreign prince, colony, district, or people with whom we are at peace. But, as Senator SUMNER stated, these qualifying words were introduced into the act purposely, and with the specific intention of including the Spanish colonies then in revolt, but of whose belligerency there was no question. The principle which Senator CARPENTER asserted to be that of the policy of the United States, is unquestionably that which Mr. BANES sought to introduce by the modification of the Neutrality laws; but his attempt shows that it is not our present principle or policy.

Indeed, all those who strenuously urge this practice are justifying upon what they call the loftiest grounds the action of England and her granting of our rebellion. If ever circumstances authorized recognition at the "inception of actual revolution," they existed in 1861. England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the Confederacy as a belligerency. The President of the United States had virtually declared that there was no constitutional power to coerce States. It was conceded on every side that the Constitution did not in terms forbid secession. The world had seen the country paralyzed by the sloth at the *Star of the West*, and apparently enduring it without a protest. The foreign representatives of the Government were friendly to the rebellion. The party whose leaders had begun the revolt was immense, and had long controlled the Government. There was no army, and the navy was dispersed. If ever there was a promising "inception of actual revolution," this was it, and according to Senator CARPENTER'S principle, as reported, Great Britain was wholly justified.

But upon which side, how could equity between the assent of Great Britain to the proposition of France to recognize the independence of the Union at the battle of Fredericksburg! If it be the true policy to grant belligerent rights from the inception of any actual revolution, it is certainly not equally just policy to recognize the independence of a belligerent which, for more than two years, has resisted the efforts of the antagonist, and has maintained a complete system of civil government, and after a decisive victory seems to be consolidated more firmly than ever, nevertheless, refused. Hostile as she seemed to us, she yet refrained from that final and disastrous step which, it is but a logical inference from Senator CARPENTER'S speech, as reported, to say that she was, in his opinion, justified in taking.

The most decisive point in favor of Cuba to-day is the *Alabama* question. Our position upon it is very strong, and it is fortified by the latest intelligence. Every word spoken upon the subject of international relations, every act done, bears upon the question. Yet not to that merely, officially urging as it is, but for the general welfare of the world, and for the liberty in whose name Senator CARPENTER as well as ourselves has taken our stand, is nothing which shall authorize the eager interference of nations in foreign difficulties. If one nation may intervene for one purpose another will intervene for another. The only reasonable and safe rule is that of the United States, and especially for all who are struggling for liberty, and non-interference until power as well as purpose is established by universal, while evidence, of a kind which is universally acknowledged.

MISSISSIPPI POLITICS.

THE result of the late elections in Texas and Mississippi is now seen to be the fact, Mr. DAVIS is elected Governor of Texas, is very agreeable to those who see in it the evidence of a really Republican party in the States. It was a favorite theory of Governor ANDREW of Massachusetts that the real work of reconstruction in the South must be done by native or long-resident Southern white men. He foresaw the immigration from the Northern States that he was not satisfied could be composed altogether of those who could do the work that was essential. This was also the theory of the thorough Republicans, who have been waiting to see if there were any signs of the appearance of such men. They would be those, of whose coming, the reports made us despair —Southern men who fought for the Confederacy, and who honestly and honorably accepted the defeat, and the consequent situation. In the nature of the case there could be few such men; but Governor ALCORN, the Republican Governor of Mississippi, seems to be one of them.

He did not conceal before the election that he had been a rebel; that he had served in the rebel army, and lost a son in it; that he had been a slave-owner, and was a considerable holder in the State where he had lived for twenty-five years, and with which he was entirely identified. But General ALCORN seems to have been able to understand the logical consequences of the utter fall of the Confederacy and of emancipation. He was also liberal enough to recognize the supreme and resistless power of the victorious Government, and that to defy it was merely to dash himself against the wall. He looked around him, he saw that the hatred of the negro in consequence of emancipation threatened his annihilation, with the loss of the laboring population and endless woes. He saw also that the negro could not but be defended by a military force, and by the ballot. The old matters were, to so speak, the natural leaders of the freedmen. But they carried the new citizens, who were obliged to seek fellowship somewhere, and they turned to the Northern settlers, many of whom were educated, and had various social and property ties to the South. But others were, as was to be expected, mere adventurers who would stop at nothing that might secure their selfish advantage.

The leadership of the new citizens by such men was for every reason not desirable, and in 1867 Mr. ALCORN called upon the white people of the South to accept the situation in good faith, and not to pout and sulk against the inevitable. He was universally denounced by the consequence. But when a policy of general proscription was proposed in the State of Mississippi it failed. Then the Republican party of Mississippi was founded upon the platform of an intelligent union of all who heartily accepted the Republican national policy, including equal suffrage, and at this year General ALCORN was the candidate in the late contest with Judge DENT. The latter was the candidate of the "Conservatives" of every kind—as they are absurdly called, as if it were possible to preserve for the future any vigilant conservatism to refuse to rise out of the ruins of what the past has been upon. The former was the candidate of the Radicals, the intelligent and perceptive part of the community.

The significance before the election Governor ALCORN said:

"The reconstruction to which I go forward is a reconstruction which will make rich and poor equal *in fact* before the law. I move on with it, guiding a people who have accepted the result of war, signified to the erection of a government by the people and *for* all your rights. I go forward, fellow-citizens, to build up in accordance with the spirit of the age, in accordance with the will of the nation, a party new to the history of Mississippi—a party determined, while raising the negro to his true position, to maintain under the feet of power, to erect it, not upon its point, but upon its base—the white man's interests."

But he knows that the interests of all are inseparable. He grants that in the old day the oligarchy of slaveholders, of which he was one, controlled the interests of the State. Among the declarations, therefore, this is very significant:

"The 90,000 poor voters who have been disinstated, in the past by a privileged class will strike now for their independence. The small farmer who had been disgusted toward the old Democratic oligarchy will refuse to vote any more in the interests of the few. The small trader finds his interests now with the laborer, and he is justified no longer in declining to assert his independence because of the success of a rich man's opponent. The man who is laboring to form will unite with the laborer who is laboring to reform. Under these several classes of the white race, the principles of the ultimo will be laid, and, berthing the debates of a dead system from their seats, will go forward with me to the erection of a government based on exclusive, prompt payment, equality before the law, and a general system of education, making its foundations in strict justice to the rich and to the poor"

The Republican party in Mississippi polled fully a third of the white vote. But the majority for General ALCORN and his intelligent platform was so immense that many of the leaders who have stood with him will not necessarily remain opposed to an administration which, by insisting upon equal rights, will plainly base its success upon the popularity. For ourselves, however, we do not expect that the old rebel element of the Southern States will become a safe and reliable power. The very fact that General ALCORN and a very few others stand alone among their old associates, results in hopelessness of the position of the latter. They will be an obstruction. But there is no reason to suppose that the party in the State, which has shown such strength upon the declaration of so just and generous a policy, will decline. It has comprehended the situation. It has found its leader, and will loyally express its faith and its purpose; and a man who, under the circumstances that surrounded him, has done what General ALCORN has done, will naturally not wish to undo it.

RECENT GOLD SALES.

MUCH more than usual excitement was experienced in Wall Street on Friday, over the sale of the item of gold. It will be recollected that Mr. BOUTWELL, after the bids had been opened on the 20th of December, declared he intended to sell gold at under 22 per cent. premium. Mr. COLGATE, who had put in his offers at 121 and 4/32, being one of the lowest whose bids had been rejected, proceeded to Washington after having tendered about $600,000 to the Sub-treasury, and intimated that as there were no higher bidders, he should have his gold.

Mr. BOUTWELL was immovable. He claimed that, although special notice had not been given on this particular occasion of the reservation of a right to reject, yet that it had been given before; that such was the understanding, and that this was to be gathered from the fact that at every sale there was delay in its completion until reported to him and approved.

The decision gave umbrage to Wall Street, which has wished for its opportunity to show that it was the currency on hand at Washington —due to the purchases of bonds—to coerce the Treasury into a reversal of its decision.

Friday, the 17th, was the day for the trial of this scheme. A million had been offered for sale on that day, and the sum announced at the beginning of December. The time having arrived for opening the bids, the Sub-treasurer, with a number of the community around him, at o'clock noon to ascertain the result. The announcement that there were but seven bids was received with derisive laughter, and when it appeared that offers for only $482,000 had been made, and that some of the bids were under that of Mr. COLGATE, the large crowd in attendance rushed to the Gold Room to operate, being certain that the offers would be rejected. The price rose to 121¼; but amidst the tumult in the Exchange at a quarter to one, on ascertaining that the bids had been accepted, it fell instantaneously one per cent., and the market sank heavily, closing at about 120¾, the lowest price reached at any time since the close of the war. Wall Street was in consternation. Not to say that no one could tell during the day what principle of action the decision involved. What the Treasury and Administration thereafter, we will it raise or lower them? This was the question universally asked.

As the price of gold affects the price of imported goods—which are marked down with very rigid subservience in proportion to its fall —and as it affects also the bulk of our exports, mere transactions carry dismay to thousands. The merchant, whose goods have been reduced from a currency price founded on gold at 140 to one founded on gold at 120, is ruined if his margin of capital is absorbed. The farmer, who at present sells here for export, finds that what he is sold for gold, and that, instead of converting the latter into currency at 140, his agent will realize but 120, with a loss to the principal of the difference. The disadvantage of the reduction arises from the fact that gold, which was withheld from the market in hopes of a rise of prices, will be immediately pressed for sale simultaneously with the period of greatest activity in our exports.

It was hoped gold was withheld from sale that the sharpers who are pastured upon Rye are enabled in September to carry on gold to 120-3, and with the increase of persistent sales since —doubtless with good intent—that the gold has fallen to 120-1, carrying with it a fall of all descriptions of property which sympathize with gold. A change of a half or a quarter per cent. even is instantly communicated, and in this case has been the cause of immense transactions connected with bonds, which are sold or purchased as they are high or low in gold as compared with New York, at the moment of a slight fluctuation in the price of gold. The sale or purchase of bonds abroad is effected through cable telegrams, and is immediately completed—if a sale—by disposing of exchange in this market, and its resulting proceeds of gold.

The German bankers, who watch with the keenest interest for these fluctuations, have their correspondents in the principal money centres of Europe, and operate with boldness, skill, and absolute certainty in this manner. They have the bonds on hand, and intending it to the Secretary of the Treasury in beating down the price of gold. They sell here the proceeds, in the form of exchange, of our bonds sent abroad by them, which exchange being paid for in gold, they have for a long time been the buyers of gold in harmony with the sales of the Department.

The violent fluctuations which have occurred in gold, and which have been communicated to the trade of the whole country, are due not to the regular operations of commerce, but to the regular operations of those who control the movement of gold, as to an exigency could foresee. The bankers who urged the policy upon the Secretary of buying gold and paying, admit their disappointment, as they expected that such a feeling of confidence would be created abroad in our bonds as to pay for gold; but although this has not been accomplished, the plan is still pursued with disastrous effect upon the trade and industry of the country. It will seldom happen in the experience of men that occasions will be afforded for affecting so powerfully the fortunes of the country.

If Mr. BOUTWELL had paid off the whole amount of three per cent. certificates the contraction in gold would have been much greater than has been produced by the sale of gold; and there would have been this difference between the two modes—that there would have contracted the currency, and prevented a succeeding rise in prices; while the other expedient would be the purchase of a subsequent advance when this temporary pressure proceeding from the Treasury shall have passed away, and it does so, will leave our paper currency to its unrestrained and complete influence.

The act of Congress which prevented contraction after Mr. M'CULLOCH had reduced the amount of legal tenders from $400,000,000 to $356,000,000, limited only to "United States notes," which were specifically mentioned, and did not, by its terms or by its spirit, embrace the Sub-treasury gold certificates. By the terms of the act creating them they were not to bear interest and were to be redeemed by the Treasury should so elect. Had it done this, the whole amount, with the exception, perhaps, of some portion of the twenty millions which are now stamped by the Sub-treasurer for clearing-house purposes, would have been presented for redemption. They are held as a reserve in preference to legal tenders, because they bear interest. To the extent of that $20,000,000 those certificates constitute a tend-

er between banks, although they do not at between the banks and individuals. They perform the purposes of money in promoting expansion, but not at all for the purpose of payment to bill-holders or depositors; and, being thus anomalous and dangerous, should be eliminated from the system. The Treasury was at liberty to pay off these; but it may be said that this would have been in violation of the spirit of the act of Congress, as it amounted to virtual contraction.

It was competent for Congress to have specified these, if it was intended that they should not be paid off; but Congress aimed at steadiness in the currency and in prices, and wished to prevent a contraction in the exchangeable value of commodities, and not by the Treasury, appearing to be governed by the supposed spirit instead of the terms of the act, has adopted a policy which has lowered prices in an extraordinary degree and produced an amount of suffering in all the walks of commerce and industry which could not have been avoided by contraction, and produced it without the permanent benefits to result from contraction.

We urge, therefore, again those who are thus subject to violent vicissitudes in their affairs to support the policy which shall bring the country to a specie currency. It will be found to be the only road to safety and prosperity, both for individuals and the public.

MURDER AND SENTIMENTALITY.

A FEW weeks ago, while the Boston Cadets were feasting General MAGRUDER, the rebel commander at Great Bethel, Union men in Georgia, according to the Atlanta *Intelligencer*, were murdered at the pleasure of the Ku-Klux bands. There is, he says, no security for life or property, and summary measures will not can do justice. Do the worthy members of the Company of Cadets see no relation between the two facts? Their invitation to General MAGRUDER does not, indeed, directly occasion the slaughter of innocent Union men; but it does indirectly. The lesson which the distinguished element in the Southern States is so painfully slow to learn is that we understand our own victory, not as one of vengeance, but of forgiveness. And how can we expect them ever to learn it if we do not show it in every intelligible way? General MAGRUDER threw up the service not of his country to fight against his flag, at the command of a State, for the purpose of perpetuating human slavery. Was he not as much the Boston Cadets think worthy of especial honor? Or is it done to show that they have no ill feeling? Such delicacy should be shown. Or is it done because they think that General MAGRUDER was as honest as they were? Would they, then, have feasted JEFFERSON DAVIS and RAPHAEL SEMMES?

To bring the matter home, would the commander of the Cadets, when they went to the war, be now made the honored object of hilarious and respectful jamborees by the Palmetto Guard and the Louisiana Tigers? We would not erect those boisterous models, nor do evil because our neighbor will not do well; but we would not certainly honor conspicuous rebels with the rebel spirit slaughtered our brethren; and we certainly should not expect the slaughter to stop until we could feel very respectful to ourselves and our power sufficiently to abstain from how ering those who might stop it. The country should have time to consider the disinterested question, "Are you going to fight forever?" until it had stopped the crimes which General TERRY describes so rife in Georgia.

There is this advantage in the counsels of extreme men, as they are called—that they understand each other. BENJAMIN, if you choose, to catch a thief. Fight fire with fire. There are exhortations that grow out of the depths of experience. It may not be an appropriate truth, but it is still a truth, that such a man as THADDEUS STEVENS understood better how to deal with rebels than more moderate men, and for the reason that he was of a like resolution and temper with them, but patriotically and nobly directed. The policy of reconstruction which has been adopted was the result of a situation which Mr. STEVENS, and men like him, instinctively divined. When he spoke of confiscation and military rule and territorial condition, there was a general shuddering even among his own party friends. He was supposed to contemplate a blood-thirsty and vindictive by the opposition. But he always quietly answered in substance, why is the blood of enemies more precious than that of friends?

He did not, indeed, advise bloodshed. But he was of opinion that the blood of patriots must be spilled rather than that of Union men of any color. He knew, also, that it was necessary, by a thorough and radical reorganization of society in the rebel States, to show the rebel spirit that the country fully comprehended its own victory, and would certainly secure it. He knew that the contempt of "the North" was ingrained and traditional in "the South," and that the shortest and surest way of peace was to show a perfect readiness upon the part of "the North" to use its superior strength to establish its policy.

His view of the situation was practical. It implied nothing vindictive, nothing unjust. Gradually events showed its wisdom. The conduct of the South when ANDREW JOHNSON began the reaction—the New Orleans and Memphis massacres—the black codes—the Ku-Klux —and finally, the total subjection of the Democratic National Convention of 1868 to the rebel chiefs—all revealed the actual facts and spirit with which the country has to deal.

That condition virtually remains. Nobody, of course, expects that any system will instantly pacify a State so long demoralized by the barbarism of slavery, and thus so riven with civil war as Georgia. But because every thing may not be done at once, it would be extremely foolish to expect to do nothing. The removal of the colored members of the Legislature was a deliberate defiance of the authority of the United States. It had been instantly accepted as such by Congress, and the territorial condition been restored, there would be at this moment much more security for life and property in that State than General TERRY reports. So, likewise, when it was proposed that the Cadets in Boston should honor General MAGRUDER, magistrates and juries in Georgia would have been stronger had the Cadets decisively declined.

The remedy is, first of all, moral, then physical. Let the South perceive that we regard the war as a very solemn and serious and enormous crime, the memory and lessons of which are not to be drowned in a slop of sentimentality. That will then civil and political rights that rejected all the sophistries and disregarded all the menaces of the Johnsonian reaction, has been triumphant over the demand for repudiation.

It is proof of the fact that the public mind is well healthful, and that "moral ideas" are not dead even in a political party. Had the Democratic candidates in 1868 been elected upon a platform of virtual or conditional repudiation, the House in 1869 would not have unanimously passed such a resolution as that of General GARFIELD. The election of Mr. SEYMOUR would have been a potent proof of the fatal demoralization of the public mind as the passage of the GARFIELD resolution is proof of the general reaction, even among the Democratic leaders, that the country believes honesty to be the best policy.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL.

GREAT BRITAIN just now loses no opportunity of showing her good-will to the United States. Not only is GEORGE PEABODY honored and mourned as very few British subjects would be, but Lord LYONS, the English Ambassador to Paris, gives a dinner to General BANKS, and the London *Times* says that if Mr. MOTLEY proves that the Alabama negotiations be reopened at Washington, at Washington it shall be. The *Times* further says, what is very evident: "We shall never cease to entertain the friendship if we are to begin in the spirit of bestriggling attorneys. American writers and statesmen may quarrel with advantage like our blood is, after all, not very different from their own. Englishmen have susceptibilities as well as Americans. It is not probable that we shall be drawn toward the Americans by the suggestion that we are insincere, and bent on unbalancing their minds with the promise of a dealing openly. This is sensible; and indeed every thing shows a disposition which is very promising for the future negotiations.

But it can hardly be agreeable to Mr. MOTLEY that the offer of the *Times* should be made as if a change of the scene of negotiations had been demanded; nor was its previous suggestion flattering, that other persons than our Minister should be called into the negotiation upon our side. The *Times* has certainly an ingenious cleverness even when it apparently means to be friendly. To remove the negotiations from the capital in which our Minister resides, or to place it in other hands, would be simply to declare that he could not be recalled. Now, when Mr. MOTLEY was appointed, the chief question between his country and England was that of the Alabama claims. If he had not been considered competent to deal with it, according to the views of the Administration, the *Times* may be very sure he could not have been confirmed. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was an opposition nomination from an opposition administration, and was confirmed merely because of a foolish custom of the Senate. But Mr. MOTLEY is heartily in accord with the Administration, and—but there the shot pinched?—he is the especial friend of Mr. SUMNER. In him, at all events, the *Times* and England can see a most representative American feeling—and they must have had quite enough of the other kind in his immediate precedessor.

NOTES.

THE Harvard crew, with the exception of Mr. SIMMONS, have published a card disowning Mr. WILLIAM BLAKIE'S article upon the race in *Harper's Monthly*, and Mr. BLAKIE has replied. He thinks, so he was with the crew twelve hours a day through all preparation for the race, and knew the great day, and was really their Secretary, whatever he may have been called, receiving and answering letters in their name, and he knew their views and had expressed them. It is a pity that there should be any difference upon the subject; but if the article did not speak the sentiments of the crew, they have done right in saying so. It is almost impossible, under such exciting and remarkable circumstances as those of the race, that there should not be some suspicion or ill feeling. But there seems no reason to suppose that Harvard was cherish any other feeling than that of honorable rivalry toward the Oxonians.

"The Dynamite" is the title of a comely little magazine published by the students of Brown University, which every graduate and friend of Brown will find very entertaining, not only from association, but from the shrewd comments in the department called "Home Matters," upon the current college-going to all literature. It only a dollar and a half a year; and is there any of the sons of Brown who does not love her memory to that amount?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 15.—In the Senate, Mr. MORTON's bill to repeal the reconstruction acts of Congress was reported as amended by the Judiciary Committee. It provides for carrying into effect the fifteenth article of amendment to the Constitution, and declares that the Fourteenth amendment has now become part of the Constitution, and that the condition of the rebel States under the reconstruction acts, since the powers the President to enforce the act, using the army and navy if necessary, and makes the Legislature provisional until further Congressional action. Mr. SUMNER presented memorials from York praying for the recognition of Cuba was presented, under a suspension of the rules, a message from the President was received, containing the announcement of Secretary SEWARD, that he had, up to December 6, ratified the Constitutional Amendment. These were: Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Rhode Island, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Maine, Kansas, Nevada, New Hampshire, Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee, Louisiana, Florida, Illinois, Arkansas, New York, New Hampshire, Nevada, Vermont, Virginia.

December 16.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced providing for the admission of Arizona. Mr. SUMNER presented a memorial from Santa Cruz. In the House, messages were received from the President declining to furnish the correspondence with Minister SICKLES in regard to Cuba, and giving notice that he had ratified the Fifteenth Amendment by Alabama. On the House going into committee of the whole, a resolution from the President's Message relating to the finances, Mr. MONGEN, of Ohio, being in the chair, in favor of repealing the National Debt, whereupon Messrs. BROOKS, of New York, and SCHENCK, of Ohio, spoke in favor of the greenback and Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, one by one, and moved to amend by adding a clause declaring that the act approved April 12 last, entitled "An act to amend the act of June 30, 1864, entitled, &c., &c., and for other purposes," was not intended to authorize the issue of any greenbacks in excess of that if a conflict should begin, the Indians, from the battalion of the Second Regiment of Mounted Riflemen in a war of extermination against the white settlers.

The National Democratic State Convention assembled at Boston on the 15th December, passed resolutions censuring the Governor's report because he was recently investigated the affairs of the Book Concern in New York, and urged the sub-Committee to continue the investigation.

The Kentucky Legislature, on the 15th December, elected John W. Stevenson United States Senator.

On December 15, 1869, the steamer Montana, Peralta's vessel, caved in, filling up the tunnel and shaft, and blocking the entrance. Several of the workmen were carried down a distance of forty feet, and their inmates were imprisoned for life. The rest escaped with the manner of people.

December 16.—The disaster is ascribed to working the tunnel too near the surface. Only about twenty feet of earth between the foundations of the house and the mine.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE remains of the late Mr. Peabody were, on December 13, removed on board the British ship-of-war *Monarch*, at Portland, and will be consigned to the care of Captain Conner at Liverpool. Minister MOTLEY, Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, the United States Minister, in behalf of the country, and numerous friends in England. During the ceremony minute-guns were fired from the City Hall Square, and the flags on the vessels in the harbor displayed their colors at half-mast and dipped each salute. The United States ship *Plymouth* is to accompany the *Monarch* across the Atlantic.

It is reported that Bishop DUPANLOUP urges the placing of Galilean Bishops on leading committees in the Council, in order that the decree declaring the Council in the event of his death is designed to prevent the election of a Pope by the Council. It is stated with pressure that Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, Minister to Turkey, is going Cabinet Council at Paris. The return was said to be caused by an ex-Imperialist, and urged on by the priests. A new Ministry was soon finally formed, and no endeavor was made to burn the Protestant store, using Bibles for fuel.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MR. BISHOPRIGGS.

THE knock at the door was repeated—a loud-er knock than before.

"Are you deaf?" shouted Arnold.

The door opened a little by little, an inch at a time. Mr. Bishoprigg appeared mysteriously, with the cloth for dinner over his arm, and with his second in command behind him, bearing the furnishing of the table' (as it was called at Craig Fernie) on my.

"What the dence were you waiting for?" asked Arnold. "I told you to come in."

"And *I* tauld you," answered Mr. Bishoprigg, "that I wadna come in without knocking first. Eh, man!" he went on, dismissing his second in command, and laying the cloth with his own venerable hands, "d'ye think I've lived in this bottle in blinded cognorance of hoo young married couples past the time when they've left to themselves? Two knocks at the door—and an unco trouble in opening it, after that—is joost the least ye can do for them! What' do ye think, now, I'll set the places for you and your leddy there?

Anne walked away to the window, in unfeigned disgust. Arnold found Mr. Bishoprigg to be quite irresistible. He answered, humoring the joke,

"One at the top and one at the bottom of the table, I suppose?"

"One at tap and one at bottom?" repoated Mr. Bishoprigge, in high disdain. "Do lik of it! Baith yer chairs as close together as chairs can be. Hech! hech!—haven't I caught 'em, after goodness knows hoo many preleeminary knocks at the door, dining on their husbands' knees, and steemikating a man's appetite by feeding him at the fork's end like a child? Eh!" sighed the sage of Craig Fernie, "it's a short life wi' that nuptial business, and a merry one! A month for we bilin' and coorin', and a the rest o' yer days for wondering ye were ever such a fule, and wishing it was a' to be done over again.—Ye'll be for a bottle o' sherry wine, nae doot? and a drap toddy afterwards, to do yer digestin on?"

Arnold nodded—and then, in obedience to a signal from Anne, joined her at the window. Mr. Bishopriggs looked after them attentively—observed that they were talking in whispers—and approved of that proceeding, as representing another of the established customs of young married couples at inns, in the presence of third persons appointed to wait on them.

"Ay! ay!" he said, looking over his shoulder at Arnold, "gae to yon deerie! gae to your deerie! and leave a' the tolal business o' life to Mr. Ye've Sceepture warrant for it. A man maun leave father and mother (Un yer father), and cleave to his wife. My certies! 'cleave' is a strong word —there's nae sort o' doot about it, when it comes to 'cleaving!' He wagged his head thoughtfully and walked to the side-table in a corner, to cut the bread.

As he took up the knife, his one wary eye detected a morsel of crumpled paper, lying lost between the table and the wall. It was the letter from Geoffrey, which Anne had flung from her, in the first indignation of reading it—and which neither she nor Arnold had thought of since.

"What's that I see yonder?" muttered Mr. Bishoprigge, under his breath. "Mair litter in the room, after I've doosted and tidied it wi' my ain hands!"

He picked up the crumpled paper, and partly opened it. "Eh! what's here? Writing on it in ink? and writing on it in pencil? Who may this belong to?" He looked round cautiously toward Arnold and Anne. They were both still talking in whispers, and both standing with their backs to him, looking out of the window. "Here it is, clean forgotten and done with!" thought Mr. Bishoprigge. "Noo what would a fule do, if he fond this? A fule wad light his pipe wi' it, and then wonder whether he wadna ha done better to read it first. And what wad a wise man do, in a seemilar position?" He practically answered that question by putting the letter into his pocket. It might be worth keeping, or it might not; five minutes' private examination of it would decide the alternative, at the first convenient opportunity. "An' gaun' to breeng the dinner in!" he called out to Arnold. "And, mind ye, there's nae knocking at the door possible, when I've got the tray in baith my hands, and, mairs the pity, the gout in baith my feet." With that friendly warning, Mr. Bishoprigge went his way to the regions of the kitchen.

Arnold continued his conversation with Anne, in terms which showed that the question of his leaving the inn had been the question once more discussed between them while they were standing at the window.

"You see we can't help it," he said. "The waiter has gone to bring the dinner in. What will they think in the house, if I go away already, and leave 'my wife' to dine alone?"

It was so plainly necessary to keep up appearances for the present, that there was nothing more to be said. Arnold was committing a serious imprudence—and yet, on this occasion, Arnold was right. Anne's annoyance at feeling that conclusion forced on her produced the first betrayal of impatience which she had shown yet. She left Arnold at the window, and flung herself on the sofa. "A curse seems to follow me!" she thought, bitterly. "This will end ill—and I shall be unwearable for it!"

In the mean time Mr. Bishoprigge had found the dinner in the kitchen, ready, and waiting for him. Instead of at once taking the tray on which it was placed into the sitting-room, he conveyed it privately into his own pantry, and shut the door.

"Lie ye there, my freend, till the space moment comes—and I'll look at ye again," he said, putting the letter away carefully in the dresser-drawer. "Noo shoot the dinner o' they two turtle-doves in the parlor!" he continued, directing his attention to the dinner-tray. "I maun joost see that the cook's done her duty—the creetures are no capable o' decidin' that knotty point for their ain selves." He took off one of the covers, and picked bits, here and there, out of the dish with the fork. "Eh! eh! the collops are no' that bad!" He took off another cover, and shook his head in solemn doubt. "Here's the green meat. I doot green meat's wondy diet for a man at my time o' life!" He put the cover on again, and tried the next dish. "The fish? What the de'il does the woman fry the trout for? Boil it next time, ye betch, wi' a pinch o' saut and a spunefu' o' vinegar." He drew the cork from a bottle of sherry, and decanted the wine. "The sherry wine?" he said, in tones of deep feeling, holding the decanter up to the light. "Hoo do I know but what it may be corkit? I maun taste and try. It's on my conscience, as an honest man, to taste and try."

He forthwith relieved his conscience—copiously. There was a vacant space, of no inconsiderable dimensions, left in the decanter. Mr. Bishoprigge gravely filled it up from the water-bottle. "Eh! it's joost addin' ten years to the age o' the wine. The turtle-doves will be mine the waur—and I mysel' nan a glass o' sherry the better. Praise Providence for a' its mercies!" Having relieved himself of that devout aspiration, he took up the tray again, and decided on letting the turtle-doves have their dinner.

The conversation in the parlor (dropped for the moment) had been renewed, at the instance of Mr. Bishoprigge. No restless to remain long in one place, Anne had risen again from the sofa, and had rejoined Arnold at the window.

"Where do your friends at Lady Lundie's believe you to be now?" he asked, abruptly.

"I am believed," replied Arnold, "to be meeting my tenants, and taking possession of my estate."

"How are you to get to your estate to-night?"

"By railway, I suppose. I shall say that I excuse am I to make for going away after dinner? We are sure to have the landlady in here before long. What will she say to my going off by myself to the train, and leaving 'my wife' behind me?"

"Mr. Brinkworth! that joke—if it *is* a joke—is worn out!"

"I beg your pardon," said Arnold.

"You may leave your excuse to me," pursued Anne. "Do you go by the up train, or the down?"

"By the up train."

The door opened suddenly; and Mr. Bishoprigge appeared with the dinner. Anne nervously separated herself from Arnold. The only available eye of Mr. Bishoprigge followed her resolute approach, as he set the dishes on the table.

"I warned ye baith, it was a clean impossibility to knock at the door this time. Don't blame me, young madam—don't blame *me*!"

"Where will you sit?" asked Arnold, by way of diverting Anne's attention from the familiarities of Father Bishoprigge.

"Any where!" she answered, impatiently; snatching up a chair, and placing it at the bottom of the table.

Mr. Bishoprigge positively, but firmly, put the chair back again in its place.

"Lord's sake! what are ye doin'? It's clean contrary to a' the laws and customs o' the honey-moone, to sit as far away from each other's hand as that!"

He waved his persuasive napkin to one of the two chairs placed close together at the table. Arnold interfered once more, and prevented another outbreak of impatience from Anne.

"What does it matter?" he said. "Let the man have his way."

"Get it over as soon as you can," she returned. "I can't, and won't, bear it much longer."

They took their places at the table, with Father Bishopriggs behind them, in the mixed character of major domo and guardian angel.

"Here's the trout!" he cried, taking the cover off with a flourish. "Half an hour since, he was loupin' in the water. There he lies noo, fried in the dish. An emblem o' human life for ye! When ye can spare any leisure time from yer ain selves, meditate on that."

Arnold took up the spoon, to give Anne one of the trout. Mr. Bishopriggs clapped the cover on the dish again, with a countenance expressive of devout horror.

"Is there nobody gaun' to say grace?" he asked.

"Come! come!" said Arnold. "The fish is getting cold."

Mr. Bishopriggs piously closed his available eye, and held the cover firmly on the dish.

"For what ye're gaun' to receive, may ye baith be truly thankful!" He opened his available eye, and whipped the cover off again. "25y conscience is at ease noo.—Fall to! Fall to!"

THE NATIVITY.

"Send him away!" said Anne. "His familiarity is beyond all endurance."

"You needn't wait," said Arnold.

"Eh! but I'm here to wait," objected Mr. Bishopriggs. "What's the use o' my gaun' away, when ye'll want me anon to change the plates for ye?" He considered for a moment (privately consulting his experience), and arrived at a satisfactory conclusion as to Arnold's motive for wanting to get rid of him. "Tak' her on yer knee," he whispered in Arnold's ear, "as soon as ye like! Feed him at the fork's end," he added to Anne, "whenever ye please! I'll think of something else, and look out at the prospect." He winked—and went to the window.

"Come! come!" said Arnold to Anne. "There's a comic side to all this. Try and see as I do."

Mr. Bishopriggs returned from the window, and announced the appearance of a new element of embarrassment in the situation at the inn.

"My certie!" he said, "it's weel ye cam' when ye did. It's ill getting to this hottle in a storm."

Anne started, and looked round at him. "A storm coming!" she exclaimed.

"Eh! ye're well housed here—ye needn't mind it. There's the cloud down the valley," he added, pointing out of the window, "coming up one way, when the wind's blawing the other. The storm's brewing, my leddy, when ye see that!"

There was another knock at the door. As Arnold had predicted, the landlady made her appearance on the scene.

"I ha' just lookit in, Sir," said Mrs. Inchbare, addressing herself exclusively to Arnold, "to see ye've got what ye want."

"Oh! you are the landlady? Very nice, ma'am—very nice."

Mistress Inchbare had her own private motive for entering the room, and came to it without further preface.

"Yell excuse me, Sir," she proceeded. "I wasna in the way when ye cam' here, or I mild ha' made bauld to ask ye the question which I mean e'en ask noo. Am I to understand that ye hire these rooms for yersel', and this leddy here—yer wife?"

Anne raised her head to speak. Arnold pressed her hand warningly, under the table, and silenced her.

"Certainly," he said. "I take the rooms for myself, and this lady here—my wife!"

Anne made a second attempt to speak.

"This gentleman—" she began.

Arnold stopped her for the second time.

"This gentleman?" repeated Mrs. Inchbare, with a broad stare of surprise. "I'm only a puir woman, my leddy—d'ye mean yer husband here?"

Arnold's warning hand touched Anne's, for the third time. Mistress Inchbare's eyes remained fixed on her in merciless inquiry. To have given utterance to the contradiction which trembled on her lips would have been to involve Arnold (after all that he had sacrificed for her) in the scandal which would inevitably follow—a scandal which would be talked of in the neighborhood, and which might find its way to Blanche's ears. White and cold, her eyes never moving from the table, she accepted the landlady's implied correction, and faintly repeated the words: "My husband."

Mistress Inchbare drew a breath of virtuous relief, and waited for what Anne had to say next. Arnold came considerately to the rescue, and got her out of the room.

"Never mind," he said to Anne; "I know what it is, and I'll see about it. She's always like this, ma'am, when a storm's coming," he went on, turning to the landlady. "No, thank you—I know how to manage her. Well send to you, if we want your assistance."

"At yer ain pleasure, Sir," answered Mistress Inchbare. She turned, and apologized to Anne (under protest), with a stiff courtesy. "No offense, my leddy! Ye'll remember that ye cam' here alane, and that the hottle has its ain guide name to keep up." Having once more vindicated "the hottle," she made the long-desired move to the door, and left the room.

"I'm faint!" Anne whispered. "Give me some water."

There was no water on the table. Arnold ordered it of Mr. Bishopriggs—who had remained passive in the background (a model of discreet attention) as long as the mistress was in the room.

"Mr. Brinkworth!" said Anne, when they were alone, "you are acting with inexcusable rashness. That woman's question was an impertinence. Why did you answer it? Why did you force me—?"

She stopped, unable to finish the sentence.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

Arnold insisted on her drinking a glass of wine —and then defended himself with the patent consideration for her which he had shown from the first.

"Why didn't I have the wine out in your face"—he asked, good-humoredly—"with a storm coming on, and without a place in which to change my clothes? No, no, Miss Silvester! you can take refuge" those you for any scruples I don't presume to blame you for any scruples you may feel—but scruples are sadly out of place with such a woman as that landlady. I am responsible for your safety to Geoffrey, and I am responsible for your looks here. Let's change Geoffrey expects to find you looking your best—the subject. The water is a long time coming. Try another glass of wine. No? Well—here is Blanche's health" (the toon some of the wine in himself), "in the weakest sherry I ever drank in all my life." As he set down his glass, Mr. Bishopriggs came in with the water. Arnold hailed him saltatively. "Well? have you got the water? or have you used it all for the sherry?"

Mr. Bishopriggs stopped in the middle of the room, thunderstruck at the aspersion cast on the wine.

"Is that the way ye talk of the auldest bottle o' sherry wine in Scotland?" he asked, gravely. "What's the world coming to? The new generation's no fool hogwash my fathoming. The curiosities of Providence, as shown to man in the choicest advantages of Spain, are clean thrown away on 'em."

"Have you brought the water?"

"I ha' brought in the water—and mair than the water. I has' brought ye news from outside. There's a company of gentlemen on horseback, joost cantering by to what they ca' the shootin cottage, a mile from this."

"Well—and what have we got to do with it?"

"Bide a wee! There's ane o' them has driven a turtle at the window, and he's operate' after the leddy that cam' here alone. The leddy's your leddy, as sure as sixpence. I droot," said Mr. Bishopriggs, turning away to the window, "that's what ye've got to do with it."

Arnold looked at Blanche.

"Do you expect my body?"

"Is it Geoffrey?"

"Impossible. Geoffrey is on his way to London."

"There he is, any way," resumed Mr. Bishopriggs, at the window. "He's loupin' down from his horse. He's turning this way. Lord have us! I'm exclaimed, with a start of consternation, "what do I see? That incarnate devil, Sir Patrick himself!"

Arnold sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean Sir Patrick Lundie?" he said. Anne ran to the window.

"It is Sir Patrick!" she said. "Hide yourself before he comes in!"

"Hide myself?"

"What will he think if he sees you with me?"

The new landlady's question, put in a shrill shriek, allowed Arnold to be at that moment visiting his new property. What he would think was not doubtful to forsee. Arnold turned for help to Mr. Bishopriggs.

"Where can I go?"

Mr. Bishopriggs pointed to the bedroom door.

"What" can ye go? There's the nuptial chamber!"

"Impossible!"

Mr. Bishopriggs expressed the utmost extremity of human amazement by a long whistle, no one note.

"Whee! Is that the way ye talk o' the nuptial chamber already?"

"Find me some other place—I'll make it worth your while."

"Eh! there's my pantry! I trow that's some other place; and the door's at the end o' the passage."

Arnold hurried out. Mr. Bishopriggs—evidently under the impression that the case before him was a case of elopement, with Sir Patrick mixed up in it in the capacity of the disappointed dressed himself, in friendly confidence, to Anne.

"My certie, mistress! it's the work devised Sir Patrick, if I'm's what ye've done. Ye must know, I was once a bit clerk body in his chambers at Embro'—"

The voice of Mistress Inchbare, calling for the landlord, broke off his inquiries from the regions of the bar. Mr. Bishopriggs disappeared. Anne remained, standing helpless by the window.

It was plain by this time that the plans of her retreat had been discovered at Windygates. The one doubt to decide, now, was whether it would be wise or not to receive Sir Patrick, for the purpose of discovering whether he came as friend or enemy to the inn.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

SIR PATRICK.

THE doubts was practically decided before Anne had determined what to do. She was still at the window when the sitting-room door was thrown open, and Sir Patrick appeared, obsequiously shown in by Mr. Bishopriggs.

"Ye're kindly welcome, Sir Patrick. This is the night of ye to guide the suir ayont."

Sir Patrick turned and looked at Mr. Bishopriggs—as he might have looked at some troublesome insect which he had driven out of the window, and which had returned on him again.

"What, you scoundrel! have you drifted into an honest employment at last?"

Mr. Bishopriggs rubbed his hands cheerfully, and took his tone from his superior, with supple readiness.

"Ye're always in the right of it, Sir Patrick! I'm, real wut in that about the honest employment, and me drifting into it. Lord's sake, Sir, how well ye wear!"

Dismissing Mr. Bishopriggs by a sign, Sir Patrick advanced to Anne.

"I am committing an intrusion, madam, which must, I am afraid, appear unpardonable in your eyes," he said. "May I hope you will excuse me when I have made you acquainted with my motive?"

He spoke with scrupulous politeness. His knowledge of Anne was of the slightest possible kind. Like other men, he had felt the attraction of her unaffected grace and gentleness on those occasions when he had been in her company—and that was all. If he had belonged to the present generation he would have been a confirmed woman-hater, and would have taken a morbid pleasure in the exercise of his misanthropy, which it was simply impossible for a stranger really to feel. Sir Patrick offered nothing of the sort. He met the besetting sins of his time with the habitual concealment of our better selves—upon the whole a far less dangerous universal error than the habitual advertisement of our better selves, which has become the characteristic of the present day society in this age. Sir Patrick assumed, if any thing, less sympathy on this occasion than usual. Courteous to all women, he was as courteous as usual to Anne —and no more.

"I am quite at a loss, Sir, to know what brings you to this place. The servant here informs me that you are one of a party of gentlemen who have just passed by the inn, and who have gone on except yourself." In those guarded terms Anne mentioned the interval in the unwelcome visitor, on her side.

Sir Patrick admitted the fact, without betraying the slightest embarrassment.

"The servant is quite right," he said. "I am one of the party. And I have purposely allowed them to go on to the keeper's cottage without me. Having admitted this, you will perceive for yourself the permission to explain the motive of my visit?"

Unreasonably suspicious of him, as coming from Windygates, Anne answered in few and formal words, as coldly as before.

"I am waiting, Sir Patrick, if you please, as briefly as possible."

Sir Patrick bowed. He was not in the least offended; he was even (if the confession may be made without degrading him in the public estimation) pleased to perceive that instead of having honestly presented himself at the inn in Anne's interests, she was still under the delusion that, at Windygates, it appended to his sense of honor to find himself kept at arm's-length by the very woman whom he had come to see. Such a temptation was strong on him to treat his errand from his own whimsical point of view. He looked out his watch, and noted the time to a second, before he spoke again.

"I have an event to relate in which you are interested," he said. "And I have two messages to deliver, which I hope you will be kind enough to receive. I must undertake to describe in one minute. The messages I promise to dispose of in two minutes more. Therefore the duration of this intrusion on your time—three minutes."

He placed a chair for Anne, and settled still as, had questioned him, by a sign, to take a second chair for himself.

"We will begin with the event," he resumed.

"Your arrival at this place is no secret at Windygates. You were seen on the foot-road to Craig Ferrie by one of the female servants. And the inference naturally drawn is, that you were on your way to the inn. It may be assumed for you to know this; and I have taken the liberty of mentioning it accordingly." He consulted his watch. "Event related. Time, one minute."

He had excited her curiosity, to begin with. "Which of the women saw me?" she asked, impulsively.

Sir Patrick (watch in hand) declined to prolong the interval of the first minute. "Personal inquiries which might arise in the course of it."

"Pardon me," he rejoined, "I will answer to occupy those minutes only. I have no room for the woman. With your kind permission, I will get on to the next event."

Anne remained silent. Sir Patrick went on.

"First message: 'Lady Lundie's compliments to her relative Anne's late governess—with whom married name she is not acquainted. Lady Lundie regrets to say that the health of one of the family, has threatened to return to Edinburgh unless she consents to be guided by the advice of the doctors and the parents with the late governess. Lady Lundie, accordingly, foregoes her intention of calling at the Craig Ferrie Inn, from motives of sentiments and make her inquiries in person, and commits to Sir Patrick the duty of expressing her sympathy, reserving to herself the option of making her inquiries at the next convenient opportunity.' Message to Anne: 'Lady Lundie wishes you every success in your new position.' Message textually correct. Message to Blanche: 'Lady Lundie will not condescend to write to you. Time, two minutes."

Anne's color rose. Anne's pride was up in arms on the spot.

"The impertinence of Lady Lundie's message is no more when I should have expected from her," she said. "I am only surprised at Sir Patrick's delivering it."

"Sir Patrick's motives will appear presently," rejoined the incorrigible old gentleman. "Second messages: 'Blanche's fondest love. Is dying to be acquainted with Anne's husband, and to be informed of Anne's matrimonial views. Feels indescribable anxiety and apprehension on Anne's account. Insists on hearing from Anne immediately. Longs, as she never longed for any thing yet, to order her pony-chaise and drive full gallop to the inn. Finds, under irresistible pressure, to the exertion of her guardian's authority, and commits the expression of her feelings to Sir Patrick, who is a born tyrant, and doesn't in the least mind breaking other people's hearts.' Sir Patrick (speaking for himself) plows his sister-in-law's sons and his niece's view, side by side, before the lady whom he has now the honor of addressing, and on whose confidence he is especially careful not to intrude. Reminds the present gentleman into the Windygates, however leniently he may interpret it, is not likely to last forever. Requests her to consider whether his sister-in-law, and his niece's view, in coldness, may not lead to very undesirable domestic results; and leaves her to take the course which seems best to herself under those circumstances. —Second message delivered textually. Time, three minutes. Event related. Time, one. A quarter of an hour's ride from here to the shooting cottage. Madam, I wish you good-evening."

He bowed, lower than ever, and, without a word more, quietly hobbled out of the room.

Anne's first impulse was (excusably enough) a good outlet for her sense of resentment.

"Thank you, Sir Patrick!" she said, with a bitter laugh, to the closing door. "The sympathy of society with a friendless woman could hardly have been expressed in a more amusing way!"

The little irritation of the moment passed off with the moment. Anne's own intelligence and good sense showed her the position in its true light.

She recognized in Sir Patrick's abrupt departure the first step in a considerate resolution to spare her from entering into any details on the subject of her position at the inn. He had given her a friendly warning; and he had delicately left her to decide for herself as to the assistance which he had offered her him in maintaining the quility at Windygates. She went at once to a sideable in the room, and wrote a few lines in answer to Blanche, sat down to write to Blanche.

"I can do nothing with Lady Lundie," she thought, "But I have more confidence in my own body else over Blanche: and I can prevent the collision between them which Sir Patrick dreads."

She wrote:—"My dearest Blanche, I have seen Sir Patrick, and he has given me information which will set your mind at ease almost as soon as I can. But, before I say any thing else, let me entreat you, as the greatest favor you can do to your sister and your friend, not to enter into any disputes about me with Lady Lundie, and not to commit the slightest action under circumstances. Say my love—of coming here. She stopped—the paper swam before her eyes. "My head dafing!" she thought, "and I could have foreseen that I should ever shrink from the thought of seeing you?" She sighs, dashed the tears from her eyes, and went on with the letter.

The sky darkened rapidly as the evening fell. The wind swept in fitful gusts over the moorland in the dreary moor. Far and wide over the face of Nature the stillness was fast falling which tells of a coming storm.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

ARNOLD.

MEANWHILE Arnold remained shut up in the head-waiter's pantry—chafing secretly at the position forced upon him.

He was, for the first time in his life, in hiding from another person, and that person a man. Novice—raw as he was in the inevitable lore of self-respect which his situation occasioned—he had gone to the door, determined to face Sir Patrick boldly: and then had abandoned the idea, in mercy to Anne. It would have been impossible for him to set himself and Anne in a false guard-ian without betraying the unhappy woman whose secret he was bound in honor to keep. "I wish to Heaven I had never come here!" was the first less aspiration that escaped him, as he doggedly seated himself on the dresser to wait till Sir Patrick's departure set him free.

After an interval—not by any means the short interval which he required—Arnold's solitude was enlivened by the appearance of Father Bishopriggs.

"Well?" cried Arnold, jumping off the dresser, "is the coast clear?"

There were occasions when Mr. Bishopriggs became, on a sudden, unexpectedly hard of hearing. This was one of them.

"Hev ye had the pantry?" he asked, without paying the slightest attention to Arnold's question. "Is your private? I'm thinking the wuddens, as ye may say!"

His one available eye, which had begun by looking at Arnold's face, dropped slowly downward, and fixed itself, in mute but eloquent expectation, on Arnold's waistcoat pocket.

"I understand!" said Arnold. "I promised to pay you for the Fatmen—eh? There you are!"

Mr. Bishopriggs pocketed the money with a dreary smile that expressed gratitude for the head. Other waiters would have returned thanks. The sage of Craig Ferrie returned a brief remark. Addressing himself to certain things, Father Bishopriggs was especially great at dropping small hints. He made a moral on this occasion from his own gratuity.

"There I am—as ye say. Mercy preserve us! ye never can tell what a very turn, when there's a woman at yer heels. It's an awfu' reflection—ye canna hae any thing to do wi' the ave they ca' the opposite sex without its being an exposure to ye. There's this young leddy o' yourn, I doot me, that has been an expense to ye from the first. When you were courtin' her, ye did it, I'll go bail, wi' the open hand. Flowers and sweeties, flowers and jewelery, and little dogous. Hae ye any thing your reflections! Has Sir Patrick left the inn?"

The reflections of Mr. Bishopriggs declined to be disposed of in any thing approaching to a summary way. On they flowed from their parent source, as slowly and as smoothly as ever!

"Noo ye've married to her, there's her bonnets and goons and under-clothin'—her ribbons, laces, furbelows, and falbals. A sair expense again!

"What is the expense of cutting your reflections short, Mr. Bishopriggs?"

"Thirdly, and lastly, if ye canna agree wi' her as time goes on—if there's incompatibeelity of temper between ye—in short, if ye think of a separation, heck, Sirs! ye pet yer hand in yer pocket, and come to an amicable settlement wi' her in that way. Or, maybe she takes ye into Court, and pets *her* hand in your pocket, and comes in to a similar understanding in that shape. Show me a woman—and I'll show ye a man not far off who has made expenses of that kind from the first beginning of time."

Arnold's patience would last no longer—he turned to the door. Mr. Bishopriggs followed, amicably on his side, turned to the matter in hand. "Yes, Sir! The room is e'en clear o' Sir Patrick, and the leddy's alone, and waitin' for ye."

In a moment more Arnold was back in the sitting-room.

"Well?" he asked, anxiously. "What is it? Bad news from Lady Lundie?"

Anne closed and directed the letter to Blanche, which she had just completed. "No," she replied. "Nothing of consequence, I hope. Why what did Sir Patrick want?"

"Only to warn me. They have found out at Windygates that I am at the inn."

"That's awkward, isn't it?"

"Not in the least. I am manage perfectly: I have nothing to fear. Don't think of *me*—think of yourself."

"I am not suspected, am I?"

"Thank heaven—no! But there is no knowing what may happen if you stay here. Let me tell me alone, and slip out the water about the rains."

Struck by the unusual obscurity of the sky at that hour of the evening, Arnold went to the window. The rain had come—and was falling heavily. The moor was fast disappearing in mist and darkness.

"Pleasant weather to travel in!" he said.

"If you must go," Anne exclaimed, impatiently, "it's getting late. See about the railway!"

Arnold walked to the door to look up the bell. The railway time-table hanging over it met his eye.

"Here's the information I want," he said to Anne; "if I only knew how to get at it. 'Down —Up'—A, B, C, D—I'm quite at a learned confusion! I believe they do it on purpose."

Anne joined him at the fire-place.

"I understand—I'll help you. Did you say it was the up train you wanted?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of the station you stop at?"

Arnold told her. She followed the intricate net-work of lines and figures with her finger—suddenly stopped—looked again to make sure—and turned from the time-table with a face of blank despair. The last train for the day had gone an hour before.

In the silence which followed that discovery, a first flash of lightning passed across the window, and the low roll of thunder sounded the outbreak of the storm.

LORD LYTTON.

LORD LYTTON, better known to American readers as BULWER, the name under which he has published his numerous novels, was born in 1806. It is said that he obtained from his mother, a clever and accomplished woman, many of his early teaching than boys generally receive from their mothers. He was of a studious and rather passive disposition in youth, and still was wont to pass much time at Knebworth, thirty miles north of London, his ancestral seat and the family, and he has described, with affectionate minuteness, the roomy and stately dimensions of that Elizabethan mansion, and the old vestiture of the park, with its trees, and with the placid sheet of water, upon the south side of which the boy used to lie on the waking visions of enthusiastic boyhood. He entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took considerable interest to the classics than to mathematics, and won the Chancellor's prize for an English poem on "Sculpture." He left the University, and he traveled extensively in his own country and in Europe.

He published an anonymous novel. The list of his published novels begins in 1827 with "Falkland," and from that time he wrote one or more novels in each year. "Pelham," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and many others, followed each other in rapid succession, and each met with a flattering measure of popularity. In 1836 he first entered the field of the dramatic writer. "The Duchess de la Vallière" was a failure; but "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" established and maintained ever since kept possession of the stage as popular acting plays. "Money," a later comedy, has also had a well received. His attempts at original poetry have not been very successful; "The New Timon," "St. Stephens," and "King Arthur," an epic, both published anonymously, the latter in 1849, were coldly received; but his translations from SCHILLER, his adaptations of old Greek legends in the "Lost Tales of Miletus," and his recent translation of the "Odes" of HORACE, display poetic feeling and talent of a very high order.

Lord LYTTON'S substantial reputation will rest upon works of a very different character from his earlier novels. Of these the best of which were often merely questionable. "Pelham; or, the Confessions of a Gentleman," and "The Disowned,"

NUARY 1, 1870.

would scarcely be admitted now into a "well-regulated" family library; while in "Paul Clifford" he plunged into the lowest haunts of vice and vulgar villainy, where he literally fell among thieves by his own willful fault. But the works that are most characteristic of Lord LYTTON's mind, and at the same time the most popular among his readers, are "The Caxtons" and "My Novel." "Pelham" is a work of thorough originality, and enduring popularity. The author, who bears this fourth an affectionate dedication to his brother, may be assumed to have meant, by the title, that he put it forth as his own view of the "Varieties in English Life." It is finally unlike every thing else in point of tone, better book, in the spirit which it breathes, than the which it sounds, in the repose of feeling, if breadth of conception, and purity of style, is been written by no English novelist of our day. The inhabitants of the world of fashion, Haselden, the squire's family; good Parson Dale and his quick-tempered wife; Dr. Riccabocca, Italian exile, with his quaint sagacity and his sixfoote oddity, are perfectly alive; while the ills in London—Mr. Mivvy Peploe, the statesman; Harley L'Estrange, his generous eccentric friend; the ambitious schemer, Randal Leslie; old John Burley, the fine old English strong Richard Avenel, the Radical who has been in America—are unequally drawn, but all are real. "What will he Do with It" is greatly inferior to either of the preceding. Lord LYTTON's latest work is a specifically comic novel, entitled "Walpole; or, Every Man has his Price," which will appear in the February Number of *Harper's Magazine*.

In 1838, Mr. BULWER's literary and social distinction, added to his consistent advocacy of the Liberal party, induced Lord MELBOURNE's government to confer a baronetcy upon him. In 1843, by popular profession, he took the name of LYTTON, instead of BULWER, for his surname, on coming into possession, by his mother's will, of the estates in Hertfordshire, to which she was sole heiress. The LYTTONS, formerly of Knebworth, were a knightly family, intermarried to the Twysdens, and to the old sovereignes of Hertfordshire. In 1858 Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, having attached himself to the Conservative party, though in many respects liberal, was returned to Parliament for the county of Hertford, after ten years' absence from political life. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord DERBY's second Ministry, in 1858; and in 1859, Lord DERBY was created a Peer, minister, Sir EDWARD was raised to the Peerage.

Lord LYTTON, having been married in 1827, has a son, the Hon. EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, born in 1831, whose poetical works, bearing the assumed name of "Owen Meredith," have been received with much favor. He is English Secretary of Legation at Vienna.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The custom of decking houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is as old as the time of the Druids. It was an old and odd fancy that when the sipping Druids came to their spiritual meetings in the green trees, and remained there, unchilled, until midsummer days. Holly, rosemary, laurel, bay, mistletoe, thorn, and yew, were favorite trimmings at Christmas festivities, and bright berries and blossoms emblems of the deep growth. There was a thousand sawthorn in the church-yard of Glastonbury Abbey, which always budded on the 24th and blossomed on the 25th of December. After the change of style, it was observed that it blossomed on January 5, which would have been Christmas-day, O. S. It is said that sips from this plant are still in existence, which unlock on that day. Another custom, indicative of social enjoyment and friendly hospitality, was the kissing-bough—a holly tree, made of evergreens, the principal of which was called the Yule log, or Christmas block. This tree was kept burning brightly for many days, and sometimes for weeks.

Many of the old customs have come down to us—and where they have been changed, the significance remains. Christmas is not only at the present day practically the "children's festival," but the time above all others when peace and good-will should prevail.

Then let us rejoice and Charity and Love be Christ-mas flowers
Whose blossoms can make glad at Yule this garden land of ours;
What wicked, that since that Nature's face is wreathed in crown of snow,
Or that the crimson tide of June within her grave lies low?
Are there not springing in our hearts perennial flowers still,
And gushing bright evergreens, of friendship and good-will?

There be a "hutest trip on record" across the Atlantic about every other week! The matter has become a standing controversy.

There are a goodly number of mothers in these days who are sending enough to clothe their little girls comfortably, when cold weather demands warm fashions. Yet there is good reason why the following question should be asked—and answered. Why should delicate, house-bred little girls wear open their legs only from the knees down to the bottom stockings, while the great strong men, who are their fathers, wear warm cloth boots for exercise and pantaloons, and leather boot-legs besides? Why should the little girls with their fine clothes and tender bare, while their fathers have skirts and fleecy coat-sleeves on their arms? Why?

A Milwaukee banker was lately the scene of a curious incident, and only just escaped a heavy financial transaction! An elderly, well-dressed gentleman entered the bank and drew a check in a business-like manner, which he passed to the paying teller. Upon looking at the signature the latter was somewhat surprised to find it that of no less distinguished a person than Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the check was drawn for the very handsome little sum of ten millions dollars. The gentleman appeared unconcerned, as he was accustomed to draw these little checks every day; and a scrutinizing glance convinced the teller that he was insane, and might be a dangerous customer. So he asked him if he was in a hurry, saying it might take some time to count the money. The stranger said he was not; that he had come on to Milwaukee to buy the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad; that he had made the purchase for $10,000,000, and if they would certify the check, it would answer all purposes. He continued to talk excitedly about what he was going to do with the cents, and what a great thing it would be for Milwaukee, until a policeman, who had been sent for, came in, and quietly persuaded him to be reasonable, and that he was unable to say whether he was insane or not, but he was certainly acting queerly. He was persuaded to go with the officer, and quietly to go with the officer, and quietly to go with the officer, and quietly

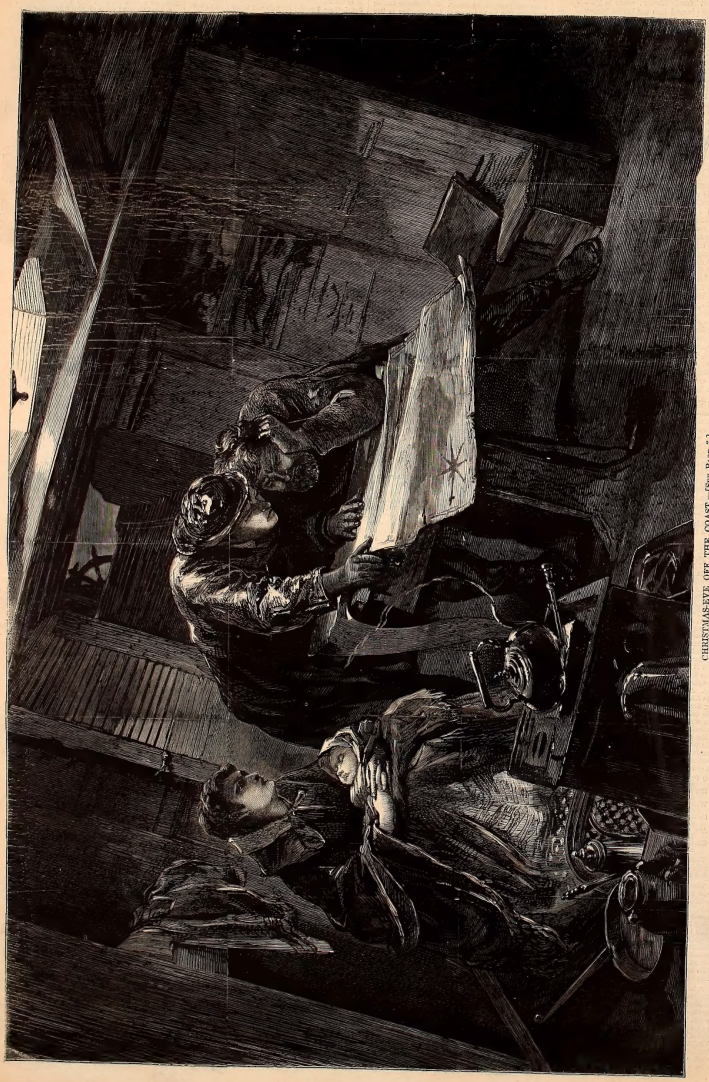

CHRISTMAS-EVE OFF THE COAST.—[See Page 7.]

A RAINY SUNDAY IN BRITTANY.—(See Page 13.)

I MIGHT HAVE DONE.

Is there a sadder word than this—
I might have done?
I might have filled life's cup of bliss,
At least for one!

I might have done! I might have made
One life so fair;
Rent from its robe of sombre shade
Each thread of care.

I might have done! So simple joy,
Love's world or wife,
Robs life of half its sad alloy,
Makes life a smile.

I might have done! While young life strewed
Her prescient mist,
Each foiled germ with love endued,
To bloom in deeds.

O love-fraught hours sail mutely on,
Die one by one!
Thy life to sigh when all are gone,
I might have done!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

BY THE BOOK.—BOOK XXX.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

During the first three weeks of his stay at Naples Sir John Gale appeared to be better than he had been for a long time previous. He did not pay many visits, but he received a considerable number of guests twice a week. These guests were chiefly gentlemen, but a few ladies came also.

Veronica's magnificent toilets were criticised by the women, and her striking beauty discussed by the men. She received homage and flattery enough to satisfy even her appetite for such tribute. She drove out daily in an elegant equipage. She had servants at her command. Her vanity and indolence were ministered to as assiduously as though she had been the most pampered invalid who ever dyed her fingers with henna. But although these things did afford her real delight at moments, they utterly failed to make her happy. A ceaseless under-current of anxiety ran through her life. She passed hours of suffering from unspeakable apprehension of evils to come.

Her pain of mind spurred her on to pursue the one object she had in view, with a courage and energy which she wondered at herself. The prospect of failure, exposure, and ruin—and in lieu of homage, flattery, and envy, was unbearable. It roused her in a passion of terror: and passion is powerful.

The strange indisposition which had so suddenly seized Sir John at the Villa Chiari had suggested to her the thought that he might die suddenly. For a time that accept was appeased by the improvement in his health after they had first reached Naples: it was appeased, but still it lived.

Her feelings toward him underwent strange revulsions. Sometimes she told herself that she hated him with all her heart; at other times she clung to him from the sheer necessity of having some human creature to cling to. She was unable to live solitarily self-sustained, and there were moments when she would rather have been reviled in anger than made to feel that she was an object of indifference.

But, to Sir John at least, she was not the latter. She occupied more of his thoughts than she was aware of. He had not forgotten the look of perplexed vengeance he had seen on Veronica's eyes to Bartletta. He often thought of it: especially as he got better, and had leisure to direct some of his private meditations toward other objects than himself.

When he thought of that look Sir John was jealous: jealous not so much with the jealousy of Love as with the jealousy of Power. He could have been jealous of Paul if he had suspected him of diverting any of the attentions due to his master into another channel. It was not displeasing to Sir John that Bartletti should admire Veronica. So long as he had that young lady belonging to him should be admired. It amused him to see Veronica play off her pretty airs on the prince, and treat him with an appearance of condescending smiles and stares of cold hauteur. But that Paul had intercepted implied interfering off of pretty airs: it expressed a confidential understanding, appeal, and reliance.

Veronica had been so perfectly persuaded that it was difficult for Sir John to conjecture what opportunity there could have been for the establishment of any thing like a confidence between her and Bartletti. She had not remained alone with him for a moment during the journey, and he had been careful to speak to him in Italian, so that the servants might understand what was being said. All this Sir John well knew, and was puzzled. He would have been glad to convince himself that his old mistress entertained no flagitious plans; but that could not be. It was such a look as Veronica had never given him—Sir John. The man who has a secret consciousness of sin has injured no, we know, very ready to find cause of offense or complaint against you. It balances matters somewhat.

Sir John was always telling himself how generous he was to Veronica: how he bumored her caprices; what a dull, wretched, miserable, poverty-stricken existence it was he had taken her from; and so forth. And he compared the flattering graciousness of her manner in the old days with the languor or violence which made up the present time. And then she teased him. She had learned the fact of the doctor's visits the need of sympathy and encouragement became paramount, and when Barletti was saying "good-night" she gave him her hand, and, with a warning pressure, conveyed into his a little folded paper with these words written on it, "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock I shall be walking in the Villa Reale. Be there. I wish to consult you."

The moment Barletti was gone, with the note in his hand, Veronica had a revulsion of feeling. She could not for the life of her say why, but she trembled at the thought of the risk she had run. But after a night's sleep she awoke, still unsay ing the frightened fear, but resolved to meet Bartletti at the hour appointed.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE VILLA REALE.

"Why do you not be natural to me?" he said. "He has no living relatives; not one."

"To his friends?"

"His friends! I do not know any of his friends."

"You do not know any of his friends!"

"I—I know a man—a nobleman, in England, who knew him years ago in Rome. I know that Spanish attaché, and the Russian who came to Villa Chiari. I know the Duca di Torracina here, and his sister-in-law, the withered old Frenchwoman at the porch. These are scarcely the sort of friends who would be likely to afford me much support."

Barletti drew near her.

"I am only such a friend as these," he said, "but of course I have a right of acquaintance. And yet you speak to me with confidence."

Veronica raised her eyes to his sadly as she answered: "Yes; because I think you care for me, and feel for me, and would, perhaps, do a friendly action for my sake, if not for his."

She was not without a consciousness of the effect she was producing as the man beside her bent without any enjoyment of that consciousness. But there was truth enough in her words, and enough sincerity in her emotion, to send both the words and the look that accompanied them home to Barletti's heart.

The ecstasies of herself as Beauty in distress, to an admiring spectator, had a certain pleasure in it that could not be altogether denounced as the serious terrors and troubles that encompassed her.

Barletti glanced around him with the habitual caution of an Italian (and, be it said, of a lover. There is nothing more especially Roman as accomplished hypocrite in small precautions as a clandestine attachment). Seeing no one in the long alley of the Villa Reale where they were pacing side by side, he took Veronica's hand and pressed it to his lips. "You may trust me. I have been true to him in his eyes, and his voice was unsteady as he said:

"Ah, Veronica! There is nothing in all the world I would not do for your sake."

"I think you are a true friend."

"I hope I may ever so true, so devoted, as a wilbe if you will trust me."

Certainly the note had been written down do not display much eloquence on either side. But it seemed to both the speakers that they had said a great deal, and were waiting for a long time.

They walked on silently until they came to a little pier of masonry, railed in with iron bars, and abutting on the sea. They stood side by side, leaning over and looking out over the blue Mediterranean, which lay in the sunlight, the fishing barks flitted across the horizon. Near at hand, a little greyly-painted boat, moored to the masonry, rocked up and down, and the waters made a jogging sound around the stone.

White passers-by came from the beach, where a party of washer-women had established a drying-ground. The women talked and laughed shrilly and volubly, and the breeze carried the shrill sounds fitfully hither and thither. No other human beings were within sight. Behind them were the green alleys of the Villa Reale; in front, the blue sea and the blue sky.

Veronica and Signor de Barletti stood quite silent, she staring straight before her, he with his face upon her face, and looking at her only by his.

It seemed to him as though it were all a dream. She had come to him. He little guessed how far away her thoughts had been from him during all the interview. He little guessed how often they had been busy with persons and places he had never heard of. He had interpreted the downward droop of her eyes after the fervent fashion.

Veronica had flown away capriciously to the old days at Shipley, and the principal figure in her musings was Maud. But she broke the silence; and in the tones of her sweet lips she was back again in the present, and nervously alive to every detail of her position.

"I think you could find out from that doctor—I can give you his name—whether Sir John's illness is any of an alarming nature, whether he thinks there is immediate danger?"

Physicians will not speak of their patients to a stranger," answered Barletti. He, too, was prompt to enter into the prosaic actualities; but he was not at once cut of fairy-land with a sigh, and a little shock, such as we feel in sleep when a long, delicious flight on dream-wings ends with a sudden jar, and we alight.

"But you may not be a stranger to this physician for long. You may know him." Besides, if you spoke with him, I think you could easily discover what his impression was, without direct questions. It would be such a relief to my mind to know."

"Why do you not plainly ask Gale?"

"Oh, I dare not!

"You dare not! Is he harsh? Is he cruel? I know his temper is furious, but can he be harsh to you? These Englishmen are sometimes very brutal."

"When I say I dare not, I mean for fear of exciting him too much. You need not alarm yourself for me; nor expend any indignation, on that score, upon Sir John.

"Oh! Veronica, the thought of your being treated with unkindness is insupportable to me. Veronica, there can be no tie of affection between you and that man. He can not value you, he does not understand you. It is horrible to see you bound to him!"

Bartletti knew of a loveless and ill-assorted marriage was of very recent date. It was not long since he had looked upon the union of the rich Sir John Gale with the beautiful Veronica as a quite matter-of-course and expedient arrangement, transacted on fair principles of exchange.

"You must not speak so to me," said Veronica, in a low voice.

"Veronica, I have told you that there is nothing in the world I would not do for your sake. And it is true. But there are some things beyond my power. One of them is to feign not to love you. I would even do that, if you desired it, but I can not. You might as well ask me to fly to Cape Verde."

The strength of passion brushed away her small reserves and affectations like summer gossamer before a powerful wind. She felt frightened at the potency of the spirit she had evoked. She desired to be loved, but within a convenient measure. She had thought to conjure up a sprite to serve her, not to rule her.

Her instinct was to have appeal to his compassion. She did it genuinely, for she felt that she stood in need of help and tenderness.

"I trusted you," she said, brokenly, "and—and—you seemed to be true and gentle."

"You will not tell me that you did not know I loved you, Veronica! You did know it. Oh, my Dio, how I love thee!"

Men are selfish and cruel! There is none whom I can trust. You should not have said this to me now. You should not have said this to me at all."

The tears began to roll down her cheeks as she spoke. He was penitent when he saw tears, but he was penitent too. Veronica knew which end he was deeply in love with her, and, knowing it, had come voluntarily to claim the help and sympathy! Why, then, did she call it cruel and selfish that he should speak to her of his feelings? In the confidence of security, a word or a less devotion she wanted, and would have accepted, at any cost of pain to him.

She would not have him behave like Mr. Plece, at least for the present, or until the declaration of her own feelings should have been brought with risk or trouble to herself. But Cesare de' Barletti was not in the least like Mr. Plece. As for Plece's attempts at love-making all and getting nothing—was inconceivable to him. Cesare felt, after the manner of his race, far with the first deep and genuine passion of his life.

"What do you command me to do, Veronica? Tell me. I can not bear to see you shed tears," he said, speaking less vehemently.

"I can not command you—I do not wish to command you. But I ask you, as a friend, to ascertain from the doctor Sir John's illness. It is not a very great thing to do, perhaps. And yet it is more than I have any right to demand."

"I will do it. Tell me, Veronica, do you—are you so very anxious about your husband?"

"About—Sir John!"

"Don't frown! Your frown chills me like a cloud coming over the sun. Ah, how coldly you look! Veronica, you are heartless! In your veins, even though you have Italian blood in you, there must be ice instead of fire. You can not love that man! It is impossible."

"I said nothing of loving."

"Then you do not seem so anxious, so distressed—"

"Ah not you understand how terrible my position would be, alone here in a strange country, if—if any sudden misfortune should happen?"

"Alone! You would not be alone. Should I not be by your side? Ah, you speak of trust, you can not love that man! It is impossible."

"I said nothing of loving."

"Then I will not ask you now to

He started back as though she had struck him.

"Signora, I demand no price. It shall be as you choose."

She saw he was wounded to the quick, and was eager to soothe him; although at the same time she felt somewhat indignant at his indignation; as a spoiled child, accustomed to give way to its humors, is startled and hurt when its arrogant petulchness is taken seriously, and resented as an injury.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said. "I am very unhappy."

Those words melted him at once. But he had been deeply wounded. He could understand tears, caprice, frowns, even fury. But a bitter sarcasm, a pitiless probing of motives, was infinitely repulsive. It seemed to him so essentially unwomanly. A woman might die for you, if she loved you; or might kill you if she were jealous. That was in accordance with the arrangements of Providence. But to hear a satiric sneer from female lips was to the Neapolitan prince almost as shocking as to have beheld a lady with dissecting knife in hand, ready and ready to use it.

"I did not think you could have spoken so unkindly, Veronica, to one who is devoted to your heart and soul, as I am," he said, reproachfully. But he took her hand again, and kissed it.

"Perhaps," said Veronica, "it will be best that I should meet you here again, to-morrow. The place is a public promenade. There can be no reason why I should not enjoy the sunshine here of a morning. I will come."

"May I not walk with you now, until you are within sight of the Palazzo?"

"No. I will go home alone. It is best so. Addio."

"Addio! I shall see you this evening. But it will be like looking at the sky from behind prison bars. Veronica! Until to-morrow!"

As Veronica neared the porte cochère of the house she lived in, she became aware of a step close at her heels. She turned her head at the sound, and saw Paul.

"Good-morning, miladi," said Paul, with his habitual grave and respectful salutation.

"Where have you been at this hour?" asked Veronica, almost out of her self-possession.

"Sir John sent me to the Via Toledo, miladi. There is no more use for Codegna in his presence, and Sir John desired to have some got at once."

The Via Toledo was far enough from the scene of Veronica's interview with Barletti.

"I had a mind to delightful to delight that it tempted me out early. I have been walking by the sea," said Veronica.

She could not for her life have resisted the temptation to make this sort of excuse for, or explanation of, her having been out at that unusual hour; and yet she hated herself for the instant the words were said, and swept past Paul with intensified hauteur in her always haughty gait.

She did not think what had become of me —pardon, I mean of miladi," said the French maid, when Veronica re-entered her chamber. "And miladi cried herself! Mon Dieu!"

The Abigail cast up hands and eyes at the tremendous thought.

"I had a desire to go out by myself. I went to walk in the sunshine. This January sun is like June in England. It warms the blood in one's veins."

"Oh, it is very true, miladi. But it burns one's skin. See how basest all these Neapolitans are! But Monsieur Paul also had a fancy to go out this morning."

"I saw Paul. He must have sent him out, to the Via Toledo."

"Ah, Sir John sent him? That is different. But he must have made a long détour, for I saw him from my bedroom window coming from the Villa Reale."

II.

JACQUES LERONDE.

JACQUES LERONDE was a French Canadian, and as fine a specimen as ever trapped beaver, shot a bear, or trod upon a snow-shoe. He was tall, had a fine figure, a fine, manly countenance, with good features and modesty stamped upon it, a fine intellect, though uneducated—at least in book lore—and a fine fancy. He was also fastidiously dressed, but the dress was not of his own fancy; it was that of the region in which his lot had been cast, and consisted of a blue capote, with brass buttons, which was girt round him with a massive scarlet belt. The skin of the marten formed his cap, that of the moose-deer his moccasins. Scarlet leggings clothed his muscular legs, and brilliant garters of the same hung round them under the knees. His locks were black as the raven's wing, his eyes piercing like the eagle's, his nose was Roman, his mouth large and firm, and his mouth per— But why go on? It is not sufficient to say, in a word, that he was a fine, handsome fellow?

Jacques Leronde was in love—also in despair. The enlightened reader will not require to be informed that these two conditions are compatible. Indeed they are frequently, in and country or another, found resident in the same bosom.

At the time of which we write Jacques was a servant of one of the fur companies which, some forty or fifty years ago, opposed each other with all their energies in those wild wastes of North America which lie beyond the Canadas, and which were, and still are, the home of the red man.

Far, far beyond the utmost verge of the civilized world, in the lone wilderness, lies the great Lake of the Woods; and far beyond that, in the direction of the North Pole, stood Fort Matuan.

The fort was, we may say, buried there; for little more than the roofs of the few wooden huts which composed it were visible, all else being whelmed in superabundant snow, through which passages had been cut to the windows, and beaten tracks led to the doors. Winter, hard, bitter, hyperborean winter, had been reigning there for eight months; but he had five months' still to reign, for it was only the Christmas-time of the year, and his dethronement did not usually take place until May.

At the gate of this fort Jacques stood one evening gazing anxiously at the setting sun and the snow-flakes which fell thickly around him. He had been on post during the whole watch. Poor fellow! The snow on which he stood was cold, but not half so cold as his bosom was colder; as on the adjoining river was the ice, but not so cold was harder; the river itself was deep and dark, but unfathomably darker were the thoughts and meditations of Jacques Leronde.

The reason of this is easily explained. Twice in the year the lonely inhabitants of Fort Matuan were accustomed to receive letters from the civilized world. Twice by the same token, they were with supplies in spring, and once by a packet which was sent express through the country in the course of two more near the close of autumn. Mr. Ogilvie, who was in charge then, had told Jacques to be particularly attentive to the forward with the express to Fort Chimo, an outpost which lay upward of a hundred miles still nearer to the pole than Fort Matuan. He had therefore cheered that Annette Weston dwelt there. She was the pretty daughter of the chief of Fort Chimo, a man who had risen from the ranks to the position, if not the character, of a gentleman. This Annette was a beautiful mulatto, his acknowledged —the star of his hopes, the sun of his system, the bright centre of his being. Conceive, then, his disappointment when, at one of the posts on the line on which the packet was expected to arrive, Mr. Ogilvie announced to his men that no express and told him that a band of Indians, with plenty of furs, had been heard of in the neighborhood, and that he should himself go in search of them, and the fort, he meant to send him out after them.

"Bon, Monsieur," said Jacques, who spoke English so broken that it were vain for us to attempt to mend it, "a'sat of de winstair packit?"

"Oh, I'll send it on to you, or bring you to Fort Chimo," replied Mr. Ogilvie; "the furs are of more importance. Our opponents are sure to get some of them; so look out and be on safe as fast as you can. Take Finn with you, and you may turn your snow-shoes the wrong way."

"Oui, Monsieur," said Jacques, as he left the room cross-fallen, and wished with all his heart that he had not been the "best runner" at the fort.

That evening, in company with Flinn, Jacques started off, each man dragging a small sledge. They had not been many hours on their way ere miles when they came upon the Indian camp, and the sight of the furs they caused them to look at each other in dismay. The Indians were all lying about the fires in a state of helpless intoxication. The unfortunate fur-traders had reached the camp before them, and, of course, as soon as they having remained, did not as they thought, but in reality—that also Flinn and Jacques were mistaken; for no sooner did they approach than the Indians, who had purposely kept himself as sober as he could, staggered toward them, and said, while he swayed to and fro, little more than a drunken man's kind of ineffible gravity, "My white children are welcome."

"Some other white children have been welcomed before us, it would seem," replied Flinn, somewhat sternly, to the Indian chief, who, while he spoke fully better than his men.

"They have been," said the old chief, drawing himself up, and extending his hand, while he spoke with the dignity peculiar to his race; "but my red children are also here to welcome. As the sun rises in the sky, so red children shoot their faces—to their white visitors. But my white children of—his—Fort Matuan see the sun clear as at noonday. They have the water; we called them so; but we—have kept back all the good furs" (here he endeavored to look very knowing, but only succeeded in looking very foolish) "for our white—children of Fort Matuan."

At this point, being apparently unable to concentrate his faculties any longer, the old chief turned slowly round, staggered gravely to his seat, and flinging himself on a buffalo-robe, fell fast asleep almost immediately.

"If I have a voice, stat be good," said Jacques, as he and his companion blew up the embers of the fire in the chief's tent, and made themselves comfortable for the night.

An old squaw, who had partially recovered from the effects of the fire-water, now came forward woke up, and assured the traders that they had only sold the worst of their furs to the other party, and that they were overjoyed they had got all; but in reality they kept the best furs for their particular friends—the men of Fort Matuan.

Much delighted to learn this, the two traders sat down to eat some pemmican which Jacques, who was somewhat talkative, gave his comrade to long account of early old uncle in Montreal —"his only relative—who was said to be rich, and who was always writing letters inviting him to go to Canada and live with him.

"An' why don't ee go?" asked Flinn.

"Forcause me no live on nobody, s'long's can work for mesself."

"More fool you," said Flinn, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and rolling himself in his blanket, and going to sleep.

Jacques sighed, followed his comrade's example, and dreamed overwhelmed. Being an enthusiastic trader, he dreamed of furs also, and he thought more than once in his dreams of what the missionary had said—that perhaps good might come of his disappointment.

II.

CHRISTMAS-DAY dawned; but there was no holiday for Jacques and Flinn. These energetic men spent the day in trading for the furs that the Indians had reserved. Toward the afternoon they set out on their return to Fort Matuan, with heavily-laden sledges and light hearts; for, in addition to the success that they had in securing a large quantity of valuable furs, Jacques now began to hope that he might, after all, be back in time to be the bearer of the winter packet to Fort Chimo.

In order to shorten the road they made a détour which led them to the Indian camp, and came down upon a frozen river. At a very lonely-looking and unusual part of the river they were surprised to observe a thin wreath of smoke curling above the trees. Hastening to the spot they found a man, the semblance of a living skeleton, lying beside a fire, and another man—apparently more emaciated than the first—sitting beside him with his face buried in his hands. A glance convinced the traders that they were in the presence

"Starving," observed Jacques to his comrade, with a look of compassion, as they hastened forward.

The man seated by the fire heard the sound, looked up, and gave an exclamation of "God be praised!" fell back in a state of insensibility.

"Must have been far gone, poor fellow, to faint so easy," said Flinn, stooping over him.

"Hallo! what have we here?" he added, pulling the man's head back a little. "I say, Jacques, why, here's the—*the packet!*"

Novais amid de packit," said Jacques, earnestly; "we must save dat one hand.

Nothing more was said when the two men found themselves in the presence of unfortunate travelers, neither of whom was able to speak distinctly for some time; but when Jacques had roused up the man who had fainted, and Flinn had brewed and administered a cup of hot tea, the tongue of one of them was loosed, and by slow degrees he told his tale. They had been set off with the packet three weeks before, and were to have reached Fort Matuan in about five days sooner had not his companion fallen and broken his leg. He had put him on the sledge with the packet, and dragged himself over the snow as fast as he could: but the snow was deep, and the way great. Provisions had failed. Animals were scarce at that time of the year. Day after day he had toiled on in the hope of finding it with Indians or reaching the fort. At last his strength had given way, and he had tried to die: He had not expected, he said, that they would both die that Christmas-day!

It turned out as they had suspected, that Flinn quickly transferred their furs to a place of hiding—put them in "cache," as fur-traders term it—harnessed the half-starved men to the sledges, dragged them and the packet into Fort Matuan before the Christmas-day was over.

We will not pause to tell of the delight experienced by these self-banished fur-traders when they received their mail, full of the box with trembling, eager hands, and tore open letters which had been written months before, and which contained the latest news of the loved ones "at home." Before Mr. Ogilvie had perused many lines of his letter from fresh quarters, he announced Leronde.

"I am ready, Jacques, to forward the letters and papers for Fort Chimo without a moment's delay. Get ready, therefore, to start to-morrow."

"Oui, Monsieur."

Jacques's manner was not now dejected.

"And here, Jacques, is a letter for yourself."

"From mes oncle, 'spose," said Jacques, as he received the package, and examined it with some interest. "Non," he added, "him's not dirty nuff for oncle's letter."

"Very true, Jacques," said our trusty leader, smile, he oil, and tell Flinn he is to accompany you, for I have a packet for him to take you work at the Christmas holidays; but it can't be helped."

Although the order had been given to get ready for a start on the morrow, the men were not dispatched until the following morning, when, with the packet and their blankets and provisions lashed to a small sledge, they left the fort, and turned their faces northward.

They had a long journey to reach the fort in time, and on the last day were obliged to walk fully thirty miles in order to accomplish their object, and arrived late in the evening, just as the inmates had reached the height and fullowing of what was termed a festival. That outlandish fort was inhabited by Mr. Weston, the commander-in-chief, an interpreter, and six men. These, with six Indian men, four Indian women, and the fair Annette—in fact, the entire population of the region—were, when the travelers arrived, dancing in the hall to the tones of a "home-made" violin, and a kettle-drum.

Those whose duty it is to correspond with men who dwell in the outlandish places of the earth, Christmas-day, and the arrival of the packet in spite of their duties, did they but witness the burst of joy with which the arrival of a "packet" is hailed in the Far North, would never spoiled the door of the "hall," and thrust his head in. Some of the dancers did not happen to know him; but they knew that he was a stranger. A *new face* was before them—a sight that had not greeted their eyes for such a length of time that it seem a thrill to their hearts. They also knew, instinctively, that the newcomer must be the bearer of the packet; and, incontinently, a rush was made at him. For a few minutes he was literally overwhelmed. Jacques's enthusiastic trader, he dreamed of furs also, and he rent, and allowed the tired men to look about them.

Need we say that Jacques looked for Annette? Their eyes met, and those of the latter fell, as she advanced, blushing to the roots of her glossy hair, to welcome her lover. Well was it for both of them at that time that all the "white men" of the fort were absorbed in news from home, for each exclusively intent on his own epistle, yet Christmas-like, ostensibly anxious to read scraps aloud, and crave the sympathy of his friends.

The lovers retired to a room which opened off the hall, where they were confided to each other their mutual hopes and sorrows.

"Father won't let me marry you, Jacques," murmured Annette, sadly.

Jacques kissed her with as little noise as possible, and said, "Annette, my love—"

"But I assure you he won't. He is kind and good, but very determined. He says you are too poor."

"Ah, me! an' hims would make me pooner, by taking you from me."

Hereupon Jacques sighed, and so did Annette; after which they— But it is not necessary to say more: enough to state that they were in the delightful case of the unfortunate pair.

Despite his sorrows Jacques danced that night with as much vigor as if he had walked only thirty yards instead of thirty miles; and he, with his friends and the Indians, kept it up all early morning, inspirited by the music of the drum and violin, and inspired only by tea!

Next morning Jacques, being a bold man, made a formal proposal to Mr. Weston for the hand of his beloved daughter.

"No, Jacques," said Mr. Weston, firmly; "you are not in a position to marry. You have no money. Annette can not live on air."

"Ah! Monsieur, but I can work."

"Very true, Jacques, but you must work to some purpose, before I can let you have my daughter. It will be time enough to think of it when you have made a fortune. Besides, Annette is yet very young."

"Ah! oui, Monsieur, she is beautiful!"

"Well, I believe she is," said Mr. Weston, with a laugh. "However, the thing is impossible. I am sorry to refuse you, Jacques, for I believe you to be a good fellow."

"Good, Monsieur," urged the disconsolate suitor, "she does love me! Her felicity vill—"

"Come," interrupted Mr. Weston, sternly, enough, but I can not allow it. We will drop the subject; it is a disagreeable one."

Poor Jacques sighed heavily, and rose to go to the room; but stopping suddenly, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter, which he handed to the trader.

"I vill ask von favor, Monsieur. Will you read me letter? I can not read him."

The trader took his eye over the epistle. As he did so, an expression of increasing surprise overspread his features, and settled down into gravity. Suddenly he grasped the hand of the rejected suitor, and shook it warmly.

"Have you any idea of the contents of this letter?" he asked.

"Non, Monsieur—can guess nothing."

"It is from a Montreal lawyer, telling you that your old uncle is dead, and has left you all his property, which, it would seem, amounts to two thousand dollars in cash, and a small farm near the Lachine Rapids. I congratulate you, Jacques, with all my heart."

This intelligence was received by the fortunate man with a degree of coolness and imbecility. For several minutes he did not speak. By degrees, however, his expression changed. A beaming smile lit up his handsome countenance, and a gleam of humor twinkled in his eye, as he said, with a air of profound gravity, "Dat is good, Monsieur, to retourn to de disagreeable subject. May I have de honor for prepose to de hand of your daughter?"

Need we inform you, reader, that the subject was not disagreeable after that? Mr. Weston had no objection whatever to the proposal, provided Annette was *willing*—and that, when Jacques soon afterward made the same proposal to Annette herself, he found that she had no objection whatever, provided her father was willing.

Before that week was out, Jacques had fitted up a dog-sleigh with the most gorgeous harness that Indian beads, scarlet cloth, bell-handle-trimmings, and little brass balls. In this vehicle he packed Annette, and her warm blankets, robes, and, walking behind on snow-shoes, drove her down to Fort Matuan. Flinn drove a less ornamental sledge containing the baggage. Annette's companion—and Mr. Weston, with one of his children, followed behind in a sledge to be present at the wedding. The missionary was, of course, delighted to perform the ceremony, and did not let the grass grow on the bridegroom how fortunate it was that he had been there to marry the happy pair before Christmas-eve; for, had it been otherwise, the packet would probably have lain undiscovered for many months, and the happy issue of events might have been indefinitely postponed. Jacques gazed at his bride, and willingly admitted the great truth, that, even in the strangest his plans, great or lower directs his steps.

When good spring unbound the icy fetters of the Far North, Monsieur and Madame Leronde stepped into a light canoe, and, leaving the wilderness behind them, went down the rivers that made to possession, as Jacques was wont to say, of their "oncle's estates."

In after-years, when Jacques and Annette were gray, and their children's children swarmed in and around their dwelling, the retired fur-trader used to discourse enthusiastically of his adventures during the "Canadian times," especially of that adventure—the most fortunate of his life—which occurred to him on a certain Christmas-day in the North, and put him in possession of Annette and happiness.

AN ATTACK.—[See Page 13.]

QUEEN VICTORIA.

WE present our readers this week with an admirable portrait of the English Queen, who is scarcely less revered for her amiable qualities by republican Americans than by her own subjects. It is engraved from a portrait drawn from life, and represents that eminent sovereign as she appears to-day. Nearly all the photographs of the Queen fail in conveying an impression of the singular mingling of sweetness and sadness that pervades her countenance, and which only at rare intervals gives way to a cheerful and animated expression. It is said that no sovereign's face has been so often painted, engraved, and photographed as VICTORIA'S, and that a "Victoria Gallery" would fill many portfolios. In Europe the traveler ravely enters a public room without finding her portrait beside that of the reigning sovereign of the country. It is scarcely less popular among ourselves; and it is said that in the most wretched hovels in Mexico—though we can not vouch for the truth of the statement—three portraits, generally coarse lithographs, can almost always be found: they are those of GEORGE WASHINGTON, ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, and VICTORIA of England—a worthy triad of Patriotism, Wisdom, and Virtue. It should be borne in mind that the homage paid to the English Queen does not arise from a spirit of servile adulation, but from the genuine admiration which her womanly qualities command in the hearts of all people.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN ATTACK.

ALL the little folks among our readers who have ever had the happiness to pass a summer in the country, where the farmers' geese are allowed to wander by the road-side and on the common, will recognize the truth of our illustration on page 12; and children of a larger growth, who have not altogether outgrown the remembrances of early years, will doubtless smile, as it recalls a similar adventure of their own. Who has not been frightened, in the helpless inexperience of childhood, by the strange, angry chorus of hissing and gabbling, raised in evident menace by a flock of geese, straggling toward the intruder on their society with outstretched necks and gaping bills? The children in our picture have given no provocation to the enemy. They are passing quietly homeward through the pasture, with no intention of disturbing the feathered foe. The younger child has toddled on in advance, and so has received the brunt of the attack, from which she retreats in babyish terror to claim the protection of her older sister. As no creature understands better than the goose that "discretion is the better part of valor," we may be sure the flock will keep at a safe distance from that upraised sickle and determined attitude.

A RAINY SUNDAY IN BRITTANY.

THE pleasant little picture of which we give an engraving on page 9 is one of the finest works that has recently come from Mr. BOUGHTON'S easel. To appreciate fully the disappointment and annoyance depicted on the face of the fair Bretonne belle, it must be understood that the peasant girls of Brittany take special pride in their snow-white "coiffures," which are often costly as well as curious. We may not unfrequently see old point lace on the heads of these peasants, and caps so precious that they descend as heir-looms from mother to daughter; and when caught out in the rain, the women instantly cover their caps with a colored handkerchief. Of course this must disfigure and disarrange their dress; and we can well understand that, after making her elaborate toilet, our pretty Bretonne does not wish to be seen at church with her best Sunday cap all awry, and her dress draggled and wet. She evidently would like to wait in the porch until the shower is over; but unhappily, when it once begins to rain in Brittany, there is

HOMELESS AND HUNGRY.—(SEE PAGE 7.)

little hope of its leaving off in a hurry, and there is no telling how long the dispppointed belle may be kept imprisoned on the four-tep.

The artistic merits of this picture are very great. The details are all in admirable keeping, and nothing of the kind could be finer than the drawing of the massive carved timber porch, which affords the necessary shelter, and which in character of the old houses found in the towns of Brittany, with their projecting stories resting on grotesquely carved brackets.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 680.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE new year opens with the world outwardly at peace, except in Cuba and Paraguay. At home, the administration of General GRANT, which began with such high hopes, is stronger in public confidence than ever. The eager expectations of "a splendid administration" may have been shattered; for to complete the victory after a civil tempest, to encourage the return of industry to its proper channels, and to pay the debt are not precisely "splendid," although the most necessary policy. Those who anticipated splendor meant probably annexation. It was their hope that Canada and the West Indies would fall under our control. That is, perhaps, still their hope. It would not be surprising if President GRANT himself should expect or wish to signalize his administration by an extension of the national domain. Perhaps it has occurred to him that in some honorable way Canada might fall to us out of the *Alabama* complication. Perhaps he has supposed that Spain, no longer suspicious after the release of the gun-boats, might not be unwilling to think of selling Cuba.

But whatever the President's hopes or wishes may be, his character and his conduct equally show that the country has nothing to expect but what is most fair, most reasonable, and most patriotic. After ten months' strictest observation of General GRANT in his great office, for which it was alleged that, because a good soldier he might be, he was certainly not fitted, his sturdy honesty, his natural rectitude of feeling, his remarkable sagacity and quick apprehension, have impressed the country with a profound conviction that the public welfare is peculiarly safe in his hands, and that the trust as President LINCOLN was trusted, and as few other Presidents have been. His Cabinet, although not composed of party leaders, is evidently a body of wise counselors; and General GRANT would not be where he is if he were not capable of selecting around advisers of following good counsels. Undoubtedly the general feeling is that the Administration has no other purpose than the public good, and that the character of its members is an earnest of its devotion to that object.

During General GRANT'S Presidency the Union will be wholly restored, equal rights secured, the debt greatly reduced, taxation diminished, and the foreign questions satisfactorily adjusted. These results are foreshadowed by the experience of this year, and without transient exuberance certainly are entitled to the "splendor" enough to any Administration. Yet to increase the national territory is always a popular policy. Unquestionably Mr. SEWARD believes that he will be as gratefully remembered for acquiring Alaska as for defending freedom in California and Kansas. And, however inevitable the extension of our limits may be, the addition of a population foreign in race, language, and traditions of every kind is not an unmixed blessing. The consciousness of this fact evidently subdues the popular impulse that demands annexation. Formerly the impulse seemed more positive, for annexation was the political policy of a faction to strengthen slavery. Consequently, it was not the normal play. And, we repeat, if increase of territory is to be added to the trophies of the GRANT Administration, it will be in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.

Abroad, there is not only peace between the great states, but there is an especially friendliness toward us. If it is to be explained by the proved power of this country and certain accruing reputation elsewhere, that is by no means to be considered as a shrewdness which we did not conciliate other nations, and that we have not always avoided entanglements in international relations as any foreign government. The Christmas sun shines upon the English war steamer bringing ex-rebels to America the body of a noted American who had made both countries his home; while the last known act was the beloved act of sending friends during our struggle in a conspicuous manner of the British Government, which modified at our wish its old attitude of vigilance. In France LOUIS NAPOLEON speaks us fair. Spain sees that we are friendly. Germany also allows expatriation at our request. Austria gives her hand to us in freeing her schools from ecclesiastical control. Russia is our ally, and little Denmark, unwilling to be deceived, waits to see that our plighted faith be fulfilled.

So friendly and full of promise opens the new year. But for us its chief glory is that it dawns not only upon the Union restored, but consecrated to equal liberty and pledged to its defense. If any where in the land—in Texas, in Georgia, in Mississippi—the old tyranny asserts itself to abuse a single friendless citizen, the power of the whole is bound for his protection. Let us make that the American practice as well as the American principle. Let the cabin of the most unfortunate and forlorn of our brethren feel our protecting hand—feel that they are to have an honest chance to rise as men out of the brutishness into which we suffered them to be trampled, and they will indeed feel that the light of a new year shines upon their long night, and that they hear, as the Syrian shepherds heard, the divine gospel: "Peace on earth: good-will to men."

EDWIN M. STANTON.

SINCE he left the War Department the health of Mr. STANTON has been so impaired that no body could have been very much surprised by the news of his death. But there was no patriotic household in the land whose Christmas was not saddened by it, and which did not feel the singular felicity of the President's words in announcing the event—words that should be carved upon Mr. STANTON'S tomb. "He was unceasing in his labors; earnest and fearless in the assumption of responsibilities necessary to his country's success; respected by all good men, and feared by wrong-doers." A whole epitaph for a public man need not be written, nor truer words spoken of Mr. STANTON. How true are they that there was not an honorable American who did not feel that the highest praise of the dead Secretary was the vulgar and futile abuse of the New York *World*, poured out unceasingly during his life-time. Had Mr. STANTON devoted his great powers and tireless energy to perpetuating slavery and destroying the government, the *World* would have saluted him as a constitutional hero and a Christian gentleman.

Mr. STANTON'S services to the country during the war, like Mr. LINCOLN'S, like Governor ANDREW'S, like those of all the chief men of that time, are indefinable. It is only, as he knows, indeed, that there were not others who would have been as indomitable and efficient in the most trying and laborious of offices, but it will always be historical that his administration of his office was an inspiration to the whole country, and that every head was bared and every hand surer for the consciousness of the unquenchable energy at the centre. The words of one such intelligent friend was a thing immeasurable. Happily among the most faithful and eminent of the soldiers and civilians of that tremendous hour the country will not divide its gratitude. Its love and respect unite them. What Mr. LINCOLN thought of Mr. STANTON is well known. How fondly Mr. STANTON himself honored him the country has seen. They were worthy of each other, and the latest generation of faithful Americans will associate them in hallowed remembrance.

To the salvation of the Government Mr. STANTON gave every thought, every power, and a thought nor an act, however peremptory, was sullied with a suspicion of selfishness. In so vast and important an office mistakes were inevitable, but it was not culpable. Such men at such times are tested by purity of motive and by honesty of purpose. And they will not be forgotten that the man who, in a post like that of Mr. STANTON, is "earnest and fearless in the assumption of responsibilities necessary for his country's success," inevitably outruns a limited sympathy, and appeals to the general reason. He is in no sense a politician, and chides and passions of every kind to be invested with the least personal glamour. His immediate friends, therefore, are those whose sagacity of aspect which time will touch tenderly and soften into truth.

Mr. STANTON was greatest upon great occasions. With personal urbanity and magnetism he would have been a great leader of men. In the whole hour of our danger, when the President was assassinated by the spirit that sought to turn this country into a slave-pen, the spirit that would have made the name of GRANT as a butcher, and that now spits at STANTON as a bloated blackguard, the Secretary readied the heart of the people and showed us all that our Government, when intrusted to such men—and only then—is superior to every adverse fate. Besides the soldiers who died upon the field, the three most illustrious victims of the war are LINCOLN, BOOTH, and STANTON. Of the first two, all are among the most famous and honored Americans. ANDREW, STANTON, LINCOLN—the country, the world, knows them as the great Americans. In their characters we read the prophecy of our career. By their deaths let us be bound even more solemnly to fulfil it.

JONATHAN AND JOHN.

THE statement of the American view of the *Alabama* controversy made by Secretary FISH in his September dispatch to Mr. MOTLEY is clear and comprehensive, and of excellent temper. It tells what is certainly an old story in a way which shows that the feeling of the United States is still fresh and warm, and in a way also which will perhaps show our friends in England, if they choose to see it, that STANTON'S speech, the exact nature of "the wrong" done, still is felt in this country. A letter to the *Tribune* from one of the best known and most faithful of our English friends during the war, Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, written upon the receipt of the President's message, expresses his inability, and that of all our other English friends, to understand what we mean by alleging unfriendliness upon the part of England at the time of the rebellion. He states many of the facts which were mentioned by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH in his speech at Manchester summer, and insists that, although a party in England was unfriendly, we ought not to call their sympathy the English feeling.

The dispatch of Secretary FISH is as good a reply as could be made to this inquiry and wonder of Mr. HUGHES. What the people of this country have always felt and still feel is this—that although England may, of course, as a sovereign power, assume a neutral attitude as her pleasure, yet that the circumstances under which she did so, in this case, necessarily implied an unfriendliness toward one of the belligerents which was incompatible with fair neutrality; and that the facts prove that fair neutrality was not observed. To declare the rebels equal belligerents with the United States after a single act of war like that at Fort Sumter—to use the double delay of the declaration—as this case it, despite remonstrance, upon the very day of Mr. ADAMS'S arrival, and all this without any necessity whatever, whether measured by the conduct of all other nations under similar circumstances, by the precedents of Great Britain herself, or by common reason—all this was unfriendly, and however technically excused, can not be construed otherwise than as unfriendly.

This attitude was the cause, was an immense encouragement of the rebellion. It raised a domestic insurrection into a civil war, of which England became virtually the maritime ally. The destruction of our commerce and of our commercial marine, by a belligerent who had its ships and ports and no prize court, is therefore immediately and justly attributable to this eager and unprecedented and, upon its face, unfriendly recognition. Then, in consequence of the unfriendliness which such a recognition implies, we say, and Mr. HUGHES says it is true, "England might have stopped the *Alabama* and didn't." Now if her municipal law was defective, and she had been friendly, Parliament would have amended it. Instead of that, however, a member of the House of Commons exults in the defective law, and Parliament cheers.

The people of the United States certainly did not suppose that Mr. BRIGHT cheered, nor Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, nor Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, nor Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, nor Professor CAIRNES, of whose masterly book Mr. HUGHES makes such just mention, that the official organs of England were the Ministry and Parliament; and the Ministry, in hot haste, had issued the unprecedented, unfriendly, and fatal proclamation of the ravages of the *Alabama*. It was a liberal Ministry. But Lord PALMERSTON, its chief, was notoriously unfriendly; and Earl RUSSELL, its Foreign Secretary, had publicly prejudged the case against us; while Mr. GLADSTONE was, as Mr. HUGHES confesses, "not friendly." Certainly fairly complain that the loyal people of the United States regarded Parliament, the Ministry, the action of the Government, and the official voice of the press as England, rather than the workmen, whose conduct was truly noble, and the few magnanimous men, like HUGHES, whose faith in us did not falter, and all of whom we most gladly recognized? When we say that England was unfriendly, we speak of the action of the Government and to the speeches of our English friends at the time denounced it. We do not say that in consequence of England's unfriendliness she was an unfair neutral, we point to the *Alabama*, and say that she might have been stopped, and Mr. HUGHES himself says: "No serious statesman or writer has maintained the contrary since the excitement of the war has cooled down."

Now we do not ask for moral damages. We do not ask that England shall apologize for pretending a act of sovereignty. We simply assert that the circumstances attending that exercise are a cardinal consideration in the estimate of her friendship. And we are sure that any fair Englishman will not deny it. But such an Englishman certainly ought not to say that he does not understand what we mean by asserting that England was unfriendly. If the United States had declared Ireland an equal belligerent with England after the rising of O'BRIEN'S rising, would Mr. HUGHES have thought it unfriendly? If not, he has a right to be surprised when we consider the British action so. It is very true, as in these columns we have often said, that the war in this country was terrible, and that there was good reason for a foreigner to doubt the issue. But that is not the kind of consideration upon which neutral action proceeds. That contemplates actual facts, not surmises and probabilities.

Meanwhile, now that this Government thinks the time has come when negotiations may be resumed, we hope that, if England is of the same mind, we shall state frankly what we wish. Lord CLARENDON, in writing to Mr. THORNTON of Secretary FISH'S dispatch, says, with perfect courtesy and with great force, that as the method of settlement proposed by the United States Government through Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, which was unreservedly accepted by the English Government, although against a decided public opinion, was subsequently rejected by that of the United States, the former can not make any new proposition nor run the risk of another unsuccessful negotiation until it knows upon what basis the United States would like to treat. This is not unreasonable, but it is unavailing. The correspondence has now reached a point at which the two nations are like the French army at Fontenoy, politely bowing, and entreating the enemy to fire first. The renewed correspondence brings the negotiation no nearer. Mr. FISH virtually says to Lord CLARENDON: "If you choose to have the question open with all its contingencies, we are content." This is, of course, skillful diplomacy, but there is a better, because a friendlier way.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

MR. WELLS, in his very able and elaborate report submitted to Congress, estimates the average adverse balance of indebtedness of the United States to foreign countries at about two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum. The particulars of this amount are chiefly the following:

Excess of imports over exports.....	$78,666,738
Obligations for interest.....	80,000,000
Excess of freights in foreign vessels.....	30,000,000
Expenditures of Americans abroad	20,000,000
	$207,666,738

To meet this annual balance he states that, when the present abnormal condition of our cost of production in the United States, there remains but one resource, viz.: "to remit certain kinds of indebtedness—visible, invisible, or corporate." "This process," he adds, "is undoubtedly adopted, and goes on month after month, and year after year, without questioning, thus far, any marked disturbance in the trade and commerce of the country."

Assuming that these figures are correct, which appears to us to be the case from a careful examination of the report, and the conclusion is inevitable that this process must be stopped either voluntarily or compulsorily.

If the people of the United States are willing to contribute to the profits which foreign cousins to possess themselves of Mr. WELLS'S estimates, will know that they can encourage such imprudence by increasing their own profits. The 4th of December number of the London *Economist*, regarded in financial circles as a high authority, is afraid that speculative and other activities are considered as fully supplied. The process adopted by Mr. BOUTWELL of purchasing our bonds with gold, but not selling gold, may reverse from all sources exceeds largely our expenditures, has unquestionably given to the United States temporarily a full share of foreign gold, and it will be very difficult to decide when this process will come to an end through foreign investments; but not long, we apprehend, but foreigners, will be able to discover from this report that our enormous receipts of internal revenue are collected in currency which is our whole industry, and that our customs duties are made large through unparalleled extravagance and improvidence.

It is said that if we attempt to restrain our voluntary imports foreign manufacturers will press them upon us by underselling, therefore, but it is well known that since the raid in September large losses have been made upon consigned goods, and that the foreigner is now accustomed to the new order of things. Mr. WELLS'S showing, that this trade can not be repeated on a large scale except with the certainty of ruinous loss, will be met with satisfaction that orders for the purchase of foreign manufactures have been placed with more caution than usual during the past few months, for a considerable diminution in our imports.

The Secretary of the Treasury, however, estimates our receipts from customs for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1871, at very nearly the same rate as for the last fiscal year and for the one now commencing. The interest of attempting to check this ruinous policy of excessive imports, seems disposed to allow it to proceed, in order that the public income of ultimately placing a four and a half per cent. loan upon the markets of Europe in lieu of our present securities.

An ambitious banking-house, with branches at Frankfort, Paris, London, San Francisco, and other towns, has been established, has undoubtedly created the impression that if the Treasury can obtain from Congress the authority to hypothecate bonds drawing that rate of interest, money could be temporarily borrowed upon them to clear the market of the Five-Twenties—floated at par, or at par value at any time—so that thus we should be in a condition to offer the new loan at some rate under par to capitalists in Europe. The same telegram from Frankfort showing uneasiness among the holders of our six per cents was due probably to discussion pronounced by the Frankfort branch of the house in question on this point.

No well-grounded hope of changing the loan can exist until the country has developed its power under other circumstances. We must first reform our currency, stop excessive importations, and establish upon the whole industry upon a sound and profitable basis. We will then command

the confidence of the world. All intelligent travelers abroad are informed by the leading bankers of London and the Continent that to begin to pay off our bonds while our currency is depreciated is beginning at the wrong end; the opinion is general among them that we should commence with lopping off our excessive issues of paper. When it is considered that our paper-money still stands at about seven hundred millions over and above the three per cent. certificates, and that the latter amount to over fifty-seven millions, and are convertible, to the extent of over forty-five millions, the reserve of our national banks, it can not be doubted that the whole total is momentarily convertible.

In our recent article upon specie payments it will be recollected that we expressed the opinion that, although the Attorney-General, in a recent letter, had stated that it was the duty of the Secretary to refer to special payments, yet it was apparent from the tone of his letter that no steps in that direction had been decided upon by the TREASURY. BOUTWELL'S Report clearly shows that the policy of placing a new loan is expected to precede that event. The time for returning to specie payments is thus indicated in the Report:

"So long as it is necessary to pay for merchandise imported by the transfer of previously-held or other evidences of indebtedness to other countries, so long it will be impracticable to resume specie payments. When the products of industry exported shall be equal substantially to the products of the industry imported, there will be no demand for specie for export, except what may arise from the interchange that our bonds held abroad are sent home, sold in our markets, and the money received for them. When the credit of the country shall be fully established in Europe, and there shall be no balance of our ability or disposition to meet all our obligations, specie payments will be made to a large extent held by merchants and bankers will be transferred in anticipation for permanent investment. When the change shall have taken place, we probably shall be in condition best seen home under the influence of political or financial disturbances in Europe which we have not seen, when, as a concurring fact, our exports, exclusive of public securities, shall be equal to our imports. Such movements may be resumed without even a temporary embarrassment to the business of the country."

The continued sale of gold and purchase of bonds in this market by the Treasury arise from the effort to carry out this scheme, by which the European capitalist is to be accredited with the power of this country. But when he shall have, as he will from the MR. WELLS'S showing, that our internal revenues are collected with ruinous effects upon our industry, and that the gold applied to the purchase of the bonds is a contribution derived from our imprudence in imports, and that these and other follies are paid for by an export of our securities, amounting to two hundred and fifty millions of dollars per year, payable in gold, the delusion must vanish.

The loss incurred by the people of the United States by pressing down the price of gold without any corresponding reduction of the currency, and with the certainty of a further advance to a price which shall conform to our paper circulation, is immensely larger than the whole amount of the sales which have been made by which the public debt has been reduced. The loss falls most heavily upon the producers of grain, as the foreign buyer pays for it in gold, which the seller changes into currency. The loss to the farmer prevents his payments for debts incurred to local merchants, and thus in turn fail in their payments to the jobber and importer. Throughout the country goods are marked down in sympathy with the fall in gold, but no expedients can animate trade while the value of gold continues. The policy is favorable to the foreigner who sells his products now held in excess in Europe, and obtains payment in our securities, and who at the same time buys our grain at a price below the cost of our bottom times. The planter in the South, enjoying the advantage of a staple not produced in excess, and of a limited supply even of more than usual strength, deals out his crop of cotton with much caution, in pursuance of an extensive combination, but the loss is moderate compared with that of Northern agriculturalists: but the expectation is quite general among them, as we learn from correspondents of the press, that gold will rise, and thus enable them to dispose with greater advantage of the crops which, it appears, absolutely require to be sent now purchasing. The depression which now prevails in all foreign manufacturing districts abroad may ultimately relieve the difficulty which the South should deliberately consider. But we do not propose to discuss the question.

We feel assured from the well-known high character of the Secretary of the Treasury that he has no motive but that of the welfare of the country. The time is ample for maturing a plan of Congressional action which will present a strong reaction in prices, and the question of suffering hereafter when that reaction shall be followed by the depression which must attend a return toward specie payments if that return shall be deferred.

The three per cent. certificates, which are held as a reserve by the banks, constitute the portion of the currency—if currency it can be called—upon which the proposed reduction in amount may well be employed. If they were cut off at the rate of two millions a month, without substituting any form of paper in their place, this decision to diminish their quantity would have great effect in preventing the reaction that otherwise is inevitable. If accompanied with the declaration on the part of Congress that the legal tenders after, say five or six years, shall not be tenderable for debts, we should be placed on the road to ultimate safety.

The national banks—relieved as they might be in that case from some portion of taxation—would be induced by these measures to hold on to a part of their circulation, if not convertible for gold interest; but if this is doubtful, they should be compelled by law to do so to the extent necessary, so that the resumption of specie or gold to meet the emergency would certainly accumulate in their coffers.

Contraction such as this would pay the regard which is due to the debtor interest, and would not only save us from the larger portion of the annual debt of $130,000,000 we are now incurring, but would secure what is the most important object now before us—a return to specie payments on the strength of a new gradual improvement it would encourage in the condition of the people.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

DURING the debate upon the Georgia bill a very pertinent question was asked by MR. DAWES, of Massachusetts—a question which has been frequently asked before, and which it has been hitherto. MR. VOORHEES, a gentleman somewhat associated in the public mind with the Democratic contingent doctrines of rebellion, asked in his speech by what authority the United States directed a State to organize its Legislature in a particular manner. Upon MR. DAWES inquired whether the Constitution, in requiring the United States to guarantee a republican form of government, did not require the maintaining such a form. MR. VOORHEES did not give a direct reply, but asked whether the organization of a State Legislature justified armed interference by the United States. MR. DAWES replied that it depended upon the circumstances of the case. They might be such as to require the National Government, with all its functions and capacities, to act. But the gentleman thought that the judiciary was the proper resort.

While slavery was the controlling interest of the Government, constitutional law was always of course the constitutional clause cited by MR. DAWES was not quoted. It was too search-ing and irrepressible. The whole system upon which had been inculcated as of the very essence of the Constitution, that a State had supreme power over its own domestic policy, and, therefore, prevented the political anti-slavery reform beginning and ending with the declaration that the United States Government possessed the moral to put an end to slavery in every State. But it was felt that to do this would be too heroic a method. The people were not prepared for such sophistry, and was wholly unprepared. Shall the United States maintain the republican form which they have guaranteed to a State? That was a question which, under the circumstances, was so awful, that nobody dared seriously to ask it. The obligation was felt, but it was felt to be an action of the fathers interpreting the Constitution, and to determine that slavery was recognized in accordance with republican government. Therefore, regarding it as the protector of slavery, the Abolitionists rejected the Constitution.

Indeed, the event had more than justified the declaration of ALEXANDER HAMILTON in the Federalist, that the guarantee of a republican government usurpation might rest its crest in each State and trample upon the liberties of the people. The National Government could legally do nothing more than forbid its encroachments with indignation and regret. It adopted it, but, notwithstanding its necessarily moral power, at the end of seventy years usurpation had destroyed half of the Republic, set up a republican government, and the national authority, at the hands of the usurpers, favored them with all its force. The Republic was for the time the creation of the slavery question. But it could not be applied. Had it been seriously attempted the war would have begun then.

When the war ended, and the rebel States were to be reorganized, MR. SUMNER, with great propriety, urged that the claimed that this clause should be the corner-stone of reconstruction. And it was made so. By insisting upon the ratification of the amendments, and upon constitutions recognizing equal rights, the United States guarantee a republican government to each of the reorganized States. But any of those States proceed to overthrow that government the duty of Congress is clear. It is clear in the case of the rebel States, and as less so in all the others. If the people of New York should change their Constitution so as to make the executive power of the State hereditary in the heirs male of MR. PETER B. SWEENEY forever, and should disfranchise every man with blue eyes in the State, is it the duty of the United States Government merely to behold such "encroachments with indignation and regret," or to interfere? Is a republican government that it has guaranteed? This is a political, not a judicial, question. Yet such an act in New York would not be more an overthrow of republican government than the methods of every old slave State. If the United States Government, in the case we suppose, would be bound to interfere in New York under the guarantee clause, not less was it bound to interfere ten years ago in Mississippi to establish the republican form which had really never existed there.

The object of the clause is evident. It is to secure the political supremacy of the Union. And this also is the urgent argument for the Fifteenth Amendment. The power of the United States to secure the guarantee was formerly exercised because the party of State sovereignty was supreme in the Government. But with the total interpretation of the Constitution as a bond of national union, not as the treaty of certain independent powers, comes the era of the assertion of the sovereignty of supervision which is essential to harmony. MR. VOORHEES speaks for the principle and practice that surrendered the Government to MR. DAWES for those that took possession of the Government with GENERAL GRANT. The words of the first are the dying echo of the fragile Union of the past; those of the second the prophecy of the true Union of the future.

NOTES.

THE Senate has virtually rejected the nomination of ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOAR to the Supreme Bench. The correspondent of the *Times* says, and undoubtedly it is true that the opposition is due to "a sense of the affronts which some Senators and Representatives have received at his hands. The correspondent adds, "He has no one to blame for his discomfiture but himself." This statement MR. HOAR has refused to be a mere party tool. When we heard, soon after his appointment, an authentic story of his reply to a Senator's application for a place, we foresaw the consequences. He was waited upon by a representative of the Senate, who asked him to remove A. and appoint B. "Gentlemen," he replied, "A. is a perfectly satisfactory officer. When you can show me that he is not, or can find a better man for the place, A. shall be removed." Of course MR. HOAR knew that a man who considers the public service before party interests is not an agreeable man to party managers, and he probably not expect to be confirmed for the nomination. We hope that a judge as able, learned, and upright, a Republican as steadfast upon the reconstructed conviction, a man of as spotless and lofty character may be found by the Senate to the place of which Judge ROAR is not thought to be a proper incumbent; and meanwhile it will be interesting to see whether a Senate that refuses to confirm MR. HOAR will confirm General SICKLES.

ANOTHER illustration of the charms of our civil service lately came to our knowledge. A thoroughly competent mechanic man, always a Democrat, was appointed a messenger in the Treasury Department. Upon his appointment he was waited upon by the Democratic committee—that is, by some of persons with private axes of interest to grind—and asked to appoint as subordinates certain Democratic partisans. "Certainly, gentlemen, when there are vacancies, I will see what can be done." "No, sir," was the reply; "appoint now and put in our men." "That, gentlemen, is impossible. My subordinates are honest, able, and faithful men. I don't know, nor care, what their politics are: nor should I appoint your friends because their politics are not only for their character and capacity." The next week *his* head dropped into the basket.

IT seems that it was the request of our Governor that the Fenian Senate negotiations should be resumed at Washington. The reason for the request, however, do not appear in the published correspondence. It is to be hoped that the British Government evident. But it may perhaps be assumed that the article in the London *Times* expressing a willingness to yield does not mean "inspired." It is difficult, however, to regard the Fenian question in any light that does not reflect upon our Minister in England. There is an inevitable impression arising from the transfer of the question that domestic Fenian influences are considered too seductive for American diplomacy. It is not easy to see, for instance, if the career of MR. REVERDY JOHNSON had not been just what it was: and it is certainly hard that MR. REVERDY should pay the penalty of MR. JOHNSON'S dinners. On the other hand, the power vested in that it is a subject of much interest; and as it could not be satisfactorily settled in England, it is but fair to try to settle it satisfactorily at home.

A VOLUME of the truest scholarship and completeness in its kind is the handsome quarto "Catalogue of the Collection of Engravings bequeathed to Harvard College by FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY: by LOUIS THIEK." (WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.: Cambridge.) MR. GRAY was a gentleman of extraordinary knowledge and cultivated taste, and with a fortune so large that he could make both directly available to the public. MR. THIEK tells us that he went only and often to Europe, and gradually acquired this noble collection of engravings. They illustrate the history of art in every country and at all periods; and are not only remarkable for their completeness, but are often valuable in themselves for especial merits. The Gray Collection is, therefore, the result of the utmost intelligence and the richest opportunities; and as MR. THIEK, a gentleman of singular accomplishment in similar studies, was familiar with MR. GRAY'S wishes and plans, he has prepared, in accordance with MR. GRAY'S request, this remarkable Catalogue. It is undoubtedly one of the most thorough and satisfactory works of the kind ever written. It is a result not only of an exhausting study of all existing literature upon the subject, but of the most intelligent and constant personal observation. The monogram gallery and collection And as MR. THIEK has very wisely added a list of the works and published collections consulted by him, his Catalogue is an invaluable manual for every student of engraving. The price of a work of such thoroughness and high scholarship is necessarily great, and its appreciating audience must be small. But MR. THIEK may have the satisfaction of knowing that henceforth he will be a recognized authority in his department of intelligent study, and his book indispensable to every collector and student.

IS lately alluding to the State Fair at Macon, to which we were courteously invited as to a great feast of reunion and fraternity, and at which it was hoped that GENERAL GRANT and GENERAL LEE would appear in the renowned attitude of General Scott and General Gaines as 17—at the Philadelphia Johnsonian Convention, we said that we could hardly believe that the day for the United States was not displayed. But it seems that it was not only so, but more than so. The officers of the garrison at Macon sent a national flag to the Committee in charge with a request that it be raised. But the Committee—after a zealous debate—resolved not to raise the flag of their country because they did not wish to give the fair any political significance! What a beautiful compromise it would have been to display the flag of the United States and the flag of the rebellion of the United States! It was surely a comical feast of reunion at which the flag of the Union could not be shown for fear of hurting the feelings of the guests!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 20.—In the Senate a bill was introduced to authorize a company for constructing a ship canal between this country and Holland, under concessions from the Dutch Government. MR. SUMNER presented the more important bills introduced, was one in reference to the Alabama claims, another to equalize the tariff of raises of refined companies the liberty to import their sugars free of duty, also bills to abolish the franking privilege and to regulate labor in the Government service.

December 21.—In the Senate bill for the suppression of polygamy in Utah was reported. MR. SUMNER introduced a bill to repeal the test oath. A joint resolution was passed indemnifying loyal owners for property destroyed and appropriating $100,000 to meet during the war. The claims amount to $300,000. In the House a resolution was introduced by PENDLETON to make suitable arrangements for the reception of GENERAL LEE when he returns was agreed to. A resolution to provide cannon for the purpose of casting a statue of GENERAL SCOTT to be placed on the south terrace of the Treasury.

December 22.—In the Senate MR. SUMNER introduced a new bill for reconstruction in Virginia, which, he gave notice, he would call up on the 3d of January. A resolution was passed calling on the President for information in regard to the late MR. Peabody was elected a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London at Grant was referred. The President transmitted the report of the Commissioners, which had been called for by resolution. In the House the session was chiefly taken up with general debate, by Committee of the Whole, on various subjects. After the committee rose it was announced to the House that the Internal Revenue law, repealing the clause allowing street railway companies to add the government tax to the fare of passengers, and one companies the right to increase the fare to five cents. The House adjourned to January 10.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On the 21st of December General Babcock, of the President's staff, who has been chief commissioner of the Georgia delegation, arrived at Washington with the bill for the reconstruction, and the results of his labors before the President and the Cabinet. On Wednesday last the Georgia Legislature, in regular session, takes possession of the bay and postmarks of Savannah, and on the 1st of January, at an annual salary of $2,000 in coin, with the privilege of purchasing at any time of the Bank of the United States. Every precaution for that actual possession has been taken by our Government, and every covering letter addressed to shortly be transmitted to the Senate.

It is said that the Administration cannot great excitement to have followed the announcement there of the death of Commodore Vanderbilt.

Despatches to the Cuban Junta at Nassau are reported to the effect that they have recognized.

The Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has reported Fort Gary, near the southern extremity of Lake Winnipeg, and a number of Generals Douglas's agents. The Provisional Government of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory have issued a Declaration of Independence, to the effect that the people, henceforth free from the control granted to the Hudson Bay Company, have a right to be independent, and that they will form a Government for themselves as subjects of the Dominion. They hold themselves ready to treat with Canada on the basis of this principle. Colonel Dennis, who organized the Indians in support of Governor M'Dougall, is said to have disbanded his forces.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported that the British man-of-war *Iron Duke* was accidentally wrecked while lying off Port Arthur to Malta, and Sir Stafford Northcote, formerly Secretary of India, and Sir Hugh Cairns, have declined to accept the vacant position.

The Fenian Senate probed, and will be introduced in the British Parliament. The object is to enable all loyal British subjects to divest themselves of national allegiance. The bill is stated to contain the germ of American naturalization.

The *Monarch*, with the remains of MR. Peabody, sailed on the first for this country.

In the Ecumenical Council the advocates of infallibility are reported to be losing ground.

A Republican Society has been discovered among the soldiers of the Paris garrison, and seventy-four of them have been arrested.

It is reported that General Sickles has submitted to the Spanish Government a project for securing the neutrality of ocean cables, to which scheme the British Government had previously given its approval.

"TOLL YE THE CHURCH-BELL SAD AND SLOW, AND TREAD SOFTLY AND SPEAK LOW, FOR THE OLD YEAR LIES A-DYING."

ARGUING THE POINT.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH. *(Continued.)*

"WHAT'S to be done now?" asked Arnold.

In the face of the storm, Anne answered without hesitation, "You must take a carriage, and drive."

"Drive? They told me it was three-and-twenty miles, by railway, from the station to my place—let alone the distance from this inn to the station."

"What does the distance matter? Mr. Brinkworth, you can't possibly stay here!"

A second flash of lightning crossed the window; the roll of the thunder came nearer. Even Arnold's good temper began to be a little ruffled by Anne's determination to get rid of him. He sat down with the air of a man who had made up his mind not to leave the house.

"Do you hear that?" he asked, as the sound of the thunder died away grandly, and the hard pattering of the rain on the window became audible once more. "If I ordered horses, do you think they would let me have them, in such weather as this? And, if they did, do you suppose the horses could face it on the moor? No, no, Miss Silvester—I am sorry to be in the way: but the train has gone, and the night and the storm have come. I have no choice but to stay here!"

Anne still maintained her own view, but less resolutely than before. "After what you have told the landlady," she said, "think of the embarrassment, the cruel embarrassment of our position, if you stop at the inn till to-morrow morning!"

"Is that all?" returned Arnold.

Anne looked up at him, quickly and angrily. No! he was quite unconscious of having said any thing that could offend her. His rough masculine sense broke its way unconsciously through all the little feminine subtleties and delicacies of his companion, and looked the position practically in the face for what it was worth, and no more. "Where's the embarrassment?" he asked, pointing to the bedroom door. "There's your room, all ready for you. And here's the sofa, in this room, all ready for me. If you had seen the places I have slept in at sea—!"

She interrupted him, without ceremony. The places he had slept in, at sea, were of no earthly importance. The one question to consider, was the place he was to sleep in that night.

"If you must stay," she rejoined, "can't you get a room in some other part of the house?"

But one last mistake in dealing with her, in her present nervous condition, was left to make—and the innocent Arnold made it. "In some other part of the house?" he repeated, testingly. "The landlady would be scandalized. Mr. Bishopriggs would never allow it!"

She rose, and stamped her foot impatiently on the floor. "Don't joke!" she exclaimed. "This is no laughing matter." She paced the room excitedly. "I don't like it! I don't like it!"

Arnold looked after her, with a stare of boyish wonder.

"What puts you out so?" he asked. "Is it the storm?"

She threw herself on the sofa again. "Yes," she said, shortly. "It's the storm."

Arnold's inexhaustible good-nature was at once roused to activity again.

"Shall we have the candles," he suggested, "and shut the weather out?" She turned irritably on the sofa, without replying. "I'll promise to go away the first thing in the morning!" he went on. "Do try and take it easy—and don't be angry with me. Come! come! you wouldn't turn a dog out, Miss Silvester, on such a night as this?"

He was irresistible. The most sensitive woman breathing could not have accused him of

"THE PONY SHOOK HIS DARLING LITTLE HEAD, AND DASHED THROUGH IT."

falling toward her in any single essential of consideration and respect. He wanted tact, poor fellow—but who could expect him to have learned that always superficial (and sometimes dangerous) accomplishment, in the life he had led at sea? At the sight of his honest, pleading face, Anne recovered possession of her genius and sweeter self. She made her excuses for her irritability with a grace that enchanted him. "Well! have a pleasant evening of it yet!" cried Arnold, in his hearty way—and rang the bell.

The bell was hung outside the door of that Patmos in the wilderness—otherwise known as the head-waiter's pantry. Mr. Bishopriggs (employing his brief leisure in the occlusion of his own apartment) had just made a good deal of fun of her and comforting liquor called "toddy" in the language of North Britain, and was just lifting it to his lips, when the summons of the bell invited him to leave his grog.

"Haud yer screamin' tongue!" cried Mr. Bishopriggs, addressing the bell through the door. "Ye're waur than a woman when ye ainese be ill!"

The bell—like the woman—went on again. Mr. Bishopriggs, equally pertinacious, went on with his toddy.

"Ay! ay! ye may e'en ring yer heart out—but ye won't part a Scotchman from his glass. It's maybe the end of their dinner they'll be wantin'. Sir Fairrick can't an at fair begin-ning of it, and puir the colleegy, like the auld deevil he is!" The bell rang for the third time. "Ay! ay! ring away! I dout ye're gaun the clemon's little better than a belly-god—there's a scandalous haste to comfort the carnal part o' him in a this place. He knows nothing o' wine," added Mr. Bishopriggs, on whose mind Arnold's discovery of the watered sherry still dwelt unpleasantly.

The lightning quickened, and lit the sitting-room horribly with its lurid glare; the thunder rolled nearer and nearer over the black waste of the moor. Arnold had just raised his hand to ring for the fourth time, when the inevitable knock was heard at the door. It seemed to say "come in." The immutable laws of Bishopriggs had decided that a second ring was unnecessary. Storm or no storm, the second knock came—and then, and not till then, the sage appeared, with the dish of untasted "college" in his hand.

"Candles!" said Arnold.

Mr. Bishopriggs set the "collops" (in the language of England, minced meat) upon the table, lit the candles at the mantle-piece, faced about, with the fire of recent toddy flaming in his nose, and waited for further orders before he went back to his second glass. Anne declined to return to the dinner. Arnold ordered Mr. Bishopriggs to close the shutters, and to send in the fine hymsell.

He looks grave, and smells greasy," he said to Anne, turning over the collops with a spoon. "I won't be ten minut a dining. Will you have some tea?"

Anne declined again.

Arnold tried her once more. "What shall we do to get through the evening?"

"Do what you like," she answered, resignedly.

Arnold's mind was suddenly illuminated by an idea.

"I have got it!" he exclaimed. "We've the time to our cabin-passengers used to kill it at sea. He looked over his shoulder at Mr. Bishopriggs. "Waiter! bring a pack of cards."

"What's that ye're wantin'?" asked Mr. Bishopriggs, doubting the evidence of his own senses.

"A pack of cards," repeated Arnold.

"Cairds?" echoed Mr. Bishopriggs. "A pack o' cairds? The deevil's allegories in the devil's own colors—red and black! I wunna execute yer order. For yer ain soul's sake, I wunna do it. He's ye lived to your time o' life, and are ye no' awaur that the auld's seendulous o' gude bin' wi' the cairds?"

"Just as you please," returned Arnold. "You will find me an indulgent employer when I get a useful folly of feeling a waiter."

"Does that mean that they're bent on the cairds?" asked Mr. Bishopriggs, suddenly betraying sign of worldly anxiety in his look and manner.

"Yes—that means I am bent on cards."

"I tak' up my testimony against 'em—but I'm no' telling ye that I wunna lay my hand on 'em if I like. What do they say in my country? 'Him that will to Coupar, maun to Coupar.' And what do they say in your country? 'Needs must when the devil drives.' With that excellent reason for turning back on his own principles, Mr. Bishopriggs shuffled out of the room to fetch the cards.

The dresser-drawer in the pantry contained a choice selection of miscellaneous objects—a pack of cards among them. In search of anything for the cards, the wary hand of the head-waiter came in contact with a morsel of crumpled-up paper. He drew it out, and examined the letter which he had picked up in the sitting-room some hours since.

"Ay! ay! I'll do weel, I trow, to look at this while my mind's runnin' on it," said Mr. Bishopriggs. "The cairds may e'en feed hungry to the parlor by other hands than mine."

He found the cards—the cards (as he had by second in command, closed the pantry door, and carefully smoothed out the crumpled sheet of paper on which the two letters were written. This done, he trimmed his candle, and began with the letter in ink, which occupied the first three pages of the sheet of note-paper.

It ran thus:

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *August 12, 1868.*

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN,—I have waited in the hope that you would have ridden over from your brother's place, and see me—and I have waited in vain. Your conduct to me is cruelly unfair; I will bear it no longer. Consider! in your own interests, consider—before you drive the miserable woman who has trusted you to despair. You have promised me marriage by all that is sacred. I claim your promise. It matters not one thing less than to be what you vowed I should be—what I have waited all this weary time to be—what I am, in the sight of Heaven, your wedded wife. Lady Lundie gives a lawn-party to-day on the 15th. I know you have been asked—I expect you to accept her invitation. If I don't see you, I won't answer for what may happen. My mind is made up to endure this suspense no longer. Oh, Geoffrey, remember the past! Be faithful—be just—to your lawful wife,

"ANNE SILVESTER."

Mr. Bishopriggs paused. His commentary on the correspondence, so far, was simple enough. He'd clean forgot the bell—he ready to be a gentleman!" He ran his eye over the second letter, on the fourth page of the paper, and added, cynically, "A little scrubber (in parlors) from Piccadelmon to the leddy! The way o' the warld, Sirs! from the time o' Adam downwards, the way o' the warld!"

The second letter ran thus:

"DEAR ANNE,—Just called to London to my father. They have invited me to dine with me at the moor. Arnold had just raised his hand to ring for the fourth time, when the inevitable knock was heard at the door. It seemed to say "come in. The immutable laws of Bishopriggs had decided that a second ring was unnecessary. Storm or no storm, the second knock came—and then, and not till then, the sage appeared, with the dish of untasted "collops" in his hand.

"Candles!" said Arnold.

Mr. Bishopriggs set the "collops" (in the language of England, minced meat) upon the table, lit the candles at the mantle-piece, faced about, with the fire of recent toddy flaming in his nose, and waited for further orders before he went back to his second glass. Anne declined to return to the dinner. Arnold ordered Mr. Bishopriggs to close the shutters, and to send in the fine hymsell.

"

Anne looked up from the message.

"Ask him to wait," she said; "and I will send word to him again."

"Wi' mony loves and kisses," suggested Mr. Bishopriggs, as a necessary supplement to the message. "Eh! it comes as easy as A. B. C. to a man o' my experience. Ye can ha' nae better gae-between than yer pair servant to command, Sawmuel Bishopriggs. I understand ye baith prairfectly." He laid his forefinger along his flaming nose, and withdrew.

Winnie allowed herself to luxuriate for an instant, Anne opened the bedroom door—with the resolution of relieving Arnold from the new sacrifice imposed on him by owning the truth.

"Is that you?" asked Blanche.

At the sound of her voice, Anne started back guiltily. "I'll be with you in a moment," she answered, and closed the door again between them.

No! it was not to be done. Something in Blanche's trivial question—or something in the hope, in the sight of Blanche's face—roused the warning instinct in Anne, which silenced her on the very brink of the disclosure. At the last moment, the iron chain of circumstances made itself felt, binding her without mercy to the hateful, the degrading deceit. Could she own the truth, about Geoffrey and herself, to Blanche? and, without owning it, could she explain and justify Arnold's conduct in joining her privately at Craig Ferne? A shameful confession made to an innocent girl, a risk of feeling shaking Arnold's place in Blanche's estimation: a scandal at the inn, in the disgrace of which the others would be involved with herself—this was the price at which she must speak, if she followed her first impulse, and told, in so many words, "Arnold is here."

It was not to be thought of. Cost what it might in present wretchedness—end how it might, if the deception was discovered in the future—Blanche must be kept in ignorance of the truth: Arnold must be kept in hiding until she had gone.

Anne opened the door for the second time, and went in.

The business of the toilet was standing still. Blanche was in confidential communication with Mrs. Inchbare. At the moment when Anne entered the room she was eagerly protesting the lundisby about her friend's "invisible husband"—she was just saying, "Do tell me! what is he like?"

The capacity for accurate observation is a capacity so uncommon, and is so seldom exercised, even where it does exist, with the equally rare gift of accurately describing the thing or the person observed, that Anne's dread of the consequences if Mrs. Inchbare was allowed time to comply with Blanche's request, was, in all probability, a dread misplaced. Right or wrong, however, she deem that she felt hurried her into taking the step of dismissing the landlady on the spot. "We mustn't keep you from your occupations any longer," she said to Mrs. Inchbare. "I will give Miss Lundie all the help she needs."

Barred from advancing in one direction, Blanche's curiosity turned back, and tried in another. She hastily addressed herself to Anne.

"I must know something about him," she said. "Is he shy before strangers? I heard you whispering with him on the other side of the door. Are you jealous, Anne? Are you afraid I shall fascinate him in their absence?"

Blanche, in Mrs. Inchbare's best gown—an ancient and high-waisted silk garment, of the hue called "bottle-green," pinned in at the back, and trailing far behind her—with a short, orange-colored shawl over her shoulders, and a towel tied round her head for her hair, to dry her wet hair, looked at once the strangest and the prettiest human anomaly that ever was seen.

"For heaven's sake," she said, gayly, "don't tell your husband I am in Mrs. Inchbare's clothes! I want to appear suddenly, without any sort of warn hin of what a figure I am! I should have nothing left to wish for in this world," she added, "if Arnold could only see me now!"

Looking in the glass, she noticed that Anne face reflected behind her, and started at the sight of it.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Your face frightens me."

It was useless to prolong the pain of the inevitable misunderstanding between them. The one course to take was to silence all further inquiries then and there. Strongly as she felt this, Anne's inbred loyalty to Blanche still made her deceiving her to her face. "I might write it," she thought. "I'd say it—if I were Mrs. Brinkworth in the same house with her!" Write it? As she reconsidered the word, a sudden idea struck her. She passed into the room door, and led the way back into the setting-room.

"Gone again!" exclaimed Blanche, looking uneasily round the empty room. "Anne! there's something so strange in all this, that I neither can, nor will, put up with your silence any longer. It's not just, it's not kind, to shut me out of your confidence, after we have lived together like sisters all our lives!"

Anne sighed bitterly, and kissed her on the forehead. "You shall know all I can tell you —all I dare tell you," she said, gently. "I only reproach me. It hurts me more than you think."

She turned away to the side-table, and came back with a letter in her hand. "Read that," she said, and handed it to Blanche.

Blanche saw her own name, on the address, in the handwriting of Anne.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"I wrote to you, after Parkfield was left me," Anne replied. "I meant you to have received my letter to-morrow, in time to prevent any little impudence into which your anxiety might hurry you. All that I can say to you is said there. Spare me the distress of speaking. Read it, Blanche."

Blanche still held the letter, unopened.

"Let it come from you to me! when we are both together, and both alone in the same room! It's worse than formal, Anne! It's as if there was a quarrel between us. Why should it distress you to speak to me?"

Anne's eyes dropped to the ground. She pointed to the letter for the second time.

Blanche broke the seal.

She passed rapidly over the opening sentences, and devoted all her attention to the second paragraph.

"And now, my love, you will expect me to atone for the surprise and distress that I have caused you. I will atone, if I can. I will atone really is, and by telling you all my plans for the future. Dearest Blanche! don't think me untrue to the affection we have treasured with each other—don't think there is any change in my heart toward you—believe only that I am very, very happy woman, and that I am in a position which forces me, against my own will, to be silent about myself. Silent even to you, the sister of my love! —the one person in the world who is dearest to me! A time may come when I shall be able to open my heart to you. Oh, what good it will do me! what a relief it will be! For the present, I must be content. For the present, we must be parted. God knows what it costs me to write this. I think of the dear old days that are gone. I remember how happy we were when we could be a sister to you, when her kind eyes looked at me, for the first time, when her arm was first round me, and from heaven to *mine!* All this comes back on me now, and breaks my heart. But it must be so! I am writing to you, Anne, as well as to you. I will write often—I will think of you, my darling. Right or wrong, I will be happy if your wishes so again. God bless you, my dear one! And God help us!"

Blanche silently crossed the room to the sofa on which Anne was sitting, and stood there for a moment, looking at her. She sat down, and laid her head on Anne's shoulder. Sorrowfully and quietly, she put the letter into her bosom—and took Anne's hand, and kissed it.

"All my questions are answered, dear. I will wait your time."

Anne sighed, sweetly, generously said.

Anne burst into tears.

* * *

The rain still fell, but the storm was dying away.

Blanche left the sofa, and, going to the window, opened the shutters to look out at the night. She suddenly came back to Anne.

"I see lights," she said—"the lights of a carriage coming up out of the darkness of the moor. Is it a visitor for Mrs. Inch, from Windygates. Go into the bedroom. It's just possible Lady Lundie may have come for me herself."

The customary relations of the two toward each other were completely reversed. Anne was like a child in Blanche's hands. She rose, and withdrew.

Left alone, Blanche took the letter out of her bosom, and read it again, in the attitude of listening for the carriage.

The second reading confirmed her in a resolution which she had privately taken, while she had been sitting by Anne on the sofa—a resolution to submit to the new sacrifice required of her in the future than any provisions of hers could anticipate. Mr. Patrick was the person to decide—now on whose discretion and experience she could implicitly rely. She determined, in Anne's interests, to wait for his arrival, to ask no questions, and to tell him all that had happened at the inn. "I'll first make him forgive me," she thought to herself. "And then I'll see if he' thinks as I do, when I tell him about Anne."

The carriage came up at the door, and Mrs. Inchbare showed in—not Lady Lundie, but Lady Lundie's maid.

The woman's account of what had happened at Windygates was simple enough. Lady Lundie had, on receiving Blanche's letter, put her own interpretation on Blanche's abrupt departure in the pony-chaise, and had ordered the carriage, with the full determination of following the young daughter herself. But the agitations and anxieties of the day proved too much for her. She had been seized by one of the attacks of giddiness to which she was always subject after excessive mental irritation; and, eager as she was (on more accounts than one) to go to the inn herself, she had been compelled, in the first instance, to commit the pursuit of Blanche to her own maid, in whose age and good sense she could place every confidence. The woman —seeing the state of the weather—had thoughtfully brought a box with her, containing a change of clothes for Blanche, and had driven to Blanche, she added, with all due respect, that she had full powers from her mistress to act in all respects as the shooting-cottage, and to place the matter in Sir Patrick's hands. This said, she left it to her young lady to decide for herself what she would return to Windygates, under present circumstances, or not.

Blanche took the box from the woman's hands, and joined Anne in the bedroom, to dress herself for the journey home.

"I am going back to a good scolding," she said. "But a scolding is a novelty in my experience of Lady Lundie. I'm not uneasy about that, Anne—I'm uneasy about you. Can I be sure of one thing—do you stay here for the present?"

The worst that could happen at the inn *had* happened. Nothing was to be gained—now and ever thing might be lost—by leaving the place in which Arnold was in hiding. Once more, Anne answered that she proposed remaining at the inn for the present.

"Is your promise to write to me?"

"Yes."

"If there is any thing I can do for you—?"

"There is nothing, my love."

"There may be. If you want to see me, we can meet at Windygates without being discovered. Come at luncheon-time—go round by the shrubbery—and step in at the library window. You know so well as I do there is nobody in the library at that hour. Don't say it's impossible—you don't know what may happen. I shall wait ten minutes every day on the chance of seeing you. That's settled—and it's settled that you write to me, if I go, during the next days than are gone," she said, with a farewell wave of her hand. "Thank God for that! And now I have kissed the rest."

She threw open the bedroom door, and called to the maid, in the setting-room. "Miss Lundie is waiting for you." Blanche pressed her hand, and left her.

Anne stood while in the bedroom, listening to the sound made by the departure of the carriage from the door. Little by little, the clamp of the horses and the noise of the rolling wheels lessened and lessened. When the last sound had died away, in silence she waited for a moment thinking—then, rousing herself on a sudden, hurried into the sitting-room, and rang the bell.

"I shall go mad," she said to herself, "if I stay here alone."

Even Mr. Bishopriggs felt the necessity of being silent when he stood face to face with her mistress's letter.

"I want to speak to him. Send him here instantly."

Mr. Bishopriggs understood her, and withdrew.

Arnold came in.

"Has she gone?" were the first words he said. "She has gone. She was angry with me when you see her again. I have told her nothing. Don't ask me for my reasons!"

"I have no wish to ask them."

"Be angry with me, if you like!"

"I have no wish to be angry with you."

He spoke and looked like an altered man. Quietly seating himself at the table, he rested his head on his hand—and so remained silent. Anne was taken completely by surprise. She drew near, and looked at him curiously. Let a woman's mood be what it may, it is certain to feel the influence of any change for which she is unprepared in the manner of the man on whom her own interests her. The cause of this is not to be found in the variableness of her humor. It is to be found in the sudden appeal to the noble absorption of Self, which is one of the greatest—but by no means one of the worst—of the qualities of the commonest virtues of the sex. Little by little, the sweet feminine charm of Anne's face grew softly and sadly back. The inbred solicitude of the woman's nature answered the call which the man had unconsciously made on it. She touched Arnold on the shoulder.

"This has been hard on you," she said. "And I am so sorry for you. Try and forgive me, Mr. Brinkworth. I am sincerely sorry. I wish with all my heart I could comfort you."

He looked up at her, and kissed her hand.

"Anne!" he said, "you are my Guardian Angel. You have come to me, in my darkest hour, as you came to me in the days that are gone. You know so well as I do there is nobody in the library at that hour. Don't say it's impossible—you don't know what may happen. I shall wait ten minutes every day on the chance of seeing you. That's settled—and it's settled that you write to me, if I go, during the next days than are gone," she said, with a farewell wave of her hand. "Thank God for that! And now I have kissed the rest."

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He looked up at her, and kissed her hand.

"Anne!" he said, "you are my Guardian Angel. You have come to me, in my darkest hour, as you came to me in the days that are gone. You make sure of doing that by keeping up appearances, and sitting down in the setting-room to-day. When we next meet it will be under pleasanter circumstances, I hope. I shall always be glad to think that in one of your worst trials in the present time I shall be most likely away to-morrow morning—and that you will be safe."

Anne held out her hand to take leave. Nothing could undo what had been done. The only hope was to keep appearances, and parted away.

"You have not befriended an ungrateful woman," she said. "The day may yet come, Mr. Brinkworth, when I shall prove it."

"I hope not," said Sylvester. "Good-by, and good luck!"

She withdrew into her own room. Arnold closed the sitting-room door, and stretched himself on the sofa for the night.

* * *

The morning was bright, the air was delicious after the storm.

Arnold had gone, as he had promised, before Anne was out of her room. It was understood on the inn that departmental business had compelled Mr. Brinkworth to leave Craig Ferne secretly called him south. Mr. Bishopriggs had been presented with a handsome gratuity: and Mrs. Inchbare's apprehensions informed that the rooms were taken for a week certain.

Left to herself, Anne put one little match of events had now, to all appearance, fallen back into a quiet course. Arnold was on his way to his estate; Blanche was safe at Windygates: Anne's residence at the inn was assured for a week to come. The one serious doubt was that which still hung over Geoffrey's movements. The one event still involved in darkness turned on the question of life or death in the estimation of Lord Holchester—otherwise, the question of Lord Holchester's health. Taken by itself, the alternative, either way, was plain enough. If my lord lived—Geoffrey would be free to come back, and marry her privately in Scotland. If my lord died—Geoffrey would be free to send for her, and marry her publicly in London. But could Geoffrey be relied on?

Anne went out on to the terrace-ground in front of the inn. The cool morning breeze blew steadily. Towering white clouds sailed in grand procession over the heavens, now obscuring, and now revealing the sun. Yellow light and purple shadow succeeded each other on the wooded brown surface of the moor—even as hope and fear chased each other over Anne's mind, brooding on what might come to her with the coming time.

She turned away, weary of questioning the impenetrable future, and went back to the inn.

Crossing the hall she looked at the clock. It was not yet eight. Hours must pass, and Geoffrey was due in London. Geoffrey and his brother were, at the moment, on their way to Lord Holchester's house.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LECTURE ON NATURAL SCIENCE.

Lecture matches are generally made of stick. They are made to burn. If your scholars can, they bear it with Christian fortitude, and don't try to hit back. Lecture matches are also made to be light handed, and free, and burn houses down. They are nice lyes to have about the house, and are very handy when you want to light a fire. Burn a number of a good many things. In London, the only ingredient which is extensively used in the lecture combination is cream. The butter of commerce is largely used, to grease the wheels of the luxury carriages when it agrees with them better than it does with the human beings who eat it.

"AMANTIS RES ADVERSÆ," OR, "A LOVER'S HARD LUCK."

A Homo had met one dear sight,
Puellus visitare,
And mashed him more to very late,
That illion constant care.

Puerl, walking by the house,
Saw puerl in fenestra,
Et sunt morari for a while,
To see all this fun.

Sonn, caput turn'd its nasum round,
In vim puerorum,
Agnoscet there the pedagogue,
Uh! maximum punishment!

Progressus pear to the door
Cum mentula, puerl,
Et turn'd the key to lick him in,
Maraud to his sire.

Then pedagogus rose to go,
Et feeling for his hat,
His non noticed to get out,
The key clos'd on that.

Accendit sweet-heart near the state
Cum fortunes pede,
Et runn'd upon their steep,
Sed, heheat not the door-key.

Then, certain doctor,
By her unnatural voice,
Came runn'd to the door,
Et obvenit the body.

"Forsaken puerl, by master roared,
"Why spoil you thus my nomium?
Excite from the house,
Si rogies have locked the front one!"

Puella trieth hang her head,
And look'd like a culprit,
Et cito from the other door,
Rie ought with Phillip.

Cum magna grade redit home!
Returning innocuous prodigius,
Et never asses eat again,
Except people with asses.

A little boy was washed and dressed one morning, and sent to Sabbath-school, being warned not to pass the candied "bottle-green," during the exercises of the teacher asked Georgie if he had ever been baptized. The little fellow looked puzzled, and then responded in George's stead, and hesitatingly answered, "Yes, sir." "Who baptized you?" "Why, I was baptized and vaccinated by the same doctor." "Where were you baptized?" asked he, promptly and somewhat pompously answered: "Yes, sir, I have been baptized five or six times, but it never took."

An ignorant but conceited fellow got aboard a steamboat, and, in order to show his knowledge, he took a while among the crowd, and seeing the captain upon the quarter-deck, he accosted him familiarly, thus: "The Lake Huron." "Yes, Sir," replied the man, "but the question is, going to or from?" "Why, to be sure," said he, "I am bound to the Lake." "Well, Sir," said the captain, "the name of the lake you're bound to is Erie." "Erie!" said the fellow, "Erie! The crowd were now smiling quite audibly, and the fellow knew not whether to jump overboard or take them back to port. "I'm on, is the lake I'm on. That's a polite captain, indeed."

A Yankee editor says: "The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass eating thistles."

A Parisian beggar meets a gentleman on the street corner.

BEGGAR. "Give me a sou, my dear Sir."

GENTLEMAN. "You are mistaken, enough by your appearance, to be my dear Sir."

BEGGAR. "I have no sou, but here is a ten-sou piece. You will owe me nine sous."

GENTLEMAN. "Ah, my dear Sir; I shall pray God to preserve your life until the day when I shall owe them back to you."

"Is there any thing the matter?" "There is, Sir," was the host's surest reply. "Have I ever given you cause to think that I am afraid of any man?" "Not of it." "Well, Sir, why do you ask me?" "Because, my dear Sir, what language! We were only talking about the weather." "Well, suppose I did?" "Why, Sir, it's not the custom of the house." "Then I'll begin by cutting out of the room—it's highly unbecoming language"—and passenger left the room. "Now, Sir, what have you have me say? I called the soup by its proper name." "No, Sir, you did not, and when ever you have occasion to speak of that particular soup again, never say *Ox-tail soup*! Say *Polypheme soup*—that's the proper word, Sir."

A merchant being unable to live as comfortably as he desired, and a little behind-hand pay his debts, failed seven times in succession. His numerous assignments of course, were chiefly he did. Among those who had claims upon him was a tailor. One day, meeting the case of his neighbors, was informed that Uncle Sam had taken the bill. "Ah!" said he, "I knew that sam" replied B—; "why didn't he make an assignment?"

EMANCIPATION
RED TAPE
1862
1861
1860
RING OUT A SLOWLY DYING CAUSE,
AND ANCIENT FORMS OF PARTY STRIFE;
RING IN THE NOBLER MODES OF LIFE,
WITH SWEETER MANNERS, PURER LAWS.

1860—18

WHEEL OF TIME
1864
1865
1866
1867
GRANT & COLFAX
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
RING OUT FALSE PRIDE IN PLACE AND BLOOD,
THE CIVIC SLANDER AND THE SPITE;
RING IN THE LOVE OF TRUTH AND RIGHT,
RING IN THE COMMON LOVE OF GOOD.

ER PAGE 26.]

1860—1870.

IN the striking cartoon with the above title which we present our readers this week, our artist gives an epitome of American history for the last ten years—a *coup d'œil* embracing the great events of the war for the Union and the period immediately succeeding the close of hostilities in the field. The year 1859 died with the shadow of war on his face. JOHN BROWN'S invasion of Virginia had roused the passions of the South; his ill-judged execution had strengthened Northern determination to resist the further encroachments of slavery. Then came MR. LINCOLN'S election, and the fierce agitation that culminated in the firing on the flag of the *West in* Charleston Harbor and the bombardment of Fort Sumter, followed by a war which whose magnitude all other wars sink into insignificance. Our artist, it will be seen, has aptly suggested the most important scenes of this great contest: the firing on Fort Sumter; the grand uprising in the North; the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Merrimac*; the proclamation of emancipation; the campaign in the Wilderness; SHERMAN'S march to the sea; the sinking of the *Alabama*; the capture of Mobile; the death of PRESIDENT LINCOLN; and the surrender of LEE. Following the war is suggested the progress of material and civil reconstruction, the reclaiming of the Southern States, the construction of work-shops and factories, the education of the freedmen and the multiplication of common schools, and the general obliteration of all the traces of civil war all over the land. The wheel of Time, turning on, rolls the years of strife out of sight, and ushers in a new decade that brings peace and prosperity to the nation.

FROST WORK.

THEY are the ghosts of flowers,
The blossoms of fairer hours,
I see on the window pane!
They shall be the loneliest and brother,
But lo! in this wintry weather
Their ghosts unfold again.

O rare and wonderful flowers,
That bloom in these crystal bowers!
Now their spindens glance and gleam!
Now they glow where the silver selage
Fringes the rivulet's edge,
And flush in the morning's beam.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

IN TWO BOOKS.—BOOK FIFE.

CHAPTER X.

ADIEU OMEN.

VERONICA dismissed the woman and sat down to consider the situation. She was frightened to the bottom of her heart.

Paul coming from the Villa Reale at that hour of the morning—on that pretext—was alarming. But Paul denying that he had been there, and stating that he had come from an opposite quarter, was more alarming still. She had been watched—overheard; to what extent? How much had Paul told or betrayed to? She sat twisting a ring round and round on her finger, and pressing it pitilessly into the tender flesh until a deep red mark grew beneath the gold circlet—she who was usually so sensitive to bodily pain, and shrank from it with such abject dread!

Above the great fear that seemed to fill her being, there hovered over and again a certain sentiment of anger; like white foam surging over a dark sea. She was angry with Harlett. Why had he chosen that time to speak to her so ungandedly? True, the appointment to meet him was of her making, but she had never contemplated having a love-scene. She wanted sympathy and counsel, not a passionate declaration! The passion was good in so far as it betokened the service and fervor to the sympathy. The moment it shifted its voice to plead and complain on its own account, passion was a hindrance and an injury to her. It was impertinent. There might come a moment when it would be welcome. But not now. Who could tell the extent of the ruin that Barletti's rashness was bringing upon her? She pushed her hair up from her forehead, thrusting her fingers deeply through the rich rippling locks, and recked from side to side on her chair.

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" she murmured, in a kind of chant over and over again, making the verse out with a most regular monotonous inflection; as though she were trying to lull her terrors to sleep as a nurse lulls a baby, by the mechanical repetition of a song.

The hours went by. All was quiet in the house. Every thing seemed to be going on as usual. It was nearly twelve o'clock when a motion looked at her watch. She was a little reassured by the lull that reigned, and presently reassured, as she told herself, for the storm whose breaking she dreaded was not likely to burst forth in such sort as to startle the whole household.

Presently her maid tapped at the door, which Veronica had fastened on the inside.

"Will mikdi please to dress for the déjeuner?" said the woman. She had been scandalized by the fact of her mistress having dressed herself, and chose to ignore the possibility of her repeating as breakfast in a toilet achieved without due professional assistance.

Veronica admitted her.

"I shall not change my dress, Julienne," she said. "But you can throw a wrapper over me and brush my hair. I have a slight headache, and that will soothe me."

In fact, the regular passage of the skilfully-wielded brush through her long hair did soothe her. And under its influence she was enabled to collect herself and to think a little, instead of merely feeling and fearing, as she had done hitherto.

"Is Sir John coming to breakfast?" she asked, after a while.

"No, madame—miladi; I believe not. When Paul took him his chocolate at nine o'clock he said that he was not to be waited for at breakfast. Ah—h—h!"

The woman gave a long sigh, so elaborate, and evidently meant to attract attention, that Veronica asked, "What is the matter with you, Julienne?"

"With *me*, miladi? Nothing! But with Sir John—ah—h—h!"

A shudder ran through Veronica that her heart stood still for a moment, and then went on beating again with a speed long but sickened her. As usual she resented the painful sensation, and revenged herself on the maid. Veronica was a perfect conductor of pain. She transmitted it instantly to the nearest recipient.

"Julienne, you are impertinent! How dare you startle me in that manner? What do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"A thousand pardons, miladi, no; I am not crazy. But—"

Veronica saw the woman's face in the glass. It was a little sullen, but through the sullenness glanced an eager, self-important look. She had something to tell, and would not be satisfied to be hulked of saying it by resentment at her mistress's asperity.

"Well? Is Sir John worse? Is any thing the matter? Do you know any thing?"

"Miladi, I know this much; I saw the doctor who has been coming every morning—*every* morning—so quietly slipping in and out, I watch of him—that I saw him this morning, but not done. No, miladi, there was another with him —a consultation, you see! And as they were going away I heard them talking; and though I did not understand every word, I have Italian enough to make out that they were about to be called for saying it by resentment at her mistress's asperity.

"Well? Is Sir John worse? Is any thing the matter? Do you know any thing?"

"Miladi, I know this much; I saw the doctor who has been coming every morning—*every* morning—so quietly slipping in and out, I watch of him—that I saw him this morning, but not done. No, miladi, there was another with him —a consultation, you see! And as they were going away I heard them talking; and though I did not understand every word, I have Italian enough to make out that they were about to be called and case. And the new doctor said to the old one as they went, 'I give him a month.' Then the other muttered something, and the new doctor said again, 'Ah, but in this case the constitution is shattered.' And then I heard something else: I don't know what, miladi."

Julienne checked herself just in time to avoid repeating to "miladi" sundry criticisms respecting Sir John's temper, manners, and mode of life, which were by no means of a flattering nature.

It did not strike Veronica that the maid's mode of revealing her news, or intended to do so if her reveiling it at all, was a proof that "miladi's" affection for Sir John was not deemed very tender or deep. She was conscious of nothing so fear that she might be dealing a heavy blow to her mistress's heart in repeating the verdict of the physicians. But that consideration did not occur to Veronica.

After first hearing that Paul had watched her, traced her to the Villa Reale, and revealed what he had heard to Sir John, was driven out: but he was only driven out to be called in to receive approbation. Sir John was very ill; despaired of dying! Paul was specially made to call up her hair, keeping, herself, a dead silence. Her cheeks were very pale. The face that fronted her in the glass was a strangely different one from that which had been used to be mirrored in her old looking-glass. The harrowing fear which had been its most striking charm had faded in a great measure. Under her eyes were dark rims that made their brightness unnatural. The whole face seemed to have fallen. There were even some wrinkles about the mouth and eyes. Her youth still asserted itself in the satin texture of her skin, and the rich abundance of her raven hair. She was not changed, but she looked no longer that embodiment of Hebe-like, gladsome beauty that she had been a year ago.

She stared at her own image with a puckered brow, and pained compression of the lips. "I look old!" she thought. And then, "I look pitiable."

"Dame! She seems quite to take it to heart!" thought the maid, much surprised. "Can she be uneasy about his will? But these great folks are always provided for by the continuity of patronage." Mademoiselle Julienne had lived in very good houses.

After breakfast Veronica went herself to Sir John's apartments to inquire how he was. The answer returned by Paul was that Sir John found himself tolerably well; and would be glad to speak to madame. She would give herself the trouble of coming to his dressing-room in half an hour. That half hour was a terrible one to Veronica.

Her thoughts seemed to be hurt which way soever she turned them, like a bruised body to which the slightest movement is pain. If he had sent for her to reveal the desperate condition of his fortunes, and to propose that, for the sake of her children, if that were not the object of his interview, she should be his accused, reproached, how should she meet it? Embarrassment and defiance seemed her only resources. Approach from that side! She would be slow to arrive. And yet the idea of defiance was frightful to her. It would be decisive, irrevocable.

Veronica had a constitutional antipathy to a clearly-marked and unwavering course of action. She loved to leave the outlines of her conduct blurred, so as to have some imaginary margin for erasing here and there, for modification of her actions. The legitimate consequences of our actions are frequently cruel in their stern sharpness, and her unhappy temperament made shrank shuddering from the prospect of sustained endurance.

At the end of the allotted half hour she tapped at the door of Sir John's dressing-room; and the instant her fingers had made the sound she was overcome by an access of terror, and would have turned and run away had not Paul opened the door immediately upon her summons. He ushered her in respectfully; and she found herself seated—she scarcely knew how—on a low chair beside the sofa on which Sir John was reclining.

Her parts seemed to be for the moment reversed, for it was he who said in a tone of anxiety: "Good heavens! how pale you are! Have you not well?"

He held out his thin, white hand to her, and slightly touched her fingers with his lips as he spoke. The words, and still more the action, caused a sudden revulsion of feeling in her flustering heart. The blood rushed back to her cheeks and lips. Her eyes grew bright. The tension of the nerves of her face relaxed. He would not have greeted her so, had he suspected. She was safe! What a fool she had been to torment herself as she had done!

She answered sweetly, leaving her hand in his, as I was well. I had a headache this morning. I went out early to get rid of it. Perhaps I had only a—"

"Yes: Paul told me."

The tone of the reply startled her. She instantaneously glanced at Paul, who was arranging his master's dressing-case. Paul looked down, however, as Veronica looked at him.

"Basta! Go away, Paul, and don't come back till I ring for you," said Sir John, sharply. Paul obeyed.

When they were alone together, Veronica said:

"I feared you were not so well this morning, so I came to inquire for you myself."

"How considerate you are!" said Sir John, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking at her from beneath that shelter.

The words caused him to adopt a sneering tone, even in his best humors. But the ring in his voice made Veronica look at him with surprise. It might be that this was the effect of the fear which had left her nerves sensitive and quivering. At all events she would not display any mistrust of him at this moment.

"Are you feeling stronger this morning?" she asked.

"Stronger! Yes. Oh yes, certainly: a good deal stronger. And I have my reason for saying the contrary?"

Her movement she hesitated in a little embarrassment. Then she answered, "My reason was, as I told you, that you did not come to breakfast."

"Ah yes: true! Of course. But now—tell me—you were out early this morning, you say?"

"Yes."

She began to play with a string of amber beads that hung round her neck, and she shifted her chair a little.

"You are not comfortable," said Sir John, still watching her from beneath his hand.

"The—the light. There is such a glare."

"Ah, ha! Yes. You have had such a headache as yours—or even has had such a headache—the light is disagreeable. I am ashamed that you should have the trouble of moving that chair for yourself. But you see what a helpless creature I am—comparatively, that is—for in fact is, I am stronger, really stronger. Your kind anxiety about me does me good. It acts as a cordial."

"Then you do care for my kindness still?" she said, glancing up, and then letting her eyes fall again immediately.

"Care for it! What else have I to care for, Veronica? I live upon every thing to me. And it so precious, so infinitely precious in itself!"

She knelt down beside him. Her hand was still twisted to the string of amber beads, and she played with them nervously as she spoke. "And why do you not secure it, this kindness that you value, forever? Why do you not remake me from a mere chattel—confess it—makes my temper fretful and my spirits dull at times?"

"You do not doubt me, Veronica?"

"No, no. But suspense and procrastination are wearing."

"You do trust me?"

"Yes."

"You trust me as—as I trust you. And you shall find that your confidence will meet with its deserts. Do you know what news I heard yesterday?"

"No. News? News from England?"

"Don't confess yourself. You will make your headache worse."

"Oh, my headache is gone."

"Ay, but it will return. It is of a kind that may return at any moment."

Still the old man kept his tone! And something subdued and *barking* in his whole manner that she could not define to herself, but that made an impression on her.

"Your news! Did you send for me to tell it me?"

"Y—yes, partly, mia cara."

"Speak then!" she cried, with a flash of impatient temper that startled him a little.

"Well, the news I heard yesterday is, that Her Majesty's packet-boat would be here at noon under the command of my old acquaintance, Captain Reginald Hume."

"Well?" said Veronica, after a moment's pause of expectation.

"He is a very pleasant fellow, very pleasant indeed. I met him years ago at Spezia."

Veronica twisted her fingers more impatiently in the amber beads, and pressed her cheek brown together. She thought that Sir John had simply introduced this topic to avoid the turn their conversation had been taking, and to break the thread of it.

"What is his pleasantness to me?" she exclaimed, pettishly.

"His pleasantness? Not much. But his presence is a good deal to you."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Veronica, you know what I said just now about our trust in one another. Faith is to be crowned at last. It has not been my fault—as you ought to know—that you have been kept in expense so long. You have blamed me, but unjustly, as you will find."

She seemed stricken motionless, with her eyes fixed on his. Her hands under the beads came and went quickly between her parted lips.

"I am not well enough to travel to Florence," he continued, watching her eager face with a strange, gloating look. "But, listen, Veronica, miia bella! I—I—" He drew her close to his lips and whispered a short sentence in her ear.

Her face glowed and changed like a scorched, drooping flower after a sudden shower. She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands together. In the sudden gesture of withdrawing her fingers from the necklace the string snapped, and the amber beads rolled scattered hither and thither about the floor.

"You consent?" said Sir John.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried, wringed you sometimes in my thoughts. Forgive me!" she exclaimed, impulsively, taking his hand in hers and kissing it.

"You will remember that it was this day I conceived the plan. This day I took it up, kept in your memory the date of the day on which you went out so early to the Villa Reale for your headache."

"I am not likely to need any thing to remind me of to-day."

"No: but there is a good deal in association. Association aids memory so wonderfully. Now, dearest mia, you must go and leave me. I am a little tired and overexcited."

"I will not disobey you to-day of all days," she said. The compliment was evidently to her very elastic. Before she went away she stopped to gather up the amber beads.

"There is some superstition about losing amber you have once worn," she said, smiling.

"They say it is unlucky. And I believe the fallacy of the notion. My amber necklace broke and fell at a moment of great happiness and good fortune."

"Yes. You will prove the fallacy of the superstition again triumphantly. It is curious—ay, at least, may defy augury."

CHAPTER XI.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THE "PURBOND."

THE Prince Alberto Barletti passed the greater part of his time in Paris. He was a poor man for his rank, and if he could have found some way of increasing his income without risk, he would have been very glad of the enrichment of it. But he shrank from the idea of speculation. As to earning money, that was out of the question. It had a detestable way of increasing his income without risk or trouble had not yet occurred to him. He, too, however, likewise seemed to remember him in a good-natured mood.

A company of English speculators commenced operations in Naples. They were rich and beautify. The first preliminary, of course, was to destroy. Many houses must be pulled down, and their proprietors indemnified. A good deal of diplomacy was expended on the powers that should such matters. People who possessed influence were canvassed diligently.

It chanced that Prince Barletti was, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be one of the influential. But how to obtain his good-will? The English speculators, many of them, would have been a little clumsy in conducting the affair. But they had a clever man in their pay who knew the world. This was Mr. Frost, the Private Secret, of the firm of Lovegrove and Frost, solicitors to the company. Mr. Frost learned that Prince Barletti was not rich in proportion to the illustriousness of his rank. In plain words, he might be open to a bribe. Mr. Frost set about offering the bribe was all-important. Mr. Frost, in consultation with the architect and surveyors, discovered that it would be very desirable to run a new road right through a palazzo owned by Prince Barletti. No one had the slightest idea that the road could pass within half a mile of the palazzo. But Mr. Frost's opinion was speedily adopted.

Negotiations were set on foot with the prince. He had hitherto been unwilling to express himself hostilely toward the whole undertaking of this foreign company of speculators. But Mr. Frost thought it so desirable to conciliate his Signoria Illustrissima, and to bring him round, that he returned to Paris from Naples and had been there but a short time, and went to Paris armed with a letter of introduction, and with schemes and plans in which the new road over the site of the Palazzo Barletti was not forgotten. The prince showed himself open to conviction. He became a strong partisan of the English company, and his change of mind was followed by a corresponding change in the minds of individuals in Naples. It was a pity, said the prince, to destroy that old house. It was connected with the family name for several generations. But he understood what was meant by public spirit, and he would not put himself and feelings interfere with it.

"This Prince Bah-letty charges a pretty long price for his private feelings!" observed one of the directors of the English company when Mr. Frost had before them the result of his mission to Paris. But Mr. Frost said he thought that the prince's private feelings were very dear, considering that he was a prince. And he added that he thought they would be found to come cheap in the end.

The arrangement of this affair caused Mr.

Frost to come in contact with the prince's younger brother, Cesare. The latter was charged by the head of the family to watch his interests. Cesare became greatly enamored with the combination in Mr. Frost of business shrewdness with an engaging manner. When he was another kind of man from the slow, snuffy, solemn old "legale" Dottore Chiappi, with whom he had transacted business for his brother in Florence. They met, Cesare de' Barletti and Sidney Frost, nearly every morning, either at the company's offices or at Mr. Frost's hotel.

About a week after the memorable day of the interview in the Villa Reale between the princess and Cesare, the latter was sitting with Mr. Frost in the reception-room at Lucia. They were quite near the window; and were vaguely looking out at the blue, sparkling sea, and settling some few last preliminaries relative to their business. For Mr. Frost was to leave Naples by the steamer for Marseilles, on his way to England, the next day—unless—which he thought unlikely—a telegram should arrive from England to detain him.

"You and the English squadron will depart almost together," said Barletti.

"Ay! The queen's ships are going away?"

"So I hear."

"Have you ever been over an English man-of-war?" asked Mr. Frost.

"No: I don't understand ships. When we were boys we used to go out sometimes from Capri, in a rowboat and, with an old lateen-sail. But I never cared about it."

"I'm!" grunted Mr. Frost, eying his companion aside. "*I* don't understand ships either; but a British man-of-war is a fine sight."

And the last words broke out into national boasting.

"Ah, you like it because you are proud of your fleet. I am not an Englishman, and *I* should not be proud of it, you know," said Barletti, quietly.

"Look there!" exclaimed Mr. Frost, staring out to sea. "Do you see that boat putting off from the squadron? I think, from the outline, she must be coming from the *Forlorn*d; but without a glass it is impossible to be sure. How they pull, the blue-jackets! Just watch them. It's artistic. Strength, and the kind of grace that comes from strength and good will. See how they bend and rise, and how the oars all flash together. They are pulling for this nearest landing-place."

Mr. Frost craned his head out of the window to watch. Barletti, too, rose and looked out also. On came the trim boat manned by trim sailors. She seemed to scud over the sea like a living thing. As she drew near, they could see the dark blue uniform of an officer, who was steering. And they began to make out also two other figures—a man and a woman.

Visitors to the squadron, whom they're going to put ashore," said Mr. Frost.

The landing-place to which the boat came was at a considerable distance from the villa, so that they could not distinguish the features of the persons in the boat. But they saw a carriage which had been slowly driven up and down once or twice close by. Two servants descended from it, and half supported, half carried the gentleman who had been in the boat into the vehicle. The lady followed, and they drove off. The ship's boat then was pulled back again toward the squadron; and swiftly diminished to a mere speck on the waters.

The carriage, however, passed close beneath the windows of the hotel, and Barletti gave a little exclamation as he recognized the coachman on the box. The blinds of the carriage were down, and it was impossible to see its occupants; but Barletti had no doubt that they were Sir John Gale and Veronica.

"Guess!" said Barletti, with a pleased people who have just come from the *Furious*—*Furious*—what do you call it?"

Mr. Frost was looking at his watch. "I am sorry to turn you out," he said, "but I have an appointment with some of our directors at half past ten. It is a quarter past ten now. I must be off."

"Nay," replied Barletti, pulling out his own watch. You are fast, I think. By my watch it is only five minutes past ten."

"Ah, you're wrong, prince. If minutes were as precious with you as they are with me you would regulate your watch better. Why, only your time as rich men reckon their money—in large sums: and know nothing of small subdivisions. But mine is a working man's watch, man's watch, right to a second. And I set it last night by Greenwich time. Will you go first, or shall I lead the way?"

The dialogue between Barletti, following the lawyer out of the room. "I didn't strike me at first, but now I think how early it is, what in the world could have brought him out at this hour in the morning!"

"Eh?" said Frost, half turning round on the staircase.

"Nothing. I was only wondering why my friends choose such an hour to visit the squadron."

"The gentleman seems to be an invalid."

"Yes, he is ill and regularly used up. I heard from his physician that his doom is sure. He can't last much longer."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Frost, indifferently. His attention was more occupied in finding the book in the hall marked twenty-seven, on which to hang the key of his room, than in listening to Barletti.

"He is very rich—one of your English millionaires. Perhaps you know him," said Baronet Sir John Gale.

"Gale! Tullis Gale?"

"Ah, you know him?"

"I know of him, and nothing to his credit. I'm sorry if he's your friend; but in England he bears a very bad character.

"Oh, *I* have no special love for him," answered Barletti. "I believe him to be a rout and a vaurien."

"He used that poor wife of his infernally ill."

"Used her ill? The brute! I have suspected it.

"Oh, it's not a matter of suspicion. The story is well known enough. Well, I must be off. I may not see you again, prince. But I suppose our little affair is settled. Good-by!"

"Good-by! You really start to-morrow? Well, then—adieu!"

Mr. Frost walked away briskly. Barletti remained in the doorway of the hotel. He stood there pondering with an anxious look in his hand, and was roused from a reverie by the consciousness that some one was behind him wanting to pass out. He looked round, and saw an officer in the uniform of the English navy.

"Pardon!" said the officer, raising his cap courteously. Barletti took off his hat.

The officer had moved away a few paces, when he stopped, came back, and said in French:

"Excuse me, but are you staying at this hotel?"

"No. I came here merely to see a friend."

"Then you don't happen to know whether there is any one of that name here?" said the officer, showing a card with a name written on it. "The porter is very surly, or very stupid. I can't make nothing of him. But I have an idea that my friend must be here, if I could but get at him."

Barletti good-naturedly went into the porter's little glass den, and began to speak in voluble Neapolitan to a man who was doing duty there. He proved to be the porter's deputy, that chief functionary being absent temporarily from his post.

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes," said Barletti, returning to the doorway, "the porter will be back. The fellow is understanding, understands only two words of French, and won't confess his ignorance. I have rated him in the strongest vernacular."

The officer made his acknowledgments, offered Barletti a cigar, and the two stood side by side before the porter's return.

"You have a number of mine visiting the squadron this morning," said Barletti, glancing curiously at the square-jawed, smooth-shaven face of the officer, who stood there with a certain massive imperturbability.

"Indeed! I was not aware of it."

"Up in the *Furious*?"

"The *Furious*, yes. Do you mean that the lady and gentleman who were rowed to the *Furious* this morning are friends of yours?"

"The gentleman is old and feeble?"

"Yes; old, and very poorly, but awfully shady and used up."

"The lady is young and beautiful?"

"Magnificently handsome."

"Yes, yes. Oh, I know them well. I was surprised to see him out so early."

"I suppose he thought there was no time to be lost. Beautiful weather, and anxious to manage these matters so that they shall be over before twelve o'clock."

"Before twelve?" I had no idea that that was a rule in your navy."

"Oh, not obviously in the navy," answered the officer, smiling a little.

"How? I don't understand."

"About as many marriages take place with us before twelve at noon."

"*Marriages?*"

The astonishment in Barletti's face was so deep and genuine that the officer stared in his turn.

"Did you not know?" he said. "I thought you told me that the bride and bridegroom were friends of yours?"

"The—the—bride and—? Oh, it must be a mistake. I was speaking of the lady and gentleman who were rowed to the *Furious*, whose place, not a quarter of an hour ago, in a little boat."

"To be sure! I was steering. I was ashore on leave."

"He is an Englishman—a rich—"

"Sir John Gale."

"Sir John. And they were, you say—?"

"They were married at the Consulate. The old boy—the baronet, I mean—was not strong enough to go on the journey to Gibraltar, where they might have been married before the British minister. So, as he knows Captain Burr, he got him to allow the ceremony to take place aboard the *Furiosd*. The young lady has the prospect of a speedy widowhood before her, it seems to me."

Barletti had felt like a man groping in a mist. Now, the light began to dawn. An explanation came like a sudden ray clearing the dim confusion. They suggested a pathway for his conjectures to follow; solved, before, all his doubts and perplexities. His first and most impressive impulse was to get away from the spot where he had been alone. He touched his hat hastily in farewell salutation to the officer, bolted an empty fiacre that was passing, and jumped into it.

The driver, with that penury of articulate speech and abundance of gesticulation which characterizes the lower Neapolitans, asked in dumb show which direction he was to drive in.

"Anywhere!" cried Barletti, throwing himself back on the seat. "To—to—the Villa Reale. Drive on till I stop you!"

ARGUING THE POINT.

Our engraving on page 21 furnishes an amusing illustration of the Irishman's proverbial fondness for argument. He is always ready to talk on any subject; and, as a general rule, his loquacity increases in exact proportion to his ignorance. Witty, ingenious, and imaginative, he rarely lets a reverence of accuracy or probability get the better of him; while an argument with a brother Irishman is literally a contest of Greek against Greek, from which both generally retire victorious, unless, as is sometimes the case, the war of words ends in a set-to with cudgels, when the hardest head still wins the day. The scene of our picture is the interior of an Irish alehouse; and the argument appears to be between the old village schoolmaster and a well-to-do but chronically-dissatisfied tenant-farmer, who never has far to go in search of grievances. He appears to be "terribly in earnest," and to be getting the better of the mild old gentleman sitting opposite, who has lost his spectacles during the air of benign perplexity; while a third party, evidently a confirmed wag, is enjoying the fun. He argument, lays his hand on the speaker's arm in the hope of interrupting him a moment, and getting a word in edgeways. Even the bareheaded waiter-girl stops to listen on her way to the kitchen, her attention diverted from her beer-drawing intense interest and curiosity. We are left in doubt as to the point of the argument; but whatever it may be, we may be sure that to-morrow farmer has his own mind made up on the subject, and that nothing the mild old gentleman can say will change his opinion in the least.

ENNUI.

"Ennui" is enumerated by Dr. Noirot among things eminently destructive of life. We have scarcely an equivalent in the English language; but it is idleness in youth, surfeit in the midst of abundance, and, in short, all that Webster indicates moral depression is as baneful to existence as that which induces physical depression. "Ennui" will kill, therefore, as fast as the most powerful animic means. The seven cerebral passions, fear, hope, hatred, love, reminiscence, justice, and *force*. The seven moral sins, pride, avarice, idleness, luxury, envy, anger, and gluttony. Ennui is reported to be long life, the other fatal to it. The force of the will, by giving it a tone to the nervous fibrilla of the soul, strengthens the principle of life, and enables both mind and body to resist all that is pernicious and evil. Fear produces depression on the other hand, delivers it up helpless to the enemy. Hunger is long good while man sustaining thus even strength of will devoted to mere selfish ends. It is the feeling which enables a soldier to man to perform his duties with cheerfulness and impunity in time of pestilence and plague. Fabrizi, afflicted by a fatal complaint, withdrew to the country to die. A family of peasants supplicated his aid in the case of a disastrous accident; and their gratitude was so lively and sincere for the cure effected, that the physician felt that if his life was not utterly useless, he had at least a reason for existence that of others. He resumed his labors, recovered his health, and lived. Pinel, Esquirol, Broussais, Fodere, and Huefeld, all believed that great power of will could induce prolongation of life. It is certainly powerful to relieve. Many used to say that most nervous disorders are due to idleness and luxurious habits. Many conditions of debility, discomfort, distress, and anxiety arise, indeed, from mere fretful and cowardly giving way to unreasonable terrors. The good French Revolution roused many poor, sickly, and languishing persons to health and activity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is no more appropriate New-Year's gift than some one of the expository volumes now offered to the public, in which literary and artistic merit are happily combined. The most fastidious purchaser can not complain of the illustrations made produced in this country. Some imported works are more elaborately finished, it is true, in splendid and costly binding, but not more effective and beautiful. But a little examination of the volumes, which at this holiday season are laid out in the sales-rooms of our book-stores, will cause every one to feel exceedingly well satisfied with the taste displayed in this department. The literary atmosphere of these rooms is delightful; and, as we have said, the illustrations of many books there is no end, no one, be he ever so devouring a book-worm, can hope to read one-half the interest literature has sent her thing is to be the new books, to glance over the table of contents; or, if not the much to dip into the pages, and look at the glimpses of the outsides. If you can not do even the latter, get a good grasp of the publisher's circular, and then you will keenly enjoy reading over the titles of new books with the brief notice usually appended. It will be a refreshing thing to see if we are fond of knowing what is going on in the literary world.

WHEN Dickens wrote a novel—if you supposed that his daughters were left with very insufficient provision for the future. Mr. Collins's brother, the Elder, Thackeray's publishers, sent to them a check-book, with every check signed, for them to fill up as they pleased, and Mr. Collins, in afterward quoting the father left his daughters comparatively poor.

Paul de Cassagnac has published a book of friends among the young folks. And we fancy a good many children of older growth will confess to reading it. Lost in the crowd, at first, with little interest. The graphic narrative is most entertaining, and every top that draw a sigh of regret when he reaches the last page.

The immense collection of paintings belonging to the estate of Frederick Lawrence, Esq., Inc. of Boston, will not be exhibited in that city, but are now being arranged to be sold at auction in New York, probably some time in January, and after being exhibited in the public rooms for a week or auction.

The new Brooklyn Market is built of Philadelphia brick with Nova Scotia stone trimmings. It has a frontage of 150 feet on Adams Street, and contains eighty-eight stalls, which are handsomely finished. There is a comfortable restaurant attached to the building, and the upper stories are to be fitted up as a club-room.

Last winter the course of scientific lectures delivered under the auspices of the American Institute was most successful, and this year it promises to be better. The year promises to be equally interesting. The names of Professor J. C. Draper, Professor Barnard, of Williams College, Dr. Gould, of Cambridge, and Professor Newberry, of Columbia, who are the lecturers for January, are a sufficient guaranty. The subjects are: "The Air and Respiration." "The Connection of Natural Science and Mental Philosophy;" "The Constitution of the Sun;" and "The Colorado Plateau, its Canons and Ruined Cities." The lectures occur on Friday evenings, at the Cooper Union.

Except in the juvenal school-boy, and to the few young folks who indulge not only the wish but the opportunity of a jolly sleigh-ride, snow in New York is generally regarded as a nuisance. So, indeed, is the presence of a crowded streets. But on the inside the fleecy snow is a provident covering for the rootplants that would without it perish. In many sections of the country, where the ground is not artificially without snow to protect the crops from the frost. Snow is also a valuable fertilizer, which thrifty farmers appreciate.

"Madame How and Lady Why" is the title of a forthcoming publication of Charles Kingsley, everyone's new work is a second series of the "Idylls of the King." A Protestant version of the complete works of Longfellow will shortly be published in Paris.—George Cruikshank is illustrating John B. Gough's book for the English market.—Two profound and valuable books have recently appeared in the foreign market—one is "A New Method of Studying Languages," the other an "Icelandic-English Dictionary." The Icelandic Grammar of the British Parliament has been published in Japan.

Some enterprising Englishmen have purchased a large establishment, and fitted up with steam the 1200 head of cattle, and she is now reported on her way to Rotterdam, Texas to receive a similar number for the book. The intention is to supply the English market with fresh meat, which will certainly be dear in the genuine English breat and palate—as a prize will be in the reach of people of moderate means.

The Bible of William the Silent, a rare chromo just published, which will be likely to be a favorite, especially among those who admire of the arts. A splendid painting is by Thomas Bill. Another new chromo is from J. G. Brown's picture entitled "Why Don't Speak." Among the nice effects of light and dark, so marked in the original, are admirably reproduced. Among other chromos are "Rural Felicity," and the "Launching if the Life-Boat." "A Family Scene in Chapel," "Father Time of Ages," "Fruit and Flowers," &c.

The progress of the age is indicated by the acumen of juvenile critics:

"Mamma," a three-year-old boy, "what is Mr. —'s baby doing?" He pointed to the chromo of "Contemplation."

"She's reading," said the mother.

"Reading!" repeated the child of the realist of the "What do you think she is doing, then?" asked the mother.

"She's crying because Mr. —— won't buy her any clothes!"

A new and effectual remedy for small-pox is now extensively employed in the Empire City, and is said to be regarded as a perfect cure. When the preceding symptoms of fever, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartar emetic ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on the chest, and at the end of the third day. The disease is then a full and complete eruption, and never prevents the diseases from attacking the internal organs.

Woman suffrage in Wyoming is established by the following act:

"Every woman of the age of twenty-one years, residing in this Territory, may, at all elections to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And their rights in this respect shall forever be secured. It shall be the same under the election laws of the Territory as those of male citizens."

The opposers of woman's rights say that there are even stronger reasons in the Empire State for the act that they are all "on the stump" for Congress!

Those who are fond of wearing moccasins, garage we should more correctly say really recommended—as an ornamental and delicious dish for the table. This is the mode of preparing it:

Boil a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft in milk, seasoning with powdered sugar and ground pip it up a dish. Lay on it different pieces squirrel cut up and previously fried in butter, and then heap up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar. Put the dish in a moderate oven or warmth. Add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a teaspoonful of fresh cream, and lay it over the top of the dish.

The meaning of the names given to some of our tea brands may not be generally known. "Hyson" means "before the rain;" that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson Skin" is the refuse of the above, and therefore cheaper; and for which is "tea skins." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region in which it is collected. "Pecoe," or "Pecco," means the white tips, the down of tender leaves. "Pouchong" means folded plant; "Souchong," small plant. "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region from whence it is brought. "Congo" is the coarsest and slightly labor, from the care required in its preparation.

Among the follies of the day may be mentioned a new-style wicker carriage recently built by Mr. Burdsall, of Long Branch. A gold ring was offered as a prize to the couple who should accomplish all complete. An admirable design couples started off gayly; at one only three remained on the road, and only one got there ever ago. At the end of the fourth hour blood began to trickle from the ends of the violinists' fingers; but still the dance continued. At three minutes past four one of the ladies fainted, and immediately afterward her partner followed her example. The ring was presented to the winners amidst the tumultuous applause of the spectators. The fleeting pleasure rendered than silver, were carried to their homes, with their limbs and bodies in a most extreme state. All the fun we now said to be in a precarious condition.

The radical signification of *etiquette* is a ticket. But as adopted in France it is the code of rules or rule of good-manners. Formerly, on cards of invitation, rules or instructions were given as to the hour the persons invited were expected to behave; or, in other words, they were furnished with a programme of the proceedings. From this custom it is said that the word has come to bear its present acceptation. It is a curious study to go back to the derivation of words, and see how far some of them have diverged from their original meaning.

A labyrinth of telegraph wires extends over housetops in some parts of New York city. Two hundred lines converge from the different stations of the telegraph offices are scattered over the city, which give employment to two hundred and fifty operators.

THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY AND CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON.

THIS eminent statesman and patriot, whose great services during the most trying period of our history have entitled him to the nation's lasting gratitude, died at Washington, D. C., on the morning of December 24. He was known to be in a delicate state of health, brought on by exacting labors in the War Department, and the intelligence of his decease was not altogether unexpected.

The record of Mr. STANTON'S life is honorable alike to himself and the nation which he served so faithfully and so well. He was born in 1815, in the village of Steubenville, Ohio; studied a year at Kenyon College in 1833; served as a bookseller's clerk at Columbus, while studying law; was admitted to the bar in 1836, and began the practice of his profession in Harrison County, where he soon acquired a high reputation for ability in the argument of abstruse questions of law, as well as for success with juries. He also became known as an active politician of the Democratic school, of which Senators ALLEN and TAPPAN were leaders in that State. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and thence, in 1857, transferred his residence to the National Capital, where his ability in the management of cases arising under the patent laws brought him constant and lucrative practice.

Until the troublous times of rebellion and secession came upon the nation, Mr. STANTON was chiefly known as a successful lawyer and energetic political partisan. The people at large had little knowledge of him until he was called, toward the close of President BUCHANAN'S term of office, to take the post of Attorney-General, vacated by Mr. BLACK, who had succeeded General CASS as Secretary of State. In this position he was associated with Judge HOLT, Secretary of War, and General DIX, Secretary of the Treasury; and it was chiefly owing to the patriotism and energy of these three men that the country was not involved in total ruin before the inauguration of Mr. LINCOLN relieved the country of an imbecile President. Mr. STANTON'S eminent services in that trying time were well known to Mr. SEWARD and other leaders of the Republican party, with whom he was brought into close and intimate relations; and upon Mr. CAMERON'S retirement from the post of Secretary of War, in President LINCOLN'S Cabinet, about a month before the capture of Fort Donelson revived the drooping spirit of the North, Mr. STANTON was chosen to succeed him; not only on account of the ability previously displayed in dealing with secession, but also because it was thought desirable to give a prominent part in the work of the Administration to some representative man of the war Democrats, who were nobly sustaining the President in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the Union.

At this time Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. STANTON were known to each other by reputation only; and their first meeting took place when Mr. STANTON called at the White House to receive his commission. But from that day until the President was stricken down by the hand of the assassin, the intimacy between these two remarkable men was distinguished by a cordiality and confidence such as history rarely records. While Mr. LINCOLN was scarcely ever seen at the other executive departments, he was a constant visitor at the War Office. His tall, spare form, wrapped in his familiar gray shawl, was usually seen making its way along the back alley that leads there from the White House at from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, or about four in the afternoon; and persons who were admitted to see the Secretary in his private rooms at these hours would often find the President stretched out upon a sofa there, as if the discussion between him and Mr. STANTON had not yet been concluded. How well founded was the confidence reposed in his integrity and ability was proved by the manner in which the Secretary discharged his duties when the awful ca-

tastrophe that robed the nation in mourning, for a brief space of time left the affairs of government entirely in his hands.

Of his history while in control of the War Department, of his tireless energy and pre-eminent ability in the management of the momentous trust committed to his charge, we have not space, nor is it necessary, to speak in detail. His record is written in the heart of the people, and it is not left for history to do his memory justice. Nor is it necessary to dwell at length on his course during the contest between Congress and President JOHNSON on the question of reconstruction, which resulted in his retirement from the post which he had filled with such great ability and honor. The facts of this memorable struggle are too fresh in the public mind to require repetition here. He finally retired from the War Department in June, 1868, on the acquittal of President JOHNSON, and since that time has held no public office. A short time since he was nominated by President GRANT to a position on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and was confirmed by the Senate, only a few days before his death, by a vote of forty-six to eleven.

In person MR. STANTON was of heavy frame, broad-shouldered, and about five feet eight inches in height. When in health his features were round and full; his complexion was rather sallow, and his hair dark though thin. Though his ordinary expression was thoughtful, absorbed, and even stern, especially when he was occupied with important affairs, his smile was sweet and winning, and among friends his manners were gentle and engaging.

MR. STANTON was twice married. His second wife, who survives him, was MISS ELLEN DICKINSON, of Pittsburg. He has four children: a son of some thirty years, by his first marriage; and one son and two daughters by the second.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

ON this page we give an engraving, from a picture by the eminent English artist, Mr. GEORGE THOMAS, representing a soldier lad, "home from the wars," narrating his adventures to his old father and mother, while his little brother listens, with eyes and mouth wide open, to the exciting story; and a regimental chum stands by, ready, if necessary, to corroborate his comrade's statements. The old farmer appears to be scarcely less interested than the little boy in the story—it may be of the Crimean or the Indian war; while the mother wears a look of calm contentment on her wrinkled face. She evidently cares more to have her boy back again safe and honored than to hear of the dangers and adventures through which he has passed. Not but that she is proud of him in his smart uniform and jaunty cap; and perhaps affectionately thinks of the difference between him and the rustics of his own age who have remained at home; for, after all that may be said against wars from a humanitarian point of view, it can not be denied that military discipline and the uniform do a great deal for a man. Our soldierly friend in the picture, with his big beard, his intelligent face, upright bearing, and frank, manly mien, was once probably a clumsy rustic, honest and good-hearted, but not overburdened with intelligence. It was a good day for him when he enlisted, and was sent off to fight the rebels in India or the Russians in the Crimea. Military drill and discipline and hard service have "made a man of him," as the drill-sergeants say, with justifiable pride in their profession. Our own recent war furnished thousands of incidents like this, and the truth and naturalness of our picture will be felt in many American households that still remember the happy day of proud rejoicing when the son and brother "came home from the wars."

HOME FROM THE WARS.—[FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE THOMAS.]

THE SIREN.

"O mariner, O mariner,
Oh, turn thy bark to land;
O weary, weary mariner,
Look on this pleasant strand!
Full of death the wide seas roll
Still between thee and thy goal.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
Thou hast never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"O mariner, O mariner!
The tempest breaketh black;
O weary, weary mariner,
About thy onward track.
Here no dread of sorrow flies
O'er joy's ever-crystal skies.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"Here, mariner, O mariner!
Is life without a tear;
Here, weary, weary mariner,
Is life without a fear.
Here ambition never frets,
And hope e'en to hope forgets.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery."

"O Siren fair, O Siren false!
God's finger beckoneth me,
O Siren fair, O Siren false!
Across the stormy sea.
Peace dwells upon the mounting wave
More than in the living grave—
Grave of thy Elysian shore,
Death in life is life with thee;
Hearts outlive the tempest's roar,
Not thy false felicity.

GHOSTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

We shall appreciate more thoroughly the vast difference which has grown up between the primitive old ghost and the shadowy phantom to which he has now dwindled down, if we consider the means which were commonly adopted of old to get rid of each of them when the supernatural presence became insufferable. The average ghost of later times is a wicked soul that has escaped from the place of punishment, and has come back to trouble the world with merely spiritual mischief, and he is encountered with the weapons of the exorcist, who raises about him a devotional and unconquerable barrier from which he has no liking, as glad to retreat even to his penal fires. A very different line of conduct was adopted to meet the ghost of old. He was of the earth earthy, and so strictly local a personage, that it was as much the recognized duty of the landlord to see that a tenement was free from ghosts as that it was wind and water tight. "There is a ghost about the premises," said a farmer to his landlord one morning in the year of grace 1010; "he has killed a good many of my cattle, and one or two men; and folks think he will be the ruin of the whole country-side: if I can not get something done for me, I must throw up the farm." When the landlord heard this, says the old sagaman, he did not see his way out of the difficulty. If he was unequal to the task, the obligation devolved upon the lord of the manor, as the lawful authority who was responsible for the orderly state of the country. The way in which he proceeded to abate the nuisance varied with the habits and temper of the intruder. In the case of a tolerably reasonable ghost, the representative of public order would expostulate, pointing out the illegality of his conduct in coming out of his grave every night with a crew of dead men, and establishing himself before the fire in a house in which he had only a life interest which had now determined; and the ghost has been known to rejoin, "Well, we will go, I thought all along we had no locality;" when an amount of law-abidingness which was not invariably displayed by living Scottish ghosts, or, if, as usually happened, arguments were thrown away, somebody was obliged to undertake the more dangerous business of putting him out bodily, like any other trespasser; and old-sea-rovers were fond of boasting to their journeys of the speeches which in their young days they had brought to book. But if after such a forcible ejection he would not quiet in his grave, but persist in coming home to the homestead, threw the shepherd over a cliff on a frosty evening, or made other nights make such ghostly sounds outside the house as to worry men mad, the family would at last make up their minds to lay him at once and forever. Now he could exist so long only as those objects were still in being to be took daylight; if these, therefore, came to an end, he perished with them. Thus robber ghosts live on while their family flourishes, and bread its impending ruin as their own extinction. If the departed have been violently attached to some piece of property, let the treasure be destroyed, and the spectre will be seen no more. If the dead man has been a bad and degraded being, let his body be dug up and burned to ashes, and the ghost shall never trouble any one again. But some spectres there are which never can be effectually laid. If a man has been deeply skilled in forbidden arts, which he has exercised only to the injury of his fellow-creatures—if he can chant a song which drives his enemy to sleeplessness, to madness, or to death, or if his evil-eye can burn up the grass—the ghost of such a one will not perish with the body; for what the living man most loved is mischief; and although his corpse may be burned or buried in a pathless moor, or deep below the sea, "some wicked spirit still pervades the spot," and makes the neighborhood terrible forever.

The ancient ghost delighted in skulls, winding-sheets, and charnel-houses, haunted the scenes of former joys and crimes, could not cross a running stream, and so loved darkness that it swooned at the light of a candle. All this was very reasonable; for it had no new home in another world, was merely a fresh combination of earthly materials, and derived much of its power from an unholy alliance with monsters who dwelt in caves, abominated the light of the sun, lest they should be turned into stone—a calamity which befell many a loitering elf. But matters do not stand thus with the modern ghost; the bodiless spirit which hankers after the foul prison from which it has been set free, which appears to be still subject to the laws of matter, or which condescends to restrict its visits to

The silent, solemn hour
When night and morning meet,

is plainly acting on no principle at all, but is only observing old forms from which life is departed, and is as unreal a being as the men in armor at the lord mayor's show. All his trappings hold a formidable meaning once, but no one fears the obsolete creature now; and only antiquaries can guess the object of the stage-properties in which he is arrayed.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER for Dec. 25 contains a splendid full-page engraving of the PRIZE FOWLS at the recent State Poultry Show —the best Poultry picture ever given in an American newspaper. Also, a magnificent CHRISTMAS PICTURE, and other fine illustrations. For sale by all newsdealers; price 8 cents. See advertisement of the RURAL in this paper.—[Com.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIV.—No. 681.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

WORN OUT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

SENATOR SCHURZ'S CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

IT will be long before so favorable a moment as the present will be found for the reform of the civil service. The President indicates his sympathy with it in saying in his Message: "There has been no hesitation in changing officials in order to secure an efficient execution of the laws; sometimes, indeed, in a mere party view, undesirable political results were likely to follow. Nor has there been any hesitation in maintaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." Secretary Cox, in a most forcible and conclusive manner, urges the imperative necessity of some change in the system. He declares that for months after the appointment of the head of a Department it is almost impossible for him to become familiar with his duties because of the office-seeking pressure. Mr. Cox's testimony is most valuable, and confirms the judgment of all thoughtful men. Senator THURMAN, assuming, in the spirit of Mr. HENRY ADAMS's article upon the subject in the *North American Review*, to keep inviolable the constitutional functions of the Executive in the matter of appointments, has introduced a bill to prevent Congressional brokerage in office, and Senator SCHURZ, on the 10th of January, presented a comprehensive bill for the thorough reorganization of the civil service, which he explained in a few concise and luminous remarks.

The bill of Mr. JENCKES, in the House, affected only the officers appointed by the heads of Departments, but that of Mr. SCHURZ includes also those who are appointed by the President and Senate, excepting the members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers, judges, and clerks of the United States courts, and the officers of both Houses of Congress. The remarks of Mr. SCHURZ show that he fully comprehends the absurdity and the peril of the present system. The principle of his bill is that of Mr. ADAMS and of the English system, namely, examination and probation, which has been thoroughly tested and approved by experience. His proposal is based upon the commissioners—the Civil Service Board—to be appointed by the President and Senate. They are to be divided into three classes, of seven persons each: the first class to hold for four years, the second eight, and the third twelve, unless sooner removed, and their successors to be appointed for twelve years. The President may suspend a commissioner and report to the Senate, as under the present Tenure-of-Office bill. The annual salary of each commissioner is to be six thousand dollars, and there are to be three clerks and a messenger.

The Board is to prescribe the qualifications for appointment into each grade of the civil service; to provide for examinations and investigations of all persons who present themselves, attending the country into convenient districts; to examine personally or by those especially designated; and to report annually all proceedings and results to Congress. The preference for appointments by the heads of Departments is to be given in order of precedence in examination and probation; and if the three candidates for Presidential appointment, with the consent of the Senate, shall be sent to the President and Senate, with the certificate of the commission as to merit and fitness. When the Board begins its work any officer now in the service may be required by the President or head of Department to be examined, and if found incompetent may be dismissed; but if approved shall hold office for four years from the date of his commission, unless sooner removed according to the act; and all appointments hereafter made, with the exceptions named in the bill, shall be for eight years. The bill is very carefully drawn, and contains other provisions essential to a uniform and efficient system.

Mr. SCHURZ, like Mr. JENCKES, understanding where the opposition will be, wisely intrenched in his remarks that, of course, no examination can test business ability; but a year of probation and practice will be of such service that no trial at all, as at present. And during that year the appointing power may remove without question.

So, also, it would be unreasonable to order every soldier to be a small post-office, for instance, before an examining-board. The commissioners may, therefore, by general rules determine what inquiries concerning character and ability shall take the place of formal examinations—the result to be scrutinized by the commissioners.

Further, the bill preserves the constitutional prerogative of the President by merely presenting to him a list of candidates who have been found fit; or he may, at his pleasure, send a candidate to be examined. Thus the commission will not designate what person shall be appointed, but will simply certify that certain persons are fit for appointment.

The purpose of extending to five years the term of the present officers is to give a new administration, should it be composed of new persons, knowledge of the state of the service and experience. The term of eight years for Presidential appointments under the bill gives the country, in the first place, the services of experienced and efficient officers; and, secondly, will carry a large number of them through two administrations, and so practically show the people that the civil service need not be a mere party machine. And the provision that officers are to be removed only for cause, and upon fair trial, will inspire them to base their claims upon good conduct.

Mr. SCHURZ, in closing, said that the obstacles which such a reform must encounter were not unknown to him. Nor are they to any of us. Perhaps the strongest is suggested by its essential reason and good sense; in the economy and efficiency which it will introduce into the public service, the unscrupulous gained elevated reputation of that service and its officers; in the moderation of the perilous fury of a Presidential election; and in the purification of politics. Those who are persuaded that universal official corruption is unavoidable will wonder that any body should try to help it. Those who don't think so will try, and will rebuke it.

GOOD FAITH WITH DENMARK.

WE expressed the hope some weeks since that the Secretary of State would submit the letter would extend the time within which the St. Thomas treaty might be ratified; and we are glad to know that the letter was sent, and that the matter is now open until the 14th of April, 1870. Before that time we hope that the Senate will ratify the treaty. It must not be supposed, however, that little Denmark is a supplicant to the United States. The Executive of the United States has signed and submitted to the treaty, but Denmark declined. The enemy was renewed more urgently, and Denmark, in the most friendly manner, replied. And after ascertaining as accurately as possible what the probable action of our Government would be, submitted the question to the Rigsdag and the people of St. Thomas, accepted their decision, and negotiated the treaty. We, on the contrary, have treated it with the most contemptuous. The Senate does not ratify, and does not reject. It permits the stipulated terms of action to pass unnoticed, and the Danish Government agrees to conclude the negotiations for a West Indian station, in which the dignity of a friendly little power and its honor are involved, in order to be understood to be bargaining to hire another station.

The argument against the ratification of the St. Thomas treaty is, that the Executive Department of the Government has no right to bind the country by the act of its representative, and that the Danish authorities knew that the Senate is the treaty-making power. But what Denmark knew was that the Executive could make treaties with the consent of the Senate, and it had a right to infer, when the President and the Secretary of State signed a treaty for territory in the West Indies, just after the Senate had ratified a treaty for territory at the north pole very nearly the same magnitude, that the Senate would not reject it. Moreover, Denmark privately and properly consulted the distinguished Senators, and knew that they approved. If ever a country was drawn on by a treaty to conclude a treaty, Denmark was drawn by the United States. The Senate does not, indeed, officially acted. Technically, but not personally or honorably, the defense is valid.

Nor is it reasonable to allege that if the treaty is ratified every Secretary of State may make a treaty at his pleasure. After the experience of this treaty, known to every government, it will be surprising if the overture of the United States Ministers upon the part of the Executive are not received with the constantly mut by the remark, "Sir, the St. Thomas treaty was to take no steps whatever until we ascertain that you or the President or the Secretary are authorized to speak for the Senate of the United States." If neither the word and act of the President, who is a constitutional part of the treaty-making power, nor those of the Secretary of State, nor those of the foreign Minister, nor those of the ambassador of the United States to any other government, convince the Senate, even when opposed to furnish any clew to the feelings and wishes of the Senate, it will be but a sign of good sense and self-respect upon the part of other governments if they await some authorized expression of the Senatorial will. When it is proved that the action upon the part of other powers has misled him, that officer will, of course, become a wholly useless and unimportant personage. But meanwhile, those who have hitherto been effective will have all precedent and the proprieties of the case to plead for them.

If Mr. MORLEY should propose a treaty to the English Government, to which that Government assented, it would be justified in believing that it was the will of the President, who had nominated him, and of the Senate, which had confirmed him. If the treaty should then be left in contempt by the Senate, or unceremoniously rejected, it would be foolish to say that it was the duty of England to know that the Senate is the treaty-making power. England does know it; but it knows also that an agent unanimously confirmed, unless he is bribed or lunatic, necessarily represents the views of the principal. But to ask that other countries shall discriminate in the persons of our Ministers between those who do and those who do not sympathize politically with the majority of the Senate is ludicrous. Foreign governments know that the people are the government in this country; that the people elect a President; that the President nominates foreign Ministers; that the Senate confirms them; and these governments can not help supposing that, when the Minister arrives, he is actually the representative which his method of appointment implies. When he proposes, urges, entreats a certain course of action foreign government, it must, supposing him to be honest and competent, believe that he expresses the wish of his own government.

That is the position in which our little friend and ally, Denmark, finds herself at this moment. Drawing on our good faith, and yielding to our entreaties, she has polled the people of St. Thomas, and they vote to join us. She considers that our honor is fully pledged, and we can see why. Meanwhile, the necessity of a West Indian station has become so apparent that we are negotiating for hiring the Bay of Samana. Why, then, under all the circumstances, should the Senate hesitate to ratify the treaty simply for a central and valuable West Indian port, and a small and friendly population which is divided by no doubts of its desire of annexation to the United States? It is a question in all its bearings for statesmen, not for attorneys, to decide.

THE OPENING OF THE COUNCIL.

A WRONYEN has been in Rome is well acquainted with the Fiaxa Barberini," says Hans CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, in beginning the "Improvisatore." But still truer is it that happy the traveler is who has been in Rome the day before, as he reads the splendid story of the opening of the Œcumenical Council, at which he was not present, he may comfort himself by reflecting that most of the spectators were in the plight of Yankee Doodle, who "said he couldn't see no use in goin' home, and hadn't no home." The scene was memorable and unique, for it is but the nineteenth Council during all the duration of the Roman Church. In the long years of its immense, and the consequent obstruction so great, that undoubtedly the traveler who has only the ordinary ceremonies of Holy-week at St. Peter's has better appreciated the peculiar pomp of the Church, and more fully enjoyed it.

Fortunately, the literary skill of the writers our newspapers have had accomplished correspondents upon the spot, who could understand and describe it. The literary skill of the Rev. Dr. Abbé Shea vividly to reproduce the color and form of the great occasion. Indeed, nothing is more observable in the management of many of the papers than the increasing value and interest of their foreign correspondence. They are organizing the news of Europe as they have already organized that of the United States, and the world of foreign events of the winter—the opening of the Suez Canal and of the Œcumenical Council—have been described with a freshness and fullness unrivaled by the English or French press. There was nothing like it in history, except Mr. RAYMOND's admirable letters from the Crimea.

But what in that case was exceptional has now become the rule. Indeed the secondary in enterprise of the English daily papers over ours, which was formerly undeniable, is now wholly at an end. The day when the American press is as self-respectful as it is intelligent and enterprising, it will be what the press of a free country ought to be.

The most striking and suggestive fact in the development of the opening Council is that St. Peter's was crowded, not only that it was expected—and so crowded that the swaying of the dense multitude was appalling and menacing to life and limb. Indeed, by the time the procession moved from the Vatican, which is a part of the long line of building, to the church, it was impossible to stir in half of the great square in front of St. Peter's, so solid was the throng. The London *Times* says that the correspondent of the London *Times* was carried by the resistless, moving current out of sight and sound of the cere-

> "Clothed in white samite; mystic, wonderful,"

was passing but a little way from them, yet quite beyond. Far away in the transept, which was the Council hall, screened from the nave, they indistinctly heard the lofty chant, and knew that the procession was entering, and the robed prelates seating themselves, like gorgeous clouds settling and clinging to the sides of the hall. Yet they saw nothing.

But we can fancy it all as well as the luckless sights who, standing in the glorious basilica of St. Paul and within easy seeing and hearing distance, were obliged only to imagine the scene which they had traveled so fast and far and furiously to behold. And again we say that those who on Easter-Sunday have heard the sublime summons from the Papal choir at the great doors of St. Peter's, answered by the choir within, and have then seen those great doors open and the Pope borne in his unshrinking throne with the baldacchino, *flabella*, above the glittering ecclesiastical multitude, then descending to kneel at the high altar beneath "the Confession that is in it," have had the utmost splendor of spectacle of which even the Roman Church is capable.

For more than seven hours the ecclesiastical ceremonies of every kind at the opening of the Council continued, and then the Pope retired; and those in the nave of St. Peter's and the Council were ordered to withdraw, and the Council itself adjourned. Its sessions were resumed on the 2d of the month, and proceeded with formal business; but the serious work will not begin until after Epiphany, the 6th of January. The air, of course, is full of rumors. The most interesting are those which relate to the great dogma of the Papal infallibility, one of the two points upon which the heart of the Pope has been fixed. The other, the exaltation of the Virgin MARY, he has decreed, and it has been accepted. But the infallibility can not be promulgated without a convulsion of his Church. The alienation, or opening speech of the Pope, is like the Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of 1864. In the breaking of chains, in the increase of knowledge, in the higher welfare of the greater number, in the freedom, in the removal of abuses, in the extinction of superstition, in the emancipation of civilization from the mortmain of papal ecclesiasm, Hope sees only the ravages of Satan; and if only he were proclaimed infallible Satan might be bound.

As the ultramontane defence of the nineteenth century is read and pondered the belief grows that it disappears, the gold and scarlet pomp of the Council hall away, the vast multitude is dissipated, St. Peter's itself vanishes like a mist, the amused human mind sees nothing but Sydney Smith's Dame Partington at Taunton. "In the midst of the sublime storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and sweeping away the sea-water, and vigorously pushing back the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But it need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic was beaten," Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop and a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

CONSULS TO FURNISH STATISTICS OF FOREIGN CROPS.

OUR article on this subject, published on the 22d of October, urging that consular returns shall be required to furnish reports from time to time of the state and condition, before and after harvest, of those productions of the soil of foreign countries which enter into competition in British and other markets with our own, having been republished in the *Contra Costa Gazette*, of Pacheco, California, its editor has obligingly furnished us with the paper, and with information that Mr. Secretary BOUTWELL of Congress from the district of which Pacheco is a part, had on the 7th of December, 1869, introduced a bill to direct the House of Representatives designed to accomplish that object. The scope of the bill is thus announced "to procure and disseminate information relative to the state of the cereal and other crops in foreign countries, and to require our consuls abroad to furnish quarterly returns of the condition of those crops. The object of the bill is to furnish information to farmers, to enable them to sell or hold crops as the state of the demand in Europe may call for."

The success of all our industries in the United States depends, in great part, upon making the best use of our own and foreign markets. Agricultural labor and; but yet British India, which is regarded as our chief competitor in cotton, is known to us only through the newspapers, and our information of the quantity of food produced by imported foreign agricultural states is derived also from the press.

It is clear, as we present full and accurate statistics of what we are expected to produce from time to time, as well as of the actual production, that we ought to obtain equally full information of the crops expected and gathered in foreign countries. We shall not be on a footing of equality with purchasers from us until we can anticipate their wants as they are informed of our means of supply.

In former years the Consular Department was required to give information of the growth of tobacco, etc., on the continent of Europe and in some other localities, and reports were published by one of the Departments of the government which contained some other, but not very full statistics of any production.

In the last year of the experience of this country the price of our crop of cotton was fixed in 1868-1869 by the planters in the South. The famine in India, occasioned by turning their cultivation from grain into cotton, to satisfy the want produced by the disturbances to industry in the late Confederate States, called for a partial abandonment in Hindostan of the cotton

cultivation, and before the proper equilibrium could be reached in India, the Southern planter had sold his crop. Although mills were stopped in Lancashire, and every effort was made to affect the price of cotton in America, the planter was firm, and he has been rewarded with contributions drawn from the cotton manufacturers of all countries.

Of the crop of 1868–1869 Europe took over fourteen hundred thousand bales; more than eight hundred thousand were consumed in the Northern and Western States of the Union, while less than two hundred thousand bales, was manufactured in Virginia and other Southern States.

Inasmuch as the manufacture of cotton, not only abroad but here, has lately been prosecuted, if not at a loss, certainly without the usual profit, it is not certain that the present price of the staple will be maintained during the year, unless the consumption of cloth shall be largely increased throughout the world. England is endeavoring to stimulate the production of the staple in India, with a view to obtain cheap cotton; and a powerful competition will arise between the producers in this country and the English as to which shall fix the price hereafter.

So far as concerns the market value of our breadstuffs, it has been ordinarily adjusted by the English, as they are the chief customers for what we export. In 1867–1868, under the scarcity of grain in 1867–1868, both here and in England, the price ruled high, as it was necessary, in order to supply the latter, the prices must induce the most distant farmers in Minnesota and elsewhere to haul their surplus to the nearest market. In 1868–1869, notwithstanding the severe drought in England and upon the Continent, the price of our grain was fixed at London and Liverpool by the rate from the use of uncommon activity, if not dexterity. Our agriculturist reports had furnished exact knowledge of what our crops would amount to be; and as they were thought to be large, the English, by abstaining from buying at New York, and by flooding all parts of the country with their agents, whose information was published by experts, produced the impression that they could get what they had to sell that they wanted; and they were ultimately able to purchase from us at their own limits. An active demand from England has been largely supplied during the present season from this country, under the disadvantage to us that her dealers have full information of the surplus in each every region can spare, and that we know only what we have to sell.

The drought which visited the sea-board from June until the autumnal storm, and the heavy rains at harvest time, so damaged our crops of corn and wheat that the question was not of vital interest to the United States—what ought to be charged to the foreigner for our diminished surplus? If the quotations current in England will be pinched to obtain from other countries her required import of seventy million bushels of wheat for the year 1869–1870, that is, as we can not supply this quantity, including what we shall send from California, it is very material to know what will be the scale of our future grain-growing countries. The duties of our consular establishment, now that our foreign commerce is so much less than it was in more active times, will not interfere with the most active prosecution of this inquiry. The service is indispensable to the United States, and it must be rendered with little expense, the appropriate means should instantly be used to obtain and spread the required information before the country.

We hurry our immense cereal productions to market, not knowing whether it is better to hoard or to sell. Speculation is more pressed upon the sea-board in excess of foreign or domestic wants; and the keen dealers from abroad then studiously obtain their information from other parts of the world in order that our market may be slaughtered from the supposed want of foreign demand, when they become cheap consumers.

The cry of cheap cotton, which now resounds over all England, means that the residue of the world is expected to supply those populations at the lowest point, while at the same time the rewards of her manufacturing industry are expected to be large.

Her command of capital, her grain agent scattered every where, and her influence over other nations enable her to prosecute the contest with us with great advantage; and this will continue until our consular establishment is carefully arranged under a competent head, and precise information of the character indicated shall be obtained from foreign countries and placed before our people.

We most respectfully urge upon Congress to pass this bill or some bill which will accomplish this object, and also that our consuls abroad obtain as accurate information of what other nations produce as we furnish to the world of our productions.

GERMAN WORKING-MEN AT HOME.

GERMAN "working-men," that is, mechanics and operatives as distinguished from agriculturists and laborers, now constitute a very important part of the European emigration to America. The treaties already negotiated between the leading powers of Germany and the United States greatly facilitate this; and there can be no doubt that the German emigration will hereafter largely increase. The character of these emigrants to this country, all of whom will become citizens, is therefore worthy of careful study. For this purpose we select Elberfeld and Barmen, two large manufacturing towns in Prussia, each containing nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and so contiguous that they may be considered as one city.

At the outset, the Prussian artisan, almost of necessity, must have received a fair education. Until he reaches the age of fourteen years, a boy is by law forbidden to be employed in a manufactory; he must be kept at school, and the Prussian schools are, without doubt, the best in the world. Next, he becomes a workman his hours of labor are indeed more than with us. Twelve hours is a regular day's work, and this is often considerably exceeded, the workman being paid extra for the overtime. The rates of wages for the different trades are much more equitable than with us. A *knaben* (say 70 cents) a day is a fair average. The rent for apartments may be set down at a thaler a week, or about two dollars and a pound, and is eaten once a day by respectable artisans and their families; the bread is commonly of rye, and the meat is of a small, light beer, which is the universal beverage, costs two cents a quart. Clothing is cheap; three or four dollars will buy a good everyday suit; a respectable Sunday suit of cloth will cost from five to six dollars. Putting these expenses together, it will be seen that the Prussian artisan has very little left for superfluities; but it is the unanimous testimony of all who have visited Germany that for his thaler a day he and his family have an amount of comfort and respectability greater than is enjoyed by a like class of laborers except our own. No wonder that the Prussian workman who, coming to America, retains his sober and industrious habits, almost always accumulates property. We say "sober" habits for while there is no country where so much beer is consumed, there is no thorough land in which there is so little drunkenness.

In Elberfeld and Barmen there are five prominent institutions, each of which, though specially devoted to their moral and intellectual improvement. Let us look at one of them—the *Arbeiter-Verein* (Working-men's General Culture-Union"). Its rooms are in a plain house in a quiet street. As we enter we pass a counter where beer, tobacco, and other refreshments are sold. The floor is strewn with clean white sand; and about the room there are many tables and chairs. At one end, where the assembly-room, a large airy hall, furnished in the plainest manner. At the farther end is a desk from which lectures are delivered on scientific, literary, social, and economical topics, politics being absolutely excluded. The floor is occupied by about 300 persons, some of which are half a dozen plain rush-bottomed chairs. During the ordinary lectures beer, coffee, tea, and tobacco are used freely. The ladies are frequently present, and then smoking, though not forbidden, is by tacit consent discontinued. The hall is used for no purpose during there is usually a debate. There are other rooms devoted to various amusements, and a very good library. In the winter evenings there are chess and draughts, all games of chance being prohibited.

Upon such days there are concerts and theatrical performances in this hall, but they are not largely attended by the artisans. A man who has labored hard all day has little inclination for amusement after his work is over. Sunday, or rather the afternoon and evening of the day, is the favorite time for holiday-making. Taverns are closed from nine o'clock till four, after which they, as well as places of amusement, are open. A favorite resort is the Zoological and Botanic-garden in the outskirts of the town. A saloon, open on one side, which overlooks the garden, is one of the favorite resorts. Here there is a stage for theatrical and musical performances, so placed as to be in view from both the saloon and the garden, so that the audience have the choice of the open air or of shelter. The garden has many trees, mostly chestnuts and limes, and is full of benches and rustic tables and chairs. The charge for admission is five cents.

There is at Elberfeld and Barmen a civil tribunal which is well worthy of imitation in this country. It is called *Gewerbe Gericht*, or Artisan's Court, and its object is to settle disputes arising between employers and operatives. When such a dispute arises, the husband arises, the gathers up his evidence and employer betore this court, the cost of a summons being six cents. During the year 1868 there were 416 cases brought before this court. Of these 1012 were arranged by agreement or arbitration between the parties; and of the remaining 203 every one of them was settled by the presiding judge, without litigation.

These Prussian artisans are certainly among the most desirable class of emigrants to this country. Every possible encouragement should therefore be presented to them to come to us, and every facility afforded them to become American citizens. To this end it is a wise treaty that we have made with Prussia, which relieves the emigrant from their country to this, who becomes a citizen under our existing laws, from all obligations and liabilities as a subject of Prussia. His rights, should he return to Prussia, are precisely the same as if he were a citizen of the United States by birth. When men so intelligent and orderly become American citizens, we may be confident that they will always be in the best sense conservative; and it behooves politicians, especially in the city of New York, to understand this, and to know that, by whatever name they may choose to designate themselves or their party, when they trample on emigrants or abet wrong, fraud or outrage, they will find the present and prospective German vote arrayed in solid phalanx against them, and that this vote will soon be sufficient to turn the scale against any corrupt "ring" or "clique."

THE STATE OF WINNIPEG.

WHEN we said last week that the world was outwardly at peace excepting in Cuba and Paraguay, we forgot the Red River war, and the declaration of independence there; a situation which, it is already asserted, lays us under the obligation of declaring our neutrality. But apparently the war is ending before the Government has an opportunity to move, and, indeed, even before it is generally known what the war is about. The facts, however, are few and simple. The Red River country is that part of the British Northwest Territory which is less immediately under the influence of Canada, and which is largely settled by French and half-breeds. The settlement has been subject to the Hudson Bay Company, within whose possessions it was included until its recent transfer to the Dominion of Canada. To this transfer the natives objected, and when Mr. McDOUGALL appointed Governor by the Canadian authorities, arrived with his council of Canadians to take possession, he was warned, repulsed, and driven over the United States line. He has since been recalled, and the colony theoretically resets to the control of the Hudson Bay Company.

The war seems thus far to have been very one-sided. Governor McDougall was warned that it was said that Governor M'DOUGALL meant to call upon the Indians as allies, and had he done so doubtless a third race might have been serious results. But it is at least doubtful whether the settlers will peacefully return to the rule of the Company. The impression is that it has no interest in them, and a provisional government has been established under a declaration of independence, "in the name of the people of Rupert's Land and of the Northwest Territory." Who the leaders are who have made this movement, or what their purpose may be, does not plainly appear. But if they persist, the result is tolerably clear. The Dominion of Canada can obtain control of it; and when Canada relinquishes the attempt, which always is by force, the whole Winnipeg will begin immediately to look upon the northern horizon of the Union.

NOTES.

MR. SARGENT WAS had become a name so familiar, and his book such a rural classic, that there must be a very large circle in the country who will welcome the news of the recent death of FREDERIC S. COZZENS. He had been always engaged in business until his misfortunes, but he had always been in literature; and he had a very sincere reverence for the Nestors of our letters—Irving and Halleck. His mind was clear and bright, and his humor was genuine. It was in quality not unlike that of "Artemus Ward" or "Petroleum V. Nasby"—humor transparent as water, flowing, sparkling, pure; and at the same time without any very rising level. Some one not justifying a place among humorists. Mr. COZZENS's—or, as he was always called, Frederic Sargent's—delight was literary humor, the company of men of a certain cultivation and refinement, and the table-talk of books and men and tell anecdotes, with many a quip and crank of the way, and with the sparkling gloss not for "the million," but for readers. His humor was different from those of many of his friends, and there was a certain touch of severity in his partisanship. But yet it was with him as with many others, partly impatience with what he regarded as the general humanity and sensibility of other years Mr. COZZENS was a constant frequenter of the Century Club, and those who knew him there will always pleasantly remember his clever sallies at themselves and others, and sometimes his kindly with many a lively and friendly hour.

A VERY ingenious NEW YEAR'S swindle, and so common that the attention of the POST-OFFICE Department has been drawn to it, is the sending through the mails to country postmasters and others specimen copies of periodicals, with tempting offers of enormous commissions to solicitors of subscribers, and the most urgent requests to forward names and subscriptions at once, so as to begin with the year. These offers are so tempting that thousands of subscribers are obtained and their money forwarded. Up to this point every thing goes well. But at this point the swindler disappears, except the proprietor of the magazine, who retires from business, and sets off upon his travels. He has simply rented to one of these swindlers, scores of parcels of letters from every part of the country written in response to the circulars, and specifying the amounts of money inclosed. During the occupation of the rooms they were furnished in the most expensive and luxurious manner, so that if any body in the rural districts was suspicious and wrote to some friend to investigate, every thing should appear to be satisfactory. The Department will do what it can to baffle these swindling efforts. But the only safe way for country postmasters, and all who receive prospectuses of magazines, with "great inducements" to agents and subscribers, is, notwithstanding the enormous numbers, to satisfy themselves whether there are such magazines, and whether there is likely to be a February and March as well as a January number.

To those who know MR. PEABODY there is something very touching in the refusal to allow VICTOR HUGO which associates JOHN BROWN and GEORGE PEABODY as the common donors. There could not be a more unlike pair of benefactors in every way, nor more entirely unsympathetic in carrying out bought and opinion. Probably MR. PEABODY's view of JOHN BROWN was not very different from that of VALLANDIGHAM and JAMES M. MASON; and if he had been aware of the poet's drawing of the Charlestown executioner, he undoubtedly thought VICTOR HUGO a charlatan. Mr. PEABODY's political sympathies were those that VICTOR HUGO detested, while the one man in the country who would most have been unsympathetic to the soft conservative soul of GEORGE PEABODY was the fiery red republican VICTOR HUGO. That he should have been considered to write "a word" about him is droll; that he should have replied, "couldn't in one thought of gratitude and respect JOHN BROWN, the friend of the slave, to GEORGE PEABODY, the friend of the slaver," is, however just the association, inexpressibly amusing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A SUMMARY, digested by a number of property holders, and signed by Messrs. Wetmore, Bertine, Cornell, was on December 3 presented to the President by Mr. VINCENT COLYER, representing the feeling of loyalty and attachment to the Queen, in view of the threatened secession from the sanctuary, that was consulted by duty to themselves and their families to the Dominion Government, and the assurance of protection to insure future prosperity. They set forth the dissatisfaction of the people with the Canada rule, and the fact that the Canadian Legislature threw out the Dominion of Canada, for the reason that it can afford them neither protection nor the privileges of self-government—nor can it satisfy any sentiment of loyalty or devotion. They ask for their interests as settlers, and for the Indian tariff would rule Columbia; and, on the other hand, that the Hudson Bay Company be left in undisturbed annexation to the United States. This memorial, it is said, has been signed by one of the Hampton Family and by the inhabitants of other British Columbian towns.

The memorial was presented to the President by the Secretary of State.

The Governor of Canada has been recalled, it is reported, by the Dominion Government, and Mr. MACDONALD appointed from the Red River country. The territory is to be governed by the Canadian and the Hudson's Bay Company, whose agents are suspected of instigating the late rebellion. Governor MACDONALD regressed the insurrection as a trifling affair.

The Secretary of the Interior has announced his intention to recommend in his message to the next Legislature the appointment of the Board of Commissioners on the subject of diverce. The Legislature will not meet until early in April.

The Secretary of the Interior, in response to a resolution of the House, says that the public lands in the Southern States remaining unsold and unappropriated are 64,320,000 acres. Of this amount 46,080,000 acres are in Florida, and the United States have no public lands within their limits.

The funeral of the late Edwin M. Stanton took place at Washington December 29. The procession, notwithstanding a heavy rain and the absence of official display, was imposing in the number, character, and distinguished position of those present. To-day he is interred in Oak Hill Cemetery.

The body of the late ex-Vice-President Wm. R. King, who died on New Year's Day, will be taken to Selma, Alabama, and certainly wounded Alfred Randall, father of the latter, a prominent lawyer and politician of that place, and a relative of Mrs. Bachman, is said to have been the cause of the tragedy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE new ministry of FRANCE is constituted as follows: *President of the Council and Minister of Justice*—M. Chevandier de Valdrome. *Minister of Foreign Affairs*—M. Daru. *Minister of Commerce*—M. le Deputé Louvet. *Minister of Public Works*—M. Plichon. *Minister of War*—The members of the old ministry retain their positions in the War Office. *Minister of Marine*—M. Rigault. *Minister of War*; and Admiral Rigault, Minister of Marine.

The trial of Troppmann, for the murder of the Kinck family, began in Paris December 30, in consequence and was a failure.

The French Director-General of Telegraph Lines announces the establishment of the Prussian Telegraphic rotating to the examination and control by the French Government of messages by the Prussian lines, and says the Government does not control dispatches sent from Prussia to other countries. He declares that messages are transmitted in the order in which they are given in and received at Paris, and that wherever the dispatches are sent, and the Government thus declared of the control of the press, the Government of the telegraphic business of the French Government.

The Spanish Government has sent Count Rancomofo to the Sultan to consult on the question whether Spain can declare war.

M. Lesseps quadricate the stories of danger to navigating the Suez Canal, and says that the passage of the shallowest parts has been considerably increased.

Portsea Prussia, on the 29th December 17 by the revolution. Salzwedel Prussia made but little resistance, and "nobody was hurt."

Advices from Cuba, in regard to the revolution, are so vague and contradictory as ever. Reports received in Washington announce that 700 Cuban insurgents had laid down their arms to Valmaceda, and that the Cubans are in a state of great destitution. Other Spanish successes are also spoken of. A report that Gen. Lopez had arrived in New York and landed 500 insurgents to give up the contest in consequence of the refusal of the Spanish Government to allow the United States is contradicted by authority of the Junta.

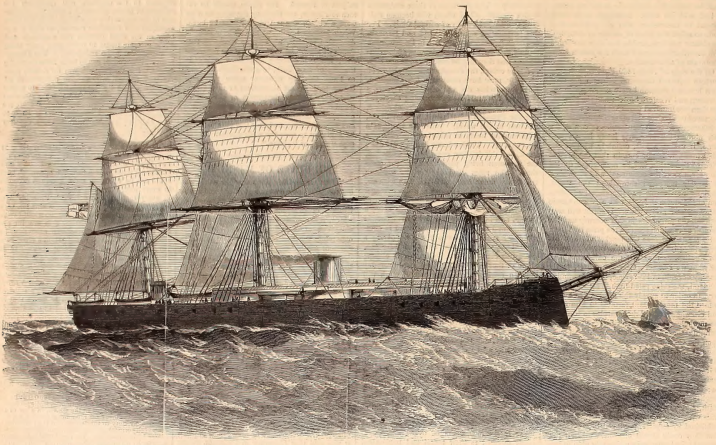

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "MONARCH," BEARING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. PEABODY TO THIS COUNTRY.—[SEE PAGE 37.]

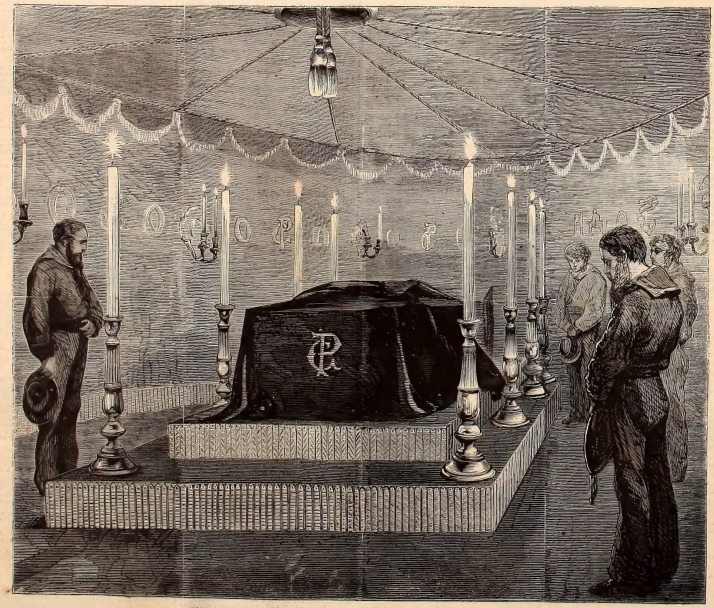

THE MORTUARY CHAPEL ON BOARD THE "MONARCH."—[SEE PAGE 37.]

HENRI ROCHEFORT, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH CORPS LEGISLATIF.

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

On this page we give a very striking likeness of HENRI ROCHEFORT, one of the most advanced, most audacious, and most dangerous of the radical politicians of France. Educated in newspapers, he first made his mark as a sharp, caustic, and fearless writer for the penny press of Paris, where his articles frequently drew down upon him the displeasure of the Government. The journals for which he wrote were often seized; but such was his popularity that the proprietors could well afford to lose an edition now and then, and regarded a seizure as rather a good card with the public. A few months ago he established a journal called *The Lantern* (*La Lanterne*), in which he attacked the Emperor and his government with great severity, and exposed them to the ridicule of the people. For this offense his paper, which speedily attained an enormous circulation, was confiscated, and ROCHEFORT was obliged to seek personal safety in flight. The Opposition party in Paris resisted their confidence in him by electing him, while an exile, to represent them in the Corps Legislatif. It was supposed that the Government would prohibit his return, and certainly prevent him from taking his seat. Nevertheless ROCHEFORT ventured upon French soil again shortly before the commencement of the session; and beyond a slight annoyance from the police authorities when he made his reappearance, he has not been interfered with. The Emperor had learned wisdom, and came to the conclusion that the best way to deal with such a man was to let him alone. His popularity was, however, only partly the result of political persecution. Paris adores wit and courage, and ROCHEFORT possesses both in a very high degree. He is not a wise nor a great man, nor in any sense a statesman. He is only a smart and fearless journalist, on the right side of politics, who has the daring to seek popular notoriety by proclaiming aloud what thousands think in secret, but are afraid to speak above a whisper.

FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

OUR engraving on page 36 shows the British iron-clad *Monarch* on her voyage from England to this country, with the remains of the late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY on board. The body rests in a mortuary chapel, a view of which is given on the same page, erected in the stern of the ship, near the officers' cabins. The chapel is surmounted with a cupola, and is draped with black cloth, looped up from the centre of the dome with white silk cords. Around the higher part of the structure are festoons of black drapery, fringed with white lace, and at the sides the initials "G. P." are picked out in white satin stitches. Alternately with the monograms are wreaths of *immortelles* and silver sconces of wood-work. The coffin is placed on a bier in the centre of the chapel, and has on each side four huge silver-plated candlesticks; each three feet high, containing wax-candles of a proportionate size. Facing the entrance is an American eagle in a device of silver, with the inscription, "*E Pluribus Unum*." Heavy folds of black cotton separate this construction from the rest of the ship. During the voyage the chapel was closed, and a guard of royal marines was stationed at the entrance.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIRD SCENE.—LONDON.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

GEOFFREY AS A LETTER-WRITER.

LORD HOLCHESTER'S servants—with the butler at their head—were on the look-out for Mr. Julius Delmayn's arrival from Scotland. The appearance of the two brothers together took the whole domestic establishment by surprise. All inquiries were addressed to the butler by Julius; Geoffrey standing by, and taking no other than a listener's part in the proceedings.

"Is my brother alive?"

"His lordship, I am rejoiced to say, has astonished the doctors, Sir. He rallied last night in the most wonderful way. If things go on for the next eight-and-forty hours as they are going now, my lord's recovery is considered certain."

"What was the illness?"

"A paralytic stroke, Sir. When her lodyship telegraphed to you in Scotland the doctors had given his lordship up."

"Is my mother at home?"

"Her ladyship is at home to you, Sir."

The butler laid a special emphasis on the personal pronoun. Julius turned to his brother. The change for the better in the state of Lord Holchester's health made Geoffrey's position, at that moment, an embarrassing one. He had been positively forbidden to enter the house. His one excuse for slitting that prohibitory sentence at defiance rested on the assumption that his father was actually dying. As matters now stood Lord Holchester's order remained in full force. The under-servants in the hall (charged to obey that order as they valued their places) looked from "Mr. Geoffrey" to the butler. The butler looked from "Mr. Geoffrey" to "Mr. Julius." Julius looked at his brother. There was an awkward pause.

Geoffrey spoke, and solved the problem.

"Open the door to one of you fellows," he said to the footmen. "I'm off."

"What a mind!" Julius interposed his brother. "It will be a sad disappointment to my mother to know that you have been here, and gone away in a manner seeming strange. There are no ordinary circumstances, Geoffrey. Come up stairs with me—I'll take it on myself."

"I'm blessed if I take it on myself!" returned Geoffrey. "Open the door!"

"Wait here, at any rate," pleaded Julius, "till I can send you down a message."

"Send your message to Nagle's Hotel. I'm at home at Nagle's—I'm not at home here."

At that point the discussion was interrupted by the appearance of a little terrier in the hall. Seeing strangers, the dog began to bark. Perfect tranquility in the house had been absolutely insisted on by the doctors; and the servants, all trying together to catch the animal and quiet him, simply aggravated the noise he was making. Geoffrey solved this problem also in his own decisive way. He swung round as the dog was passing him, and kicked it with his heavy boot. The little creature fell on the spot, whining piteously. "My lady's pet dog!" exclaimed the butler. "You've broken its ribs, Sir."

"I've broken it of barking, you mean," returned Geoffrey. "Ribs be hanged!" He turned to his brother. "That settles it," he said, jocosely. "I'd better defer the pleasure of calling on dear mamma till the next opportunity. Tie-to, Julius. You know where to find me. Come, and dine. We'll give you a steak at Nagle's that will make a man of you."

He went out. The tall footmen eyed his lordship's second son with unreflected respect. They had seen him, in public, at the annual festival of the Christian-Pugilistic-Association, with the gloves on. He could have beaten the biggest man in the hall within an inch of his life in three minutes. The porter bowed as he threw open the door. The whole interest and attention of the domestic establishment then present was concentrated on Julius. Julius went up stairs to his mother without attracting the slightest notice.

The month was August. The streets were empty. The vilest breeze that blows—a hot east wind in London—was the breeze abroad on the day. Even Geoffrey appeared to feel the influence of the weather as the cab carried him from his father's door to the hotel. He took off his hat, and unbuttoned his waistcoat, and lit his everlasting pipe, and growled and grumbled between his teeth in the intervals of smoking. Was it only the hot wind that wrung from him these demonstrations of discomfort? Or was there some secret anxiety in his mind which assisted the depressing influences of the day? There was a secret anxiety in his mind. And the name of it was—Anne.

As things actually were at that moment, what course was he to take with the unhappy woman who was waiting to hear from him at the Scotch inn?

To write? or not to write? That was the question with Geoffrey.

The preliminary difficulty, relating to addressing a letter to Anne at the inn, had been already provided for. She had decided—if it proved necessary to give her name, before Geoffrey joined her—to call herself Mrs., instead of Miss. Silvester. A letter addressed to "Mrs. Silvester" might be trusted to find its way to her, without causing any embarrassment. The doubt was not here. The doubt lay, as usual, between two alternatives. Which course would it be wisest to take?—to inform Anne, by the first post, that an interval of forty-eight hours must elapse before his father's recovery could be considered certain? Or to wait till the interval was over, and be guided by the result? Considering the alternatives in the cab, he decided that the wise course was to temporize with Anne, by reporting matters as they then stood.

Arrived at the hotel, he sat down to write the letter—doubted—and tore it up—doubted again—and began again—doubted once more—and tore up the second letter—rose to his feet—and groaned to himself in unspeakable languor. And he couldn't for the life of him decide which was safest—to write or to wait.

In this difficulty, his healthy physical instincts sent him to healthy physical remedies for relief.

"My mind's in a muddle," said Geoffrey. "I'll try a bath."

It was an elaborate bath, proceeding through many rooms, and containing many pipes and applications. He steamed. He plunged. He simmered. He stood under a pipe, and received a cataract of cold water on his head. He was laid on his back; he was laid on his stomach; he was respectfully pounded and kneaded, from head to foot, by the knuckles of accomplished practitioners. He came out of it all, sleek, clear, rosy, beautiful. He returned to the hotel, and took up the writing materials—and behold the unidentified indecision seized him again, declining to be washed out! This time he hid it all to Anne. That infernal woman will be the ruin of me," said Geoffrey, taking up his hat. "I must try the dumb-bells."

The purest of the new remedy for stimulating a sluggish brain took him to a public house, kept by the professional pedestrian who had the honor of training him when he contended at Athletic Sports.

"A private room and the dumb-bells!" cried Geoffrey. "The heaviest you have, got."

He stripped himself of his upper clothing, and set to work, with the heavy weights in each hand, waving them up and down, and backward and forward, in every attitudinizing variety of movement, till his magnificent muscles seemed on the point of starting through his sleek skin. Little by little the animal spirits roused themselves. The strong exertion intoxicated the strong man. In sheer excitement he swore cheerfully—invoking thunder and lightning, explosion and blood, in return for the compliments profusely paid to him by the pedestrian and the pedestrian's son.

"Pen, ink, and paper!" he roared, when he could use the dumb-bells no longer. "My mind's made up: I'll write, and have done with it!" He sat down to his writing on the spot; he actually finished the letter: another minute would have dispatched it to the post—and, in that minute, the maddening indecision took possession of him once more. He opened the letter again, read it over again, and tore it up again. "I'm out of my mind!" cried Geoffrey, fixing his big bewildered blue eyes fiercely on the professor who trained him. "Thunder and lightning! Explosion and blood! Send for Crouch."

Crouch (known and respected wherever England smashed is known and respected) was a retired prize-fighter. He appeared with the third and last remedy for clearing the mind known to the Honorable Geoffrey Delmayn—namely, two pair of boxing-gloves in a carpet-bag.

The gentleman and the prize-fighter put on the gloves, and faced each other in the classically-correct posture of pugilistic defence. "None of your play, mind!" growled Geoffrey. "Fight, you beggar, as if you were in the Ring against, with orders to win. No man knew better than the great and terrible Crouch what real fighting meant, and what heavy blows might be given from with such apparently harmless weapons as stuffed and padded gloves. He pretended, and only pretended, to comply with his patron's request. Geoffrey rewarded him for his polite forbearance by knocking him down. The great and terrible now with unfeigned confusion. "Well hit, Sir!" he said. "Try it with the other hand now." Geoffrey's temper was not under similar control. Invoking everlasting destruction on the frequently-blackened eyes of Crouch, he threatened instant withdrawal of his patronage and support unless the polite pugilist hit, then and there, as hard as he could. The hero of a hundred fights smiled at the dreadful prospect. "I've got a family to support," remarked Crouch. "If you will have it, Sir—there it is." The fist of Geoffrey followed, and shook the house. He was on his legs again in an instant—not satisfied even yet. "None of your body-hitting!" he roared. "Stick to my head. Thunder and lightning! explosion and blood! Knock it out of me! Stick to the head!" Obedient Crouch stuck to the head. The two gave and took blows which would have simultaneously have killed—any civilized member of the community. Now on one side of his patron's red head, and now on the other, the hammering of the prizefighter's gloves fell, thump upon thump, horrible to hear—until even Geoffrey himself had had enough of it. "Thank you, Crouch," he said, breaking softly to the man for the first time. "That will do. I feel nice and clear again." He shook his head two or three times; he was indeed clear like a horse in the professional manner; he drank a mighty draught of malt liquor; he recovered his good-humor as if by magic. "Want the pen and ink, Sir?" inquired his pedestrian host. "Not I!" answered Geoffrey. "The muddle's out of my nose. Pen and ink be hanged! I shall look up some of our fellows, and go to the play." He left the public house in the happiest condition of mental calm. Inspired by the stimulant application of Crouch's gloves, his torpid cunning had been shaken up into excellent working order at last. Write to Anne? Who but a fool would write to such a

"MEN OF MY SORT ARE NOT EASILY KILLED."

woman as that until he was forced to it? Wait and see what the chances of the next eight-and-forty hours might bring forth, and then write to her, or desert her, as the event might decide. It lay in a nut-shell, if you could only see it. Thanks to Crouch, he did see it—and so away, in a pleasant temper for a dinner with "our fellows" and an evening at the play!

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH

GEOFFERY IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

THE interval of eight-and-forty hours passed—without the occurrence of any personal communication between the two brothers in that time.

Julius, remaining at his father's house, sent brief written bulletins of Lord Holchester's health to his brother at the hotel. The first bulletin said, "Going on well. Doctors satisfied." The second was firmer in tone. "Going on excellently. Doctors very sanguine." The third was the most explicit of all. "I am to see my father in an hour from this. The doctors consider me his recovery. Depend on my putting in a good word for you, if I can; and wait to hear from me further at the hotel."

Geoffrey's face darkened as he read the third bulletin. He called once more for the hated writing materials. There could be no doubt now as to the necessity of communicating with Anne. Lord Holchester's recovery had put him back again in the same critical position which he had occupied at Windygates. To keep Anne from committing some final act of despair, which would connect him with a public scandal, was, in his view, so far as his expectations from his father were concerned, was, once more, the only safe policy that Geoffrey could pursue. His letter began and ended in twenty words:

"DEAR ANNE,—Have only just heard that my father is turning the corner. Stay where you are. Will write again."

Having dispatched this Spartan composition by the post, Geoffrey lit his pipe, and waited the event of the interview between Lord Holchester and his eldest son.

Julius found his father alarmingly altered in personal appearance, but in full possession of his faculties nevertheless. Unable to return the pressure of his son's hand—unable even to turn in the bed without help—the head of the noble old lawyer was as keen, the hard mind of the old lawyer was as active, as ever. The moment ambition was to see Julius in Parliament. Julius was offering himself for election in Perthshire, by his father's express desire, at that moment. Lord Holchester entered eagerly into politics before his eldest son had been two minutes by his bedside.

"Much obliged, Julius, for your congratulations. Man of my sort are not easily killed. (Look at Broughton and Lyndhurst.) You won't be excluded the Upper House for a year, will begin in the House of Commons—precisely as I wished. What are your prospects with the constituency? Did you see exactly how you stand, and where I can be of use to you."

"Sorely," Julius's son hardly recovered enough to enter on matters of business yet?"

"I am quite recovered enough. I want some present interest to occupy me. My thoughts are beginning to drift back to past times, and to things which are better forgotten." A sudden contraction crossed his livid face. He looked hard at his son, and entered abruptly on a new question. "Julius!" he resumed, "did you ever head of a young woman named Anne Silchester?"

Julius answered in the negative. He and his wife had exchanged cards with Lady Lundie, and had accused themselves from memorandum, invitation to the lawn-party. With the exception of Blanche, they were both quite ignorant of the persons who composed the family of the Windygates.

"Make a memorandum of the name," Lord Holchester went on. "Anne Silvester. Her father and mother are dead. I knew her father in former times. Her mother was ill-used. I was a bad business. I have been thinking of it again, for the first time for many years. The girl is alive and about the world she may remember our family name. Help her, Julius, if she ever wants help, and applies to you." The painful contraction passed across his face once more. "We have insulted enough people back to the memorable summer evening at the Hampshire villa? Will be see the deserted woman swooning at his feet again?" Julius's face clouded. "Don't be asked, impatiently. "My mind is not used to be idle. I want something to do."

Julius stated his position as plainly and as briefly as he could. The father found nothing to object to in the report—except in so far as it arose from the field of action. He blamed Lady Holchester for summoning Julius to London. He was annoyed at his son's being there, at the bedside, when he ought to have been addressing the electors. "It's inconvenient, Julius," he said, peulsatily. "Don't you see it yourself?"

Having previously arranged with his brother to take the first opportunity that offered of risking a reference to Geoffery, Julius decided to "see it" in a light for which his father was not prepared. The opportunity was before him. He took it on the spot.

"It is no inconvenience to me, Sir," he replied, "and it is no inconvenience to my brother either. Geoffrey was anxious about you too. Geoffrey has come to London with me."

Lord Holchester looked at his eldest son with a grimly-satirical expression of surprise.

"Have I not already told you," he rejoined, "that my mind is not affected by illness? Has Geoffrey anxious about me? ARNSTY is one of the civilized emotions. Man in his savage state is incapable of feeling it.

"My brother is not a savage, Sir."

"His stomach is generally full, and his skin is covered with linen and cloth, instead of red ochre and oil. So far, certainly, your brother is civilized. In all other respects your brother is a savage."

"I know what you mean, Sir. But there is something to be said for Geoffrey's way of life. He cultivates his courage and his strength. Courage and strength are fine qualities, surely, in their way?"

"Excellent qualities, as far as they go. If you want to know how far that is, challenge Geoffrey to write a sentence of decent English, and see if his courage doesn't fail him there. I gave him his books to read for his degree, and, strong as he is, he will be dead set against the sight of them. You wish me to see your brother. Nothing will induce me to see him, until his way of life (as far as I can tell) is altered altogether. I have had one hope, of its ever being altered now. It is barely possible that the influence of a woman whose mind—possessed of such advantages of birth and fortune as may compel respect, even from a savage—might produce its effect on Geoffrey. If he wishes to find his way back into this house let him find his way back into good society first, and bring me a daughter-in-law to plead his cause for him—whom his mother and I can respect and receive. When that happens, I shall begin to have some belief in Geoffrey. Until it does happen, I shall continue to consider him into any future conversations which you may have with him. To return to your election. I have some advice to give you before you go back. You'll do well to go back to-night. Lift me up on the pillows."

I shall speak more easily with my head high."

His son lifted him on the pillows, and once more summoned attention to spare himself.

It was useless. No remonstrances shook the iron resolution of the man who had braved his way through life, and who had left the splendid humanity to his own high place apart from the rest. Helpless, dying, snatched out of the very jaws of Death, there he lay, steadily distilling the clear common-sense which had won him all his worldly reputation to the last drop. If he was a hut was missed, not a caution was forgotten, not a point passed over, that could assist his son's political ways which he had trudden so safely and so dextrously himself. An hour more had passed when Julius descended to the drawing-room with eyes, and consented to take his nourishment and compose himself for the night. But words, rendered barely articulate by exhaustion, still were the princes of party manœuvres and political life. "If I am not well enough to go to the House of Commons, Julius, as I miss nothing else!"

Left free to pursue his own thoughts, and to guide his own course, Julius's first journey crossing from Lord Holchester's bedside to Lady Holchester's dressing-room.

"Has your father said any thing about Geoffrey?" was his mother's first question as soon as he entered the room.

"My father gives Geoffrey a last chance, if Geoffrey will take it."

Lady Holchester's face clouded. "I know," she said, with a look of disappointment. "His last chance to be read for his degree. Hopeless, my dear. Quite hopeless! If he had only been something rather than; something that resisted with me—"

"It does rest with you," interposed Julius. "My father wishes Geoffrey to marry. Choose Geoffrey's last chance is (in one word) Marriage!"

"Oh, Julius! It's too good to be true!"

Julius repeated his father's own words. Lady Holchester looked twenty years younger as she listened. When he had done she clasped her hands.

"No matter who calls," she said to the servant, "I am not at home." She turned to Julius, kissed him, and made a place for him on the sofa by her side. "Geoffrey shall take *that* chance," she said, gayly—"I answer for it! And now three women in my mind, any one of whom would suit him. Sit down, my dear, and let us consider carefully which of the three will be most likely to attract Geoffrey, and to come up to your father's standard of what the future mistress should be. When we have decided, don't trust to memory. Go to ourself and see Geoffrey at his hotel."

Mother and son entered on their consultation with unaffected zeal. They had found the secret of the servants' harvest to come.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

GEOFFREY AS A PUBLIC CHARACTER.

TIME had advanced to after noon before the selection of Geoffrey's future wife was accomplished, and before the instructions of Geoffrey's mother were sufficiently precise to justify the opening of the matrimonial negotiations at Knight Hotel.

"I don't leave him till you have got his promise," were Lady Holchester's last words when her son started on his errand.

"If Geoffrey doesn't jump at what I am going to offer him," was the son's reply, "I shall agree with my father that the case is desperate, and I shall end, like my father, in giving Geoffrey up."

The strongest language for Julius to use. It was not easy to rouse any feeling in the equable temperament of Lord Holchester's eldest son. No two men were more thoroughly unlike each other than these two brothers. It is melancholy to acknowledge it of the blood-relation of a "stroke oar," but it must be owned, in the interests of truth, that Julius cultivated his intelligence. He read history, biography, and dipped books—and couldn't digest beer. Could learn languages—and couldn't learn to row. Practised the foreign vice of perfection himself in the art of playing on a musical instrument—and couldn't learn the English virtue of knowing a good horse when he saw him. Got through life (*Heaven only knows how!*) without either a hack or a betting-book. Had openly acknowledged, in English society, that he didn't think the barking of a pack of hounds the finest music in the world. Could go to foreign parts, and see a mountain which nobody had ever gone to the top of yet—and didn't instantly feel his honor as an Englishman involved in getting to the top of it himself. Such people may, and do, exist among the inferior races of the Continent. Let us thank Heaven, Sir, that England never has been, and never will be, the right place for them!

Arrived at Nagel's Hotel, and finding nobody to inquire of in the hall, Julius applied to the waiting lady who sat behind the writing-table in bar." The young lady was reading something with so deeply interesting in the evening newspaper that she never even heard him. Julius passed into the coffee-room.

Here, at a long table, our honour, was shoarded over a second newspaper. Three gentlemen, at three different tables, were absorbed in a third, fourth, and fifth newspapers. They all alike went on with their reading without noticing the entrance of the stranger. Julius ventured on disturbing the waiter by asking for Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. At the sound of that illustrious name the waiter looked up with a start. "Are you Mr. Delamayn's brother, Sir?"

"Yes."

The three gentlemen at the tables looked up with a start. The light of Geoffrey's celebrity fell, for the moment, on Geoffrey's brother, and made a public character of him.

"You'll find Mr. Geoffrey, Sir," said the waiter, "in the billiard-room, next door to the Cod and Bottle, Partner."

The expression of Julius's face changed. "I expected to find him here." I had an appointment with him at this hotel."

The waiter opened his eyes on Julius with an expression of respectful astonishment. "Haven't you heard the news, Sir?"

"No."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the waiter and offered the newspaper.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the three gentlemen—and offered the newspapers.

"What is it?" asked Julius.

"What is it?" repeated the waiter, in a hollow voice. "The most dreadful thing that's happened to the Fancy. It's all up, Sir, with the Great Foot-Race at Fulham. Tinkler has gone stale."

The three gentlemen dropped solemnly back into their three chairs, and repeated the dreadful intelligence, in chorus—"Tinkler has gone stale."

A man who stands face to face with a great national disappointment, and doesn't understand it, is a man who will do wisely to hold his tongue and enlighten his mind without asking other people to help him. Julius took up the waiter's newspaper, and sat down to make (if possible) some sense of it. There was the word—"Tinkler" did, or did not, mean a man. Second, as to what particular form of human affliction "gone stale" might be described as being—"gone stale."

There was no difficulty in finding the news. It was printed in the largest type, and was followed by a personal statement of the facts, taken on the waiter's authority, and challenged by another personal statement of the facts, taken on the waiter's authority. More particulars, and further personal statements, were promised in later editions. The royal salute of British journalism thundered the announcement of Tinkler's appearance before a people prostrate on the national heart-strings.

Divested of exaggeration, the facts were few enough and simple enough. A famous Athletic Champion, by name Tinkler, had challenged a famous Athletic Association of the South. The usual "Queer" was to take place at cricket, running, jumping, "putting" the stone, throwing cricket-balls, and the like—and the whole was to culminate in a Foot-Race of considerable length and difficulty in the annals of human achievement between the two best men on either side. "Tinkler was the best man on the side of the South. "Tinkler" was backed in innumerable bets against the field. And Tinkler's lungs had suddenly given way under stress of training! A prospect of witnessing a prodigious achievement had collected (in spite of unfavorable stuff) a prospect of winning and losing large sums of money, and suddenly withdrawn it from the eyes of the British people. The "South" could produce no second opponent worthy of the North; and of its own champion nothing remained but the athletic world in general, but one man excepted who rejoiced in the name of Geoffrey Delamayn, and it was doubtful, in the last degree, whether he would consent to come forward under the circumstances. Such was the sum of Julius's First read it with horror—was Geoffrey Delamayn.

Julius threw down the paper in the coffee-room. Julius laid down the newspaper, and looked about him. The waiter was busy, in his corner, with a pencil and a betting-book. The three gentlemen were busy, at the three tables, with pencils and betting-books.

"Try and persuade him!" said the waiter, piteously, as Delamayn's brother rose to leave the room.

"Try and persuade him!" echoed the three gentlemen, as Delamayn's brother opened the door and went out.

Julius called a cab, and told the driver (busy with a pencil and a betting-book) to go to the Cock and Bottle, Putney. The man brightened into a new betting prospect. No need to hurry him; he drove, unasked, at the top of his horse's speed.

As the cab drew near to its destination the signs of a great national excitement appeared, and multiplied. The idle pair of people pronounced, with a grand unanimity, the name of "Tinkler." The heart of a people hung suspended (nearly in the public houses) on the chances for and against the possibility of replacing "Tinkler" by another man. The scene in front of the inn was impressive in the highest degree. Even the London blackguard rose above himself in the presence of the national calamity. Even the irrepressible man with the spoon, who always turns up to sell nuts and ornaments in a crowd, plied his trade in silence, and found few indeed (to the credit of human feeling be spoken) who had the heart to crack a nut at such a time as this. The police were on the spot, in large numbers, and in most sympathy with the people around them to see. Julius, on being stopped at the door, mentioned his name—and received an ovation, which brother! (in the Fancy sense). The people closed round him, the people shook hands with him, the people invited blankness on his head. Julius was half suffocated, when the police rescued him, and landed him safe in the private parlor on the back side of the public house door. A deafening tumult broke out, as he entered, from the places above stairs. A distant voice screamed, "Mind yourselves!" A bashes shouting man tore down through the people congregated on the stairs. "Geoffrey! Hooray! He's promised to do it! He's entered for the race!" A hundred cheers on hundreds of voices took up the cry. A roar of cheering burst from the people outside. Reporters for the newspapers pressed, in close succession, on the inn, and rushed into cabs to put the news in print. The band of the Guards, marching Julius carefully up stairs by the arm, trembled with excitement. "His brother, gentlemen! his brother!" In those vague words it spread from mouth through the throng. At those magic words the closet door of the council-chamber flew open; and Julius found himself among the damsels of his native country, in full parliament assembled. In any description of Geoffrey's public life, the description of Geoffrey applies to them all. The manhood and muscle of England resemble the bodily parts in the human body, in this respect, that there is about as much variety in a flock of sheep as in a flock of sheep. Ladies talk about him, and saw the same man in the same dress, with the same health, strength, tone, temper, modesty, conversation, and paralysis, repeated infinitely in every part of the room. The one distinguishable individual (except the unintiated stranger) something at once hideous and terrifying to behold. Geoffrey had been lifted bodily into the table, in his chair, so as to be visible to the whole room. They sang round him, they danced round him, they cheered round him, they swore round him. In the midst of the maudlin terms of endearment, by grateful giants with hearts of children, "Tinkler" was called "Villainous, noble, splendid, beautiful fellow!" They hugged him. They patted him on the back. They wrung him by the hands. They kissed and punched his muscles. They embraced the noble legs that were to run the great Foot-Race—and, At the opposite end of the room, where it was physically impossible to get near the hero, the enthusiasm expressed itself in the usual signals and acts of destruction. Hercules I. cleared a space with his powerful arms, and laid waste—and Hercules II. took him up in his teeth. Hercules III. seized the poker from the fire-place, and broke it in the air in two. Hercules IV. dashed with the tongs, and shattered them on his neck. The smashing of looking-glasses, and the pulling down of the house seemed likely to commence when Geoffrey's eye lighted by accident on Julius, and Geoffrey's voice, rising literally like his brother, hushed the will assembly into sudden attention, and turned the fiery enthusiasm into a new course.

Hooray for his brother! Geoffrey sprang up with his brother on our shoulders! Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, on our heads, to the other end of the room! See, boys there! the hero has got him by the collar! the hero has taken him on his back! the hero, hemted red-hot with his own triumph, welcomes the new champion with a shower of kisses and oaths. "Thunder and lightning! Explosion and blood! What's up now, Julius? What's up now?"

Julius recovered his breath, and arranged his coat. The noise was over, when his last muscle enough to fit a Dictionary from the shelf, and just training enough to play the fiddle, so far as could be ascertained by the instrument accorded to him, appeared to feel no other sentiments in relation to it than a sentiment of unmitigated contempt.

"You're not frightened, are you?" said Geoffrey. "Our fellows are a roughish lot, but they mean well."

"I am not frightened," answered Julius. "I am only wondering—what the Scotch and Universities of England turn out such a set of ruffians as these—and what the Schools and Universities of England will last."

"Mind what you are about, Julius! They'll cart you out of the window if they hear you."

"They will only confirm my opinion of them, Geoffrey, if they do."

Here, the assembly, seeing but not hearing the colloquy between the two brothers, became uneasy on the subject of the postponement. A roar of voices summoned Geoffrey to announce it, if there was any thing to announce. Controlled the meeting, Geoffrey turned again to his brother, and asked him, in no amiable mood, what the devil he wanted there?

"I want to tell you something, before I go back to Scotland," answered Julius. "My father is willing to give you a last chance. Prove don't take it, my doors are closed against you as well as his."

Nothing is more remarkable, in its way, than the sound common sense and admirable self-restraint exhibited by the youth of the present generation, when confronted by an emergency in which their

own interests are concerned. Instead of resenting the tone which his brother had taken with him, Geoffrey instantly descended from the pedestal of glory on which he stood, and placed himself without a struggle in the hands which vicariously held his destiny—otherwise, the hands which vicariously held the purse. In five minutes more the meeting had been dismissed, with all needful assurances relating to Geoffrey's share in the coming Sports—and the two brothers were closeted together in one of the private rooms of the inn.

"Out with it!" said Geoffrey. "And don't be long about it."

"I won't be five minutes," replied Julius. "I go back to-night by the mail-train; and I have a great deal to do in the mean time. Here it is, in plain words: My father consents to marry me again, if you choose to settle in life—with his approval. And my mother has discovered where you may find a wife. Birth, beauty, and money, are all offered to you. Take them—and you recover your position as Lord Hawkester's son. Refuse them—and you go to ruin your own way."

Geoffrey's reception of the news from home was not of the most reassuring kind. Instead of answering he struck his fist furiously on the table, and cursed with all his heart and soul every woman unnamed.

"I have nothing to do with any degrading connection which you may have formed," Julius went on. "I have only to put the matter before you exactly as it stands, and to leave you to decide for yourself. The lady in question was formerly Miss Newsham—a dressmaker of one of the oldest families in England. She is now Mrs. Glenarm—the young widow (and the childless widow) of the gray-moustached old man with Birth and fortune—the unites both. Her income is a clear ten thousand a year. She is pretty, and well, under the circumstances, remarkably lucky enough to persuade her to marry you. My mother assures me that she has succeeded. And my wife has met her at our house in London. She is now, as I hear, staying with some friends in Scotland; and when I get back I'll take care that an invitation is sent to her to pay her next visit at Hawkester. I consider that will be seen whether you are fortunate enough to produce a favorable impression on her. In the mean time you will be doing every thing that my father can ask of you, if you make the attempt."

Geoffrey impatiently dismissed that part of the question from all consideration.

"If she don't cotton to a man who's going to run in the Great Race at Fulham," he said, "there are plenty as good as she to who will! That's not the difficulty. Bother that!"

"I tell you again, I have nothing to do with your difficulties," Julius resumed. "The rest of the day to consider what I have said to you. If you decide to accept the proposal, I shall expect you before you are up to-morrow morning me at the station to-night. We will travel back to Scotland together, and complete your interrupted visit at Lady Lundie's (it is important, in my interests, that you should retain a character for politeness in the country with all due respect); and my wife will make the necessary arrangements with Mrs. Glenarm, in anticipation of your return to our house. There is nothing more to be said, and no further necessity of my staying here. If you join me at the station to-night your sister-in-law and I will do all we can to help you. If you refuse, you will land alone, don't trouble yourself to follow—I have done with you." He shook hands with his brother, and went out.

Left alone, Geoffrey lit his pipe and sent for the landlord.

"Get me a boat. I shall scull myself up the river for an hour or two." And put in some towels. I must take a swim, too."

The landlord received the order—with a caution addressed to his illustrious guest.

"Don't go out of reach of the house, Sir! If you let the people see you, they're in such a state of excitement, the police won't answer for keeping them in order.

"All right. I'll go out by the back way."

He took a turn and down the garden. When were the difficulties to be overcome before he could possibly be the golden prize which his brother had offered to him? The Sports? No! The committee had promised to defer the day. If he wished it—and a month's training, in his physical condition, would be amply enough for him. Had he any pecuniary objection to trying his luck with Mrs. Glenarm? Not he! Any woman would do—provided his father was satisfied, and the money was all right. The obstacle which was really in his way was the obstacle of the woman whom he had married. Annie! The one inexpressible difficulty was the difficulty of dealing with Annie.

"We'll see how it looks," he said to himself, "after a pull up the river!"

The landlord and the police inspector smuggled him out by the back way unknown to the expectant populace in front. The two men stood on the river-bank seeing him, as he pushed off from them, with his long, powerful, easy, beautiful stroke.

"That's what I call the pride and flower of England!" said the inspector. "Has the being on him begun?"

"Six to four," said the landlord, "and no takers."

Julius went early to the station that night. His mother was very anxious. "I don't, he Geoffrey find an excuse in your example," she said, "if he is late."

The first person whom Julius saw on getting out of the carriage was Geoffrey—with his ticket taken, and his portmanteau in charge of the guard.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE total average daily receipts of Stewart's great retail establishment on Broadway and Tenth Street are stated to be $60,000. This immense business demands an army of employés; and twenty-two hundred persons are usually required to attend to the duties connected with it. The most careful espionage is necessary from the fact that such a multitude are employed; and experienced detectives are constantly employed as a protection against the cupidity of both shop-girls and shop-boys. Customers are likewise watched the employes pass through a private door opening into Tenth Street, and any suspicious package can readily be discovered. The clerks are required to be present both in the morning and at night, and to be attentive to business. Notwithstanding all the superintendence which is necessary to prevent the many defalcations connected with it, and all are anxious to retain their situation.

The average daily number of persons visiting the store is estimated at fifteen thousand, and on some special occasions there have been as many as fifty thousand. The most polite attention is given to all, with rich and poor alike have an equal welcome. Perhaps may go all over the establishment without being spoken to, unless he exhibits some perplexity, when an attendant will at once proffer assistance and attention. Every thing is quiet and orderly, and multitudes do pass through the building actuated by various motives of interest and curiosity alone.

Mr. Stewart has given some personal supervision to this store every day; and his superintendence is always present. He visits the establishment daily, so that he may understand the exact condition of each department. He never allows any class of people to remain in the store after closing hours, or to come a drag in the market.

As the operations of every industrial school at Leith, Dr. Guthrie said that there doubtless were no less than 1,200,000 children between the ages of five and a half and thirteen in England and Wales who were not keeping up like wild beasts, without any education whatever. And in connection with the necessity of compulsory education, on the ground that no one has a right to throw away his neighbor's time, or his property, and that the most dangerous of all animals is man with an uneducated brain.

One evening, during the time of the battle of Fredericksburg, Mr. Stanton was called from the dinner-table to receive a message from the front. When he did, her was read containing the sad story of war and blood, death and defeat, and the following message was sent: "Mr. Stanton hereby enriching his little girl, who had run from the dining-room, and stood by her father's chair, received the end of the message—a recital of a young lieutenant who had died bravely in battle. "Read again," said the father. And when it had been read he remarked: "As good a boy as I ever knew, and a good young man." Then speaking the words with much emotion. When the reading was over he gave directions how to use the paper, and asked the boy to excuse him for a few minutes and excuse him. There was a sweet light in his eyes as he returned to the room, and sat down in the loss of his voice when he handed the messenger a letter, with the words: "Take this to Mrs. Lee; you may let it me? I want it to go forward to-night."

Herr Klein, a German musician, has made a nice calculation, by which he finds that there are 10 to less than one hundred and twenty thousand operatic melodies now in existence.

The death of Madame Grist took place while she was on her way from Florence to St. Petersburg. When she left Florence she was in excellent health on her face, which rapidly developed during the journey, becoming at length so much swollen that she remained at Berlin. The tumor was opened, and she became better. Afterward, however, erysipelas set in, and the disease attacked the suggestion, and with the consent of the physician, the corbeaulx was regressed, and then the disease subsided, and the lady from human cause affected. A second carbuncle formed near the eye, and symptoms of poisoning of the blood soon resulted in death. Her own physician had been telegraphed for, but arrived too late to render assistance.

"Rose of Sharon" was the pretty name by which the lady whom M. Lesseps has married was latterly known in Egypt. Her maiden name is Miss Lesseps brought from Suez an Eastern rose—a peculiar flower, which, as the story goes, never grows but to be unfold, and disclose in the centre of the blossom the future consort of the bolder. He gave this flower to his lady-love, and when she saw in its full leaves. The lady very soon said, "Yes!" and the matter was settled. A very pretty story, and "popping the question!"

Some of the old Ecumenical Councils did not confine their legislation exclusively to religious matters. For example, the Council of Elvira enacted the following: "All persons are prohibited from attempting to play a male bird-dresser for the embellishment of the church, whether who so will be excommunicated, and thus without mercy."

Matrimonial matters are daily becoming more and more confused and mixed one of the age. Not only can recently transpired in a certain town in Ohio. A widow lady, with a husband living, applied to a lawyer that her affinity was the spirit of a gentleman who had been dead two years. The lawyer informed her that in law, who advised her to be united to the deceased in wedlock. So the lady made all due preparations, and the ceremony was duly performed, and the happy pair were united, and all went merry. The bride returned to her own residence, where she received a congratulatory visit from her husband in a simple one request was served in front of the room!

Sardines—a favorite delicacy—are caught in immense numbers along the coast of Italy, from the Gulf of Biscay. The fishing season lasts from July to October, and from 4,000 to 5,000 boats are employed in various the market. They are shipped in immense quantities to places all over the globe, though most are sold in Bordeaux than elsewhere. They are put up for market in three sizes of the boxes, and two sizes of labels are used to designate them.

There are two very curious needles in the world. One is in the possession of the King of Prussia. He was receiving a needle manufactory in his kingdom, when the workman whose business it is to make the eyes in the needles passed up to him from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it in one end of his boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King. Queen Victoria has a second curious needle, on which, though very small, scenes in the life of the Queen are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle has a microscope case opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

Jupiter has been undergoing some curious changes during the past year, and particularly within the last few months; and astronomers are deeply interested about the matter. The belts on the planet are more than usually numerous, and they display a greater variety of colors than has ever yet been ascribed to them. The equatorial belt, which has been for years the brightest part of the planet, is now not nearly so bright as the light belts to the north and south. Outside it has been for some months; now it is often covered with markings, which resemble piled-up cumulus clouds. In a few generally been collected, along with a silver-gray or pearly baize; now it is of a rich, deep yellow, greatly resembling the color of electrotyped gold.

At Sandusky, Ohio, there is an extensive establishment for the curing of fish by a new process, so that they can be kept any length of time, and be transported at any distance. The meat thus occupied in the process is two hours, although fish can be frozen solid in forty minutes. The great merit of the process is that nothing by which the fish are frozen. Ordinary methods they are frozen so slowly that their quality is injured.

If a thee of a spider's web one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains it has been ascertained that a web of the size of Sydney's silk one inch in diameter support? The *Chemical News* says, reasonably enough, that

Four experienced nurses undertook the task of watching the baby, Napoleon II., who is said to have taken no food for two years and a half. Not were these four to bear the responsibility alone—they were assisted by a medical consultation, so that if the girl received secret nourishment, she was pretty likely to be discovered. No food was discovered, but several days the girl showed symptoms of starvation. Her parents were urged to give her nourishment, but refused, until the 17th of the month she died delirious—indicating by the awful result that there was no deception in the case.

An inmate of one of our lease asylums—a young man—has addressed a letter to President Grant, in which he offers to purchase the union of the United States by marrying big wives of his own choosing, and also a wife apiece for the States or Territories elected by the respective Governors thereof. Moreover, in the event of his death, he pledges his good will and friendship may enclose the whole world, to marry a wife of every nation on the face of the sun, each to represent the country she comes from, in the great international wedding."

An Englishman has been experimenting for the purpose of ascertaining how much of various kinds of food can be digested in order to make a pound of flesh. He comes to the conclusion that it requires 28 pounds of milk, 10 of turnips, 8 of potatoes, 6 of carrots, 3 of oat-meal, 1½ of bread-stuffs, and 2½ of peas or beans.

The *Woman's Journal* is the title of a new paper which has just been issued in Boston. It is a weekly paper in quarto form, and will be devoted exclusively to the interests of the most prominent advocates of women's rights.

Colonel George Gordon De Lunn Byron, who was an officer under Fremont during the war, is said to have arrived in England and told before Lord Westbury that he was the son recognized as the legitimate son of the poet. He states that Lord Byron visited Italy after the death of his wife, and there contracted a new marriage with a Catholic lady of good family; but on account of the opposition manifested by her father this fact, he determined to conceal an alliance which was legal and also a child was born. Colonel Byron has established that he is the son of the poet and his Spanish wife, but has furnished no proofs to substantiate his romantic tale.

Queen Isabella is of a gay and easy disposition; she has danced all night and she likes to dance. Her favorite pleasure-seeker in Paris very agreeable. She is said to have declared to the Empress that nothing could be so much amusing as power should ever induce her to take the reins of government again.

THE LANGUAGE OF OLD EGYPT.

THERE is every reason to believe that the native Christian population of Egypt read their Bibles and preserve their hymns and religious books in the ancient Coptic which was spoken in the days of the Pharaohs. It has not been in common use for many centuries, but a few words seem that there were persons who could speak it as late as the seventeenth century. This has led to much interesting and important study, now that keys have been found for some of the hieroglyphics. The study is absolutely necessary with inscriptions, and most of these inscriptions contain information that we much desire to possess. Many persons, finding for the new interest in this country, was a perfect mania with the old Egyptians. They put up their inscriptions on monuments, tombs, etc., but they put their mark on every thing that could carry it. There are, we firmly believe, the means of ample knowledge, if we can but find the wit to interpret. But, be it understood, there is not much the hieroglyphics (which, as has been said, is still preserved in sacred books) as the characters in which it was written, which present the puzzle. The perplexity arises from the fact that there were two distinct styles in the ancient days of the Egyptians known only to the priests. Besides which there were varieties of writing, used possibly according to fixed rules, but very confusing till the rules shall be found. Three varieties are recognized thus far. One would appear to be alphabetical writing, although done in pictures—that is to say, there is a sign for every letter, and, unfortunately, more than one sign for each. A second is simply pictorial writing, wherein a drawing of the object stands for it. The third is a symbolical writing, where pictures do not stand for the objects which they represent, but for some other objects signified by them figuratively or arbitrarily. In this last kind, the representation of some natural object—as a bird, a serpent, a hatchet—may represent a whole speech, a syllable, or a letter. Here we can stop. It has, however, come to light that very often, besides the characters which form the word, a drawing of the thing intended is given. The three kinds of writing are often intermixed in one inscription—wherefore we know not—and thus a pretty complication was presented; indeed, it was no wonder that at one time the hieroglyphics were looked upon as little more than quaint devices of little or no significance. Great genius, however, and great patience having been exercised in the subject of late writings, have at length solved some of the difficulties, and shown us how the rest may be solved. A stone was dug up at Rosetta in 1798 having on it an inscription in three different characters, wholly in each character was repeated. Fortunately the characters was the Greek, which could be read; and it being assumed that the other two were the Egyptian forms of the same words, the learned set to work, and before long had something like the beginning of an alphabet. It was not till 1822 that M. Champollion, the most successful discoverer, published his vocabulary, which gave at once a view and a new impetus to the ingenious of all countries.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SERVANT applied to her mistress for a "loan" of paper and envelope. She received them, but soon brought them back. "What is the matter, Jane? Aren't they stylish enough?" "Oh yes, Mum, but we're running I am now, and times haven't got a black border!"

A Frenchman by will left all his property to his wife on condition that she should go over his grave a stone with this inscription:

Ici repose
Adolphe Bonnet
Who died at the age of —years,
In the possession of his faculties,
Except during the last fortnight
Of his life.

"You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had here yesterday," said a landsity in Indiana to a friend from the city. "What was the occasion?" "Why, a wedding. Two of 'em." "What, thirteen couples just married?" "Oh no, Sir, fifteen couples divorced."

A gentleman asked a lady, known to be utterly ignorant of languages, "How did you get along when you went to Rome yourself?" "Why, I had a Bible, Sir," replied she, with quite a French air, "we had an interpreter with us." The same lady having arranged some statues in an adjoining room, requested the same gentleman to go in. "Step this way, Monsieur, and see her antics" (antiques).

A LADY has recently published the most complete and unfortunate of animals?—Because he gambols in his youth, frets in the turf, is often a black-leg, and is forced annually.

A manufacturer of tombstones lately received a bad debt on a countryman who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and asking many questions as to the taste of his deceased mother, he finally picked upon one which the widow-to-be declared her mother's person. "I like this one," said he. "Sold," said the dealer, "and what name shall I put upon it?" "Put upon it," said the bereaved son (a revolver of his mother)." Oh no, I would," said the countryman; "put upon it, 'Here lies Mary Jones,' for she'll be so obscured by the wonderment of the stone-cutter, that they'll was always a favorite name of hers, any how!"

THE BEST COBB—Coffee.

Three wild mud-larks were captured by a young district visitor on a country lane, and carried to a Ragged School in New York, where they were severally questioned as follows: "What's your name?" "Jim Brown, Sir," answered the one who was first interrogated. "Oh no; your name is Daniel; you're like Daniel, you know." "Yes, Sir, I'm Daniel, take your seat." "And what's your name?" said the visitor to the second. "Tom Jones," elucidated the urchin. "Dear me! it is not Tom, but Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is my good man?" "Why, dash it, I'm Bill Sykes, Sir," in a grim of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done credit to Mr. Punch's living catechumen bodily replied, "Samuel, your Honour."

THE FOOBERT TEA.—Poverty.

An Irishe old gent, who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace, was one day accosted in the street by a youth in a manner that did not come up to Mr Brasse's idea of respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, dadda," said the youth, "you are not in session." "This court," replied Mr Judge, thoroughly nettled, "is always in session, and especially always an object of contempt."

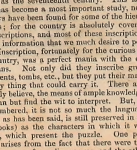

SIDEWORSHIP AT ST. PETER'S.

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* The Mayor of New York, Mr. Hall, is a descendant of Sir Edmund Hall, Governor of Charles I.—boasts of his descent from an ancestor who never bowed to Cromwell. If the fifth section of the Constitution is to be observed, the great descendant ought to be relieved from a city-nurse.

A DREAM OF TOYS.

THE DREAM REALIZED.

BY THE SEA.

LAST night I watched the old year die—
A wind swept once across the sky,
That seemed to me his parting sigh—

The tolling ceased. Then weirdly gay,
The bells rang forth across the bay
Sensing a sea-chorus on their way.

An echo from the hollow caves—
A thrill of music from the waves,
Where some that hear shall find their graves!

These changeful bells, I whispered, sure
Most like some cunning overture,
Give foretaste what we must endure!

O young hope, true, that yet shall grow
To work us either weal or woe—
'Tis strange that men should hail thee so!

O dread, mysterious volume, sealed—
What hidden page in thee there conceal'd—
Not till the end to be revealed—

O ship that sails the unknown sea—
We guess not what thy freight may be—
What storms—what shipwreck—none foresee!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

IN TWO BOOKS.—BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER XII.

NO LESS THAN KIN, AND MORE THAN KIND.

THAT a woman who has pledged herself solemnly before the world and her own conscience to be faithful to a man, should be false to him, did not seem, in Barletti's confused code of ethics, to be blameworthy. Veronica, false to her husband, would have sunk no jot in Count's esteem. It would all have been according to the experience of the world in which he had lived: a lovelorn, unblushing intrigue, and a subsequent compensating attachment. The experience of the world in which he had lived was his religion; its opinion, his conscience. He would, no doubt, have acted in contradiction to his worldly code, and have suffered as tempestuous men with a higher creed have acted against their conscience. But he would have experienced the same sort of pain in so acting as attends the conscious disregard of whatever we are accustomed to consider as a sanction.

Now he was called upon to readjust all his ideas regarding Sir John Gale and Veronica. His first strong sentiment in the matter was blame of Sir John. And it was not altogether unpleasant to find a justification for an even stronger dislike of the baronet than he had yet confessed so himself that he entertained. For John was an old rival! He had courted the girl away from her home. He must have deceived her basely. Poor, lonely, helpless, inexperienced girl!

This, then, accounted for her appearance on hearing that Sir John's life was in danger. He knew how horrible her position would be should he die before making his wife. It seemed pretty clear that the sentence of the physicians had fixed Sir John's wavering mind, and determined the performance of this act of reparation toward Veronica. She had conquered. Barletti felt some admiring triumph in that thought. But it did not soften him toward the baronet.

He believed Sir John to be thoroughly cynical and unprincipled; but that did not make it incredible that the old rogue should have been frightened into doing right by the mere approach of death. It was quite conceivable to him that such ready reparation might avail him before the Tribunal to which Sir John must shortly be summoned. The priests taught the efficacy of a death-bed repentance. He (Barletti) did not much believe in the priests; but these were professional matters which they probably understood. It was no concern of his to investigate further. He had no more idea of arranging the morality of such matters than of repudiating all law because a thief might possibly escape punishment by a technical flaw in the indictment. And he was perfectly at liberty to detest the thief all the same.

This false selfish sentimentalism could not obliterate the memory of the harassing anxiety to which Veronica had been cruelly subjected. That, she was, too, the latent consideration—favoring the whole current of his reflections—that he himself had narrowly escaped being placed in an unpleasant position. It was one thing to be the favored suitor of a young widow; and quite another to be bound to a woman without rank, or money, or influence; whose sole dowry would be her beauty, and an imperious appetite for the luxuries that only great wealth can purchase.

What had he to offer to Veronica if she were poor? He might have lost her altogether! And his instinctive conviction that she was incapable of loving him with a love which should enable her to endure poverty for his sake, did not militate against the reasonableness of his position.

But suppose, after all, she were to throw him over, now that she was secure? She would be very rich—that he took for granted; and she would have a brilliant position in her own country. He became nervously impatient to see her again, and yet he dreaded to find a change in her manner.

He had met Veronica twice since their first memorable interview in the Villa Reale. She had debated anxiously with herself whether she had not best break her appointment; but she had come to the conclusion that she did not dare to drive Barletti to desperation. He might in his rashness dash the cup from her lips, even at the last moment. They had met, therefore, and Barletti had given his report of the doctor's opinion, and then had chanced in reward of his zeal the privilege of protecting his devoted love. Veronica had made the interview as brief as possible on each occasion. But she had been gentle and soft in her manner to Barletti, and had professed herself very grateful for the trouble he had taken.

He tried to recall the minutest circumstances of their interviews; at one and awaiting and interpreting Veronica's looks and words into an acknowledgment of love for him; at another telling himself that it was plain she cared no jot for him, and was only using his devotion without a thought of reciprocating it. All his recollections resulted in an impatient longing to see and speak with her again. He struggled to take the step of going to the palazzo she inhabited at once, instead of waiting for the usual hour of his evening visit.

The wretched little cab horse, which, like most of its class in Naples, seemed to have a constant free service not derived from food, and which had continued its shuffling trot as though, poor beast, it were desperately trying to run away from existence, was pulled up with a sudden check at a signal from Barletti. He alighted, paid the fare, and walked hastily away. The man he gave the driver inspired in that individual sentiments of mingled contempt and self-reproach. The contempt was excited by the spectacle of a man—a native Neapolitan, too, per Bacco!—so soft as to pay the hire unless he fixed it. The reason of his self-reproach, of a rather poignant kind, was that he had not had presence of mind to demand double the money!

Barletti, on presenting himself at Sir John Gale's house, was told by the porter that his master could see no one. He had been out all morning, and was fatigued and unwell.

"Miladi, then?" asked Barletti.

The man looked a little surprised at the unprecedented compliment of the title bestowed on her "miladi" at that hour; but he said he would go and see. Barletti was then ushered into the signor principe. While he waited for the message to be taken up, Barletti's mind made the most of the few words that it had just been taken. He wished he could have gone by a side delay into the room where Veronica was: he gave one time to cool, and to take account of unpleasant possibilities.

When Barletti was mad tripped down stairs and invited Barletti to follow her to milady's boudoir, he was in a state of nervous excitement. The boudoir was untenanted when he entered it, and for the moment he felt this to be a relief. He took time and waited for a moment on the evidences of wealth which met his eye, and feebly sang a very unpleasant amount of self-depreciation and timidity.

The door opened and Veronica appeared. She wore a dressing-gown of white cashmere, bordered in the shadows of its sweeping folds from silver gray to deepest purple. Round the throat and wrists was a small frill of fine lace. There was only a gleam of jewelry about her, save on the third finger of her left hand. She was pale, and her ring was half hidden in the blaze of a single splendid diamond set in a broad band of gold, and surmounting the plain wife's ring. She was tall, and looked tired.

"What is it?" she asked, advancing with slow grace, and giving him her hand.

He forgot every thing in the enchantment of gazing on her beauty. He pressed his forehead for her hand in his, and feeling his heart so full of misgiving that he could not speak, looked up into his eyes. A little faint color fluttered over her cheeks and throat. She slowly withdrew her hand, and motioned him to a seat. She was keenly alive to his speechless admiration, and felt secure in it. Barletti, with a sudden feeling languor and the reaction of intense excitement, like a runner who drops the moment he has reached the goal, sank back.

"What is it?" she asked again. "You asked for Sir John, and I was told that it was very important that he brought you here so early?"

"I did not expect to see—your husband," said Barletti, not accepting the proffered chair, but standing before her as she sat, and looking down upon her.

A vivid blush crimsoned her face and neck. Barletti had spoken with intention, and she had noted that he had done so. It was all a man had her real emotion by a feigned one, and threw herself impetuously forward as she sat, and replied: "You did not expect to see him? Why then, did you come at this hour? I should not have received you. I—I thought you had some real business with Sir John."

"I came to see Veronica," he said.

"Then you acted imprudently and inconsiderately."

"Imprudently for myself, perhaps. It may be that the most prudent thing I could do would be to leave you at once. But I have not acted inconsiderately toward you in coming. You have no longer any reason to fear Sir John Gale's anger against you. Your position must have been different."

She bent her head on her breast, which was rising and falling quickly. She preserved the haughty attitude of her head as she looked up at him, but it was not the haughtiness of pride in self, and she could not trust them to frame a reply.

"I saw you being rowed to the landing-place, he proceeded. "And then I accidentally got into conversation with an English officer of marines who belonged to the ship that you—visited this morning. I could hardly believe my ears or my eyes at first. But then suddenly a great many things that had puzzled me grew clear."

Still she would not look at him. She sat a little, and she turned her eyes *r ay* from him. He had not meant to say it. He had thought to see her triumphant, but she seemed downcast and oppressed. Or was this the beginning of the change in her toward him, which he had dimly foreboded?

"Veronica," he said, pleadingly, "you might have trusted me! I should have been true to you. But you were so proud and so secret. Have you much cause to suffered?"

She had been oppressed by a crowd of confused feelings: surprise, mortified pride, an undefined sense of relief in the knowledge that Count knew the real facts of her position and was still devoted to her; at the same time a hostile movement of amour propre which shuddered at the idea of falling from the high place she had occupied in his thoughts. His last words, and the tone of compassion in his voice, touched a tenderly sensitive spot in her overstrained nerves, and, suddenly dropping her face upon her open palms, she burst into a passion of crying. Perplexed and distressed he came and leaned over her chair, murmuring her name at intervals, and timidly touching the folds of her long sweeping gown. Her tears relieved and soothed her, and as she cried she thought. Even after the first burst of weeping had subsided in self she kept her face hidden, feeling that her attitude and her distress afforded a kind of ambush whereon to collect her thoughts.

"Veronica, you are not angry with me?" said Barletti.

She had by this time been inspired with an idea which was as balm to her hurt pride. It was unbearable to be the object of pity to the man who had worshiped her. Sympathy—even compassion—so long as it were blended with sufficient admiration—she could endure. But she must regain the level she fancied she had lost. To that end would reveal to Barletti the fact of their relationship. She had conceived it until she stood before Barletti, and now in the face without communicating any breath of dishonor to her mother's race? As the thought occurred to her her mind she began to believe in it, as an action believes for the moment in his manic sorrow, and she felt quite magnanimous with a sense of noble self-sacrifice. The anticipated enjoyment of her coming "point" gave her the sensation of exaltation that is raised in her the consuming hands, and pushed the tender hair back from her forehead.

"Count," she said, in a voice which had not quite regained its steadiness, "I have something to tell you."

MEDORA LEIGH.*

IN September, 1869, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe published simultaneously in two republics Magazines and a newspaper, in the monarchy in England, an article which purported to set forth "The True Story of Lady Byron's Domestic Life." As far as the question involved in the present paper is concerned, the essential facts stated by Mrs. Stowe are these:

In 1856 Mrs. Stowe, who was then in England, received a visit from Lady Byron, who, finding that she wished to have some private conversation with her upon important subjects, Lady Byron had no reason to fear, and who was enjoying that reputation. At this time Lady Byron was about 66 years of age. She had been long in feeble health, and had been advised by her physicians that she had but a very little time to live. Lady Byron announced that she had sought this interview with the purpose of setting forth the true reasons for the final separation from Lord Byron, forty years before. The interview lasted a whole day, giving Lady Byron ample time to tell her story and to produce all the papers in her hand. She also gave to Mrs. Stowe a paper containing a memorandum of what she had said, with the dates affixed.

Whether Mrs. Stowe took notes of this memorandum was written at the time, or had been previously prepared, does not appear. Mrs. Stowe returned this memorandum, apparently without retaining a copy of it; and it does not appear that she made at the time any record of the conversation. It seems to have been clearly understood that Lady Byron left Mrs. Stowe to be at perfect liberty to decide whether at all, and if so, at what time and in what manner, the information thus conveyed to her should be published.

Thirteen years after, when Lady Byron had been dead for seven years, Madame Guizot, wife of Madame de Boissy, as she had become by marriage—a woman verging upon threscore-and-ten, and who had been long in regard to the man with whom she had lived in open and avowed adultery had a reputation for virtue—*a woman whose jealousy was extreme*, and who had her own settled theory of life, and was unflinching in her effort who united a conviction of her own wisdom to perfect ignorance of the world in which she lived, believing that she knew it as well; who, far from consenting to modify her opinions, would fain have imposed them upon others. In short, a woman who had nothing in common with Lady Byron but the power of intellect, or to find the root to his heart or mind: *fondly, one to the other, forgiveness and reconciliation* had been effected.

The sentences above placed in italics seem to be mainly the ones which Mrs. Stowe thought it important to controvert, by showing, first, that Lady Byron's whole life was one of sublime patience, charity, self-abnegation, and forgiveness, for which we may surely seek a parallel among human beings; and that these virtues were especially manifested in her conduct toward that husband who had over and over again, in prose and verse, charged her with utter incapacity for the duties of compassion and forgiveness. If the charges which she brings against Byron are well founded, no one will deny that Mrs. Stowe has fully proven her point. Of these charges we have at present to deal with but two, which we give in Mrs. Stowe's own words:

First. "Byron fell into the depths of a secret, sedentary intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and disgrace in any civilized society. Byron became forth his daunting guilty secret because the ruling force in his life, dwelling him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish, and known only to Medora."

Second. "There was an unfortunate child of six, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though the child was not her own, she felt a peculiar personal responsibility to evil in the subject of it, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over the child, but she responsibly from her hands."

Mrs. Stowe does not indeed say directly that the partner of this incestuous intrigue was Augusta Leigh, the half-sister of Byron; nor does she directly affirm that Lady Byron learned of the existence of this crime during the period of her visit to Mrs. Stowe; nor that the child was the offspring of this particular crime. But there can be no doubt that it was understood, and intended her readers to understand, that all these were facts in the case.

We do not propose more than to touch upon the manner in which the statements made by Mrs. Stowe were received. No one, we imagine, ever supposed that these charges were invented by Mrs. Stowe, or doubted that she reproduced, with nearly as much accuracy as memory would permit after the lapse of thirteen years, the substance of the statements made to her by Lady Byron. But the information published contained so many palpable and demonstrable inaccuracies, and the inconsistencies, indeed, some of them long known, and others brought to light from independent and unexpected, but altogether unquestionable sources, were so almost universal judgment was that the charges were not only not established, but were also wholly unfounded. If this was the case, the second charge, of which little mention was made, fell to the ground. It could also count to light that Mrs. Stowe was not the only, nor the first person to whom Lady Byron had made the same charge. But there was no evidence that Lady Byron ever made the charge until many years after the death of Byron. It was natural that of the multitudes of persons who gave the subject a careful and candid consideration an immense majority should arrive at the conclusion that Lady Byron entertained this belief under the influence of one of those monomaniac hallucinations which sometimes accompany age and infirmity.

If the "History and Autobiography," the title of which is prefixed at the commencement of this paper, be not just what it purports to be it is the worst base and most audacious forgery that has been perpetrated within the memory of living man—a forgery also easily proven and fastened upon the real criminal—a charge which no one has any illegal pretense to inspect then."

Assuming, as we are warranted in doing, the genuineness of the book, it is proposed to present somewhat extended résumé of its contents.

George Gordon Byron, the poet, born in 1788, was the son of Captain John Byron, who was the son of Admiral Byron, a brother of William, fifth Lord Byron of Rochdale, who died in a duel for the murder of his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, whom he had killed in a drunken brawl. This Hon. William Byron, for the last twenty-five of his life, which ended in 1798, was known as the "wicked Lord Byron." Of numerous surviving children he was succeeded in his titles and estates by the poet, then a boy of ten. Admiral Byron, who died in 1786, married in 1748 to a Miss Trevanion; but there was something irregular in this marriage that within sixty years after, it was necessary to be proven by the poet, in order to enable him to show his right to a seat in the House of Lords. It was done only with much difficulty and after considerable delay. This irregularity was supposed to lie prominently in what is to be said of Medora Leigh.

John Byron, the son of the Admiral, was, about 1776, the handsomest and most reckless young nobleman in England. "His wife commonly known as Mad Jack Byron." Before he had fairly reached his majority he had become notorious as an adulterer intrigue with a queress. This woman was Amelia D'Arcy, only daughter and heiress of Robert, fourth Earl of Holderness and Baron Conyers. The earldom did not descend to heirs female, and became extinct on the death of the fifth earl, in 1778. Her barony did descend in the female line, and she was styled Lady Conyers. She was married to Fran-

* *Medora Leigh, A History and Autobiography. Ed. ited by Lord Byron's Wife. With an Introductory Letter, a Commentary on the Charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe.* London: Richard Bentley.

cis, Marquis of Carmarthen, who in time became Duke of Leeds. By this husband she had two children, one of whom succeeded to his father's dukedom and his mother's barony. The names of D'Arcy and Leeds also became mixed up in the affairs of Medora Leigh. The Marquis of Carmarthen having, in 1779, obtained a divorce from his wife, she soon after married her paramour, John Byron, Admiral Byron. She (in 1781, according to one account, but as stated by Moore, more probably in 1785) having a daughter, Mary Augusta, who subsequently married her cousin, Colonel Leigh of the army, and was usually known as Mrs. Leigh, although her proper designation was Lady Mary Augusta Leigh.

Shortly after the death of Lady Carmarthen, John Byron married Catherine Gordon, an heiress belonging to one of the noblest Scottish families, and connected remotely with the royal line. The sole issue of this second marriage was George Gordon Byron, the poet. Is it worthy of note that the Duke of Gordon was one of the godfathers of this infant. It thus appears that the Byrons were directly allied to quite a few of the oldest families of the peerage and aristocracy; and also that there was a fearful taint of blood running through generations in the parentage of the half-brother and sister.

Of John Byron it is only necessary to say that in two years he ran through all the fortune of his second wife, and died in 1791, leaving her and their one daughter destitute. Apparently, she was eight years the senior of her half-brother, who was therefore brought up by the family of her mother. They saw each other only occasionally until 1812, he being twenty-three years of age, and she thirty-one. She was married, and to all appearance a happy wife, and the mother of three children. She had seen Byron in 1816, just before his final departure from England. During the preceding two years they were much together. After that she lived for many years, and became the mother of four children, one having been born in 1835. That child was the Medora Leigh, the subject of this paper, and the one to whom Mr. Stowe refers as the "child of a sin," of incestuous intercourse between her mother and her mother's half-brother, Byron.

According in connection with this charge, now first publicly made, we are confident that no reproach or suspicion was ever attached against Augusta Leigh; while there remains evidence as abundant as can be brought forward in the case of any other married lady that she was regarded and treated as a woman of unblemished character and reputation. Moreover, if her name can man fell into that abyss of infamy, as is deliberately and solemnly affirmed by Lady Byron, almost quarter of a century, and yet it is hardly more credible that she should be the mother of two daughters so utterly inhuman as are set forth in the book.

We now at length come to the special case of Medora Leigh, the only material point of which is absolutely from this "History and Autobiography."

In the summer of 1843 there arrived in London a woman evidently of considerable culture and refinement, of about the age of—and-twenty; with her was a girl of nine or ten, whom she represented as her daughter. She was accompanied by Captain De B——, a gallant veteran of the British army, who had served through the Peninsular war in the 71st regiment, and had received several severe wounds at Waterloo, for which he enjoyed a pension of £100 per annum. She claimed to be the daughter of Augusta Leigh, and had come from France, where she had for a while resided, to obtain advantage some claims upon the kindness of Lady Byron. Captain De B—— stated that he became acquainted with her in the south of France, where she was living in apparent respectability under the name of Madame St. Aubin. He had just lately met her in Paris, on the occasional assistance of utter destitution; had supplied her from his own scanty means with money and immediate support, and to proceed to London. There he introduced her to Mr. S——, his legal agent. To this lawyer she confided her history, necessitating, among other things, that while Mrs. Leigh was living, her father was not Colonel Leigh, but Lord Byron. Mr. S—— took up the case. "Miss Leigh proved to his entire satisfaction, by documentary evidence in her possession, that she was indeed the daughter of the Hon. Augusta Leigh. She also proved to him, and afterward gave him in writing the whole history of her unhappy life, and so deeply impressed him in her favor that he took measures, without divulging their object, to obtain confidential access to some of the high personages interested in her case."

The autobiography opens thus abruptly:

"I am the fourth child of a family of seven. My eldest sister, Georgiana, married Mr. Henry Trevanion, a distant cousin, who, I believe, was a relation of my aunt. The marriage, which met the approbation of no one except my parents, did not turn out happily, owing to the smallness of fortune and the reverse temper of both parties. I was frequently invited to go and keep them company, and in March, 1839, after they had been married three years, it was decided that I should accompany them to a country house which had been placed at their disposal by my brother-in-law, Lord Byron, during the time of my sister's approaching confinement. I was told that my sister wished that my 'Governess' should be stated in whatever letter Mr. Trevanion had been enabled to marry only by a sum of money, ostensibly a loan, but understood to be really a gift, from Lord Byron.) "The last injunction and admonition I received from my parents on starting were, in all things to devote myself to pleasing my brother-in-law, Mr. Trevanion; to get rid of the dislike I entertained for him, and to cease ridiculing him, as I had been in the habit of doing.

"My sister's illness, during her confinement, was of the severest kind. She was delirious for days. On the occasion of my visit both husband and wife were away by night; and was frequently sent by my sister into his bedroom before every one was up in the house to bed. Some months passed in this manner, during which Mr. Trevanion took advantage of my sister's weakness and effected my ruin, and I found myself, likely to become a mother by one I had ever disliked."

The guilty pair threw themselves upon the mercy of Mrs. Trevanion; and it was agreed between her and her husband that they should take the fruit sister abroad. Mrs. Leigh, who appears to have been wholly ignorant of the reasons for this step, consented, and the three left for Calais, in France, where Medora was delivered of a boy, who was taken in charge by the confidential servant, and disappeared from sight. She was subsequently informed—most likely truly—that the child had died soon after the moment of its birth. This was in 1839, Medora being then fifteen years of age. She returned to her mother, who endeavored to force her into society and to balls, to which she objected on account of her youth, and because she had no taste for dancing, having for sister who had recently died. Here follows a new Act of the tragedy.

She was in total ignorance of the society of Trevanion, and the consequence was that early in the next year (1840) she found herself again likely to become a mother. Mrs. Leigh was now taken into the confidence of the parties, and it was arranged that Medora should accompany Trevanion and his wife into the country. Colonel Leigh appears soon after to have been made acquainted with the state of affairs, for in June he caused Medora to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Up to this time she believed that Colonel Leigh was her father, although she had been told the contrary by Trevanion and his wife. She, however, believing herself to be insane in the asylum, to have a few minutes' private talk with Trevanion, and, in reply to her inquiry, learned, if possible, make her escape and run away with him. She declares that her sister was privy to this arrangement. It was agreed that he should elope, and to all appearance a happy wife, and the mother of three children. She had seen Byron in 1816, just before his final departure from England. During the preceding two years they were much together. After that she lived for many years, and became the mother of four children, one having been born in 1835. That child was the Medora Leigh, the subject of this paper, and the one to whom Mr. Stowe refers as the "child of a sin," of incestuous intercourse between her mother and her mother's half-brother, Byron.

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But things did not run smoothly. The autobiography continues:

"Lady Byron's temper caused me great misery, and the strange arrangements were often most painful. In May, 1841, the Chancery suit was decided, in a way which showed me that I had been in a way sacrificed to my mother's interest. I openly expressed to Lady Byron my pity for her, and my determination of leaving England; and solicited from her the means of doing so. She seemed pleased with my proposal, and said that to provide for Lord Byron would have done; and so on.

Lady Byron, finding her protégée determined to leave England, spoke of the necessity of her having a lady to live with her abroad. To this the willful girl readily objected. Then Lady Byron proposed a £50 a year, for the paying the wages of a maid whom she and Medora should keep.

"I informed Lady Byron," says Medora, "of my being left with child, and that I should like to go to a place she proposed, at Hyeres, for £150 per annum; that I would endeavor to do so, but that I would not, as in the past, suffer poverty and privation; and that whatever I might do, as a child, should be necessary for my health and Marie's education, I should endeavor to procure in some other way."

The upshot, as we gather from the Autobiography, was that Lady Byron would furnish whatever was necessary; but that it should be paid into the hands of the woman who had been hired expressly as a "lady's maid," but really to be a guardian, and that she should superintend the manner in which it was spent. Medora declined this proposal, and the husband of the "maid," who appears to have been a "courier," was hired for that purpose. The "Lord of Appointments" was Colonel Leigh, and Lord Byron, apparently by way of pledge of future good conduct on the part of Medora, also to her letters and papers, which Medora says were of the utmost importance. These letters somehow disappeared, and further mention of them occurs not in the "History" once or twice in connection with police reports, but in no other way.

Lady Byron seems toward this time to have kept aloof from her wayward charge, leaving matters to be managed by Ada and her husband, Lord Lovelace. Ada—so says Medora—"promised to write to me and protect me, assuring me that that her mother was deeply attached to me."

Then, on the 22d of July, 1842, Medora, with her maid and servant, furnished by Lady Byron with sufficient funds for the journey, set out for Hyeres, which had been fixed upon as her place of abode. Here Medora spent about a year, during which time she became acquainted with Captain De B——, then occupying some trouble about the receipt of remittances from Lady Byron. Medora set out for Paris to consult with her lawyer, Mr. S——, and to make an establishment for her child. She was to receive £100 per annum, and to be allowed £50 more for her wealthy relations the money which he had advanced.

Such is the history set forth at some length, mainly in what purport to be, and have the appearance of being, letters from persons of repute. Mr. S——, according to Dr. Lushington, who has been for more than a quarter of a century in Lady Byron's confidence; but other than this matter before her ladyship, he reserved for answer that he could not induce her to have any further interview with Medora. Mr. S—— however, advised Mr. S—— to apply to Sir George Grey, Bart., and to Lord Lovelace. Mr. S—— consulted Lady Byron, and said that he would endeavor to obtain from the friends of Miss Leigh a pecuniary provision, upon the condition that she would surrender to trustees the child of Trevanion, as a sacred precaution for her child; that she should give a written expression of her sincere contrition for the past; that she should promise that she should have no recognition in France. Medora was willing to accept the terms, but declined to surrender or accede to the first until she had received "an irrevocable obligation for her own support and education, upon which she would rely implicitly and make."

For about four months Medora is traceable in London by the begging letters which she wrote to her titled kinsmen. These brought her little or no money. The Duke of Leeds sent her a few pounds, and for the rest she seems to have been wholly dependent upon the bounty of Captain De B——. She made no attempt to see her mother, but was met with the reply, "Not at present." Lady Byron was at this time ill, and Ada asked Mr. S—— to forward. This does not appear to have been sent, as it was not received by Mr. S——. Medora in other characterizes it as "haughty, unfeeling, and cruel; and of such a character that no one, not even Ada, could, after mature deliberation, have deemed it both expedient and proper to exclude it from these pages."

The last which Mr. S——, Captain De B——, or Mr. Mackay appear to know of this "unfortunate child of sin" is a brief note, dated October 12, 1843, addressed to Mr. S——, signed "Ada Lovelace," requesting the answer to be addressed to "Madame Aubin, 18 Adelphon Terrace, Old Ox Road, Islington." Medora presents him to appoint a time for accompanying her to a police magistrate, for some purpose not specified. Mr. Mackay, indeed, says that she, "bearing with her her little daughter Marie, disappeared from the great, heartless, busy, cruel world of London, and soon afterward sank into that beneficent grave where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." But he suggests, what Mrs. Stowe's brief allusion renders more than probable, that she had "agreed to all the terms demanded by Lady Byron, and had ended her days in the receipt of her bounty."

It is difficult to imagine any reason why the editor of this book should have concealed under the name of Captain De B—— and Mr. S—— the names of two persons who bear an eminent part in the story, if they had been severely wounded at Waterloo," fifty-five years ago, may be fairly assumed to be no longer living. The latter is expressly affirmed to be still alive, at an advanced age, and unwilling to have his name brought before the public. Why is there be such a man, and if, as is affirmed, the letters addressed to him are in the hands of the publisher, and will be shown, the address upon them will declare his identity. Moreover, there is nothing which appears representing the conduct of either of these in a right other than favorable.

The book throws no new light upon the question of the alleged criminality of Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh. It, indeed, shows—assuming it to be genuine—that at a somewhat late period of her life Lady Byron believed such to have been the fact, but that this girl was the offspring of that crime. The editor puts forth an intemperate criticism upon Mrs. Stowe's article; but in reality nothing which has been said by her is in a much better manner. He also enters into a long argument to show that the conduct of Lady Byron derived the information which led her—as early as 1840, and probably somewhat earlier—to believe in the criminality of her husband. He thinks it most probable that this authority was Georgiana Trevanion, Lady Byron's sister, as far as now appears, as likely to be true as any other.

There is one circumstance relating to the relations of Lord Byron and his sister which we have not seen referred to, but which, considered, and which, properly followed up, may possibly throw some light upon the main subject.

On the 19th of July, 1815, Byron executed his last will and testament. The date, it will be observed, is seven months after the birth of Medora, after his marriage, and not quite four and a half months before the birth of his daughter Ada. By this will the whole of his property, except in part as had at the time of their marriage been settled upon Lady Byron, was bequeathed to his sister Augusta and her children. He thus, so far as lay in his power, set off from all participation in his estate the child of his wife's unborn child, and all children who might thereafter be born to them. He also disinherited that cousin who had been the cause of his ruin, and the heir of his title. He appears always to have been on excellent terms with Mrs. Leigh, more than once in writing had expressed his intention of making him the heir of his estates also. This will was, however revoked a few days after the death of Byron was proved before Dr. Lushington, judge and advocate of the prerogative, and the executors named in the will received due letters of administration.

The property thus bequeathed was great; for Byron at the time of his death was a rich man. It is important that in a single year he spent of the fine when he was harassed by creditors and bailiff—in very books levied upon and sold at auction—his debts seem to have been discharged, and himself in the receipt of a large income, we are not informed. But it is certain that during his first arrival in Italy his revenue was large. Two years before his death we find him consulting whether it would be safe to increase the allowance for the value of money then and now, nearly half a million of dollars. He had, however, seven mortgage of Irish estates. He lived in every way most expensively; yet, not long before his decease he wrote to Mr. Kinnaird, that as regarding that his surplus income was 20,000 dollars a year—as much, be it remembered, as that of the President of the United States. When he let out for Greece he was able, from the accumulations of three years, to take with him 60,000 dollars.

This inexplicable will was made at the time when (if at all) the incestuous intercourse between Byron and his sister was being carried on. Lord Leigh was within a few years the death of the child who was the alleged offspring of that incest. If the charge was supported by any probable power of tracing the collateral acquirement might be found for it in the fact of the will. Again, those who have the most contemptuous moral traits from generation to generation may be pardoned for thinking credible the most thought against Lord Byron who was the daughter of Lady Conyers, and the mother of Georgiana and Augusta Leigh.

Again, notwithstanding this great bequest of Byron, we find, not long after his death, his sister, Mrs. Leigh, in pecuniary difficulties from which she was relieved by a subscription from affluent, and apparently in a measure at least, dependent upon the bounty of Lady Byron. Such a fortune, as far as we can judge, was greater than is to be accounted for by the ordinary course of events. Lord Byron's will. Do not these circumstances indicate that the executors of Byron's will (Hobhouse, his early associate, and Hanson, his business agent for many years), who were sworn to execute that will, and who had the absolute power of selling or transferring the property, privately made it over to Lady Byron and her daughters? Such seems to us to be the only view that could only be with the consent of Augusta Leigh. Under the pressure of what circumstances we are unable to say.

But these and some other kindred topics open too wide a field for speculation to be here considered at length.

HIGH-PRIEST AT NABLUS READING THE PENTATEUCH.—[SEE PAGE 45.]

THE IMPERIAL YACHT "L'AIGLE," WITH THE EMPRESS EUGENIE ON BOARD, PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

ONE illustration on this page represents the steam-yacht of the Empress EUGENIE, with the accompanying fleet, making the passage of the Suez Canal, on the formal trip which opened this vast enterprise to the commerce of the world. Whatever defects may be found in the canal, this trip proved that a channel of sufficient depth of water to accommodate vessels of considerable tonnage really exists from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and that no obstacles to its navigation exist which money and engineering skill may not in time remove.

READING THE PENTATEUCH AT NABLUS.

IN a beautiful valley between Mounts Gerisim and Ebal, about thirty miles north of Jerusalem, lies a handsomely built town of very ancient origin, which now bears the name of Nablûs or Nabulus. The site is described as the most lovely spot in Central Palestine. It lies embosomed amid groves of olives; and abundant fountains and streams, combined with the genial climate, make it a perpetual garden.

This charming spot has, however, a higher claim than that of natural beauty. Here, for upward of 4000 years—from before the time of ABRAHAM to the present day—the worship of God has been maintained, according to the traditions of the Hebrew patriarchs and the ceremonial established by MOSES. The modern town, which is large and well built, contains about 10,000 inhabitants, all of whom are Mohammedans, with the exception of a small community of Samaritans numbering about 170 souls. It stands on the site of the Sichem or Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New Testament, and the Neapolis of the Greeks and Romans, of which name the modern word Nablûs is evidently a corruption. EUSEBIUS and ST. JEROME say that the ancient Shechem was a suburb of Neapolis; ST. JEROME also maintains that Sychar, in ST. JOHN'S Gospel (iv. 5), is a corruption of Sichem. Here, it is probable, ABRAM sojourned when, at God's command, before his name was changed to ABRAHAM, he left his country and kindred in quest of the land of promise, and journeying through Canaan, came to the place of Sichem, and there for the first time pitched his tent and built an altar in the land to be given to his seed. Here, four hundred years later, his descendants, after their long servitude in Egypt and wanderings in the wilderness, first assembled and established themselves on taking possession of the promised inheritance. Here, nearly two hundred years after ABRAM first encamped, his grandson JACOB spread his tent and dug a well in the field he had bought of the children of HAMOR, SHECHEM'S father. Near to it stands at the present time a little village called Sâlim, which it is not very difficult to identify with the "Shalem, a city of Shechem," where JACOB bought the parcel of ground, not perhaps with the Salem of the high-priest MELCHISEDEK, who set bread and wine before ABRAM and blessed him. Shechem fell to EPHRAIM, and was a Levitical city and a city of refuge. Here was JOSEPH'S tomb, and here also was the tabernacle in the time of JOSHUA, who set up a pillar near it shortly before his death. Here GIDEON defeated the Midianites, and REHOBOAM was made king. By the side of JACOB'S well Jesus sat, wearied with his journey, and conversed with the Samaritan woman, while his disciples went to Sychar to buy meat. The name Neapolis (new town) was given during the occupation of Syria by the Greeks, who probably extended the city to the westward on account of the abundant supply of water in that direction. SIMON MAGUS practiced his sorceries in Neapolis, and JUSTIN MARTYR was a native of the same city.

During the destructive wars waged by JUSTINIAN against the Samaritans in the first half of the sixth century the nation almost disappeared from history, and in modern times only one community of this people is known to exist—that at Nablûs. According to their local traditions they are doomed to extinction. This small community has in its possession a copy of the five books of MOSES which claims to be the oldest book in existence. The Samaritans themselves maintain that it was written by ABISHUA, the great-grandson of AARON, fourth high-priest of the JEWS, which would make its age about three thousand three hundred years. The opinions of scholars as to its age vary greatly. MOST critics do not venture to carry its date beyond B.C. 116, when the temple to which it probably belonged was destroyed. The manuscript Pentateuch is written on a large parchment-like scroll, which is rolled upon two poles, protected by an embroidered cover, and deposited in a richly-ornamented cylindrical case of precious metals opening upon hinges. The ornament at the top of the case is said by the Samaritans to represent the standards of the tribes; the balls represent pomegranates. There are spots in the MS. from the kisses of the Samaritans on the passages where the name of AARON occurs.

Our engraving on page 44 is taken from a very fine drawing by Mr. CARL HAAG, an eminent English water-color artist, who visited the synagogue of the Samaritans at Nablûs during his journey in Palestine; and being much impressed by the noble bearing, and handsome, intelligent, expressive, Semitic countenance of the high-priest, ABRAM, sought an introduction through DR. GEORGE ROSEN, then accredited as Prussian Consul to Jerusalem, but at that time staying at Nablûs. The result was that Mr. HAAG was not only permitted to take his easel into the synagogue for the purpose of sketching the place, but the high-priest stood in person, in his robes, and Pentateuch in hand, to enable the artist to

makes a large finished study of him. The picture is consequently authentic, equally as regards the portraiture and accessories. The priest reads the MS. as represented, holding it high up before him: by turning the pole-handles he unrolls it off the left hand pole over to the right hand one—taking care not to touch the sacred scroll with bare hands. When he has finished reading, the scroll is placed in its case and returned to the tabernacle. The embroidery upon the crimson curtain covering the wall behind the high-priest professes to represent the ancient temple which stood on Mount Gerizim. At the bottom of the curtain appears the porch of the Temple, with two pillars, one on each side, called "Jachin and Boaz;" between which stand two golden candlesticks and a very large vase in the middle. Higher up, amidst a profusion of ornaments, are trumpets, cymbals, and other ancient musical instruments. Above this, again, the embroidery shows the Court of the Priests, with a square plate in the centre representing the altar on altar; on the right of which is a seven-branched candlestick; on the left, the vessel for burning frankincense; and beneath, the table whereon the shew-bread is set. Over all, at the top, is represented the Most Holy Place, in the centre of which stands the Ark of the Covenant, with a large vessel on the left, and AARON'S rod that blossomed on the right.

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To Harper's Weekly:

Your publication of Mr. George Hodge's communication, concerning his sufferings from rupture, and final cure by Dr. Sherman, prompts me to address you the following facts, touching my case:

When I—for, like whole North—was electrified with the splendid march of General Sherman, and his triumphs in overcoming the rupture of our country, I little dreamed that I should be filled with joy and gratitude toward the one bearing a similar name, for personal assistance in curing a rupture as important to me of health, and the capacity of enjoying the various comforts of life, as the Sherman we, under the blessing of God, have to thank mainly for the Union and the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty by the entire nation. But such is the fact. I am in ecstacy—unable to express the fullness of my heart—the unbounded satisfaction which I now enjoy, from being relieved and thoroughly cured of rupture. It is truly an affliction, in comparison with which the cholera, and plagues, the burning fever and diphtheria, are from the hand of misfortune—dew-drops in comparison with the weight of a heavy shower—the all-pervasive beams to the intense rays of the noonday sun. Yes, rupture is dispiriting, dispiriting, as only can be the victims connected with naive life. He knows its incapacities, its horrors, its fears, its forebodings, and never a sensitive object of pity, when otherwise his every movement would be illuminated, and marked with the grace and stamina of a Napoleon. Such conjectures and reflections are but the truth—too truthful to the halting subject. Yes, I could go further, and, from my present feelings, exclaim: To be ruptured is to be like the noble captive chained to the triumphal car of the noble captive released and in the midst of his friends. Words fail me, I could cover my paper up to every ruptured being in the country, and that Dr. Sherman is the most human, considerate, and candid man I have ever met, and his treatment is the most successful and speedy. Why, I was under the treatment of a number of surgeons, and would then be witnessing the neglect out the hand: My rupture is cured! like the tender zeal of tender would rest over the pain, through the reflex, leaping from hill-top to hill-top, from mountain-peak to mountain-peak, from to the circle of the earth and heaven would be ringing with the praises of Dr. Sherman's genius, in thus conquering the most dreaded affliction poor humanity has to bear up against. And I believe the Doctor's deeds would carry him as deep in the heart of the nation as the General's has, had the nation known them. Actuated by the general, he is more esteemed as an emblem of peace than as a warrior, surrounded by a bevy of gladdened hearts, and placed upon his brow by the divine touch of the Creator, a halo of light that would, in its abundance could not volumize, did patience not check me, by reminding me that this is but a simple communication concerning a good cause for the interests of the poor afflicted; for he who is ruptured is poor indeed. Anything more millions. These remarks may be repudiated by those who are not subjects of this affliction, or who have no knowledge of the wretchedness it entails upon its victims; but by all those they will be received with the fullest feeling. I am cured. In those three words are embodied my future hope of success from engaging in the active pursuits of life. Yes, I am

Cured of my Rupture.

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I adopted Dr. Sherman's curative method on a New-Years present to myself for 1869, and a happier New-Year can never light up my path in the future. No, never. When I think of it, it is as Brick Pomeroy, of the *Democrat* observed, said, in alluding to Dr. Sherman's cure: "Almost miraculous." Cured without pain, cured without the interruption of labor, without suffering or inconvenience; cured while laughing, joking, working, when others around me were suffering and sighing from the pain of irksome tissue, deriding my hope of cure—dubious, incredulous, disinterested degree to the True cure. Yes, I say, under such circumstances, awakens in the mind the reflection "almost miraculous." I think I have said enough; but as there may be some unreasonable creature, over whose heart the world's sympathy may refer him to the house of Murphy, Grant, & Co., 18 Reade St., New York, where I am well known for many years as an honest citizen. At the same time, it will afford me infinite pleasure to correspond with the unfortunate in regard to my interests and cure, by letter. The publishing of Mr. Hodge's communication in your paper last year, having aroused my slumbering hopes, I now solicit, in behalf of humanity, the publication of my experience, with the impression that it may have a similar good influence on others who are suffering from rupture, and at the same time enable me to publicly acknowledge, through one of the most widely-known and widespread sources, the specific character of Dr. Sherman's invaluable healing system. I thought I had finished, but can not lay down my pen without saying to every one of my fellow-sufferers, Don't delay a day longer. I tried three years, and here is cure. There is no good in them. Away with them, and secure Dr. Sherman's assistance, perseverance, and curative, as I did, and be cured as I am. Then, and not till then, will you enjoy your existence as I now enjoy mine.

Yours truly,

W. H. SMITH.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 682.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL—HEAD OF THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE GRAND NAVE OF ST. PETER'S.—[SEE PAGE 50.]

ENTERING ST. PETER'S.

THE 8th of December, the day fixed for the opening of the Nineteenth Œcumenical Council, dawned inauspiciously over Rome: "under a black and bitter and rainy sky," writes a newspaper correspondent, "a sky such as Dr. Cumming might have ordered of his intimate friend, the Angel of the Apocalypse, for the express purpose of dampening and disheartening the Scarlet Woman," the solemn ceremonies began. The Eternal City presented, nevertheless, on the day appointed, a very gay street view crowded and choked up with the throng of carriages. Vehicles of every conceivable description, from the scarlet chariot of the cardinal, with its golden trappings, to the rickety "hack," filled all the thoroughfares leading to the grand cathedral.

The scene before the entrance to the cathedral was extraordinary, combining magnificence with the depressing influence of the ruin, while the interior was crowded with representatives of "every people, and nation, and kindred, and tongue under the whole heaven." The variety of ecclesiastical and military costume, of every imaginable fashion and color, dazzled the eye. Here a band of monks, clad from head to foot in robes of the sackcloth, the face completely enveloped in a black hood, with places for the eyes, which glared through the openings in sword brightness, threw a sort of spectral gloom around the scene. This was soon relieved by another company of religionists, with costumes of a similar fashion, but of blue material, and enormous white cross over their shoulders. The brown dress and flowing beards of the barefooted friars, whose heavy limbs did sure justice to their appearance, presented a strange contrast to the barbaric pomp and gold which often betrayed the representation of some Italian nobleman. Tattered and dirty beggars mingled in the throng on terms of perfect equality, and not a few dressed, not for any ceremonial occasion, were observed struggling to maintain good positions for seeing the splendid pageant.

Soon after nine o'clock the grand procession, heralded by strains of solemn music, entered the cathedral, as depicted in our illustration of the preceding page, in the following order: 1. Chaplains in Ordinary. 2. Private Chaplains. 3. Consistorial Advocates. 4. Chamberlains not Partecipanti. 5. Private Chamberlains. 6. Choir of the Pontifical Chapel. 7. College of Abbots. 8. Officers of the Saint-Hospice. 9. Incense Bearers. 10. Cross Bearer and Acolytes. 11. Abbés Genuflexi Mitrati. 12. Abbés mitrati. 13. Bishop-Archbishops. 15. Princes. 16. Patriarchs. 17. Cardinal. 18. The Pope in the chair of state, borne on men's shoulders, in robes of the highest ceremonies. 19. The Prelates of the Papal train. 20. The Apostolic Protonotaries. 21. The Generals of Orders, being Regular Clerks, Monks, and Mendicants. 22. Officers of the Council who have no rank in the Prelatical Colleges. 23. Stenographers. While the procession was moving toward the High Altar the Pope solemnly intoned the "Veni Creator Spiritus," which was also chanted by the choir. On reaching the High Altar, where the Sacrament was exposed, the Pope removed the costly mitre from his head and recited the prayer over which had been selected for the service. Thus the grand procession entered St. Peter's, and the Council was opened.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

☞ *New subscribers to* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be furnished with the pages from the commencement of* WILKIE COLLINS'S "MAN and WIFE," *in the Number for* NOVEMBER 20, 1869, *at the yearly subscription price of* $4 00.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

THERE is a familiar story in the State of a conversation between Mr. Sherman and one he was Governor and a rural voter. Mr. SHERMAN mentioned incidentally that he was the chief magistrate of Ohio. "You!" exclaimed the voter, in amazement. "Oh no! every body knows that THURLOW WEED is Governor of New York." Certainly the present chief magistrate of this State is very unlike any of his noted predecessors, JOHN JAY, the CLINTONS, TOMPKINS, or SEWARD. But whatever he may be, every body knows that PETER B. SWEENY is Governor of New York. Mr. SWEENY is the DICTATOR of the Capitol Hill, and the first days of the session of the new Legislature showed that TAMMANY controls both the Executive and the Legislative branches of the government. Mayor HOFFMAN'S Message is merely a solemn presentation of Mr. SWEENY'S opinions and intentions. Mr. HITCHMAN, the Speaker, is Mr. SWEENY'S man for the chair; and on the first day of the session Mr. TWEED, the lieutenant of Mr. SWEENY, proposed to vindicate the excitement of New York to the Fifteenth Amendment. Even Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY hastened to obey Mr. SWEENY, and led the first debate of the act, to which the House immediately concurred.

A more characteristic act was impossible. For a generation the Democratic party has devoted all its power to the inhuman oppression of the negro. It held the national government, and that became a vast conspiracy against the most unfortunate and helpless class of persons in the country. No relentless was the Democratic purpose, so thorough its organization, that there was not a little postmaster any where in the land who dared to call his soul his own by declaring the equal right of all men to liberty. Believing the public conscience to be totally disarmed, and the public spirit subdued, the Democratic leaders laid their hands upon the free Territories of the West, with the monstrous doctrine that the Constitution carried slavery every where. But the honor and manhood of the American people revolted against that last degradation; and then the chief Democratic leaders, many of whom were in the national administration itself, took up arms to destroy the government, and to found a new empire upon the abject slavery of the laboring population.

The result was the unconditional victory of the loyal country, under the leadership of the Republican party, the total abolition of slavery, and the development of a new spirit among the population to equal civil and political rights. In the contest the Democratic party, whose great cardinal idea had been the perpetuation of slavery, and whose chiefs had been great slave-masters, lost power in almost every State. In New York it had occasionally a majority in the senior or in Assembly; but it had not for many years controlled every department of the government. It held only the Governorship party in firm only in the States least eminent for intelligence and most tainted with the barbarism of slavery. Its representatives are Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, Tennessee. Wherever the government is founded upon the colored race, the utmost class of ignorance is everywhere distinguished by the laws, there the Democratic party is in the ascendant, and there injustice and ignorance have their chief seat.

The power of such a party in the State of New York is necessarily insecure. But by the most monstrous and audacious frauds the Democratic party elected a Governor in 1868, and have now also the Legislature and other State officers. Secretary of State HITCHMAN declared, when, in hot haste, it shows its ancient hatred of equal rights by withdrawing its assent to the Amendment, that "it removes the last obstacle from politics; and, at the same time, with the same spirit that brought the party to its knees before Wade Hampton at the New York Convention of 1868, Mr. SWEENY'S man, Mr. HITCHMAN, says that he should like to see Congress attempt to force negroes upon the South by edict." Whether Congress—that is, the Legislature of the people of the United States—"dare" to disregard the "last obstacle" to the unconstitutional action of a State, or of a "confederacy" of States, Mr. HITCHMAN is quite old enough to learn soon.

The Democratic party went out of power in this State trying to make the negro a slave. It returns to power trying to make the negro a citizen in equal citizen. Arrayed against justice, humanity, reason, and the American principle, the party of slavery is naturally insane. It has equal rights, and its fate is written: "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

IS HE ALSO JUDAS ISCARIOT?

THERE are undoubtedly reasons why it is desirable that a Justice of the Supreme Court of a particular district should have certain associations with that district. Justice, indeed, is blind, but in the management of human affairs fact is indispensable. When, therefore, the President nominated Mr. HOAR to the Senate, it was to be presumably assumed that he had some reason for the appointment who was a resident of the district. This may be a matter of regret, but it certainly is no surprise. Least of all should it surprise the Democratic journals, for they have always assured us that all the most eminent in the Southern States were the most resolute and sincere of rebels. Nor should it be surprising to our own Republican friends, for many of the Republicans in the Southern States who are understood to oppose the nomination of Mr. HOAR are living representatives of the difficulty experienced by the Republicans in finding old residents of the late rebel States who could be wisely called to high and responsible offices. Of course, the most insolent himself would not be indisposed to find a proper candidate for the Supreme bench who lived in the district, as he will have no consideration if other reasons did not exist. The correspondent of the New York *Times* wrote that Mr. HOAR had nobody but himself to thank for his rejection; and the *Evening Post* published an abstract of the arguments urged against the confirmation, in which it was easy to see that the moving cause was Senatorial dissatisfaction with Mr. HOAR'S political independence. And believing this to be the reason, we hope sincerely that the President, who has never made in all essential points a better nomination than this, will not withdraw it, but will leave it for the final action of the Senate. If perfect honesty and the most manly independence in official conduct are to be visited by party censure from the Republican majority in the Senate, it is desirable that it should be fully understood.

We have seen in letters from Washington suggestions of an intention "to kick" Mr. HOAR out of the party. But these, we presume, must have come from the Democratic press which confirmed Mr. ASHLEY, and which will probably vote to confirm General SICKLES. And we observe that the reporters which describe Senators GRIMES, FESSENDEN, and TRUMBULL to be Judas Iscariots, who had received their money and had gone out and hung themselves, are very merry over the probable rejection of Mr. HOAR. Mr. HOAR is indeed the cousin of Mr. EBENEZER R. HOAR, and is certainly not a favorite with the Republicans of New York. But the supposition that consistency in Senators and executive which changes once Mr. HOAR is inexpressibly comical to any one who knows the Attorney-General.

It is, indeed, an interesting inquiry whether the Republican party can afford to treat men like Mr. HOAR as DEVEMEAL treated his runaway colored servant, Frederick. "Who, indeed, our successes, if not the ablest, honestest citizens, original Republicans of the very highest principle, men whose characters and courage are the richest possessions of any party? No man, indeed, as we have often said, has any right to "kick" any man out of any of his offices—at least according to a very respectable old theory—exis for the public welfare, and not for private advantage. But what men have no claims of this kind, has character none? Will it not be well for the Senate to look over the list of Executive nominations and of the nominations before it, and reflect whether it can justify to the conscience and intelligence of the Republican party the rejection of Mr. HOAR?

PUBLIC OPINION AND CUBA.

SINCE the President said in his Message that there was not sufficient evidence of an intelligent government and of serious hostilities in Cuba to justify recognition, it is remarkable that the accounts from the island communicated to the papers by the Junta are very careful to describe the "established government" and the "various combats." But all this painfully suggests more made to order. Hitherto the one conspicuous fact in the Cuban revolution is, that it expects the United States to do its work. It relies in much more vigorous assault upon public opinion in this country than upon the Spanish soldiery. The Cuban Commissioners and Committee of Junta in New York, and appealed to public sympathy to allow it to violate our laws by sending expeditions against a friendly power, with a vast excitement that many more patriots were constantly arriving here than would have made a very respectable military force in Cuba.

But the attempt upon public opinion in this country has failed. There have been two measures by NEW YORK: the first was one of iniquity, and of an expression of sympathy for any people struggling for independence. The second was the former with little or no significance. Since those meetings there have been the most unpardonable attacks upon the integrity of Secretary FISH, universally insisting that the foreign policy of the United States was determined by the private interest of the Secretary's son-in-law. Such a charge is the clearest evidence that Mr. FISH—just as the character of General GRANT was the reply to the charge that he was interested in the Gold speculation.

But these frantic and desperate assaults have not in the least affected public opinion. The truth is, that the people of this country are not especially interested in the Cuban revolution because the Cubans themselves do not seem to be. The universal feeling for GEORGE WASHINGTON years ago, and for CRETE four years ago, was deep and warm, because events in those countries showed how much the Greeks and Cretans their struggle was. But in the Cuban movement the desire is so evident that this country by resolutions of several forms has practically achieve the independence of the island, the intention of annexation is so notorious and the purpose of the Cubans in their serious engagements evincing an earnest patriotic purpose and of a government truly fulfilling its functions is so questionable, that there is a very general feeling of doubt and indifference.

This is unquestionably the fact, and the Administration in declining to interfere undoubtedly represents the desire of the country. But if the circumstances were different—if the country did not feel that the Cuban revolutionary news is "cooked" for us by the Junta as the American news was "cooked" by REUTER for England—if the Cubans, rising and demanding independence, had bravely and vigorously attacked the Spaniards in battles that, however small, could not be concealed, and which, like Lexington and Bunker Hill and Camden, showed the indomitable heroic will—if the movement had been more than a vague, smouldering, doubtful hostility of which it is actually impossible to know any thing except that some Cubans wish to be annexed to the United States, the popular feeling of this country, we believe, would have been very different.

The more thoughtful advocates of recognition urge that it is our duty because the revolution has established a emancipation. But this is really to urge a policy of proselytism by arms. It is saying that if a Parisian insurrection in Ireland should proclaim the Irish Church United States ought to recognize it even if it were compelled to emancipate to fight with England. If the United States declined, Mr. CHARLES O. FLEAS would probably taunt us with recreancy to republican principles. But should we, indeed, feeling the sting of truth? The question for the United States to decide is, what course under all the circumstances will most aid liberty every where? Will freedom and popular government gain more by the assertion of the principle that every power may interfere in every contest as pleases, or that hitherto each must acquire a certain evident status before they are acknowledged? Shall there be any attempt at an international practice founded upon reason and honorably observed, or shall that hope be abandoned? The American people heartily wish that other people may be as free as they are, and in all honorable ways they will prove their sympathy. But if it be the duty of the United States to recognize at any cost the belligerent rights of any party in any country that proclaims personal liberty or political equality, it is its duty to become the most aggressive, and insufferable power in history.

THE NEW YEAR IN FRANCE.

THE summons of EMILE OLLIVIER to form a Ministry in France shows that LOUIS NAPOLEON has at least one advantage over his predecessors, and that is that he can learn something. If EMILE OLLIVIER succeeds in the attempt to organize an administration, the constitutional system will have begun in France. But the difficulty of the situation is vital, and it is that it depends entirely upon the will of one man, and that man one who has risen to power by the most flagrant falsehood and disregard of oaths. If M. OLLIVIER succeeds he will have the spectacle of a Ministry agreeable to the Emperor, and removable with the change of sentiment of a legislature elected by general suffrage. This is the English constitutional system. But practically for the further resemblance between the two countries the British Constitution is a long tradition of precedents which have become the most impregnable of fundamental laws: while the French Constitution is really a charter granted by the Emperor. It is not impossible that the Emperor intends fair play. It is easy to suppose that he perceives the hopelessness of the continuation of a purely personal government; that he has watched France for eighteen years, and that he has only chance lies in the proposed change. But the humor of a despot is always incalculable. Character tells in politics as much as any where else: and a man whose whole career has alienated confidence can not regain it by a fresh word, however reasonable. To an observer, undoubtedly, the best course for LOUIS NAPOLEON is that which he has chosen; but it will probably prove to be only a palliative. The fatal weakness of his position is that, however adroit and able, he has failed, after a prolonged and most favorable opportunity, to endear himself to the heart or to the pride of the French people. They do not love him. They do not trust him. They do not respect him. And a ruler of whom, at the end of a score of years of trial, such truths can be spoken is not a man who can found a permanent dynasty.

TRADE—ITS RELATIONS TO GOLD.

ACCOUNTS of stock have now been very generally completed, and computations made of the last year's business. Up to the final on the 24th of September made by the Erie gamblers to run up gold, trade was good in all departments, but since that period it has been so bad in all quarters as to have absorbed much of the profit of the preceding three-quarters of the year. The cause was understood at once when the Treasury had abstained from making sales of gold, and was undoubtedly planned through the connivance of certain officials. But, in a way to prevent any Treasury sales, simultaneously with the movement to "bull" gold. But for some unfortunate interference over the Treasury of this character, it is scarcely probable that sales would have been delayed until the evil had been done, since the interests of the whole mercantile corner in gold was known at Washington long, and in not a few cases, which, if successful, necessarily reached the credit of the United States.

A committee of investigation ought to ascertain precisely why it was that the Treasury remained inactive during the period when the clique was maturing its plans, and until they had gone so far as to carry up gold to 160-162½. The omission to meet this movement in time enabled the raiders to ride through Wall Street with the fury of a Steppe-war, and with all the disaster, present and remote, which attended his

sudden inflictions. Wall Street was wild with fear as the raiders entered each banking-house and stripped it of its wealth. It will, no doubt, appear that Mr. BOUTWELL is free of all complication with the clique, or with inferiors connected with the Treasury—no one doubts his purity—but the precise character of the influence which induced the withholding of the orders to sell gold ought to be ascertained, so that Congress may apply its remedies with wisdom.

The effect of this sudden stoppage of the whole country was instantaneous and severe. The difficulty has been prolonged and intensified by the unwise action at the end of July, on the 24th of September, after Mr. BOUTWELL had made his countermovement, to which, next to which, it has latterly been fluctuating.

Inasmuch as we all deal in articles of merchandise which have been marked down in proportion to the fall in gold, an active trade is not expected until prices of all com..odities, including gold, shall be reached at a point that they shall conform to the amount of paper-money in circulation. The reasons for marking down merchandise are various. Some have supposed that we were going to specie payments, and this, in the phraseology of Wall Street, *they discounted*. Purchases fall over the whole Union, producing distrust and dismay.

When gold shall rise to price required by the amount of paper-money in circulation when the process will be reversed, and instead of being marked down, goods will be marked up, and trade will become active. The panic is held back by reason of a diminution in the quantity of paper circulation, it would have been a healthy and permanent fall; but it is the opinion of many to oppose that it will stand long at a price which has been made for it by means of the momentary power of the Treasury, entirely wholly irrespective of our paper circulation and the general laws of trade.

There is nothing in the situation of the country at this time, excepting the artificial and unnatural condition of financial affairs, to prevent an immediate spring from the throes of such depression owing to this circumstance, from which recovery will be slow. Cotton, grain, and provisions are all in good demand in large quantities; but exports of these, on which the activity of business depends, will be light so long as gold is pressed below the proper point. These articles of export have all been produced at high currency prices; and so far as wheat and flour are concerned, the crop sold in our market now at prices which do not remunerate the farming interest.

It appears by the English returns for the week ending December 19, that since the first of September there have been received into the United Kingdom 2,627,027 quarters of wheat against 9,540,446; of flour, 2,136,702 cwt. against 1,169,416; of Indian corn, 7,006,140 cwt. against 3,913,075—for the same period last year.

Private advices show that the stock of wheat on hand in Liverpool on the 1st of January is much larger than is usual; and it appears that much of the excess comes from the United States. California has not figured against. The concurrence of these shipments and the fall of gold here have affected trade in a most serious degree. But the consequences of the whole quantity of wheat required from foreign sources for the consumption of Great Britain between the 1st of July and the next harvest must end to beteen seventy and eighty millions of bushels, it is correct to assume that a large quantity will be required in the early part. In the present condition of foreign and domestic markets it will be unsafe to press this article upon the sea-board in quantities which can not be conveniently carried. The fact that wheat and flour are below the average price in England and here would indicate that the harvest will be best rewarded by not pressing immediate sales.

Although the interests of a large class here are promoted by cheap food—such, for instance, as laboring men and those who live on salaries —yet when wheat and flour fall in price lately have done, below the price which remunerates the farmer, the trade of the country becomes so seriously affected by it that measures we have named lose more from want of employment than they gain by buying food at unremunerative prices. The farming interest is promoted when fair rewards attend all the great industries of the Union. It is a common observation now, that, as the farmer in the West and Northwest is losing by his crops, the trade of extensive sections is dull. It was lately stated in a Chicago paper that very unusual and large additions had been recently made to its population, owing to the discharge of laborers from farms. The necessity for discharging them is due to the condition of the market, and it will unfortunately affect the production for next year, as there will be fewer hands engaged in agriculture. The policy, therefore, which seeks to lower the market-price of food, for the benefit of manufacturers and others, may be carried so far as to weaken the demand for their productions.

The withdrawal by the Secretary of the Treasury of a portion of the eleven millions of gold offered for sale in December, and the offer of only four millions for January, indicate either that the supply of gold is not so large as was expected, or that the Department perceives the impact upon our trade and industry of forcing down its price. It appears that the remaining millions of what was on hand in the various sub-treasuries on the 1st of January was all that belonged to the government over and above what was payable for interest on that day, for overdue coupons, etc., and for certificates of deposit.

It was doubtless owing to this change of policy that a bill interest commenced operations in Wall Street on Monday, 10th inst., for special order of the Treasury, issued on the 1st inst., to sell on Monday the 10th $1,670,000 of gold received for duties, interfered for the moment with their plan. As the paper-money capable of circulation is fixed by law, it would seem that there is a tolerably precise relation between it and the proper marketprice of gold, and that it should be the policy of the Government simply to meet the expressed gold below this mark. What the country wants is steadiness in the standard, instead of the violent and depressing fluctuations lately witnessed.

Had the experience we have had since the determination of the war proves that more or less of severe fluctuation is unavoidable, either from the result of locking up currency, of its sudden and inconvenient release, or the effort North and South to permit the transfer of crops, of gambling on a scale of frightful extent, or of all these causes, the lesson has been severe and repeated suffering the lesson is taught that the true road to safety lies in the direction of specie payments. Such a path is not a difficult and unpleasant experience, it will be found for better in the long-run than to have our whole property exposed, as it now is, "upon the wings of paper-money."

MRS. STOWE AND LADY BYRON.

THE remoreless, and in many cases evidently malignant criticism which Mrs. STOWE has followed the publication of her BYRON article left her no choice but to state more fully both the story told in that article and the nature of the circumstances which induced her to publish it. No one who knows her could doubt for a moment that it was a pleasant task for her to make such disclosures. To suppose that she was a sentimental gobbet of "sensations" was simply silly. She knew, as the intelligent judgment of Lady BYRON, a friend whom she loved and revered, was that she was a prim, rigid, Puritanic moralist, but that the circumstances of want of sympathy, was really responsible for much of Lord BYRON's immoral career. This judgment she believed to be true, and upon it based result of the noblest forbearance and science upon the part of Lady BYRON, and of the most subtle and unscrupulous cruelty upon the part of Lord BYRON, continued for years and at dressed to a world which was fascinated by his genius. The publication of Mrs. STOWE's interpretation against her was not allowed to rest. It was renewed some months since in *Blackwood's Magazine* and in a recent article in ROBERTS'S mistress. The aspersions made by both upon the character of their grandmother did not seem to touch Lady BYRON's descendants; and when convinced that they proposed to sue for such slanders to lie upon her grave unconvicted, Mrs. STOWE determined to publish that if the ties of blood were satisfied those of friendship were not, resolved that the good fame of one of the noblest women of her time be vindicated, and told the story that Lady BYRON had told her.

There was an immediate explosion of indignation that such a disclosure should have been made, whether it were true or false. But, being made, there was only the consideration that Lord BYRON was none too good for such a story to be true, while of his sister nothing was generally known. And on American ears the publication it was evident that if Mrs. STOWE had faithfully reported what Lady BYRON had told her, that story must be accepted as true. Unless it could be shown that Lady BYRON had told an untruth, or was probably deranged. But it has not been shown, and unless it could be shown that Lady BYRON could be guilty of either of these things she must be arranged upon this subject? No one who has followed the controversy will claim that Lady BYRON's hallucination has been established. The only evidence, and that presumptive, is contained in the correspondence published in the *Quarterly Review* article. Mrs. STOWE accepts the authenticity of the letters, which were all written within the month after the separation, and she answers that it was subsequently to that time that Lady BYRON was convinced of Mrs. LEIGH's complicity, believing until then the assertion, which Mrs. STOWE supposes Mrs. LEIGH to have made, that BYRON had only insanely attempted the crime. There is no doubt that at the time of the separation Lady BYRON did believe her husband to be insane, and that his nearest relatives were her chief authority. The letters, however, must be taken in connection with all the facts and probabilities, and then they will be found not necessarily incompatible with the truth of the original story.

The case rests upon this point. The opinion of Lady BYRON are published, or Dr. LUSHINGTON reveals what was disclosed to him in 1816. Mrs. STOWE has merely denounced as a hyena, tearing open the grave of a blameless woman, Mrs. LEIGH. But a moment's reflection will show that it is Mrs. STOWE's opinion Mrs. LEIGH was the accomplice—subsequently, indeed, repentant—of the foul traducer of her friend, Lady BYRON. Was her sympathy for Mrs. LEIGH's offense—as she believed it to be —to overwhelm her duty to a slandered woman? If Mrs. LEIGH had that she should not have had some evidence before she told so dreadful a tale, may she not ask, in reply, what evidence could there be so conclusive to her as Lady BYRON's word?

MR. DICKENS'S DEMOCRACY.

IF there were ever a man whose character and published opinions should decide what his political sympathies are, Mr. DICKENS is certainly the one. Yet when, a few weeks ago, he said, in a speech something about the people governing and the people governed, which was susceptible of two interpretations, it was very generally interpreted against him, and he was accused of having in a single sentence his book and upon the whole tenor of his life.

Mr. DICKENS has recently made another speech in which he has defined his characteristically and distinctly, that he has not turned his back upon his books and his life, nor forgotten his sympathies with the people as heretofore as he always did in the people governed rather than in the people who govern. It seems a little hard that a man of such distinguished delight in the decision of a doubtful point. There are men nearer home, whose lives and characters are known, who were recently denounced as if they had plotted the destruction of the moral bulwarks of society. It was much more natural to suppose that there was some misunderstanding. So, if the telegraph should report that JOHN BRIGHT has pronounced for the inhabitants of the moon, we shouldn't be better to believe that the story is not complete, and await further intelligence?

NOTICES.

THE St. Domingo negotiation has ended in treaty of cession. We are to pay $1,500,000, and St. Domingo is to become ours, if the people ratify the action of BAEZ. Meanwhile we have paid that gentleman $150,000 in advance for the cession of the Samana Bay, and St. Thomas? When the Senate considers the new treaty, let it not forget the old. Denmark and the people of St. Thomas have been consulted, and await for our proposition. Do we recede from it? Is the Senate ready to ratify the treaty? Is more decision be in addition to that of the United States than the people of St. Thomas? And is the necessity of increasing our territory and our population at this time so imperative that we must make fresh promises to the Danish and Spanish governments, by which we are honorably bound? Territorial expansion is not necessarily an advantage. If it be desirable it is worth paying for.

THE son of FRANCISCO SOLANO LOPEZ, and grandson of CARLOS A. LOPEZ, who, with DR. FRANCIA, the uncle of CARLOS, have been for nearly fifty years Dictators of Paraguay, is in Washington, endeavoring to induce the Administration to appoint a diplomatic intercourse with that country. The objection to the success of his mission is stated to be the disappearance of the last vestige of his government policy. Should the subject be pressed by the young man, it is very desirable that Congress should be fully informed of the merits of the Paraguay question, and that the country should be fully disabused of the error that LOPEZ is a popular ruler and a President, or that Paraguay is a republic. This will not be necessary if the steady, although slow, progress, the allies has, so is generally understood, resulted in the overthrow of the LOPEZ dynasty, and that an American war which has lasted so long, and has been so bitterly waged, deserves to be more truly understood in the United States than it may yet be.

ONE of the finest specimens of the noble art of line engraving that has been produced in America has just been finished by JOSEPH ANDREWS, of Boston. It is a reproduction of picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims; "Pilgrim Fathers," by WEIR. It is the conscientious work of many years—bold and delicate and masterly; and fully vindicates the claim of Mr. ANDREWS to the highest rank in his art.

IN the second letter of Mr. SEWARD as Secretary of State to Mr. ADAMS, Minister in England dated April 10, 1861, he said: "You will not consent to draw into debate before the British Government any opposing moral principle which may be supposed to lie at the foundation of the controversies between those States and the Federal Union." In Mr. SEWARD's speech a month ago, in Mexico, he said, in allusion to the rebellion: "Slavery had become an element in the state life, and had organized rebellion, aiming at the destruction of the American Union." This was always the truth, and Mr. SEWARD knew it well in April, 1861, as in November, 1869. But by not saying it in 1861, and instructing Mr. ADAMS to urge it upon the British Government, the whole moral force of our position was lost, and we were placed precisely the attitude that Earl RUSSELL described, a Government fighting for empire, to which England could not give unwilling citizens. This, indeed, as nobody knows better than Earl RUSSELL knew, is, under the circumstances, in our case a perfectly legitimate ground of action. But if the Secretary of State had plainly declared to Mr. ADAMS the nature and every other intelligent man understood, the moral aspect of the great English conduct would have been intolerable. The consolation is, that truth-telling is the best diplomacy.

A STRIKING illustration of the doctrinaire habit of Mr. SEWARD's mind is found in the same speech, when he speaks of the alliance of all the independent States of the American Continent during the rebellion, and then adds that the alliance commanded confidence and respect in unexpected quarters, and that, with certain other countries, *"Turkey, Egypt, Morocco, Siam,* and Japan, friendly relations were established at the American republics." Our moral alliance with Morocco and Siam has hitherto escaped attention.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

January 4.—Both Houses organized by the choice of SPEAKER FENTON. In the SENATE Mr. FORD offered a joint resolution to repeal that of last session relative to the Erie Railway Company. The resolution was referred. A resolution ratifying the resolution was made a special order for January 18. Mr. FORD was given a call to repeal the Erie law. In the Assembly, amongst other resolutions offered, was one providing against the sale of the Croton reservoirs.

January 5.—In the SENATE, after a warm debate, the resolution relating to the Fifteenth Amendment was passed by a vote of yeas 16, nays 15. In the Assembly a resolution was offered to repeal the Erie law. Ayes 69, nays 66. Among the measures introduced were bills on repeal of the Conspiracy act, Wall Street law, to amend the Metropolitan Police law, and compel gas companies to reduce the price of gas to $3 per 1,000.

January 6.—No business of importance was transacted in either House, and the Senate adjourned over to January 11.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The recent statement of the public debt shows that the debt is $25,685,194,291. The cash in the Treasury is $398,987,718 46, of which about $108,000,000 is in coin, and the balance currency. The debt, less cash in the Treasury, is $25,286,206,572 54, and the increase during the month, as compared with the last month, was $2,833,781 93 less than in the month of March last.

The Democrats of Indiana divorce is soon to be testified to a Massachusetts Probate Court, on the petition of Mrs. ELIZABETH A. BIGELOW, who was married to the Hon. WILLIAM H. BIGELOW, of the late Governor of Delaware, whom she was divorced by decree of the Supreme Court of the state of Indiana, in 1866.

On January 1 a reduction was made on the tolls on cotton shipped to and from New York. Reductions of ten words are now sent to that city from any office in the United States. The reduction extends west of the Mississippi for $8 on gold, and west of the Mississippi river as well.

Mail-coach robberies have of late become alarmingly frequent in Pennsylvania. The State officers stop the coaches, and ride the mail-bags and the trunks and packets about at the passengers. These highwaymen are said to be well organized.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania Legislature, and Philadelphia Mint Board have all had a narrow escape from death by the explosion of a steam-boiler, and recommended the enactment of stringent laws to guard against such fearful accidents and such calamities.

Governor Logan No. 2," whose name was connected with the mysterious Rogers murder, was shot and fatally wounded on January 3 by a man in a mask named Donn. Just before his death he signed a paper declaring his innocence of the murder of Mr. ROGERS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE singular rumor was recently started in Europe that President GRANT was about to pay a visit to the Courts of Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Lovedale.

General PRIM and the entire Spanish Cabinet resigned JANUARY 4, in consequence, it is said, of the King's refusal to dismiss the Duke of MONTPENSIER of the Duke of GENOA. It was rumored that SERRANO had been charged with accepting bribes, but this point is said to have been abandoned.

The Queen of SPAIN received the New Year's Address of the Cortes on January 1. Her Majesty's reply was delivered. The recent political concessions were declared to be inconsistent with the Sovereign and their prerogatives without establishing the Imperial system.

The recent Parliamentary election in Longford, Ireland, was marked by a serious conflict between the friends of the Fenian candidate and the opposite party. The Fenian, Mr. LUBY, was the brother of the Duke of GENOA. It was rumored that Serrano had been bought up the wreck of the yacht *Mercer*, on the coast of Tennessee.

The Emperor of FRANCE has granted to an American citizen the privilege of establishing a telegraph on the Azores, to be laid from New York to Brest. The Emperor has also granted a telegraph franchise by two lateral lines to France, near Havre, Cherbourg, and Brest, which will be laid by the company by laid during the present year.

Sanguinary encounters continue their attacks on the Cuban Coast. The London *Morning Post* contains the following account of the latest affair, which, however must lighten before attempting to pass through the Bahama channel, and make for Nassau for stress weather:

"The Spanish gunboat *Lepanto* has arrived at Cienfuegos. They are commissioned in large bodies, and the insurrection is fast dying out. The Spanish gunboats, two schooners, laden with arms and ammunition for the insurgents, have recently visited Nassau, in New Providence, by the British gun-boat *Lapwing*, for alleged violation of neutrality. The Spanish Minister at Washington has notified the State Department of the presence of the steamer *Annie*, a Cuban privateer, with some of the crew of the *Hornet* on board, in Charleston Harbor. The United States Marshal was directed to examine the suspected steamer.

The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, by way of Lisbon, say that Lopez has been driven out of that country, and has sought refuge in Bolivia.

The Spanish Ministerial Council on Dogmas has begun its sittings. The impression gains ground that the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope will be adopted, with liberty of dissent.

CURLING, OR BONSPIEL.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

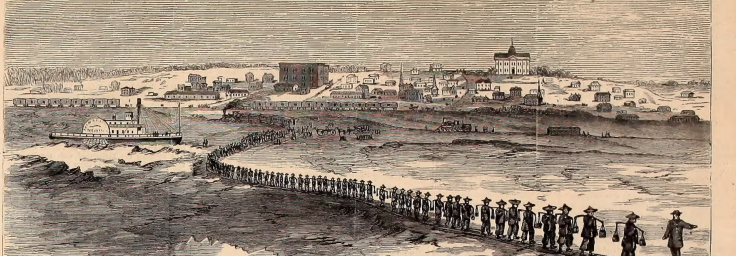

CHINESE COOLIES CROSSING THE MISSOURI RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY LEAVITT BURNHAM.]

COOLIES FOR TEXAS.

THE Mongolian invasion has begun at last in good earnest, and the advance-guard of the peaceful army has already crossed the Missouri River. On the 26th of December the first detachment of Chinese laborers engaged to work on a railroad now building in Texas, numbering 250 men, arrived opposite Council Bluffs, Iowa. The river was covered with a pack of broken ice sufficiently strong to prevent the passage of boats. A plank walk was laid across the uneven surface, on which the Celestials passed over to the eastern side of the river, as shown in our illustration, carrying their baggage on poles balanced over the shoulder, in true Oriental fashion. Most of these men were employed in the construction of the Pacific Railroad. They are under the charge of General J. A. WALKER, who expects to return in the spring, should this experiment prove a success, for a still larger detachment.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTH SCENE—WINDYGATES.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

NEAR IT.

THE Library at Windygates was the largest and the handsomest room in the house. The two grand divisions under which Literature is usually arranged in these days occupied the customary places in it. On the shelves which ran round the walls were the books which humanity in general respects—and does not read. On the tables distributed over the floor were the books which humanity in general reads—and does not respect. In the first class, the works of the wise ancients; and the Histories, Biographies, and Essays of writers of more modern times—otherwise the Solid Literature, which is universally respected, and occasionally read. In the second class, the Novels of our own day—otherwise the Light Literature, which is universally read, and occasionally respected. At Windygates, as elsewhere, we believed History to be high literature, because it assumed to be true to Authorities (of which we knew little)—and Fiction to be low literature, because it attempted to be true to Nature (of which we knew less). At Windygates, as elsewhere, we were always more or less satisfied with ourselves, if we were faithful discovered consulting our History, and more or less ashamed of ourselves if we were publicly discovered devouring our Fiction. An architectural peculiarity in the original arrangement of the library favored the development of this common and curious form of human stupidity. While a row of luxurious arm-chairs, in the main thoroughfare of the room, invited the reader of solid literature to reveal himself in the act of cultivating virtue, a row of snug little curtained recesses, opening at intervals out of one of the walls, enabled the render of light literature to conceal himself in the act of indulging a vice. For the rest, all the minor accessories of this spacious and tranquil place were as plentiful and as well chosen as the heart could desire. And solid literature and light literature, and great writers and small, were all impartially provided alike by a fine broad flow of the light of heaven, pouring into the room through windows that opened to the floor.

It was the fourth day from the day of Lady Lundie's garden-party, and it wanted an hour or more of the time at which the luncheon-bell usually rang.

The guests at Windygates were most of them in the garden, enjoying the morning sunshine, after a prevalent mist and rain for some days past. Two gentlemen (exceptions to the general rule) were alone in the library. They were the two last gentlemen in the world who could possibly be supposed to have any legitimate motive for meeting each other in a place of literary seclusion. One was Arnold Brinkworth, and the other was Geoffrey Delmayn.

They had arrived together at Windygates that morning. Geoffrey had traveled from London with his brother by the train of the previous night. Arnold, delayed in getting away at his own time, from his own property, by ceremonies incidental to his position which were not to be abridged without giving offense to many worthy people—had caught the passing train early that morning at the station nearest to him, and had returned to Lady Lundie's, as he had left Lady Lundie's, in company with his friend.

After a short preliminary interview with Blanche, Arnold had rejoined Geoffrey in the safe retirement of the library, to say what was still left to be said between them on the subject of Anne. Having completed his report of events at Craig Fernie, he was now naturally waiting to hear what Geoffrey had to say on his side. To Arnold's astonishment, Geoffrey coolly turned away to leave the library without uttering a word.

Arnold stopped him without ceremony.

"Not quite so fast, Geoffrey," he said. "I have an interest in Miss Silvester's welfare as well as in yours. Now you are back again in Scotland, what are you going to do?"

If Geoffrey had told the truth, he must have stated his position much as follows:

He had necessarily decided on deserting Anne when he had decided on joining his brother on the journey back. But he had advanced no further than this. How he was to abandon the woman who had trusted him, without seeing his own dastardly conduct dragged into the light of day, was more than he yet knew. A vague idea of at once pacifying and deluding Anne, by a marriage which should be no marriage at all, had crossed his mind on the journey. But he had left himself whether a trap of that sort might not be easily set in a country notorious for the looseness of its marriage laws—if a man only knew how? And he had thought it likely that his well-informed brother, who lived in Scotland, might be tricked into innocently telling him what he wanted to know. He had turned the conversation to the subject of Scotch marriages in general by way of trying the experiment. Julius had not studied the question; Julius knew nothing about it; and there the experiment had come to an end. As the necessary result of the check thus encountered, he was now in Scotland with absolutely nothing to trust to as a means of effecting his release but the chapter of accidents, aided by his own resolution to marry Mrs. Glenarm. Such was his position, and such should have been the substance of his reply when he was confronted by Arnold's question, and plainly asked what he meant to do.

"The right thing," he answered, unblushingly. "And no mistake about it."

"I'm glad to hear you see your way so plainly," returned Arnold. "In your place, I should have been all abroad. I was wondering, only the other day, whether you would end, as I should have ended, in consulting Sir Patrick."

Geoffrey eyed him sharply.

"Consult Sir Patrick?" he repeated. "Why would you have done that?"

"I shouldn't have known how to set about marrying her," replied Arnold. "And—being in Scotland—I should have applied to Sir Patrick (without mentioning names, of course), because he would be sure to know all about it."

"Suppose I don't see my way quite so plainly as you think," said Geoffrey. "Would you advise me—"

"To consult Sir Patrick? Certainly! He has passed his life in the practice of the Scotch law. Didn't you know that?"

"No."

"Then take my advice—and consult him. You needn't mention names. You can say it's the case of a friend."

The idea was a new one and a good one. Geoffrey looked longingly toward the door. Eager to make Sir Patrick his innocent accomplice on the spot, he made a second attempt to leave the library; and made it for the second time in vain. Arnold had more unwelcome inquiries to make, and more advice to give unasked.

"How have you arranged about meeting Miss Silvester?" he went on. "You can't go to the hotel in the character of her husband. I have prevented that. Where else are you to meet her? She is all alone; she must be weary of waiting, poor thing. Can you manage matters so as to see her to-day?"

After staring hard at Arnold while he was speaking, Geoffrey burst out laughing when he had done. A disinterested anxiety for the welfare of another person was one of those refinements of feeling which a muscular education had not fitted him to understand.

"I say, old boy," he burst out, "you seem to take an extraordinary interest in Miss Silvester! You haven't fallen in love with her yourself—have you?"

"Come! come!" said Arnold, seriously. "Neither she nor I deserve to be treated in that way. I have made a sacrifice to your interests, Geoffrey—and so has she."

Geoffrey's face became serious again. His secret was in Arnold's hands; and his estimate of Arnold's character was founded, unconsciously, on his experience of himself. "All right," he said, by way of timely apology and concession. "I was only joking."

"As much joking as you please, when you have married her," replied Arnold. "It seems serious enough, to my mind, till then." He stopped—considered—and laid his hand very earnestly on Geoffrey's arm. "Mind!" he resumed. "You are not to breathe a word to any living soul, of my having been near the inn!"

"I've promised to hold my tongue, once already. What do you want more?"

"I am anxious, Geoffrey. I was at Craig Fernie, remember, when Blanche came there! She has been telling me all that happened, poor darling, in the firm persuasion that I was miles off at the time. I swear I couldn't look her in the face! What would she think of me, if she knew the truth? Pray be careful! pray be careful!"

Geoffrey's patience began to fail him.

"We had all this out," he said, "on the way here from the station. What's the good of going over the ground again?"

"You're quite right," said Arnold, good-humoredly. "The fact is—I'm out of sorts, this morning. My mind misgives me—I don't know why."

"Mind?" repeated Geoffrey, in high contempt. "It's flesh—that's what the matter with you. You're nigh on a stone over your right weight. Mind be hanged! A man in healthy training don't know that he has got a mind. Take a turn with the dumb-bells, and a run up hill with a great-coat on. Sweat it off, Arnold! Sweat it off!"

With that excellent advice, he turned to leave the room for the third time. Fate appeared to have determined to keep him imprisoned in the library, that morning. On this occasion, it was a servant who put in the way—a servant, with a letter and a message. "The man waits for an answer."

Geoffrey looked at the letter. It was in his brother's handwriting. He had left Julius at the junction about three hours since. What could Julius possibly have to say to him now?

He opened the letter. Julius had to announce that Fortune was favoring them already. He had heard news of Mrs. Glenarm, as soon as he reached home. She had called on his wife, during his absence in London—she had been invited to the house—and she had promised to accept the invitation early in the week. "Early in the week," Julius wrote, "may mean to-morrow. Make your apologies to Lady Lundie; and take care not to offend her. Say that family reasons, which you hope soon to have the pleasure of confiding to her, oblige you to appeal once more to her indulgence—and come to-morrow, and help us to receive Mrs. Glenarm."

Even Geoffrey was startled, when he found himself met by a sudden necessity for acting on his own decision. Anne knew where his brother lived. Suppose Anne (not knowing where else

"ARNOLD TOOK A STOOL AT BLANCHE'S FEET, AND OPENED THE 'FIRST BOOK' OF PARADISE LOST."

to find him) appeared at his brother's house, and claimed him in the presence of Mrs. Glenarm? If you chose to have the messenger kept waiting, and said he would send back a written reply.

"From Craig Fernie?" asked Arnold, pointing to the letter in his friend's hand.

Geoffrey looked up with a frown. He had just opened his lips to answer that ill-timed reference to Anne, in no very friendly terms when a voice, calling to Arnold from the farm outside, announced the appearance of a third person in the library, and warned the two gentlemen that their private interview was at an end.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

NEARER STILL.

BLANCHE stepped lightly into the room, through one of the open French windows.

"What are you doing here?" she said to Arnold.

"Nothing. I was just going to look for you in the garden."

"The garden is insufferable, this morning." Saying those words, she fanned herself with her handkerchief, and noticed Geoffrey's presence in the room with a look of very thinly-concealed annoyance at the discovery. "Wait till I am married!" she thought. "Mr. Geoffrey's wife shall be cleverer than I take him to be, if he goes much of his friend's company then."

"A ride on horseback—if" said Geoffrey, seeing her eyes fixed on him, and supposing that he was expected to say something.

Having performed that duty, he walked away without waiting for a reply; and seated himself, with his letter, at one of the writing-tables in the library.

"Sir Patrick is quite right about the young men of the present day," said Blanche, turning to Arnold. "Here is this one asks me a question, and shows not the slightest curiosity. A three more of them, out in the garden, who have been talking of nothing, for the last hour, but the pedigrees of horses and the muscles of men. When we are married, Arnold, don't present any of your male friends to me, unless they have turned fifty. What shall we do till luncheon-time? It's cool and quiet in here among the books. I want a little excitement—and you can get absolutely nothing to do. Suppose you read me some poetry?"

"While *he* is here?" asked Arnold, pointing to the personified antithesis of poetry—otherwise to Geoffrey, occupied with his back to them at the farther end of the library.

"Pooh!" said Blanche. "There's only an animal in the room. We needn't mind *him*!"

"I say!" exclaimed Arnold. "You're as bitter, Blanche, as Sir Patrick himself. What will you say to Mr when we are married, if you talk in that way of your friend?"

Blanche stole her hand into Arnold's hand, and gave it a little significant squeeze. "I shall always be nice to you," she whispered, with a look that contained a host of pretty promises in itself. Arnold returned the look (Geoffrey of inquestionably be the way). Their eyes met tenderly (why couldn't the great awkward brute write his letter somewhere else?), and Blanche, little sigh, Blanche dropped resignedly into one of the comfortable arm-chairs—and asked once more for "something" in a very languishing tone, softly, and with a color that was brighter than usual.

"Whose poetry am I to read?" inquired Arnold.

"Any body's," said Blanche. "This is another of my impulses. I am dying for some poetry. I don't know whose poetry. And I don't know why."

Arnold went straight to the nearest book-shelf, and took down the first volume that his hand lighted on—a solid quarto, bound in sober brown.

"Well?" asked Blanche. "What have you found?"

Arnold opened the volume, and conscientiously read the title exactly as it stood:

"Paradise Lost. A Poem. By John Milton."

"I have never read Milton," said Blanche. "Have you?"

"No."

Another instance of sympathy between us. No educated person ought to be ignorant of Milton. Let us be educated persons. Please begin."

"At the beginning?"

"Of course! Stop! You mustn't sit all that way off—you must sit where I can look at you. My attention wanders if I don't look at people while they read."

Arnold took a stool at Blanche's feet, and opened the "First Book" of Paradise Lost. His system as a reader of blank verse was simplicity itself. In poetry we are none of us (as many living poets can testify) all for sound; and none of us (as few living poets can testify) all for sense. Arnold was for sound. He could every line in lamentably with a full stop; and he got on to his full stop so fast as the inevitable impediment of the words would let him. He began:

"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit.
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat.
Sing heavenly Muse—"

"Beautiful!" said Blanche. "What a shame it seems to have had Milton all this time in the library and never to have read him yet! We will have Mornings with Milton, Arnold. He seems long; but we are both young, and we may live to get to the end of him. Do you know, dear, now I look at you again, you don't seem to have come back to Windygates in good spirits. Its."

"Don't I? I can't account for it."

"I can. It's sympathy with Mr. I am out of spirits too."

"You?"

"Yes. After what I saw at Craig Fernie, I grow more and more uneasy about Anne. You will understand that, I am sure, after what I told you this morning?"

Arnold looked back, in a violent hurry, from Blanche to Milton. That renewed reference to events at Craig Fernie was a renewed reproach to him for his conduct at the inn. He attempted to silence her by pointing to Geoffrey.

"Don't speak," he whispered, "that there is somebody in the room besides ourselves."

Blanche shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"What does *he* matter?" she asked. "What does *he* know of the secrets of others?"

There was only one other chance of diverting Blanche from the dangerous subject. Arnold began reading headlong, two lines in advance of the place at which he had left off, with more sound and less sense than ever:

"In the beginning how the heavens and earth.
Rose out of Chaos or if Sion hill—"

At "Sion hill," Blanche interrupted him again.

"Do wait a little, Arnold. I can't have Milton crammed down my throat in this manner. Besides I have something to say. Did I tell you that I consulted my uncle about Anne? I don't think I did. I went alone to his study-room. I told him all I have told you. I showed him Anne's letter. And what do you think? He took a little time (and a great deal of snuff) before he would say what he thought. When he did speak, he said that Anne might possibly be right in suspecting Anne's husband to be a very unworthy person. His knowledge himself out of my way was (just as I thought) a suspicious circumstance, to begin with. And then there was the sudden extinction of the candles, when I first went in. I thought (and Mrs. Inchbare thought) it was done by the wind. Sir Patrick suspects it was done by the horrid man himself, to prevent me from seeing him when I entered the room. I don't like that suspicion Sir Patrick is right. What do you think?"

"I think we had better go on," said Arnold, with his head over the book. "We seem to be forgetting Milton."

"How can we remember about Milton! That last bit wasn't as interesting as the other. Is there any love in Paradise Lost?"

"Perhaps you may find some if we go on."

"Very well, then. Go on. And be quick about it."

Arnold was so quick about it that he lost his place. Instead of going on he went back. He said once more:

"In the beginning how the heavens and earth.
Rose out of Chaos or if Sion hill—"

"Yes read that before," said Blanche.

"I think not."

"I'm sure you did. When you said 'Sion hill' I recollect I thought of the Methodists directly. I couldn't have thought of the Methodists if you hadn't said 'Sion hill.' Read it again."

"I'll try the next page," said Arnold. "I have to have read that before—for I haven't turned over yet."

Blanche threw herself back in her chair, and with a long face listened resignedly to her lover. "The flies," she explained. "I'm not going to sleep. Try the next page. Oh, dear me, try the next page!"

Arnold proceeded:

"Say first for heaven hides nothing from thy view
Nor thou the tract of hell say first what cause.
Moved our grand parents in that happy state—"

Blanche suddenly threw the handkerchief off again, and sat bolt upright in her chair. "Shall I sing," she cried. "I shall bear any more. Leave off, Arnold—leave off!"

"What is the matter now?"

"That happy state,' said Blanche. "What does 'that happy state' mean? Marriage, of course! And it reminds me of Anne. I won't have any more. Paradise Lost is painful. Shut it up. Well, my next question is—what's the use, of course, of what has he thought Anne's husband had done. The wretch had behaved infamously to her in some way. In what way? Was is any thing to do with her marriage? My uncle considered again. He thought it quite possible. Private marriages were sometimes dirty things (he said)—especially in Scotland. He asked me if I had been to Scotland. In Scotland, I couldn't tell him—I only said, 'Suppose they were?' What then?' 'It's barely possible,' in that case, Sir Patrick replied, 'that Stephen Storr may be feeling uneasy about her marriage. He may even have reason—or may think he has reason—to doubt whether it is a marriage at all.'"

Arnold started, and looked round at Geoffrey still sitting at the writing-table with his back to them. Utterly as Blanche had set aside Sir Patrick were mistaken in their estimate of Anne's position at Craig Fernie, they had drifted, nevertheless, into a serious discussion. A discussion in which Geoffrey and Miss Silvester were interested—the moment they overheard Stephen Storr's name. It was impossible in Blanche's presence to tell Geoffrey that he might do well to listen to Sir Patrick's doubts about the marriage. Nor, perhaps the words had found their way to him? perhaps he was listening already, of his own accord?

"He was listening. Blanche's last words had found their way to him, while he was pondering over his half-finished letter to his brother. He waited to hear more—without moving, and with the pen suspended in his hand.)

Blanche proceeded, absently winding her fingers in and out of Arnold's hair as he sat at her feet:

"It flashed on me instantly that Sir Patrick had discovered the truth. Of course I told him so. He laughed, and said I mustn't jump at conclusions. We were guessing quite in the dark; and all the interesting things I had noticed at the inn might admit of some totally different explanation. He would have gone on splitting straws in that provoking way the whole morning if I hadn't stopped him. I was strictly logical, I said. I had seen Anne, and *he* hadn't—and that made all the difference. I said, 'Every thing that puzzled and frightened me in the poor darling is accounted for now. The inn must, and shall, reach that man, uncle—and I'll pay for it!' That was much in earnest (for I believe I cried a little. What do you think the dear old man did? He took me on his knee and gave me a kiss; and he said, in the nicest way, that he would adopt my view, for the present, if I would promise not to say any more to Anne—until the events of it is to come!—that he would put the view in quite a new light to me as soon as I would tell him, again. You may imagine how soon I dried my eyes, and what a picture of composure I presented in the course of half a minute. 'I will take it for granted,' says Sir Patrick, 'that this man unknown has really tried to deceive Miss Silvester, as you and I suppose. I can tell you one thing: it's as likely as not that, in trying to overreach *her*, he may (without in the least meaning it) have ended in overreaching himself.'"

Geoffrey stirred his breath. The pen dropped unheeded from his fingers. It was coming! The light that his brother couldn't throw on the subject was about to be cast on it!

Blanche resumed:

"I was interested, and it made such a tremendous impression on me, that I haven't forgotten a word. 'I mustn't make that poor little friend of yours my rival,' said Sir Patrick, 'but I must put it plainly. There are marriages, Miss Silvester,' he said, 'which, under so called Irregular Marriages—and very abominable things they are. But they have this accidental merit in the present case. It is extremely difficult for a man to pretend to marry in Scotland, and not really to do so. And it is, on the other hand, extremely easy for a man to drift into marrying in Scotland without feeling in the slightest degree that he is doing so himself.' That was exactly what he said, Arnold. When we are married, it shall be in Scotland!"

Geoffrey's pen was pulled. It this was what he might be caught himself in the trap which he had schemed to set for Anne! Blanche was on with her narrative. He waited and listened.)

"My uncle asked me if I understood him so far. He was quite right in the sun as (according of course I understood him! 'Very well, then we have for the present,' says Sir Patrick. 'Once more supposing our guess to be the right one, Miss Silvester may be making herself very unhappy without any cause whatever. If this juvenile man at Craig Fernie has actually meddled, and won't say with marrying her, she will be committing the crime of bigamy if she has attempted it in Scotland, the chances are nine to one (though I don't believe it, and though *she* may not believe it) that he has really married her, after all.' My uncle's own words again! Quite mechanically I said, 'But, my dear uncle, if they were out of his lips, I had sent them to Craig Fernie by the next train.'"

Geoffrey stolidly-staring eyes and only bright end. A light of the devil's own striking life animated him. An idea of the devil's own bring entered his mind. He looked stealthily round at the open house life he had deserted for the man who had devotedly served him in return. A hideous cunning leered at his mouth and peeped out of his eyes. Arnold Brinkworth pretended to be married to her at the inn. By the lord Harry! that's a way out of it that never struck me before! With that thought in his heart he turned back again to his half-finished letter to Stephen Storr. His life he was strongly, fiercely agitated. For once in his life he was daunted—and that by his own Thought! He had resolved to injure his rival on the strength of the necessity of gaining time to delude Anne into leaving Craig Fernie before he ventured on giving his addresses to Mrs. Glenarm. His letter contained a string of clumsy excuses, intended to delay his return to his brother's house. What he said to himself, as he read it again. "What a fool I was to say do—do—do!" He looked round once more at Arnold, and slowly tore the letter into fragments to be looked.)

In the room Arnold and Blanche had not done yet.

"No," she said, when Arnold proposed an adjournment to the garden; "I have something else to say. You are interested in it, the time." Arnold resigned himself to listen, and, worse still, to read. "Now you can help me in it, in the character of an innocent stranger who had never been near the Craig Fernie inn.

"Well," Arnold resumed, "and what do you think has come of my letter to Anne?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Nothing, I suppose."

"Nothing has come of it!"

"Indeed?"

"Absolutely nothing! I know she received the letter yesterday morning. I ought to have had the answer to-day at breakfast."

"Perhaps she thought it didn't require an answer."

"She couldn't have thought that, for reasons that I know of. Besides, in my letter yesterday, I implored her to tell me (in her own time) only whether, in guessing as what her trouble was, Sir Patrick and I had not guessed right. And here is the day getting on, and no answer! What am I to conclude?"

"I really can't say it"

"Is it possible, Arnold, that we have *not* guessed right, after all? Is the wickedness of that man who blew the candles out wickedness beyond our discovering? The doubt is so dreadful that I have made up my mind not to bear it after to-day. I count on your sympathy and assistance when to-morrow comes."

Arnold's heart sank. Some new complication was evidently gathering round him. He waited in silence to hear the worst. Blanche bent forward, and whispered to him.

"This is a secret," she said. "If that creature at the writing-table has ears for any thing but rowing and racing, he mustn't hear this! Anne may come to me privately to-day while you are all at luncheon. If she doesn't come, and if I don't hear from her, then the mystery of her silence must be cleared up; and You must do it!"

"I?"

"Don't make difficulties! If you can't find your way to Craig Fernie, I can help you. As for Anne, you know what a charming person she is, and how easily she can be managed—perfectly, for my sake. I must and will have some news of her. I can't break the laws of the household arrangements by sending a messenger, but he won't stir. Lady Lundie is a bitter enemy. To us servants are treasures—but they are in their places if any one of them goes near Anne. There is nobody but you. And to Anne you go to-morrow, if I don't see her or hear from her to-day!"

What to the man who had passed as Anne's husband at the inn, and who had been forced into the most intimate knowledge of Anne's marriable secrets! Arnold was on the point of turning away, with the composure of sheer despair. Any other secret he might, in the last resort, have confided to the discretion of a third person. But a woman's secret—with a woman's reputation depending on his keeping it—how was he to be confided to any body, under any stress of circumstances whatever. If Geoffrey doesn't get out of this," he thought, "I shall have to confide to Blanche to-morrow."

As he reached the door of the shelf, Lady Lundie entered the library from the garden.

"What are you doing here?" she said to her step-daughter.

"Improving my mind," replied Blanche. "Mr. Brinkworth and I have been reading Milton."

"Can you condescend so far, after reading Milton all the morning, as to help me with the invitations for the dinner next week?"

"If you can condescend, Lady Lundie, after feeding the poultry all the morning, I must be humility itself after only reading Milton!"

With that retort (which introduced all the amenities of feminine intercourse, step-mother and step-daughter withdrew to a writing-table, to look over the list of guests for the dinner-party.

Arnold joined his friend at the other end of the library.

Geoffrey was sitting with his elbows on the desk, and his clenched fists dug into his cheeks, staring at the torn prescription and the pencil-note, and the fragments of a torn letter lay scattered all round him. Arnold saw the symptoms of nervous sensibility for the first time in his life—he started when Arnold spoke to him.

"What's the matter, Geoffrey?"

"A letter to answer. And I don't know how."

"From Miss Silvester?" asked Arnold, dropping his voice so as to prevent the ladies at the other end of the room from hearing him.

"No," answered Geoffrey, in a voice still.

"Have you heard what Blanche has been saying to me about Miss Silvester?"

"No."

"Did you hear Blanche say that she meant to send me to Craig Fernie to-morrow, if she failed to get news from Miss Silvester to-day?"

"No."

"Then you know it now. That is what Blanche has just said to me."

"Well?"

"Well—there's a limit to what a man can expect even from his best friend. I hope you won't be angry with Blanche's message, however. I can't, and won't, go back to the inn as things are now."

"You have had enough of it—eh?"

"I have had enough of distressing Miss Silvester, and more than enough of deceiving Blanche."

"What do you mean by 'distressing Miss Silvester?'"

"She doesn't take the same easy view that you and I do, Geoffrey, of passing her off on the people of the inn as my wife."

Geoffrey absently took up a paper-knife. Still with his head down, he began drawing off the topmost layer of paper from the blotting-pad under his hand. Still with his head down, he abruptly broke the silence in a whisper.

"I say!"

"Yes?"

"How did you manage to pass her off as your wife?"

"I told you how, as we were driving from the station here."

"I was thinking of something else. Tell me again."

Arnold told him once more what had happened at the inn. Geoffrey listened, without making any remark. He balanced the paper-knife sideways on one of his fingers. He rearrangely sluggish and strangely silent.

"All that is done and ended," said Arnold, shaking his head and shoulders. "It rests with you now to get me out of the difficulty I'm placed in by that business. Things must be settled with Miss Silvester to-day."

"Things *shall* be settled."

"Shall be? What are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiting to do what you told me."

"What I told you?"

"Didn't you tell me to consult Sir Patrick before I married her?"

"To be sure! so I did."

"Well—I am waiting for a chance with Sir Patrick."

"And then?"

"And then—" He looked at Arnold for the

first time. "Then," he said, "you may consider it settled."

"The marriage?"

He suddenly looked down again at the blotting-pad. "Yes—the marriage."

Arnold offered his hand in congratulation. Geoffrey never noticed it. His eyes were off the blotting-pad again. He was looking out of the window near him.

"Don't hear voices outside?" he asked.

"I believe our friends are in the garden," said Arnold. "Sir Patrick may be among them. Will go and see."

The instant his back was turned Geoffrey snatched up a sheet of note-paper. "Before I forget it!" he said to himself. He wrote the word "Memorandum" at the top of the page, and added these lines beneath it:

"Is asked for her by the name of his wife at the door. He said, at dinner, before my husband and the waiter, 'I take these rooms for my wife.' He made *her* say he was her husband at the same time. After that he stopped all night. What do the lawyers call this in Scotland?—Query: a marriage?"

After folding up the paper he hesitated for a moment. "No!" he thought. "It won't do not to trust to what Miss Lundie said about it. I can't be certain till I have consulted Sir Patrick himself."

He put the paper away in his pocket, and wiped the heavy perspiration from his forehead. He was pale—for *him*, strikingly pale—when he told came back.

"Anything wrong, Geoffrey?—you're as white as sheet."

"It's the heat. Where's Sir Patrick?"

"You may see for yourself."

Arnold pointed to the window. Sir Patrick was crossing the lawn, on his way to the library, with a newspaper in his hand; and the guests at Windygates were accompanying him. Sir Patrick was smiling, and saying nothing. The guests were talking excitedly at the tops of their voices. There had apparently been a collision of some kind between the old school and the new. Arnold directed Geoffrey's attention to the state of affairs on the lawn.

"How are we to consult Sir Patrick with all those people about him?"

"I'll consult Sir Patrick, if I take him by the scruff of the neck and carry him into the next county!" He rose to his feet as he spoke the words, and walked out then under his breath, with an oath.

Sir Patrick entered the library, with the guests at his heels.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

WE had battled round the Horn, and up through the "roaring Forties." Decks had just been washed down, and passengers were on their way tigging themselves out in smarter togs than usual, in honor of our first sunny, quiet Sunday at sea, when one of the men on the forecastle sang out, "A sail!" It was the first that we had seen since we had fairly got away from Sydney, and therefore it excited unusual interest. The captain bade the man at the wheel change the course a point to the westward, that we might make sure of speaking the welcome stranger; and when we came on deck again after the mid-day grace dom board was leveled at her, and the signal-book was got out in readiness. We made the stranger out to be a low black brig, with a white spar, a white quarter-rail, and very rakish masts—the lower ones painted white. The upper ones were braided up, but all other canvas, except studding-sails, was set—even a cotton main sky-sail. The brig was evidently a fast sailer, and something in the cut of her double top-sails, and the build of her hull and white bends-board, led the skipper and myself to pronounce her a Yankee. In vain did we run up our fluttering line of gay, many-colored little signal-flags. Up and down they went with good-tempered patience, but the brig's gaff still obstinately refused to display her private code of colors. Presently the sails, we saw

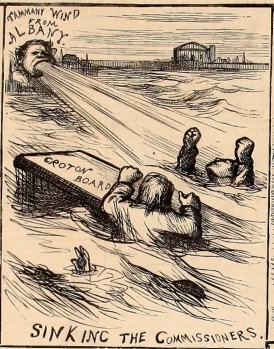

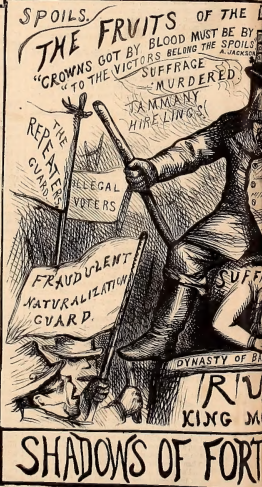

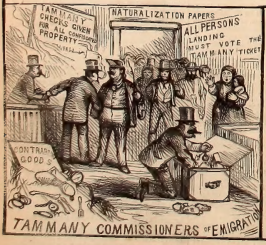

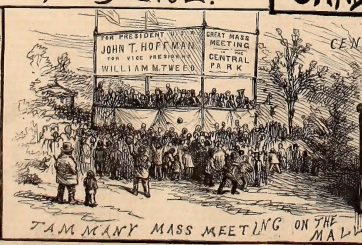

SHADOWS OF FORT

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.

RUM HOLE.

TED BY SOME LOCAL AUTHORITY.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

GOING TO THE DOGS.

TAMMANY STREET CLEANERS. (?)
(WINTER.)

TAXLEVY · DISTRIBUTERS

TAMMANY COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES

PLUNDER

MOCRATIC VICTORY,

BLOOD MAINTAINED."

NEW YORK, 1870

GIGANTIC REPEATING

COUNTERFEIT NATURALIZATION CERTIFICATES

FRAUDULENT VOTERS

BALLOT-BOX STUFFERS BRIGADE.

ST-BOX STUFFER

B.

"THE MERRY OLD TIMES."—NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

AMERICUS

"THE OLD FIRE DEPARTMENT IS TO BE REORGANIZED."

HCOMING EVENTS.

THE TAMMANY COMMISSIONERS.

TAMMANY HALL

CONNOLLY

MR. SUPERVISOR STREET COMMISSIONER SENATOR SACHEM

CIRCLE. "HIGH ART" RACE COURSE.

Th. Nast.

TAMMANY BOARD OF "HEALTH." DEATH

LOST IN THE SNOW.

See Illustration on Page 60.

Ox this drear night, going whither,
Mournful mother, with thy child?
What sad fate has brought thee hither,
Now the snow-storm, sweeping wild,
Buries every path and track;
And the night is gathering black?

All the firs are weighted with snow;
Every hedge heaves like a grave.
Faster o'er the road you go
Spreads the white and treacherous wave.
After them, with silent trend,
Steals a murderous form behind.

Clasp thy child unto thy breast;
Closer, lest he hear it nearer.
Onward; if thou may and rest
For a moment, by yon fence,
Yon farmer's savage grange
Thy fond memory will mislap.

Hurry, while thy chilling blood
Still can give the life and speed;
Knee-deep through the frosted flood,
Faster o'er the buried mead;
Till the distant village peal
O'er thy dreamy senses steal.

Cry to Heaven!—Jesu send her
Guardian angels swiftly down!
Saviour of Mankind, befriend her!
Fainter now, she half sinks down,
When a ray of friendly light
Darts, swift piercing through the night.

Then there come a pleasant jangling,
As of bells, and lusty voices,
And a cheering merry wrangling—
Ere she leaps up and rejoices,
Two great giant-arms heave round her,
'Tis her husband who has found her!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book ERE.

CHAPTER XII.—*(Continued.)*

IT was the first time she had ever called him "Cesare," and the sound of his name uttered by her lips overpowered him with joy. He fell on his knees and kissed her hand in his demonstrative southern way.

"Another min, do I not know already what you would tell me?"

"No," replied Veronica, with a faint melancholy smile; "you do not know or guess. Sit down there, opposite to me, and listen. You said a resentful word to me just now about not having trusted you. I want you to understand how little I deserve that reproach from you."

Barletti began to protest that he had never meant to reproach her; but she checked him.

"No, no; you must hear me out now. Lost autumn at the Villa Chiari, when I was startled and alarmed by Sir John's illness, you remember that I spoke to you about it?"

"Remember! Ah, Veronica, can I forget my word or I?"

"Many, I should think: but probably not those words. Well; it was merely that you were the only intimate acquaintance who frequented our house; it was not even that I thought you kind-hearted and sympathizing, and that in my utter loneliness I yearned for kindness and sympathy. No: all that would not have sufficed to make me confide in you as I did. I knew that there was a tie between us which gave me a real claim on you. Cesare, you and I are cousins."

"Cousin! You and I are cousins! But how? Oh, Veronica, and you never said a word —never gave a hint—that—"

"No. I never said a word, nor gave a hint of our relationship. I never should have done so, had not Sir John done me justice and placed me in a position which I could acknowledge to my kindred. My mother was Stella Maria de Barletti; and your grandfather and my grandfather were brothers."

"Dio mio! But he—must have known this?"

Veronica had not anticipated this commonsense remark. Barletti did not appear evidently impressed by the greatness of her conduct. When a sensitive artist has made his point, he requires to be sustained and encouraged by the enthusiasm of his auditors.

"Sir John Gale," replied Veronica, haughtily, "probably never heard the name of my mother. She has been dead many years. I have not been to the hadais of Sampierdarena for my maternal ancestors. He is a parvenu, and, like all parvenus, presumptuous and jealous on the score of family.

This magnificent outburst was a little bewildered Barletti. He knew very well what value to attach to a member of the younger branch of the princely family de' Barletti in fifteenth century; and princes had been plentiful in his world ever since he could remember; but rich English baronets had not. He recollected having heard that his respected great-uncle (Veronica's grandfather) had married a young English lady—a very moderate dowry (as to her pedigree, no one had thought of inquiring, so far as he knew), and that his respected great-uncle was thought to have done uncommonly well.

"And so we are really cousins!" he said, looking wistfully at Veronica's tear-stained face.

"Ah, ideio mio, no consanbip can make me love you more than I love you already!"

"You do not seem to understand, Cesare, that I refrained from claiming you as my kinsman, or of hinting as our relationship to Sir John, solely out of regard to the honor of our family," said Veronica, impatiently. "Some women might have appealed to you to use them rightful. But, since you have done me the honor to ask for my hand, I owe you an honorable answer. I must be had, whatsoever cost of insistence! At last Cesare understood what was expected of him. His mind, be it noted, there was not in his mind to make his response otherwise than genuine.

"Dear, noble Veronica!" he exclaimed, gazing into her face with intense admiration.

"Ah, Cesare, you did not understand me!"

"But I know, now, how brave and noble you have been! And I know how utterly unworthy of you is that man who—"

"Hush! Let that rest. He is very, very ill."

"I saw him lifted into the carriage. But, Veronica, he may linger a long time yet."

She made no answer, but drew a little apart from him, as if to commune with herself.

"I wish—I wish, Veronica, that you would throw me a word of hope to feed on in these weary days!"

"What can I say, Cesare? This is not a moment for me to speak on me. Do not make me feel that I could not dare to rely on you and appeal to you for help. Have you not?"

"You might give me a right, *then*, to be relied on, and appealed to. Veronica, I adore you! I would devote my life to you!"

"Cesare, at such a time! When he is lying there on ill!"

"But he has been ill all these months!" said Barletti, simply.

"Think of *me!* I am worn out, and can not bear much more excitement. If you will talk to me calmly, as a friend and a kinsman, you may. If you can not promise to do that, you must go away at once."

"You are hard with me, Veronica."

"It is most ungrateful to say so. Tell me that English officer you spoke with, that he says all he speak—for another minute he will talk to every comer as he did to you?" asked Veronica, flushing hotly as she put the question.

Barletti reassured her. The officer had spoken merely because Barletti had mentioned Sir John's progress. Of course, Veronica's name formed in that way, on board a ship of war, could not be mentioned in the hearing of others. Until the squadron was to depart immediately. There would be no opportunity for the thing to spread among the people who are here. Barletti, as he said this, did not believe it. But he saw that she greatly dreaded the slightest publicity, and was glad to have left only of soothing her anxiety. He tried, then, to induce her to tell him about her illness and her relations with Sir John; and to pass that she had left England with Sir John Gale. But on this subject she was not willing to be communicative. She said:

"You told me to talk to you as a friend and a kinsman, Cesare; and I will. But remember, surely, has some right to your confidence."

"Some day, Cesare," she answered, "you shall know all that I can tell you. But this has not been long, but the story can not be told quickly. I can not command myself for the effort now. You must have patience, and *some day* I will not refuse what you ask me. There is no right to ask it, but I will grant it."

Her tone, and look, and gesture conveyed more than the words. He felt that she could speak, but she lightly laid the fingers of her left hand (he held her right hand in his) on his lips.

"Not to-day, Cesare," she said, softly. "You will come this evening; and, above all, do not allow Sir John to guess that you saw him this morning! Farewell!"

"Veronica, one word! It is a question I have intended to ask you; do you know an Englishman named Frost?"

"Frost? No."

He knows you, and spoke of you. Or it may be—now I think of it—that he only knows of your name. Is it not a common name?"

"Knows me! What did he say?"

"He said that Gale treated you very ill."

He said *that?* Is that the only word for word, what he said?"

"Well, I think," replied Barletti, pondering, "that his words were, 'Sir John Gale uses that poor wife of his very ill.'"

"Ah!" Veronica retained Veronica, drawing a long breath. "He spoke of me as Lady Gale?"

"Yes, yes; I am sure of that. But where can he have known any thing about you?"

"I cannot tell you. Ask me no questions. You have told me enough to show what a hotbed of gossip this world is. Cesare, as we seem, we did not escape the tongues of those creatures who lounge at the club-door, I dare say."

Barletti felt a little uncomfortable twinge of conscience as he remembered that he himself had made one in a discussion respecting Lady Gale the very spot she mentioned. And her flushing eye and disdainful attitude recalled to him, moreover, that John Fleming was to be "publish" that her name had been spoken at the club.

"Farewell until this evening, Veronica, my adorata!"

"Good-by, Cousin Cesare."

When he was gone she sat down opposite to a large mirror. "Princess!" she said, softly, to her reflection. "Principessa de Barletti!" Veronica understood, although Cesare did not, what the worth of such a title would be in England. Then she stretched herself on a sofa and laid her head on soft cushions. She was really weary in mind and body, and presently fell off into a sleep.

Toward the end of her sleep she began to dream. She dreamed that she was going to be married to Mr. Plew, and that she was reluctantly walking by his side through St. Gildas's grave-yard, toward the church. And, as they came near to an ancient upright stone she well remembered, Sir John Gale, white and ghastly in his grave-clothes, started out from behind it, and, with a yell of hoarse laughter, bade them stop.

CHAPTER XIII.

REPARATION.

"To my beloved wife." That will be sufficient. Then, drawing away, and put another pillow behind my shoulders, Paul. Paul! Paul! do you hear?"

Then followed a hoarse muttered volley of oaths, and Sir John sank back on his pillow.

Veronica and Barletti stood beside his bed. The former very pale and excited: the latter wondering, and impressed by the change in Sir John's face. There was an awful look upon it. The skin seemed to be burned and shriveled by an inward scorching fire. The eyes looked unglassy and prominent from under their red eyebrows. There was a harsh stubble of beard upon the cheeks and chin.

"You have explained to him, have you?" asked Sir John, in a faint voice, making a slight movement with the emaciated hand that lay outside the coverlet, toward Barletti.

Veronica caught the purport of what you tell us you have written," answered Veronica.

"Yes, yes. I want him to understand. The estate in Dorsetshire is entailed, and will go to a cursed mob, a thrivel cousin who inherits the title lately—died, has he? Or not, then it—he ceased to speak any language but his own. It troubled him to talk French, he said. At any rate he could not under any circumstances, it would have appeared to him a sufficient reason for not having done any thing else to say that it troubled him. But as things were with him, it was very obvious that he was unequal to making much conversation in English.

"Does Gale say it has been signed?" asked Barletti of Veronica.

"Yes, yes," Sir John caught the question, and he answered it.

"Oh yes! Yes, the witnesses! Ay, we must have witnesses, or it would not be a legal instrument. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes. Oh, it is signed; and witnessed. Ha, ha! Witnessed!"

In obedience to a sign from his master, whose every movement he watched with anxiety, Paul took a small key from a ring attached to his master's watch-chain, and with it unlocked a little drawer at the end of the room opposite to the bed. He then opened an inner compartment of the desk which was fastened by a spring, and took out a folded paper covered with writing on one side. When all was done, Sir John stretched his hand out for the paper to be given to him. His eyes traveled over the writing—it was very short—and then glanced at Barletti and Veronica as he handed side by side near the bed. With a sudden movement he tore fragments of the paper into shreds, as they held, crossing them into irregular folds.

"Go away, go away!" he gasped out. "Go and fetch me a lawyer, Paul, Paul! Take you this precious paper, and lock it up again carefully in the drawer of that desk. Let them see you do it. So; so. And you are a witness to it, remember. You will know and recollect that that is my will, which leaves the bulk of my property to my wife—to my beloved wife.' Now go."

The latter command was addressed to Barletti and Veronica, who, nothing loth to leave that presence, withdrew. It was the fifth occasion after the day the incidents of which have been narrated in the preceding chapter. On return from the new ship Sir John had taken to his bed, and had not since left it. He was in a strangely excitable state, and had shown a most capricious ill humor.

After Sir John had dismissed them from his bedside, Veronica and Barletti remained tête-à-tête in the large dimly-lighted saloon. No one observed them, for the few guests who were together as long as they chose. Sir John, far from displaying suspicion, seemed to desire Barletti's presence in the house. But yet the prime minister no attempt to profit by this opportunity of making love to the beautiful Veronica. She was down silently, and with a disturbed countenance. He walked to the window, whose shutters were undrawn, and looked out into the moonlight. The oppression of Sir John's looks and words weighed upon him, and upon that of Veronica.

Veronica broke the silence. She spoke in a subdued voice, although there was, as she well knew, no human creature within reach of her.

"Cesare! Why d-n't you speak to me? I feel so horribly wrong."

"Cara. You have been too much tried. You must try to be strong and composed. Coraggio."

"I hate to use meaningless talk," she replied, fretfully. "Coraggio!" It is not courage I want. Courage won't explain and undo things. Do you think, Cesare, that he is really—dying?"

"He is undoubtedly very, very ill."

"There again! Meaningless, empty words. I know—we all know—that he is very, very ill. But I ask if you think the end is near?"

Cesare really loved her, and he was patient with her as real love is. He seated himself near her, and softly placed his hand upon her head.

"Veronica mia," he said, "I am not skilled in such signs. But it does seem to me that there is to-night a warning change in him."

Veronica shuddered and drew close to him, pressing her shoulder against his with the gesture, not of a lover, but of a little frightened child that seeks the comfort of human contact in the dark.

"He must feel deeply the wrong he did you," proceeded Cesare. "It must be owned that he is doing what he can to save you pain. The testament he has made is a generous one."

"Yes—I don't know—"

"You don't know?"

"I—I—feel—I can not explain it; but I have a strong feeling as though he were fooling me to the last."

"Fancies, my child. What puts them into your head?"

"I can not explain it, I tell you. He looks at me sometimes almost fiendishly. And with a kind of exultation in his eyes too. Just now I almost believed his mind was wandering."

"No, no. It was in perfect possession of his senses," said Barletti, fondly, feeling that this supposition was an extremely important one for Sir John's legatee to make. "He has done every thing with forethought and deliberation. The marriage on board ship was his own idea, was it not?"

"Yes."

"And on the first distant hint of his making a provision for you—which you uttered in accordance with my suggestion—he sent your wisher by telling you that he had already made a will with which his widow would have no reason to be dissatisfied?"

"Yes."

"The will is clearly expressed and duly witnessed, is it not?"

"He did not show it to me. He merely read a few words to me."

"But he stated what his purport was, in the presence of Paul and the steward?" And its terms surpassed your expectations. Is all that true?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yes; it is true," added Veronica, in a firmer tone. Barletti's reepistulation of the facts were reassuring her. In him, at least, spoken at first with an indistinct hope of eliciting some such reassuring statement as this one.

"But," she added, after a pause, during which her memory had vividly recalled certain of Sir John's strange words: "although all that is true, quite true, I can not help being made uneasy by his manner. My husband is ill, and for me if he hates me, as I most thoroughly believe he does?"

"Hates you, Veronica! What wild folly!"

"No, no, no: it is not wild folly. It is sober sense," pursued Veronica, speaking with some earnestness, now that she had once begun to reveal the secret thought that was in her. "I have a right to guess! I do. I may not, I know I *known* it. What love he ever felt for me has been over this many a day. I always knew that he was jealous of me—always. He hates you too. He is jealous of you. I have seen his eyes, when he did not know that I saw them, under the shadow of his lamp-screen on the little table. And I believe he set Paul to watch us. I do."

The strong conviction in her tone was not without its effect on Barletti. He was impressed with the confident calmness of one who is rebutting an obvious absurdity, and with a slight shudding of the mind up and down: "Well, it is the most original demonstration of hatred I ever heard of, to bestow his name and his fortune on the object of it the moment when he is about to leave you free to enjoy both as you please. Most people would call such conduct affectionate and generous.

"Yes. And it is because I know him to be incapable of generous affection or generosity that I can not be easy."

"Veronica, that is morbid!"

"Well, you may say what you please, but I *know* that man means me no good. Do you remember what I said to you on the night we set aside his bed? Dio mio! How it all comes back! Cesare, I am afraid of him! I am with both young, and handsome, and healthy. How delightful it is to think of the years of happiness that stretch before you!" And she broke out into the diabolical sneer he gave? Oh! Cesare, there is none to evil to come. I am afraid."

She wrung her hands tightly together, and began to pace quickly up and down the room.

"Veronica," he said, in a tone of much consideration, "it may be that you do not much wrong Sir John's nature. He is ill, and has suffered pain and mistaken in your conclusions. If he does not care for you he cares for himself, and the fear of death is a powerful motive to reparation."

"He does not believe in reparation. It scoffs at every thing. He has no religion."

"But those are the very people to be afraid. I have known men who have never been to mass or to confession for twenty years turn like soft wax in the hands of the priests when there came any prospect of dying."

"Ah, in your church, perhaps. But with us it is different."

"And then, don't you see, Veronica, that the struggle in his mind between evil promptings and the desire to save his own soul may produce all the strange fluctuations you observe in his manner?"

She shook her head doubtfully, but she liked that her vague fears and suspicions should be combated. Cesare had fanned into life a spark of hope. She had been right in her assertion that she always had been loved. With more patience than she had first sought to make

himself pleasing in her eyes, she was unshakably sure that now, at all events, he loved her for herself; and that were she destitute to-morrow he would not desert her. And then, too, her apprehensions seemed less alarming now she had uttered them than they had appeared while she brooded over them silently. Perhaps Cesare was right, and she was wrong after all! What fate could there be in her fortune? Yes; no doubt Cesare was right! She was very glad she had told him how she felt. Everything imparted she took his head between her hands, and pressed her lips to his forehead. The action was little more than an expression of her relief to her mind which his word had brought: and partly it was the unthinking impulse of love in peril to a sleeping hand—the clinging of a child that knows no compunction in throwing all its weight of care and fear on the patient willing shoulders of those who love it.

The next day about noon Cesare de' Barletti was breakfasting in one of the principal caffè's in Naples, when Mr. Frost walked in and took his seat at a small round table near him.

"Ah, Mr. Frost! So you are not gone then?" said Barletti, shaking hands. "I thought you were, many he never omitted with an Englishman, conceiving that to have done so would have been as great a solecism in good-manners as to decline the proffered pipe of a Turk.

"No," returned Mr. Frost, "I am not gone, as you see. The telegram came after all. I may be compelled to leave another week or so. I have not seen you these last days, prince."

"I have been nowhere—nowhere except to the house of a valued friend. He is dying, poor soul. Do you remember—" Barletti suddenly checked his speech and dropped his eyelids with a little clatter that brought the waiters hurrying up. In the little momentary bustle his sudden pause and confusion escaped notice, as he flushed.

Cesare had been on the point of mentioning that his sick friend was no other than the bride's groom whose marriage had taken place at the *Fortiloni*, when he remembered that Frost had spoken of "Lady Gale." If Frost connected Veronica to be Sir John's wife already at the time of their conversation at the window of the hotel, it would be injudicious, to say the least, to proclaim that she had only been married that very morning. Secondly, Veronica would suffer from having the date of the marriage known. It might be—nay, it was probable—that Mr. Frost had already heard of it. But at all events he (Cesare) would say no word on the subject. Mr. Frost had evidently received that the dropping of the coffee-cup had been a mere threat on Barletti's part to divert attention from his unfinished speech. But it was a matter of considerable importance to Mr. Frost whether Prince Cesare de' Barletti were close or candid in his communications, now that the bridegroom's fall had brought the new and into contact was satisfactorily concluded. He therefore began the dialogue with a question as he sipped his coffee, and Barletti listened with lazy satisfaction.

Presently he observed, during a pause in the talk: "What a devil of a pace those fellows drive!" The hackney cabmen, I mean. Just listen how one is tearing up the street at this moment. Neck or nothing!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Frost, "I often wonder that in your teeming streets more accidents do not happen. This fellow, whoever he may be, is coming here, by the sound. By Jove! I think it is the matter?"

The exclamation was elicited by the sudden pulling up of an open cab at the door, and the hurried descent therefrom of a pale, frightened servant in an English livery. Every one looked about him eagerly, and allowed his way through the crowd of coffee-drinkers with a promptitude of their convenience which would have brought down considerable wrath on his head had it not been for the expression of his countenance, which aroused curiosity and kept resentment in abeyance.

"Oh, there you are, signor principe!" exclaimed the man, catching sight of Barletti. "I've been half over Naples looking for you! At last I heard you were here. Will you come at once to milady? Here's the cab waiting."

"What is it, Pierro?" asked Barletti, rising with a face yet paler than the servant's.

He had no reason to fear for Veronica, and yet his unreasonable lover-like apprehension could fix on no other object.

"My master, signor principe, is dying or dead. I don't expect to find him alive when we get there, and milady she's been falling from one fainting fit into another. And as soon as she had consciousness she sent for you."

Barletti seized his hat and rushed to the door. Before he stepped into the cab he called out to Frost, "I will send you this evening! I may have business. Something important! Come to the Palazzo Dinozi at six o'clock, if you possibly can, and ask for me!"

Then Barletti got into the cab, and was whirled away with a mighty whooping and clattering of hoofs.

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY BELOVED WIFE."

MR. FROST called at the Palazzo Dinori a few minutes after six o'clock that evening. He was admitted immediately to the portress, who had been told to expect him, and was ushered into a small, sumptuously-furnished room, overladen with ornament. It was Veronica's boudoir.

Mr. Frost had not come to the palazzo without trying to gain some information respecting the person who lived there. A rich Englishman—a very, very rich! A millionaire at the least, Milordo Gale. That was the report of the landlord of Mr. Frost's hotel. His cook was a superior person—a man of talent—a cordon bleu! The landlord had the honour of a slight acquaintance with that distinguished artist, who sometimes cracked a bottle of "Lacrima" or fine Capri with him in his private room. As to Milordo Gale—ah, yes, he was rich. Dio-lo! Poor men did not enjoy the services of such a cook. The landlord had known the latter long, and esteemed him highly. He had been chef de cuisine to the Inglese Milordo many years ago: in the old days, you understand.

Mr. Frost would perhaps not have complied with Barletti's request to go to the Palazzo Dinori so promptly had he not felt a considerable amount of curiosity concerning its inmates. He sat down in the luxurious room, and contemplated with interest Lady Gale's costly lodging in Gower Street. That thought brought others in its train: other thoughts of a painful and humiliating nature. By marrying Miss Lockwood had not yet been redeemed. And Hugh was growing more and more headstrong. It was quite a foregone conclusion that he was to be any private letter from England, and she had had no from him for some time, and Veronica's demands for money from beginning to end. Mr. Frost's private meditations were not soothing. The speech of a "Le Lady," a mode of dressing, a wrench of his mind, and a movement of his body as though he were shaking a tangible burden from his shoulders, he turned his thoughts to other matters. Things had got to that point with him that even a man tells himself that it is no use thinking of his troubles: thinking will mend nothing. Some time must look more favourably come, at all events. And if not—? If not, why still it is no use thinking. The devil must have his turn now!

Mr. Frost had not sat ten minutes in the boudoir before Barletti came in.

"Come in, come in," said he, grasping the lawyer's hand hard, "you are come? Thanks, many thanks. I have a world of you."

Barletti had never addressed Mr. Frost as "caro amico" before.

"What can I do for you?" asked the latter, observing Barletti's face attentively, but not scrutinizingly.

"It is all over here. That man—Sir John Gale—"

"Your friend?"

"My friend! Yes, yes, my friend! The most unlucky of all friends! Dead, dead! Poor, unfortunate, forgive me! He has gone to meet his deserts."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Frost, with closed lips and an indescribable inflection in his voice. "*Ecco lo!* That is to say that he is—?"

"Dead."

"Oh! Yes. I see. Was it sudden?"

"One or two hardly say so after all these months of wasting away. But yet at the last it was sudden, quite. It was a blessing sight to see. When I got here I could not see straight into his room. I turned sick and faint as a girl," said Barletti, leaning pale, and shuddering at the recollection.

"How? What was the hideous sight?"

"He had taken a blood-vessel, and was lying there just as he had died. They had touched nothing. It was horrible!"

The impressionable Italian hid his face with his hands, as though to shut out the remembrance of the scene.

"Who was with him? How was the cause of death ascertained?"

"The physicians who attended him arrived just after it happened. He had been raving in his usual maniacal fury. That killed him, there's no doubt."

A thought occurred to Mr. Frost. If Sir John Gale had died intestate he would leave a fortune undoubtedly be a wealthy woman. In any case his death would relieve her from the anxiety and torments under which she would have at least such an income as befitted her rank. Lady Tullis (since we must call her so) in her present circumstances from those she had been in hitherto. Would be likely to make a liberal move of course. And then—then that might make a difference in the prospects of Hugh Lockwood! The thought was a momentary one. Mr. Frost knew so quickly that there was no perceptible pause before he said, &You will allow me to suggest that you should not remain in this room, Barletti. Perhaps you have already done so?"

Barletti was sitting with his face on the table and alternately bringing his open palms together on his forehead, and slowly separating them with a stocking movement toward his eyes. He made a little negative gesture with his head, in answer to Mr. Frost's question.

"You asked me to come here, prince, in such a manner that I concluded you stood in need of professional advice from me. If so, I believe you will forgive me for reminding you that my time is valuable, and that if there is no service I can render you I must withdraw."

"No, no, don't go! Pray don't go! I do want you. I am not myself myself yet. I have been half distracted all day. More for her sake, God knows, than my own!"

"For—?"

"I am her cousin. I have a right to be near her and protect her. Her name is Veronica Stella de' Barletti. There is no other relative in Italy to take care of her."

Mr. Frost, I do not in the least doubt your right to take care of the lady in question. But—who is she?"

"Do you remember that morning, now nearly a week ago, when we saw Sir John Gale being rowed ashore from the English ship?"

"Certainly. Ah, I see. Yes, yes; I begin to understand. There was a lady with him—a young lady as it seemed to me. Humph!"

"Yes, that was she. She was in a dreadful state that morning poor child, poor child! She had been fainting, falling from one swoon into another, and that was best for her, proven anima sofferente! For when she became conscious again her misery was terrible to witness."

"My I ask what was the occasion of the lady's agitation? I did they permit her to see the scene which so affected you? That was injudicious!"

"Oh yes! She saw it all. She has not yet been able to give me a connected account of it; but from what she has said, and from what Tani and —Paul was that man's valet—I have ascertained that the scene must have been appalling."

Mr. Frost was evidently very much surprised at Barletti's acknowledgment that the beautiful young woman in question in Sir John Gale's household could not be doubtful was his cousin. The young prince's visits to Palazzo Dinori, and his election to the lovely woman who inhabited it were well-known and much discussed topics of gossip in Naples, as they had been at Florence—a fact of which Barletti was as innocent as a child. For there are minds which, although shrewd enough to judge their neighbors, never conceive that the same standard is naturally applied to themselves. Some breath of this gossip had floated by Mr. Frost, and had remained in his memory. Veronica was usually spoken of as "La Lady," a mode of designating her which conveyed no idea of widehood to Mr. Frost's ears. Mr. Frost was not unacquainted with foreign life. He had lived in Paris, and called himself a man of the world. But he did not quite understand that it is a matter of course to be aware that their social morality is presided over by a stern goddess called Decorum, to outrage whom lives in a blasphemy condemned by all well-bred persons. It would not sting an Italian man's probity to talk to his friend of "whited sepulchres." There must be sepulchres, and the least you can do is to whitewash them.

"Well," said Mr. Frost, shrugging his shoulders, "the poor young orphan must be taken care of. Milordo Gale has left no will, I suppose

LOST IN THE SNOW.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 58.]

LEAVING OLD ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

LEAVING OLD ENGLAND FOR AMERICA.

We're away, we're away to a far distant shore,
Where the toil-worn and weary no longer may slave;
Where the worker may rest when his labor is o'er,
In the sunset of life, ere he sinks in the grave.

We're away, we're away to those wealth-teeming climes,
Let the downcast and helpless shake off their despair,
Let the woe-stricken soul live for happier times—
Bright, oh bright are the hopes of our destiny there!

Far away, far away, on those measureless plains,
Shall the sons of Britannia establish a home;
And the bold Anglo-Saxon, or fortune ordains,
Be the founder of nations in ages to come.

Farewell to thee, Albion! We love thee, we know,
And fondly part we from the land of our birth;
For the Ruler of all has decreed that we go
To cradle new realms on the confines of earth.

See the broad sails unfurl to the welcoming wind;
Now the noble ship moves! Clear the decks—we're away!
Three cheers for the dear friends we're leaving behind,
And three more for Old England—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

MISERS.

THE old satirists used to thunder against misers. Is any body a miser now? There are people who are selfish enough, in all conscience—people who, in our elegant modern dialect, are screws to the full extent to which the pressure can be carried; but is any one a miser after the "fearless old fashion," of which Elwes was the last proverbial example? At rare intervals, in the season devoted to gigantic gooseberries and supernatural showers of frogs, we hear of some pauper who has died of starvation with a purse full of sovereigns hidden in the mattress of his bed. But the sheer instinct of hoarding for the sake of hoarding has died out of modern society. A gentleman with £100,000 a year never goes to bed by daylight to save the expense of candles, or rides ten miles round to avoid a turnpike, or walks about in his old cloaks till they drop off his back. The character has disappeared under the natural influences of civilization. No man has the courage to live apart from his kind like a savage dog in a farm-yard. A commission of lunacy would be taken out against him, and he would be ordered, on pain of imprisonment, to live with other people. Instead of putting his money into a stocking, he would invest it in safe securities, and the penetrating influence of public opinion would be far too great to allow him to reinvest the proceeds without paying toll to society. We can not hide ourselves from the gaze of the many-headed monster, and no one is sufficiently insensible to the approval of his kind to do what he likes with his own. If, to make a liberal allowance, half of our income is spent for our pleasure, the other half is invariably spent in obedience to a code of rules tacitly marked by general consent. A very wealthy man may be stingy, mean, grasping, but he never has the courage to refrain from setting up an imitation, however starved and unsatisfactory, of the establishment prescribed by the rule of living of his class. Sumptuary laws have become obsolete, but the sanction which enforces a certain standard of expense is quite sufficient to prevent in practice any wide deviations on the side of economy. Hitherto we have not been so strict in prohibiting extravagance; because, though it is more pernicious to the public interest, there are so many people about the spendthrift who have a direct interest in his follies. That is, the opinion of our neigh-

bors as to the mode of spending our money is far more important in practice than our own. The passion of saving is put down in spite of the supposed selfishness of mankind, while the disposition to throw money to the dogs, though more palpably injurious to ourselves, remains comparatively untouched.

FAVORITE DISHES.

PROBABLY we have not nowadays favorite dishes in the same exclusive sense as formerly. National and theological dislikes are losing their prestige—dishes which once so satisfied the heart as well as palate that the opposite grew by what it fed on, and sentiment dictated the liking where natural incination held back; and, in fact, to bestow any excessive devotion on a dish, you must see it. The old-fashioned host of former times, in modest deprecation of his fare, used to say to his guests, "Try your dinner." Who sees his dinner now? Where a dish is really appetizing like a bird's nest, unquestionably the temptation to gormandize is diminished by the modern arrangement. The promoter of excess is one ample favorite dish which represents the dinner, rather than the knowledge of a succession in the back ground out of sight, suggesting the need of caution in keeping a corner for a possible ideal that never comes. The enormous excrescence we see now at all stimulated by a face-to-face encounter, exciting emulation and competition, is a monstrosity. Had dinners a la Russe been the mode in Gray's time, he would not have had to tell the fate of a certain Master of Magdalen, whose love for that likelihood would then have lived out his natural term, and survived his chronicler.

"Our friend Dr. Chapman," he tells Mason, "is not expected here again in a hurry; he is gone to the grave with his favorite dish at noon and full of foe—he ate them all at one dinner. But his fate was a warning to his brethren, for which he left little for the company beside the bones. He had not been hearty all the week, but after this was seized with a fever and died more."

It was clearly no mere caprice of the poet's fancy to give the siren a fish's tail, so provocative has this creature ever proved to inordinate appetites. Just lately it has come under the Commortal William III. was scarcely more proof against its blandishments than the poor Master last quoted. At Scheveningen, close by the Hague to Under-Secretary Ellis five months before the King's death, says:

"Yesterday he went to a fish dinner of Mr. Van der Esch's. It is a pity his Majesty will not be more careful and moderate with regard to diet. Should I eat so much and of the same kinds I dare say I should succumb to the attack at so long, and yet I reckon myself none of the weakest constitutions."

And it does not seem that tale of royal excess so concisely and pathetically told in nursery history? "He never smiled again, and died of a surfeit of lampreys." Here, too, we may congratulate our age on the safeguard which boundless variety offers against the concentrated attention to a natural propensity. We too have fish dinners prodigious in their aggregate of dishes, but the profusion is out of sight, and the infinite alternative of choice renders the labor of selection a weariness before the appetite can be said to be dictated by sheer quantity.

The new generation of cookery is a check to the knowledge of our friends' favorite dishes which was once a part of politeness. The eccentric Lord Dudley had one peculiarity, that the name we forget—which he expected to find at every table, and he would not dine out or invite himself if his eye sought it in vain. Old dishes are like indigenous flowers, and live in our hearts; the scientific terms of the modern cuisine are as impossible to remember as a book of botany. This ignorance has its inconveniences, however. People's tastes are necessarily more cosmopolitan than they were. When the great man could only enjoy one or two dishes, his cook was equally one-sided in his experience in order to satisfy him. A book on Quakerism tells us that wherever Mrs. Fry and John Joseph Gurney went, their cook at host jelly must be provided for them, and there were times when the cook-maid was not equal to the calves' feet. And Mrs. Sherwood tells a story of Henry Martyn, who, entertaining a party in India, recollected at the moment of sitting down to table to have heard her once commend some mutton-pies. To command was, in his fancy, not to be able to dine without. He bid the servants bring some, and the dinner had to be protracted while a sheep was killed and the pies baked for her exclusive eating.

The simpler the fare the more exacting, no doubt, is the refined palate as to the mode of its dressing. We all remember Mr. Woodhouse's great—this, but not too fine—for the use of those people who know but one or two cooks that can boil a potato or succeed in a plain omelette. How disgusting a nice appetite according as some particular whim is gratified or denied! Certainly the science of cooking never stands on a higher moral level than when some peasant wife describes with pride her husband's delicate attentions in the matter of bacon and its attendant cabbage, what are his views on the treatment of a shin of beef, and what particular stage of growth is the only one to develop the rare and choice flavor that lurks in broad beans gathered in their moment of prime. Dishes used to be family possessions handed down by tradition; a mystery hung about them; the imagination was called in to assist. A respectful awe tempered while it enhanced the moment of tasting. The *Rambler*, we think it is, tells of an old lady who kept the secret of an orange-pudding till scarce failing breath enough was left to reveal it to her favorite daughter; and our own childhood can recall dishes with something transcendental about them. Nothing that we ever taste nowadays approaches that exquisite evanescent flavor, half taste, half odor, which recorded its existence on the memory. But we can not enter further into the pathetic theme of which we reject, except just to point out how much real solace may and often is found in the contemplation of some dish supreme to childish tastes, served under the direction of now silent lips, and by hands whose ceasing remains to our fancy untransmitted.

BUSY IDLENESS.

WE confess we never feel at home with a man who must always be doing something. There was a French statesman who wrote a little book to teachers, in those convenient intervals when he happened to be kept waiting for his Minister. We have not the slightest wish to see this ante-prandial performance. We have no doubt it was a very dull book, for a man who are never at leisure is always dull.

Busy men and idle men are equally insufferable to us. The real worker is never in a hurry, and the real idler, we may add, is never any thing else. Who ever heard of Lord Palmerston, or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Brougham, being in a hurry? When we see a man in a great hurry, we may be pretty certain that his previous conduct in life has been idle, and that he is doing that bully. The idlest man we ever knew was by no means the laziest, and found that he never had five minutes to spare for any thing. No one need ever be in such a terrible hurry as this. If we send a commission to it, probably because we have been wasting our time. We have had so much real leave, therefore, done in an hour what ought to have been finished in twenty minutes; or, like the hare, we have loitered in the way, and have to run to catch for it, and arrives just in time to miss the race. Hier comes the country cousin or relation, ing who arrive breathless in the City, because breakfast was half an hour late, or because they would not get up when the clock struck seven.

LONG LIFE.

THE art of attaining to extreme old age, directed of all superfluous details, consists simply in the strict observance of the laws of health. Every day ought to be so apportioned as to permit of bodily exercise, useful employment, and intellectual recreation, the cultivation and gratification of the moral and religious sentiments, the taking of food sufficient to repair the exhaustion of the animal faculties, but the gratification of the organic and moral laws should, like the gratification of the animal appetites, be in moderation; all excess or abuse as invariably entails unhappiness, pain, or disease. Intemperance in ardors the contrary. Every act that is conducive to health and happiness is also conducive to long life; while every transgression of those laws tends as surely to premature decay, and to shorten the days of man. Hence it is that since the creation, a thousand years, if he only knew how to economize his provision of vital force. The celebrated physiologist, Hufeland, also observed that the study of the nervous centres that man ought to live much longer than he does. It has been shown by statistical inquiry that women usually live longer than the unmarried. The reason is simple: unmarried men and women break the natural laws; married men also lead more steady lives; in other words, do not so often infringe the natural laws. There is another reason for this longevity in economy of force. It is not so. Economy of force lies in the moderate use of the powers, faculties, and appetites; but to disuse them is to abuse them almost as much by excess. Otherwise, again, are perfectly obedient to the natural laws, and yet have so little control over themselves that they become victims to disease. This seems to be one of the pains and penalties of our fallen nature—the most grievous of them all.

Long life is not a blessing, but a curse that the Greeks and Romans used to chronicle all remarkable cases of longevity as a miracle; and that is counted twelve only after the time of Joseph, in his miraculous interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams. The age of Methuselah presents, then, nothing so very extraordinary when we proceed upon true calculation. I was about the era of Joseph that the prophet sang: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

But it is well attested that in our days some people attain a much greater age. Samui Mongo, a Scotchman, and Peter Czarten, a Hungarian, are quoted as having attained a hundred and eighty-five years. Again, it is said that the instances of longevity become much more numerous. The particular habits of persons who have lived to an extreme old age do not, however, always favor light upon the secret of longevity, and are even sometimes contradictory. Francis Mongo, who died at Smyrna at the age of a hundred and fourteen, drank nothing but ecorconera water. Jean d'Outrego, who died in Galicia at a hundred and forty-seven, ate naught but flour of maize. Widow Legare, who died at a hundred and seven, always went naked-footed. Laubny, who died at a hundred and nineteen, was a vegetarian, and drank water. He was never known to be angry. Farrot, who died at a hundred and forty, had his pipe constantly in his mouth; and many centenarians have been well known to have practiced anything but moderation in eating and drinking. Old Parr died at the age of a hundred and fifty-two from a surfeit at the coronation of Charles II. According to Dr. Norris, the average chances of life up to seventy have increased in our own times, but beyond that epoch the chances have diminished.

THE MAN WHO IS IN LOVE.

THERE is something very cruel in the contempt with which women, as a rule, look upon a man who is in love. One might have thought that compassion (which is nearly akin to contempt, however, with many people) would have been a more appropriate feeling; but it can not be denied that a man is never less a favorite with the women of his acquaintance than when he is desperately in love with some particular woman. For it is the latter's power to have inspired a similar attachment in the bosom of the young person who has wit enough to reason, she, out of her turn, may be inclined to see something fine and noble in his devotion; but your ordinary woman—and, after all, your extraordinary woman, who has some power of satire, and loves to revenge the weaknesses of her sex by laughing at the others—can not help regarding a lover as a rather silly person, who has caught a fever which is about as much to be avoided as a grown-up man. In novels the case is quite otherwise; and nothing in fiction attracts the sympathy of women so much as a perfect abandonment to a wild and impetuous affection, with the spectacle of a heroine-loving young man conquering every difficulty, and overcoming all manner of obstacles, for the sake of his sweetheart. But in real life, a man finds himself compelling to keep a strict watch over any exhibitions of affection which he may choose to make; and if he does not, the women of his acquaintance look upon him as a "softy," and keep their distance in a slightly contemptuous way over his folly. As for the modern young lady, she conceals her affection to the uttermost that you would almost imagine she had none.

MODERN HOSPITALITY.

OUR liberality is far less picturesque than formerly. To put down one's name in a long list of subscriptions, and have the pleasure of one dinner by a plausible secretary to a company of well-fed Christians, may be gratifying; but unquestionably there is something commonplace, not to say vulgar, in the proceeding. It would be more poetical to distribute doles at the gates of our mansions, though no one with the fear of personal pollution before his eyes could ever recommend the practice. It would unluckily be as injurious to the poor as gratifying to the rich; and in absolutely no way necessarily descend to a more mechanical mode of dispensing charity. In the same way our hospitality which is characteristic of rude societies is heartier than its modern representative. If you wish to be civil to a stranger in the city you ask him to dinner; and if you wish to be doubly civil you ask him twice; in other words, you spend about four hours in the company of a man, say, ten dollars' worth of meat and drink. In the country you may go further, and invite him to stay a week or a month, of your family circle. But your utmost efforts fall very far short of the practice in primitive countries, where the mere stranger is made at home, and has the fatted calf slain in his honor, and has no delicate limb thrown out as to the conveniences offered by the neighboring railway. Undoubtedly the degree of hospitality is measured by the generosity of habits of life. We come a man gladly when we are thoroughly tired of ourselves and of our resources, and that was the charge is brought under the general principle, that life is made up of a series of petty and rapidly-changing excitements, rather than of simple and powerful emotions.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 683.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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A FATHER'S ADVICE.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

THE illustration on our first page represents an ideal page from the chronicler of Venetian intrigue and conspiracy.—The monk—or he who pretends to be a monk—is doubtless a spy from the dreaded Council of Ten. The lady is perhaps some fair offshoot of one of the great families of the GRIMALDI, or DANDOLO, or FOSCARINI; and has it in her power to betray some great state secret that concerns her lover or husband. The mysterious page, in the Doge's Palace, but two nights since, whispered her name; and but night it was echoed by a masked figure in the loneliest cell of the lowest Fozzi. Some CARMAGNOLA has arisen; some great leader of the Condiert has haunted the banner blazoned with the winged lion of St. Mark in the face of the Milanese, or has insulted the Doge. There is danger now lest he plot some treason against the Senate, and it is of this the Father Confessor is trying to draw knowledge from the lady whom the CARMAGNOLA loves; or the Doge himself is planning evil to the State, and is promised help from the VISCONTI or the SFORZA, this wily messenger has been torturing the tender soul of this young daughter of the Morosini, that when the Doge's son is so shortly to wed, and has already obtained in a manner—save in the eyes of Venetian labyrinth. Half an hour hence a postern door of the Doge's Palace will open, and a man in a mask will hurry into the noble gondola which is held silent as a hearse, that waits there in the side canal in the dark shadow thrown by the Bridge of Sighs, and will glide off swift to the lonely island of the Lido, where other conspirators are waiting on the shore. The jailer will be told the train placed ready for the match, there will be gloomy exultation at the very hour that has been bulled and the fatal lights thrown off the track. Then, in the darkness, the clutter of gondolas will scurry, each on its own silent path—but be sure, just as the mask from the Doge's Palace comes in sight of the great white dome of Santa Maria, hovering in the moonshine, a black hand will close upon his mouth, and two poniards slash together in his breast. The gondoliers then, and the whispering gondoliers will fasten a rell of lead to the body, and let it gurgle down into the tide. Before the next day breaks, the band of masked men will be driven into the Doge's dungeons, and Venice be saved from the conspiracy that threatened it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

☞ *New subscribers to* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be furnished with the paper from the commencement of* WILKIE COLLINS'S "Man and Wife," *to the Number for November 20, 1869, at the yearly subscription price of* $4.00.

LORD CLARENDON'S REPLY.

IN writing to Mr. THORNTON OF MR. FISH'S dispatch to Mr. MOTLEY, LORD CLARENDON said that it admitted of a perfect reply, which it is to be presumed is continued in his Lordship's temperate letter of the 6th of February, in which Mr. THORNTON was to read informally to Mr. FISH. But the statement of LORD CLARENDON, courteous as it is, is also in many points a special plea. It is the work of an adroit advocate; but it is not so frank as the situation demand. Lord CLARENDON wonders that Mr. FISH dwells points in the case as presented by Mr. FISH: first, the Queen's proclamation of neutrality; second, the declaration of the Confederate secretary from English ports; and third, the supplies furnished by British subjects to the rebels.

Stating the facts under the first head, LORD CLARENDON says that the President's proclamation of blockade of the 19th of April was known in London on the 24d of May, and published in the papers of the 3d. An official copy was received from the Consul in New York on the 5th, another from LORD LYONS on the 6th, and on the 11th it was officially communicated to Lord RUSSELL by Mr. DALLAS, with a circular from Mr. SEWARD, stating that attempts would probably be made to fit out privateers in England. On the 13th, two days after the official communication, the proclamation was issued, and Lord CLARENDON denies that it was intended to be unfriendly. This statement is true; but it is not the whole truth. Lord CLARENDON does not mention that on the 6th of May Earl RUSSELL said in Parliament that the Government had consulted the law officers, and had come to the conclusion that "the Southern Confederacy of America, according to those principles which seem to them to be just principles, must be treated as belligerents." What Mr. FISH complains of is "undue haste," and the British Government, by Lord CLARENDON'S own statement, resolved upon a concession of belligerent rights four days before the official knowledge of the fact by which the concession was alleged. Had that not be fairly considered "undue haste?"

Again, in reply to the charge that the assumed belligerency was a fiction, Lord CLARENDON recapitulates the facts of the situation. But here he includes many circumstances which could not have been known to the British Government at the time. Thus, the President's summons for 42,000 troops of the 3d of May; the declaration of the efficiency of the Carolina blockade; the various captures of vessels at sea, some of which, as Lord CLARENDON mentions, were as late as the 10th of May, were certainly not known in time to justify a decision of the Government upon the 6th. Was not this, he asks, civil war? Perhaps it was—but the British Government did not know it at the time. He says that on the 4th of May Mr. SEWARD has characterized the situation as "serious, flagrant, deadly war." That may be, and every American may have felt that war was unavoidable. But the question is, did the British Government officially know only that Sumter had been assaulted. Recognition of belligerent rights proceeds upon official knowledge and probabilities and anticipations. Mr. FISH does not deny, he expressly asserts, the right of every government to decide for itself when to make such a recognition. But he justly says that it may be made with a precipitancy which reveals an unfriendly feeling. Lord CLARENDON'S own statement, both in what it says and what it omits to say, show the precipitancy of the English official action which JOHN BRIGHT so strenuously denounced?

In reply to the assertion that the proclamation of belligerent recognized vessels which otherwise would have been pirates, Lord CLARENDON says that by Mr. FISH'S own admission belligerency is an existing fact, and he adds that it exists independently of any official proclamation by neutrals. He therefore holds that the reception of the Confederate cruisers in the ports of the Netherlands, which had not issued a proclamation of neutrality, first practically accorded belligerent rights to the rebels. Again, Mr. FISH may be; but certainly the action of the Dutch colony, after war was flagrant, does not affect the action of England in the matter of the Alabama claims. And although it be true, as Lord CLARENDON urges, that if there had been no proclamation the fact could not have been the same, and the belligerency must have been sooner or later recognized, he will hardly deny that the Queen may be a competent judge of belligerency, and that it does not cease to be premature because the war proves to be very long and bloody. So when Lord CLARENDON appeals to the speech of Mr. FORSTER, one of our most constant friends, to show that recognition was prompted upon the ground of sentiment by the friends of the Northern States, who feared lest privateers should be fitted out in British ports, he forgets that Lord RUSSELL must forget that the duty of the British Government to detain such privateers was just as stringent if no such proclamation had issued—a fact which he admits when he says that the proclamation made the privateers "additionally unlawful."

Lord CLARENDON'S letter is, as he says, candid, adroit, but not quite fair. As the strongest statement of the British position upon the point of premature recognition of belligerent right—which the United States do not question

it shows conclusively that no satisfactory explanation can be made. Yet we cannot suppose it resolved upon on the 6th of May, when nothing was officially known but the action at Sumter. The justification by Lord CLARENDON of Mr. BEMIS showed conclusively when it was first urged by "Historicus," an after-thought. Nor is any thing to be gained by further discussion of the point; for we do not ask damages for what we consider an unfriendly exercise of an undoubted discretion. Yet we cannot suppose otherwise than that the manly and honorable policy of this Government is to state frankly its views, and the terms upon which it is willing to settle the question. The general feeling in both countries is favorable to plain dealing, and impatient of further diplomatic skirmishing.

CAN NEW YORK WITHDRAW HER ASSENT?

IN presenting to the Senate the resolution by which the Legislature of New York withdraws its assent to the Fifteenth Amendment, Senator CONKLING argued that the State could hereafter show why such an act should not be considered valid. We look with interest for this remark; but many other questions will be considered unsettled. The ground taken by those who refuse the right of withdrawal is, that Congress authorizes it to submit the article, the sain act, either by a convention or by its legislature, and that when it is done the act is accomplished and the authority exhausted. The plausible difficulty with this view is that it is, for those who urge it, a two-edged sword. If it is true of acceptance, it is equally true of rejection. And if New York can not withdraw its assent, neither can Ohio withdraw its rejection.

To this it is replied, that the proposition of an amendment is of the nature of the offer of a contract, and that, after the requisite number of ratification are complete, it is competent for any party to the contract to accede to its terms. But the analogy of form does not hold in the essential difficulty. If, before ratification, any party may come in, so he may go out. Besides, the proposition is not properly a contract; it is a political measure; and before it is adopted any member of the council of States may express an opinion, friendly or adverse, as every member of the Senate or House may vote aye or no, at his discretion, upon every aspect of every motion, until it is settled. Upon a political measure the question of States may be supposed to differ at various times. Indeed, it is easily supposable that the proposition of an amendment by the dominant party in Congress may disclose a tendency or policy which is so seriously disapproved as to change the political majority in a State. It is a fact apparent before the amendment is adopted, and if the assent of the State had been expressed before the popular will upon the subject was known, is it not peculiarly agreeable to the nature of our government that the assent should be withdrawn?

The moment, however, that the necessary number of States ratify an amendment, the discretion of all the States ends; and certainly it is a question for the legal mind whether a State may withdraw its assent to an amendment which is not yet a part of the Constitution, that it may equally withdraw from one that is. That, of course, is merely to affirm the right of secession. The reasonable and simple view of the subject seems to be that the States, like individuals, may have the advantage of the utmost consideration and discussion of the question presented; that if powerful and unexpected reasons present themselves for a change of opinion, while the question is still open, the State shall not be bound by an exigency which a further reflection would recall. It is true that the Constitution does not provide for withdrawing an assent once given. But the Constitution merely ordains that, "when ratified" by the Legislatures or Conventions of the necessary number of States, an amendment shall be valid. Obviously it is not valid till it is. those bodies until three-fourths of them simultaneously agree; and the Constitution declines to say when they agree, because it wishes to leave to every State the utmost liberty of deliberation and action.

As we have already said, the action of the Democratic party in New York in withdrawing assent to the Fifteenth Amendment is only another signal evidence of its hostility to equal rights, and another proof of its incapacity to rise to any really wise and patriotic policy. For many years in this country every truly liberal and sagacious measure was opposed by the party that was devoted at every cost to the extension and perpetuity of slavery. And now that slavery is gone, that party shows how utterly unchanged it is in spirit by this futile effort to prolong as long as possible the despicable prejudice which slavery fostered, and to rob of an equal opportunity the most unfortunate class of Americans.

AN AMERICAN DESPOT.

THE war which has been so long waged in Paraguay has been little understood in this country. Against Brazil in an empire and Paraguay is called a republic the passive sympathy of the people of the United States has probably been with LOPEZ, the Dictator of Paraguay. It should, however, have been a most instructive fact for us that the most truly republican and independent of the South American states, the Argentine Republic, at whose head is the ablest, most intelligent, and most liberal of all the South American statesmen, M. SARMIENTO, is opposed to Paraguay, and leagued with Brazil in the war. Our late Minister in Paraguay, indeed, have had decided sympathies in the dispute, and upon different sides. Mr. WASHBURNE'S view is uniformly to LOPEZ, while Mr. MASON is his bitterest foe.

Many persons make the distinction between Paraguay and Rome's Mr. Lincoln was by the treaty of August of May 1, 1865; but the distinction which Americans will always justly make between a despot and the people whom he controls—a distinction which could not be fairly made in this country, where the President is the free choice of the people.

A few facts in the history of the country will be useful in forming an opinion of the present situation. About the year 1811 Dr. FRANCIA became practically Dictator of Paraguay, having the content of the South American colonies with Spain he held aloof. He declined all intercourse with the other states, and imprisoned all foreigners who came to the country. No commercial export or import was allowed but by the permission of the state as a capital crime to leave the country without his consent. The opponents of his rule were shot or imprisoned. Such was the fierceness and ingenuity of FRANCIA'S tures that he inflicted upon them that he might be supposed to have been crazy, and, undoubtedly, at the end of his long life he was the accidental fear of assassination. When he died, in 1840, FRANCIA'S nephew, CARLOS A. LOPEZ, and a connection, for whom he soon afterward assed himself, took possession of the Government.

LOPEZ wrote a Constitution for Paraguay, which prescribed ten years as the Presidential term, with re-election by the Congress. The seventh article of the Constitution declares the authority of the President unlimited, not only during civil or foreign war, but whenever he deems it necessary to preserve order. Despite his Constitution, LOPEZ made himself perpetual Dictator in 1844. This was done with what a Congress—a body which by the Constitution which sits for a few days once in five years, and which merely ratifies the various acts of the Dictator. In 1856 the Congress gave the Dictator —of course by his instigation—the power to name his successor by secret will. Nor has the Congress ever refused to ratify any proposition of the Dictator. In September, 1862, CARLOS A. LOPEZ died, and left Paraguay, like a private property, to his son, FRANCISCO SOLANO LOPEZ, and the Congress unanimously approved. The present Dictator has been a worthy follower of his predecessors.

"Paraguay," says M. SARMIENTO, "is a plantation with a million of Indians instead of negroes, who consider themselves the property of the LOPEZ family." Such a lord naturally chafed under the fact that he could not reach the outer world without crossing the Argentine territory, and he has been engaged for a long time in formidable preparations—building fortresses, accumulating munitions, and employing experienced European officers to instruct his soldiers. At length he took advantage of a quarrel between Uruguay and Brazil, declaring that Paraguay interfered to serve its own interests only, and with an immense army invaded and ravaged the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. Meanwhile the Argentine Republic was neutral, and refused to allow Brazil to march across her territories. But when the same demand was refused to LOPEZ he instantly seized Argentine ships and murdered their crews. Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay, the power upon the Plate River, then allied themselves against Paraguay, and resolved to fight until they had overthrown the tyrant, but bound themselves to respect the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of Paraguay; and they will unquestionably succeed in expelling LOPEZ.

This is the President and this the republic of Paraguay of which the sympathies of the United States are solicited. And so successfully solicited, that one of the ablest and most intelligent papers in the country for many years says, that "the success of this godless alliance means extension of slavery and tyranny;" while "on the other side contend the friends of free Paraguay, whose success means freedom." But if Brazil is a slaveholding state, slavery in Paraguay is equally bitter; while the Argentine Republic abolished slavery fifty years before the United States. To apprehend the grasping ambition of Brazil upon the La Plata is unnecessary indeed, while the Argentines are struggling with the grasp of a nearer and infinitely more appalling ambition. SARMIENTO, who looks at the subject in a truly American and liberty-loving heart, as well as with the most thoroughly informed and sagacious mind, declares that "the triumph of LOPEZ means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guarani Indian despotism, under the master who, by means of dictator, papa-prince, and lord of life and property—imposing upon all those countries that obedience unparalleled in the history of the human race."

WHAT IS MONEY?

THE indications are numerous of the prevalence of very erroneous if not dangerous views on the subject of this multiform topic. It is one that affects all the relations between man and man more nearly and powerfully than any other known agency, and is of universal importance. It enters into all transactions of every description, and in the proportion in which the views with respect to it are sound and unsound, success in the long-run, whether it be in trade or in statesmanship, depends. At the present moment the prosperity of the United States is suspended upon official action at Washington. We have reached the point where the roads fork, and the only question now before us is one toward specie payments shall be chosen, which leads to low prices for all produce and labor—to ultimate ability to compete in the markets with the industry of others—to mercantile and national solidity, integrity, and safety; or whether we shall take the downward road, leads to high prices, then to speculation, then to failures, dishonesty, and ruin.

The present financial demoralization is due in great part to the failure, when the war ended, to set the country resolutely in the direction of specie payments. Immediately the precious metals are not coined in sufficient abundance to answer all the necessities of commerce, and paper must be left for use in the interval. A great war, it will be found impossible to meet the disbursements of wars of magnitude without using paper-money, especially if the paper had been extensively used in peace. But whether necessary or not we resorted to it, and on a scale which exceeded all prudence. We first issued legal tenders in sufficient quantities, and then allowed the issues of national banks and the fractional currency, all of which drove, excepting on the Pacific, were expelled from circulation; and prices, no longer fixed by labor, but adjusted by the quantity of printed money, rose to such a height that many were in doubt whether the fate of old Continental money and of the assignats would not be reached. Happily the success of our arms saved the credit of the government; but so the measure was the war and for peace, and we were carried to excess to float the $900,000,000 loan, it was a national plan to demonetize the policy as exceptional, and to be abandoned as speedily as prac-

sicuble. But, as many feared who urged the original adoption of legal tenders, there are many who insist that it is a policy which not only shall not be abandoned, but shall become permanent.

The Democratic Convention for the State of Indiana, which assembled at Indianapolis on the 8th of January, 1870, resolved that "the business interests of the country demand an *increased* and maintained volume of the currency," and that our Five-Twenties be paid off in this medium. Our friends of the New York *Mercantile Journal* send us the following, which they expect to be noticed, and it will be convenient to take both matters together

"In the interchangeability (at the option of the holder) of National Paper-Money with Government Bonds, lies a *fatal rule of interest*, these as a staple principle that will regulate the movements of Finance and Commerce as accurately as the motion of the steam-engine is regulated by the governor.

"Such Paper-Money Tokens would be perfect measures of value, which gold never could have been. The use of gold or other merchandise as money is a barbarism unworthy of the age.

—Wallace P. Gregg."

If the old hero whose remains repose in Tennessee, and whose *birthday* was chosen for the assemblage of the Convention, could have been restored to life and had appeared at its sittings, his presence in the hall would surely have been shaken at the 1123 delegates who deseerated that birthday with the assertion of doctrines which attempt to mean by the measure of those which, in a long continued contest, he firmly maintained.

The Convention put forth their dogmas in the interests of *labor*, and yet they propose to "*increase and maintain*" a currency which labor does not receive, which dispenses with the money which labor does create. The principal object of money is to secure a medium in which the value of products may be measured, and with which they may be transferred; and throughout the world one or the other, or both, of what we denominate the precious metals are used for this purpose. They pass for about the value of the labor required to obtain and coin them, and for an equivalent amount of other labor in other productions; and when we consider that, as a general rule, all productions which have exchangeable value require the same amount of on the quantity of labor more or less skilful which they contain, it will be seen that the most reliable test of value is labor. The man whom this can deter is thus furnished to mankind. The coin known as a dollar was fabricated partly because the metal of which it is formed was near to the value of a day's labor in prosperous communities. It constitutes the basis of our coinage and monetary system. In its subdivisions and in multiplied form the relation of quantity and weight of metal are carefully observed, except when some special object occurs under the law's limitation. In the conceptions of the framers of our laws, a dollar had no other signification than that of a piece of metal containing a certain weight and fineness, coined and stamped to indicate those qualities. It was formed in obedience to the unerring law laid down by Galiani, that "man—that is to say, his labor —is the only true measure of value." These metals, by reason of various qualities they possess, too well known to be enumerated, and because they are found in the earth in quantities which permit neither of redundancy nor of insufficiency, have been chosen for the purpose of money, and they answer the object with all the certainty of which the subject is capable. Instead of being a relic of barbarism, experience through past ages has demonstrated, as it will through future ages, that their use is indispensable to the world.

The theory on which the Government of Indiana proceeded is the erroneous one that a promise to pay the dollar means something else than the dollar of gold and silver described in acts of Congress, and they would substitute a *promise* in the place of the true dollar as the permanent currency of the United States. If ever this policy shall be adopted all certainty with respect to the measure of value will be at an end, and the repudiation of our public debt and of all debts must necessarily follow. The imposition of money, instead of being committed to labor, will be handed over to speculators, who can strike off enough in an hour with a printing-press to secure possession of the entire productions of the State of Indiana, and compel submission to their exactions. We ask the *Mercantile Journal* to consider what would be the value of its "paper-money tokens" if the Treasury of the United States were to adopt the doctrine that portion of the Democracy which governs the city of New York, in the expectation that through frauds in naturalization and in the use of repeaters they will be elevated presently to the control of the National Government.

No possible harm can result from the system which encourages *labor* to produce by its sweat and toil the money of commerce. Such money will never be found in excess of the wants of the world, because it would be unprofitable. The issue of paper-money in excess of those wants invariably stimulates the speculative mind, and discourages labor in the mines, with this result, that promises to pay *dollars* become abundant, and the measure of performance are impaired in the same ratio. Modern history is full of examples of this folly. They teach the lesson that a currency not immediately and certainly convertible into the precious metals is one of the greatest curses with which the industry of mankind can be afflicted. If we firmly take the road to specie payments, justice, prosperity, integrity, safety, and honor will result to our whole country.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S OPPORTUNITY.

Louis Napoleon has apparently safely turned an ugly corner, the dangers of which, however, will undoubtedly reappear should the Prussian encroachments continue for his crime. The permission for the return of Rochefort, and the wisdom of the new Ministry in allowing Prince Rochau and other Republicans access to some home, show that the Government intends a more liberal policy; while the remark of the new Minister of Justice, M. Ollivier, that the Government has been moderation and law, but that it will be power also if forced to it by the irreconcilables, shows that it means to conciliate the liberal movement, and not to abandon the country to anarchy. That unquestionably must have been the result of any serious conflict now had the Government been overpowered. Henri Rochefort has a sharp and reckless pen. He is a cogent and effective local discomfort of the France, but he is not a sagacious and controlling brain. When the revolution of 1848 took place he was a mere boy, and all intelligent people with recognized leaders which immediately assumed control of affairs. But the new régime in Europe is not of course disturbed the opposition. Even Jules Favre evidently prefers peaceful remedies and trusts the possibility of the law. Thiers, therefore, is plain that the Government proposes to shield the murderer, it would have been criminal folly in the Parisians to precipitate an insurrection.

There is no reason to suppose that the new experiment in France will not be fairly tried; and, as we have before said, the fault in it only is that the people are not likely to believe it. The new régime is the grant of a man who has not implicit confidence to believe he will. But he is, nevertheless, shrewd enough to see that the only chance for his son's succession lies in a plain change in the system of personal government. The removal of Haussmann against the Emperor's known wish, the return of the republican exiles and the greater freedom of the press, are signs that French liberals can appreciate of Louis Napoleon's willingness to make actual concession. And if, as from all the homicide by the Prince Pierre, the course of justice is allowed to have its way, as in the case of Troppmann, a serious evasion of any kind, France will feel more assured that a Government which is strictly just toward a citizen of the reigning family is a Government that can be trusted. The event gives Louis Napoleon and M. Ollivier an immense opportunity, and a temporary success for a long time may be inferred from their use of it.

NOTES.

We are glad to know that the President is friendly to the St. Thomas treaty, and it will be very pleasant to learn that the Senate will be willing to embarrass, by rejecting it, one of the most faithful Democratic allies. The present minority in Denmark is one of the ablest that the country has had; but it considers its honor so involved in the ratification of the treaty to which it has acted at the persistent and earnest request of the United States, that it will not consent to the negotiation fail. There is no part of the contemplated extension of the territory of this country which can be regarded with so much satisfaction as St. Thomas.

If is very pleasant to observe that the new University lectures, at Harvard College, which include not the progressive and elder spirit it recent in each department, are open to women as to men: while the University of Michigan opens all its doors equally, and the St. Louis Law School has already done. Meanwhile the friends of Women Suffrage in the West and in the state as clear from entangling alliances with other reforms and the endless host of individual whims and vagaries which would pursue it with the strangeness of sun that marks the movement in England, and the experience and other

A NEGRO HOLIDAY IN HAVANA.

THE celebration of Three Holy Kings' Day by the negroes of Havana is something which gives the beholder the feeling of being transported beyond all limits of civilization, into the country of gorilla and monkeys of all descriptions. A stranger arriving in that city on the 6th of January, the day set apart for the observance of this strange festival, would be struck with horror and wonder at the sights presented to his eye. We heard once of two gentlemen, Englishmen, and possessors of all the delicate sensibilities of that nation, who were so unfortunate as to land in Havana when these festivities were at their height. On going into the street from the door of the Custom-house they were immediately surrounded by a fantastically-dressed crowd of men and women, who, with every species of wild yells and grotesque attitudes, sought to arrest the progress of the strangers. One English friends, far from appreciating the fun, were frightened quite out of their wits, and after many and vain endeavors to escape from their persecutors and proceed quietly to their hotel, they at last, with a desperate effort, broke through the crowd, and rushing in the direction of the dock where they had so recently landed, were seen no more.

Our mind had been prepared for all kinds of hideous uproar; and so, when on the early morning we sauntered to the Cathedral Square, our only astonishment consisted in finding the place so quiet and peaceful. The front of the old cathedral was positively golden in the clear, tropical morning sunlight, and the many clusters of trailing vines, which winds have planted on every broken corner of rock where earth could hold, were waving gently back and forth, throwing trembling shadows on the crumbling yellow stone. There was but little life in the square. A few heavy-faced Spanish peasants were lounging about, and now and then a train of little donkeys waddled along under the immense burden of green fodder which allows only the four clumsy feet and funny little nose of the animal to be visible. Generally four or five donkeys are tied in a string, and driven ahead by a merciless Chinaman, who punches the little things with a sharp stick whenever they show an inclination to

AN INTERESTING PAIR.

stop for breath. From a little distance they look like animated haycocks jogging through the street.

But suddenly the bell-ringer stepped under the bell in the cathedral tower, and seizing the small rope attached to the top, commenced ringing with all his might. Was the man deaf when he accepted the position under the big bell, or has he become so since? for deaf he must be to stand quiet and immovable, his head actually within the thing which rouses half the city with its loud vibrations. Who will deny him to be the greatest living disciple of Poe? Does he not "dwell up in the steeple, all alone?" And are not

"The jangling
And the wrangling
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,"

forever ringing through his head? We always supposed Poe to have written that poem within the walls of La Bella Ferrara, but after sleeping —or, more fully speaking, trying to sleep—through the Christmas and New-Year's holidays directly under the shadow of this cathedral, with its big bells and little bells, its bells for mass and bells for vespers, to say nothing of the old English clock in the left tower—which, as it only rings four times an hour, may be classed as very quiet and respectable—we have been forced to change our opinion, and now believe it was written in no spot of the earth but Havana. It is true there are no "sledges with the bells" here; but that was probably a sweet reminiscence of the writer's far-off home.

As the bells rang the morning mass was concluded, and the crowd poured out of the church, the negroes scattering rapidly in all directions to prepare for the festivities of the day, and the white portion of the congregation—which was by far the smallest—standing about the door to watch the old bishop pass out to his carriage.

But the sound of loud outcries in the distance gave notice that the day's carnival had begun, and soon a wild and singular-appearing party came round the corner into the square. Four negroes, dressed in bright green, and ornamented from head to foot with streamers of every color, were carrying between them a large model of a ship gayly decked out with ribbons. Behind followed two others, dressed in suits made of gunny-bag fringed round the ankles. A flaming red scarf was tied over the shoulder. These fellows carried immense tin rattles, which they swung over their heads continually. In front of the most grotesque party walked a heavy black personage in very quiet citizen's clothing. This was the treasurer of the company; and while the others yelled and shouted and danced, he took his hat from his woolly head and held it toward us for money. It is useless to refuse giving.—Wherever an unfortunate mortal with a white skin is to be seen, there the negroes crowd; and no door so slightly ajar, no window so shaded, no balcony so high as to escape their sharp eye. They congregate, howling and shrieking and dancing, until something is thrown out. A very small silver coin contents them, and they cur-

THE FRIGHTENED ENGLISHMAN.

THE GRAND PROCESSION.

tains their noisy march. And now in all directions might be heard sounds such as seldom reach the ears of any but a LIVINGSTONE or DU CHAILLU, and the square was soon filled by a motley

GROUP OF MASQUERADERS.

mixture of Congo, Mandingo, and other African tribes. These tribes cling together with great tenacity, and each forms a regular society, with its chosen leader, who acts as spokesman on all important occasions. They preserve many of their wild tastes, and indulge in many dances, chants, and curious ceremonies which were originally practiced in their native land.

The festival costume of these creatures can scarcely be described. No two were alike, but each seemed vying with the other to produce effects the most grotesque and ridiculous. Many were dressed in gunny-bagging trimmed in every possible fashion. One was stuck all over with playing-cards, another appeared striped with all kinds of brilliant colors. Many costumes were almost picturesque, being composed of brilliant scarfs and blankets twisted about the figure in true savage fashion. A principal ornamentation was cocks' feathers. These were used as head-dresses in some instances, or placed in huge tufts upon the shoulders, wrists, and ankles. Nearly all the rioters carried mock weapons, ranging from an immense wooden sword to a club of sugar-cane.

This crowd was divided up into parties composed of from six to twenty persons, generally half women, each party having its flag-bearer, treasurer, and head musician. The music was generally performed on an African war-drum—a curious hollow piece of wood, about three feet long, with a goat-skin stretched tightly across one end, the drum-stick being the fist palms of the drummer. One party of Congos gathered directly under the balcony where we had taken refuge, and gathering about the drummer, who was doing his best to deafen every body in the neighborhood, they commenced a curious dance, in which every muscle of the body was brought into play. Did our teachers of gymnastics take lessons of the Congos? We strongly suspect so, for no head more civilized could have invented all the sensible twistings and squirmings that the modern school-boy is put through under their direction.

The singing of these negroes was one of the most curious parts of the performance, if such odd, monotonous shouting could be dignified by that name. The leader would strike up a sound —not a tune—and all the party would fall in at the last word of each line, repeating it over and over until they seemed to be mere echoes of themselves. The only really remarkable thing about this singing was the time, and that was maintained with so much precision that any New York orchestra leader would have bolted over with envy to hear it.

The women were attired in more civilized costumes than the men; and in many a party, where the men were dressed like savages in all sorts of gay old rags, the women were quite passable in missus's cast-off finery, and their heads neatly dressed with green wreaths. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the taste with which the negro women of this city dress, unless it be the grace and perfect elegance of their carriage, as they sweep proudly through the narrow streets of the city.

The feces of some of the wildest masqueraders reminded one forcibly of various animals of BARNUM memory—ape or gorilla, who shall say?

THE TIN-PAIL DRUMMER.

One curious customer, who marched all alone, was dressed in a costume which must have been imported direct from "Africa's sunny fountain" for this special purpose. It consisted of short striped breeches, high moccasins, of so many colors that it would be impossible to tell the fabric from which they were sewn, a pink gauze shirt, the color considerably darkened by the black skin underneath, and on the head a huge waving bunch of something like tow. This fantastically attired individual carried a bent and rusty tin pail, from which, with an immense club, he brought forth such an uproar that we expected to see the rabbet to COLUMBUS on the wall of the cathedral altar start from its position, and the dry bones behind it spring forth. As we looked closer at him, he rolled up his eyes, and opened his mouth with wild shrieks for money, all the while striking the tin pail and dancing wildly. The whites of his eyes, and two rows of glazing teeth, with the huge red opening between them, together with the cold-blackness of his face, formed a picture horrible to civilized mortals. Was this creature man or baboon? If man, where, oh! where was the human element to be sought?

Apart from this festive throng there appeared to be an upper-crust of the black element, the movements of which were very amusing to watch. The men all in holiday attire—white pants and black coat, when they could get one—walked about twirling little canes, and wasting only a very superior air the mad pranks of their more humble brethren. The women of the middle class sailed majestically around, carrying their long muslin trains and tossing their heads with a grace and real beauty of motion that many a Broadway belle might envy.

As the day wore on toward night the excitement grew wilder, and even the upper-crust found it very hard to keep their step down to an indifferent time, and whenever the drum and hoarse little pipe were heard, the heel and toe would keep time in spite of the possessor.

After nightfall the streets became clear, and all the mad rout betook themselves to their ball-rooms, where, with dance and shriek and yells, they passed away what remained of the Day of the Three Holy Kings.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

THIS ferocious sect, now nearly exterminated by the British authorities, is by some supposed to have originated with Mahommedan banditti in India, though it afterward became more a Hindoo than a Mohammedan practice. They were once found in all parts of India, and their atrocious deeds made them the terror of the country. They were worshipers of the goddess Kali, the divinity who presided over sensual indulgences and death, and followed their cruel practices from religious motives rather than for the gratification of malice or desire for blood. The members of the sect belong to all the different castes, and each has its own department in the service. The gangs were from 30 to 300 in number, divided into different classes under a leader and a teacher. These classes were: 1. The spies, who were learners or apprentices; 2. Stranglers; 3. Entrappers, who were sometimes women; 4. Grave-diggers. They usually assumed the dress of merchants or pilgrims, and often craved the protection of those whom they intended to destroy. Their usual instrument of death was the handkerchief, or rumal, with which, by a dextrous movement, they strangled their victim. The spies having informed their associates in regard to their intended victims, the members of the gang traveled to the spot in such a manner as to be near each other, and the entrappers, by artful management, would endeavor to attract the doomed persons to some secluded place where the strranglers could dispatch them. After stripping the bodies of every thing, the grave-diggers buried them with such precautions as were necessary to prevent discovery. The plunder was divided—one-third to the widows and orphans of the sect, one-third to the goddess Kali, and the remainder among the assassins. After a murder the Thugs who had been engaged in it united in a sort of sacrament, called *topassee*, at which consecrated sugar was eaten. It was not their practice to kill women or old men, and Europeans were spared, from the danger of detection. The English authorities in India sought to suppress the Thugs as early as 1800; but it was not until 1835 that the gangs were effectually broken up, and their power as an organization destroyed. Between 1826 and 1835 1562 persons were condemned as Thugs, their families put under surveillance, and their children educated to virtuous habits, and taught trades by which they might obtain an honest livelihood. Many of the Thugs were, to all appearance, respectable and worthy people, and their connection with the sect was rarely suspected until it was revealed by their arrest by the authorities, or the discovery of some murder in which they had been engaged. An English officer, for twenty years a resident of India, relates that he was intimate for many years with a native merchant, supposed to be an excellent and exemplary citizen, who turned out to be a Thug chief. The number of Thugs at present in India is very small, and is constantly diminishing. Our illustration represents a group of strangiers—a ferocious-looking set of men, whom it were just as pleasant not to meet in a lonely place.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER, the new Prime Minister of France, is a comparatively young man, having been born at Marseilles in 1825. In 1847 he became a member of the Paris bar. When the Revolution broke out the following year he was sent by LEDRU ROLLIN as Government Commissioner to Marseilles. This was his introduction to public life. He was afterward appointed Prefect at Langres; but in consequence of differences with the government of LOUIS NAPOLEON, then become President, he returned to the bar, where he achieved considerable success. In 1857 he was returned as Opposition candidate for one of the circumscriptions of the capital, and spoke and voted with the other four deputies in steady resistance to the Draconian measures proposed by the government and passed by a docile Corps Législatif. For three years his speeches, as well as those of his colleagues, JULES FAVRE, ERNEST PICARD, PELLETAN, and JULES SIMON, were not allowed to be published; and not until 1860, when the debates were regularly reported in the *Moniteur*, were the public enabled to form a conception of his powers as a parliamentary orator. At this period OLLIVIER was a bitter *irreconcilable*, more from personal motives, perhaps, than public ones, for his father had been expelled and ruined by the *coup d'état*. This portion of his history he has himself narrated with touching simplicity and much graphic power in his book published early last year.

In 1863 he was re-elected for Paris, and soon afterward his hostility to the government became toned down. His report on trade combinations and strikes, which formed the basis of the new law on those subjects, brought him into personal communication with the Emperor, toward whom he gradually approximated, and in 1865 he was chosen—with government support, of course—as one of the members of the Council-General of Toulon. The reforms of January, that crowning of the edifice, a work which has consumed three years in repeated commencements and repeated delays, are attributed to his inspiration. His labors and efforts, in the interval, to make parliamentary government a reality, seem likely to be at length successful.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER is an impressive speaker and ready debater, and in other respects a man of much ability. Four years since he was appointed permanent professional adviser to the Pasha of Egypt with a large salary, and had to take his name off the list of the members of the bar in consequence. He was chosen by the Emperor to arbitrate in the matter of the Suez Canal. He has been twice married. His first wife, a daughter of LISZT the pianist, died a few years back; and he not long since married a young lady from Marseilles, with whom, it is stated, he received a large fortune.

A GROUP OF THUGS.

REFRAIN.

France the sex is, and fickle of fair.
So they say of it. So let it be.
But did ever the landsman's laugher chaffe
The seaman's pride in his dancing deck?
Or did ever the lehuuman, whose home is there,
In place of his own thee hand and eye,
Trust the plowman's skill, when the sea ran high,
And submit to a landsman's amputator?
No! For the seaman loves the sea,
And knows its nature.

Feeli there is on the mountain peak;
When bradling tumbls the turbulent rills.
But did ever the lowland shepherd's fear
Daunt the heart of the mountaineer?
Or did ever the hill-born hunter seek,
When the snow-drift, sweeping the mountain wide,
Fear hail and furies, for a lowland guide
To track the path of a mountain creature?
No! For the hunter loveth the hills,
And knoweth their nature.

Then to whom shall the sailor for counsel go,
Through the volume of science his bark to steer?
Or what, through the ice and the falling snow,
May guide the foot of the mountaineer?
Hath the huntsman heed of the pastoral trills
Which the shepherd pipes to his flock on the lea?
Or the seaman balk the fear that fills
The landsman's babbling prate? Not he!
For the eagle and the dolphin have their ways and
wills,
Which they must learn who their lords would be
And the highlander strides and treats the hills,
As the boatman spurns and trusts the sea.

But, O my love, I am thine in vain,
If thou trustest me not! And, oh! why hast thou ta'en
Counsel not of my nature nor time
How a woman should deal with this heart of mine!
The seaman he was took from
And the landsman the hills. But thou,
Thou that hast known me, dost
Trust those that I scorn to know
For the knowledge of me.
Who have been thine own
In vain, if by thee
I be still unknown.

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MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

CLOSE ON IT.

The object of the invasion of the library by the party in the garden appeared to be twofold.

Sir Patrick had entered the room to restore the newspaper to the place from which he had taken it. The guests, to the number of five, had followed him, to appeal in a body to Geoffrey Delamayn. Between these two apparently dissimilar motives there was a connection, not visible on the surface, which was now to assert itself.

Of the five guests, two were middle-aged gentlemen belonging to the legal profession, the division of the human family whom the hand of Nature has painted in unobtrusive neutral tint. They had absorbed the ideas of their time with such receptive capacity as they possessed; and they cared pretty much the same place in society which the chorus in an opera occupies on the stage. They echoed the general sentiment of the moment; and they gave the solo-singer time to fetch his breath.

The three remaining guests were on the right side of thirty. All profoundly versed in horseracing, in athletic sports, in pipes, beer, billiards, and betting. All profoundly ignorant of every thing else under the sun. All gentlemen by birth, and all marked as such by the stamp of a University education." They may be personally described as four reflections of Geoffrey; and they may be numerically distinguished (in the absence of all other distinction) as One, Two, and Three.

Sir Patrick laid the newspaper on the table, and placed himself in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. He was instantly assailed, in his domestic capacity, by his irrepressible sister-in-law. Lady Lundie dispatched Blanche to him with the list of her guests at the dinner.

"For uncle's approval, my dear, as head of the family."

While Sir Patrick was looking over the list, and while Arnold was making his escape to the house, at the back of her uncle's chair, One, Two, and Three—with the Chorus in attendance on them —descended in a body on Geoffrey, as the head of the room, and appealed in rapid succession to his superior authority, as follows:

"I say, Delamayn. We want You. Here is Sir Patrick running a regular Muck at us. Calls us aboriginal Britons. Talks us out of our skins, actually. Doubts if we could read, write, and cipher, if he tried us. Seems to have a sick of fellows showing their arms and legs, and eating with their fellow's hardest, and who's got three bobs of muscle across his wind, and who's got the best like of that. Says a most infernal thing of a chap. Actually says a chap likes a healthy outof-door life, and trains for rowing and running, and the rest of it, and don't see his way to steering over his books—*therefore* he's safe to commit all the crimes in the calendar, murder included. Now your name down in the newspaper for the Foot-Race; and said, when we asked him if he'd taken the odds, he'd lay any odds we liked against you in the cabinet. Now for the University meeting, old boy, your Degree. Nasty, that about the Degree, isn't it? The opinion of Sandon Bad taste in Sir Patrick to rake up what we never mention among ourselves—in the opinion of Number Two. Un-English to sneer at a man in that way behind his back—in the opinion of Number Three. Bring him to book, Delamayn. Your name's in the papers; he can't ride roughshod over You."

The two choral gentlemen agreed (in the minor key) with the general opinion. "Sir Patrick's views are extreme, extreme, Smith!" "I think, Jones, it's desirable to hear Mr. Delamayn on the other side."

Geoffrey looked from one to the other of his admirers with an expression on his face which was quite new to it, and said something in his manner which puzzled them all.

"You can't argue with Sir Patrick, you fellows," he said, slowly and doubtfully. "He don't know enough."

One, Two, Three, and the Chorus all answered, "Yes."

"I won't do it."

One, Two, Three, and the Chorus all asked, "Why?"

"Because," answered Geoffrey, "you're all wrong. And Sir Patrick's right."

Not astonishment only, but downright stupefaction, struck the deputation from the garden speechless.

Without saving a word more to any of the persons standing by him, Geoffrey walked straight up to Sir Patrick's arm-chair, and personally addressed him. The satellites followed, and listened (as well they might) in silence.

"You will lay any odds, Sir Patrick, Mr. Delamayn against the long my Degree? You're quite right. I don't know the Degree. I am in doubt whether I, or any of those fellows behind me, could read, write, and cipher, if you put us to the trial us. You're right again—we couldn't. You say you don't Know why men like Me, and men like Them, may be capable of rowing and running, and the like of that, and end in committing all the crimes in the calendar, murder included. Well! you may be right again there. Who's to know what may happen to him? or what he may not end in doing? Nobody can tell, but he's the other, or it may be Me. How do I know? and how do you?" He looked round him, as he said it, standing thunder-struck behind him. "If you want to know what I think, there it is for you, in plain words."

There was something, not only in the shamefulness of the declaration itself, but in the fierce pleasure that the speaker found in making it, which struck the circle of listeners, Sir Patrick included, as monstrous and new.

In the midst of the silence a sixth guest appeared on the lawn, and stepped into the library—a silent, reserved, unassuming man, whom who had arrived the day before on a visit to Geoffrey, and who was well known to the rest, out of London, as one of the first consulting surgeons of his time.

"A discussion going on?" he asked. "Am I in the way?"

"There's no discussion—we are all agreed," cried Geoffrey, answering boisterously for the rest. "The more the merrier, Sir!"

After a glance round, the surgeon suddenly checked himself on the point of advancing to the inner end of the room, and remained standing at the window.

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Patrick, addressing himself to Geoffrey with a strong dignity which was quite new in Arnold's experience of him. "We are not all agreed. I decline, Mr. Delamayn, to allow you to commit what is only such an expression of feeling on your part as we have just heard. Whatever opinion you have formed, one no alternative but to meet your statement of what you suppose me to have said by my statement of what I did say. It is the duty to my faith if the discussion in the garden is revived before another audience, on this occasion."

He looked as he spoke to Arnold and Blanche, and from them to the surgeon standing at the window.

The surgeon found an occupation for himself which suggested to him among the rest of the guests. Keeping his own face in shadow, he was studying Geoffrey's face, in the full flood of light from the window—a face of expression which must have been generally remarked, if all eyes had not been turned toward Sir Patrick at the time.

It was not an easy face to investigate at that moment.

While Sir Patrick had been speaking Geoffrey had seated himself near the window, doggedly impenetrable to the meaning of what he was the object. In his impatience to consult the one authority competent to decide the question of Arnold's position toward Anne, he had sided with Sir Patrick, as a means of ridding himself of the unwelcome presence of his opponent; he had defeated his own purpose, thanks to his own hereditary brutality of temper. He had lost the pursuit of it. Whether he was now discouraged under these circumstances, or whether he was simply repelled by the tone in which the line came, it was impossible, judging by outward appearances, to say. While he sat sullenly across the corners of his mouth, with a stolid indifference staring dull in his eyes, there he sat, a man apparently with no other obstinate resistance against all temptation to engage in the conflict of opinions than the conflict of opinions.

Sir Patrick took up the newspaper which he had brought in from the garden, and looked once more to see if the surgeon was attending to him.

No! The surgeon's attention was absorbed in his own subject. There he was in the same position, with his mind still hard at work on something in Geoffrey which at once interested and puzzled it! "That man," he was thinking to himself, "has come here this morning after spending Sunday in London! Does any ordinary fatigue explain what I see in his face? No!"

"Our little discussion in the garden," resumed Sir Patrick, answering Blanche's inquiring look as she bent over him, "began, my dear, in a paragraph here announcing Mr. Delamayn's forthcoming appearance in a foot-race in the neighborhood of London. I hold very unpopular opinions as to the athletic displays which are so much the fashion in England just now. And it is possible that I may have expressed those opinions a little too strongly in the heat of discussion, to gentlemen who are opposed to me—I don't doubt, conscientiously opposed—on this question."

The two choral gentlemen rose from One, Two, and Three, in return for the little compliment which they had received, and sank back into sleep about rowing and running ending in the Old Bailey and the gallows? You said that, Sir—you know you did."

The two choral gentlemen looked at each other, and agreed with the prevalent sentiment. "It came to that, I think, Smith." "Yes, Jones, it certainly came to that."

The only person who still cared nothing about it were Geoffrey and the surgeon. There sat the first, stolidly neutral—indifferent alike to the attack and the defense. There stood the second, pursuing his investigation — with the growing interest in it of a man who was beginning to see his way to the end.

"Hear my defense, gentlemen," continued Sir Patrick, "before you condemn me." "You belong, remember, to a nation which especially claims to practice what it can't preach. I must also remind you of what I said in the garden. I started with a concession. I admitted—as every man with the smallest sense must admit—that a man will, in the great majority of cases, be all the better for the healthy out-of-door exercise which bines physical exercise along with it. The whole question between the two is a question of proportion. The question of the predominant of the present time is that the present time doesn't see it. Popular opinion, as I argued seems to me to be, not only getting to consider the cultivation of the muscles as of equal importance with the cultivation of the mind, but to be actually attending—in practice, if not in theory to the absurd and dangerous length of putting bodily training in the first place of importance, and mental training in the second. To take a case in point: I never discover any enthusiasm in the nation any thing like so genuine and any thing like so general as the enthusiasm excited by your University boat-race. Again: I see this Athletic Education of yours made a matter of public celebration in schools and colleges; and I ask any unprejudiced witness to tell me which excites most popular enthusiasm, and which gets the most prominent place in the public journals—the exhibition, indoors (on Prize -day), of what the boys can do with their minds; or the exhibition, out of doors (on Sports-day), of what the boys can do with their bodies? You know perfectly well which performance excites the loudest cheers, which occupies the prominent place in the newspapers, and which, as a necessary consequence, attracts the most serious notice on the here of the day."

Another murmur from One, Two, and Three. "We have nothing to say to that, Sir; have it all your own way, so far."

Another murmur of agreement with the prevalent opinion between Smith and Jones.

"Very good," resumed Sir Patrick. "I come to all of one mind as to which the way the public feeling sets. If it is a feeling to be respected and encouraged, I am in the wrong and advantage which has resulted from it. Where is the influence of this vast excitement of manly enthusiasm on the serious concerns of life? and how has it improved the character of the people at large? Why, sir, we individually realize more than we ever were to sacrifice our own little private interests to the public good." Are we dealing with the serious social questions of our time in a conspicuously determined, downright, and definite way? Are we dealing with a visibly and indisputably purer people in our code of commercial morals? Is there a healthier and higher tone in the public amusements which habitually reflect in all countries the public taste? Prove to have no influence whatever to these questions which rest on solid proof, and I'll accept the present mania for athletic sports as something better than the wreck of our insular beneficialness and our insular barbarity in a new form."

"Question of honor!" in general cry, from One, Two, and Three.

"Question! question!" in meek reverberation, from Smith and Jones.

"That is the question," rejoined Sir Patrick. "You admit the existence of the public feeling: and I ask, what good does it do?"

"What harm does it do?" from One, Two, and Three.

"Hear! hear!" from Smith and Jones.

"That's a fair challenge," replied Sir Patrick, "I am bound to answer you on that new ground. I won't point, gentlemen, by way of answer, to the comparative which I am now carrying on our national manners, or to the deterioration which appears to me to be spreading more and more widely in our national tastes. I may fill you with perfect truth that I am too old a man to be a fair judge of manners and tastes which have got beyond my standards. We will try the issue, as it now stands between us, on its abstract merits only. I assert that a state of public feeling which does practically place physical training, in its estimation, above mental and moral training, is a positively bad and dangerous state of feeling in this, that it encourages the inbred reluctances in humanity to submit to the demands which moral and mental cultivation must inevitably make on all of us. While we, as a body, naturally most ready to do—to try how high I can jump? or to try how much I can learn? Which training comes easiest to me as a young man? The training which teaches me to handle an oar? or the training which teaches me to return good for evil, and to love my neighbor as myself? Of those two experiments, of those two trainings, which ought society in England to meet with the warmest encouragement? And which does society in England practically encourage, as a matter of fact?"

"What did you say yourself just now?" from One, Two, and Three.

"Remarkably well put!" from Smith and Jones.

"I said," admitted Sir Patrick, "that a man will go all the better for health and for healthy physical exercise. And I say that again—provided the physical exercise be restrained within its limits. But when public feeling enters into the question, and directly exalts the bodily exercises above the books—then I say public feeling is in a dangerous extreme. The bodily exercises, in that case, will be uppermost in the youth's thoughts, will have the strongest hold on his interest, will take the lion's share of his time, and will, by these means—barring the few surely exceptional instances—slowly and surely end in leaving him, to all good moral and mental purpose, certainly an uncultivated, and, possibly, a dangerous man."

A cry from the camp of the adversaries: "He's got to it at last! A man who leads an out-of-door life, and uses the strength that God has given to him. The man in the merchant service does the same. Both are an honor to their country. A shameful accusation—and see the result! Look at the Map of Crime, and you will find the most hideous offenses in the calendar, committed—not in the towns, where the average man doesn't lead an out-of-door life, and where he has no opportunity, but *is*, as a rule, comparatively cultivated—not in the towns, but in the agricultural districts. As to the Public-school system, and the Royal Navy catches and cultivates him—ask Mr. Reade's opinion of it. Ask the officers in the merchant navy, what sort of specimen of the moral influence of out-of-door life and muscular cultivation is."

"In nine cases out of ten," said Arnold, "he is a idle and vicious a ruffian as walks the earth."

Another cry from the Opposition: "Are we agricultural farmers? Are we sailors in the merchant service?"

A smart reverberation from the human echoes: "Question! Sir Patrick's question! Yoass! am I a farmer?"

"If you let us not be personal, gentlemen," said Sir Patrick, "I am speaking generally; and I can only meet extreme objections by pushing my argument to the extreme limits. I believe that which I advanced just now. A man may be well-born, well-bred, well-educated, and, finally, if he is an uncultivated man, he is (in spite of all those advantages) a man with special capacities for crime. That is my deliberate belief. Don't mistake me! I am far from saying that the present vague and exclusively muscular accomplishments must lead inevitably downward to the lowest deep of depravity. Fortunately for society, the natural depravity is more or less certainly the result, in the first instance, of special temptation. The ordinary mass of us, think God, pass through life without being exposed to other than ordinary temptations. Thousands of us, gentlemen, indeed, attached to the healthy pursuits of the present time, will get through existence and leave no consequences to themselves than a coarse tone of mind and manners, and a lamentable incapability of feeling any of the higher and gentler influences of civilization, and purify the lives of more cultivated men. But take the other case (which may occur to any body), the case of a special temptation trying a modern young man of your prosperous class and of your healthy habits. Don't permit mayn to honor with his attention what I have now to say, because it refers to the opinion which I did refer to just now—to the opinion which is the opinion which he affects to agree with, and which I never advanced.

Geoffrey's indifference showed no signs of giving way. "Go on!" he said—and still sat looking straight before him, with his hands idle, when noticed nothing, and expressed nothing.

"Take the case," resumed Sir Patrick, "of a young gentleman in which we have now in view, pursued Sir Patrick—" the case of an average young gentleman of our time, blest with every advantage that the world can bestow on him. Let this man be tried by a temptation which naturally calls into action, in his own interests, the savage instincts latent in humanity—the instincts of self-seeking and self-help. Let him, as we say, be tempted, by the admirable capacity and endurance in other physical exercises which he has attained, by a conspicuous cultivation in this kind that has excluded any similarly strenuous cultivation in other kinds

—wi these physical attainments help him to win a purely moral victory over his own selfishness and his own cruelty? They won't even help him to see that it is selfishness, and that it is cruelty. The essential principle of his rowing and racing (a harmless principle enough, if you can be sure of applying it to rowing and racing only) has taught him to take every advantage of another man that his superior strength and superior cunning can suggest. These has been nothing in his training to soften the barbarous hardness in his heart, and to enlighten the barbarous darkness in his mind. Temptation finds this man defenseless, when temptation passes his way. I don't care who he is, or how high he stands accidentally in the social scale—he is, to all moral intents and purposes, an animal, and nothing more. In my happiness stands in his way—and if he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my happiness. If my life happens to be a mere obstacle he encounters—and if he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my life. Not, Mr. Delamayn, in the character of a victim to irresistible fatality, or to blind chance; but in the character of a man who has chosen, of seed, and reaps the harvest. That, Sir, is the case which I put as an extreme case only, when that discussion began. And in an extreme case only—but in a perfectly possible case, at the same time—I restate it now.

Before the advocates of the other side of the question could open their lips to reply, Geoffrey suddenly flung off his indifference, and started to his feet.

"Stop!" he cried, threatening the others, in his fierce impatience to answer for himself, with his clenched fist.

"You are a general silence.

Geoffrey turned and looked at Sir Patrick, as if Sir Patrick had personally misused him.

"Who is this anonymous man, who finds his way to his own ends, and picnes nobody and sticks at nothing?" he asked. "Give him a name!"

"I am quoting an example," said Sir Patrick.

"I am not attacking a man."

"What right have you," cried Geoffrey—utterly forgetful, in his strange excitement, of what had seized on him, of the interest that he had in controlling himself before Sir Patrick—"what right have you to pick out an example of a young man who is an infernal scoundrel—when it's quite as likely that a young man may be a good fellow: ay! and a better fellow, if you come to that, than ever stood in your shoes!"

"If the case is quite as likely to occur as the other (which I readily admit)," answered Sir Patrick, "I have surely a right to choose the case I please for illustration. . . . (Wait, Mr. Delamayn! These are the last words I have to say, and I mean to have them.) I have chosen for example—not of a specially depraved man, as you erroneously suppose—but of an average man, with his average share of the moral, and, alas, dangerous qualities, which are part and parcel of unreformed human nature. Experience religion tells you, and as you may see for yourself, if you choose to look at your antagonist fellow-creatures any where. I suppose that man to be faced by a temptation to wickedness, out of the common: and I shall see what two of my allies—completely the moral and mental neglect of himself, which the present material tone of public feeling in England has tacitly encouraged, leave him at the mercy of all the worst instincts in his nature, and how surely, under those conditions, he must go down (or rise, as he is) step by step, from the lowest vagabond in the streets goes down under his special temptation, from the beginning in ignorance to the end in crime. If you deny my right to take such an example as that, in illustration of the views I advocate, if you must either deny that a special temptation to wicked-ness can exist in the case of any single gentleman: or you must assert that gentlemen who are naturally superior to all temptation are the only gentlemen who devote themselves to athletic exercises, there is my defense. In stating my case, I have spoken out of my own sincere respect for the interests of virtue and of learning: out of my own sincere admiration for those young men among us who are meeting the corruption of barbarism about them. In *their* future is the future hope of England. I have done."

Angrily ready with a violent personal reply, Geoffrey found himself checked, as his turn, by another person with something to say—and with a resolution to say it at that particular moment.

For some little time past the surgeon had discontinued his steady investigation of Geoffrey's face, and had given all his attention to the discussion, with the air of a man whose self-imposed task had come to an end. As the last sentence fell from the last speaker's lips, he approached so quickly and so skillfully between Geoffrey and Sir Patrick, that Geoffrey himself was taken by surprise.

There is something still wanting to make Sir Patrick's statement of the case complete, he said. "I think I can supply it, from the results of my own professional experience. Before I say what I have to say, Mr. Delamayn will perhaps excuse me, if I venture on giving him a caution to control himself."

"Are you going to make a dead set at me, too?" inquired Geoffrey.

"I am recommending you to keep your temper—nothing more. There are plenty of men who can fly into a passion without doing themselves any particular harm. You are not one of them."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think the state of your health, Mr. Delamayn, is quite as satisfactory as you may be disposed to consider it yourself."

Geoffrey turned to his admirers and adherents with a roar of derisive laughter. The admirers and adherents all echoed him together. Arnold and Blanche smiled at each other. Eyre Sir Patrick looked as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his own ears. There stood the modern Hercules, self-vindicated as a Hercules, to the all eyes that looked at him. And there, opposite, stood a man whom he could have killed with one blow of his fist, biting, in a serious fit of temper, that he was not in perfect health!

"You are a rare fellow!" said Geoffrey, half in jest and half in anger. "What's the matter with me?"

"I have undertaken to give you," what I believe to be, a necessary caution," answered the surgeon, "I am not prepared to say that what I think is the matter with you. That may be a question for consideration some little time hence. In the mean while, I must refer to part my impression about you to the test. Have you any objection to answer a question or two, on a point of particular importance relating to yourself?"

"Let's hear the question first."

"I have noticed something in your behavior while Sir Patrick was speaking. You are much interested in opposing his views as any of those gentlemen who spoke. I can understand your sitting in silence, and leaving it entirely to the others to put the case on your side —until Sir Patrick said something which happened to irritate you. Had you, all the time before that, no strong reply in your own mind?"

"I had as good answers in my mind as any that have been made here to-day."

"And yet you didn't give them?"

"No; I didn't give them."

"Perhaps it was enough you knew your objections to be good ones—that it was hardly worth while to take the trouble of putting them into words? In short, you felt sure of having the better of you, rather than make the effort of answering for yourself?"

Geoffrey looked at his medical adviser with a sudden curiosity and a sudden distrust.

"I say," he asked, "do you come to know what's going on in my mind—without my telling you?"

"It is my business to find out what is going on in people's bodies—and to do that it is sometimes necessary to find out a little of what is going on in their minds. If I have rightly interpreted what was going on in your mind, there is no need for me to press my question. You have answered it already."

He turned to Sir Patrick next.

"There is a side to this subject," he said, "which you have not touched on yet. There is a physical objection to encouraging the race for muscular exercises of all sorts, which is quite as strong, in its way, as the Moral objection. You have stated the consequences as they may affect the mind. I can state the consequences as they do affect the body."

"From your own experience?"

"From my own experience. I can tell you, as a medical man, that a proportion, and not by any means a small one, of the young men who are now publicly trained to the severest athletic tests of their strength and endurance, are taking that course to the serious and permanent injury of their constitutions. They are, in the strictest rowing matches, foot-races, and other exhibitions of that sort, now nothing but successful results of muscular training. Fathers and mothers at home see the failures. There are households in this neighborhood which, to my own knowledge, Sir Patrick, by more than ones and twos—at which there are young men who have to thank the strain laid on their constitutions by the popular physical displays of the present time, for being broken down, and invalided for the rest of their lives."

"Do you hear that?" said Sir Patrick, looking at Geoffrey.

Geoffrey carelessly nodded his head. His irritation had passed away, and left him in a state of indifference had got possession of him again. He had resumed his chair—he sat, with outstretched legs, examining the pattern on the carpet.

"What does it matter to Me?" was the sentiment expressed all over him, from head to foot.

The surgeon went on.

"If one has a remedy for this sad state of things," he said, "as long as the public feeling remains what the public feeling is now, a long healthy-looking young man, with a superb muscular development, longs (naturally enough) to distinguish himself. He enters for the athletic contests in his college, or elsewhere, take to him in hand (naturally enough again) as the strength of outward appearances. And whether or they have been right or wrong in choosing a man in sound health to make the first experiment has been tried, and the mischief has been, in many cases, irretrievably done. How many of them are ruined, I cannot guess: physiological truth, that the muscular power of a man is no fair criterion of the vital power of the heart, lungs, and brain. Even if they did know this—even if they could be induced to believe it—would be in the last degree doubtful, in most cases, whether any previous examination would result in any discovery of the real fitness of the man to undergo the stress of muscular exercise laid on him. Apply to any life insurance office; and they will tell you, as the result of their own professional observation, that I am, in no sense, overstating this serious evil, or exaggerating the deplorable and dangerous consequences to which it leads. I have a patient at this moment, who is a young man of twenty, and who possesses one of the finest muscular developments I ever saw in my life. . . . If you can but consulted me, before he followed the example of the other young men about him, I can not honestly say that I could have foreseen the results. As things are, sitter going through a certain amount of muscular training, after performing a certain number of muscular feats, he suddenly fainted one day, to the astonishment of his family and friends. I was called in, and I have watched the case since. He will probably live, but he will never recover. I am obliged to take him about with this youth of twenty which I should take with an old man of eighty. He is fag enough, muscular enough to sit to a painter as a model for Samson—and only last week I saw him sweep away like a young girl, in his mother's carriage."

"Name!" cried Geoffrey's admirers, still fighting the battle on their side, in the absence of any encouragement from Geoffrey himself.

"I am not in the habit of mentioning my patients' names," said the surgeon. "But if you insist on my producing an example of a man broken by athletic exercises, I can do it."

"Do it! Who is he?"

"You all know him perfectly well."

"Is he in the doctor's hands?"

"Not yet."

"Where is he?"

"There!"

In a pause of breathless silence—with the eyes of every person in the room eagerly fastened on him—the surgeon lifted his hand and pointed to Geoffrey Delamayn.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, of Philadelphia, proposes a new variorum edition of Shakspeare. The text will be that of the Cambridge editors, and to the text will be added the notes of all the other variorum editors of Singer, Knight, Campbell, Cornwall, Collier, Verplanck, Halliwell, Bulmer, Dyce, Delius, Hunter, Dyce, White, Chambers, Halliwell, Clark, and Staunton. The notes of these editors will be preceded by all the notes of the Variorum of 1821 that have been retained; and English, French, and German criticism will be represented by selected notations from Douce, Nares, Hunter, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Mrs. Jameson, Lloyd, Gervinus, Hallam, Guizot, Philpot, Milford, Hartley Coleridge, Craik, Massey, Beaconsfield, Knight, Hudson, Kreyssig, Fraser, Rümelin, Gervinus, Delius, Ulrici, Kreysig, Rötscher, Monnerstein, Chatenbriand, Villemain, Marc-Girardin, Guizot, Lacroix, Mezières, Taine, Hugo, and many others. The first volume, containing "Romeo and Juliet," is already in the hands of the Lippincotts. The price will be ten dollars, and the work will be thoroughly and admirably done.

The Long Island Historical Society has just published, in the second volume of its "Memoirs," a document of great interest, containing accounts of the battle of Long Island, including the military events immediately preceding, and the numerous events subsequent upon the defeat of the patriot army. It is compiled by Mr. Thomas W. Field, who has evinced considerable industry and discrimination in the handling of his work, and skill in arranging it into a succinct and readably interesting narrative. The many of the incidents of our late war, those of the Revolution and the last war, will be found highly interesting and valuable, their importance is not to be measured by the number of men engaged, or to the length of the field of battle which extends. For the results. Viewed in this light, the battle of Long Island was one of the most important of the whole war. Mr. Field has made his learned and useful society under whose auspices this valuable work was published, to receive the thanks, service of old, books, pamphlets, newspapers, diaries, and other documents, bearing of information, all these details of the event. The volume is of special interest, of course, to Long Islanders: but all students of American history will find it a valuable acquisition. The volume is elegantly printed, and contains a fine portrait of Washington. It is illustrated with a photo-lithographic *fac-simile* of an original map of the battle-ground drawn by a Hessian officer who was engaged in the fight.

It is announced that P. Konewka is about to give to the world another collection of his original designs in the difficult art of silhouette drawing, in a work entitled "Shakspeare's Sommer Nacht's Traum." We have seen his admirable designs to Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," published in 1868 in Germany by Robert Brothers, Boston, will look for the new volume with eager interest. Konewka is the first artist who has ever succeeded in causing the shadow to be ranked as works of art, as he is, we believe, alone in the attempt to make the shadow picturesque, to make these shadow-pictures interpreters of poetic thought and feeling. In the hands of Konewka, who is the more admirable—the grace, lightness, and beauty with which he gives his figures, whether they are those of sylphs and elves or the more solid forms of men, or the expression of character and feeling which he throws into them. Even the shadow of a real Puck, thrown on the wall by the sun, has not half the grotesque humor and mischievous malice of the unreal Titania more gracefully. We have seen the shadow of a Faust, a Mephistopheles, and a Mephistopheles in which we should recognize our ideal of each of these characters.

The winter of New York has been mild enough, but it does not therefore follow that it is mild every where. The Boston *Post* says that it has been very severe. If any one doubts it, the following fact (?) must be convincing: An ancient young lady of that city, who was dressing for church a short time ago while drinking a glass of water, by a piece of ice sticking in her throat, became very insensible. A council of eminent physicians decided that nothing could be done to remove the obstruction but amputation.

Connecticut is going to surprise the world, and especially all her sister States. She proposes to have a universal system of public schools, requiring divorces until they have been married at least two weeks!

In the annual report of the Metropolitan Board of Health for 1869, it is stated that, under an ordinance passed about a year ago, establishing certain tests for kerosene oil, upward of four hundred retail dealers of adulterated kerosene oil have been brought into the courts of New York and Brooklyn. More than twelve months ago an investigation was made respecting the explosive grade of kerosene then held in common use in New York city. Seventy-nine specimens of kerosene were collected from the principal retail grocery dealers, and submitted to the proper analysis and tests. Out of the number seventy-eight samples were found unsafe. The dangerous ingredients were found to be benzine, gasoline, and naphtha. This result of the analysis plainly revealed the cause of so many serious accidents from the explosion of burning fluids. The ordinance passed made it necessary that kerosene or other burning fluids should not take fire or burn at a temperature below 110° Fahrenheit, and that they should not evolve an explosive vapor below 100° Fahrenheit. During the past year there has been a gradual but marked improvement in the quality of the oils offered for sale.

Outlyingland is the latest colored word, whatever it may mean, and is appropriately given to the exchange "a four-story polyrhythm with a French roof."

It does not pay to eat a fashion so odd that nobody can understand it. Some very fashionable ladies in New Orleans have a yellow ribbon on their neckbands. New-Year's Day, as an indication that they would receive calls. The calls didn't come, and it was afterward found that the ribbon had been considered a sign of small-pox.

The alarming increase of consumption in the vicinity of New York has induced a number of individuals prominent to establish a "Home for Consumptives," where such relief as is possible may be afforded to those suffering with this disease. For the present a building has been secured at Tremont, Westchester County, and all comforts suitable for patients have been provided. Medical skill of the first character will be afforded, and nothing will be left undone which will tend to alleviate or sustain the afflicted. There are now accommodations for thirty; and as soon as another wing and will be erected, the kitchen and permanent and suitable buildings be erected. The design is to make the institution as complete as possible. To do the same, money is received from patients who have means, because the funds of the charity are limited.

Previous to the passage of a recent law of Congress, the duties of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States were very arduous, and the time in performing their special functions in connection with the Supreme Court, they were required to go to the various Circuit Courts of the United States. In accordance with the provisions of this Circuit System, there been recently appointed to relieve the Justices of the Supreme Court of Circuit duties, the following gentlemen who are understood to Hon. Lewis B. Woodruff, the newly-appointed Judge to the most important of the Union Circuits, comprising New York, Connecticut, and Vermont. The occasion was one of much interest to the legal profession, and the full court-room was crowded with members of the bench and bar of this city.

The annual meeting of the Scientific Association of France we learn that the vine occupies in France about 6,175,000 acres. The annual product is the twentieth part of the French territory, and the sixteenth part of its soil capable of cultivation. The vineyards yield annually 1,700,000,000 francs. This industry occupies six million men, women, and children, and nearly two million merchants, agents, and traders.

In France they have a somewhat novel method of preventing the destruction of the vineyards by an excellent quality, which ripens early. The gardener selects a few plants in the midst of the plain and the cluster of flowers which appears on them, thus forcing the sap into the bulbs before the rest of the plant has come into flower. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes not over 18 inches high, and they are not subject to the ravages by phylloxera.

The discovery in Oil City of a well-preserved skeleton, which is eighteen feet in height, has given rise to considerable of satelite regarding the whole giant family. It seems that eighteen feet is not an unprecedented height for a man, and we have been informed that there was a gentleman in Rouen, in 1830, who measured seventy-two feet in height. Not near the same city a skeleton was found, in 1856, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and in the year 1613 Father Magni, that Ferrogus, slain by Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne, stood twenty-eight feet and that a man of the same size was found cattle in Dauphine, in 1825, twenty-five and a quarter feet high, ten feet around the shoulders, and four feet from the breast-bone to the back! But the most astonishing and well authenticated instance of large growth in these very days is to be found in the following announcement, which recently appeared in the Paris "Figaro": "Henry Bowen, with Beard, for Gentlemen measuring 33 feet by 17. Terms moderate." Exclamation of exclaim with Hamlet, "Oh, wonderful! most horrible!"

Labouliye lives in summer at Glatigny, Versailles, and he is known to have lived in Paris. He is described by a recent visitor as a short, plainly-dressed man, evidently not at his ease in society. One of that gracious politeness in which the Frenchman of genius and native artistic taste excels. His conversation, also, was inspiriting one, and his voice low and eloquently sweet, and he never spoke of himself or his productions except when questioned. The number of presents that M. Labouliye has received from America is astonishing. He has a large collection of autographs from his Yankee admirers. The givers of some of these gifts are unknown to fame, but others, like Mrs. Stowe, should be well never visit American—but he is "done out," though not without a fresh and lively interest in the subject.

A real tragedy recently occurred at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. Bandmann, the actor, in playing Othello, killed Desdemona, Mrs. Simpson. She fell to the ground uttering piercing shrieks, which for a moment were thought to be a part of the acting, but on the business of the scene; but it was immediately obvious that her cries were the expression of terrible pain. The curtain was immediately lowered amidst great excitement. But it was soon ascertained that Desdemona had been stabbed in earnest. It became that Bandmann's sword became entangled in the dress of Mrs. Simpson, and in withdrawing it, as she stood somewhat obliquely at the time, the point of the weapon passed through the body, entered through the dress and pierced the flesh. The latest accounts say that Bandmann's conduct has undergone much mental distress in consequence of the accident.

A scientific botanist of Ceylon writes of the consternation produced among the coffee-planters of that island in consequence of the rapid increase of a parasitic fungus in the coffee-plantations, causing the leaves to fall from their proper time, and endangering the safety of the crop. It is a singular fact that, among the many parasitic plants of Ceylon, this is the only one which has been received in England from Ceylon, this particular fungus is not known to exist in any botanical museum, but it is with difficulty referable to any recognized section.

A REMARKABLE ROMAN BULL.

THE very nice old gentleman whose father, three-quarters of a century ago, called him GIOVANNI MARIA MASTAI FERRETTI, but who is now best known as PIO NONO, or Pope PIUS THE NINTH, put forth on the 12th of October, 1869, a rather remarkable document touching excommunications, and such matters. The document, duly signed by a couple of cardinals, and countersigned by two other officials is written in fearful Latin, which we think would have puzzled CICERO or QUINTILIAN. By this document, as we understand it, about nineteen persons in twenty now living are excommunicated "*latæ sententiæ*," which we suppose to mean "by published decision;" and of these hardly an individual can be set free from the pains of excommunication except by the Pope, their cases being "especially reserved to the Roman Pontiff." These especially reserved cases are grouped under twenty-nine heads. The *first* class comprehends all heretics, and those who believe in, receive, favor, or defend them. Pagans, Buddhists, and Mohammedans are thus excommunicated. The *third* class is composed of "schismatics, and those who obstinately withdraw or secede from obedience to the Roman Pontiff at that time living." This cuts off the Greek Church, the Maronites, and all Protestants—rather more than half of what is known as Christendom. The *second* specification steers rather closely into the Catholics themselves. It excommunicates every person who "without the authority of the Holy See" reads or retains any book "prohibited by letters apostolic." Now, as a single case out of many, among the books formally placed in the Prohibitory Index is a poem written by an Englishman named JOHN MILTON, and entitled "Paradise Lost." We dare say there are few American Catholic clergymen, from the archbishops downward, who have not read, and who have not in their possession, this poem. Do they know that they are all excommunicated "latæ sententiæ," and that their cases are "specially reserved to the Roman Pontiff for the time being," who alone can absolve them?

There are about a dozen classes thus excommunicated who can be absolved only by the Pope, touching whose cases we have only to say that we trust that the Pontiff will not absolve them except upon clear proof of penitence and reformation. Among these are "forgers of apostolic letters;" those priests who, except under certain limitations, "absolve an accomplice in a disgraceful crime, even in *articulo mortis*;" those who are guilty of "simony," that is, trading in ecclesiastical preferments—we could wish that members of "rings" who trade in civil offices had been also included; those who, "making a trade of indulgences or other spiritual graces, are subject to excommunication" by the decree of Pope PIUS V., dated January 2, 1554; then also all those who "fight in a duel, or simply send or receive a challenge," who in any way aid or abet in a duel, or who do not, as far as in them lies, prevent it, "whatever may be their dignity, be it royal or imperial."

Two or three classes excommunicated "latæ sententiæ" may be absolved by the "bishops and ordinaries." *First* come "clerics *in sacris*, or regulars of either sex, who after taking the vow of chastity have the presumption to contract marriage, and those too who have the presumption to contract marriage with the said persons." We certainly hope that the ecclesiastical authorities, in this country at least, will deal very leniently with these persons; they might certainly do much worse than commit matrimony. *Second* are excommunicated "those who procure abortions;" and we hope sincerely that these persons will find scant favor from the "bishops and ordinaries."

This "Constitution"—for such is the technical word to designate it—a "Bull" properly differing from it in some points, mainly in the kind of seal affixed—is to "endure forever"—a long time even for a Pope's orders to last. It would have been well had the poor Pope or his advisers, before inserting the first three sweeping clauses touching heretics, schismatics, and the readers of prohibited books, read a chapter of a "prohibited" book entitled "Pilgrim's Progress," wherein mention is made of a certain old giant who, "though he be still alive, is by reason of age and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his lips because he can not come at them." We of course do not believe that the present amiable Pope would say to any peaceable pilgrim, "You will never mend till more of you be burnt." Pope PIUS IX., we are sure, would not harm a fly, unless it happened to alight without orders upon the walls of the Vatican; and then he would only scare him off with the feather-brush of excommunication, which would not hurt the fly.

There is a story that some Pope once sent out a Bull to stop a comet. We do not learn that the comet was particularly troubled, but kept on just as before. "Heretics," "schismatics," and

PIUS THE NINTH.

CHURCH OF SAINT PETER AND THE VATICAN.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—THE SERGEANT'S STORY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL M'MAHON.]

the like, we imagine will be quite as little disturbed by this Bull. There was a time when papal Bulls had very sharp horns, with which they could gore even kings and emperors—and, in fact, it was quite well in those days that such should be the case. But this poor Bull, turned loose three months ago, is a beast of a different sort. We assure all good people that he is quite harmless. By all means let him run through all the streets and roads of Christendom. It is not worth while even to drive him to the pound.

Meanwhile it is worth asking: Are Popes as well as Bourbons incapable of forgetting or learning any thing?

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

In the February Number of *Harper's Magazine* General M'MAHON, our late Minister to Paraguay, gives a very interesting statement as to the causes of the war made upon that country by the Allies, and also as to the principles upon which the war has been conducted. He shows very clearly that, whatever we may think of President LOPEZ, the people of Paraguay have displayed the most remarkable heroism in the defense of their country against the monstrous designs of her enemies, and that they have maintained their enthusiasm to the very last, suffering unusual privations and immense loss of life on the battle-field, while witnessing the desolation of their homes and the devastation of their property by the invaders. We must refer our readers to this interesting paper for a detailed statement of the grievances of ill-fated Paraguay. In the mean while we give on this page two illustrations of the war, from sketches furnished by General M'MAHON.

President LOPEZ's head-quarters, as seen in one of these illustrations, were situated—when the sketch was made—six miles from Angostura, on the hill of Pikysyry. The buildings were of one story, thatched with straw, and arranged on three sides of a square, including an area of little more than an acre. The side nearest the river was occupied by LOPEZ. Under one of the sheds on this side were three large telescopes on tripods, through which, all day long, observations were taken of the enemy's movements, by aids, who reported from time to time to the President. These officers, when not engaged in their military duties, would amuse themselves by pitching coins. Their uniform consisted of a red flannel blouse, or a finer garment of dark blue cloth, handsomely trimmed with black or red, with pantaloons of blue or red cloth, and fatigue cap of the French model, with the gold-lace indica-

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—HEAD-QUARTERS OF PRESIDENT LOPEZ.—[FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL M'MAHON.]

tions of rank. The head-quarters formed the centre of the Paraguayan position, and were intrenched on three sides, at a distance of about half a mile. This position was captured by the Allies, after a severe conflict, on the 27th of December, 1868; but LOPEZ had already retired to Cerro Leon, further in the interior.

Shortly afterward Asuncion was surrendered. But as Cerro Leon nothing was heard of the event until the evening of the day subsequent to its occurrence. Then there came to LOPEZ's camp a boy-sergeant of fourteen years, dripping from the swamps, shrieking, before he nearly thirty hours, he had swum and waded, and he told the humiliating story—how gun-boats had been sent with flags of truce and plausible messages from the allied chiefs; how Paraguayan deserters had misinformed the principal officers of the batteries, telling the old story, since periodically repeated, that LOPEZ was trying to escape to Bolivia; how at last the whole garrison, numbering 3000, were marched out of their works, and suddenly ordered to stack arms in the hated presence of the enemy; and how he, with many others, scorning the surrender, betook himself to the swamps, and rested not until he stood before his chief. All this he told with streaming tears and voice almost choked with sobs.

With the fall of Asuncion the river La Plata was lost to Paraguay; and not long afterward the abandoned capital, Asuncion, fell into the hands of the Allies.

WON.

IF I could breathe my heart in speech,
It would, indeed, be all of you;
But all unworthy—for to reach
Your worth were more than words could do.

I love you. Let that one word be,
I can not strengthen it by more;
And yet I mean as much as he
Who lisps endearments by the score.

These sweet eyes droop. Oh, Heaven! I hold
Your hand in mine. Can this, so be
A dream, or am I overbold
In drawing you thus close to me?

E'en now I wake not: and this cheek
So near my lip. Aye, love, and this
Indeed be true! Oh, do not speak!
My life is crowned with that one kiss.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Three Books.—Book FIFTH.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT SAYS THE LAW?

MR. FROST's cross-examination elicited more truth from Veronica than she had intended to tell, or than she was aware she had told. She had meant, indeed, to narrate the main facts of her case as they were; but at the same time to present them in such a manner as to gain her hearer's sympathies wholly for herself. She could not have spoken to the raggedest labourer without trying to make an effect; only in different cases she adopted different means for the attainment of the same end.

Mr. Frost read her like a book. For Mr. Frost's clear judgment was not dazzled by the glamour of her beauty. He was infatuatedly in love with another woman. He had been infatuated as for handsomer and more stately than this girl. And how superbly indifferent she was to his feelings! He knew that her heart was as hard as the nether millstone. But he had taken the first downward step in his life to win her.

When a man like Mr. Frost has done so much to gain any object, he does not easily cease to prize it. That would be to self-condemn the whole life a failure; and Mr. Frost hated failure, and, more deeply still, he hated the acknowledgment of failure.

The natural bias of his mind being toward hard judgments, and his professional experience having taught him to expect evil, he had at first been more than half convinced that Veronica or having known all along that Sir John was a married man, and of having been an accomplice in the commission of bigamy. But at last he satisfied himself that she had been duped.

"But still I do not quite understand why he should have run that risk," said Mr. Frost, thoughtfully.

"He ran no risk. His doctors had told him that he could not live a month. And I—I——"

"You importuned him, I suppose?"

"I did not importune Sir John. I never importuned him. And as to our marriage—he was bound by the most solemn obligations to make he his wife."

"Obligations which he never could have looked upon as binding, in the least; since he knew, as though you did not, that his real wife was living. No, no: the solemn obligation had nothing to do with it."

"But I had threatened to leave him, unless he did me right and justice."

"No doubt he would not have liked that. His pride (to speak of no other feeling) would have sufficed to make that painful to him. But, excuse me, that threat would scarcely have had any influence so long as he thought it a vain one!"

"It was not a vain threat; and he knew it was not. I could have left him, and I would have done so. I should have appealed to my cousin, Prince Cesare, for assistance and protection."

"*Ay, ay, that*, indeed! A mixture of real resentment, and bitterness, and envy of the folks who are going to live after he was dead! Yes; and then he secured peace and quietness for himself at the last, and prevented your leaving him."

"And he thought he was snaring me!" said Veronica, her breath coming quickly, and her splendid brows creasing themselves near together. "He thought I was his dupe and his victim. He meant me to awaken to suspended shame and misery after he was dead. And he thought he was preparing an eternal misery and discomfiture for Cesare, too! Oh, it was devilish!"

Mr. Frost declined to enter into the question of Sir John's deviltry.

"It is one of the strangest stories altogether that ever came under my notice," said he. "And two lawyers, of course, come in the way of strange stories; or they come to us."

Veronica had had much to learn as well as to narrate. It will be remembered that she had been kept from knowledge of the world since her eight. And almost the bitterest drop in her lot was that she discovered the identity of Sir John's forsaken wife with Maud's aunt, Judy Tallis.

It was so intolerably galling to her to think that her story must now be known and canvassed by all the people she knew! Had Sir John left her to die in the streets of Algiers, or Australia, there might (or so Veronica fancied) have been some hope that the world she came of and which would never have been made acquainted with the real circumstances. By skilful management they might have been kept back. But Veronica was no hope of that. Lady Tallis had belonged to a wide circle of society. And Miss Bayne, Boyce, whose after-dinner gossip at Lowater now came back vividly to Veronica's mind, would receive all the old story and industriously spread it on to the new one. It would be the town talk! The thought was distracting. For in proportion as Veronica would never be entirely happy without an audience to witness her happiness, so was the idea that most have people suspect her humiliation and misfortune intolerable to her.

Evil that could be hidden did not seem so evil to Veronica.

She had clung during so many months to the hope of returning to England as the wife of Sir Gale, throughout the gradual progress of Sir John's illness she had suffered such fluctuations of hope and fear, that the sense of relief and compensation were due to her.

How did she regard it? Had she not suffered? As to others—what had others done for her? The good people had drawn off from her. (And were they so much better than she was, pray?—except Maud? Maud was good! She understood how it was that Miss Bayne had seemed to desert her, and had never answered her letter. But then Maud was different from any one else. Her aunt must have prevented her from writing.) And as for the bad people, they had been desperately bad to her.

Her thoughts were drawn toward the brain as she sat with her hands clasped before her, leaning back in the easy-chair which Mr. Frost had placed her. And she looked full of a noble melancholy, with her dark eyes fixed obstructedly on the ground, and her lips apart.

If Mr. Frost had seen her portrait faithfully reproducing itself in his own possessions, he would have formed all kinds of exalted ideas about the original. But Mr. Frost had fathomed her nature. He had studied it. He had learned to *discovery over him!* And yet—and yet it is certain that he would have behaved to her much in the same manner if she had been fat, or freckled, or had lost her front teeth.

Veronica's face brightened suddenly entering the room, "you promised to send for me. It is so long ago. I thought you could come and see me with you. You see, Mr. Frost, how exhausted she is. Ought she not to take some rest?"

"Mr. Frost has come two o'clock, until Mr. Frost came," she answered, languidly. "It is not bedtime yet, aunt!"

"You understand, my friend," pursued Barletti, addressing Mr. Frost, "that I am Mitchell Bayne's nearest relative. And as Veronica has no one there, therefore, the proper person to give her every assistance and protection in the position in which she is so unexpectedly placed.

"Oh, undoubtedly, prince. Ahem! Your position naturally is one to a duke, as standing in the place of a brother to her."

The most subtle of mocking smiles lurked about his thin lips as he uttered the last words.

Ceasre, with a grave bow, accepted the position assigned to him. But Veronica detected the wholly unconscious of its irony. But Veronica answered at once with disdainful frankness:

"Not one, Mr. Frost. I do not look to Prince Cesare de' Barletti as a brother. My cousin he is truly, and as such I am glad to claim his protection. But it will be as well for you to understand at once that he is, moreover, my promised husband. And your interests are identical. It will, doubtless, not surprise you that I do not think it necessary to condescend to any hypocrisy of grief at my widowhood. The prince and I do not hesitate to repose full confidence in you and to seek advice.

Ceasre took her hand and kissed it gratefully, as he had a little startled, and one might almost say, shocked. Why be so confidential? Of course Mr. Frost understood their real position. But, why speak of it? It was such a moment it seemed almost indecorous. Of course she could not be supposed to mourn for Sir John Gale, but why not make-believe a little, if even only to the extent of saying nothing?

Mr. Frost looked at Veronica with a good deal of undisguised admiration, and no little secret surprise. She had more spirit and cleverness than he had supposed. He had not thought she owned her character after all!

And Veronica was perfectly sensible of the impression she had made.

"I suppose," she said, after a little pause, "that the best thing will be for me to go to London at once?"

"It will be well to do so as soon as possible," said Mr. Frost.

"Our good friend has no doubt of your getting your rights?" said Barletti, glancing from the lawyer to Veronica.

"Prince, we must speak to the point. The facts is, that the legality of your cousin's marriage will, in my judgment, depend entirely on the hour at which Lady Tallis Gale expired. If she died before the ceremony at Naples took place, the marriage is good. If she survived that ceremony—pray, for the minutes—"

Mr. Frost finished his sentence by an expressive shrug. There was a dead silence.

A slenderly built man, with a good face, entered the room, "you promised to send for me. It is so long ago. I thought you could come and see you with you. You see, Mr. Frost, how exhausted she is. Ought she not to take some rest?"

"Mr. Frost came two o'clock, until Mr. Frost came," she answered, languidly. "It is not bedtime yet, aunt!"

"You understand, my friend," pursued Barletti, addressing Mr. Frost, "that I am Mitchell Bayne's nearest relative. And as Veronica has no one there, therefore, the proper person to give her every assistance and protection in the position in which she is so unexpectedly placed.

"Oh, undoubtedly, prince. Ahem! Your cousin

"But you had previously signed the will as a witness, I am told."

"Yes, Sir, I was witness; but my master did not inform me what was in the will."

"And was there no other witness but yourself?"

"There was yet another, Sir. Sir John did not like that any of his own servants should be witness, so he told me to get a local person to sign the testament. Sir John wished he should be English, that other person. So I found a man who had brought home here for a gentleman; and this man was going back to England; and before he went, I asked him one evening to supper with me, and then Sir John signed the testament, and I signed it, and the other witness signed it. The man can be found, Sir, John made him leave his name and address in my care, and I have them."

Every word that Paul uttered fed Veronica's rising indignation.

Barletti understood very little of what was being said; but he watched Veronica's face, and reflected its expression encounter apparent.

"Ha! Very, very systematic," muttered Mr. Frost. Then he asked aloud, "How long is this ago, Paul?"

"About a fortnight ago, Sir. The Signor Principe may remember the date. It was three days after the morning when I saw him and Miss Judith in the Villa Reale."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Frost. "That's decisive. A fortnight ago. There may, however, be a codicil added later."

Veronica's anger was less impressed by this fact than by the other one admitted by Paul, that he had watched her and Barletti in the Villa Reale.

"You have the audacity to confess—" she broke out in high excitement. But Mr. Frost stopped her.

"Pray, Madam," he said, gravely, "do not let us allow anger to enter into our discussion of this matter."

There was a short silence.

At length Paul said, bluntly, addressing Mr. Frost: "Were you a friend of my master's, Sir? Did you know him well?"

"I am an English lawyer, Paul. My name is Frost. You have heard my name mentioned here. You have, eh? Well, I am that same Mr. Frost. I did not know Sir John Gale personally; but you may be sure that in allowing your master's will to be inspected in my presence you are running no risk of failing in your duty."

Paul looked somewhat reassured, though he still hesitated. "May I ask your name to you, Sir?" he whispered.

Mr. Frost stepped with him outside the door, which Paul closed and held in his hand while he spoke.

"Sir," said he, "she is not his wife. You see, I knew it all along, but it was not for me to interfere. How could I? I am but a domestic. But the gentleman—the soldier, I mean —of Sir John in England will know very well who has a right to the property. I am positive from what I've seen that the truth is, that Sir John was angry with her for some time before he died, and was going to make a change. But, if there is any thing left to her in it she will get it safely, by the law."

Paul explained his speech by a prolonged and grave shaking of his head from side to side.

"Paul," said Mr. Frost, with a confident deliberation, "mindi, as you call her, was married to Sir John Gale." Then he told him in a few words what and when the ceremony had been performed.

Paul remembered the expedition to the ship of war, and how ill and exhausted his master had been after it. He was much astonished to hear Mr. Frost's account, and reiterated his assertion that Sir John had been very angry with "mindi" before he died. How was it then that he had made her his wife at the eleventh hour?

It appeared clear to Mr. Frost that Paul had no suspicion of the existence of a former wife, or of any fraudulent intention on the part of his late master.

"At all events I suppose you believe my word, do you not?" said Mr. Frost. "I am a passenger on board the man-of-war I have reason to be sure did take place."

"Oh, no doubt, Sir."

"And remember, Paul, although I perfectly appreciate your fidelity to the memory of your late master, that you have no conceivable right to retain possession of that key when Lady Gale bids you give it up."

"I am sure, Sir, I desire nothing but to do my duty. I have been hard in my conscience, but he has done a great deal for me. He took me from being a courier to be his valet; and he gave me a liberal salary, Sir, and I am comfortable from my sparings to do well for my family. I could not go against my duty to Sir John, Sir!"

There was absolutely a quiver of emotion in Paul's well-regulated voice at the end. He was so fond of his boys in the Piedmontese hills, that Sir John, from constant conversation with them in his valet, had attracted some soft sentiments of Paul's to his own share. And besides, under the little mask of a grave impassivity there was quite a feminine power of becoming attached to that which needed him, in proportion as it was unattractive to the rest of the world. He had often told himself that if he were to leave Sir John, the latter would never get any one to serve him so well. For Sir John was a terribly hard gentleman, to say truth! Paul and Sir John's Piedmont had occasionally come nigh to finding him intolerable. But now that he was dead, the man actually missed and mourned for his daily plague.

"Have you succeeded in making my servant understand that he will have to obey me, Mr. Frost?" asked Veronica, when the two men reopened the door of the hotel.

"Paul quite understands," said Mr. Frost, quietly.

Barletti looked angry, but he gave his arm to Veronica without making any remark, and they all ascended the stairs to the ground-floor, on which Sir John's bedroom was situated.

"Go on, Paul, and open the door," said Mr. Frost. But, as he spoke, the door was ajar, he fell back a step or two, and said in a low voice to Barletti and Veronica: "If you will take my advice you will not enter this room. I know, I think. And it might come to pass that you would be glad to have him on your side."

"Conciliate him!" echoed Veronica, with a frown and a cruel compression of her red lips. "I would not go into the room with this monster. He should not be another night beneath this roof if I could have my way."

"Carn, mia Luce!" Be reasonable!" whispered Barletti, on whom the lawyer's warning produced a strong effect.

Paul unlocked the door of the dead man's chamber, and, holding a lamp high above his head, stood aside, with his back presented to let the others pass. All traces of disorder had been removed from the room. It was dim and still. The one oil lamp that burned there threw deep shadows on the walls, and faintly illuminated the objects that were most conspicuous in its flame. The floor was covered with a thick carpet into which the foot sank noiselessly; the bed of gold shone mysteriously here and there; and a soft glow of ruby velvet from the furniture and hangings mingled with the general dimness, where some salient fold caught the light. At one end of the room was a large swing glass that reflected the lights and shades with rich dark curtains touched here and there with light, and the bed itself, a large, ghastly burden covered with a large white sheet.

Veronica, when her eyes encountered this object in the gloom, stopped suddenly, and clung to Barletti's arm. He, too, was not unmoved by the scene, and he pressed her hand in silence.

"No one watches here?" said Mr. Frost, in a subdued voice, which yet seemed to startle the solemn silence.

"No one, Sir. But I have the key of the chamber. And, as for that, not one of the domestics would enter it after dark, even now if the room was all unguarded and unreckoned gold was scattered about in it."

In silence they proceeded to open the desk—Mr. Frost holding the light while Paul unlocked it, opened at once and took out the well-known folded paper.

"You recognize this as being the paper which your master told you was his will, and made you sign? And you see that, as far as you can tell, it has been opened since you put it there, by his command, last night?"

"Yes, Sir?"

"And you, prince?" asked Mr. Frost, handing the will to Barletti.

The latter bowed forward and examined it, without touching it. Veronica barely glanced at it for a moment, and then her gaze returned to that which seemed to fascinate her.

"I believe it to be the same paper which he had in his hand last night," said Barletti, speaking scarcely above his breath.

Mr. Frost opened the will and read it silently.

It bore date the seventeenth of February, and was expressed in short and clear sentences. It bequeathed the whole of Sir John Tullis Gale's personal property and real estate to "my dear wife" during her lifetime; and, in case of her death before the death of the testator, to her only child, named Judith Maud Hilda Sherwood. There was no subsequent codicil, and no mention of any other wife. The sum of the property was many pounds to Mr. Adam Lane, Sir John's agent, who was also appointed sole executor.

Mr. Frost folded the document.

"What I say is of less consequence than the date it bears," said Veronica, scornfully, "but a good one, this will is mere waste paper."

Then, turning to Paul, Mr. Frost added: "In accordance with the testator's wish, I shall hand-by, in your presence, such documents, and retain all that I consider to be of importance to England. You understand that I am responsible for its safety until then."

Paul answered after a little grave deliberation: "If course, Sir, I desire to do my duty to Sir John. I hope you will not take it ill, Sir—that you will not be offended—if I say that I shall write to Mr. Lane, the agent of Sir John, and inform him of what has taken place. But I shall tell Mr. Lane that I am ready to bear testimony if I am needed."

"Quite right, Paul," answered Mr. Frost, a little stiffly. "You may be sure that every thing will be done in a proper manner."

Then Paul proceeded to replace the empty drawer, and to re-lock the desk; and, as he did so, Veronica sank down on a prie-dieu in the others stood by in profound silence. It was a silence that seemed to be filled with the sense of vague shape beneath the cold white linen that was slightly raised, with an outline at once terribly suggestive and terribly indefinite.

Veronica had not dared to look directly at the bed, but she seemed to catch it in her image in the glass. All her old horror and dread of death seemed to be stealing over her. The fectitious excitement which had given her courage to enter the room was failing fast: Her head throbbed, and her eyes were hot. She felt dizzy, with the impression of the awful scene during Sir John's last moments seemed to come back to her with the distinctness of a bad dream.

In coming away from the desk Paul accidentally gave a slight touch to the great glass, and it instantly swung to a different angle—making one who looked into it giddy with a sudden vague sense of insecurity.

As the mirror swung slowly down, it seemed to Veronica's eyes as though the white form on the bed were stirring and rising.

"He moves, he moves! he is not dead, he is moving!" she cried. And with a stifled shriek that shook in her throat, she burst from Cesare, who was scarcely less horror-stricken than herself, and rushed out of the room, where, after a few paces, she fell down heavily in a swoon.

ABOUT CATS.

THE cat is such a universal animal that perhaps a few rambling remarks about "Pussy" may not be out of place. We should like to know why cats are as much underrated as they usually are. The dog is a companion of man, but not much more so than the cat; and yet, while every body is fond of his dog, and is ready with anecdotes to show forth his intelligence, how many have a good word for the poor cat? Now this is hardly fair: the cat is as affectionate in her way as the dog, and, to our thinking, her liking for man and her confidence in him are more wonderful, and deserve more to be encouraged than the same qualities in the dog, for they come naturally to him and not to her. A cat is originally of a wild nature, and has as much first to overcome its natural instinct to fly from man; while the dog can not help seeking him, and loving him as a friend and companion. Don't think, reader, that we dislike or despise dogs; our poor old Scotch terrier knows better. But we are just now bent on doing a little justice to cats. Why, the poor things have not even individuality given to them, as they are all called "Puss." Here and there, we admit, there is a Dick or a Peter, and they rise above the rest of "Tom;" but the rule they are called Puss. Perhaps they don't know that ingenuity has been exhausted to find fresh and attractive names for dogs, and they would naturally feel aggrieved if they did; and what makes it still more unfair is, that as far as they are concerned they would be happy to answer to any other names if they had a chance.

French cats are not called Puss, they are commonly called "Minnie;" and it is related of a late eminent English prelate that, while staying at a French hotel, he had tried to coax a cat to him by calling "Puss! Puss!" as he had been used. He was informed that he must call it "Minnie;" he did so, and the cat came at once, extorting from the bishop an exclamation of surprise at the ease with which understanding is given.

All sorts of things are said about cats. Even Shakespeare, who ought to have known better, repeats the proverb which says they are afraid to wet their feet; but it is not true. A cat probably does not like to wet its paws, but if any end is to be compassed, she will do it readily enough. We know a cat who would sit for hours together on the cold stones, exposed to the occasional dripping of the old-fashioned water-butt, because at that season good fishing came to effect. We remember one Tom-cat, a fine, intelligent-looking fellow, who was apparently a gentleman, who took objection to his mistress's working so much with her needle; having doubtless observed that when she sat at work she took notice was taken of him. He accordingly hit upon the plan of stealing her thimble, and carrying it under the carpet; and by this practice he continued steadily until he was one day summarily chastised. We have known cats devour a mouse, and taught themselves to open doors fastened by a latch—a feat which would certainly require some thought in the execution, we admit. Pussy steals; but then she is so ingenious about it that she ought to be forgiven. One cat, we remember, was very fond of fish, and having noticed how they were broken, used to mount the dresser and push with her paw till she got one out of the basket in which they were kept: she would then roll it off the dresser on to the floor, and of course it cracked, and she could leisurely devour it. She gave great uneasiness to the servants until her capacity was discovered, as she could account for the mysterious disappearance of the eggs.

If a cat does not show her inferior one creature is to the other, that you can not get a cat to follow you like a dog. Well, as we know, this proud, aloof manner are different, but a great deal can be effected by kindness in this respect. A young lady who lived in a very retired part of the country, used, when at home for her holidays, to walk to the village post-office for the letters. Two times her cottage consisted of two dogs and three favorite cats, and these would usually accompany her on her walks all the way to the village, a distance of more than two miles. Again, some people declare that cats have only what is not precisely called a memory. It is said, for instance, that they will not remove with a family to a new house; but indeed your Peter in a bag can contradict for themselves. Probably the cats derived its chief support from the remarkable power and love of finding their way to their old homes; which power every one who has tried to "lose" a cat must have observed. Well, one gentleman once owned a favorite black cat, which became afflicted with the mange; and having some wish to destroy it—for—he would not trust my one else with the office of execution—but himself—he confined poor Peter in a bag with several heavy stones, and carried him to a deep stream at a considerable distance, and threw the bag in. The master's horror, puss burst the bag in his struggles, and swimming to the steep bank crept into a drain which discharged itself into the stream. His master went home, much grieved to think what hardships his favorite might suffer; but about six hours after, as he was leaving the house, he felt something rub against his legs, and, looking down, he beheld poor Peter! How the cat had found its way back no one could guess.

With kindly usage, cats will live a long time. We have known a stray cat live eighteen years in the house to which she attached herself; but what her age was when she came there no one knew. Who cats have the peculiarity of being always deaf. This is strange but true—indeed, it is a rule with scarcely an exception. We once saw a white cat which was only "hard of hearing," but she was considered a curiosity.

And now let us beg our young readers never to ill-treat or make furious a cat, both for the cat's sake and for their own. From what cause it is so we know not, but the bite or scratch of a cat is exceedingly dangerous, and very difficult to heal. Indeed, we have known a cat clawed by a cat had every separate laceration, as he thought, harmless, but he could certainly not scarcely visible, on his wrist, and when last we heard of him his arm, from this trivial injury, was swollen to about its size right up to the shoulder, and was so fearfully inflamed that the worst consequences were to be feared. Almost any neighborhood will supply similar instances, and a cat given to biting and scratching should always be destroyed.

Below stairs the cat is invaluable, not only for the rats and mice that she devours, but for the fun she gives the servants. Indeed her back is broad enough to bear all that is put upon it; and we don't know that whatever any thing is missed or broken, and the question comes to be asked who took it, or who broke it, the ready answer is, invariably, "The cat did it!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"MUGGINS, what are in the world's history do you regard with the greatest admiration?" asked Mr. Cadbury, of Clapham Rise, with a spasmodic shudder.

OLD RHYMES REWRITTEN.

LAZY AND LAZIER.

Busy and giddy now your play,
That all belongs to another day.
They after will be glad to be
Of league in open-box or stall.
They would be glad to think it due
With all the big quality-folks to shoe.

SELF-ESTEEM.

Poor Miss Bell
Is not very well
What makes her so?
She thinks she's lovely
Was not be a naughty man
He broke her heart.

TO A SHAREHOLDER OF THE

Grocery Gooney Gander,
Where'll he do, I'm sure?
Up shares, down shares,
Not a bit of either.
Catch me the director
Who'll pay up, Pretty Poll!
If not the right sort
Seize on the left leg.
Your shareholder has nothing left
But tails, trials, and cares.

DEDICATED TO THE WEARERS OF THE FORCE.

Constable Dull
Hid in a corner,
Acting as Christmas spy!
He smelled on the cook,
And his eyes were dry,
Saying, "What a policeman am I!"

"Is your master at home?" "No, Sir; he's out." "Minnie's out, too, Sir." "Ah, she's out, too. Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too."

A minister traveling along a Texas road met a stranger driving his wife and baby in a two-horse ox-cart. As the minister approached, he heard the man say, "Get up, Pretty Girl." "Get up, Buck-eye!" How, Bagtail! What are you doing, Buckeye?" Is the ministry's salary in the vicinity of such names being given to cattle, remarked the minister, in his solemn tones for your oxen, and I wish for the sake of the heathen they were known by. The driver replied: "I call that land-ox in front Preacher, because he is the best ox I have got. He believes in pulling through every difficult place, perhaps that is why I call him Preacher better than all the rest. The one by his side I call Campbellite; he is always for going his own way, and he can do his best to make every other ox do the same. The next one I call Methodist; he is always for going on as far as he can, and then he stops and waits for

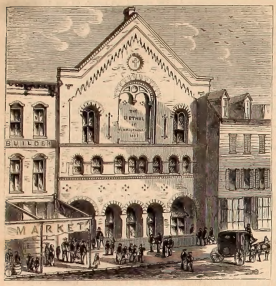

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL.

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL.

As every one of the many thousands of castaways and criminals that infest our streets and burden society was once an innocent boy or girl whom Christian kindness and proper training might have saved from ruin, such an institution as the Brooklyn Bethel should be regarded as one of the most beneficent and important of Christian charities. It is founded on the sound principle that prevention is better than cure; and though it has been in existence but a few years, it has already more than fulfilled the expectations of those who have established and sustained it.

Originally started as a mission Sunday-school, for the benefit of the children of the very poor, it soon assumed larger proportions, chiefly under the generous patronage of Plymouth Church, and now, as shown by the illustrations on this page, possesses a handsome and attractive building, with well-furnished reading-rooms, library, etc., where the children of the poor can assemble every night in the week for instruction and innocent amusement. The founders of the Bethel wisely aim to make the institution attractive. All the rooms present a cheerful appearance, are furnished with an eye to comfort and taste, the walls hung with pictures, and the library and reading-room supplied with papers, magazines, and books especially adapted to the wants of working people.

The Bethel was popular from the start. Every night the reading-rooms are filled with men and boys; and the evening classes for study are so crowded that numbers are turned away from want of room to seat them. It is especially popular with boys. Every evening, for half an hour before the time of opening, the doors are besieged by an army of eager and impatient urchins clamorous for admission. On entering, they are first conducted to the wash-room, where plentiful supplies of water, soap, and towels are provided, and each one is compelled to make himself fairly presentable before being admitted to the other rooms. Boys who never washed before now scrub themselves vigorously every evening, and, besides learning the lesson which is next to godliness, many of them become very fastidious in the use of comb and brush. From the wash-room they disperse—some to the reading-room, some to the checker-room, some to the evening classes. The average attendance is nearly three hundred; and it is noticed that those who come once rarely fail to attend several times a week; and many never miss an evening.

During the winter season a series of popular entertainments is given at the Bethel. The programme comprises concerts, lectures, readings, exhibitions, etc. The concerts and stereopticon exhibitions have always been largely attended; but the lectures have been less popular. A small entrance fee to these entertainments is charged, but every thing else is free. A large Sunday-school is connected with the Bethel, with a membership of nearly nine hundred boys and girls. Besides a large force of teachers, the Bethel employs a regular missionary to visit the parents of these children and render assistance in cases of

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE WASH-ROOM.

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE READING-ROOM.

THE BROOKLYN BETHEL—THE BOYS' CHECKER-ROOM.

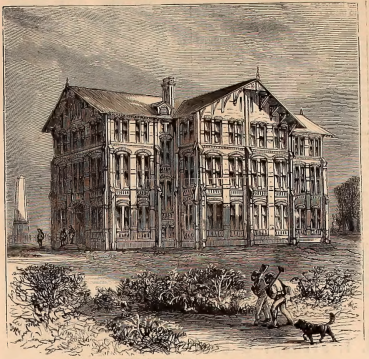

NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

sickness and destitution. In this way many families are brought under good influences, and parents as well as children are saved from ruin. It would be well for New York if institutions like the Brooklyn Bethel were established in every part of the city populated by the poorer classes. The working-people appreciate such attempts to provide instruction and amusement for them, and show that they are ready to leave the low theatre, the dance-house, and the bar-room just as fast as moral and rational means of recreation are opened to them.

THE HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

THIS institution, of which a view will be found on this page, is located in Hampton, Virginia, within sight of Fortress Monroe. It was established in 1868, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, for the purpose of preparing youth of the South, without distinction of color, for the work of organizing and instructing schools in the Southern States. The extreme poverty of those who needed such an institution, and the value of self-help as a means of culture and true manhood, induced the Association to purchase a farm of one hundred and twenty acres and provide it with all appliances of profitable labor. The farm lies upon Hampton Roads. The school and home buildings, valued at $50,000, occupy a beautiful site upon the shore. They are so furnished and arranged as to offer to the students the helps to right living which belong to a cultivated Christian home. In the farm-work, under the constant direction of an educated practical farmer, the graduates of this institution will have learned both the theory and practice of the most profitable methods of agriculture. The female students do all the house-work of the boarding department. Then in the home, on the farm, and in the schoolroom the students have the opportunity to learn the three great lessons of life—how to live, how to labor, and how to teach others. There are at present about 80 pupils at the Institute. The terms of tuition are merely nominal; and, to meet the necessities of the Institute, the managers solicit temporary endowments for scholarships yielding $85 for males, and $100 for females. All labor performed on the farm by the inmates is paid for at rates varying from four to twelve cents an hour.

SOLDIERS' NATIONAL ASYLUM AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

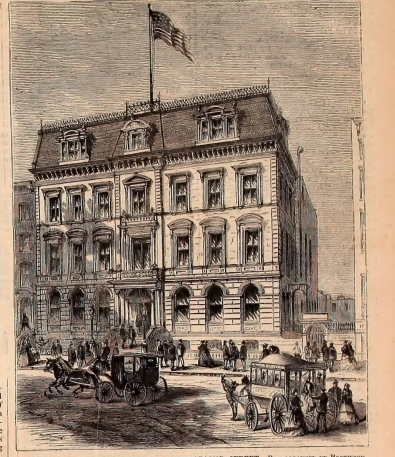

THE NEW GERMAN CLUB-HOUSE IN FORTY-SECOND STREET.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD. [SEE PAGE 78.]

NATIONAL ASYLUM FOR SOLDIERS.

ON this page we give a view of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, erected near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The grounds on which it is built comprise about four hundred acres, laid out with taste as a park immediately around the main edifice, and affording ample opportunity for such light outdoor work as the condition of the inmates will allow them to perform, and for which they receive pay. Soldiers admitted to this asylum are not obliged to surrender their pensions, are well cared for in every respect, and subjected to such discipline only as is required to preserve order and promote the health and moral well-being of all the inmates.

The main building is cruciform in shape, with a front of 300 feet and a depth of 280 feet. Two wings are to be added, to complete the original design, one at each end, with a projection to the front corresponding to the centre, and having the same elevation. The building is constructed with Milwaukee brick on a stone foundation, and, as may be seen from our illustration, is a very handsome specimen of architecture. The cost of the completed building will be about $230,000. The arrangements and general management of this institution are under the control of a Board, of whom the President of the United

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GLENN'S FALLS, N. Y.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. R. STODDARD, GLENN'S FALLS.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

States, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and the Secretary of War, are ex-officio members, Major-General BUTLER, President, and General MARTINDALE and JAY COOKE, Esq., Vice-Presidents. The number of men in the asylum is now about 250; with the hospital it affords accommodations for about 1000 inmates. The situation is one of the most delightful and salubrious in the country.

THE NEW GERMAN CLUB-HOUSE.

On page 77 we give a view of the new German Club-house, recently erected for the Harmonic Social Club in Forty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Externally it is a structure of very handsome appearance, and the internal arrangements are befitting the requirements of the wealthy and cultivated organization for whose accommodation the building was erected. Its cost, not including the land, was a quarter of a million dollars. The architect was Mr. HENRY FERNBACH. The lot is one hundred and four feet front, and one hundred feet deep; the building eighty feet front and one hundred feet deep. Twenty feet are reserved on the Fifth Avenue side for a summer garden and arbor, to be planted with vines and flowers, with refreshment-tables at the sides and a fountain in the centre.

The Club, composed principally of Germans, is limited to four hundred members, and during the winter season concerts, balls, and other social entertainments are given at least once a week. The officers are: *President*, M. SIMONSON, Jun.; *Vice-President*, JOSEPH RAU; *Secretaries*, H. COHN, JULIUS LEBMAIER; *Treasurer*, JULIUS BINGE.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GLENN'S FALLS.

A fine monument, of which we give an engraving on page 77, was recently erected at Glenn's Falls, New York, by the town of Queensbury, to the memory of her sons who fell in the war for the Union. The structure is of Nova Scotia freestone, and is composed of a solid die resting on a triple base, from which rises a bonded shaft. Within the bands are engraved the names of twelve prominent battle-fields of the war. Over the top of the shaft are draped the national colors, clutched in the hand of an eagle that surmounts the whole. The total height of the structure is forty-six feet.

At the base of the shaft, on the west side, stands the life-size figure of an officer; on the reverse that of a private soldier. On the die underneath these figures are engraved the names of the officers and soldiers to whose memory the monument was erected. On the north side of the die appropriate inscriptions are engraved. The monument, which was erected under the superintendence of Mr. R. T. BAXTER, of Glenn's Falls, is a credit to the taste of the beautiful village where it stands.

A WAIF.

I CAN recall neither the day nor the hour, but the incident I am about to relate is as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. I was lingering at a small watering-place, situated on the rocky shores of the east coast of Scotland. The ordinary visitors had already left, because the high winds and terrific storms which were of frequent occurrence at that time of year, and it was only a few hardy ones like myself who still found pleasure in facing the raging elements of wind and water combined.

It had been a more than usually stormy night, and many an anxious heart had been passed through its vigils, for it seemed as if some terrible disaster must be heralded by the booming sound of the waves, and the screeching of the wind that beat it found opposition to its course in the shut doors and windows of the little hamlet. But morning broke at last, and brought a few watery gleams of sunlight to brighten the agitated atmosphere, though the waves and clouds as yet seemed to carry roaring, and dashed against the rocks as though bent on their destruction.

I wandered along the low line of sand which, broken as it is into many small bays, runs under the high bathing cliffs of the place, and was about one of the most retired of these spots. Here I sat down on a flat rock, which guarded the entrance of the bay, to enjoy the luxury and misery of the scene. I had not long sat thus when I was disturbed by the undoubted cry of a fishing sound, and, looking down, saw a dog standing before me. Its coat was dripping with water, one of the fore-feet was cut and bleeding, and the sad, wistful look in its eyes went to my heart. I gently patted its head, and offered a piece of bread from my pocket, offered it some; but the animal scarcely even glanced at it, and only continued to look at me with that touching, crying gaze, as if asking assistance. After a while he turned a little way back on the sands and beckoned himself down, casting a look toward me. My curiosity and interest were both aroused, and I followed. At first I could see nothing; but presently, from under the paw of the animal, which was placed protectingly upon it, there came out of the glove—only a little well-worn child's glove, where the second and third fingering, so completely had it retained the form of the fingers which had once worn it. I cast my eyes over the wide waters, but no sign of life or death was there; only the mute token in my hand spoke of both. Long I searched up and down the shore, but in vain. The poor little body must have been carried out to sea, and was never found, as far as I know. "Ah! little one," I sighed, "the cruel, cruel waves, then, required such a holocaust as thine, young, innocent, and forlorn; and is there no mourner for thee save this faithful dog, and no monument save this little glove? At least," I continued, as I folded it carefully into my pocket-book, "it shall live in my memory and mine, poor creature, in my affections. I stooped, as I spoke, to caress the still constant animal, and so great had been the absorption of my feelings that I had not marked the incoming tide; but now a wave rushed nearly up, and though it still beyond its reach, it wrapped its coronal of foam round the rock and wetted the feet of the faithful dog, and carried it helplessly back into the ocean. One short, sharp bark, one feeble struggle, and the brave heart was no more. It is long since this happened, but the plain still lies in my pocket-book, and the relics in my heart whenever I recall its guardian's fate.

A NEW ERA FOR THE EAST.

THAT the Suez Canal will bring about a revolution in the commercial world to a certain extent of the civilized world, must be left to future times to decide. The Mediterranean is no longer a huge cesspool, completely shut out by a narrow isthmus of sand from the seas which wash the shores of the richest, most productive countries of modern times. It has now burst its way into the Eastern Ocean. It has forever given up its exclusive-ness—fatally dangerous as it proved to be to self-interest: and, in joining with the wider world without, it has inaugurated a new era of commercial activity, a vast increase in wealth, a mighty advance in civilization—not more for its own shores than for those of Indian seas. From the New World it has never been excluded, the Straits of Gibraltar connecting it with the wide Atlantic; and, with the new direct passage to the East, is there not every probability of the ports of North Africa and of South Europe becoming the great commercial emporiums of the future? The way is now clear from North America to Hindostan, China, and the exception of the detour made by the Red Sea, the course is a direct one. The Mediterranean lies in the line between East and West, and must be said to connect both. What an enviable position! On the one hand, America, Europe, England, young, and active; on the other India, surpassingly wealthy, and itself the connecting link between almost boundless gold mines, and almost every where the fringes of good and large. The golden fleece is now the time for Europe and Marseilles to bestir themselves. The golden opportunity is offered, and the earliest bidder will obtain the greatest bargain. The vessels where will be the London, the pre-eminent commercial city of future times? It would be bold, indeed, if, contrary to all modern anticipations, it should not be in North America, but in one of the old-established ports of the Old World. The change is very much larger than the new; is as rich, or richer, in minerals, and contains a greater proportion of richly productive soil. After mature reflection, then, it should not be surprising if the commercial supremacy which successively left Tyre, Rome, and Venice should desert London for the New York, but for some place on the ancient coasts of the Mediterranean. Should this really happen (of course it is at present a mere speculation, and a few years will decide the probability or improbability of its ultimate occurrence), there can be no doubt that the Suez Canal will have been the cause, if not the sole cause, of the regeneration of the world of the ancients.

MEN AND THEIR FEMALE RELATIONS.

THERE are women of sufficient shrewdness to see that the common attitude of the men who surround them is that of an amiable hypocrisy—a kind of mask which is assumed to cover up characteristics which underlie this pleasant exterior. Where women make quick to detect the weak points in their husbands' character; but to these they extend a becoming toleration, for they know that their husbands are not angels, but mere people. They accept the profound homage which is paid to women by men as a myth, and are not the least blinded to the fact that the men around who have, during a long evening, been distinguished for politeness by their extraordinary courtesy, may have been merely playing the *rôle* which they considered best suited, that, in their own private and domestic life, they may be found very different from the much more plain-spoken persons which they appear to be in public society. The common-sense and penetration of this sort of woman would constitute her a terrible critic, if her knowledge did not lead to a spirit of toleration. She has a wonderful tact in detecting the presence of hypocrisy, when distinguished persons do shelter itself behind silence and circumspection. She can instantly distinguish between the man who is thoroughly true to his principles and fashionable way, because that is the habit of the people with whom he moves, and because he does not care to be amusing to people who would only be surprised or puzzled by his wit, and who would be apt to look down upon it, behind a short-front similar to that worn by their men and behind an air of indifferent humor. Such a woman is never a worshiper of those manly qualities which are peculiar to the hero of the boarding-school miss in the French novelist. She is not much an admirer of brute force *per se*. She is more than likely to conceive a positive detestation for the large, stolid, small-brained, self-willed, and selfish idiot of six feet two, who is so much admired by women of a certain physiological development. In her estimation, humanities does not consist in combining the tastes of a groom with the dress of a gentleman; and if there is any thing she is likely to abhor, it is a bully of that fine, confident breed, lief in the power of mere male size to captivate women, which is the sole creed of this well-known hero. If her girlish imagination has led her to marry some such man, his position some dozen years after is not to be envied.

But it must not be supposed for a moment that we consider all this system of gentle hypocrisy which may so far influence the judgment of the majority of women in regarding men. In the first place, the highest compliment men can pay to women. Even as the lion, in innumerable legends, pays the real nature and mischief submissively before an innocent girl, so do most brave behind them selfishness, arrogance, and anger in the presence of women. And, if they are not exactly what they pretend to be, it is conclusive to their effect that they know they ought to be something different from what they are. If the influence of feminine society does nothing more than cause them to assume, *pro tem.*, a gentleness and toleration and politeness of demeanor which are not exhibited by them elsewhere, it has already done much.

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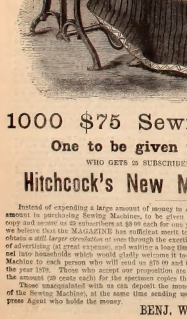

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

FOR A LIVE AMERICAN PEOPLE

VOL. XIV.—No. 684.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MANTON MARBLE.

MR. MARBLE was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 16, 1855. The only circumstance worth noting in this record is the date, which shows that he was a young man of seven or eight and twenty when he assumed charge of the *World*, which immediately became, under his management, a powerful journal. His ancestors, on both sides, are of an old Puritan stock. They came over at an early period, one of them, WILLIAM MARBLE, having taken the freeman's oath in Boston, May 3, 1654. How much the subject of this sketch owes to his remote Puritan progenitors we can not judge: but if they were grim and forbidding, after the Puritan fashion, the repulsive severity ran out long before it reached him. We have been told that his grandfather, SOLOMON MARBLE, had even more than the Puritan strength and stolidity of purpose: a peculiarity which did not run out, though, in passing through the intermediate link, and blending with the other branch of the lineage, it slipped on a mask of winning suavity. MR. MARBLE'S parents, both of whom are living, are estimable religious people, remarkable for sterling good sense, and simple, old-fashioned cordiality.

MR. MARBLE was educated at first by his father; then at the High School in Providence, R. I.; afterward at the Albany Academy, under the principalship of Prof. GEO. H. COOK, now of Rutger's College, and State Geologist of New Jersey; and he completed his school studies at the University of Rochester, where he entered in the sophomore class January 1, 1853, and was graduated with honors in July, 1855, taking the President's prize for an essay on the Ancient and Modern Idea of a State, in which he maintained the non-interference theory of modern Democracy. The politics of a youth of twenty are likely to be right or wrong by accident. The Democratic sentiments of the prize essay only prove that in the greater maturity of his faculties MR. MARBLE saw no reason to change his politics. He probably got his bias from his early surroundings, and the admiration felt by the Baptist communion, to which his parents belonged, for ROGER WILLIAMS, in whose history and opinions we should expect to find the pedigree of MR. MARBLE'S political views. More creditable to him than his early Democracy is the fact that he was the favorite pupil of that distinguished educator and very able man, Dr. M. B. ANDERSON, the President of the University, between whom and MR. MARBLE a warm friendship has since continued to subsist.

Immediately on leaving college, MR. MARBLE went to Boston and embarked in journalism; at first accepting a place on the staff of the Boston *Journal*, and afterward becoming the responsible editor of the *Courier*. In 1856 he came to New York, on the *Evening Post*, then edited by MR. BRYANT, MR. BIGELOW, and WILLIAM STORY THAYER (afterward United States Consul General to Egypt). He continued his connection with the *Evening Post* until the *World* was established, in June, 1860. He spent the summer and autumn of 1859 in traveling and buffalo hunting in Northwestern British America; and, besides his letters to the *Evening Post*, he made a record of his trip with pen and pencil, in a series of illustrated papers published in *Harper's Magazine*, in 1860, under the title "To Red River and Beyond."

The *World* was started by a company of gentlemen belonging to the "evangelical" denominations, with a view to make that great diffusor of intelligence, the daily press, a vehicle of Christian influence. In politics its prospectus announced that it would be independent. In 1860, estimable editor MR. JAMES R. SPALDING (then recently of the *Courier and Enquirer*, a Conservative Whig until the Whig party was defunct), in conscientious pursuance of the no-party promise of the prospectus; and, as no man with any brains in his head could be really neutral in such a crisis as was then coming, the writing force of the paper was like a divided team, a pair hitched to each end of the coach. The paper pleased no

MANTON MARBLE.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.)

body by its politics, and the temper of the times permitted it to please nobody long by its religion. In less than two years it sunk $200,000 of capital. Its despairing owners, seeing no end of the drain, tried to sell the establishment to Republican politicians and journalists, entering into several fruitless negotiations for that purpose; among other parties, with MR. THURLOW WEED. At last, April 12, 1862, they sold it to MR. MARBLE at a price but little above the value of the presses, types, and material.

This brings us to a new epoch in MR. MARBLE'S history, in which he displayed qualities little suspected by some persons who had previously known him.

MR. MARBLE'S connection with the *World* commenced, as we have stated, when the paper was bankrupt, in the summer of 1862. To a stranger he would have seemed, at this time, a young man of a quick, excitable temperament, captivating address, and a refinement almost fastidious in his personal tastes. He enjoyed a good joke, and was clever at a pert repartee. On a nearer intimacy he seemed very companionable and affectionate. But at that time he gave no other evidence that his mind was strong, as well as refined and alert, than a keen partisanship for the metaphysical doctrines of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, which he had studied with great care, and for which he was always ready to take up the gauntlet. He handled the heavy weapons of that kind of controversy with surprising dexterity and ease for so young a man. The range of his curiosity was wide: but, apart from metaphysics, it concerned itself mostly with current events and elegant literature. His extensive reading in political economy, jurisprudence, and history was of subsequent growth. At that early period an assemblage of light accomplishments, which set very easily upon him, obscured the robuster features of his mind.

But his real strength began to appear (and he needed it all) when he undertook to lift, and carry upon his juvenile shoulders, the establishment which the experienced veterans to whom it had been offered thought too far gone to be saved. He immediately reorganized its staff, boldly increased its expenses for news, and put it on the political course which it has since pursued. In the autumn of 1862 he formed a joint-stock company for its publication, selling shares of the establishment, but retaining a controlling interest. It was in the first few months following this change that his character came out in full relief, resembling what is sometimes observed in the other sex when a sudden weight of responsibility transforms giddiness at once into full womanhood. His co-proprietors were six or seven Democrats, all men of wealth and great business experience; some of them active, veteran politicians. As was natural, they expected to mould the policy of the paper and shape its course. Its young editor supposed that function belonged to *him*. Articles and communications which they sent him for insertion were revised with as free a hand, or rejected with as firm a decision, as if they had come from unknown outsiders. This was more than independence, it was wilfulness; for if the paper had fallen under the control of mere politicians, it would soon have been among the wrecks which are scattered along the journalistic history of the last thirty years.

The Democratic bosses, however, Democratic enough. It provoked the highest indignation of the Republican party. It outstripped all its Democratic contemporaries in high and bitter denunciation

of some of the leading and favorite measures of Mr. LINCOLN'S administration. We prefer to pass lightly over Mr. MARBLE'S politics, in which this journal can find little to commend; to bring the sole purpose of this sketch to exhibit the man, and explain his personal success. But although there can appear in these columns only repudiation of his politics, we must recognize his just sense of the dignity of his profession, and his superiority to control by office-seeking politicians. The fact that he has kept no terms with the Tammany Ring, when his subserviency or even his silence might have enabled him to share their gains, shows that he is a politician of no vulgar order. His refusal to advocate Mr. PENDLETON'S greenback theory, after it had been indorsed in the national Democratic platform, and his advice to substitute a new candidate for General BLAIR, after the October elections had proved that the party, with him on the ticket, was foredoomed to defeat, are well-known illustrations of his steadiness and independence.

In January, 1869, Mr. MARBLE purchased back the shares of the *World* with which he started in 1862, and became its sole proprietor.

In May, 1864, Mr. MARBLE was married to DELIA B. WEST, daughter of the late IRA WEST, of Rochester; a lady of remarkable intelligence, sweetness, and grace, womanly elevation of character, and fine moral intuitions. She died in June, 1865, leaving two children. All who ever knew her cherish her memory with loving reverence.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1870.

THE POPE OF ROME AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

THE Rev. Mr. PRESTON, a Roman Catholic clergyman of New York, recently delivered a lecture upon "the Catholic [by which is meant Roman Catholic] view of the Public School Question." We have not yet had the Methodist, or Congregational, or Baptist, or Unitarian, or Presbyterian view. Nor shall we have it; and for the sufficient reason that it is not a religious or ecclesiastical or denominational question. The schools are open to all as citizens; not as Quakers, or Roman Catholics, or Jews. Mr. PRESTON is requested to have denied any desire upon the part of Roman Catholics to break down the American Common School system. That may be true of those who are not clergymen, but it is certainly not true of the Roman Catholic priesthood. They do not wish to break down the system, because they can control it. But if they can not, does Mr. PRESTON say or think that they would not be opposed to the system?

His own remarks furnish the answer to the question. Immediately after saying that Roman Catholics—which term, of course, includes the clergy—do not wish to break down the system, Mr. PRESTON said, according to the report: "The Pope, in the syllabus condemning modern errors, especially censures the doctrine that public schools are to be removed from the control of the clergy." Catholic Republicans, therefore, can not conscientiously allow their children to frequent those schools." Now the people of this country and of this State have forbidden all sectarianism in the public schools. Are they or the Pope of Rome to regulate the subject? Mr. PRESTON says that the zeal of a small Italian state is opposed to our public school system, and therefore certain American citizens can not send their children to the schools. And this small Italian ruler of a domain whose population is especially ignorant, superstitious, and idle, says that a necessary part of the public school money of the United States must be surrendered to a class of agents of his, American citizens, or at least subjects, who acknowledge a spiritual allegiance to him which compels them to oppose the American school system.

The answer to Mr. PRESTON'S address is, that the people of this State and of the United States do not care whether the Pope likes their Common School system or not. They have tried it for a century, more or less, and they are satisfied. They look across the sea at the conditions of the Pope, or to the countries in which he has been allowed to have his way, and they do not behold a condition of the people which inspires their admiration or stimulates them to imitation. They see that the most ignorant countries in Europe—the countries in which there is the least general comfort, intelligence, industry, peace, and prosperity—are the Papal states and Spain under its late Papal regime. And, knowing the intimate and vital relation between the public schools and the general welfare, the very last system for which they would wish to change their own is that which prevails in those countries.

Again, looking over the ocean, the American people see Austria, which had been long subject to ecclesiastical domination, recoiling from the humiliating field of Sadowa, instinctively feeling that the cause of its defeat is its absolute subjugation to ecclesiastical rule, which eats away the manliness of any people, and striking at the heart of its shame by removing the schools from clerical supervisory. The American people say, therefore, to the Pope and his agents: "If you do not choose to have your children educated in our free schools —if you will let them wallow in ignorance rather than grow up in intelligence—if you insist that they shall stay away, unless we will give you money to educate them in your peculiar religious views, to be it. We have jails as well as schools; and if you prefer to fit your children for prison rather than to make them, at our expense, intelligent citizens, so be it again. But so long as we understand the principles of our government, so long as we can see the consequences of our system, and in our own country the result of ours, so long we shall decline to support sectarian schools by giving to each sect a share of the school money."

Mr. PRESTON, in the report of his address, said, that the early subversion by the Jews, of Pope, the chief bishop of his church, is willing that other denominations, which desire to organize societies with equal rights, should enjoy the same privilege. Undoubtedly; but the Pope does not in the remotest degree "comprehend American institutions." He can hardly believe that what they call the religious, or more truly the ecclesiastical authority, should be to remain in the State, America will say, "Yes, and insist, that the state shall have no religion, but shall protect every citizen in the exercise of his chosen religion with equal care to the rights of every other. The Jews-house of the Chinese, the synagogue of the Jew, the mosque-house of the Mohammedan denomination, the shrine-house of the Jew, the Jews-house, or the meeting-house tries to go further and ask for religious patronage as well as protection, the state shakes it off and says, "Hands off! My independence is essential to the liberty of all my people."

This is a truth which the Pope can never learn. And, on the other hand, the Pope can never teach the American people any thing about free common schools.

VIRGINIA AND CONGRESS.

THE debate in the Senate upon the admission of Virginia was very animated, and ended in a passage of peculiar bitterness between Senators TRUMBULL and SUMNER. Mr. TRUMBULL declared that Mr. SUMNER'S charges and statements after they had been disproved, and in general undertook to brow-beat the Senate very much in the manner of the old slave-master. Mr. SUMNER retorted that Mr. TRUMBULL had opposed all efforts to help the colored citizen, and was the representative of the Jim Crow Klan; and, moreover, that he made a technical argument to screen the criminal ANDREW JOHNSON. Senator TRUMBULL replied, that Mr. SUMNER had spoken the question was taken, and the bill was passed by a strict Republican vote. It will, probably, have been considered by the House before this paper is issued.

The ground taken by those who were opposed to the admission of Virginia under the original act was, that if Congress may reconstruct a State, and finds before the work is done that there is some serious defect in the system proposed—some vital omission in the measures adopted—it may and should consider the object of the whole action, and not consider itself and imperil the country upon mere technical grounds. In its strongest form this argument is, that if Congress has made a law that a State shall be admitted upon certain conditions, and the State has conformed to the conditions, but Congress discovers before giving the last order that it has not done all that it should have done to secure the objects for which it imposed the conditions, it may re-open the subject, and impose others which will secure it. To this it is replied that Congress by its law imposing conditions makes a solemn compact with the State, and has bound itself in honor to accept the State whenever it conforms, because, if it may decline to admit the State after it has complied with the set of conditions, so it may decline after another similar compliance; and it is urged that Virginia has in many respects done all that was permitted to representation now than it had last summer.

Of course the only answer to this argument which can be urged is the renewed assertion that the nature of the case imposes upon Congress the utmost care, and that the moments before the admission is actually accomplished, if there be good reason to fear that the public welfare will be imperiled by admission, the public safety and the rights of all the people in Virginia were not endangered by the admission without further conditions; and that, even if they were, a much more fatal peril to the whole country was the withdrawal of the country from its solemnly-pledged word. If Congress may break faith with the people of Virginia, why not with the public creditor? If it may repudiate one contract, why not another? And how is its promise to the public creditor to pay more binding than its promise to the Virginia citizen to admit? The complications involved in the imposition of fresh conditions seems to be that Congress is the judge whether its word shall be kept or broken. It is certainly not too much to say, that no such principle in government can be honorably maintained. Nor can the strict observance by Congress of the terms imposed by itself, in so serious a public act, be called "technical" compliance. And what excuse can there be for not incorporating in the original act the conditions now adopted, which cover the main points that Senators always wished to secure?

In many ways, we have never been impatient for the restoration of any State, whether "a grand old commonwealth" or not, until the great fundamental amendment had been secured by the conditions precedent. There is a great deal, indeed, that can not be done by legislation without careful revision; but there is a great deal that can. It is not possible by law to make the late slaveholding class friendly to the late slaves; but it is quite practicable to prevent abuse of the colored citizens under the forms of law. If the various methods of abuse were only to be ascertained by waiting and experiment, that was an admirable reason for delay, but none whatever for a conclusive action which was also premature. If, however, such action were taken, there remained the ethical question whether the country loses more by admitting Virginia under inadequate conditions, than by breaking its pledged faith. If, indeed, it has been shown that its faith was not pledged, or that Virginia had not complied with the original conditions, we have been so unfortunate as to overlook the fact.

THE GOLD CONSPIRACY INVESTIGATION.

NOR the least important of the tasks which Congress has before it is the investigation of the gold conspiracy which created such wide-spread confusion and ruin in September last. History contains few examples of so baleful a plot against the interests of a commercial people. It is not too much to say that this entire mercantile community, from the heaviest dry-goods jobbers in New York to the small jobber in St. Louis or Cincinnati, were victims of the conspiracy. Some lost money which they could ill spare, others sacrificed half their capital to save the other half, and many left their last dollar in the Gold Room. Nor were the farmers spared. By forcing up the price of gold against its natural tendency, the conspirators produced a decided lock in the domestic exchange market; and hence just at the season when Great Britain required grain from abroad, and we are prepared to supply the demand, it was impossible to sell half, and consequently to ship. Prussia and the Baltic countries made swift haste to profit by the accident, by which they could undersell us, and by the time our exchange market returned to its normal condition, the foreign demand no longer existed. Cotton, in a great measure, the heavy decline in wheat this winter. The sur plus which farmers had sent forward for export being thrown back on the domestic market, produced a glut which has caused wheat to decline to $1 15 in this city, 75 cents at Chicago, and 60 and 65 cents in the place of production, in Iowa and Minnesota. The September conspiracy was a crime, not only against the merchant and farmer, but against the nation itself. For several days the value of the national money was so unsettled as to recall the darkest days of the war. The financial credit was so grossly shaken that foreigners did not recover their faith in it for some weeks after the conspiracy. Who could be induced to place confidence in a currency which the artifices of a few designing knaves could depreciate ten or fifteen per cent. in a single day?

If the laws which we have—imperfect as they are—were faithfully administered, it might not be necessary for Congress to take this inquest. But be is either very bold or very unsophisticated who appeals to the courts of law in New York against the Erie Tammany Ring. The crime was yet fresh in our ears when a shower of injunctions from Judges BARNARD and CARdozo secured the criminals at least, temporary immunity. An investigation by the Grand Jury followed—so skillfully managed that the conspirators were soon summoned to tell their story, and those who could have proved their guilt were not wanted at all. Twenty-one subpœnas were issued for GOULD, and not one for ALBERT SEYERS. Do not, however, fall into the common error of supposing that the investigation is useless. It is developed the fact that the conspirators were liable to prosecution under the Conspiracy law; and as a time might come when the Grand Jury summoned, District Attorney would fill the office of Judge GARVIN, the Legislature no sooner met than the very first measure taken by them was a bill to repeal the Conspiracy law—of course in the interest of the working-men and trades unions.

It was therefore a necessity, if any inquiry was ever to be instituted into the great crime of September, that the work should be done by Congress. When the resolution was first introduced, the intention was to cast a slur on the President and his friends and office-holders. With a view to this purpose Mr. GOODRICH could did not declare the challenge. Every one knows that fying the resolution so as to divest it of its offensive features, and to extend the field of inquiry to a wider range, he passed and referred it to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

This Committee, to which Congress is very properly referring all measures touching the currency, contains some of the best men in the House, and but little "light timber." The chairman is General JOHN A. GARFIELD, of Ohio, at one time during the war Chief-of-Staff to General ROSECRANS, and since well known as a lawyer. He is one of the hardest workers in Congress. Other members are Mr. JUDD, of Illinois, the personal friend of Mr. LINCOLN; Mr. CONGER, of Michigan, cool and clear-headed; Mr. LYNCH, of Maine, one of the strongest men on the Committee; Mr. BUTLER, of Kentucky, and others of like stamp.

The Committee commenced its inquiries about a fortnight since. Ignoring the examination of them by General Dix in that city, they began by ascertaining from a few well-informed persons the general history of the conspiracy. Passing from general to particular facts, they next sought to ascertain from the Ring brokers how the operations of the Ring were carried on, how many gold they bought, and how they disposed of it; and lastly, with the light derived from these inquiries, to proceed to the examination of FISK and GOULD—the chiefs of the conspiracy—with some prospect of ascertaining the truth. Some time must elapse before the results of all the general inquiry are made known. It is probable that their investigation will be in no hurry to close their investigations as long as any material witnesses remain to be examined, or any essential facts continue unexplained. It is more than likely that, before the report is made, Congress will find it necessary to exert its power to compel the attendance of some of the minor conspirators, who will naturally prefer withholding their share of the performance, and thus far refuse to obey the summons of the Sergeant-at-Arms. But, as the House, as a Congressional committee, witnesses are not allowed to refuse to answer questions on the ground that their answer would criminate themselves. Some of the witnesses who have been summoned may, therefore, be placed in the unpleasant dilemma of choosing between perjury and self-criminating of guilt. But these persons need expect no favors from the Committee. It is General GARFIELD'S policy to ascertain the truth, and those who know him need not be assured that he will accomplish it—however tedious the task may prove, and however harsh measures the pertinacity of guilty men may compel him to adopt.

Enough is known of the evidence already obtained to warrant a certain belief that the chief of the conspiracy were the men known as the Erie clique; that they bought four times as much gold as was in the city at the close of the Sub-treasury; that certain subordinate government officials and lobby men—but no official in the Administration—were in the ring; that with them; that their plot was consummated with the direct aid of one city bank, and by means of the facilities afforded by others; that the government sale of gold had little or nothing to do with the collapse of the movement; that the corner would probably have failed with every one connected with it but for the determination of the conspirators to sacrifice SEYERS and BELDEN, in order to save the rest; that these two men were sent into the Gold Room to buy all the gold they could at 140, 150, and 160, for the express purpose that they should never pay for what they bought, while other Ring brokers were sent into the same market at the same time with orders to sell as fast as it could sell below 140, and not on any account to sell to SEYERS or BELDEN. That the Gold Exchange Bank submitted a commission of so gross an outrage as this is due to the fact that it has been enjoined by Judge BARNARD from executing its corporate powers; and as to the victims of the conspiracy, they have been in some cases enjoined by the same judge from prosecuting their claims before the ordinary tribunals, and, in others, met by pleas of delay or the statute of frauds, which secure, at all events, indefinite delay to the conspirators.

Some of the papers sneeringly ask: What good will come of the investigation? Can Congress punish the knave?

Unfortunately not. But it will not be a slight gain if the Committee should furnish the public with a complete body of sworn testimony on the subject, so clear and connected that any reasonable some of the victims to make the conspirators punishable for their acts in courts not controlled by the Erie Ring. It is said that among the victims are some men who can resist, from the length of their purses, but should tend to show the danger of the present system of over-certing by banks. It is in evidence that the Erie Ring owned a bank, and obtained from it on September 23d certificates to an amount so vastly in excess of its capital that it could not have paid five cents on the dollar had the collapse occurred twenty-four hours before. It is surely within the province of Congress to regulate a matter of this kind, and to render it impossible for a party of speculators to buy up a bank with a capital of half a million, and then to obtain from it certification—in other words, money—to the ex-

tent of twenty or thirty millions. Whether the disastrous speculation of September could have taken place without the agency of the Gold Exchange Bank, and if it could not, whether some restrictions can or should be placed upon the working of that institution, will be matters for the Committee to determine according to the evidence.

The country has practically committed to General GARFIELD and his associates supreme control over the banking interests and the currency; whatever recommendations they may make to Congress will in all probability be adopted and embodied in laws. It is unreasonable to expect them to foresee all the accidents which are likely to occur so long as our currency remains inconvertible. But they owe it to the nation to inform themselves thoroughly regarding the accidents which have occurred, and to take all proper precautions against their repetition.

"THE RESPECT DUE" TO ROBERT E. LEE.

THE NEW YORK *World*, in speaking of the public visit of ROBERT E. LEE to Portland, to attend the funeral ceremonies of HOWARD COLLOMB, says: "From what we find in the New England papers on the subject, we are sure that he will be as honored participant in the ceremonies. All the animosities of other days will be buried, at least for the time being, on this mournful occasion, and the people of Massachusetts will receive the distinguished man with the respect due to his own character and the circumstances of his visit." But certainly ROBERT E. LEE is no more a "distinguished man" than JEFFERSON DAVIS. If respect is "due" to the character of a man who remained in the military family of the General-in-Chief of the country's armies until he had learned all his command secrets, and then resigned his commission in order to advance his country's foes and destroy its government that human slavery might be extended and perpetuated, then it is certain, by not less due to the man who practised even the enterprise. If ROBERT E. LEE is to be an "honored participant" upon the occasion in question, the publication of JEFFERSON DAVIS should be more honored.

What is "the respect due to his own character" in the case of LEE? The circumstances of his career are not forgotten; nor will they be omitted by history. The massilin sentimentality that saluted him when he was described as "a Christian hero," and which stigmatizes the soldiers of the Union as LINCOLN'S hirelings—that cowardly frivolity that called the rebel chief "the great captain," will not affect the truthful record of the war. No rhetoric about "honest difference" will conceal the fact that Colonel LEE, the confidential aid of General SCOTT, remained as long as practicable in the most intimate relations with the War Office, wrote to his sister that he did not think there was any reason for hostilities, and then, professing allegiance to the State, immediately engaged in those hostilities, the object of which was the overthrow of the government and the unrestrained liberty of himself and his associates to traffic in human beings. The attempt to liken such a cause and its abettors to that of FALKLAND and the cavaliers, of JOHN HAMPDEN and the Parliament, is an inexpressible absurdity.

Robert E. LEE is in no honorable sense a "distinguished man." In no sense could he be "an honored participant" in the ceremonies described, and "the respect due to his own character" is that which is due to JEFFERSON DAVIS, to JAMES M. MASON, to ROBERT TOOMBS, and to HOWELL COBB. We repeat what we have said upon every occasion when the attempt is made to throw LEE into further publicity, that it is a fatal mistake. The great people of the United States, who have saved their government and liberty, will permit him to remain in the obscurity into which he has fallen. But the effort to represent him as a hero to be honored, as a citizen to be respected, as a man in any noble or generous sense heroic or desirable sense "distinguished," is an effort at public demoralization which shall not pass unexposed. The Boston citizens by whom LEE was MAGNUDEN to their dinner, may beg to be allowed the honor of respectfully escorting ROBERT E. LEE through the streets by which the noblest of Boston youth marched to return no more. But self-respecting American citizens, who cherish no vindictive feeling toward LEE and the baffled rebels, will not therefore think it necessary or decent to honor them as distinguished men, as patriots, or as public benefactors.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE COUNCIL.

MR. RIPLEY, in one of his interesting letters from Rome to the *Tribune*, speaks of a late sermon preached in that city by Archbishop MANNING, who is the chief English representative in the Œcumenical Council. The Archbishop takes the extremest ground for the absolute Papal supremacy, as the consequence of his infallibility. It is understood that Dr. MANNING's influence with the Pope is very great, and his sermon is so entirely in accordance with the Pope's Bull on Ecommunications, of which we recently published a description, that it may be regarded as the manifest of the Papal policy in the Council. That policy is the declaration of infallibility; and the substance of the dogma of infallibility is that the Pope is by Divine ordinance not only the spiritual chief of his Church, but the absolute and irresponsible head of all human governments.

The consequences of this assumption, and its folly, when viewed historically, are most powerfully stated in a letter from Dr. DÖLLINGER, of Munich, a work written by German Roman Catholic scholars who are wholly opposed to the new dogma, to his friend and fellow-professor here in the Church. To Protestants this is the most remarkable Roman Catholic work of the time. As an historical exposition of the Papacy it is masterly and unanswerable. As a blow delivered from within the Church at the Jesuit and reactionary influence which controls it, it is unparalleled. It is necessary to read it in order to understand how profoundly stirred to its very depths is the Roman Church at this moment.

The Papal intention in calling the Council was to warn mankind against the danger of the progress of civilization; to engage it in the most unnatural and monstrous endeavor to subjugate liberty of thought and political freedom to the whim of any ignorant monk or priest who may be made Pope. The power of the Church over its members is very great; but it seems hardly possible that the men whom MONTALEMBERT and HYACINTHE are representatives can acquiesce in the declarations of the Pope. Should it be proclaimed, Father HYACINTHE and the whole liberal Catholic party must utterly recant or leave the Church. And as the proclamation is the long-cherished purpose of the governing influence which has long been supreme in the Roman Church, it is most probable that it will be made.

At this moment of intense and universal interest in the world of religious Rome comes the announcement that the Bull of EXCOMMUNICATION, which will be issued immediately by the HARPERS. Its scene is laid in Rome, and it is the most important event in the life of the Papal Italy of what he believes to be the crafty, cruel, sensual, and soul-destroying system of priestcraft. The Pope foreshadows the temporal supremacy by excommunicating those who shall appeal from his decision to that of a council, and all their abettors. And a single regard for humanity, or for fine profuseness made when out of power, there is not such faith to be found elsewhere, as in the Pope. The moment he supposes that the order of the city of New York and the rights of its citizens would be as well protected by the police as would inevitably be appointed by the local Ring masters, he would withdraw from it. We have had no chance since FERNANDO WOOD and his men in 1857, rather than under ACTON and his men in 1862. When the local Ring masters control the Governor and the Legislature, it is of less importance where the police is appointed. But the sole question with those gentry will be, not what have we promised or professed, but how can we make the most of the situation for ourselves? When GOVERNOR HOFFMAN talked about the honesty of the new Legislature, did "Smith" really believe that? Or did not even he know that Republicans, and that the scent to unchecked power of MR. SWEENY, MR. TWEED, and their associates was an actual advantage to the State?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 17.—In the Senate the House bill of last session, prohibiting the assignment of soldiers' claims to duty on full pay, was passed. Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution for the full recognition of international telegraphic communication, and reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs the Civil Rights Amendment, providing that no State shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. Mr. Conkling moved that the amendment be referred to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report a bill for its execution. The motion was agreed to. The House bill to amend the Supreme Court to the number of nine was passed. Mr. Sherman introduced a bill to repeal the act creating the Legal-Tender Clause. Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill for the election of three Police Commissioners in New York by the Legislature. The Senate bill to amend the Judiciary was passed in regard to the encroachments of the New Jersey Railway Company upon the harbor of New York.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

EX-Secretary Seward was received at Havana, on his way home from his long journey on the Pacific Coast, with the highest honors accompanied by the Spanish officials, and on the 18th of January was serenaded by the Germania band, and replying to a welcoming address, Mr. Seward said he daily saw something to admire in the Spanish character.

The Elevated Railroad Company will run from Brooklyn and the Sth, and by Mississippi on the 16th of February.

Postmaster-General Creswell has made arrangements for a direct mail service between Canada from New York city to Europe, by the steamers of the Hamburg line. He secures a speedy tri-weekly mail communication.

A severe tornado, accompanied by a heavy flood, recently swept over the West, causing great destruction of life and property, especially in Kentucky. A great part of Louisville was submerged by the flood, and many houses carried away. Mr. Seward, while over twenty lives were lost. Many other disasters are reported. Advices have been received that Senate bound over Mr. Mumford, the former for the long and the latter for the short term. W. H. Rhoads, Crockett, a prominent Democrat of Memphis, has been chosen Senator for the term expiring March, 1871, to which Mr. Starkey was elected, but not admitted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE trial of Rochefort was very brief, and resulted in his conviction. He was sentenced to imprisonment for six months and to pay a fine of 3,000 francs. Execution of his political rights, though he still remains a deputy.

An alarming outbreak occurred on the 18th of January among the workmen at Le Creusot, France. The largest iron-manufacturing establishment in the world. Some of the workmen, discovering workmen were employed, went to the factory to restore the old rate of wages. The police refused to interfere with the workmen. A terrible accident, by which a number of persons were killed, added to the excitement. Troops were at once sent to the disaffected district, and the disturbances ceased. It is reported that quiet is very serious, was suppressed.

Prussian, the murderer of the Klinck family, was executed at Paris January 19. The last words he uttered were: "I am innocent of these crimes." Preparations were taken to prevent a disturbance, and consequently the execution passed off without incident.

An assessory for offenses against the press in France will be issued, and a proposed new law regulating the journalism is to be submitted to the Corps Legislatif.

The Œcumenical Council is still occupied with the discussion of the Schema. Letters from Rome state that the American Archbishops are endeavoring to modify the infallibility, alleging that it will check progress and civilization in the United States. Most of the members of the Council have refused to sign a petition in favor of the infallibility. The Archbishops opponents are preparing a counter petition, believing that it must meet with support enough to defeat it.

Advices received in London from Baker's African Expedition up to January 1 are to the effect that the party had arrived at the head waters of the Nile, and were all in good health.

A correspondence between Count Bismarck and Mr. Burlingame has been published in Berlin. Prussia accepts Imperial Chinese Embassy, and Mr. Burlingame is to be its chief. He is to be its guarantor of order and of safety. Count Bismarck and Mr. Burlingame are of the opinion that Count Bismarck and Mr. Burlingame are of the opinion that the Embassy may be received in Berlin, and there is reason to suppose that the Chinese Treaty has been satisfactorily arranged.

January 19.—The Senate, by a vote of 40 to 16, adopted Mr. Edmunds's amendment to the Virginia bill, requiring the imposition of an oath of the State officers that they are eligible under the Fourteenth Amendment.—In the House the concurrent resolution for an adjournment on the second Monday in April was rejected. A bill was introduced providing for a Centennial Exhibition.

January 20.—In the Senate the status of the Brownsville-Matamoras General Nathaniel Greene was formally presented by Congress by Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island. Among the bills introduced was one incorporating the Nicaraguan Postal Company, with extensive duties and powers. No progress was made on the Virginia bill.—In the House a bill was introduced by Mr. Bingham making it a penal offense for any person to prejudge or prevent the action of a State legislature in ratifying any proposed constitutional amendment. Resolutions of the resolutions were declaring the absence of constitutional authority in making treaties with the Dominican Republic, Hayti, and Liberia without the action of Congress.

January 21.—In the Senate, the discussion on the Virginia bill was closed, and the vote taken on the amendment offered by Mr. Drake was adopted, which requires the disfranchisement of the officers of that State, and prohibits any change or amendment to the State Constitution to deprive citizens of the right of franchise who are now entitled to vote, except as a punishment for crime. A further amendment, by Mr. Drake, imposing further conditions that the State shall never deprive any citizen, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, from holding office, adopted—yeas 33, nays 16. A third amendment, by Mr. Wilson, in regard to the school fund, was also adopted—yeas 33, nays 16. The amendment as thus amended was then adopted—yeas 33, nays 16, the Senate setting forth that Virginia had adopted a Constitution republican in form, and that the persons duly elected under it had ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in good faith, and were entitled to representation. This substitute was adopted—yeas 33, nays 16. The bill, as amended, was then passed to a third reading by a vote of yeas 41, nays 8.—In the House, no important business of importance was transacted.

January 22.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House the day was devoted to the discussion and disposition of business on the state of the Union, in Committee of the Whole.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

January 18.—In the Senate a bill was introduced to incorporate the Lenox Library, in New York city. In the Assembly no bill was introduced.

January 19.—In the Senate Mr. Tweed reported a bill to amend the charter relating to the government of New York city.—In the Assembly several bills to provide for the better government of New York city were introduced, but nothing of importance was done.

January 20.—In the Senate a bill was passed to amend the charter of the city of Brooklyn. The New York City Excise Law was considered in Committee of the Whole.—In the Assembly Mr. Creamer gave notice of a bill to repeal the act creating the Metropolitan Police District, and providing for the election of three Police Commissioners in New York by the Legislature. The Excise Bill was introduced: To repeal the act exempting milkmen from taxation; for the abolition of Commissioners and the establishment of a police force in Brooklyn; to repeal the act to provide for the sale of Staten Island; to sell the Senate's Retreat at Staten Island. The resolution to refer to the Committee of the whole the Brooklyn obsequies was amended so as to consist of three members from each district. The vote on the resolution as amended was then carried—yeas 74, nays 24.

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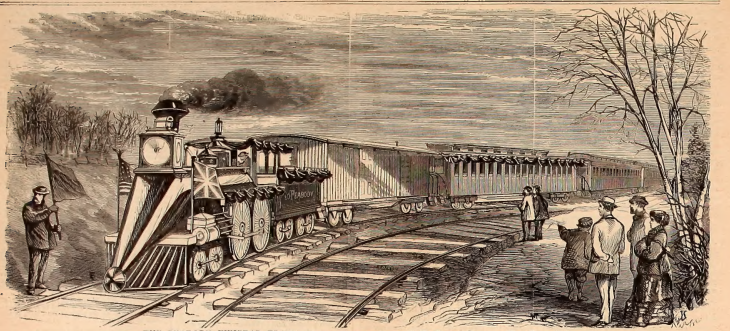

THE PEABODY FUNERAL TRAIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

THE BEGGAR AT THE DOOR.
ONE OF ANDERSON'S EARLY WOOD-CUTS.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.

IN the death of DR. ANDERSON, who breathed his last on the 17th of January, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Jersey City, the bookmaker's craft and the world of book-readers have lost a long-familiar friend—a man whose genius, not meteoric in splendor, but planet-like in its effulgence, has burned in our firmament with steady lustre for almost three generations.

DR. ANDERSON was the pioneer engraver on wood in America. He was the virtual *inventor* of the art on this side of the Atlantic. His name has been familiar to booksellers and readers in America from the beginning of the present century, and the mysterious little monogram "A.A." in the corners of wood-cuts in educational books has attracted the attention of millions of children in our schools and at our firesides when experiencing the delight of his pictures.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON,
ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF IN HIS EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR.

DR. ANDERSON was of Scotch descent, his father being a native of Scotland. He was born near Beekman's Slip, New York city, on the 21st of April, 1775, two days after the first bloodshed in the old war for independence had occurred at Lexington and Concord. His father differed in politics from most of his countrymen in America at that time, who were generally distinguished for their loyalty to the king; and at the time of ALEXANDER'S birth he was the publisher of a republican newspaper in the city of New York, called *The Constitutional Gazette*. He continued to publish it in opposition to the ministerial papers of RIVINGTON and GAINE until the autumn of 1776, when the British took possession of New York city. Then the "rebel printer" was compelled to fly, with his books and printing materials, nearly all of which were lost before he reached a place of absolute safety in Connecticut.

WILLIAM AND AMELIA IN THE ORCHARD.
ONE OF ANDERSON'S EARLY WOOD-CUTS.

ENFORCING THE WHISKY LAWS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WEST VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

At the age of twelve years young ANDERSON began to use the graver for his own amusement. He was a timid lad, shrunk from asking questions, and gained information by silent and modest observation. Peeping into the shop windows of silver-smiths he saw the shape and the method of manipulating the graver in the lettering of spoons: and rolled-out copper cents gave him his plates for first efforts. The wonders of general science early engaged his attention, especially that branch which pertains to the economy of man's physical life. Some of his earlier efforts in the engraver's art were in making copies of anatomical figures from medical books. His father perceived this proclivity with pleasure, and deprecating the lad's manifest love of Art, he allowed him to make preparations for the profession of a physician. In May, 1796, at the age of twenty-one years, he received the degree of Medical Doctor from the Faculty of Columbia College. The subject of his address on that occasion was "Chronic Mania;" and the theories which he then advanced, concerning its cause and cure, have now been long-established facts in medical science.

Soon after young ANDERSON commenced his professional studies, at the age of about seventeen years, his proficiency in Art had become so great, notwithstanding the many difficulties that lay in his way, that he was employed by WILLIAM DURELL, a bookseller, to copy the illustrations of a popular little English work entitled "The Looking-Glass for the Mind." The engravings that adorned it were made on wood by BEWICK, the father of modern wood-engraving. Up to this time ANDERSON'S engravings had been made on type-metal, and he had no idea that wood was used for the purpose. When he had completed about half the illustrations he was informed that BEWICK'S pictures were engraved on box-wood. He immediately procured some pieces of that wood from a rule-maker's shop, invented proper tools, experimented, and, to his great joy, he found the material much more agreeable to work upon, and more easily managed, than type-metal. Two of these wood blocks, the first ever engraved in America, are in the possession of the writer, somewhat worn by use, and are herewith printed. The first, representing a beggar at a door, is at the head of the little story in "The Looking-Glass," entitled "The Destructive Consequences of Dissipation and Luxury." The second illustrates a part of the story of "William and Amelia."

PRINCE ARTHUR OF ENGLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. NOTMAN, MONTREAL.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

In the first year of his practice of medicine, Dr. ANDERSON drew and engraved on wood, in a most admirable manner, even when compared with the art at the present day, a full-length human skeleton, from ALBINUS'S "Anatomy," which he enlarged to the length of three feet. This, it is believed, is the largest fine and carefully elaborated engraving on wood ever attempted, and has never been excelled in accuracy of drawing and characteristic execution.

When Dr. ANDERSON was at the age of twenty-three years his family all died of the yellow-fever. He was attacked while in attendance upon the physician with whom he had studied, and who had been prostrated by it. Both recovered; and ANDERSON made a voyage to the West Indies, to visit a paternal uncle, ALEXANDER ANDERSON, who was "the king's botanist" at St. Vincent. On his return, he resolved to abandon the medical profession as a business and devote himself to engraving, for which he had conceived an irresistible passion. At that time JOHN ROBERTS, an eccentric Scotchman and friend of ANDERSON'S deceased father, who painted miniatures, etched and engraved on copper, was a clever musician and mathematician, and a competent draughtsman, became his instructor. ANDERSON preferred wood-engraving; but the demand for it being small, he practiced on copper, and, under ROBERTS'S instruction, gained great proficiency. His skill was well attested by the frontispiece to ROBERTSON'S "History of Charles the Fifth," and a portrait of FRANCIS THE FIRST. These he engraved in the year 1800 for an edition published in NEW YORK by HOPKINS. But ROBERTS'S habits were so irregular that ANDERSON did not remain with him long; and, finally, his master's intemperance compelled him to give up the advantages which he might have derived from that artist's practical suggestions.

ANDERSON established himself as an engraver soon after leaving ROBERTS, and up to the year 1830 he used both wood and metal, as occasions required. He illustrated the earliest editions of "Webster's Spelling-Book," which, for about seventy years, has been a leading elementary book in the schools of the United States. Its sale has been enormous, and at one time amounted to about a million of copies a year. In 1857 a new and more fully illustrated edition of that work was published, the engravings executed by ANDERSON, from drawings by MORGAN, one of his pupils, who was about eight years his junior.

During his long and busy life Dr. ANDERSON

ENGLISH BOY COLONISTS FOR AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

engraved many thousands of subjects. In the year 1799 he engraved several large copper-plates for JOSEPHUS'S "History of the Jews;" and in 1808 he executed on wood sixty or seventy illustrations for an American edition of BELL'S "Anatomy," copied from the originals, etched by BELL himself. His last engraving in copper was made about the year 1812, to illustrate a quarto Bible. The subject was "The Last Supper," from an English model, and from that time he engraved on wood exclusively, and found continual employment until called upon to lay aside every implement of his power. Between 1804 and 1850 he engraved forty octavo and forty small-size illustrations of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, from original designs, for CHARLES & MARY LAMB, then the publishers of "Webster's Spelling-Book." They were executed in the substantial and characteristic style of English wood-cuts thirty or forty years previously.

In the spring of 1859, when in the eighty-fifth year of his age, DR. ANDERSON changed his place of residence, and removed from where he had lived about thirty years. At that time he issued a new business-card, drawn and engraved by himself, with the appropriate motto—"LEBEN ZUR ERACTES—"Rest, not broken."

DR. ANDERSON'S reminiscences of the past were extremely vivid, and his relations of them were very instructive. They extended back to the closing scenes of the Revolution. With most of the literary and professional men in New York in the early part of this century he was more or less familiar, and was beloved by all for his sterling virtues. The writer has heard the late WASHINGTON IRVING speak of him in a most affectionate manner, as one of the earliest friends of his youth, and from whom, when IRVING was a lad, he learned to play the flageolet.

At the time of his death DR. ANDERSON was in his ninety-fifth year of his age. At seven he was a little below the medium height, rather thick-set, and presented a countenance always beaming with benevolence and kindly feeling. He was extremely regular and temperate in his habits. "I would not sit up with you one night," he said to say, "to see an angel." He was genial in thought and conversation, and unecommonly consistent in acting. It was not without much persuasion from the writer that he consented, several years ago, to sit for the pleasing etype from which our portrait was copied, and which he himself engraved when he was past the eightieth year of his age.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

TOUCHING IT.

AS soon as the general stupefaction was allayed, the general affectedly asserted itself as a matter of course.

The man who first declared that "seeing" was "believing" laid his finger (whether he knew it himself or not) on one of the fundamental follies of humanity. The easiest of all evidence to receive is the evidence that requires no other judgment to decide it than the judgment of the eye—and it will be, on that account, the evidence which humanity is most ready to accept, as long as humanity lasts. The eyes of every body looked at Geoffrey; and the judgment of everybody decided, on the evidence those eyes, that the surgeon must be wrong. Lady Lundie herself (disturbed even her remorseful devotion) led the general protest. "Mr. Delamayn in broken health!" she exclaimed, appealing to the better sense of her eminent medical friend. "Emily, now, you can't expect us to believe that!"

Sitting immediately on the other side by the startling assertion of which he had been made the subject, Geoffrey rose, and looked the surgeon, steadily and firmly, straight in the face.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You point me out before all these people—"

"One moment, Mr. Delamayn. I admit that I may have been wrong in directing your special attention to you. You have a right to complain of my having answered too publicly the public challenge offered to me by your friends.

"I agree for having done that. But I don't retract a single word of what I have said on the subject of your health."

"You stick to it that I am a broken-down man?"

"I do."

"I wish you were twenty years younger, Sir?"

"Why?"

"I'd ask you to step out on the lawn there, and I'd show you whether I'm a broken-down man or not."

Lady Lundie looked at her brother-in-law. Sir Patrick instantly interfered.

"Mr. Delamayn," he said, "you were invited here in the character of a gentleman, and you are a guest in a lady's house."

"No! no!" said the surgeon, good-humorously. "Mr. Delamayn is using a strong argument, Sir Patrick—and I admit it. If I were twenty years younger," he went on, addressing himself to Geoffrey, "and if I *did* step out on the lawn with you, the result wouldn't affect the question between us in the least. I don't say that the violent bodily exercises in which you are famous have damaged your muscular power. I assert that they have damaged your vital power. In what particular way they have affected it I don't consider myself bound to tell you. I simply give you a warning, as a matter of common humanity. You will do well to be content with the success you have already achieved in the field of athletic pursuits, and to shun your mode of life for the future. Accept my excuses, once more, for having said this publicly instead of privately —and don't forget my warning."

He turned to move away to another part of the room. Geoffrey fairly threw him to return to the subject.

"Wait a bit," he said. "You have had your innings. My turn now. I can't give it words as you do; but I can come to the point. And, by the Lord, I'll tyke you to it! Ten days or a fortnight from this I'm going into training for the Foot-Race at Fulham. Do you say I shall break down?"

"You will probably get through your training."

"Shall I get through the race?"

"You may *possibly* get through the race. But if you do—"

"If I do?"

"You will never run another."

"And never row in another match?"

"Never."

"I have been asked to row in the Race, next spring: and I have said I will. Do you tell me, in many words, that it won't be able to do it?"

"Yes—in so many words."

"Positively?"

"Positively."

"Back your opinion!" cried Geoffrey, tearing his betting-book out of his pocket. "I lay you an even hundred I'm in the condition to row, in the University Match next spring."

"I don't bet," said the surgeon.

With that final reply the surgeon walked away to the other end of the library. Lady Lundie (taking her Blanche in custody) followed, at the same time, to return to the serious business of the morning. Sir Patrick, Mrs. Delamayn, and, very evidently, bookin hand, to his college friends about him. The British blood was up; and the general contribution to the fund of amusement by the less common decency and common law from one end of the country to the other, was not to be trifled with.

"Come on!" cried Geoffrey. "Back the doctor, one of you!"

Sir Patrick rose in undisguised disgust, and rang the bell. Anne, Lady Lundie's maid, invited to business by their illustrious friend, shook their thick heads at him knowingly, and answered with one accord, in one eloquent word —"Gammon!"

"A fee of you back him!" persisted Geoffrey, appealing to the two choral gentlemen in the back-ground, with his temper fast rising to fever heat. The choral gentlemen compared notes, and, as usual, "We weren't born yesterday, Smith?"

"Not if we know it, Jones."

"Smith!" said Geoffrey, with a sudden assumption of politeness ominous of something unpleasant to come.

Smith said "Yes?"—with a smile.

"Jones!"

Jones said "Yes?"—with a reflection of Smith.

"You're a couple of infernal cads—and you haven't got a hundred pound between you!"

"Come! come!" said Arnold, interfering for the first time. "This is not language, Geoffrey."

"Why the—(never mind what!)—" won't they say of them, if I break down?"

"If you must be a fool," returned Arnold, a little irritably on his side, "and if nothing else will satisfy you, I'll bet you a hundred."

"An even hundred on the doctor!" cried Geoffrey. "Done with you!"

His highest aspirations were satisfied; his temper was in perfect order again. He entered his bet on the instant. "Five hundred to one!" Smith and Jones in the heartiest way. "No offense, old chaps! Shake hands!" The two choral gentlemen shook hands with Geoffrey. "The English aristocracy—eh, Smith?" "Blood of a bewildering age!" Jones.

As soon as he had spoken, Arnold's conscience reproached him: not for betting (who is ashamed of *that* form of self-indulgence?), but for "backing the doctor." With the best intention toward his friend, he had unquestionably done injury of his friend's health. He anxiously assured Geoffrey that no man in the room could be more heartily pleased than the surgeon was wrong than himself. "I don't cry off from the bet, mind!" he added, "but, I repeat, pray understand that I only take it to please you."

"Bother all that!" answered Geoffrey, with the whole of his good humor restored by one of those choicest virtues in his character. "A bet's a bet—and there's an end of it!" He drew Arnold by the arm out of ear-shot of the others. "I say!" he asked, anxiously. "Do you think I've got the old fogy back up?"

"Do you mean Sir Patrick?"

Geoffrey nodded, and waited.

"I haven't put that little matter to him yet about marrying in Scotland, you know. Suppose we cut short the business of Lying-in?" His eye wandered cunningly, as he put the question, to the other end of the room. The surgeon was looking over a port-folio of prints. The ladies were still at work on their notes of invitation. Sir Patrick was alone at the book-shelves, immersed in a volume which he had just taken down.

"Make an apology," suggested Arnold. "Sir Patrick may be a little irritable and bitter; but he's a just man and a kind man. You may even not guilty of any intentional disrespect toward him—and you will say enough."

"All right!"

Sir Patrick, deep in an old Venetian edition of The Decameron, found himself suddenly recalled from medieval Italy to modern England, by no less a person than Geoffrey Delamayn.

"What do you want?" he asked, coldly.

"I want to make an apology," said Geoffrey. "Let by-gones be by-gones—and that sort of thing. I wasn't guilty of any intentional disrespect to you, Sir. Forgive and forget. Not half a bad motto, Sir—eh?"

It was dismissively expressed—but still it was an apology. Not even Geoffrey could appeal to Sir Patrick's courtesy and Sir Patrick's consideration in vain.

"Not a word more, Mr. Delamayn!" said the polite old man. "Accept my excuses for anything which I may have said too sharply, on my side; and let us by all means forget the rest."

Having made the advance made by him, in those terms, he paused, expecting Geoffrey to leave him free to return to the Decameron. To his unutterable astonishment, Geoffrey suddenly stooped over him, and whispered in his ear, "I want a word in private with you."

Sir Patrick started back, as if Geoffrey had tried to bite him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Delamayn—what did you say?"

"Could you give me a word in private?"

Sir Patrick put back the Decameron; and bowed in freezing silence. The confidence of Geoffrey Delamayn was the last confidence in the world into which he desired to be drawn. "This is the answer of the coward," he thought. "What can he possibly want with Me?"

It's about a friend of mine," pursued Geoffrey; leading the way toward one of the windows. "He's in a scrape, my friend is. And I want to ask your advice. It's strictly private, you know." There he came to a full stop—and waited to see what impression he had produced, so far.

Sir Patrick bowed, either by word or gesture, to exhibit the slightest anxiety to hear a word more.

"Would you mind taking a turn in the garden?" asked Geoffrey.

Sir Patrick pointed to his lame foot. "I have had an experience of walking this morning," he said. "Let my infirmity excuse me."

Geoffrey looked about him for a substitute for the garden, and led the way back again toward one of the convenient curtained recesses opening out of the front wall of the library. "We shall be private enough here," he said.

Sir Patrick followed him, and waited to expose the confidence—an undisguised effort, this time.

"Pray forgive me, Mr. Delamayn. Are you quite sure that you apply to the right person, in applying to *me*?"

"You're a Scotch lawyer, ain't you?"

"Certainly."

"Then you understand about Scotch marriages—eh?"

Sir Patrick's manner suddenly altered.

"Is that the subject you wish to consult me on?" he asked.

"It's not me. It's my friend."

"Your friend, then?"

"Yes. It's a scrape with a woman. Here, in Scotland. My friend don't know whether he's married to her or not."

"I am not your service, Mr. Delamayn."

To Geoffrey's mind—by no means unmixed with surprise—Sir Patrick not only showed no sign of consenting to be consulted by him, but actually advanced to meet his wishes, by leading the way to the recess that was nearest to them. The mere mention of the old lawyer had put Geoffrey's application to him for assistance, and Blanche's application to him for protection, together; and had built its own theory on the basis thus obtained. "To I see a connection between the two proceedings!" Blanche's eagerness, and the present position of Mr. Delamayn in Scotland, brought Sir Patrick, to a certainty, to the conclusion that *she* had been the first to make advances to Geoffrey. The conference between the two men, so trifling in appearance, so terrible in its destined influence over Anne Silvester's future, had over the future of Arnold and Blanche, was, to all practical purposes, a conference with closed doors.

"Now," said Sir Patrick, "what is the question?"

"The question," said Geoffrey, "is whether my friend is married to her or not?"

"Did he mean to marry her?"

"Yes."

"He being a single man, and she being a single woman, at the time? And both in Scotland?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now tell me the circumstances."

Geoffrey hesitated. The art of stating circumstances (under the circulation of a very rare gift—the gift of arranging ideas. No one was better acquainted with this truth than Sir Patrick. Geoffrey's unready mind, therefore, at starting, under the firm conviction that his client had something to conceal from him. The one process that could be depended on for extracting the truth, under those circumstances, was the process of interrogation. If Geoffrey was submitted to it, at the outset, his cunning would be thrown off the track. Sir Patrick's object was to make the man himself invite interrogation. Geoffrey invited it forthwith, by attempting to state the circumstances, and involving them in the usual confusion. Sir Patrick waited until he had thoroughly lost the thread of his narrative—and then played for the winning trick.

"Would it be easier to you if I asked a few questions?" he inquired, innocently.

"Much easier."

"I am quite at your service. Suppose we clear the ground to begin with? Are you at liberty to mention names?"

"No."

"Places?"

"No."

"Dates?"

"Do you want me to be particular?"

"Be as particular as you can."

"Will it do, if I say the present year?"

"Yes. Were your friend and the lady—at some time in the present year—traveling together in Scotland?"

"No."

"Living together in Scotland?"

"No."

"What *were* they doing together in Scotland?"

"Well—they were meeting each other at an inn."

"Oh? They were meeting each other at an inn. Which was first at the rendezvous?"

"The woman was first. Stop a bit! We are getting to it now." He produced from his pocket the written memorandum of Arnold's proceedings at the Grey Ferrie, which he had taken down from Arnold's own lips. "I've got a bit of note here, I can read on. "Perhaps, you'd like to have a look at it?"

Sir Patrick took the note—read it rapidly through to himself—then re-read it, sentence by sentence, to Geoffrey; using it as a text to speak from, in making further inquiries.

"I see I am right, so far by the name of his wife, at the door," read Sir Patrick. "Meaning, I presume, the door of the inn? Had the lady previously given herself out as a married woman to the people of the inn?"

"Yes."

"How long had she been at the inn before the gentleman had been?"

"Only an hour or so."

"Did she give a name?"

"I can't be quite sure—I should say not."

"Did the gentleman give a name?"

"Yes. He certain *he* didn't."

Sir Patrick returned to the memorandum.

"He said at dinner, before the landlady and the waiter, I take those rooms for my wife. He made *her* say he was her husband, at the same time.' Was that done joco*s*ely, Mr. Delamayn—or later by the lady or the gentleman?"

"No. It was done in downright earnest."

"I see. And the waiter and the landlady heard it, and so to deceive the landlady and the waiter?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick returned to the memorandum.

"'After that, he stopped all night.' Stopped in the rooms he had taken for himself and his wife?"

"Yes."

"And what happened the next day?"

"He went away. Wait a bit! Said he had business for an excuse."

"That is to say, he kept up the deception with the people of the inn? and for the time left behind him, in the character of his wife?"

"That's it."

"Did he go back to the inn?"

"No."

"How long did the lady stay there, after he had gone?"

"She staid—well, she staid a few days."

"And your friend has not seen her since?"

"No."

"Are your friend and the lady English or Scotch?"

"Both English."

"At the time when they met at the inn, had they either of them arrived in Scotland, from the place in which they were previously living, within a period of less than twenty-one days?"

"Neither of them had."

"Very well. There appears to be no difficulty in answering for Anne. Lady Lundie and the domestic staff of Windygates Manor-House for a much longer period than three weeks before the date of the lawn-party. The question, as it affects Anne, is the only question that required reflection. After searching his memory for details of the conversation which had taken place between them, when he and Arnold had met at the lawn-party, Geoffrey recalled a certain reference to the part of his friend in a performance at the Edinburgh theatre, which at once decided the question of time. Arnold had been necessarily detained in Edinburgh, before his arrival at Windygates, by legal business connected with the affairs of his father. He, like Anne, had certainly been in Scotland, before they met at Craig Ferrie, for a longer period than a period of three weeks. He now accordingly informed Sir Patrick that the lady and gentleman had been in Scotland for more than twenty-one days—and then added a question on his own behalf: "Don't let me hurry you, Sir—but, shall you soon have done?"

"I shall have done, after two more questions," answered Sir Patrick, coldly. He felt it understood that the lady claims, on the strength of the circumstances which you have mentioned to me, to be your friend's wife?"

Geoffrey made an affirmative reply. The readers aware of obstacles which the lady's opinion was, in this case, to answer, Yes. In other words, to represent Anne (in the character of "the lady") as claiming to be married to Arnold (in the character of "his friend").

Sir Patrick reviewed this circumstances. He was, at the same time, quite cunning enough to see that it was of vital importance to the purpose which he had in view, to confine himself strictly to the bare perversion of the truth. There was the possibility involving from Anne's opinion, unless that opinion was given on

the facts exactly as they had occurred at the inn. To the facts he had, thus far, carefully adhered; and to the facts (with the one inevitable departure from them which had been just forced on him) he determined to adhere to the end.

"Did no letters pass between the lady and gentleman?" pursued Sir Patrick.

"None that I know of," answered Geoffrey, steadily returning to the truth.

"I have done, Mr. Delamayn."

"Well? and what's your opinion?"

"Before I give my opinion I am bound to preface it by a personal statement which you are not to take, if you please, as a statement of the law. You ask me to decide—on facts with which you have supplied me—whether your friend is, according to the law of Scotland, married or not?"

Geoffrey nodded. "That's it!" he said, eagerly.

"My experience, Mr. Delamayn, is that any single man, in Scotland, may marry any single woman, at any time, and under any circumstances. In short, after thirty years' practice as a lawyer, I don't know what is not a marriage in Scotland."

"In plain English," said Geoffrey, "you mean she's his wife?"

In spite of his cunning; in spite of his self-command, his eyes brightened as he said those words. And the tone in which he spoke—though too carefully guarded to be a tone of triumph—was, to a fine ear, unmistakably a tone of relief.

Neither the look nor the tone was lost on Sir Patrick.

His first suspicion, when he sat down to the conference, had been the obvious suspicion that, in speaking of "a friend," Geoffrey was speaking of himself. But, like all lawyers, he habitually mistrusted first impressions, his own included. His object, thus far, had been to solve the problem of Geoffrey's true position and Geoffrey's real motive. He had set the question accordingly, and had caught his bird.

It was now time to turn round—first, that this man who was consulting him, was, in all probability, really speaking of the case of another person: secondly, that he had an interest (of what nature it was impossible yet to say) in untangling his own mind: "is this married, by the law of Scotland, indisputably a married man, having penetrated to that extent the secret which Geoffrey was withholding from him, he abandoned the hope of making any further advance at that present sitting. The next question to clear up in the investigation, was the question of the anonymous "lady" might be. And the next discovery to make was, whether the lady could, or could not, be identified with Anne Silvester. Pending the inevitable delay in reaching that result, the straight course (as in Sir Patrick's present state of uncertainty) the only course to take, was laying down the law. He once took the question of the marriage in hand—with no concealment whatever, as to the legal bearings of it, from the client who was consulting him.

"I don't rush to conclusions, Mr. Delamayn," he said. "I have only told you what my general experience is thus far. My professional opinion on the special case of your friend does not been given yet."

Geoffrey's face clouded again. Sir Patrick carefully noted the new change in it.

"The law of Scotland," he went on, "so far as it relates to irregular Marriages, is an outrage on common decency and common-sense. If you think my language in thus describing it too strong—I can refer you on the language to a judicial authority. Lord Deas delivered a recent judgment of marriage in Scotland, from the bench on these words: 'Common-law marriage. No form or ceremony, civil or religious; no notice before, or publication after; no witnesses; no writing, no witnesses even, are essential to the constitution of this, the most important contract which two persons can enter into.' Those are Scotch judge's own statement of the law that he administered. Observe, at the same time, if you please, that we make full legal provision in Scotland for contracts affecting the sale of houses and lands, bonds and bills, but the only contract which we leave without safeguards or precautions of any sort is the contract which unites a man and a woman for life. As for the authority of parents, and the innocence of children, our law recognises no claim on it either in the one case or in the other. A girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen have nothing to do but to cross the Border, and to be married—without the interposition of the slightest delay or restraint, and without the slightest attempt to inform the parents on the part of the Scotch law. As to the marriages of men and women, even the mere interchange of consent which, as you have just heard, makes them man and wife, is not required to be directly proved: it may be presumed by inference. And, more even than that, whatever the law for its consistency may presume, men and women are, to point of fact, free to be married in Scotland where consent has never been interchanged at all. Where the parties to a case know that they are legally held to be married persons. Are you sufficiently confused about the law of Irregular Marriages in Scotland by this time, Mr. Delamayn? And have I said enough to justify the strong language I used when I undertook to describe it to you?"

"Who's that 'authority' you talked of just now?" inquired Geoffrey. "Couldn't I ask him?"

"You might find him flatly contradicted, if you did ask him, by another authority equally learned and equally eminent," answered Sir Patrick. "I am not joking—I am only stating facts. Have you heard of the Queen's Commission?"

"No."

"Then listen to this. In March, sixty-five, the Queen appointed a Commission to inquire into the Marriage-Laws of the United Kingdom. The Report of that Commission is published in London; and is accessible to any body who chooses to pay the price of two or three shillings for it. One of the results of the inquiry was, the discovery that high authorities were of contirely contrary opinions on one of the vital questions of Scottish marriage-law. And the Commissioners, in announcing that fact, add that the question of which opinion is right is still disputed, and has not been made the subject of legal decision. Authorities are every where at variance throughout the Report. A haze of doubt and uncertainty hangs in Scotland over the most important contract of civilized life. If no other reason existed for reforming the Scotch marriage-law, there would be reason enough afforded by that one fact. An uncertain marriage-law is a national calamity."

"You can tell me what you think yourself about my friend's marriage, can't you?" said Geoffrey, still holding obstinately to the end that he had in view.

"Certainly. Now that I have given you due warning of the danger of implicitly relying on any individual opinion, I may proceed to answer with a clear conscience. I say that there has not been a positive marriage in this case. There has been evidence of the existence of preliminaries to a marriage—nothing more."

The disclosure was not far too fine to be appreciated by Geoffrey's mind. He frowned heavily, in bewilderment and disgust.

"Not married!" he repeated, "when they said they were man and wife, before witnesses!"

"That is a common popular error," said Sir Patrick. "As I have already told you, witnesses are not legally necessary to make a marriage in Scotland. They are required in England in such a case—to help, at some future time, in proving a marriage that is denied.

Geoffrey caught at the last words.

"The landlady and the waiter *might* make it out to be a marriage?" he said.

"Yes. And, remember, if you choose to apply to one of my professional colleagues, he might possibly add you that they *would* make it out. A state of the law which allows the interchange of matrimonial consent to be proved by inference leaves a wide door open to conjecture. Your friend refers to a certain lady, in so many words, as his wife. The lady refers to your friend, in so many words, as her husband. In the room which they have taken, as man and wife, they remain, as man and wife, till the next morning. Your friend goes away, without undeceiving any body. The lady goes away, for some days after, in the character of his wife. And all these circumstances take place in the presence of competent witnesses, legally—if not legally, intelligently—qualified to form an inference of the interchange of matrimonial consent here. I stick to my own opinion, nevertheless. Evidence in proof of a marriage (I say)—nothing more."

While Sir Patrick had been speaking, Geoffrey had been considering with himself. By dint of hard thinking he had found his way to a decisive question on his side.

"Look here!" he said, dropping his heavy hand down on the table by way of calling on it to book, Sir! Suppose my friend had another lady in his eye?"

"Eh?"

"As things are now—would you advise him to marry her?"

"As things are now—certainly not!"

Geoffrey got briskly on his legs, and closed the interview.

"That will do," he said, "for him and for me."

With those words he walked back, without ceremony, into the main thoroughfare of the room.

"I don't know who your friend is," thought Sir Patrick, looking after him. "But if your friend is not married, and if he marries in an honest and a harmless interest, I know no more human nature than I ought to know."

Immediately on leaving Sir Patrick, Geoffrey was encountered by one of the servants in search of him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," began the man. "The person from the Honorable Mr. Delamayn's—"

"Yes? The fellow who brought me a note from your master this morning?"

"He's expected back, Sir—he's afraid he mustn't wait any longer."

"Come here, and I'll give you the answer for him."

He led the way to the writing-table, and referred to Julian's letter again. He ran his eye carelessly over it, until he reached the final two lines of the postscript, and help us to revive Mrs. Glenarm." For a while he paused, with his eye fixed on those words. Then he took the memorandum of three people—of Anne, who had lived him; of Arnold, who had served him; of Blanche, who had betrayed him—and, with the information that guided his movements for the next day. He read, considered, and reflected patiently. Arnold and Blanche, if he remained at Lady Lundale's, he had no alternative but to perform in addition to Anne. If he returned to his brother's house, he had no alternative but to desert Anne, on the infamous pretext that she was Arnold's wife.

He suddenly tossed the letter away from him on the table, and snatched a sheet of note-paper out of the writing-case. "Here goes for Mrs. Glenarm," he said to himself, and began to write to his brother, in one line: "Dear Julius, Expect me to-morrow. G. D." The impassible servant stood ready to wait for him, looking at his magnificent breadth of chest, and thinking what a glorious thing it was to be a man. Here for the last terrible mile of the coming race.

"There you are!" he said, and handed his note to the man.

"All right, Geoffrey?" asked a friendly voice behind him.

He turned—and saw Arnold, anxious for news of the consultation with Sir Patrick.

"Yes," he said, curtly.

NOTE.—There are certain readers who feel a disposition to doubt the Facts, when they meet with them in a work of fiction. Persons of this way of thinking may find it convenient to the book which first suggested to me the idea of writing the present Novel. The book is the Report of the Commission appointed to Inquire into the Laws of Marriage. Published by the Queen's Printers. For sale by Longman, Paternoster Row, London. I pity What Sir Patrick says professionally of Scotch Marriage-Law, is expressed in the words from his high authority. What the lawyer (in the Prologue) says professionally, is expressed in the words of the Commissioners. I have taken the liberty to condense passages, and to alter words, but by no means of satisfying any readers that I have misrepresented. I subjoin an abstract from my list of references to the Report of the Commissioners, which any person may consult for himself, and so inclined can verify for themselves.

Irish Marriages (in the Prologue).—See Report, pages XII., XIII., XIIIV.

Irregular Marriages in Scotland.—Statement of the law by Lord Deas. Report, page XVI.—Marriages of Majority of tenders years. Examination of Mr. Maclaren by Lord Chelmsford Question 669.—Interchange of Matrimonial Consent. Report, page XVII.—Examination of Mr. Maclaren by the Lord Justice Clerk (Question 1,000).—Marriages by Cohabitation and Habit and Repute. Report, page XVIII.—Examination of Mr. Rose, page XIX.—Contradiction of opinions between authorities. Report, page XVIII. Sir J. Legge provided with a list of horses and dogs. No legal provision for the marriage of the rich and wealthy. Sentence Report, page XXX.—Conclusion of the Commissioners. Report, page XXIV.—Examination of witnesses in favor of not interfering with Irregular Marriages in Scotland. Mr. Maclaren declares their opinion that "Scotch marriages ought not to continue."—Report, page XXV.

In reference to the arguments alluded to above in the Report, I may add, the present disgraceful state of the Scotch marriage-law has been over and over again the ground of "Scotch Novels." Reader of Scotch Novels, I refer you to the Irregular Marriages in Scotland in nothing (!!). That they act, on certain occasions, in the capacity of a moral tract upon the law of illgals man (!!!). Such is the elevated point of view from which the Commissioners of Marriages regarded the some of the most pious and learned men in Scotland.

Mr. Maclaren's apology for the state of the law, is, when you have done with her, or of your husband, writes you "Dear Sir," and you write "Dear Madam," appears to be all that is wanting to render this North British institution (!!!) a Model of Matrimonial Felicity complete. It is only fair to add that, before the Commissioners, Mr. Maclaren's opinions were met by the opinions of the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Deas, the Marriages of Scotland from the Christian and the Commissioners themselves, with entirely new and authoritative conclusions already cited—that such marriages ought to be abolished.

ENFORCING THE WHISKY LAWS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

THE mountains of West Virginia, covered with forest and traversed by fine roads, offer tempting facilities to those who engage in the illicit distillation of whisky, and the revenue officers of the United States have great difficulty in hunting up their establishments and enforcing the laws. The stills are generally located in places of secluded ravine, to be reached by an obscure bridle-path only; and as the distillers are hardly ever removed from behind their stills, many of them having been rebel guerrillas, and regard revenue officers as natural enemies, the latter are frequently compelled to call upon the military for assistance when making a raid upon a distillery and still. Our illustration on page 84 represents the seizure of such an establishment, and was made by our artist from an actual scene.

THE PEABODY FUNERAL CAR.

WHEN it was decided that the body of the late MR. GEORGE PEABODY was to be transported from the Great Western Railroad from Paddington, the Directors of the road selected a car of the latest pattern to be fitted up for reception of the remains. The decoration was intrusted to the taste and experience of Colonel WILLIAM BEACH, of Boston, U.S., by means of which we give a car with the rest of the funeral train, on page 84, is a model of elegance and taste. It is 45 feet long and 7 feet wide, and the height of the floor from the ground is 6 feet 7 inches. It is carried in black velvet, and is draped in festoons, cut with black and white alpaca. The interior of the roof is hung with gracefully drooping folds of alternate black and white, blending near the ends of the car with the colors of the American and English flags. Between the folds of the drapings of the windows is an elaborate succession of pleasing designs, and the drapery of the windows is looped back in diamond form. At the ends of the car are particolored off with heavy black curtains, looped back with white, and with white ends. The doors are draped outside and in, the upper half matching the decoration of the windows. In the centre of the car is a magnificent bier, 10 feet long, covered with black velvet, festooned with silver bullion fringe, tassels, and rosettes, and bound with heavy silver lace. The effect of the interior, as seen from the doorway, is very solemn and appropriate, and reflects great credit upon the designer. The exterior is draped at the sides and ends, and in harmony with the interior. Two other cars are to be decorated also elaborately for the funeral cortège—long beds of earth extending in graceful curves from point to point of the roof, relieved by bows of white at the intersections, and festoons of white and black at the sides.

The engine selected to draw the funeral train is the splendid locomotive which, by a singular coincidence, was named the "George Peabody," in honor of a gentleman of Salem, a former Governor of Massachusetts. Bands of alternate white and black cover the boiler, converging in a rosette at the extreme front of the engine. The large dome and sand-box are draped with black velvet, studded with silver stars, and trimmed with white fringe. The bell is muffled with black crape. The sides of the tender and driver's cab are ornamented with rows of festoons, bows, and ornaments. The flag-staffs at the front gives on opposite sides, the cross of St. George and the Stars and Stripes, draped with black crape, the latter exercise giving an effect of sombre richness.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who arrived in Canada last August for the purpose of joining the regiment to which he is attached, and which is now stationed in that country, is now on a visit to the United States, partly to attend the funeral of the late Mr. PEABODY, and partly to see the lions at Washington while Congress is in session. He is the seventh child and third son of Queen VICTORIA, and is now about nineteen years old—very nearly of the same age that his brother, the Prince of Wales, was when he visited this country about nine years ago. Our portrait of the latter we page 85 shows him to be a fine-looking young gentleman, with features very unlike those of his elder brother. The London *Times*, referring to the Prince's visit, expresses the hope that it may be productive of happy results in cementing both countries to a more cordial understanding.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EVERY body has to be interviewed nowadays, either in person or by proxy. Even the unassuming "president of the press" has to have press-men, it is said, to do his talking for him. Mr. GRANT has had to submit to an interview with Mr. HORACE RUBY in his company with the British Minister and Colonel Ripley, the interviewer, and Mr. GRANT has had to submit to the next best possible way. Accosting a colored gentleman who, again as ever, was leaving the Prince's room, he said:

"Well, John, what have you have just been serving his Royal Highness?"

"Sah, Sah, I have had dat honor."

"You heard the conversation?"

"Yes, Sah, I heard it all."

"My dear friend, you are just the gentleman I want to see. Here is a dollar; now tell me what his Royal Highness said." The dollar disappeared in the waiter's pocket. "Now, my dear Sir, what did the Prince say, when he first entered the room, to the QUEEN, when he heard from her, and how she was?"

The dark face puffed with pride. "Why, Sah—"

"Any thing about the *Alabama*?"

"Yes, Sah, he did, and de QUEEN say thing 'bout de *Alabam*."

"Did he tell what he was going to say to President Grant?"

"Yes, Sah. Didn't mention Miss Grant's name."

"Did he say how he liked the American people?"

"Yes, Sah. He didn't say any thing 'bout de American people."

"Did he tell what he thought about New York?"

"Yes, Sah, he did, and he say—"

"Well then, my dear fellow, what did he say? and what did the QUEEN say?"

"Well den, the Prince he says: 'I say, Thornton, does you know how I like to be treated?' and Mass Thornton, 'Don't my sentiments 'zactly,' says de QUEEN to Prince, an' dat's how he say it, an' say the Prince told me to bring a jolly lot more of 'em," and he paid over the fifth dollar. Success, Sah."

And that was the end of the "interview."

A school visitor lately gave a teacher the following answer to a question: "Why, Miss, a beautiful writer of Wrightsine, down in Torrington, claims the copyright for her hand. She is a correspondent of his church, and has secured a copyright for his writing. If you don't believe me see the advertisement; it writhes three inches: now it is honorable for the Right Reverend Mr. Wrightsine to have a copyright upon right in the practice of the right-handed wretched writers."

"You can't stand there," said a watchman to a thin man in a white overcoat, who was endeavoring to maintain a favorable position for viewing a fire. "You must move down, you know." "I mean to remain, if you please; I am a reporter, and it is necessary that I see what is going on." "I don't care," responded the guardian: "if ye want a report ye'll just have to get it from somebody else."

At a recent examination of a Scotch farmer, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the counsel engaged:

Counsel.—How old are you?

Miss JANE.—Well, well, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it richt to answer that question.

The JUDGE.—Oh yes, answer the gentleman how old you are.

Miss JANE.—Well a well, I am fifty.

Counsel.—Are you not more than fifty?

Miss JANE.—Well, I am sixty."

The unmarried female witness further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which she replied: "Well, I hae had offers doon, but I hae never had at all hope yet." And she scornfully added: "But I hae had offers doon, but I hae tried it and tired o' your palaver already."

The examination proceeded.

Let each one strive with all his might
To be a blessing
And love his brother as himself—
Not envy him.
And if his neighbor chance to be
More favored
Than himself, remember
Why love her all the more—you see
She needs your love.

A compose clergyman once said to a chubby-faced lad, who was passing him without raising his hat, "Why don't you take off your hat when you meet your minister?" "You are better fed than taught, I see," was the reply. "I am not your minister's boy," for you teaches me, as I feede myself."

An Arkansas editor, in announcing a marriage, gives us the reason that "it made it smell as though there was a skunk around."

A Down-East paper says that persuasive and bamboozling agents are about in that region selling lightning-rods. They are said to be very much afraid of lightning, but the lad always been afraid of thunder. "Just so," he replied, "we can meet your case exactly. The square rods are *lightning-rods*, and the round ones *thunder-rods*." Of course she is now protected."

A lady has a Sunday-school class in one of the churches in Boston, which visited it alternately. One Sunday the boys asked our lady friend to tell them about the following Sunday. "Oh no," says he, "you tell us about your class, and we'll tell you about ours."

A lady who drew a gent's wrapper at the fair a few evenings since, now wants to draw a man to put in it.

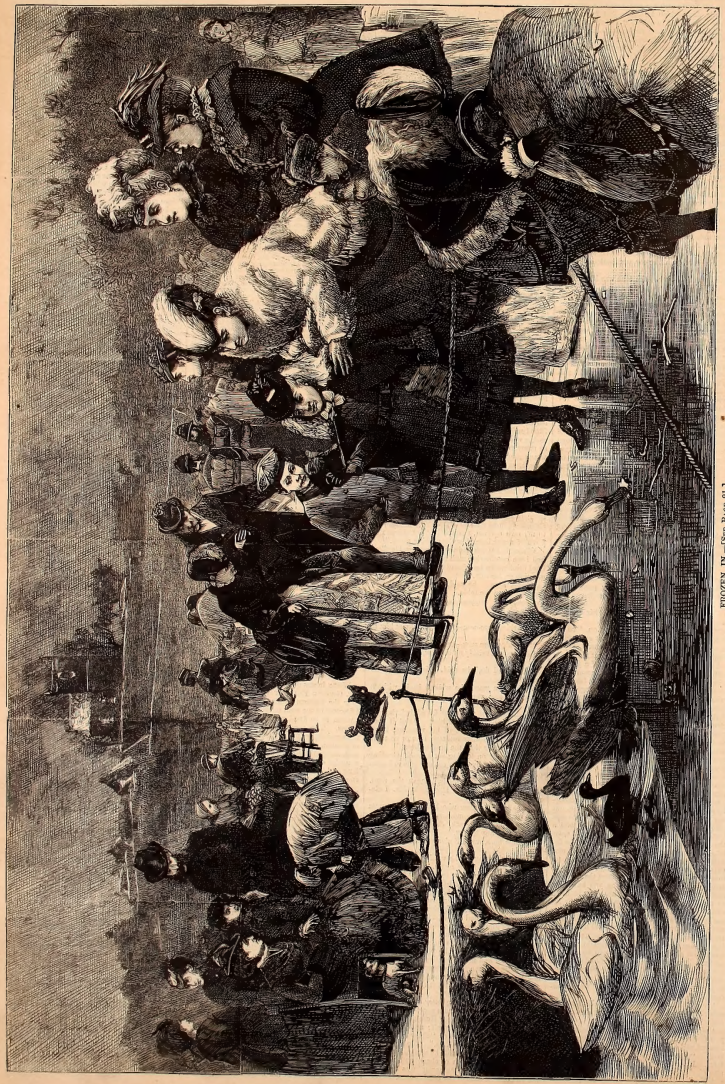

FROZEN IN.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

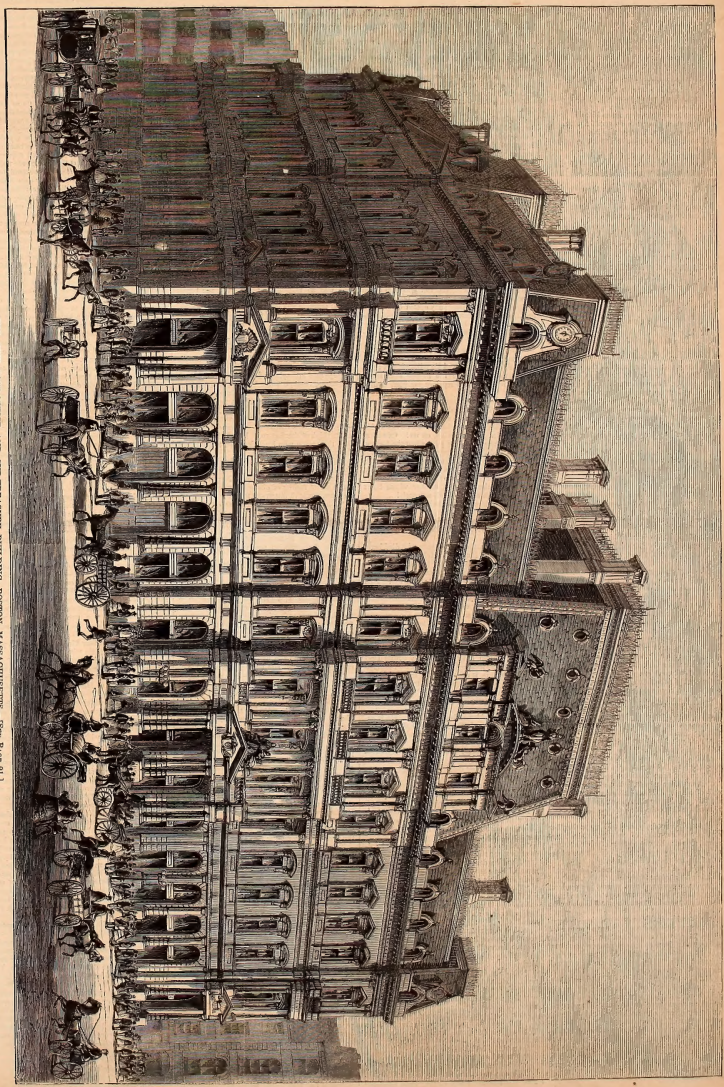

THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND SUB-TREASURY BUILDING, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 91.]

LOVE-CRAFT.

Ow love, to-day we found a way
To be as happy as the hours;
We climbed the hill, to where the still
Gray rocks smile with the flowers.
The soft wind's breath, the sea beneath,
They made for us a pleasant sound:
The happy hours we crowned.

Love is so strange, with vane and change,
His mood is subtle as the air:
Through long vague years of joy and tears
You never looked so fair.
I never knew your eyes more blue,
Your voice flow with so sweet a tone.
Full of my love I drove this in
The happiest day we've known.

To-morrow, then, we'll find again
Those rocks between the sea and sky;
To-morrow will prove happier still!
Nay, love, to-day, good-by.
We'll let love rest and thus at its best,
We will not dare to tempt delight:
I kiss your brow, and we'll part now:
Dear love, good-by, good-night!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En Plus Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPTATION.

By the end of March Veronica arrived in England. The news of Sir John's death and of her marriage had, of course, preceded her thither. Telegrams and letters had been sent to Mr. Lane, the agent, in the name of the self-styled Lady Tallis Gale. But besides these, there had come to Mr. Lane a letter from Tallis. The agent had lost no time in communicating with the inheritor of the late baronet's name and title. This was an elderly bachelor who had made a small competence in trade, and had retired from business, and was living in security as a suburb of the large manufacturing town in which his life had been passed. Sir John had as much as possible ignored his plebeian connections; and, without ever having set eyes on him, desired that his prerogative remain. Mr. Matthew Tallis, or, as he most beseechered he styled, Sir Matthew Tallis Gale, was hastened to London, and had a meeting with Mr. Lane; and Mr. Lane had seen Sir Matthew's lawyer; and they were all things required to meet and discuss matters with Veronica's legal adviser.

Mr. Frost had written to his partner, stating that he should be in England on the twenty-fifth of March. But the fact was, that he arrived three days sooner than that date. And one of his first proceedings was to go to Mr. Lane's wood's house in Gower Street. The yellow window-blinds that had been drawn closely down between the day of Lady Tallis's death and that of her funeral were now again raised; and the house was open to receive as much daylight as ever visited that side of Gower Street on a March afternoon. The little parlor into which Mr. Frost was shown looked neat as ever, but, he thought, very threadbare and poor. The air in it was close, though it was a chilly raw day. And there was a heavy silence in the house.

Mrs. Lockwood entered the room with her polishers, light footfall, and respectful Mr. Frost courtesied hand very coldly with her fingers.

For a few moments neither spoke.

"Well, Zillah, I have got back, you see," said Mr. Frost, with the slightest possible overassumption of being at his ease, and in the superior position.

"Yes, you have got back, and I hope you bring some good news for me."

"I hope you bring some good news for me," repeated Mrs. Lockwood. "I have waited longer than the time you mentioned. You said March; and this is—"

"We are now at the end of March. I have had no news from you directly, all this time. And now that I see you it is natural that I should recall our conversation last summer."

She spoke very dryly, and with more than her ordinary deliberation of manner. Mr. Frost seized on an unimportant twig of her discourse, as to speak, hoping thereby to divert her attention from the root of the matter.

"You had no word from me?" he echoed, knitting his anxious forehead. "Why, I begged Georgian to come and give you my news several times. I was busy, day and night. My wife was the only person to whom I wrote a line save on business."

"Your wife came here once or twice—not specially to see me—and she said some vague word about your kind regards, and that you were all going well. But, of course, neither you nor I can pretend to *send other* that there was any satisfaction in that! I came by word of mouth, and so regards other people."

Mr. Frost controlled himself with an effort. Even while he repressed the rising temper, he told himself that it was cruelly hard that *he* should always have to be smooth and civil, while every one else he knew could have the satisfaction of lashing out when they were irritated; he wavered up to the instant when his lips began to form the words of his reply as to whether he should not give way and show his goaded spirit at whatever cost!

"Well, Zillah," he answered, "I have good news for you."

"Thank God!"

"At least, I suppose it will be considered to be good news. At Hugh's age *I* should have thought so."

"Ah!" exclaimed the widow, with a sharp sigh. "If there can be a question about its goodness, your 'good news' is not good enough."

"Hugh has the offer of a position which may be the stepping-stone to fortune. The directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company will be happy to employ him, on my recommendation, for a northern certain. And it is a kind of employment which must bring him into notice. The Company is a flourishing one. The residence in such a charming place as Naples will be—"

"It is of no use. Not the least, Sidney," interposed Mrs. Lockwood. She had not called him by his Christian name for years, since the return of the once familiar appellation to her tongue was a proof of unwonted excitement in her.

"No use! *No use!*"

"It is of no use at all, if what you have to offer Hugh involves exile to a foreign country. I was in hopes that you had something better to tell me about that. I was in hopes that—"

"Exile!" repeated Mr. Frost, impatiently interrupting her. "What nonsense! Exile to Naples! How can a woman of your sense talk in that way? One would think I was proposing to send him to Sierra Leone.

"If you were, it would not be more unlikely that Hugh should accept it. He has made up his mind to do for himself. He has formed new ties, and assumed new responsibilities. Captain Shearsdown has offered to try to help Hugh to raise the necessary sum for the purchase of a business in Deanshire. If Captain Shearsdown had the power, I believe he would do so! And advance it directly. But he is not rich enough."

"Is Hugh married?" asked Mr. Frost, abruptly.

"No: but he has engaged himself to Maud Deanshire."

Mr. Frost felt on the whole relieved. If there existed would advantage in money that Hugh needed, it might be a reprieve for him, Sidney Frost.

And then—then it was possible that the money might never be needed at all! How good that would be! What an excellent way out of it all it would be! What a solution to the question that had been troubling what an admirable postponement (not *cancelling*, oh no! Of course Hugh's promise should be kept to the former that was building for every one connected with the Parthenope Embellishment Company should be kept to Veronica!) of the debt which he owed so irksomely! What a deserved solace to the anxieties of the past year, in whose heart was heavy with care and self-reproach!

"Engaged himself, has he?"

"Yes."

"Then the family difficulties I once hinted at were the scene of rusk, you know—have been got over?"

"Lady Tallis, the poor woman who died here, was very fond of Hugh. She left him at first she did not quite like the idea of her niece's marrying him, though she liked him well as wise, poor soul, and hadn't a real 'no' in her. And the girl loves him very much."

Mr. Lockwood's voice reflected no discontent in Zillah's voice or words. But Mr. Frost knew her well, and he was sure that her son's engagement did not altogether please her.

"It is not so bad a match for Hugh, after all," said he. "It is true that he will not be rich when you first spoke of this thing as being likely; but—" It might have been worse. Miss Desmond has a little property—pittance—but small as her dowry is, it may be useful to Hugh."

"Maud might have given a shilling to him, to purchase this business with. But—"

"But I suppose her trustees wouldn't hear of that?"

"*Hugh* would not hear of that! He is resolved that every shilling she has shall be settled tightly on herself."

"That is so like Hugh!"

"Now you understand that I can not—certainly will not—allow my son to commence his career launched on a footing which the debts he incurred to friends who would not press him unduly. I have thought of the matter in all points, for many years, and I have waited nights, and I have come to a fixed resolve on this point."

Mr. Frost was drawing his head on his hand, and with his other hand rapidly and nervously his watch-chain. He did not look at Mrs. Lockwood as he spoke to her.

"Zillah, I am going to risk making you hard or against me than you are already," he began.

"I am harder already than you can against myself," she answered; and then set her mouth tightly, as though to bar out words.

"I am going to risk making you harder against me than you are already, by confessing that my chief object in coming here was to see you immediately after my arrival—was not Hugh's business."

"That does not make me any harder against you. I am not hard in order to please myself. Heaven knows!"

"I have heard any thing from Mr. Lane, lately?"

"Sir John Gale's agent? Not since the first. He undertook to let that man know of his wife's death."

"You do not see the papers, nor hear much news, I suppose?"

"If No; you know I do not."

"But I suppose you have heard that Sir John Tallis Gale is dead, and that Sir Matthew reigns in his stead?"

"Dead! Sir John Gale dead!"

"You did not know it, then?"

"Not a word, not a hint! When did he die?"

"Twelve days ago, on the 10th of March. And you had not heard of it? Miss Desmond had not been informed?" said Mr. Frost, looking half-suspiciously at Zillah.

"Maud has scarcely seen a soul since her aunt's death. The vicar of Shipley came up to attend the funeral, by Lady Tallis's express desire, and he and Maud have been shut up in the house all day, and only go out to take a little walk in the Regent's Park in the evening. Hugh has been away at the Shearsdowns. I expect him home to-morrow or the next day. And that is the sort of routine which a week of his poor will! How strange! Poor Lady Tallis was unfortunate in her choice of a name for life. If she had survived him but a day, she might have had it in her power to make some provision for Maud."

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Frost.

"Well, I suppose that man, bad as he was, would feel himself bound to his wife *some* part of her fortune. And if he had died intestate, she would have been a rich woman. That would have been the right thing, surely. Men like Sir John Gale often make no will at all."

Mr. Frost did not reply at once. I happen to know that this man did make a will, though."

"You?"

"Yes: I have seen it."

Zillah knew Sidney Frost well enough to be quite sure that in saying this he was not indulging in mere impertinent gossip. Besides, he had said that he had not come to Gower Street on Hugh's business. Was the business to hear some upon in any way connected with Sir John Gale?—with Lady Tallis?—with Maud?

The latter supposition sent a sudden hope through her heart—a hope which seemed almost a pang. For it was a hope of the hopes, that the terse glimpses of good fortune which her imagination might perceive was instantly followed by a movement of repulsion. "If a thing appeared good, then it was unlikely!" That was Zillah's experience of life in her old years.

"You have seen Sir John Gale's will?" she said, folding her small, fair hands quietly on the table by which she sat, and bending over it a little toward Mr. Frost.

"I have, in Naples. I was there at the time. I became, through some business transactions, acquainted with a gentleman who is a great friend—he is a relative of the very beautiful young lady who was called in Naples Lady Gale."

"Ah, I see! He has left all his money to her in—in the Neapolitan? What a fool he was not to think of that before! I might have known that Veronica was clever, and bending over it for the prize?"

Zillah would not have admitted to herself that she had hoped; and not having hoped, she could not be said to be disappointed. Nevertheless it was a source of disappointment to her that gave an extra flavor of bitterness to her words.

"I have always thought you one of the most clear-headed women I ever knew, Zillah," said Mr. Frost, "as well as one of the most discreet and trust-worthy. And I am going to prove the sincerity of my opinion by telling you a strange story on the condition that you keep it strictly to yourself for the present."

"A secret? No, no, no! For Heaven's sake give me no more secrets to carry about with me!"

"This is not a secret long," answered Mr. Frost. Then he told her, with great clearness and accuracy, the story of the intimacy which Barletti, of Veronica's marriage on board the ship of war at Naples, and of the subsequent sudden death of Sir John Gale, and the finding of the will.

Mrs. Lockwood listened with ever deepening attention. When he came to the contents of the will, she removed the hand which had hitherto supported her head, and let it fall on the table.

"Was the will witnessed—duly made out—was it a legal document?" she asked.

"It was unimpeachably correct, and unusually clear and brief."

"Then, Maud Desmond is a great heiress!" She sat very still, and spoke very quietly, but an unusual flush of color rose pale face, and blue veins in the little worn hand that lay on the table swelled, revealing the force with which she was pressing it down.

"I can not tell you whether she is, or not. But you can tell me."

"I? *I* can tell you?"

"A true marriage invalidates a will; a false one does not. If there were not any breath in the body of Hilda, Lady Tallis Gale, at a quarter past ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the fourth of March, the will is good, the second marriage is void, and your son's wife is one of the wealthiest women in this kingdom."

Zillah gave a great sigh. Her hands dropped nervelessly into her lap, and she sank back in her chair staring at Mr. Frost in silence.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LOCKWOOD'S MEMORY.

Hugh returned from Lowater House on the day after Mr. Frost's interview with his mother. Mr. Levincourt was still in London, but intended to return home by the end of the week. The vicar's courtship of his ward's engagement had been given before Lady Tallis's illness had begun its dangerous course for immediate alarm. The visit he had been about to London since the terrible journey when he had taken Maud to her aunt's having been postponed by that Lady Tallis's urgent request that she might have an opportunity of speaking to him about Maud.

"I can not put all that I want to say upon paper," she wrote. And indeed the poor lady's epistolary style did not improve with years.

When the vicar arrived, in compliance with Lady Tallis's entreaty, she urged him not to oppose the wishes of the young people.

"If you do not object, Lady Tallis," said Mr. Levincourt, "I suppose I can not do so, either."

"It is not what Maud might have expected, if things had been different with us," the poor lady observed. "But what has the child to look to? Sir Thomas Delaney has eight children, six of 'em daughters! So it isn't very likely he'll do any thing for Maudie. And you know, my dear friend, birth and riches don't *always* make marriages happy. Goodness knows I had the first. At least poor papa always would be telling us that his was some of the best blood in Ireland—not *literally*, of course, ye understand; for the fact is, he suffered a martyrdom from gout all his life. But what did my birth do for me? And as to money—why, I'm sure, I'd like to have a little more of *that* to do as I like with! But still money won't buy the best things. And now that I had more than I knew what to do with—in the early days, ye know—but I'd a thousand times rather have seen my dear girl to be kind to me and to pet, than to be as rich as a Begum without a soul that cared a quarter for me, comparatively. And what brings me round to what I was saying to ye, that it would be a pity to lose a good husband for our dear Maud, just for a bit of family pride. I've reflected a good deal about it lately, my dear friend. And ye know good husbands don't grow on every bush!"

The vicar had no personal wish to oppose the engagement. He liked Hugh, and thought well of him. And, besides, there was another feeling in his mind which tended to make him favorable to the engagement. He had never lost the conviction that Maud's mother would have been happier married to a man in the vale of a certain poor clergyman whom she loved, than it was possible for her to have been under any circumstances of loveless prosperity. And he had a vague notion that in forbearing to oppose Maud's love-affair he was making a kind of amends for the share he had had in destroying her mother's young romance of long years before. He therefore said wandered with him under the old trees in her Irish home, and dreamed her girlish dream of unspeakable happiness.

Lady Tallis's interview with the vicar had taken place on the 3d of December, and the engagement had been formally sanctioned before Christmas.

"We needn't proclaim it just yet," said Lady Tallis, "until Hugh sees his way a little more clearly. And Maudie is quite young enough to wait."

"Dear Aunt Hilda, there is no one I know of to proclaim it to but Hugh and myself—simply and sadly. And Lady Tallis had acquiesced; not without a sigh that the alliance of a daughter of the ancient house of Deanshire of Deanmond should be, perforce, thus mutely inglorious.

Hugh had, however, compounded for permission to tell his happy news to his old friends, the Shearsdowns. And Captain Shearsdown had been moved to the offer of trying to assist Hugh in his project of raising the money for the purchase of the architect's and surveyor's business in Deanshire, by the announcement that Hugh was to marry Maud Deanshire.

"Did your ears burn, dearest—what pretty little white ears they are!—while I was away?" Hugh said when, on the first evening of his return, holding Maud's hands in his, and looking down into her face, he said, "They must have been of the fieriest crimson, if the old saw were true; for we talked of you, you, you—scarcely any thing but you—all the time, my love, at Lowater."

"*We* talked! Dear Hugh, I am afraid you must have teased them with my name."

"No, darling; Mrs. Shearsdown spoke of you constantly. What a beautiful creature she is!" added Hugh, with a naive earnestness that brought a smile to Maud's lips, and a blush to her pale cheek.

Maud is not much changed in outward aspect since she last presented herself to the reader. She is perhaps a trifle paler and thinner, but that has come within the last month. She had grieved for her aunt's death, but without pain of mind. She had the peace-bestowing assurance that her presence had been a solace and a joy to poor Aunt Hilda: and had made the forsaken woman some amends for years of hard usage and neglect. She had not the slightest sense of blame of that unpeasable sorrow which comes from remorse-ful remembrance of deeds undone, or done grudgingly without heart-felt kindness.

Lady Tallis's death had been almost painless. She had not known that her end was near until within three days of her decease, and then she spoke of it as a welcome relief. Maud had uttered many a solemn injunction to Hugh to be true and tender to the orphan girl who loved him. "I'll be as true in the world as I find I can do nothing for the sweet child," she had said.

"If she had been my daughter instead of my niece, she would have inherited my fortune pretty under my marriage-settlement. But, as it is, it will come back to me, perhaps in all for the best."

After a pause, she had added: "I can't speak of Sir Thomas, my dear Hugh. But—if—if ever any chance—God only knows how strongly I feel the necessity of repairing the wrong I have done—you will do it. And—I did him to know that I prayed for him, Hugh, and asked his pardon if I erred but in the way I had been taught to err."

"Dearest Lady Tallis, I am sure you have nothing to reproach yourself with!"

"Ah, Hugh, Hugh, looking death in the face

gives the foolishest of us wisdom enough to see our own shortcomings. And I'd like him to forgive me my trespasses as I forgive his—and as I hope to be forgiven."

Again she paused; this time for so long that Hugh thought she had fallen asleep. But as he began softly to move away she stopped him and motioned him to bend down his head over the couch where she was lying. And then she said, "And, Hugh, when I am gone, be may do justice to that—that young woman. I have felt very bitter toward her, that's the truth. And I don't mean to tell you that I feel quite as a Christian ought to feel at this minute. But I have forgiven her, my dear, though it is hard. I dare say she is to be pitied, poor creature! And I won't distress our darling just now with speaking of it, but *afterward*, Hugh, when I am calm, and can think of me without pain, ye may tell her what I said. She loved the other girl, and 'twill comfort her."

And so the poor, gentle, kindly spirit had left the world, in charity with all men.

Hugh had much to say to Maud on that first day of his return. They walked out together at dusk, and he spoke of his plans. Maud had not yet been definitively arranged, but Captain Shoreham and good hopes that Mr. Stowe would advance the money required. Herbert Snowe was now a partner in his father's bank, and was a good-natured desire to help helping Hugh. The old gentleman was slow and cautious and difficult to satisfy. But Hugh had good hopes that he would consent to advance the money after a decent delay.

"And then, my own darling, we will be married directly, will we not? There is nothing to wait for, is there?"

"N—no, dear Hugh. If you will take me in my black gown, I will come to you when you are ready. Aunt Hilda would not have wished us to delay our marriage."

"Far from that! You know what she said, the good kind soul. And as to the gown, you'll be as a white one, for that day at all events."

When they got home again, Hugh found some papers and plans to look over for his employers, Digby and West. He had not left their office, but was continuing at a weekly salary, on the understanding that he should be allowed to quit them at a fortnight's notice. They all sat in Mrs. Lockwood's little parlor. The ladies down up stairs had not been used since Lady Lillis's death. Maud had a book, but it lay for the most part idly in her lap, while her eyes dreamily wandered toward Hugh as he bent over his papers, now and then raising his head with a blunt pencil between his teeth to hold it, and knit his brows passionately over the consideration of some difficult point. The vicar, too, had a book which he read, or seemed to read. And Mrs. Lockwood's nimble fingers were busy with a basketful of soft grey woolen stockings—Hugh's stockings—which she was mending on an invisible principle that almost appeared to make a darned stocking superior to an undarned one; so faithfully darning was the crossing of the threads!

Usually the widow sat out by evenings in precious. To-night, however, her tongue moved, if not as rapidly, almost as unrestingly, as her fingers. She had spoken on the topic of Lady Lillis's death, returning to it again and again, until the vicar at length shut his book with a look of resignation.

"You remember what day it was she died, Maud?" said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Remember it!"

"I mean you remember the date and all. Of course you do. Sunday, the fourth of March, it was; yes, that was the date."

"Yes."

"And—and when I came up stairs again after preparing the beef tea that she had asked for, she had fallen asleep."

"Yes," said Maud, again. She did not understand why these details were recapitulated, but she answered evenly and patiently.

"We have never spoken of the particulars to Mr. Levincourt, have we?" pursued Mrs. Lockwood. The vicar was not specially desirous of hearing these particulars than he was of hearing respecting Lady Lillis's death; and Zillah perceived this perfectly. But with an unconsciousness of her usual fine tact, she continued to harp on the subject.

"She seemed a little better, and very cheerful that morning, did she not, Maud?"

"Yes; she was free from suffering at the last, thank God."

"Oh, quite; quite. When I first came into her room, dear, I feel much encouraged to say did yesterday.' Who would have thought that by noon that day she would be dead!"

The vicar, feeling himself called on to say something, gave a little sigh, and murmured, "Ah, it is often the case that disorder that the patient feels unaccountably better just before the end comes."

"I was with her a long time after Maud went away that morning, Mr. Levincourt. Maud had been sitting up all night, and was worn out. I sent her to bed. Was I not right?"

"Very right, and considerate."

"And so Maud was not with her aunt at the last. But Lady Lillis passed away in a kind of gentle slumber. She had a long and painful past ten, I should say. Indeed I am pretty sure. And Jane says so too. I was talking to Jane about it this morning. I could swear Lady Lillis was alive until past ten o'clock! And Jane is sure of it too."

"You had better not swear it, either of you," said Hugh, looking up from his papers, "for you would be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Why, Hugh, the—the more I think of it, the surer I feel that—"

"Darling mother, we need not pursue the discussion. It is not likely that you will have to make oath about it."

"Not at all likely. Most unlikely, as far as—as far as we know. But still, Hugh, as far as the matter of fact is concerned, I feel convinced that she must have been still alive after ten o'clock. *She must!* I am sure of it."

Mrs. Lockwood's tone was so petulant and sharp, and so unlike her usual tone of resolute composure, that Hugh looked at her with some uneasiness.

"She has been overworn and harassed, the poor little mother," he thought. Then he glanced at Maud, whose eyes were brimming with tears; and pushing his papers aside, to be finished when the others should have gone to bed, he set himself to speak cheerfully of his prospects and of his plans; but they would let the matter rest over Street; and how he had seen a tiny cottage near the spot he and his heart set upon for their own. The vicar was present, but not his mother; and how he had already projected sundry inexpensive alterations that would make the tiny cottage a delightful residence. And so no more was said that night about Lady Lillis.

STATE TELEGRAPHS IN ENGLAND.

AT the present time every thing relating to the transfer of the telegraphs to the government in England is in a transition state, very many of the arrangements not having yet been completed. It was intended, if possible, to effect the transfer on the 1st of January, 1870; but so much delay has been occasioned to be done that it is doubtful whether all would be ready by that date. A large room has been fitted up in the London Post-office with telegraphic instruments, in order that the clerks on the premises may learn to work them. Many of the instruments that are to be used in the country have been sent to the post-offices in the provinces. The apparatus is of the same character with the Morse printing telegraph and the single needle instrument; a wise selection, for long experience has shown that they are the best in place in the hands of unscientific clerks. They are not very liable to get out of order, and are very certain in their indications.

The following are among the changes that will be gradually introduced. Some of them, for the present a date that even the preliminaries have not been arranged as yet. "The nine large district offices will be closed, and the local telegraphic stations, and each one will be connected by wire with the subordinate offices in its district. The chief post-office in each of the largest provincial towns will be made a central telegraphic station, and will be in communication by wire with the direct communication with three of the largest central London offices, namely, those in the West Central District, the Western District, and the Eastern District. Subordinate offices in the Metropolitan and suburban districts will be connected with the Central Office in the Central Telegraph Station, and will be in direct communication with three of the largest provincial towns. Messages will be sent from any post-office in the kingdom at the money-order offices, in all places having a population of 2000 persons and upward. Subscribers will pay for the use of the telegraph a transmission by hand in the ordinary way to subscribers in proximity with the telegraph offices; or pillar-boxes will be places of deposit for messages written on stamped paper and, as a rule, all messages must be paid for in advance. The charge for transmission of a message of twenty words from any one part of the United Kingdom to any other part will be one shilling; but when it has to be delivered at a considerable distance from the nominal subscriber, it will be forwarded from that station by post for a penny, or by special messenger at sixpence per mile. Facilities will be given for the transmission of money-orders by telegraph, and as soon as possible the charge for such messages will probably be reduced. Such are the plans which will be carried out, some of which will be in a very forward state in a few weeks' time.

ENGLISH BOY COLONISTS.

A BENEVOLENT society has been established in London, whose head-quarters are known as the "Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children," which is doing much good, not only in the way of saving many of the youth of both sexes, who would otherwise be in great danger of the most criminal class, but in giving their young charges such a practical education as may fit them to maintain themselves in after life. The industrial branch of the establishment is a training-ship, where such boys as choose a sea-life receive instruction in nautical matters; another is a Farm School; while another, in which we also have interest, is a Boys' Home and Industrial Farm in Kansas. The society has lately purchased a large tract of land on the Missouri Pacific Railway, comprising about 23,000 acres, and here they intend to form a colony of the society's children, the first detachment of little emigrants, twenty boys, having already arrived at the village of Wakefield, the nucleus of the future settlement. Our sketch on page 85 represents the New York Station of the Erie Railroad, with these boys and girls on the way to their new home. They are about instruction in useful crafts, farming, carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, etc., may anticipate a prosperous future for the colony.

FROZEN IN.

OUR illustration on page 88 represents a pretty scene, with the counterpart of which the frequenters of the Central Park skating grounds must be familiar. We generally associate swans with summer skies, and streams with grassy banks, and lakes with reedy islets where they make their nests, and not with frost and snow and ice, as we see them here depicted. Their beautiful white forms give the finishing touch of poetry to summer streams. All our readers will recall Mr. BROWNING'S ballad of "the Swan's Nest," and many will remember the poem in which KEATS describes a lake

"Which round its margin reflected woven bowers,
And in its middle space a sky that never lowers.

There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,
And oared himself along with stately
Sparkling his ivory eyes: his feet did show
Beneath the waters like Aurora's dawning:
And on his back a lily reclined voluptuously."

And again, in his "Epistle to GEORGE FELTON MATHEW," he speaks of

"A black-eyed swan upon the widening stream."

Our illustration is taken from Duddington Loch, near Edinburgh. In the back ground are seen the old church, and some of the houses of the little village from which the lake takes its name. The Scotch winter has set in, the water has frozen over, and the stately swans are reduced to the humiliating condition of receiving relief from the charitable; but while the summer returns, and they are once more at liberty to our themselves on the lake in their own majestic way, the degradation of their present state will be forgotten, and all ideas of outdoor relief banished from their minds.

THE NEW BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

On page 89 will be found a sketch of the new Post-Office and Sub-Treasury Building in Boston, Massachusetts, erected under the able direction of A. B. MULLETT, Esq., the architect of the new Post-Office Building in this city. The Boston edifice, it will be seen from our illustration, is built in the French style, now so popular in this country. It is to be 200 feet in length of front, 237 feet; height to top of cornice, 90 feet; height of centre pavilion, 127 feet. The internal arrangements of the building are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are designed; and the whole reflects great credit upon the supervising architect, Mr. MULLETT, and the superintendent, Mr. GRIDLEY J. F. BRYANT, who superintended the work of construction.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"RAISIN," or "China grass," has excited a good deal of interest in our country during the past four or five years. Many speculators and producers have thought they could easily make a fortune by its cultivation, and that it would especially rupture cotton, and almost every other fibrous material in value. We published in the last monthly report of the Department of Agriculture that it was found to be a valuable plant in Utah, according to the manner of preparing the fiber. The most important point is that of decortication, and as it contains, which must be done so as to retain its strength, about 75 per cent. of gum, the facts and statements have been made touching the practical value of the Ramie plant, yet the demand for it is so very low that the fibre can be easily and perfectly separated from the wood and its own bast at short regards. The question of practical success has been very lucrative, but no one is known to have made a fortune by cultivation of the plant. In this case be reported until inventive genius and mechanical or chemical skill has perfected its proper and proper preparation. The Department of Agriculture has investigated the subject carefully, and encouraged other inventors in culture, and given liberal rate invention and effort to a successful issue, and at the same time saved the unsuspecting from losses through the greed of gain.

Dr. John M. Carnochan, the new Health-Officer of the Port of New York, is a native of Savannah, Georgia, and a lineal descendant of General Israel Putnam. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and graduated with honors under the teaching of Dr. Valentine Mott of the city. After obtaining his degree he spent two years in attending the clinics of the principal hospitals of Europe. In 1847, being then thirty years of age, he commenced practice in New York, and rapidly rose to high distinction. He was soon appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the New York State Emigrant Refuge, and Professor of the Principles and Operations of Surgery in the New York Medical College. His success in performing dangerous operations has been wonderful, and rendered him famous both at home and abroad; while his unyielding nerve and kindness of heart have won the esteem and love of all who know him.

The large wood-cut portrait of Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, D.D., of Brooklyn, is an admirable specimen of American workmanship, from the Aldine Press of Messrs. Sutton, Bowne, & Co.

An alarming report was recently circulated in a certain quarter of Paris, to the effect that a large crack in one of the public schools had resigned his position on account of the necessity of a small-pox among his pupils. Investigation proved that the trouble was small pay—but small-pox!

Two English "misses" made themselves somewhat conspicuous in the Cathedral of Cologne, by kneeling on the benches above the kneeling multitude, and keeping up a constant gossip across the floor in the unconcerned manner in the Council. The Pope, with a mild smile, pointed out the two culprits to the cardinals, but no alarming consequences have overtaken them. Probably the Pope patiently considers them, like himself, infallible.

The well recently completed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is said to be the largest in the world, and to open out the most important source of water. The outer wall is fifty feet in diameter, two feet thick, and sixty-three feet deep. The inner curb or wall is thirty-five feet in diameter and two feet thick, having a depth of ten feet. The masonry, as seen from the top of the structure, is a marvel of neatness and solidity. The water surface is the well is thirteen feet above high-water level, and the depth of water in the well is fourteen feet. The pump is the Worthington steam duplex, and is capable of forty gallons. The capacity of raising one million gallons of water every twenty-four hours. Connected with the well is a massy accident to the Brooklyn Water-works, this well has more than the necessary capacity to supply the Park abundantly with water. The special work of the well will be to supply the pools at an elevation of 135 feet, and from the pools the water is conducted to the lake.

A Valparaiso merchant having received a challenge from an officer, sent him this sensible answer: "I have no desire whatsoever to kill you, still less do I desire to be killed myself. Here is what I propose. Go to the nearest wood, choose a tree, and shoot at myself; place yourself fifty, thirty, or even fifteen steps from it—just as you like—and then fire bravely at me in turn. If you hit it, I will admit that I was in the wrong, and will offer you an apology. In the contrary case, I shall be sorry to have missed you."

The "Oculum" is the name of a new machine, which the inventor claims to be possessed of such wonderful magnifying power that by means of it mouse one can actually look through the walls of a human body, and study the delicate mechanism therein. When the machine is perfected, and brought to electricity, by means of a battery connected with the machine. Herewith the internal apparatus, no less than pales and tongue, will be subjected to the wise inspection of the human eye.

The plan of planting sunflowers on an extensive scale, for the purpose of neutralizing the pernicious effects of exhalations from marshes, has been tried with great success in the vicinity of Rochefort, France; and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has wholly disappeared in districts where the sunflowers have been planted. It is not yet determined what is the exact dependence on the atmosphere; whether it generates oxygen, like other plants of rapid growth, or whether, like the cypress, it exists, and thrives, on the mercury the organic germs of miasms that produce fever.

The efficacious power of carbolic acid is shown by the testimony of Dr. Jourdanet, a French physician who writes from Valle Mexico, Nicaragua, that after the severe epidemic of malignant cholera, which extended through fifteen months, he overcame it by the use of carbolic acid, causing all the rooms and passages of houses occupied by the sick to be sprinkled, as well as sprinkled with water containing a small quantity of carbolic acid. The result was, that cholera ceased to fever and ague, which had long centred in that locality, had since made their appearance.

Chicago papers announce that five thousand marriage licenses were granted in that city last year; but they refuse to publish the divorce record for "lack of room!"

From a late number of the *Straits Weekly Advertiser*—a little journal published in Bangkok—we condense a description of the Jungle, of which it is difficult for a non-accustomed mind to form any of the impressions none to form any adequate idea. In Singapore, the jungle consists of a dense growth of trees, all standing close together like stalks in a wheat-field, their trunks varying in diameter from a foot to a yard. They are branchless until near the top, when they spread out into compact foliage of about a mile in depth. The tops of these giants join together, and underneath grow shorter and more arrborescuous trees; and again beneath these latter grow the various species of palm, few of which have received even Malay names. But the peculiar characteristic of the jungle is the extraordinary manner in which the whole mass is woven together by a net-work of creepers and vines, which bind as man's body, twining spirally round the trunks of the larger trees, and from the top of one tree and after seven or eight trees reaching to the top, from which they descend in large drop down again in endless curves of uniform girth to the ground, where they become as fixed, and look much like the trees they embrace.

Another peculiar and beautiful feature of these jungles consists of the numerous orchidaceous plants that hang from the trees in the most luxuriant way. In themselves on the creeper net-work that grows around them. Conspicuous among the number of these floral-plants, to be found probably in greater luxuriance in the jungles of Singapore than in any other part of the world. It is extraordinary where these singular plants place themselves. Some can be seen on the very tops of the highest trees, while others, as if destined for man, cluster within an easy distance of the ground. They have a curious pod-shaped fruit, which, on close water, perhaps about a quarter of a pint to each cup. On complete dissection of the fruit, it is found, fully trees of ivy-gone ages are piled upon each other, giving birth, in their decay, to innumerable forms of vegetation.

There is a probability that Rethold Auerbach, the German novelist, will soon visit the United States, for the purpose of giving a series of readings from his own works.

An extensive conspiracy against the life of the Czar of Russia has just been discovered. The plot, of large dimensions, was the work of the conspirators, and the pupils of the University of Pupich and Yarmwlow are chiefly implicated. The plan was to blow up the pals on the railroad line by which the Czar was to journey; but the conspiracy was discovered. A conspiracy of less extent has also been discovered in St. Petersburg. Many are also known to be arrested on Russian nationality—a fact which surprises the Russians in general, who suspected the Poles.

New wonders are becoming known. A pupil of Baron Liebig's, Dr. Hoffman—has discovered certain others which, when poured upon certain chemical compounds, instantaneously produce precious stones of all kinds.

Although Trapmann, the "Panama murderer," had assured his fellow-prisoners that he should not be executed, he took the most impressive method of saying suicide, which no one could prevent him from employing. he has suffered the extreme penalty of the law. His photograph represents him as exceedingly youthful in appearance, and his countenance by no means ferocious. Phrenology shows him to have possessed intellect enough, but as deficient in moral powers. His head is large, and the region of vanity, spiritual manifestations, and his hands and feet long and sinewy, with rounded joints. Dr. Hoffman's theory is known as a general law that the ear is an index to the equilibrium of the body, and that the semi-circular canals—a symmetrical ear indicating proper equilibrium.

FOOT-BALL AT RUGBY.—[SEE PAGE 93.]

WINNING A PAIR OF GLOVES.

GEESE.

GEESE.

Here much love, and there but little,
Here a flame, and there a flicker;
Maiden, lovers' vows are brittle.
How old folks our feet and bicker.
Warning you to think of this,
Hark! the foolish geslings hiss!

Love stays not at fever heat;
Summer turns to winter snows,
April blossoms, under foot,
Are all trodden ere June glows;
Warning you to think of this,
Hear the mocking ganders hiss.

Hear that couple jar and jangle.
They were once as fond as you.
Love-knots are too apt to tangle.
One day you may learn to rue.
Ganies warning you of this,
Hark the wise geese, how they hiss!

Never heed the gabbling creatures;
Press the lip and clasp the hand,
Gaze upon each other's features,
Wander in your Fairy Land.
Never doubt you're right in this,
Though the silly geslings hiss.

FOOT-BALL AT RUGBY.

FOOT-BALL is essentially an English school-game, and is nowhere else in the world played with so much pluck and zest. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, while surveying a game at Eton, said it was there the field of Waterloo was won. The finest game is said to be played at Rugby—our readers will remember how enthusiastically it is described in that charming book, "School-days at Rugby"—and our illustration on page 92 gives a vivid idea of the sport. The sixth match, the greatest event in the school year, usually commences about the first week of October, when the immemorial elms which surround and intersect the school-close or playing-fields are rich in the full glory of their autumnal tints. Nothing can exceed the picturesque effect of the grouping of the various bands of combatants, as, trailing out after roll-call in the Big School, they proceed to strip for business under the grand old trees.

The sixth form boys wear striped, the school plain, white jerseys, and both spotless white trowsers, and for head-gear velvet caps of various tints, and ornamented with gold or silver embroidery and tassels, the distinguishing insignia of different boarding-houses. The players are drawn up in two lines—the sixth fellows, a compact band, some forty strong; for the whole form plays pitted against double that number of champions selected from the rest of the school. The ball is placed on the ground between them. In the rear of either rent are ranged the so-called "back players," who are selected for their prowess in "dropping," or kicking the ball the greatest distance on the drop-kick. Presently a player steps forth from the side which has won the toss, calls out "Are you ready?" and, without waiting for an answer, sends the ball spinning far over the heads of the opposite side. It is caught, or taken on the bound by one of their back players, who, running with it as far as he can without interruption, "drops it" back again. If the "dropping" is too good, the game becomes monotonous, for the ball keeps flying through the air, backward and forward over the heads of the forward players of either side, who have nothing to do but stare at it. Not till one of the back players misses his "drop," i. e., kicks

the ball along the ground, or is collared at his running, does the best work begin. With the back-players it is a sort of artillery practice from the distance. When the ball gets in among the forward players, the bayonet charges and hand-to-hand business commences.

We know of no more cruel moment in a Rugby boy's school life than that never-to-be-forgotten one when, having rushed at and kicked the ball for the first time in a "big-side" match, and endeavored to run with it, he finds himself collared, surrounded, and thrown down, and, on rising, half-crushed to death, from the bottom of a huge pile of human bodies, he stands face to face with his first "scrimmage"—a word awful in its significance to the experienced. Upon the manner in which he acquits himself in that crisis will depend the opinion his school-fellows will have of his pluck ever after. Should he flinch, he has bagged like grim death—it being a point of honor not to suffer it to be wrenched from him —will have been pressed to the ground sooner or later, which is the signal for the "maul" to cease and the "scrimmage" to begin. The boy-novice, boy, whose hand is never removed from the ball, even when it has touched the ground, has the old recklessness of the wherehood of his nature displayed; the theory being, that in the thick of the scrimmage, where you are not possibly see it, it must be supposed to lie close to the shins of your immediate antagonist. When the blood is at boiling point—as it always should be in a scrimmage, which might else be thought to verge on the brutal—is for ever the case, whether any pain from being "hacked," that for the time you feel almost in the seventh heaven. In the morning you are occasionally conscious of possessing shins.

THE WAGER.

"NONSENSE!"

"Oh very well. It's very easy to say nonsense."

"Do you mean to say that you believe all this stuff?"

"I mean to say that every night, at exactly hour, those three murderers return there and hold converse under that gibbet."

"I can imagine how a sensible man like you can seriously talk so."

"I tell you I've *heard* them. It's no more unreasy with me; I've *heard* them. I once laughed at the idea, just as you do now. Not I heard, and I laughed no more. Do you mean at any time this night, if you dare, and I bet any thing you'll come back suffering."

"Done; what'll you bet?"

"I'll bet my horse against your pony."

"Done. I'll take it."

"Done it is. Here, Brown, you'd do to hold the stakes."

The above conversation took place in the "Red Lion Inn" at Camden, a little village on the coast of Sussex. The first speaker was a fine, fresh-faced, broad-shouldered, honest-looking fellow, who under rough clothing bore unmistakable signs of a gentleman. The other had the air of a sea-faring man, though his dress was that of a farmer. Two others were with him, both of whom had very much the same appearance. Five or six others were present, all of whom took a deep interest in the conversation, and gave a hearty assent to the bet.

As the bet was made the man in brown arose and proceeded to take charge of the stakes. The two men who had made the bet also rose. By the air of the rest of the company it was evident that they considered that the bet was already lost by the stranger. They were all fishermen of the village. The one who had made the bet was a stranger; and broad pride was aroused, even if there were no other, in the native breast.

The man who had accepted the wager began to prepare for his departure. He took a flask of brandy only to encounter the supernatural horrors before him was supposed to encounter, and laughingly deported.

"Well," said one of the spectators, after he had departed, "he's gone: the young fellow's gone. He'll get enough of it."

"That he will," said another.

"He'll be back as soon as he gets there."

"They've driven off better men than him."

"The clanking of the chains is enough."

"Yes—let alone the voices."

"The first time I heard it I was struck dumb."

"And I should have fallen dead if I'd ever a been another man with me."

"It's a nice pony the young feller will have to give up, any way."

"Well, he ought to know better than to be so free with his bets."

"He's never been much in these parts before."

"No, of course not, or he wouldn't have been so free with his bets."

While these men were speaking the one who had made the bet, with his two companions, had quietly departed. Scarcely had they left, when a fierce gust of wind, coming up the village street, set all the signs and shutters creaking, and added to the superstitious terror of the company at the inn.

While they were engaged in various speculations as to the result of this experiment, the young adventurer was going on toward the place.

It was on the summit of a wide, bleak, and desolate ridge, terminated by a cliff, at the base of which the ocean surf beat. Here, some years before, a murder had been committed by a gang of ruffians. They had been captured, and three of the ring-leaders had been hanged in chains upon a lofty gibbet on the very spot where the crime had been committed.

As the adventurer neared the spot the wind blew in gusts over the ridge. The moon occasionally shining out from behind a cloud revealed the scene. It was a lonely place, where a bold swell have appalled a man even of strong nerves. The gloom of the night itself, the howling wind, and the fearful ground rose a lofty three-armed gibbet, from each arm of which there hung suspended the chains of a man in chains. The rushing wind gave to the scene additional elements of terror. As it drove past it seemed to reverberate, sweeping slowly to and fro, with all their load of chains and fetters, so that they creaked and rattled, and made a thousand weird and ghastly sounds in the lonely darkness.

From the distance there came up a deep, low, sullen roar, at regular intervals dying and rising again, to die away in long, low reverberations. It was the ocean surf, which beat upon the shore not far away; for Camden was a fishing village, and the gibbet stood upon a high cliff which overhung the beach. The sound of the wind, the low, sullen roar of the surf, and the clank of the chains, were sufficient to inspire dread in the boldest heart.

The young man, however, seemed quite unaffected by the circumstances. Before him he undismounted, flung the horse's bridle over his arm, gave his cloak about him, and waited.

For about half an hour he waited patiently, keeping a wary look about him, so as not to be surprised in that direction. The result was at last sufficient to prevent any one from coming near unobserved, and the watcher felt satisfied so long as he kept his eyes fixed on his post.

At length he felt conscious of a low moan, which was entirely different from any of the sounds which he had hitherto heard.

It seemed to arise from the ground behind him. It was a strange moan, and a very mournful one.

The watcher grasped his pistols and turned toward the direction from which the sound came.

Then followed a heavy sigh. He waited. Then a heavy groan. And after that a moan passed over the watcher's face.

"Very dreary trickery," he thought. "If I had the management of it, I would act differently."

Suddenly there was a grating overhead. He looked. The chains of the middle corpse. Ascending. They were moving down slowly. As they descended they swung in the wind, and were tossed together, and then they ceased to rise, but rose-tree. Still they were suspended, and were not coming down. Again they began to rise.

The watcher stepped back and coolly waited with a grim smile on his face. The skeletons rose slowly, and then began to descend to the ground. The watcher coolly took one of them and gave a sudden jerk. It broke off, and dropped a hundred feet in length. Meantime the other two ascended, and then descended. The caught one of them with the same peculiar jerk, and pulled the rope in the same way. Suddenly the second arm began to descend.

"No, no, my fine fellow," muttered the watcher, coolly watching the rope. "Once it is got out of reach, and pulling with all his force. It was a sudden and violent pull, and the skeleton yielded. It broke along with the cliff, and tumbled in a crevice. In the midst of the light three figures appeared, each wrapped in a long white sheet.

They were muscle, bones of a man in chains. For in the watcher, who held his pistols in his hands and waited.

The three figures, with low groans, marched slowly up toward the gibbet. The watcher moved to meet them. Suddenly, as they came near, he made a rush at him. He fired. One of them dropped.

Instantly he sprang toward the opening from which they had emerged, and pulling out a boatsman's whistle, gave three long, shrill, penetrating blast. It was quickly done, and then he waited with his pistols extended.

Two out of the three figures stood motionless, close by the one who had fallen. Groans of pain were heard from the latter.

But now other figures appeared upon the scene. At the sound of the shrill whistle, six or eight men, all armed, appeared from the cliff below, where they had lain in concealment, and rushed up to the two figures. In a moment they surrounded them and seized them. The watcher then advanced toward them.

"Here's this fellow" said he, stooping over the wounded man, and tearing away the sheet with which he was enveloped. "Ah, ha! my fine fellow," said he; "it's you, is it? So you've lost your bet."

It was the man with whom he had made the bet. He gave a deep groan.

The watcher then tore away the sheets from the others. One was Brown—the man that held the stakes; the other was one of the company who had been at the inn.

"I'm going down there into your place. So look out," said he.

"Who are you," cried Brown, savagely, "seizing and shooting innocent persons like a highwayman?"

"I want you to know, I'm Captain Sinclair, a United States Custom-house officer. You were playful enough to bet with me, and I think I've won it. But come" he continued, sternly, "I've suspected that you were up to mischief here. I only came here yesterday. My predecessor could never trace the extensive smuggling operations that went on just about here; but I thought that perhaps the gibbet had something to do with it. You see I've caught you."

Brown uttered something between a curse and an entreaty.

"Tie his hands, lads. Tie up both of them."

The men did it.

"Now two of you fellows stay here. Has anybody seen Tom?"

One of the men handed one to him.

He lighted it, and then descended by the orifice through which the three figures had emerged.

After a short distance, he found himself in a passage-way which went down on the side of a cliff that had been severed in twain. The path sloped steeply for a hundred yards or so, and ended in a cavern. Here there were barrels and boxes in great numbers, all filled with contraband articles. The cavern itself was just underneath the gibbet. It was evident that these smugglers had made use of the gibbet to frighten away people from their haunt.

An examination afterward showed that these three men alone had conducted a vast smuggling operation, of which the three figures had constituted They had been completely entrapped by Captain Sinclair. As he had suspected, suspected upon trickery about the gibbet. He had made the bet, and caused some of his men to follow him privately to the place. The result was as has been described. The three smugglers found themselves suddenly cut off from their place of concealment, and on their way to the State Prison. As for Captain Sinclair, his brilliant exploit was rewarded with promotion.

Now that Virginia is on the point of getting back into the Union, the next step should be to develop her great internal resources, and fit her to assume the rank which, by her natural position, she formerly held, and which, but for slavery, she would have held still. Virginia was the largest of the original States, with an unbounded western area, and stretching to the Ohio River on the west. Her territory contained, besides a variety of soil and climate, inexhaustible beds of coal and iron, which for long years have been left almost untouched. It contained, moreover, by far the most convenient passages across the Alleghany range of mountains between the Ohio valley and the Atlantic, which, under a free system, would long ago have been the opened by canal or railroad, or both. One of Virginia's most pressing needs at this time is increased facilities of communication whereby to get up her pastures, wheat-lands, coal-fields, and orchards to the nearest point of the interior of the immense of our eminent New York merchants and Pennsylvania capitalists, who have been in the completion of the great Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad (formerly the Virginia Central), extending from Richmond to the Ohio River, opposite to it Virginia and West Virginia, to the Kentucky boundary. The length of the road is 427 miles, of which only about 200 miles, on the Ohio slope of the chain, are uncompleted.

The Ohio slope, which must become one of the main arteries of communication to and from the western states, previous to the war, an object of State care, no less than $5,300,000 having been expended in construction on the western portion of the line. This expenditure, together with other legislative privileges, has been transferred to the new corporation, which is pushing forward the line to the Ohio River among the most important features of this line will be the union of the celebrated coal-fields of the Kanawha with the ores of Virginia, and also the addition of a new, short, and cheap line of traffic for the branch of the shop Virginia to the Atlantic. The road still no doubt be the cause of drawing thousands of tons of shop Virginia to the sea-board, and it also affords a short route from Washington to the Southwest, and must become a grand central thoroughfare between the Atlantic and the Mississippi valley.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 685.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ST. PETER'S.

THE ceremonies of the last Christmas festival in St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome were attended with more than usual interest, on account of the gathering of so many dignitaries of the Romish Church in that city to attend the opening of the Œcumenical Council. The Pope, accompanied by the Cardinals and many of the Bishops, was present on Christmas-eve at the grand vespers; and afterward performed, in the sacristy of the Sistine Chapel, the ceremony of blessing the two-handed sword and crimson velvet cap, which were to be displayed in procession next morning. The Christmas-day services in the cathedral began with matins and lauds, at 3 o'clock in the morning. At 9 o'clock, when a large congregation of spectators filled the nave, the grand pontifical procession entered St. Peter's, the Pope wearing the tiara presented to him by the Queen of Spain; the Cardinals and the long array of prelates vested and mitred as for the altar. Nothing in this procession excited so much attention as the splendid attire of the Oriental Bishops, who wore copes of gold tissue or many-hued silk. All had jewelled mitres—that ornament, as worn by several, being in the form of a regal crown; and the grave and noble aspect of these aged fathers, with their long beards, were strikingly picturesque with such accessories of pomp. PIUS IX. went through the rites with his accustomed dignity, chanting in a voice whose fine tones age has not enfeebled, and looking very well, though somewhat pale from fatigue, as he passed on his lofty throne under the silver-tissue canopy and between the waving, feathery fans. The procession on this occasion is similar to that which accompanies the Pope to the cathedral on Palm-Sunday, with the omission, of course, of the palms. The latter ceremony includes the scene in the grand vestibule of the cathedral, where the procession halts for a moment at the closed doors, and the chorus at its head chant the words: "Open the gates and let the King of Glory in!" To which the chorus within reply: "Who is this King of Glory?" The doors are then thrown open, and the representative of the King of Glory is borne into the cathedral. This part of the ceremony is not used at the Christmas festival; but the spirit of the two pageants is the same, and the words are applicable to both.

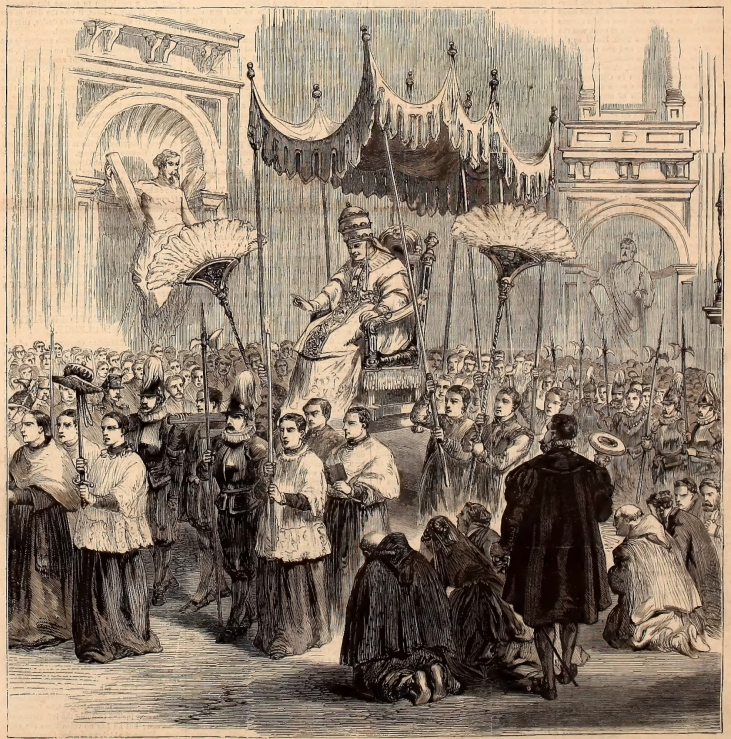

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ST. PETER'S—"OPEN THE GATES AND LET THE KING OF GLORY IN."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

THE RESTORED UNION.

THE admission of Virginia will be followed by that of Mississippi, Texas, and Georgia, and the formal reconstruction of the Union will then be completed. The principle thus established by the people of the United States is that a State which wages war against the government, in order to dissolve the Union, shall return to the exercise of its privileges as a member of the Union only upon such conditions as the people, in Congress, may prescribe. The source of this policy is the profound conviction of those people that the United States are not a partnership, a league, a confederacy, but substantially a nation. The theory of State sovereignty, maintained by the Democratic party, was found, when practically tested, to involve the idea of secession, and all that secession meant. And whatever may have been the real feeling of the framers of the Constitution—a feeling which was not plainly revealed in the instrument—the opinion and determination of the people of to-day have been demonstrated. The war and the consequent reconstruction of the Union are the final interpretation of the Constitution by the nation upon the subject of State sovereignty; and nothing but a war of similar scope to that of the rebellion can reverse that decision.

There is no doubt that the Republican policy of reconstruction is agreeable to the principles of the government and to the situation. The theory of ANDREW JOHNSON and of Mr. STEPHENS and the States, having failed in the effort to secede, were States still, and might resume their old position in the Union at once. But the theory urged by the New York *World* at the time of LEE's surrender, and was merely the corollary of the old State sovereignty doctrine which the war had destroyed. The Democratic objections to reconstruction in Congress have all been founded upon the same fallacy. The consequences, as the basis of reconstruction, were evident. If the State, upon ceasing active hostilities, resumed all its relations to the Union, slavery, the cause of the war, being a State institution, could be at once restored by State ordinance. If that were consummated, the State undesirable, the most inhuman disabilities could be imposed upon the colored population. The State might send such Senators and Representatives as it chose to Congress. In fact, the result would have been, that the rebellious States, having failed in the field, could instantly return to Congress in the hope of a union with their old lackey, the Democracy of the North, which would achieve by their arms exactly what it had failed to do by votes.

The practical folly of such a theory was not apparent to a doctrinaire like Mr. SEWARD, nor to a mind so dull as Mr. JOHNSON'. The instinct of the latter was indeed correct. His favorite phrase that the rebels must take back seats in reconstruction was the common-sense view of the situation. But he could not reason upon the subject; and the moment he began he became the victim of the narrow logic of his traditional Democratic dogmas, which presently seemed to him serviceable to his personal ambition, and therefore became infallible. He repeated them like a parrot. Facts, human nature, the necessity of the case, the welfare of the country, were unavailing against the blind repetition of the assertion that, if a State couldn't get out of the Union, of course it staid in the Union; and if it staid in, of course it had all the rights with all other States. If the country had faltered in the greater logic of facts and the situation, of the war, its enormous sacrifices, the victory over the rebellion would have been half useless. The Administration and Mr. SEWARD strained every nerve to avert the defeat. They had a powerful ally in the reaction that followed the war, and the essential good-nature of the country. They were also supported by the Democratic party, and a large number of doubters among the Republicans. Except for the events of 1861 and 1862, and the late rebel States, the result might have been uncertain. But those events were fully interpreted the situation, and indicated the necessity of policy, the policy that could alone secure the results of the war, the policy that was adopted.

The rebellion struck at the government to save slavery; the government abolished slavery to save the Union. From that moment, if it were victorious, it was pledged to take care that every consequence and circumstance of slavery ended with the system. This was done. Upon the rock of the equal rights of all citizens of the United States the Union has been reconstructed. For the first time in its history the United States deserve the honor that belongs to a free, popular government. For the first time an American citizen may where in the world may point to the flag of his country and say that it is the flag of freedom. For the first time the principles of the Declaration of Independence have become those of the country that published it. And he is of little faith who does not see, in the reunion of the States upon those principles, the promise of their widest and wisest application.

AT LAST!

THE following resolution will shortly be introduced in the House of Representatives:

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee be directed to inquire whether any citizens of the United States has been deprived of his rights or liberties under the Constitution by the arbitrary and illegal issue of injunctions by judges of State courts in the State of New York, and that said Committee have power to send for persons and papers.

Governor HOFFMAN, in his message of last January, had strongly denounced these usurpations of conflicts of jurisdiction which had grown out of the reckless abuse of injunctions, and had suggested to the Legislature that it would be for the public good if the discretion of the judges in the matter of granting injunctions and appointing receivers *ex parte* applications were substantially abridged.

And the bar, which is by a large section of the people best responsible for the discriminations of the bench, has organized itself into a society, under the lead of its most distinguished members, and proposes, as we understand, to endeavor, by concert of action among themselves, to eradicate at least some of the abuses which have hitherto brought the administration of justice into disrepute in this city. 'Tis said that the rolls of the society already contain the name of almost every leading and respectable lawyer, of both parties, at the New York bar. Such a body, acting in the public interest, and unrelated by the usual jealousy of one professional man in the community, ought to be quite able to cope with corrupt judges, however cunning, and to restore confidence in the old respect people used to feel for courts of law.

It is time. Rightly or wrongly, the general distrust of the judiciary in this city has reached a point which endangered the first conditions of orderly society. Rightly or wrongly, a certain number of judges were believed to be capable of receiving bribes from litigants. Rightly or wrongly, the judges of at least two of the courts of original jurisdiction in this city have been classified by the bar and the public into two classes: first, judges who were honest, and whose whims it was safe to yield to; and, second, judges who were dishonest, and before whom it was unsafe to try a case in which the Tammany Ring could be in any way affected, any person of wealth was concerned. We say—rightly or wrongly—for though the public belief in this subject is a matter of as much importance as "public notoriety," yet still it is due to the judges to say that nothing has yet been proved against any of them, and that their names ought to must be presumed to be innocent until their guilt has been duly established by regular process of law.

Senator MURPHY, acting on the Governor's suggestions, has introduced a bill into the State Legislature forbidding the granting of writs of injunctions in cases where corporations are concerned, or from appointing receivers for corporations without at least six days' notice to the corporation affected by the proceeding. This is well, as far as it goes. A vast amount of mischief has been done by the appointment of receivers and the issue of injunctions against corporations on *ex parte* applications, made very often with fraudulent motives. It has always been claimed, for instance, that the debt on which the Gold Exchange Bank was thrown into the hands of a receiver by a judicial order had actually been paid by the bank at the time the receiver was appointed. The receiver nevertheless entered into possession, and a claim for bank $75,000 to get rid of him. A still more flagrant case has been reported in which a foreign insurance company was wrested from the hands of a receiver, and held for ransom, like a prisoner in the hands of brigands, though the representatives of the company declared they took the trouble to certify to the court that there were no grounds for the proceeding. The company, it is said, refused to submit to the black-mailers, found it cheaper at last to pay the ransom demanded. Senator MURPHY'S bill would give corporations the power to was sought to plunder a week's notice of the attempt, during which they might remove their assets out of the reach of courts in collusion with the plunderers.

But it would not touch the root of the evil, nor would it prevent the most flagrant of the wrongs which are being daily perpetrated in the shape of injunctions. It is a common practice now for a defendant in any suit to begin his case to obtain from a friendly judge an injunction forbidding the plaintiff to proceed with his suit. The injunction is granted *ex parte*. The party enjoined is compelled to employ a lawyer to appear for him in the injunction case, and to move to dissolve the injunction. Very often weeks, elapse before he can be heard on the application. After the hearing, the judge "reserves his decision." There is no limit of time to this "reservation." In a very important injunction case, which was argued only in October last before a Supreme Court judge, no decision has yet been rendered. In the mean time the defendant may be secreting or squandering his property; and by the time the injunction has been dissolved, the proceedings in the original suit may end, and judgment obtained, the plaintiff may discover that his debtor, who was abundantly responsible when his suit was commenced, has now no property upon which execution can be levied.

We have before us two injunctions issued by judges of the Supreme Court, the first on the 20th December last, the other on the 24th January. Both were issued to prevent a creditor from prosecuting his claims against his debtors. In the first the defendants (that is to say, the creditors) are ordered to "refrain from taking any proceedings on or in relation to their pretended claims or either of them in this action, until the further order of this court; and in case of disobedience to this order you (*i. e.*, the creditors) will be liable to the punishment prescribed by law."

The effect of the injunctions in these cases is to tie the parties' hands and feet. Under it they may have undoubted claims, which no jury could deny and no court fail to enforce; they can not prosecute until the injunctions are dissolved. They may see their debtor secreting or squandering the property in dispute; they can not help themselves. Under color of the injunction the debtor is master of the situation. He can rely upon several weeks' or months' delay for a motion friendly as to issue such injunction might be relied upon to "pocket the papers" for a term or two, even if he proposes to dissolve the injunction afterward. The party enjoined is as absolutely without a remedy as a poor traveler in the Abruzzi who falls into the hands of Italian brigands.

No such state of things as this can exist without very grave consequences. It is of the essence of civilized society that the avenues of justice should ever stand open to the citizen. From the hour they are closed decay and dissolution begin. Capital is timid, as the Secretary of Commerce was told the other day by the agents of the Atlantic and Great Western bondholders, is quick to take wing, withdraws from enterprises which are within the control of certain of our courts. Negotiations are already on foot for the removal of important corporations from New York to New Jersey, in which State the judiciary enjoys a high reputation for integrity. Labor is not the sphere in which some talk, more or less serious, about Virginia Louisiana—talk which, after the experience of the last few years at the West, it will not do to pronounce utterly idle. If scenes of anarchy are to be avoided, if New York is to remain the commercial and consequently metropolis of the country, if foreign capital is to be retained here, something must be done to prevent, in the future, the unseemly misuse of power into which certain of our State judges have been betrayed in the past.

MR. DAWES AND GENERAL BUTLER.

COULD not honorable gentlemen in Congress conduct their arguments upon public questions without assuming the motives of their colleagues and opponents? The other day Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee upon Appropriations, made a speech in which he deprecated what he considered the extravagant estimates of the Departments. He reminded his party that when they had come into power under promises of economy; but that they were in danger of exceeding the extravagance of Andrew Johnson's Administration. Certainly, if it be true, it is very necessary that the party should understand it, and it is very desirable for the country that the extravagance should be checked by its own action, instead of being left as a weapon for the enemy. And undoubtedly Mr. DAWES, who is a sagacious statesman, had satisfied himself that no private remonstrance would avail, and that the only method of saving the danger was by a public exposure and protest.

This may have been a mistake. But those who thought so would not have made so great a mistake as a correction of that of Mr. DAWES. If he had failed in not remonstrating with the Departments openly, did his opponents excuse his remonstrating with him publicly? The proper course seems to have been plain. From a party point of view nothing could be more damaging. But a totally different course was adopted. Mr. SCOFIELD, of Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, who reported the bill for the removal of the Philadelphia Navy-Yard to League Island, began by saying that Mr. GARFIELD, of Ohio, and Mr. WASHBURNE, of Wisconsin, seemed especially interested in the retrenchment speech of Mr. DAWES. Yet Mr. GARFIELD had obtained $5000 to entertain some festive bankers of New York, and Mr. WASHBURNE had obtained an appropriation of $200,000 for the Rock Island rapids. As for Mr. DAWES, that gentleman had a grudge against the Pennsylvania members because they did not vote for his bill to build iron ships. Now, of course, instantly asked whether Mr. SCOFIELD thought that he had been influenced by that consideration in what he had said or done in the House. To which, after some hesitation, Mr. SCOFIELD answered that, considering every thing, "the conviction was almost forced upon my mind that perhaps the insinuation might have some foundation."

But it was reserved for General BUTLER to make the chief assault upon Mr. DAWES. He disputed the accuracy of his statements, and appealed to proofs. This was legitimate. But he then proceeded to charge Mr. DAWES with recreancy to the Republican party, and with attempting to destroy it. The General learned immediately, however, that the wild-fire-and-brimstone style of denunciation was a weapon which crack was so contemptuously disregarded two years ago by Mr. FESSENDEN had no terrors for Mr. DAWES. He is one of the Republicans whose consecutive and terrible retort in Congress than the quiet observation of Mr. DAWES: "The people of Massachusetts know my colleague, and they know me." The comedy of General BUTLER disciplining HENRY L. DAWES as a Republican is rapidly ending. As a leader of the party, General BUTLER will doubtless acknowledge his own failure. He aspires to succeed Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS in the leadership of the House, and Mr. HENRY WILSON as a Senator. But he ought to remember that Mr. STEVENS and Mr. WILSON are Republicans because the profoundest conviction, and that they had always the sympathy of the great mass of their party. Because Mr. DAWES said, President GRANT is "a man whose polar star in the administration of affairs is economy." When, therefore, General BUTLER and his friends undertook to answer Mr. DAWES, it was plainly his part to show that the estimates showed as do not a saving in the aggregate of the appropriations. If they did not, it was the duty of the party, as it was the President's desire, that the extravagance should be arrested.

The mere allegation of selfish motives is not only not an argument against an opponent, but it is a very dangerous weapon in the cause of the person who makes the charge. The public asks, Were the facts stated by Mr. DAWES incorrect? If not, Mr. DAWES's assertion that Mr. DAWES is opposed to spending money in Pennsylvania, because the Pennsylvania members did not vote for his iron-clad bill, and General BUTLER says that Mr. DAWES is trying to destroy the Republican party. If these are the answers, the public opinion is that the statement of Mr. DAWES is correct. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that General GRANT had assented Mr. DAWES, before he made that. His influence should be directed to a reduction of the estimates. Nobody would have doubted it, if some of the Republicans had not intruded that to point out a tendency to extravagance in the estimates was to accuse the President. And we ask again, whether the true policy for a party that finds itself drifting into great expenditures—to stop them, or to allow them to go on until overthrow the party? If the Democratic approval be the test of bad Republican management, there is no doubt that the Democratic party would hail the adoption of the latter course by their opponents.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC UNITY AND CLERGY.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC correspondent of the *Tribune* in Louisiana writes that more than four-fifths of the members of his Church are in favor of the public schools, and will gladly support them if they are made unobjectionable by the removal of the Protestant version of the Bible as a text-book. He adds that the sectarian schools of his Church would not be as good for secular education as the present common schools, and that there is no precept of his faith which requires him to give up the clergy the control of the secular education of his children. Indeed, he declares warmly that "the Catholic clergy are the masters of Catholics in America."

How will this correspondent dispose of the fact that the Pope in his Syllabus strongly insists that the clergy must control the schools, and that the clergy, as we showed last week from the speech of the Rev. Mr. PRESTON, habitually agree with the Pope? That the clergy every where endeavor to obtain that control the correspondent does not deny. Indeed, in letter he says, "the Catholic clergy give very little countenance and encouragement to lay Catholic teachers." They strive to monopolize the care of the child from his birth, and to mould it into the obedient Catholic. And they would declare, that, as all education ought to be what they call religious—meaning Roman Catholic—no member of the Church can conscientiously allow his children to frequent schools which are not controlled by the clergy.

Here is a direct issue between the Louisiana layman and the final authorities of his Church; and nobody can doubt which will carry the day. It is useless to say that secular education does not belong to the functions of the priesthood. Those functions are not determined by the laity, but by the priests themselves. The Louisiana layman may incline to doubt the infallibility of the Pope; but he has no voice upon the subject. When the highest priesthood has declared the infallibility, the layman must submit, or

cease to be a Roman Catholic by denying the fundamental principle of the Church, namely, that it is the depository and expositor of the truth. If the Œcumenical Council proclaims the dogma of infallibility, and confirms the Syllabus in which the authority declared infallible has already announced its opinions upon the subject of education, what will the correspondent do? The infallible Pope condemns all schools which are not controlled by the clergy. The clergy demand that their congregations shall withdraw the children from the public schools. Does the Louisiana correspondent think that his position at the laity refuse?

Of course we have no right upon our own principles to do any thing in the schools of which the majority of any sect or party may complain as sectarian. Our duty is to devote the schools strictly to the purpose for which they are founded and to which in the popular sense. They are state schools; and the church in this country being expressly and absolutely separated from the state, it is a general wrong to tolerate any sectarian taint in the schools. If the correspondent really spoke for the mass of his fellow-believers the question would be very manageable. But it is not he, it is the Pope and the Rev. Mr. Preston who represent the wishes and the policy of the leaders of his Church.

SPRING TRADE.

Winter goods have been for some time removed from the shelves of importers, and those for spring have taken their place; but trade is dull in all departments of business. A few purchasers from the South and from California have appeared in the market; but the temptation of new and attractive styles presents an sufficient inducement for activity.

The foreign manufacturer is subjected to competition in dress goods which bids fair to diminish, from year to year, the volume of the importation. Establishments near Philadelphia and in Massachusetts show great strides in this production. It is to be hoped that they will ultimately supply the wants of the most refined in taste, and relieve the country of the load, in foreign importation, which it must now carry. The advances of our manufactures are positive and important.

In fancy cassimeres, for spring and summer wear, the domestic production is large and superior. Instead of importing many cases of a particular kind, as heretofore, a single case of foreign make is all that the many purchasers is required by one house. The complaint, which used to be quite general, that the oil was not thoroughly cooked from the domestic wool, is seldom made; and it may be said of this manufacture, that we have reached the point which renders foreign competition in the main unavailing to the want of the most appropriate descriptions of woods, we are far behind the French, English, and German manufacturer; but the active competition in the coarser fabrics, which is going on in the United States, will compel those whose means permit on advance in the increased competition with the foreigner in the best products. In a few years we shall unquestionably reach the commercial distinction that soft or wools shall be adjusted to the necessities of the case.

In cotton shirtings our manufacturers are unsurpassed. The cloth known as "New York Mills" is not excelled any where, and if it were not for the fact that the difficulty in using all the kinds of cotton produced in the world—mixing the cheap with the good in their fabrics, to which, notwithstanding the mixture, they communicate a good appearance—this article could be sent to their markets with success. Its high character as a fabric combining at once excellence in the raw material, to the employment of the most skillful spinners and weavers, to the use of the best machinery, and to long experience in its manufacture. The product of many mills is very nearly equal to it, and, at all events, we should need to wait no longer look to foreign supplies. The shirting known as French Percale is still imported in small quantities. Some of it is made here, but what is called square, whereas in American shirtings the weft is frequently lighter than the warp; but this is being constantly remedied.

Our readers would scarcely suppose that very large quantities of shirtings and sheetings, manufactured in the South, are distributed from this point, and even to Southern merchants. This results from the greater abundance of capital in the North, and from the superior energy and tact of Southern manufacturers of availing themselves of this supply. Goods manufactured in Georgia are sent from our warehouses to that State for consumption. The improvement which is rapidly going on in this industry in the South will compel the Northern manufacturer to advance in skill in the finest fabrics. In the coarser articles of wear the South and West will presently be liberated from dependence on the North and East. On the slopes of the great mountain chain water-power is abundant in all the Southern states which are contiguous to it, and as the raw material is convenient, and capital is becoming abundant, it will be easy to furnish the cotton goods they require.

So far as concerns imported goods, they have been obtained from abroad and entered at the Custom-house, with the advantage of a low price for gold—lower probably than will continue through the season; and it would seem, as the crops have been large, that the conditions for an active trade exist. But the West is embarrassed by the inability to sell its grain in prices which remunerate, and it is feared that Western merchants will purchase sparingly. The South, however, is stronger than it has been at any time since the war, and a considerable trade is expected from the Pacific States, due in part to the opening of the road to California.

The embarrassment in trade, which is felt in all quarters, is mainly artificial, and arises from a apprehension connected with the currency. It is probable that legal-tenders have been hoarded largely—particularly in the South—in the expectation that a return to specie payments was at hand, and for the convenient prosecution of business. It is supposed, also, that this description of money, which constitutes at present the base of our monetary system, is intentionally kept from the large money centres, in order to force the action of Congress in relation to creation of banking capital. The argument is widely pressed that the apparent scarcity of greenbacks is owing to the large sums of bonds entered over the Union, as the result of the enlarged business of the country, and that additions to the currency are unnecessary.

It is one of the unfortunate tendencies of a paper system that it never satisfies, and that more and more of it is called for. That its quantity shall be augmented, only temporary relief will be afforded, to be repeated as a larger volume of indebtedness is created, and as new speculations are set on foot. Notwithstanding great improvement in the condition of the country, we are now importing all descriptions of merchandise in excessive quantities, and are running up a debt abroad much beyond our capacity for payment. Buyers on the low returns of fruit, however, have been in a somewhat moderation in placing orders; but they unite in the testimony that this fact will promote consignments to the Eastern markets. The low goods of the latter have been extensively slaughtered since the raid in Wall Street in September; and their new consignments, if large, can scarcely escape the same fate.

What the country wants is a system of finance which shall discourage the tendency to live by speculation and extravagantly, and induce a more general regard for regular industry. We produce more than we consume for foreigner, and produce exports beyond the value of imports. This will be effected not by the creation of new bonds, nor by the idea of forcing off—*carefully and by degrees*—our paper issues.

The depreciation lately witnessed in the exchangeable value of every product of labor and industry has been borne with forbearance, because it was supposed that our finances were about to be established on a specie basis. The time is therefore propitious for this need ed step, by which the country shall be placed in the only road to true and solid prosperity.

LET US HAVE FAIR PLAY.

The debate upon the recommendations of the Committee of Ways and Means, in regard to the tariff, is one of the most vital that will engage the attention of the country. There is such a sharp conflict of individual interests that the general welfare is almost entirely overlooked. In revising the tariff, the great point that should be held steadily in view is fair play for the various industries now protected by the wisest distribution of the burden of taxation which our debt and the necessary expenses of the government require, the most equitable, and consequently oppressive. We propose to show its operation in one vital department of industry.

The book manufacture is necessarily a complicated one. Every thing that is essential to it is enormously taxed. Indeed, in paper, in its various branches, not less than forty taxes! What is the result? Nothing is more difficult to determine than the market value of a book. The editorial skill and labor, the number of the edition printed, or remaining unsold, may make the greatest difference in value between books which apparently represent exactly the same labor, and which, externally, are precisely alike. Thus the enormous tax of forty per cent—forbearer is very powerful to invoice his books at almost a nominal value, while, from the nature of the case, it is very difficult to prove the undervaluation.

For example, a desirable book may be made in London and invoiced at four shillings sterling. Other charges may advance the expenses to one dollar and twenty-seven cents in gold. The book could be profitably made in this country, and with a bonus to the author, at a selling price of from three and a half to four dollars. The manufacturer, however, puts it upon the market at six dollars and controls the sale, because the domestic manufacturer knows that, should he undersell the book, the importer will drop the price, if necessary, to two dollars. The foreign author is thus deprived of any chance of profit upon the sale, and the American reader, of course, is compelled to pay an enormous price. The circulation of a valuable book is therefore limited to the amount of *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five per cent., and the American publisher prevented from issuing it cheaply for general reading.

As it is impossible that an *ad valorem* duty can be fairly enforced, the remedy is a specific duty to prevent the evil result to the American reader which we have indicated. And a duty of this kind, determined by actual weight, say twenty-five cents per pound, would be merely fair. This is a simple system, which prevents evasive importation, and in which foul play at the Custom-house is not probable. To weigh books is easy; but to determine their intrinsic value is a task requiring a special cultivation, which can not be presumed in officers of the Customs. Works of science and scholarship will not feel the change, or will feel it favorably in the increased demand; but a careful analysis of figures shows that a duty of twenty-five cents per pound upon popular works for general circulation would operate as high as an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-five per cent. fairly administered.

Of the other confusions and injustices of the tariff are so obvious upon a little examination, and as remediable as that which we have described, we may hope, from a reasonable Congress, for measures which will tend to remove the reproach that our system is both cumbrous and wasteful, unfair to American industry and hostile to American education.

ALARMING WASTE OF THE PUBLIC PROPERTY.

Dr. Lord, Chairman of the Committee of the House of Delegates, which has investigated public money to sectarian purposes, has made a report which deserves the most careful attention. The sum of $1849 appropriated an amount equal to twenty per cent, of the excise money received in the city, to be annually distributed for the support of schools educating children who can not be accommodated in the public schools. The truth is that there are no such children, because all can be accommodated in the public schools. The report of the special committee of the Board of Education for 1869 shows that about the average number of vacant seats in the schools is more than 39,000. At the time of this distribution we called attention to the fact that it struck at the free common school system. That was its object. It was to accustom the public mind to the diversion of the public money for sectarian purposes, preparatory to the effort to destroy the whole unsectarian system.

The Committee state that the donations from the public treasury of the city of New York to religious sects amounted, during the year 1869, to more than $600,000, of which sum a single sect received more than $400,000; and that sect of course comprises the smallest number of tax-payers. Of this, for one dollar, the city government gave to the archbishop of this sect a lot of land in the most desirable part of the city, which is worth $200,000. In 1867 it gave the same sect a whole block of ground for $83 33, by changing a lease into a fee; and in 1864 paid one of the heirs for the privilege of opening Madison Avenue through this block, and gave the same sect $8228 84, to pay its share of the expense of opening. The value of the real estate thus given is now at least $1,500,000. In 1846, for one dollar, the same sect was presented with a lot of another block, and in 1857, for an annual rent of one dollar, with the rest of the lot, now worth at least another million and a half of dollars. The city government has thus given $3,200,000 worth of real estate to a single sect for sectarian purposes.

Every sect in the city had an equal right to similar donations, but no other has received such. And the reason why the public property have been made as bribes by a political party. Here, in the city, the facts are understood. The control of the city government is in the hands of the leaders of the Democratic party. The mass of the Roman Catholics of the city are Irish; and to retain the Irish in the Democratic party, and to propitiate the favor of Roman Catholic priesthood, the property of the people is squandered. With the people, of course, lies the remedy. Governor HOFFMAN'S "honest Legislature," with its Tammany managers, is as much their property as the low of last year as it adopt any other measure of economy, or to declare for any other form of equal rights. Indeed, the power that has these things in the city now controls unchallenged the legislation of the State; and those who support it not only support this wanton waste of the public property, but encourage the fatal blow that the same power aims at the free schools, the very citadel of American institutions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 24.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Morton, of Indiana, re-elected for the late Mr. Pearson's unexpired term, were presented. Mr. Sherman's bill for funding national currency of coin and notes, and to equalize the distribution of notes, was discussed. The bill, which was reported at the last session, the Senate, was then laid over, adopted, after a warm personal discussion, and ordered to be printed. The bill for the relief of Mrs. Surratt, reviewing the whole course of Mr. Bingham and Mr. Farnsworth in regard to reconstruction. Mr. Davis's motion replied very sharply.

January 25.—In the Senate, Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported a substitute for the House bill relating to the funding act of 1870, which provides for amending the act of 1864, so that the duties on income, dividends, and salaries imposed by section of the act, 116 to 120 inclusive, shall continue for and during the entire year of 1870, and no longer, and "those taxes not paid, or payable in that year, shall be collected." The bill was made the special order for one hour each day, reviewing the general course of Mr. Bingham and Mr. Farnsworth in regard to reconstruction. Mr. Davis's motion replied very sharply.

January 26.—In the Senate, Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported a substitute for the House bill relating to the funding act of 1870, which provides for amending the act of 1864, so that the duties on income, dividends, and salaries imposed by section of the act, 116 to 120 inclusive, shall continue for and during the entire year of 1870, and no longer, and "those taxes not paid, or payable in that year, shall be collected." The bill was made the special order for one hour each day in the Senate.

January 27.—In the Senate, the House joint resolution was passed to pay the Virginia delegation their salaries up to the date of readmission. A resolution of inquiry from Virginia were read, and one of them, Mr. Segar, was sworn in, and took the oath. Mr. Sumner, in the House, several members of the Virginia delegation were sworn in by the Speaker. Mr. Boutwell, from, reported a bill for the total abolition of the franking privilege, to take effect July 1, 1870. The resolution to pay upon its passage, and after an hour's debate was passed by a vote of 131 to 37.

January 28.—In the Senate, Mr. J. W. Johnson was admitted as Senator from Virginia. Mr. Sherman introduced a joint resolution directing the payment of certain moneys received on the bill transferring the Secretary of the Treasury. In the House, a bill was introduced to prohibit the passage of bills relating to New Orleans by Private Bill.

January 29.—In the Senate, by a vote of 32 to 8, referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, with instructions to report a bill.

The leader of the Red River insurgents asserts that he is the rightful heir of annexation to the United States, and that it is not too late for the Canadian Government to come to an understanding with him, and thus settle the difficulty.

A report has been made to the State Department by the American Consul at Hamilton, Canada, on the condition and treatment of the Indians in the Canadian authorities, from which it appears that the reservation system has been successful, and that the savages are rapidly progressing in civilization.

On the 19th inst., Mr. Thomas Townsend, a quiet and inoffensive man, was murdered in his own store in Hudson Street, New York city, by "Jack Reynolds," who is well known to the police as a "desperate character." The murderer escaped, but was subsequently arrested. The motive was robbery, the tribute "hanging for murder is played out in New York."

Mr. Coggin, ex-Mayor of San Francisco, the other day committed suicide by reason of bad luck in life, and was challenged. The anticipated duel was avoided by an apology, the only thing being given under "a misapprehension of facts."

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported that the Œcumenical Council may be diverted from Eastern matters to the unfavorable nature of the climate of Rome. The Pope, although opposed to the change, has referred the question of the Council. A report that his Holiness was dead was current in Paris on the 20th inst. Letters from Egypt say that the Khedive has published a firman appointing the Archbishop of Nablus, in which he is appointed Governor of Jerusalem, and commissioned to protect of Cardinal Rauscher against the dogma, which is to be promulgated when the Pope has received the Bavarian newspapers. The Pope has sent the Archbishop of Algiers to Paris to see the Empress Eugenie of the Emperor in regard to the matter.

An earthquake in Greece has taken place in the French Senate on the question of renewing the Anglo-French commercial treaty, which expires in March. M. Rouher denounced the Ministry, and called on the majority to support the Cabinet. A vote of confidence showed that the Government was very strong, being sustained by 200 majority.

A proposition to exclude the House of Bourbon from the throne has been decided in favor of Spain, and after a very animated debate, by a vote of 214 to 55.

The Alabama claims between England and the United States are on a satisfactory basis.

Dispatches from Spain announce that Gen. Gonzalez, the capital of Cuba, has been appointed Governor-General of Cuba, succeeding General Pueblo has defeated the insurgents in the Cuban provinces, and captured their capital. According to Cuban accounts,

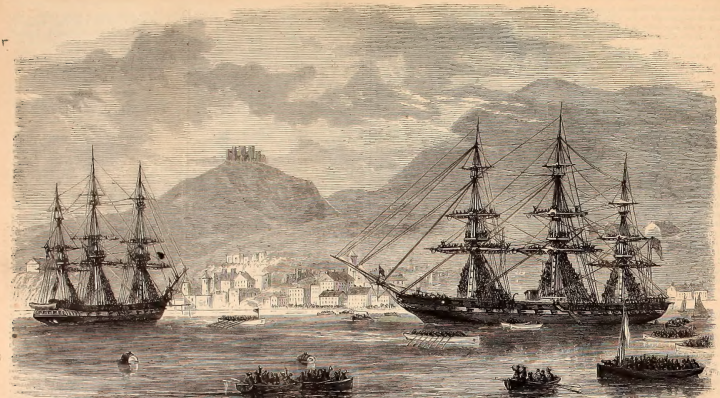

BOAT-RACE BETWEEN CREWS FROM THE FRIGATES "FRANKLIN" AND "SABINE," IN THE HARBOR OF VILLA FRANCA.—[SKETCHED BY W. R. MAY.]

THE "MONARCH" IN PORTLAND HARBOR.

EARLY on the morning of the 26th of January the boom of distant cannon announced to the citizens of Portland the approach of the squadron that bore to this country the remains of GEORGE PEABODY. Soon after daylight the monitors *Montonomah* and *Terror* steamed out of the harbor to meet the funeral fleet. As they passed the *Monarch*, and took their stations in the rear, the *Plymouth* fired a salute, to which the monitors and Fort Preble replied. According to previous arrangement, the body lay in state on board the *Monarch* until Saturday noon, when it was landed with appropriate ceremonies. While the procession of boats was moving from the *Monarch* minute-guns were fired by the monitors and Fort Preble. Upon reaching the wharf the *cortège* of boats closed up in parallel lines, a sailor at the bow of each holding on to the stern of the boat ahead of him, as shown in our sketch on page 101; and in this position they remained until the casket containing the body had been put upon the wharf, and Admiral FARRAGUT and staff had sailed between the lines and stepped ashore. The casket was then taken under a large shed, where Governor CHAMBERLAIN, surrounded by his council, was in waiting to receive the remains, officially, on behalf of the State of Maine. Captain COMMERELL, of the *Monarch*, then formally delivered the body to the Governor, who received it in the name of the people.

The body was then removed to the City Hall and placed in the chamber which had been especially prepared for its reception. The Hall remained closed until Monday morning, when it was opened till evening. On Tuesday, February 1, the body was removed from the Hall, after an impressive funeral ceremony, and taken to the Boston depôt, escorted by a large procession, composed of several military companies, delegations from various societies and cities, and great numbers of private citizens, who were desirous of showing respect to the memory of the great philanthropist.

BOAT-RACE AT VILLA FRANCA.

We give on this page an illustration of a spirited boat-race that took place on the 16th of last December, in the harbor of Villa Franca, between a crew from the *Sabine* and one from the *Franklin*, two frigates belonging to the United States fleet in European waters. The boat of the *Sabine* had already been victorious in one regatta, and had bluffed off another by the fame of its first exploit; and the crew believed themselves equal to any antagonist that could be brought against them. The *Franklin* boys were no less sanguine of their own superiority; and the two frigates chancing to lie side by side for some time, in the above-mentioned harbor, they challenged the *Sabine* crew to row a six-mile race for a purse of one hundred dollars. The challenge was accepted, and the race was rowed with great pluck and spirit on both sides. The result was the defeat of the *Sabine* crew, the *Franklin* boat rounding the second stake-boat forty-five seconds ahead. The contestants in this spirited race were pretty evenly matched; for though the *Franklin* boat pulled fourteen oars, while that of the *Sabine* pulled but twelve, this advantage was balanced by the larger size and greater weight of the former.

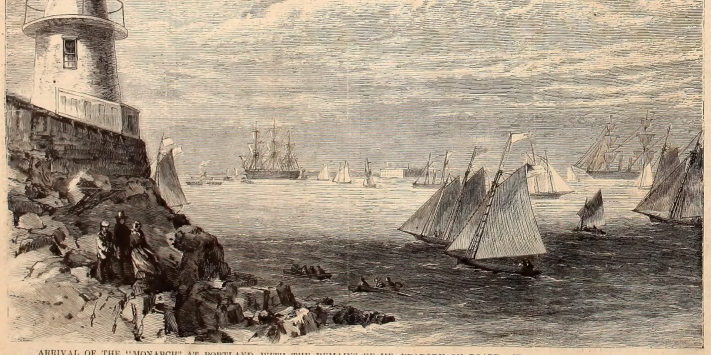

ARRIVAL OF THE "MONARCH" AT PORTLAND, WITH THE REMAINS OF MR. PEABODY ON BOARD.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MISS K. S. BOYD.]

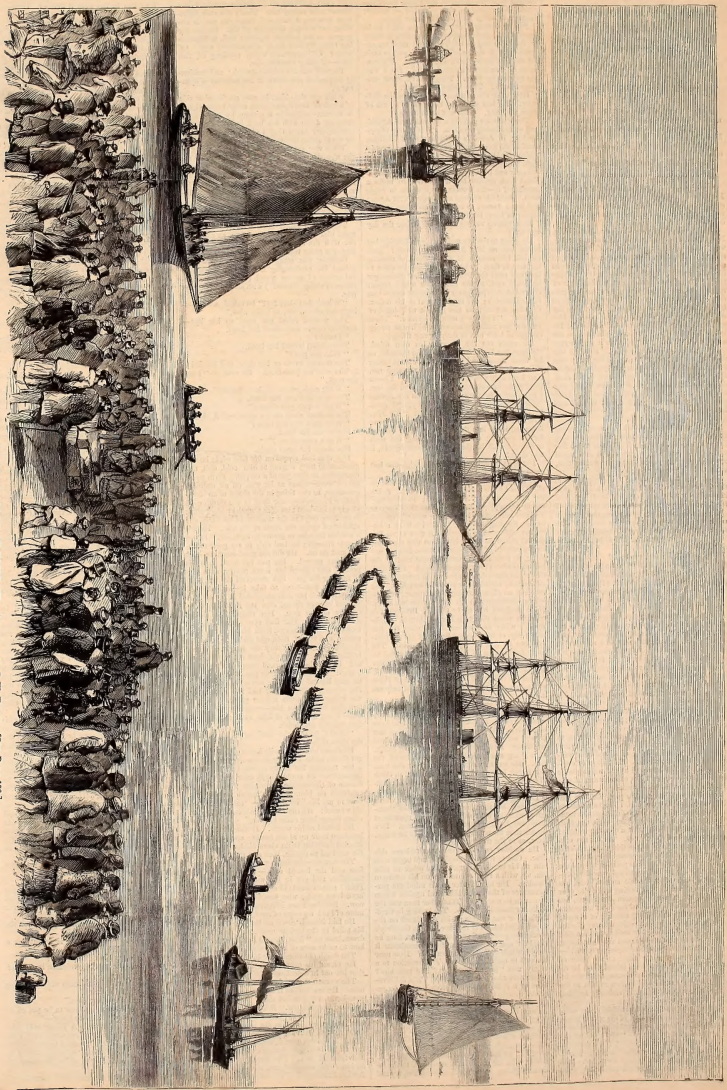

LANDING OF THE REMAINS OF MR. PEABODY AT PORTLAND.—SKETCHED BY J. W. TERRY.—[SEE PAGE 109.]

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

DONE!

ARNOLD was a little surprised by the curt manner in which Geoffrey answered him.

"Has Sir Patrick said any thing unpleasant?" he asked.

"Sir Patrick has said just what I wanted him to say."

"No difficulty about the marriage?"

"None."

"No fear of Blanche—"

"She won't ask you to go to Craig Fernie. I'll answer for that!" He said the words with a strong emphasis on them, took his cigar-case, after from the table, snatched up his hat, and went out.

His friends, idling on the lawn, hailed him. He passed by them quickly without answering, without so much as a glance at them over his shoulder. Arriving at the rose-garden, he stopped and took out his pipe; then suddenly changed his mind, and turned back again by another path. There was no certainty, at that hour of the day, of his being left alone in the rose-garden. He had a fierce and hungry longing to be by himself; he felt as if he could have been the death of any body who came and spoke to him at that moment. With his head down and his brows knit heavily, he followed the path to see what it ended in. It ended in a wicket-gate which led into a kitchen-garden. Here he was well out of the way of interruption: there was nothing to attract visitors in the kitchen-garden. He went on to a wilderness piece in the middle of the inclosure, with a wooden bench and a broad strip of turf running round it. After first looking about him, he seated himself and lit his pipe.

"I wish it was done!" he said.

He sat, with his elbows on his knees, smoking and thinking. Before long the restlessness that had got possession of him forced him to his feet again. He rose, and paced round and round the strip of green-sward under the walnut-tree, like a wild beast in a cage.

What was the meaning of this disturbance in the inner nature—for that he had committed himself to the betrayal of the friend who had trusted and served him, was too born by remorse?

He was not driven by remorse into the act while your eye is passing over this sentence. He was simply in a raging fever of impatience to get himself safely landed at the end which he had in view.

Why should he feel remorse? All remorse springs, more or less directly, from the action of two antagonistic forces. The one is the result of the product of the respect which we learn to feel for others. In their highest manifestations, these two feelings exalt themselves, until the first becomes the love of God, and the second the love of Man. I have injured you, and I respect it for when it is done. Why should I repent of it if I have gained something by it for my own self, and if you can't make me feel it by injuring Me? I repent of it, because there has been a sense put into me which tells me that I have sinned against Myself, and sinned against You. No such sense as that exists among the instincts of the natural man. And no such feeling as these troubled Geoffrey Delamayn; for Geoffrey Delamayn was the natural man.

When the idea of his scheme had sprung to life in his mind, the novelty of it had startled him—the enormous daring of it, suddenly revealed, had daunted him. The signs of emotion which had presented the first struggle there, in the library were the signs of mere mental perturbation, and of nothing more.

That first vivid impression past, the idea had made itself familiar to him. He had become composed enough to see clearly what it was he had involved, and such consequences as it implied. These had fretted him with a passing trouble; for these he plainly discerned. As for the cruelty and the treachery of the thing he meditated doing—Geoffrey Delamayn never crossed the limits of his mental view. His position toward the man whose life he had preserved was the position of a dog. That "noble animal" had once saved you or me from drowning will fly at your throat or mine, under certain contingencies, in a minutes afterward. Add to the dog's unreasoning instinct the calculating cunning of a man; suppose yourself to be in a position to profit by contributing thing, "Curious! at such and such a time I happened to pick up such and such a piece of cord, and now it turns out to be of some use to me!"—and there you have an index to the state of Geoffrey's feelings toward his friend after he had called the past or when he contemplated the future. When Arnold had spoken to the two theoretical moment, Arnold had violently irritated him; and that was all.

The same impenetrable insensibility, the same primitively natural condition of the moral being, prevented him from being troubled by the slightest sense of pity for Anne. "She's out of my way!" was his first thought. "She's provided for, without any trouble to Me!" was his second. He was not in the least uneasy about her. Not the slightest doubt crossed his mind that, when once she had realized her own situation, when once she had pondered the question of the alternatives of facing her own ruin or of claiming Arnold as a last resource, she would claim Arnold. She would do it as a matter of course; because *he* would have done it in her place.

But he wanted it over. He was wild, as he paced round and round the walnut-tree, to hurry on the crisis and be done with it. Give me my freedom to go to the other woman, and to train for the foot-race—that's what I want. *They* injured? Confound them both! It's I who am injured by them. They are the worst enemies I have! They stand in my way.

How to be rid of them? There was the difficulty. He had made up his mind to be rid of them that day.

There was no picking a quarrel with Arnold, and so beginning with *him*. This course of proceeding, in the position toward Blanche, would lead to a scandal at the outset—a scandal which would stand in the way of his making the right impression on Mrs. Glenney, the woman —lonely and friendless, with her sex and her position both against her if she tried to fight a scandal of it—the woman was the one to begin with. Settle it at once and forever with Anne; and leave Arnold to find out and settle with it, sooner or later, no matter which.

How was he to break it to her before the day was out?

By going to the inn and openly addressing her face to face as Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn? No. He had had enough, at Windygates, of meeting her face to face. The bullet passed through her, and send the letter, by the first messenger he could find, to the inn. She might appear afterward at the inquest; she might be present at his brother's; she might appeal to his father. It didn't matter; he had got the whip-hand of her now. "I was a married woman." There was the one sufficient answer, which stood strong enough to hold its own against all comers.

He made out the letter in his own mind. "Something like this would do," he thought, as he went round and round the walnut-tree:—"You may be surprised not to have seen me. You have got something belonging to Me. I know what took place between you and him at the inn. I have had a lawyer's advice. You are Arnold Brinkworth's wife. I wish you joy. I am left by forever." Address those lines: "To Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth." Leave the inn directly, and leave the letter late that night, without waiting for an answer; start the first thing the next morning for his own house; and there—he was done!

That even here there was an obstacle—one last exasperating obstacle—still in the way.

If she was known at the inn by any name at all, it was by that of Mrs. Arnold. She was not addressed to "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth" could probably not be in at the inn when the letter arrived, and if it was actually offered to her, she might decline to receive it, as a letter that addressed her falsely. In the present state of mental resources would have seen that the name on the outside of the letter mattered little or nothing, so long as the contents were known to the person to whom they were addressed. But Geoffrey was conscious in his latest mental movements of a declared her to be Arnold Brinkworth's wife, he must so address her, or she would think it worth's wife; or who could tell what the law might say, or what scrape he might not get himself into? It was a matter of the last nicety. The more he thought of it, the more persuaded he felt of the necessity of writing here, and the hotter and the angrier he grew.

There is a way out of every thing. And there was surely a way out of this, if he could only find it.

He failed to see it. After dealing with all the great difficulties, the small difficulty proved too much for him. It struck him that he might have spent thinking time to better purpose—and that he was not accustomed to thinking long about any thing. Besides, his head was getting giddy, with going round and round the walnut-tree. He threw the irritably turned his back on the tree, and struck down through the kitchen-garden in search of something else, and then to return to his difficulty, once set it with a new eye.

Leaving his thoughts free to wander where they liked, his thoughts naturally busied themselves with the subject which was uppermost in his mind, the subject of the Foot-Race. In a week's time his arrangements ought to be made. Say, as to the training—

He decided on employing two trainers this time. One to look after the diet—and let him see him at his brother's house. The other to take him up, with a fresh eye to him, on his return to London. He could not be sure of any of the performances of the formidable rival against whom he was to be matched, but one man was the swiftest runner of the two. The betting in Geoffrey's favor was betting which calculated on the unparalleled endurance of Geoffrey's frame—the prodigious powers of endurance. How long he would "stay" with the man? Whereabouts it would be safe to "pick the man up?" These were the end to calculate the man's exhaustion to a nicety, and "put on the pace" at the right time. These were nice points to decide. The deliberations of a pedestrian-privy-council would be required to help him under this heavy responsibility. What men could he trust? He could trust A. and B.—both of them authorities: both of them stanch. Query about C.? As an authority, unexceptionable; as a man, doubtful. The problem relating to C. brought him to a standstill—and declined to be solved, even then. Never mind! he would always take the advice of A. and B. In the mean time, devote C. to the inferneal regions; and, thus dismissing him, try and think of something else. What else? Mrs. Glenney—lonely and friendless the women! one of them is the same as another. They swallow the bait they run; and they all fill their stomachs before dinner with sloppy tea. That's the only difference between women and men—the rest is nobody knows what imitation of Us. Devote the women to the inferneal regions; and, so dismissing *them*, try and think of something else. Of what? Of something worth thinking of, this time—of filling another pipe.

He took out his tobacco-pouch; and suddenly suspended operations at the moment of opening it.

What was the object he saw, on the other side of a row of dwarf pear-trees, away to the right? A woman—evidently a servant by her dress—stooping down with her back to him, gathering something; herbs they looked like, as well as he could make out at that distance.

What was that thing hanging by a string at the woman's waist? A bird's-nest. What audience did she want with a slate at her side? He was in search of something to divert his mind—and here it was! "Any thing will do for me," he thought. "Suppose I 'chaff' her a little about her work?"

He called to the woman across the pear-trees. "Hallo!"

The woman turned herself, and advanced toward him slowly—looking at him, as she came on, with the sunken eyes, the sorrow-stricken face, the inexpressibly sad manner of Hester Dethridge.

Geoffrey was staggered. He had not bargained for exchanging the dullest possible vulgarities of human speech (called in the language of slang "Chaff") with such a woman as this.

"What's that slate for?" he asked, not knowing what else to say, to begin with.

The woman lifted her hand to her lips—touched them—and shook her head.

"Dumb?"

The woman bowed her head.

"Who are you?"

The woman wrote on her slate, and handed it to him over the pear-trees. He read:—"I am the cook."

"Well, cook, were you born dumb?"

The woman shook her head.

"What made you dumb?"

The woman wrote on her slate:—"A blow."

"Who gave you the blow?"

She shook her head.

"Won't you tell me?"

She shook her head again.

Her eyes had rested on his face while he was questioning her, staring at him, cold, dull, and changeless as the eyes of a corpse. Form as his nerves were—dense as he was, on all ordinary occasions, to any thing like the shape of an imaginative impression—the eyes of the dumb cook slowly penetrated him with a steadily inner chill, something crept at the marrow of his back, and shuddered under the roots of his hair. He felt something creep at the roots of his hair. In his simple enough; he had only to say good-morning, and go on. He did say good-morning—but he never moved. He put his hand into his pocket, and offered her some money, as a way of making her go. She stretched out her hand across the pear-trees to take it—and stopped abruptly, with her arm suspended in the air. A monster clapped down over the dumbness, the quility of her face. Her closed lips slowly dropped apart. Her eyes, which had been steadily looked away, sideways, from *his* eyes; stopped again; and stared, rigid and glittering, over his shoulder—over it so far as to give him a sight of horror behind him. "What the devil are you looking at?" he said—and turned round quickly, with a start. There was nobody behind him. There was no sign of any thing to be seen behind him. He turned back again to the woman. The woman had left him, under the influence of some sudden panic. She was hurrying away from him—running, old as she was—flying for her life, as if the devil in her form was the pestilence.

"Mad!" he thought—and turned his back on the sight of her.

He found himself (hardly knowing how he had got there) under the walnut-tree once more. In a few minutes his hardly nerves had recovered themselves—he could laugh over the remembrance of the strange impression that had been produced on him. "Frightened for the first time in my life," he remembered—"and by a old woman! It's time I went into training again, my nerves have come to this!"

He looked at his watch. It was close on the luncheon hour up at the house; and he had not decided yet what to say to Arnold about Anne. He resolved to decide, then and there.

The woman—the dumb woman, with the stony eyes and the sunken eyes—reappeared in his thoughts, and got in the way of his decision. Could he count on her still secretly, after what had been cook; who was kept out of charity now. Nothing more important than that. No more of her! No more of her!

He laid himself down on the grass, and gave his mind to the arrangement. How to address Anne as "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth?" and how to make sure of her receiving the letter?

The dumb woman got in the way again. He closed his eyes impatiently, and tried to shut her out in the darkness of his own mind.

The woman showed herself through the darkness. He saw her, as if he had just asked her a question, writing on her slate. What she wrote he failed to make out. It was all over in an instant. He started up, with a feeling of astonishment at himself—and, at the same moment, his brain cleared with the suddenness of a flash of light. He saw his way, without a conscious effort on his own part, through the difficulty that had troubled him. He always takes the course, of course: an inner one, unsealed, and addressed to "Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth;" an outer one, sealed, and addressed to "Mrs. Silvester:" and there was the problem solved! Surely the simplest problem that had ever puzzled a stupid head.

Why had he not seen it before? Impossible to say.

How came he to have seen it now?

The dumb old woman reappeared in his thoughts—as if the answer to the question lay in something connected with her.

He became alarmed about himself, for the first time in his life. Had his persistent impression, produced by looking at a dead man, any thing to do with the broken health which the surgeon had talked about? He had looked on the turn? Or had he smoked too much on an empty stomach, and gone too long (after traveling all night) without the customary drink?

He left the garden to put that latter theory to the test forthwith. The luncheon bell would have gone sound against him if the public had seen him at that moment. He looked haggard and anxious and wild—in short, unlike Man. The natural system had suddenly forced itself on his notice, without the slightest previous introduction, and was saying (in an unknown tongue), Here I am!

Returning to the purely ornamental part of the grounds, Geoffrey encountered one of the footmen giving a message to one of the gardeners. He at once asked for the butler—as the only man attempted to consult in the present emergency.

Conducted to the butler's pantry, Geoffrey requested that functionary to produce a jug of his oldest ale, with appropriate solid nourishment in the shape of "a hunk of home-baked bread."

The butler stared. As a form of condescension among the upper classes this was quite new to him.

"Luncheon will be ready directly, Sir."

"What is there for lunch, then?"

The butler ran over an appetizing list of good dishes and rare wines.

"Can't you take your kickshaws!" said Geoffrey. "Give me my old ale, and my hunk of bread and cheese."

"Where will you take them, Sir?"

"Here, to be sure! And the sooner the better."

The butler issued the necessary orders with all needful alacrity. He spread the table without a moment unheeded, before his distinguished guest, in a state of blank bewilderment. Here was a solemnized ass, with a public celebrity about the bargain, filling himself with bread and cheese and ale, in at once the most voracious and the most unprofessional manner, in the pantry! The butler ventured on a little complimentary flourish. He mentioned the ham as "particularly good" in his breast-pocket. "I've put six pound on you, Sir, for the Race." "All right, old boy! you shall win the money!" Such were the noble words the honorable gentleman clapped him on the back, and held out to him before for some more ale. The butler felt rebly an Englishman as he filled the foaming glass. Ah! foreign nations may have their revolutions! Foreign aristocracies may tumble down! The British aristocracy lives in the hearts of the people, and pervades the pantry!

"Another!" said Geoffrey, presenting his empty glass. Here's luck to you!" He poured off his liquor at a draught, and nodded to the butler, and went out.

Had the experiment succeeded? Had he proved his own theory about himself to be right? Had a dash of ale, a mouthful of stomach, and a determination of tobacco to the head—these were the true causes of that strange sense of mind which he had felt, a minute in the kitchen-garden. The dumb woman with the stony eyes was vanished as if in a mist. He felt nothing now but a comfortable buzzing in his head, a genial warmth all over him, and an unlimited flow of animal spirits—in short, unexpectedly that cool rest on mortal shoulders. Geoffrey was himself again.

He went onward toward the library, to write his letter to Anne—and so have done with that, to begin with. The company had assembled in the library waiting for the luncheon bell. All were idly talking: and some would be certain, if he showed himself, to fasten on Arnold. He turned back again, without showing himself. The only way of getting at Arnold unobserved would be to wait until they were all at luncheon, and then return to the library. The same opportunity would serve for finishing his letter: he could take the letter, without exciting attention, and for going away afterward, unseen, on a long walk by himself. An absence of two or three hours would cost the necessary dust in Arnold's eyes; and it would be certainly remarked by him as meaning absence at an interview with Anne.

He strolled idly into the grounds, further and further away from the house.

The talk in the library—aimless and empty enough, for the most part—was talk to the purpose, in one corner of the room, in which Sir Patrick and Blanche were sitting together.

"Uncle! I have been watching you for the last minute or two."

"At my age, Blanche, that is paying me a very pretty compliment."

"Do you know what I have seen?"

"You have seen an old gentleman in want of his lunch."

"I have seen an old gentleman with something on his mind. What is it?"

"Suppressed gout, my dear."

"That won't do! I am not to be put off in that way. Uncle! I want to know—"

"Stop there, Blanche! A young lady who says she 'wants to know,' expresses very dangerous sentiments. Her 'wanted to know'—and see what it led to. Faust 'wanted to know'—and got into bad company, as the necessary result.

"You are feeling anxious about something,

persisted Blanche. "And, what is more, Sir Patrick, you behaved in a most unaccountable manner a little while since."

"When?"

"When you went and hid yourself with Mr. Delamayn in that smug corner there. I saw you lead the way in, while I was at work on Lady Lundie's odious dinner-invitation."

"Oh! you call that being at work, do you? I wonder whether there was ever a woman yet who could give the whole of her mind to any earthly thing that she had to do?"

"Never mind the women! What subject in common could you and Mr. Delamayn possibly have to talk about? And why do I see a smile like torment on your face? Have you been out with him?—a wrinkle which certainly wasn't there before you had that private conference together!"

Before answering, Sir Patrick considered whether he should tell Blanche the truth confidence or not. The attempt to identify Geoffrey's unnamed "lady," which he was determined to make, would lead her to Cregy Farm, and would no doubt end in obliging him to address himself to Anne. Blanche's interested knowledge of her friend might unconsciously be made useful to him under these circumstances; and Blanche's discretion was to be trusted in any matter in which Miss Silvester's interests were concerned. On the other hand, caution was inpersistively necessary, in the present perfect state of his information—and caution, in Sir Patrick's creed, carried the day. He resolved to wait and see what came first of his investigation at the inn.

"Mr. Delamayn consulted me on a dry point of law, in which a friend of his was interested," said Sir Patrick. "And you have wasted your curiosity, my dear, on a subject totally unworthy of a lady's notice."

Blanche's penetration was not to be deceived on such easy terms as these. "Why not say at once that you won't tell me?" she rejoined. "You are putting yourself up with Mr. Delamayn to talk law! You looking absent and anxious about it afterward! I am a very inquiring girl," said Blanche, with a little, bitter sigh. "There is something in me that seems to repel the people I love. You'll want in confidence to see me from Anne. And not a word in confidence can I get from you! And I do so love sympathized with you then!

Blanche's face flushed brightly with pleasure and surprise. Anne raised Sir Patrick's hand gratefully to her lips.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that you would do this?"

"I am certainly the last person who ought to do it—seeing that you went to the inn in the hollow against my wishes, and that I only forgave you, on your own promise of amendment, the other day. It is a most irregular proceeding on the part of 'the head of the family' to be turning his back on his own principles, because his niece happens to be anxious about a relative. Still (if you could lend me your little carriage), I *might* take a early drive myself to Furnival, all by myself, and I *might* stumble against Miss Silvester—in case you have any thing to say."

"Any thing to say?" repeated Blanche. She put her arm round her uncle's neck, and whispered in his ear one of the most intermediate messages that ever was sent from one human being to another. Sir Patrick listened, with a growing interest in the inquiry on which he was secretly bent. "The woman must have some noble principles," he thought, "who can inspire such devotion as this."

While Blanche was whispering to her uncle, a second private conference—of the purely domestic sort—was taking place between Lady Lundie and the butler, in the hall outside the drawing-door.

"I am sorry to say, my lady, Hester Dethridge has broken out again."

"What do you mean?"

"She was all right, my lady, when she went into the kitchen-garden, some time since. She's taken strange again, now she has come indoors. Wants the rest of the day to herself, your ladyship. Says she's overworked, with all the company in the house—and, I must say, she looks like a person troubled and worn out in body and mind."

"Don't talk nonsense, Roberts! The woman is obstinate and idle and insolent. She is now in the house, as you know, under a month's notice to leave. If she don't choose to do her duty for that month I shall refuse to give her a character. Who is to cook the dinner, pray? Is I give Hester Dethridge leave to go out?"

"I say, my lady, that I am afraid the kitchenmaid will have to do her best to-day. Hester is very obstinate, when the fit takes her—as your ladyship says."

"If Hester Dethridge leaves the kitchen-maid to cook the dinner, Roberts, Hester Dethridge leaves my service to-day. I want no more words about it. If she persists in setting my orders at defiance, let her bring her account-book into the library, while we are at lunch, and lay it on my desk. I shall be back in the library after luncheon—and if I see the account-book I shall know what it means. In that case, you will receive my directions to settle with her and send her away. Ring the luncheon-bell."

The luncheon-bell rang. The guests all took the direction of the dining-room; Sir Patrick following, from the far end of the library, with Blanche on his arm. Arrived at the dining-room door, Blanche stopped, and asked her uncle to excuse her if she left him to go in by himself.

"I will be back directly," she said. "I have forgotten something up stairs."

Sir Patrick went in. The dining-room door closed; and Blanche returned alone to the library.

Now or never was the time, as she ascended the stair, for three days past, faithfully fulfilled this engagement, and to hold only trivial parley to wait ten minutes after luncheon-time in the library, on the chance of seeing Anne. On this she had determined, the headstrong girl sat down alone in the great room, and waited with her eyes fixed on the clock.

Five minutes passed, and nothing living appeared but the birds hopping about the grass.

In less than two minutes more Blanche's quick ear caught the faint sound of a woman's dress brushing over the lawn. She ran to the window, looked out, locked out, and clapped her hands with a cry of delight. There was the well-known figure, rapidly approaching the house, and hastening to their friendship—Anne had kept her engagement at last!

Blanche hurried out, and drew her into the library in triumph. "This makes amends, love, for your cruelty to me!" she said, as she led the best of all ways—you bring me your own dear self."

She placed Anne in a chair, and, lifting her veil, saw her plainly in the brilliant mid-day light.

The change in the whole woman was nothing less than dreadful to the loving eyes that rested on her. She looked as ill as she could look and age. There was a dull calm in her face, a stagnant, stupefied submission to any thing, pitiable to see in the beauty and spirits of youth and grief, thier days and nights of unresting and unconquerable anxiety, had left their traces on her nature, had frozen that warm heart. The animating spirit was gone—the mere shell of the woman was left—and Blanche knew it in the first sheer self.

"Oh, Anne! Anne! What can have happened to you? Are you frightened? There's not the least fear of any body disturbing us. Speak to me! Look at me! Kiss me! Stay to dinner. We have the room entirely to ourselves. My darling! you look so faint and strange! Let me get you something!"

Anne drew Blanche's head down and kissed her. She looked round her, and spoke without a word, without a tear, without a sigh.

"You're tired—I'm sure you're tired. Have you walked all the way from Cregy Farm on foot? I'll take care of that!"

Anne smiled sadly at those words. She spoke for the first time. The tone was lower than was natural to her: sadder than was natural to her—without the charm of the voice, the sive gentleness and beauty of it, seemed to have survived the wreck of all besides.

"I am going back, Blanche. I have left the inn."

"Left the inn? With your husband?"

She answered the first question—not the second.

"I can't go back," she said. "The inn is no place for me. A cruel seems to follow me, Blanche—a cruel fate. I left my husband last night. I told him my fate, and he told me his way, and he and the landlady had hard words together about it. A quarrel, a shocking, violent quarrel. He has lost his place in consequence. The woman, his mistress, lays all the blame of it on me. I am the cause of the quarrel, and she has been harder than ever since Bishopriggs went away. I have missed a letter at the post-office, and I have lost my way home, and have forgotten it. I only know that I remembered to write it, and could not sleep last night. I told the landlady, and she fastened a quarrel on me almost before the words were out of my mouth. Blanche, my life is ended—my life ending my letter. Said things to me—I can't repeat them. I am not very well, and my head aches, and she has been harder than ever since Bishopriggs went away. I have missed a letter at the post-office, and I have lost my way home, and have forgotten it. I only know that I remembered to write it, and could not sleep last night. I told the landlady, and she fastened a quarrel on me almost before the words were out of my mouth. Blanche, my life is ended—my life ending with

NAPOLEON III. AND THE IRRECONCILABLES.

WE give on this page the portraits of the present Emperor of France and three of the most prominent members of the Opposition, who have earned for themselves the title of "Irreconcilables." The word exactly describes their attitude toward the Imperial Government, and the temper of the party which they represent. Under no circumstances will they be reconciled to any condition of affairs by which one man, and that man a member of the Napoleonic family, is placed in authority over his fellows. Recent events indicate that they have less influence in France than was supposed. In spite of all his offenses against liberty, the Emperor is not unpopular with the masses of the French people. Had they really sympathized with ROCHEFORT, and the party represented by him and other "Irreconcilables," the popular demonstration that took place at the funeral of VICTOR NOIR, in Paris, would hardly have subsided so easily, even in face of the immense concentration of the military which the Emperor was able to effect in the capital. No doubt the reluctance of the French people to rebel against him arises from the belief, amounting almost to certainty, that his dynasty will go to the grave with him. Very few Frenchmen believe that there will be a NAPOLEON IV.; and to the knowledge that such a belief exists, and the fear that it may prove to be well-founded, the recent concessions to popular demands are probably due.

NAPOLEON III.

The admirers of NAPOLEON III. affect to regard him as infallible; his detractors, on the other hand, deny him any share of political wisdom or foresight. Neither party is entirely right. That he has succeeded in maintaining his position for twenty years, marks him as a man of no ordinary ability; and when we consider that his reign commenced with powerful parties arrayed against him in France, with all the crowned heads of Europe bitterly hostile to his pretensions, and that, in the face of this domestic and foreign opposition, he has kept his own people tranquil, and compelled other monarchs to fear and court him, we must admit that few rulers have ever displayed greater capacity for governing, however strongly we may condemn the means by which he achieved power and continues to maintain it.

Of the "Irreconcilables" whose portraits we give this week, M. RASPAIL is the best known in this country. He was born in 1794, the third son of a poor man, and was brought up by an ecclesiastic. All his life long he has been an ardent republican, and has frequently suffered political prosecution, fine, and imprisonment, under the various governments of France, for his opinions. He took a prominent part in the revolution of 1848, and was one of the first to take possession of the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris, on the 24th of February; and even before the arrival of the members of the Provisional Government he proclaimed the Republic. Then, refusing the public offices tendered him, he founded, February 27, a daily journal, *L'Ami du Peuple*, with this heading: "God and father-land; full and complete liberty of thought; unlimited religious tolerance; universal suffrage." Last year he was elected to the Corps Législatif from the city of Lyons, and took his seat with ROCHEFORT as a member of the extreme Left. A false report of his death was invented at the time of the killing of VICTOR NOIR by PRINCE BONAPARTE, and added to the excitement of the hour.—JULES SIMON is a thoughtful, serious writer, as well as an ardent politician. He has recently published a book in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, based on certain incidents of French history. In 1830 serious disturbances took place in Brittany, and many murders were committed by the insurgents. M. BROSSAYS, a village mayor, was seized by them and shot; three brothers named NAUL were present at the murder, but without taking any part in it, for the simple reason that, being opposed to the act, they were massacred by their comrades. But they knew who the murderers were, and, as they refused to reveal the names, they were themselves looked upon as alone guilty. The Assize Court of Vannes sentenced them to death. An appeal suspended execution, and the judgment was quashed. They were again tried before the Royal Court of Caen. During the course of the trial the wife of one of these men, an intelligent and courageous woman, undertook, at her own labor and cost, to collect evidence which left no doubt as to the facts. The NAULS, having had a narrow escape from leaving their heads on the scaffold, were declared quite innocent, and as such acquitted. M. SIMON relates this story in detail, and bases upon it an ingenious, but to my forcible, argument in favor of the abolition of an irrevocable punishment; but he appears to have forgotten the witty reply of ALPHONSE KARR, when some one asked for the abolition of the death penalty: "Be it so," said he: "but let Messieurs the meurtriers begin."—M. GAMBETTA, the third in our list of "Irreconcilables," is a young advocate of great ability, a member of the Corps Législatif, and an earnest republican. Though energetic and stanch in support of republican principles, he has sometimes incurred popular displeasure by refusing to follow the lead of men who seem to have taken leave of common-sense in dealing with political questions, and who insist that the only way to set society right is to turn every thing upside down, and begin over again with themselves at the top; for, though properly classed with the "Irreconcilables," he is no believer in this sort of reconstruction. In the approaching trial of PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, M. GAMBETTA will appear for the family of VICTOR NOIR.

M. GAMBETTA.

JULES SIMON.

FRANCIS VICTOR RASPAIL

THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR.

Our illustrations on this page represent two remarkable scenes at the funeral of VICTOR NOIR, at Neuilly, in the suburbs of Paris. M. NOIR was one of the editors of the *Marseillaise*, the organ of HENRI ROCHEFORT. On Monday, January 10, in company with another of the editors of the same journal, he visited the Prince PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE for the purpose of presenting a challenge from M. PASCHAL GROUSSET, a gentleman associated with them upon the *Marseillaise*. At the interview an altercation occurred, and M. NOIR was shot and instantly killed by the Prince.

The affair created the greatest excitement at Paris, and the funeral, which took place on Wednesday, January 12, was made the occasion of the greatest manifestation against the Emperor that has been seen since he occupied the throne of France. The funeral was conducted by the brother of the murdered man, assisted by M. HENRI ROCHEFORT. More than two hundred thousand people were present, and the whole quarter was densely thronged. The "Marseillaise" and other seditious songs were sung, and the people shouted themselves hoarse with "Vive la République!" "Vive ROCHEFORT!"

The first of these scenes represents ROCHEFORT addressing the multitude from the window of the house in which the dead man was lying. He advised moderation, and his words had some effect in calming the tumult of the crowd. The second represents the scene in the Avenue de Neuilly, when the people, in their determination to take the body through Paris to the cemetery of Père la Chaise—a movement that would have been attended with the most sanguinary results—took the horses from the hearse and turned it in the direction of the city. At this juncture M. ROCHEFORT, mounting upon the rear of the hearse, entreated the people to respect the wishes of the family and friends of the deceased, and allow him to be buried at Neuilly. Another gentleman mounted the seat of the driver, and added his entreaties to those of M. ROCHEFORT, the result of which was that the hearse was again turned and taken to the cemetery at Neuilly, where M. NOIR was buried.

The multitude, leaving the cemetery, entered Paris, and were, as at Neuilly, very demonstrative in their hatred to the government.

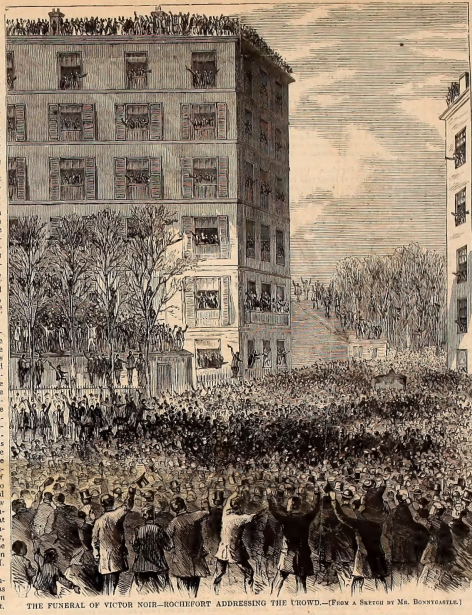

THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—ROCHEFORT ADDRESSING THE CROWD.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BONNYCASTLE.]

THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR—THE ADDRESS FROM THE HEARSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BONNYCASTLE.]

No organization was made, however; and as the mob came down the Champs Elysées it was quickly dispersed by the military without any bloodshed. The city was held by the troops during the night, no further manifestation of any importance was made, and so the affair has ended for the present.

HORACE, THE LATIN POET,

HORACE has left many descriptions of his rustic retreat at Tibur, both in his epistles and his odes. His wishes were moderate, and his mode of life simple. A good library, food to serve a year—these comprised the whole of his desires, and seemed to him all mankind should pray for. His custom was to visit Rome in the spring, to spend the summer in the country, and to pass the winter at Tarentum. In his retirement he obtained from literary work, and gave himself up to enjoyment. In his latter days he devoted himself entirely to rural pleasures.

In his youth Horace was a professed Epicurean; but "the years that bring the philosophic mind" induced him to turn Stoic. His conversion he has described in one of his odes, in which he mentions that on a certain day it lightened and thundered in a pure sky—an occurrence which he regarded as miraculous, and accepted as an argument for an overruling Providence.

As to his personal appearance, Horace was short of stature and corpulent, being compared by Augustus to a little thick volume which he had sent him, accompanied by a letter. At forty he was gray-haired, and subject to sore eyes, which induced him to abstain from too much exercise, though he loved company and a cheerful glass. But he wished his guests to use their own discretion, and be entirely free in their use of the latter. His disposition was amorous, but he mastered his passions, and lived tranquilly in his old age. He and Mæcenas died in the same year and month; Horace being then in his fifty-seventh year. He is regarded as a master in the lyric school of poetic art, and in his odes has risen to the sublime as well as the beautiful, aiming always at dignity of thought and majesty of expression. His style has many felicities which are peculiar, and by which he contrives to elevate the humblest themes. Delicacy, brevity, and simplicity are its general characteristics. Of satire Horace may almost be considered the founder.

VERONICA

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER III.

A CLOSE RUN.

On the following day Hugh Lockwood had two surprises. The first was of a very disagreeable nature. The second, though it at first appeared to him to be a very simple matter, was of great importance in its results.

When he reached the office of Digby and West, at Westminster, he found a letter there addressed to himself. The sight of the Dancecster postmark made his pulse beat a thought quicker as he opened it.

It was from Herbert Snowe, and to the following effect:

Mr. Snowe, senior, regretted that he should not be able in person to advance the sum of money Mr. Lockwood had desired to borrow of the bank. The present time was a period of anxiety and uncertainty in the money market. Mr. Snowe did not feel himself justified in entering into any transaction of the kind contemplated, without better security than could be offered by Mr. Lockwood's friends. Mr. Snowe had very confidence in Mr. Lockwood's ability to find the money elsewhere. Meanwhile he begged to assure him of his kind esteem.

Hugh crushed the letter in his hand, and went straight to his desk, where he began to write at a fierce rate. After a few minutes he put down his pen, and took up the letter again and read it through with compressed lips; the only result of letting over the upper, in a way that gave him a strong resemblance to his mother.

There was a few words at the end of the letter expressive of Herbert Snowe's personal regret that the matter had not been arranged.

"I think, Lockwood, that, if you can wait a while, we may yet be able to do the loan for you," wrote young Snowe. "My father is a cautious man, and I believe the fact to be as he asserts, that the present moment is not one in which prudent men are afford to run any money risks."

"Risks!" exclaimed Hugh, contemptuously. "Risks, to a house like Snowe's! I believe the old man could put his hand in his pocket and pull out the first ten sum I want, and never miss it!"

Then he thought that it was of no use to scold or talk, and resolved to bear his disappointment manfully. But it was a disappointment, and he worked on with an increasing sense of depression.

It often happens that the first shock of misfortune is far from being the hardest part of it. We take up our burden with untried muscles, and find it lighter than our fears had anticipated. But with every hour of our journey our strength grows more and more oppressive.

Before the time came for him to leave his office, a note was brought to him by a messenger. And this was the second surprise. The note was as follows:

"Reform Square, *Wednesday.*

"My dear Hugh,—I have got back from foreign parts, where I have been very busy of late. The result is that I am in a position to offer you an advantageous engagement. I should be glad to see you, either this afternoon or to-morrow, at my office here, as I have something advantageous to communicate to you. I shall be ready for you at any time between five and six. Yours ever,

"S. Frost."

"Something advantageous! It will be very welcome just now," thought Hugh. But he did not allow himself to be too sanguine. He remembered that Mr. Frost's ideas of his advantage were a little at variance with his own. He sent a note back by the messenger, to say that he would be with Mr. Frost a few minutes after five. And as soon as he left office he made his way for Bedford Square.

Mr. Frost received him in his private room with all his accustomed kindness of manner, and bade him be seated in the purple leather chair opposite his own.

"Well, Hugh, and how goes on business? Or can we still call Digby and West, I suppose?"

"Yes, for the present."

"When I went away, you had some idea of leaving them and setting up for yourself."

"I have the idea still, Sir. But it is a mighty difficult idea to carry out."

"Naturally! And I hope you will do nothing rashly. You know the homely proverb about not throwing away the dirty water before you have got the clean."

"I should call Digby and West dirty water. They have behaved very handsomely to me. But as to your proverb, it's a maxim we always consent to stay as long as it would be an impossibility for the world in general."

"I have not been unmindful of you while I have been away, Hugh. I have had your interests in view, and I come back empowered to make you an offer."

"Thank you, with all my heart, for kindly thinking of me."

"Oh, that is nothing. I consider myself bound; I am your father's old friend, you know. There is nothing to thank me for. But I hope you will consider my news good news."

"Whatever I think, I shall not be the less obliged to you for your good-will."

Mr. Frost perceived that Hugh was not going to bind himself blindfold to accept whatever should be offered him: he saw that there was a quiet preparation on the young man's part for making resistance, if resistance should be necessary.

"Well, I am commissioned by the Directors of the Parthenope Embellishment Company to offer you an engagement as assistant architect and surveyor to the works they are employed on at Naples. And if you will cast your eyes over this letter of the secretary to me, and over these papers, I think you will allow that the offer is not a bad one."

Mr. Frost pushed the letter and papers across the table as he spoke.

Hugh read them attentively; and then, raising his eyes to Mr. Frost's face, said: "The offer is a most liberal—and may ay an extraordinarily liberal—one, indeed."

"The fact is that nearly all the power would be in your hands. You have a big name on their prospectus to catch the public, of course. But the actual work will be managed by you. In London; and I dare say would practically trouble himself very little about the works."

"But the assistant architect would have to reside at Naples?"

"It is a charming place. One does not get many opportunities of being paid to go and live in such a lovely spot. Upon my word, I should think a year or two spent on Naples the most tempting part of the business!"

"Not to me, Mr. Frost."

"Well, to be sure, the other advantages *are* substantially greater."

"They are very great, no doubt. But the fact is, I can not avail myself of them."

"My dear Hugh! You don't mean to say that you will throw away such a chance in anger with you; and I won't take you at your word. What possible reason can there be against the scheme?"

"I hate to seem so ungrateful, Mr. Frost, I assure you. I am."

"And you really mean to throw up this prospect without more reflection?"

"I do not believe that further reflection would alter my intentions. And besides, you know, it would not be honest. I should hesitate to begin, since it is so desirable a thing, there will doubtless be plenty of candidates for it."

"I dare say. But the point will not go a-begging," answered Mr. Frost, stiffly.

"Look here, Hugh. I don't know that I am not ungrateful for your kind interest in me. But I am not a child, and I must be allowed to judge for myself in this matter."

"Oh, certainly!"

"Now you are angry with me; and yet, on my honor, I would do almost any thing rather than that you should be. You remember that we talked of your engagement to Miss Lovegrove, and you then that I was resolved to endeavor to make a little connection between you and her. I am not in the same mind. I believe I am rather a constant fellow by nature—well, obstinate, if you like it. I set a value on your love. But I do not be in any one's employ, I will remain with Digby and West. That is all I have to say. And if they are safe as the Bank. This Parthenope Company offers very magnificently; but it may end in a fiasco. I am not sanguine. I have suspicions sometimes collapse unexpectedly. These are reasons that I can explain, you see. There are others that I am not at liberty to speak of, and that I must ask you to take my word for."

Hugh, if I guess one of those reasons aright, will you tell me?"

"Why, I don't know what to say about that!"

"That means that you won't! But I can tell you that, last year before I left England, I had conversations with your father. And I know, even then, that you were very likely to lose your heart to a fair young lady."

"Did you, Sir?" said Hugh. He was nearly a good deal surprised that his mother should have spoken unreservedly to Mr. Frost on a subject which she had never broached to himself at that time.

"Yes; and I will say candidly that I then thought that prospect a bad one."

"Why, Mr. Frost, you seem to be a fair young lady? After all, it was rather natural!"

"I thought at the time that the loss of your heart to the special fair lady I had in view would lead to trouble. But it may be that I was wrong. I go back for a moment to the business I sent for you upon; am I to understand that your decline answer to the proposition is 'yes'?"

"*No, thank you!*' at the very least," said Hugh, smiling. Then he added, seriously: "If I was really pressed I should take a day or two to consider of the matter—"

"I am pressed, and should it advisable."

"Then I will do it. I don't wish to seem pig-headed. I will talk over the matter at home, and let you know to-morrow, about noon. But I must add that you must not expect me to give a different answer from the one I have given already."

"In two days' time. Good. The Parthenope Embellishment can wait that time. Now tell me how is all at home—your mother?"

"My mother is very well, I fear. She does not complain, but I believe she has been harassed and tried too much. She frets more than she ought to fret, about troubles. But yet she is wonderfully placid in her manner at most times. Last night, however, she was ruffled and unlike herself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You know we have had trouble in the house, in the death of poor Lady Tallis?"

"I heard of her death. It was on the fourth of March, was it not?"

"Let me see. I think so. Yes."

"Had she been ill long?"

"Ill, yes; but not long in apparent danger."

"And she died on the evening of the fourth of March."

"Morning. On the *morning* of the fourth."

"Oh, morning was it? Ay, ay. I suppose that mere work in her to the last?"

"By an odd chance, I believe I was the last person who saw Lady Tallis alive."

"Really! And was there any hint of her death took place very early—before you went to Westminster?"

"I did not go to Westminster to my office that day. I could not leave my mother and Ethel—Miss Dorrington, you know. I had special work on hand, and had taken a few days' leave of absence."

"I see. I see. Poor Lady Tallis! On Tuesday morning the fourth of March. At about ten or eleven o'clock, I suppose. You said it was in the forenoon, I think?"

Hugh could not but be struck by the coincidence of Mr. Frost's inquiry on the precise hour of Lady Tallis's death, in the same way in which her mother had inquired on them last night.

"Why, Mr. Frost," he said, abruptly, "is it a matter of any importance at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Mr. Frost was in nowise disconcerted by the question. He occupied with a complex frown on his knotted forehead, and a shrewd smile on his closed lips. "It may prove to be so, indeed, Hugh. It is impossible to say what small linkage an important matter may sometimes turn."

Hugh could resist an uneasy feeling, like the first cold touch of suspicion, as he recalled his mother's manner of the previous evening. "And was there—what could there be—to suspect? He did not know. But the cold touch was there, at his heart.

"Well, Sir," he answered, "if it *be* of importance, I believe I can set the matter at rest. She died—"

"Stop, Hugh! Wait a minute. Things of this kind are easily said, but not easily unsaid."

"Mr. Frost, I do not understand you."

"I mean that in a case where accuracy is of vital importance, a person not previously warned of this importance may speak thoughtlessly an inaccurate word to which he will stand committed, and which may produce a great deal of mischief."

"But I—"

"So," proceeded Mr. Frost, speaking through Hugh's words, "so I will, if you will allow me, explain to you the importance to others, that it is that you should weigh your words carefully."

Point by point, Mr. Frost went over the story he had told to Mrs. Lockwood. Hugh fixed his eyes on him while he spoke, with a settled, and disguised expression of wonder. Mr. Frost did not look at him often, though from time to time he met his eye steadily and keenly. He had taken a sheet of ruled paper that lay on the table before him, and, as he spoke, occupied his fingers in folding it over and over, with accurate care to make the creases correspond with the blue ruled lines.

When Mr. Frost had made an end of his story, he leaned back in his chair, and began twisting his folded paper into a spiral form.

"Now," said he, "are you quite sure you know at what hour Lady Tallis died?"

Hugh nodded his head gravely and slowly before he answered. "She died in time to make that morning a good marriage, if her death ever all that was necessary to do so."

The twisted paper in Mr. Frost's hands was suddenly rent in half throughout its folded thickness.

"Indeed? You speak very confidently, but your answer is not categorical. And the evidence may be conflicting. Your mother thought differently on this point."

"My mother! If my mother thought differently, she was mistaken. And by insisting on questions it may be possible to elicit an answer of the kind you require, and perfectly fully aware."

"Leading questions! You speak as though *I* had some advantage to gain by disproving this marriage! What interest can I have in the supposse it matters to me? I don't quite comprehend you, Hugh."

"And to say truth, Mr. Frost, I do not at all comprehend you."

"I have no brief for mystery, I assure you. Nor for Quixotism. It is, perhaps, not difficult to throw away other people's fortunes with a high-and-mighty flourish. I am a plain, cynical kind of man; and I should think twice before I did so."

No twinge of conscience prevented Mr. Frost's handsome face from being scornful, or weakened the determination of his mind as he said those words.

Hugh was pained and uneasy. His mother, then, had seen Mr. Frost! And she had been guilty of something like deception in suppressing the fact! This, to Hugh, was an absolute and tolerable thought. Yet he would not ask any questions, on this point, of Mr. Frost. After a pause he said: "I honestly do not know what you mean, or what you would have me do. At least you will tell me that."

"Oh, of course," answered Mr. Frost, drily. "I can trust to all means: so soon as you are quite sure what is the truth. The other party intend to litigate."

"To litigate?"

"They intend to litigate, I *believe* (underscored I am not acting for the so-distant Lady Gale. Lovegrove is Miss Desmond's trustee and guardian, and there would be a certain indelicacy in one of the firm appearing on the other side); they intend to litigate, *unless* they find beforehand by testimony as to the period of Lady T.'s death that they haven't a leg to stand on."

Hugh passed his hand over his forehead. Mr. Frost watched him keenly.

"There are circumstances in this case," said Mr. Frost, "which would render the publicity of litigation peculiarly painful. Miss Desmond's position would be distressing."

Hugh continued to rub his forehead with the air of one trying to revive a painful problem.

Mr. Frost got up and stood in his favorite posture with his back to the fire-place. He exerted his gaze from Hugh, and played with his watch-chain. "My own impression is," he said, "that Lady T. died at a more convenient time for her niece's fortunes than you seem to think, Mr. Lockwood, when I saw her yesterday—Perhaps she did not mention having seen me? Ah! Well, it was quite a confidential interview. Miss Lockwood was impressed that the time she thing rested on *her* testimony, and that of the servant, it would come right for Miss Desmond."

Hugh got up from his chair and stood opposite to Mr. Frost, looking at him with a very stern face. And the stern was intended to stand as he answered: "But the thing will rest on *my* testimony. And I have already told you to what effect my testimony will be." And he walked out of the office without another word.

Mr. Frost stood without moving for some time after Hugh was gone. Then he clasped his hands over his head several times, as he, thought he, "that the marriage on shipboard was begun earlier than I fancied. People are so long about time. We must make more inquiries. But, by Jove, it will be a wonderfully close run!"

CHAPTER IV.

GOSSIP.

"I DON'T believe a word of it!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"My dear!" remonstrated her husband.

"I do not," repeated Mrs. Lovegrove, distinctly. Then she added, "Now I put it to you, my dearest, what this thing could be based on?"

"It *may not* stand to reason, and yet it may be true, nevertheless. The mean is in the case, things very often do not stand to reason; but they happen all the same," observed Augustus Lovegrove, judicially.

There had been for some time past a tone of bitterness and misanthropy discernible in this young gentleman's language and manners. He also frequented matins with inflexible punctuality, and always "did lookin" at home" on Wednesdays and Fridays. This severe self-discipline and devotion was attributed by his mother and sisters to a disappointed attachment to Miss Desmond. But no word was ever spoken on the subject in the family when Augustus was present.

"Why, you," said Mr. Lovegrove, grandly, "As regards men or women either, many things happen which one can't exactly *say* stand to reason."

"I have been told," said Mrs. Lovegrove, making her upper lip very long, "that my intellect is too logical to be a woman's. It is that, I can not help it. But, I repeat, I can *not* believe that that man"—Mrs. Lovegrove underlined—"committed such a horrible act of injustice at the very brink of the grave."

"I don't see any thing surprising in it. The man had been committing horrible acts of injustice all his life; and there was no reason to expect him to change and alranged man at the last moment. Besides, it is not a question of what any body should do, but of what seems likely or unlikely. The marriage either can be proved or it can not," said Mr. Lovegrove, folding back his *Times* newspaper so as to read it more conveniently, and giving it a sharp tap with the back of his hand.

"I would not for the world that the girls heard this repulsive story mentioned," said Mrs. Lovegrove.

"I don't see how you're to keep it from them," replied her husband. "They happen to be spending the day out to-day; but that is only once in a way. They will be at home to-morrow, and you can't prevent people gossiping."

And, indeed, it was not long before the Miss Lovegroves were informed of the decease of Lady Tallis (such a gossip!) and had heard of the person who claimed to be his widow; and of the large fortune which was in question; and of a great many details respecting the innermost thoughts and feelings of the parties concerned.

The Lovegrove servants knew the story. So did the Frosts'. So did the little maid-of-all-work at Mrs. Lockwood's; and entitled the relishing gossip to the green-grocer's wife, and to the baker, and to the milkman; and like a rolling snow-ball, the tale grew in the telling.

Mrs. Lovegrove, after her declaration of unbelief, sat down and waited on the extraordinary caprice of fortune which was said to have occurred.

She did not believe it. No; she did not believe it! But she should like to hear a few more particulars. It was really a long time since she had called on Mrs. Frost. Her daughter, Miss Sarah Lovegrove, should be the one to bring discussion between partners! Poor Mrs. Frost's weak vanity was objectionable. But not for that would she abstain from paying her due civility, or long or much civility was not incompatible with principle. Sarah Lovegrove had ever been considered to possess a masculine intelligence, superior to the petty foibles of her sex.

The upshot of Mrs. Lovegrove's meditations was, that she sent for the fly which was hired out from an adjacent livery-stable, and was driven in state to Mr. Frost's residence.

It was a good opportunity. Her daughters were absent; and she would run no risk of contaminating their ears with the details of a kind

of story with which, alas! elder persons were *obliged* to be acquainted in their journeys through the world!

Mrs. Lovegrove always arrayed herself with especial care for a visit to Mrs. Frost. Her toilet on this occasion was a matter of more hesitation and more debate than she would willingly have acknowledged even to herself. At one moment she would resolve to adhere to the strict principles that usually regulated her attire, and that resulted in the general sad-colored effect of it; at another, she would be tempted to relieve the leaden dullness by a bright bow of ribbon or a flower. She was divided between a desire to vindicate the strength of her intellect by showing herself to be above the frivolities of fashion, and a secret fear of Mrs. Frost's satirical glances, and, possibly, speeches.

Mrs. Lovegrove never confessed to herself that she was afraid of Mrs. Frost, and would have hotter had no suspicion of the fact, but spoke to Mr. Frost of her husband's wife as a dear old friend, wooden-headed woman." Nevertheless, Mrs. Lovegrove was by no means self-sufficient enough to be indifferent to the opinion of Mrs. Frost. And she concealed more feminine gentleness and timidity under her hard exterior than had ever entered into the composition of the beautiful Georgina; which is not, however, saying much.

It was about half past four o'clock in the afternoon when Mrs. Lovegrove's fly drew up at the door of Mr. Frost's house. Mrs. Lovegrove was ushered into a small, shady drawing-room, where she found the house-keeping wife in the best dress appearance struck Mrs. Lovegrove with amazement, mingled with disapproval. The visitor wore a brilliant costume made in the most elegant mode; and on the top of a heap of false hair, whose excessive quantity showed a sovereign contempt for probability, was perched a small white hat adorned with peacock's feathers. As the face beneath the hat must have been at least sixty summers, the contrast between it and its head-gear was startling.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Frost, in a tone that said plainly, Who would have thought of seeing you?" "How do you do, Mrs. Lovegrove?"

Mrs. Lovegrove suddenly became conscious, as she sat down, of the disagreeable fact that her gloves were of a strange yellow color, which stood out objectionably against the leaden hue of her gown. She had been conscious of this fact ting on these gloves, but had at last decided on wearing them, as being the only spot of brightness about her attire. And now, under the eye of Mrs. Frost's fine eyes lately inspecting them, she became painfully aware that they were obtrusive, that they attracted the eye to every movement of her hands, and that she could not so much as raise her handkerchief to her face without demonstratively exhibiting two yellow glaring patches.

But Mrs. Lovegrove was not one of those whose emotions are quickly translated into the expression of their faces; she usually kept opposite to the mistress of the house with a stern countenance.

"You have got Mr. Frost back again," she said, after the first greetings were over. "How is he?"

"Well, really," rejoined Mrs. Frost, "you ought to know better than I do! You people at Bedford Square have more of his company than I have."

"But he is at home generally in the evenings," my dear, is he not?" asked she of the peacock's feathers.

"Sometimes. But in the evening I am often out."

"Out?"

"Yes. I am never sure whether he will be at home or not, and so I do not put off my engagements."

"Well, I wouldn't stir if I were in your place. I would give up fifty engagements for the chance of having a long evening with Mr. Frost."

"I am sure Mr. Frost would be immensely obliged to you, Betsy! I'll tell him," said Georgina, with a disagreeable smile.

All this time Mrs. Lovegrove was sitting silent, with her yellow gloves exposed to view. She felt very uncomfortable. She had thought to find Mrs. Frost alone, and to have drawn from her some vivid account of the interest that had so excited her curiosity. But Mrs. Lovegrove was extraordinarily indiscreet, and could not have thought of touching on the topic before a stranger, although she would have thought it fair to find out, if she could, all that Mrs. Frost knew about it. And now here was this simpering old woman, in whose presence she could not say a word, and whom Miss Mac Lavegrove was inclined to consider a disgrace to a Christian country. And, besides, how could she ask her her guest seemed to take any notice of her!

The simpering old woman, however, very unexpectedly turned round just as Mrs. Lovegrove was thinking these thoughts, and said, in a brisk, good-natured manner: "Now I must ask you to present me to Mrs. Lovegrove, Georgina."

Mrs. Frost somewhat ungraciously complied.

"Miss Boyce—Mrs. Lovegrove."

"I am an old friend of Mrs. Frost's," said Miss Boyce, "and I don't approve of the fashion of not introducing people."

"Every body is supposed to know every body else," said Mrs. Frost.

Mrs. Lovegrove quite understood that she, who lived in Bedford Square, was not included in the "every body." But she merely bowed rather grimly, and said nothing.

"Oh, but that's a very nonsensical supposition, my dear," returned Betsy Boyce, waving her hand up and down contemptuously. "That rule can only apply to a very limited and exclusive circle indeed; and not to your 'every body,' nor my 'every body' either!"

Mrs. Lovegrove felt quite grateful to this old little person; and began to think that her gay petticoat was not quite so short as she had at first supposed.

"Well, and isn't this a queer business about your Sir Talbis?" proceeded Miss Boyce, without the least circumlocution.

Mrs. Lovegrove, being uncertain how much the other woman knew, shook her head mysteriously, and said, "But is it all true that we hear?"

"All true! I should suppose not. Very few things that are true are *all* true. But I believe there is no doubt that the man is dead—died rather suddenly I was told—and that he has left a tangle of troubles behind him. Served him right, too!"

"What has he left?" asked Mrs. Frost. She had been leaning back in her chair calculating how many yards of some fine old point lace that she had on would be required to border her velvet gown, and wondering whether Mr. Frost's business in London would be well enough to make him generous with his money.

"My goodness, Georgina! I say he has left misery and worry and vexation, and perhaps worse, behind him."

"How do you mean?"

"How do I mean! Why only think what a dreadful position that poor dear girl, the nicest, sweetest creature, Maud Desmond, will be placed in! They say that that young woman, the victim's daughter—I'm sorry to say I have a very bad opinion of her—has come to England to assert I saw her handsome face—claims to be Sir John's rightful wife, and Maud Desmond has brought up with her as a sister. The vicar is her guardian. Poor Lady Talbis was her aunt. I never heard of such a horrid complication."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Frost, "if Miss Desmond cares about money, she won't object to part with Sir John Gale, I suppose she will find it more satisfactory that her friend should have the only money than not."

"But, my goodness, Georgina, you don't appear to understand the case," said Miss Boyce, impatiently.

"No, I dare say I do not," replied Mrs. Frost, with a chirp which said plainly, "and I don't care to understand it."

Miss Boyce chattered volubly, pouring out statements, questions, and answers in a manner that set on fact, and some as sirily unreal as the business itself. Mrs. Frost, as she went along, something of a will left by Sir John Gale; but that part of her information was very vague and confused. She knew that it was said that Miss Desmond would inherit a million of money; others declared that the vicar's daughter would have it all; that the vicar's wife had had a hand in upsetting the will of his wealth to a newly-discovered relative, Mr. Gale Gale.

"But how in the world did you hear all this?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, during a breathless pause in Miss Boyce's talk.

Miss Boyce was rather flattered by the question.

"Oh, my dear soul," she answered, smiling shrewdly, "although I do not know quite 'every body,' I have a considerable number of acquaintance nevertheless. And as to hearing, I never wonder at people hearing of things; I'm only puzzled when they don't hear of them. The world is very small, after all. And I declare to you that I don't remember when I first heard of it; I have no episode in my life to hide, either for my own sake or any one else's; for I protest on my honor that I am not the horrid young lady mixed in the sand is a trifle to the sort of thing I observe in the world, where, positively, people will be a bit of a gauze veil over their noses, and favor that nobody can see through it."

Mrs. Lovegrove was so delighted at Miss Boyce's having declined the proffered favor that she grimly nodded her head.

But be met her first words with a grave admonition as to the sacredness of keeping the secret of Sir John Talis Gale's affairs.

"Frost brings a queer account of the state of the case. There is, indeed, a will. But if the second marriage be proved valid, the will is, of course, worth nothing," said Mr. Lovegrove.

"My dear Augustus, let me understand! Who inherits the property under the will?"

"That is not the point with respect to inherit us: Miss Desmond!"

"Mr. Lovegrove's maternal thoughts flew back to her son. *If* Maud should prove to be an heiress, and *if* she could be induced to like Augustus—

She said a word or two on the subject to her husband. But Mr. Lovegrove's feeling in the matter was not quite in harmony with her own.

"Augustus is a capital fellow," said the father; "but I don't believe he has a chance in that quarter."

"Why not? He would be a husband any young woman ought to be proud and thankful to win!"

"I suppose most mothers say the same of their sons, Sarah. But put the case that our Dora were to come into a great fortune, would you think such a young man as Augustus a fitting match for her?"

"That's quite different—"

"Ahs! It is, is it?"

"Be so good as not to interrupt me, Mr. Lovegrove. I am not a mere—a—fool. I don't know where to find such another young man as Augustus. I'm sure *any* girl might go down on her knees and thank Heaven for such a husband as Augustus."

"Did you go down on your knees and thank Heaven, when I proposed to you, Sally? I don't much believe in the girls doing that sort of thing."

And then Mr. Lovegrove retired behind his newspaper, and sat and scowled on the subject between the husband and wife.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE query is, shall we have January in May, since we enjoyed warm weather in the early days of January? The "oldest inhabitant" seldom has experienced any thing like it. And our charming days have been delightful for walks and rides—only, all the while, one's main predilection has been sounding in one ears of fearful blocking snow-storms in February, of tornadoes in March, and frost-nipped buds in April and May. And when July comes, shall we have any ice to use in those many luxurious ways which have become almost a necessary part of our summer existence in the city?

There have been many versions of the story of George Peabody and his gifts. The facts are said to be that, about thirty years ago, a young lady of Providence, Rhode Island, went to spend a season in Europe; but not before she had given her affections to a young man living in Philadelphia. The young man, however, was without fortune, and was in no situation to marry; and, unwilling that the lady should vainly wait for the long years of waiting, he released her from her engagement. In Europe she met George Peabody, then a middle-aged gentleman, a young man, but one who was already making his mark. He was received with her grace and loveliness, and, though her heart still belonged to her lover across the Atlantic, after a time she became his affianced bride. When she returned to this country, she met her first love, all her former affection came back, and, indeed, it was not strange that she was willing to share a moderate income with him. All was told to Peabody, and he, with that manliness that characterized his every action, gave her up, and at the time she was married. The marriage proved a happy one; and she lady is now a widow, living in Massachusetts.

England printed last year five hundred novels and two hundred other books; other new or new editions of old works; and enough other new books to bring the number up to 4500.

Many educational reports have been circulated respecting the prevalence of small-pox in the city at this time. It is undoubtedly true that the disease has existed to some extent, but none of the most wicked and deadly populated sections of the city. This has been owing, no doubt, to the care which has been exercised, and has been guarded against by our Board of Health with all possible care. The disease is not spreading, and is now rapidly diminishing, in consequence of the vigorous measures taken. A large number of the cases which have been reported were by vaccination, and, of course, any contagion arising therefrom from these cases is not to be feared. The officers of the Board of Health have made most ample arrangements for all to avail themselves of this simple preventive, using the most scrupulous care that the vaccine virus should be fresh and pure.

Many persons have a superstitious fear of vaccination. In regard to this point statistics show that no death has ever occurred from vaccination among the fifty thousand persons who have been vaccinated with, in the past year, under the superintendence of the Metropolitan Board of Health. Those public schools in the city in which the rule of vaccination has been thoroughly observed are free from the disease. Before vaccination was introduced into New York about two hundred children died annually in this city from small-pox; but since that time—more than half a century ago—only a single child in one household has perished from that disease. So that facts show that death from small-pox has taken place with the universality of vaccination among the people.

During the recent severe illness of Victor Emmanuel, the Pope rescinded the excommunication which had been pronounced against him, so that in case of death the soul of the excommunicated monarch might not be flung by evil spirits into the fires of hell. Yesterday's surprise the King of Italy rapidly recovered. The Pope did not reclaim upon this; and now the question is, shall the excommunicant be re-communicated by Pope and Council?

M. Olivier, the new Prime Minister of France, is very simple in his habits. He receives his friends only at breakfast. He dines at seven o'clock, goes to bed early, and rises at six or seven o'clock. He has only water, never smokes, seldom goes to the theatre, and then only to hear the music. So says the *Court Journal*.

Madame Ristori has met with brilliant success in Brazil, and the Emperor has been one of her most enthusiastic and appreciative admirers.

The emancipation of the Russian serfs will be complete during February, and they will be allowed to settle where they please. It is probable that many of those who now inhabit the northern districts will make use of their liberty to emigrate to the south, where the land is exceedingly fertile, and the soil will be more remunerative. This, however, will be hard for those who remain, as the taxes must then be levied not on the individual, but on the commune; and if one emigrates the only thing like an estimate which the judges expect it will be, it must reduce the communes in the north to utter ruin, besides causing heavy losses to the government.

How convenient it might be in times when food is scarce and high if human beings possessed the power of a sluggish and torpid creature when long fasts are—and looks like a cucumber of variable dimensions! When this animal is subjected to a forced fast a singular phenomenon is observed. It gradually detaches various parts of its own body, which it supplies successively as food to the remainder. Its gills, its beard, and then the separation of the condemned part takes place quite suddenly. Apparently the animal, feeling that it has not sufficient nourishment to supply all parts of its organization, rejects those parts which it would be most difficult to support.

A party of young men in Springfield, Ohio, spent a part of New-Year's Day in firing salutes from their revolvers. One of the number afterward complained of not feeling well. No special trouble was experienced through the day, but at night on examination a bullet hole was found in the rim of his hat, and upon further search it appeared that the bullet which had pierced his hat had also entered his head, although he declared he was not aware of it, and suffered no inconvenience from it. The ball was then not at his head, because at this time; but the next evening he went home, and upon undressing for bed the wound broke out and was commenced. Two physicians examined the wound, and came to the conclusion that the ball which had entered his head had lodged under the frontal bone, the young man at times complaining of a pain in his right temple. He has not been prostrated a day by the wound; goes about as usual, thing had happened, although some of the attending physicians declare that the ball must have passed through the skull.

A most singular case of depravity is mentioned in a Philadelphia paper. A young woman, only twenty-one years old, is stated to be one of the moving spirits of a gang in New York known as the "Forty Thieves." She is called the "Queen," and goes and receive the gang goes, doing the cooking for the vagabonds who compose it. She is said to be the wife of a brother of a local preacher living in Germantown, who once was a minister to Sweden. But to all attempts of parents and friends to return home she has turned a deaf ear, and has evidently made what have indulged a young girl to such a course of life.

Never was religious charity paraded in a more grotesque and silly form than in a list of contributions to the "Jubilee Fund," a religious movement which has recently sprung up in London. A few examples of the items will be sufficient for our readers: "Mr. Bruce, K——, for a Maux wife and nine children, whom the Lord has graciously given to his servant, £5. Mr. W. H——, in remembrance of two beloved wives in heaven, and with many hearty hearts for the Rev. J. Weslea preach in Wallingford, £1. 4s. Mr. John Vine, £5, as an expression of gratitude for an excellent wife in heaven, and an excellent wife on earth, £5. Much-hardening for five precious children, yet lent unto me to be cheer and bless my widowed years, £5. For Jesus' £5s; for Anna, my precious partner for thirty-one years, gone home to the King in his glory, £3."

The valuable library and art gallery which Mr. James Lenox has offered to the city of New-York will be a treasure to the public, and particularly to American students. Many years have been spent in completing this "collection of manuscripts, printed books, engravings, coins, paintings, sculptures, drawings, and other works of art," and the value of it cannot be easily estimated. A gallery which the Trustees of the Lenox Library has passed both branches of the State Legislature. The donor of this collection has also invited, as a site for the building, such an estate in the vicinity of the Central Park as may be selected by the Trustees. The Legislature has by this act seem ers to be expended in the erection of a suitable building, and the remainder to be devoted to necessary attendant expenses.

The *Coutou de Nil* is very fashionable just now among the ladies of the French court. But let not any fair reader be too greatly delighted at the fact, for by it her Majesty is prevented from wearing her dresses for a week! This local scourge, irritating, but not dangerous, generally chooses the hands and face for its victims; but neither the Empress nor Madame de la Poize, it has taken possession of the back. Doctors are put in doubt as to the origin of the spiteful little eruption, though they are all accustomed by the lures of the worm peculiar to the most of the Nile's productions attributed to the mud of the Nile, in search of moisture, buries itself beneath the skin. It is only when her dress also caught fire, and before everybody, that her Majesty's suit has suffered more or less from its attacks.

Rumor says that, not long ago, Senator Hamlin, being requested to frank some letters, complied with the request by placing three-cent stamps on them, and then returned them to the writers to be regularly mailed.

Another terrible kerosene accident. One morning last week a woman living in Brooklyn, in attempting to fire, took a can of kerosene and poured it upon the coals, to make them kindle more quickly. The fire communicated to the can, which instantly exploded, scattering the burning oil over the woman's garments. At the two-year-old child, seeing her mother in flames, ran to help her, and took hold of her clothes, when her dress also caught fire, and before assistance could reach them they were both so badly burned that they could be done to save them. After lingering in great agony, they died on the next day.

According to Paris papers the price of oysters has become so fabulously high that a new shell-fish has come to the market which not only answers the same purpose as the oyster, but in some respects an improvement upon it. The new shell-fish is called "ormoide;" it is a bivalve smaller than the oyster, and of a more elliptical form. It can be eaten like the oyster, but what advantage it has over the latter is the mussel with the most satisfactory results.

Professor Agatiue Longo, of the University of Catania, has just published a philosophical and theological work which is designed to counteract the "immoral" tendency of the writings of Darwin. The professor may serve to show the spirit in which it is written:

"Only Catholicism could produce a Dante, a Tasso, a Galileo, a Columbus. The Catholic sects can do nothing but state paradoxes and new ignorance. What has Rationalism produced but the time of Nero? Protestant our own Pro-estis. What is Newton's theory of gravitation? Only a Protestant hypothesis. What has most impressed the world's imagination? Hell. The astronomers with their attraction of gravitation, and the botanists with their sexes are the mechanical theory of host. When will an orthodox and sensible philosophy appear? Only in the theories of gravitation and affinity, the central fire, and Humboldt's Kosmos' are attributed to the ideas of Catholics. A single man rises superior to all others, of whatever class and nationality, Dante Alighieri. He is Pius IX., Rome's great priest. His word has authority, and before him the mighty men of earth and the wisdom of this world shall bow their heads."

An interesting fragment of about eight hundred lines of an early drama by Goethe, called by his educative verse, has been found in the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian library, by Mr. Walter W. Skeat. The fragment is without beginning or end, but it describes chiefly the wondrous shield prepared by Vulcan or Mordreus (Slow-at-shelf) for his descendant Sir Gabinal. This alliterative Gvil fragment is to be published at an early day.

The death is announced of the Baron Schmidt von der Launitz, the sculptor. He was a native of Courland, and long a resident at Frankfort, where he died at the age of seventy-four years. His most important work is the monument to the first printers, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer, erected in Frankfort about thirteen years ago.

THE RUMFORD MEDALS.

IN 1796 COUNT RUMFORD, in a letter addressed to JOHN ADAMS, requested the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to accept five thousand dollars in United States stocks, the interest of which was to be applied to premiums to American authors of important discoveries, improvements, or inventions in regard to light and heat. The premiums were to consist of two medals, one of gold and one of silver, together of the intrinsic value of three hundred dollars. At a recent meeting of the Academy, in Boston, these medals (of which engravings will be found on this page) were awarded to Mr. GEORGE H. CORLISS, of Providence, Rhode Island. The presentation was made by Dr. ASA GRAY, President of the Academy, with the following remarks.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Gentlemen of the Academy:

At the last anniversary meeting, after a careful investigation by your appropriate committee, you awarded the Rumford Medal to Mr. GEORGE H. CORLISS, for improvements of the steam-engine. The gold medal and a silver duplicate have been struck, and are now before us. The inventor whose genius you have thus recognized has responded to our call, and is now present. Till he soon presume, these medals will now be consigned to his hands.

Mr. Corliss:

The trust which our countryman, COUNT RUMFORD, charged this Academy to administer empowered it to award these medals "to the author of any important discovery or useful improvement on light or on heat, which shall have been made and published by principle, or in any way made known to the public, in any part of the confederate States, or of any of the American islands—preference being always given to such discoveries or improvements as shall, in the opinion of the Academy, tend most to promote the good of mankind."

As this is only the fifth occasion since the foundation of the trust upon which this premium has been given, it may well be inferred that the Academy has in no case bestowed it inconsiderately.

It has required the discovery or invention to be real, original, and important. It is not restricted to considerations of direct practical benefit, but it may, as it did in the first instance, in the case of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, honor a discovery of much scientific interest, the uses of which are doubtful. It would not hesitate to crown any successful, but unrewarded, attempt to subdue the atmosphere to the aerial domain, being confident that so considerable increase of our knowledge of the laws and forces of Nature is likely to remain unutilized. But the Academy rejoices when, as now, it can signalize an inventive skill unequivocally tends to promote that which the founder had most at heart, and commended to our particular regard, the material good of mankind.

Without entering into details, it will be possible to state the ground upon which the present award has been made. It is for the abolition of the throttle-valve of the steam-engine, and the transference of the regulation by the governor to a system of balancing valves of your own invention; with the advantages of a larger saving of fuel, a more steady motion, greater speed, less friction, less lubricant, less maintenance, perfectly uniform motion under varying work.

Previous to your improvements the regulation of the power and velocity of the steam-engine was universally effected by an instrument placed in the steam-pipe, well named the throttle-valve, being used to choke off the steam in its passage from the boiler, to reduce more or less its pressure before it was allowed to act within the engine. Avoiding this wasteful process, your engine embodies within itself a principle by which it *appropriates* the full, direct, and expansive force of the steam, and measures out for itself at each stroke, with the utmost precision, the exact quantity necessary to maintain the power and speed.

To the most approved engines previously used for manufacturing purposes, the valves employed were comparatively difficult to operate, too far from the piston, and in other respects unfit for working in connection with the governor. Their abandonment, and the substitution of others suitable for the purpose that you had in view, demanded an entire change in the structure of the engine.

In the reconstruction your mastery of the resources of mechanism is conspicuously shown. You introduced four valves to the cylinder, two for the admission and two for the ejection of the steam; and by your device of a wrist-plate you have given to each a rapid motion in opening and shutting, and a slow motion when passing through steam effect, thus securing a perfection in valve movements never before attained.

The special object of these changes, and the *gist* of your invention, was to place the induction-valves under the control of the governor, by which they are operated in opening through a mechanism from which they are released earlier or later in the stroke of the piston, according as more or less power is demanded of the engine—the governor, with extreme sensibility, determining the point where the supply of steam should be cut off. Thus, at every stroke of the piston, just so much steam is accurately meted out to the cylinder as is needed to maintain uniform velocity, and,left to expand then, and by its expansion develop the maximum of propelling power.

I have only to add that the Academy a brief account of the Corliss engine, by one of the most eminent of British engineers, Mr. J. SCOTT RUSSELL, which must needs be free from personal or national prepossession. It is from one of the official reports on the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867:

"A third remarkable engine is American, both in invention and execution, and forms perhaps the most remarkable feature of the American department. It exhibits thoughtful design, ingenious contrivance, refined skill, and admirable execution. It is singularly unlike an English engine. It has four ports on four different parts of the cylinder, two on one side and two on the opposite, each worked by a separate mechanism. These ports are worked by valves, not sliding, like our own, on flat surfaces, but sliding valves on cylindrical surfaces. Close up to the cylinder these valves cut off the steam with scarce a particle of waste room, and so economize to the utmost the high-pressure steam which they admit, and which they use so expansively and so sparingly as possible. The mechanism by which these results are obtained is at once so ingenious and extraordinary, but it is, in truth, refined, elegant, most effectual, and judicious; it causes steam to be steamed, but develops what it uses to most effect. Then it proportions in an admirable way the doses of steam it serves out to the continually-varying quantity of work the engine has to do. The mechanism of its mechanical governor is wonderfully delicate and direct; the governor is sensitive to the most delicate changes of speed, and feels the slightest demand upon the engine for more or less work and steady speed. A mechanism so beautiful as the lemon hand re-leases or retains its grasp of the feeding-valve, and regulates the supply of steam in precise proportion to each varying want. The American engine of CORLISS every where tells of wise forethought, judicious proportion, sound execution, and exquisite contrivance."

It appears that within the twenty years since this machinery was perfected more than 1800 engines of the kind have been built in the United States, and several hundreds in other countries, giving an aggregate of not less than 350,000 horse-power; that, as to economy of fuel, evidence has been afforded to the Rumford Committee showing a saving over older forms of engine of about one-third. As to its other characteristics, the testimony is that the wear and tear of one of the engines, now in its eighteenth year of service, certify that, with the power varying from 60 to 300 horse-power within a minute, the speed of the engine is not perceptibly affected.

If it is worth noting that when these medals were voted to you, Mr. CORLISS, just a century had passed since JAMES WATT first patented his improvements of the steam-engine. The vast results of these improvements—the difference between the engine when WATT found it and when he left it—make one of the most important chapters in the history of applied science. It is a great thing to say, but I may not withhold the statement, that, in the opinion of those who have officially investigated the matter, no one invention has done so much to enhance the value of the steam-engine as that for which the Rumford Medal is now presented to you.

If WATT, or his partner BOULTON, could know that they held the supply of that which almost every body longed to have, power, one may justly delicately yourself, and permit us to felicitate you, upon your ability to supply a greater amount of mechanical power for the expenditure, and an exacter nicety in its governance, than any of your predecessors.

In acknowledgment of this benefit, the American

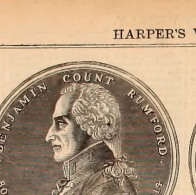

1.—OBVERSE. THE RUMFORD MEDAL. 2.—REVERSE.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 109.]

Academy, administering Count Rumford's trust, now, by the hands of its presiding officer, presents to you these honorable testimonials of its high appreciation of what you have done. And the Fellows here assembled join with me, I am sure, in most sincere and hearty wishes that you may long enjoy this and similar distinctions, along with more material rewards of your genius and skill—hoping also that there may still be fruitful in yet other inventions, redounding to your honor and advantage, and to the promotion of the good of mankind.

MR. COMLEIG accepted the medals, and replied as follows:

Mr. President:

Competitive honors are the reward of effort, stimulated by rivalry and ambition. But this honor comes from gentlemen who won the whole field of science and art, and of deliberate council make their awards after years of study and consideration. In consideration I add the historical associations connected with the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the scientific fame of its members; and I receive this testimonial with grateful acknowledgment of a distinguished honor.

AERIAL VOYAGES.

A NUMBER of French and English artists went up in balloons last year to take bird's-eye views of the world. If they didn't go quite up to the moon, they went nearer to our planetary neighbor than any living creature had gone before; and from that celestial height obtained most extensive panoramas of the various countries of Europe. This pursuit of "high art" was not unattended with dangers and perilous adventures, such as the one represented by the artist on this page. In this instance, MR. GLAISHER, Director of the Meteorological Observatory of Greenwich, England, with a companion named COXWELL, ascended to an elevation of more than 34,000 feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the loftiest mountain peak of the globe. From this point the panoramic view of the country spread out beneath them was truly magnificent; but the cold was intense, the air almost too thin for respiration; and MR. GLAISHER, while engaged in making observations, suddenly fainted and became insensible. MR. COXWELL endeavored to open the throttle-valve, in order to descend, but the valve-cord had become so entangled that this was impossible. Perceiving but one way to preserve his life and that of his companion, the daring aeronaut climbed up to where he could reach and open the valve. His movement caused the balloon to oscillate in the most frightful manner, and while in tremendous circles through the attenuated atmosphere. Had his benumbed hands slipped on the cords to which he clung, he must have been precipitated headlong downward through the enormous gulf of space, while the balloon, freed from his weight, would have shot up into a still rarer atmosphere, where it must have burst. Fortunately his strong brain withstood the delirium of that tremendous waltz with the balloon, and his life and that of his companion were saved.

THOMAS C. DURANT.

Our second illustration exhibits the singular appearance of the white mountains of cloud beheld, from the balloon called L'Entreprenant, by M. W. DE FONVILLE, in his second ascent, on March 22, 1868, from LA VILLETTE, near PARIS. They looked quite solid, like a snow-covered range of the Alps viewed from the Gœmer or the Breithorn; and their aspect is well represented by the engraving.

THOMAS C. DURANT.

THOMAS CLARK DURANT, whose portrait we give on this page, has just reached the age of fifty, having been born at Lee, Massachusetts, on the 6th of February, 1820. He was educated as a physician, and took his degree, but without going into practice betook himself early to other pursuits. He has been largely interested in the construction of important railroads in this country, especially in the West, and was the leading spirit in pushing the Pacific Railroad to completion, holding much the same relation to that important enterprise as M. LESSEPS holds to the Suez Canal. When the last tie was laid he retired from the management of the road, and is now devoting his energies to the construction of a railway through the Northern Wilderness, from Saratoga to Ogdensburg.

MR. DURANT has at times taken a leading part in important stock speculations in Wall Street, where he is known as a bold, far-seeing, and successful operator. Of late, however, he has paid but little attention to stocks. He is a gentleman of large means, liberal style of living, and is known among yachtsmen as the owner of the *Idler*, a yacht which has won several races in the contests of the squadron. Among all who know him he has a high reputation for business probity, cultivated taste, and genial liberality, and the social qualities that win respect and attract friends.

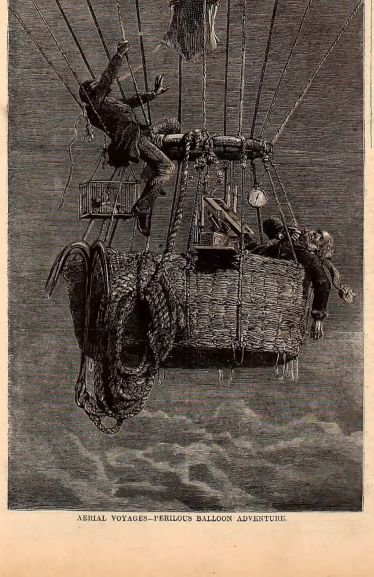

AERIAL VOYAGES—PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE.

AERIAL VOYAGES—CLOUD RANGES SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN IRELAND.

THE jolly scene depicted on page 108 is a gathering of Irish peasants, assembled in a snug old cabin to dance the New Year in in their own merry-hearted way. It is a poor place where they hold their revelry. By day the pigs whine and grunt about the floor, and make slashing forays in search of potato-skins. The earth floor is worn into holes, where the children sail ships in the rain-water that drips from the roof. There are old hats stuffed in the broken windows; and in every nook and corner are seen evidences of improvidence, idleness, and carelessness. Nevertheless, happiness has not entirely deserted the old cabin. To-night all troubles are forgotten—the absentee landlord, the hard, grasping agent, the bad times, the blighted harvest—and every one is enjoying himself, the old people at cards, and the young folks courting or dancing.

There is no evening to be called an evening in Ireland without a fight; and perhaps an hour or two later, when the priest has arrived to take charge of the ceremonies, and the whisky has circulated freely in glasses, egg-shells, and scooped potatoes, a hasty blow or word from some jealous lover may bring on the fun. When the shillalahs have had their turn the priest will set them quiet in a moment. "Why, you murtherers," he'll bawl, "you misguided Antinomian Episcopalians, you vile Mohammedan impostors, are you going to commit murther? Down with your sticks, or I'll turn you into stocks and stones where you stand, and make world's wonders of you as long as you live and breathe!" Then peace will descend upon the cabin, and all will gather about the supper-table, at which his reverence will preside. The mirth may be boisterous at these revels, the appointments rough, the guests humble; but you will have to travel far before you hear sharper wit, or find more real enjoyment.

THE SARDINE FISHERY AT NANTES.

SARDINES are the young of the pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*). They get the name of sardines from having been formerly caught in great quantities at the island of Sardinia. They are still largely taken in the Mediterranean, but for export trade chiefly off the western coast of France. The bait is of prepared cod-roe, called *rogue*, and the sardines are inclosed in fine-meshed nets, when they come to the surface to eat the rogue. They are beheaded, pressed into tins, covered with oil, and soldered up. Sham sardines are largely sold, preserved and packed like the real ones. These are sprats, young herrings, or any young fish with sufficient resemblance to a sardine to pass muster. It is very difficult, when these so-called sardines are headless and pressed flat in oil, to tell them from the real ones.

The fishing begins at the end of MAY, and finishes toward the early part of NOVEMBER. The fish make their appearance in the Bay of Biscay toward Les Sables d'Olonne, Yendée, and come up as far as Douarnenez, Bretagne, and remain between those places all summer. They are not to be found above or below those places. The sardines when they first appear are small, and begin to become larger in July. However, they generally remain small at Les Sables d'Olonnez, and much too large at Douarnenez.

From two to three thousand boats, with five men in each, are employed in the fishery. The fishing takes place from three to twenty miles from the coast. The sardines are baited with *fish spawn*, called *rogue*, coming generally from Norway, in barrels of about 135 kilos. During the season of the fishing from 28,000 to 30,000 barrels of this spawn are employed.

As soon as the sardines are landed they are

prepared, boiled in salad oil, and put into tin boxes, then recovered with fresh oil, and soldered up.

The greatest activity is necessary in the preparation to obtain the good qualities that depend particularly on the freshness of the fish, and the choice of *good olive-oil* is most essential. The less the sardines are touched the better they are. This is the reason how much handling why the sardines without bones have been soon discredited.

The quantity prepared every year, under favorable circumstances, is about 25,000,000 canisters of half and quarter kilos, and half ones. The canisters are included in this calculation. The quantity prepared at four fishing-places on the coast of Bretagne, according to the good or bad circumstances of the fishing, from 1,700,000 to 2,000,000 half canisters of the *largest size*.

GEORGE PEABODY.

"Write him as one who loved his fellow-men."

PLACE among the illustrious dead!
Lo, a hero comes!
Not with trump of martial tread:
Not with muffled drums;
But a nation's sons, to-day,
Speak a *good man* passed away.

Much of glittering gold he gained,
Earth's most sought-for treasure;
Not to build a vaunted name—
Not for selfish pleasure:
But to cast, with liberal hand,
Richest gifts throughout the land.

Many a pleasant home he reared
And the poor man's blessing,
Like a watered, blowed him,
With a mute caressing;
Wafted such to heaven in prayer,
Found his name acceptance there!

Famine, gaunt, forsook the path,
From his steps retreating:
Saddest faces smiling grew
At his kindly greeting;
For he passed not coldly by,
With proud look and careless eye.

So his life has sweetly passed.
Fellow-men befriending;
Now he leaves it with the rest
That shall know no ending:
Heaven's approving smile is won,
And the Master says, "Well-done!"

SILVER.

SILVER is the most useful, if not the most valuable, of the precious metals; and if it is not invested with the same marvelous and romantic interest as its companion, gold, there is still much that is interesting about its history and its manufacture.

Silver has a specific gravity of 10.50; it is less hard than gold, but harder than copper, and in a pure state may easily be cut with a knife. In ductility and malleability, it can be wrought out into a leaf *eighteen* of an inch in thickness; while in tenacity it surpasses its more valuable rival, a wire one-twelfth of an inch in diameter capable of supporting a weight of nearly 300 pounds. One of the most important characteristics of silver, however, is that it reflects light and heat more completely than any other metal. The rays of the sun concentrated by the most powerful burning-glass, which would easily melt gold or platinum, strike powerless upon the highly-polished surface of a silver object. They are reflected, not absorbed, and the metal remains unaffected by the heat. Another quality of this quality of silver is its power of retaining heat; whence its use for the manufacture of teapots, coffee-pots, and other vessels for holding liquids which are required to be kept as hot as possible.

Silver has been esteemed as one of the precious metals from the earliest times, and would seem to have been and as a medium of exchange even before gold. We read that Abraham purchased the field of Ephron for four hundred shekels of silver, and Joseph was sold for forty pieces of the same metal. It is noteworthy, also, that the Hebrew word for silver has exactly the signification of the modern French word *argent*—meaning either "silver" or "money." Gold, however, was certainly not coined until it had been used for many hundred years as a medium of exchange. According to Herodotus, money was first stamped or coined by the Lydians, about 1000 years before the Christian era.

The value of silver, as compared with that of gold, has varied greatly at different periods. M. Faucher in 1857 stated that originally in most some countries, was worth quite as much, if not more, than gold. In the third century B.C. there was only worth six times as much as silver; and in some ancient Egyptian laws we find the relative values of the metals fixed at no more than 10 to one. The immense amount of silver obtained from Asia, Greece, and Spain after the rise of the Empire caused its value to be much depreciated; but the deficiency of skill in working the ores, and the great demand for the metal for ornamental purposes in the sixteenth century, caused its value to rise to one-sixth or one-fifth of gold. During the last hundred and fifty years its value has been pretty constant at one-fifteenth of the value of gold.

The chief silver-producing countries of antiquity were Nubia, Ethiopia, and parts of Greece; but the wealth of the Spanish mines was developed at a very early period, and was the principal support of the extensive commerce so long carried on by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. A very valuable mine was opened by Hannibal himself in the Sierra Morena. The Spaniards continued to supply Europe from their native mines until the discovery of the New World opened to them a fresh field for enterprise in the golden realms of South America.

The celebrated mines of Potosi, in Peru, were for a long time unrivaled, but they have fallen off greatly in productiveness of late years; and owing to the heavy government dues in Peru and Bolivia, and the rude and inaccessible manner in which the silver is found, the supply has fallen off to a degree that, taken on two-thirds alone exports annually more than 2,000,000 pounds, only 600,000 pounds are exported from Peru, and the product of Mexico amounts to about 150,000 pounds; Austria, 90,000 pounds; and Great Britain, 70,000 pounds. Silver, like gold, is also found in small quantities in almost every part of the world; but it should be remarked that in Europe it is very rarely found in a pure state, but chiefly combined with lead, from which it is separated by a very ingenious process called cupellation. Even in Mexico the ore is usually found in such an impure state as to render it necessary to be pulverized and separated. It is separated from its impurities in two ways. In the first method the ore is crushed to powder in a mill, and then separated in the usual process of mercury and common salt. In the second method the silver is combined with lead by fusion, and afterward separated by cupellation. In this process the lead containing the silver is roasted in small cavities, or *cupels*, made of bone ashes. These cupels have the property of absorbing the oxyds of lead, and which are affected by the oxygen, and holding those that will not oxydize. A current of air is made to pass over the metal when in a state of fusion, and the lead, being oxydized by the oxygen, is absorbed into the cupel. What the cupel will not absorb, or refuse, is left absorbed, the cupel is withdrawn from the furnace, and its contents are pure silver.

The silver-mines of Europe, at all times held in the highest esteem among civilized nations; but it remained for a wonderful impetus to be given to the triumph of the Christian religion, under Constantine, if the early part of the fourth century. Immediately we find silver used in decorating the Christian churches, especially at Rome, with figures, shrines, and ornaments of silver, and occasionally of gold; and when numerous vessels, crosiers, and crosses still remain to bear witness to the liberality and artistic taste of the early converts. France soon began to take a lead in the beauty of her works in silver; and Eloy, a celebrated worker in the precious metals, was made a bishop by Dagobert I., and subsequently canonized. He did not confine his art after his consecration, and his example was followed by many of the French bishops. A taste for Saint Eloy's work was thus established, and which continued to flourish in the monasteries and religious houses during the centuries of barbarism. The calamities which befell Italy during the seventh and eighth centuries checked the progress of the arts, and the total demolition of the temporal power of the popes by Charlemagne, the pontiffs sought to enrich their churches to their former splendor. Leo III. is said to have carried no less than 300,000 ounces of silver to his new St. Peter's, then erected, to Rome. The influence of Byzantine civilization had a marked effect upon the silver work of the eleventh century, and in the early progress to the art. Sugar, the minister of Louis le Gros, and Theophilus, a monk of the 12th century, having treatise on almost all the industrial arts of his time) kept up the old glory of France during the dark centuries; but it was not till the revival of the Italians once more took the lead in Europe. Their architecture, and the great works of their painters and sculptors, and the silver-smith's art rose in consequence to a high state of perfection. It would be out of place, in an article like this, to give a list of the great silver-workers of the Middle Ages; but Benvenuto Cellini was the man as Benvenuto Cellini without a word. This great artist came into the world with the sixteenth century; he spent some years in the service of the court of Francis I.; but executed most of his wonderful works in his native city of Florence. Many of his productions have been preserved, by their extreme beauty, from the fate of almost all ancient silver-work, that of being the gems of many a rich collection. Cellini also, in the sixteenth century, threw light upon the art he cultivated, and died while writing his autobiography, in 1572. Previous to the fourteenth century there was but little silver-work executed in the laity—almost all the plate being in the possession of the clergy, or used for ecclesiastical purposes. In the luxurious days of Richard II., in England, however, plate began to be considered a necessary article in the rich man's house. It seldom remained long in their possession; for there were no bankers in those days, nor any way of investing money except in land, so that a sudden call came to be made upon a great lord, who only recovered his plate by the sale of a castle or by the ransom of a prisoner. Owing to this state of things, and to the dissolutions of the monasteries, and the civil wars of the seventeenth century, very little plate was accumulated in the possession of the laity. The silver-work of the reign of Elizabeth, and flourished during the palmy days of the cavaliers, only to be put down as an abomination by the rude Puritans of the Commonwealth.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, &c., cured at once by the use of *Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine*. It keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.—HEGEMAN & CO., New York.

IT IS SURPRISING to see our hair blossoming for the green too early. Many young women feel this affliction, and it is even a greater deformity to them than to old people. Ward's Vegetable Oil will restore the hair sometimes, but its original color always.—[Com.]

Why will ye Doubt?

EARTHLY BLESSINGS.

THE human system, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted that, to be entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out, and poisonous matter in the blood, or that it takes on new life from our food and drink. The food is assimilated, and passes into nourishing and healthy blood, principally through the offices of the stomach, liver, and bowels. If these organs are not kept in perfect order by the liver, lungs, and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vast importance of the liver as a healthy and easy-acting organ. The most learned Egyptian physiologists, who have devoted more upon actual experiments, only state that the amount of Bile which should be manufactured by the liver is very small, and the intestines each day is two and one-half pounds. All persons intended to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may see a resume of these facts in Professor Wilson's Anatomy.

Remember one thing more: The bile is somewhat like the blood in its quality of the bowels, as bile heretofore, being the cause of nearly all the bile is mostly made up of the worn-out particles of blood—bilious, acrid, and injurious matters. If the liver does not make this bile, and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates, as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily-accumulated excess of bile, returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the system are fed.

Just so with the Lungs. The bile poisoned blood sent from the right side of the heart circle of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, to be purified by the oxygen contained in the air we breathe. It is poisoned and contaminated by the acrid carbonic acid gas, and the blood, instead of receiving the carbonic acid gas, and the blood, instead of receiving the exhalations harmless of the blood, because they are poisoned. Hence Consumption, which is the real scrofula—so defined and proved by Lenox and others—is the result.

Catarrh of the head and throat, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Liver and Kidney Disease, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Piles, Epileptic Fits, Headache, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Dropsies, Dropsy, Cancers, and very many other diseases, are caused by Impure Blood and Liver.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT, AND OF SOME OF THOSE DISEASES PRODUCED BY HER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face; sour stomach; pain in the belly; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache, bitter or bad taste in the mouth; bad breath; fever; want of appetite; coated tongue; pain in the heart; in many cases a dry, tickling cough, with sore throat; sometimes mistaken for consumption; a feeling of weariness; a feeling sometimes in the throat; sickness and vomiting, dizziness, heaviness, or a feeling of fullness about the stomach and pain, which is often attended with gnawing and tenderness; suppressed perspiration; in the head, forehead, and about the shoulders; cold pains and soreness through the body; with many other symptoms of the bowels, sometimes with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; pales, flatulence, worm-consumption, and in the extreme, a kind of blood in the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the body, especially the limbs; cold chills, alternating with hot flushes; female weakness and irregularities, with other diseases, too numerous to mention, generally perhaps fatal.

THE WILLING WITNESSES.

There is presented below a selection of a few from the many willing witnesses who testify to the work wrought. "Discoveries" who have expressed, in glowing and heartfelt terms, their wish to offer testimony in behalf of my system of practice and uniform success in mastering the most difficult forms of chronic disease, by faulty mechanical and chemical action of that great controlling organ, the liver.

Space does not allow of these "noble offerings to Æsculapius" being published in full, many have been in full; but the "despondent in heart and weary in body" can peruse the entire work, free of charge, by sending me their post-office address.

The following are but a few of many of the noblest, truest, and purest men and women who have rendered their "willing testimony" to the value of my system of Life. Many of whom are now in active practice, a physician, a man of honor, and a philanthropist, a priority name and address, and I will cheerfully forward them the humble means, through the hands of a Bible Christian, of testing them. These grand testimonials are to fill in the book mentioned. Write to any of them, and they will tell you what they know. Any of them will answer all inquiries of this character.

CURED OF CATARRH AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

Rev. Joseph Cross, Pastor of Methodist Church, says: "You may refer to me at any time, and I shall be ever pleased to bear testimony to your extraordinary skill.

GOVERNOR JACOBS, OF KENTUCKY.

His Excellency Governor Jacobs, Governor of K. Jacobs, Westport, Kentucky, writes, in concluding his testimony: "I shall be pleased to receive the discussion of my poor sick wretch, racked with pain, who has been afflicted with rheumatism, quinine, iron, and like medicines, I earnestly appeal to him to try your wonderful remedies."

LIVER DISEASE WITH FEMALE DEBILITY.

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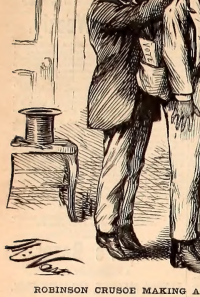

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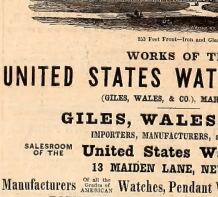

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 686.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE ALL RIGHTS ACT

THE LAST HONORS.

THE last funeral honors to the memory of GENERAL PEABODY have been paid; and his mortal remains, attended to the grave with more pomp and ceremony than were ever before witnessed at the burial of a private citizen, now repose in their final resting-place. On Tuesday, the 1st of February, after solemn services in the City Hall of Portland, the body was taken to the funeral train, and conveyed to the town of Peabody in the funeral car of which we have already given an engraving. In the towns all along the route flags were flying at half-mast, and people from the surrounding country flocked in crowds to the stations to watch the train as it moved by.

On reaching Peabody a procession was formed, and the remains were taken to the Institute, where they lay in state until Tuesday, the 8th inst., in the Library-room, which was appropriately draped and decorated. Our engraving of the room on this page shows the position of the body on the magnificent catafalque prepared for its reception. At the end of the room is seen the portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA. Above the catafalque hang the royal flag of England and the American flag, both artistically draped with crape. At the other end of the room the bust of the deceased, that occupies the space above the door, is also draped with mourning. The catafalque is a raised dais, ten feet in length and six feet in width, covered with black velvet. From each corner rises a standard, supporting a frame-work of the same size as the base, and about six inches in width. Pendent from this are heavy black velvet hangings, artistically cut, and trimmed with a wreath of silvery stars, inclosing a large star, on each of the four sides, and heavy silver bullion fringe, with wide silver braid above it, and massive silver tassels appropriately placed. Above the hangings a neat silver moulding, on a black velvet ground-work, meets the eye. Above this is a row of silver stars, and another moulding that rises to a peak on each of the four sides, containing emblems of mourning in silver. The one on the front end has two reversed torches crossed; on the rear the hour-glass, with the wings of Time, are to be seen; and on either side a large silver star, encircled by the emblem of eternity—an endless snake. On each corner arises an elegant arabesque ornament in silver, surmounted with handsome funeral plumes. In front, on the base, is the monogram of the deceased in silver letters on a black velvet ground-work; inclosed in a laurel wreath in silver, pendent from a leaning pole, surmounted by a knot and rosette of silver. On each corner of the base are cherubs' heads with angels' wings, in silver, the whole being arranged in the ancient Grecian style, at once elegant and artistic.

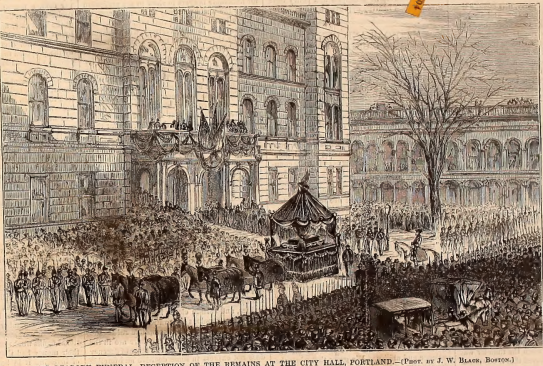

THE PEABODY FUNERAL—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT THE CITY HALL, PORTLAND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.]

Our engraving of the reception of the remains at the City Hall of Portland, on their being transferred from the *Manet*, is from a photograph by MR. J. W. BLACK, of Boston, to whom we are frequently indebted for similar favors.

CHURCH AND STATE.

MR. NAST's powerful and striking cartoon, which the reader will find on page 121, tells its own story too well to require much explanation; but it may not be out of place to set forth some of the facts that justify the artist's work. A circular recently issued by the committee of the Union League Club upon the diversion of the public moneys of New York city from the legitimate objects of political government to sectarian purposes shows that this evil, which began a short time ago under the specious form of begging from the city treasury a small sum for a deserving charity, has made such gigantic strides that it now absorbs half a million dollars annually, and that the greater part of this sum is used for the purpose of destroying our admirable system of common schools. Of this large sum a single sect receives over four hundred thousand dollars, in addition to gifts of real estate from the city government, for sectarian purposes, amounting to three million two hundred thousand dollars. The following list shows how this money was distributed last year: Roman Catholic, $412,-062 26; Protestant Episcopal, $29,335 09; Hebrew, $14,404 49; Reformed Dutch, $12,650 86;

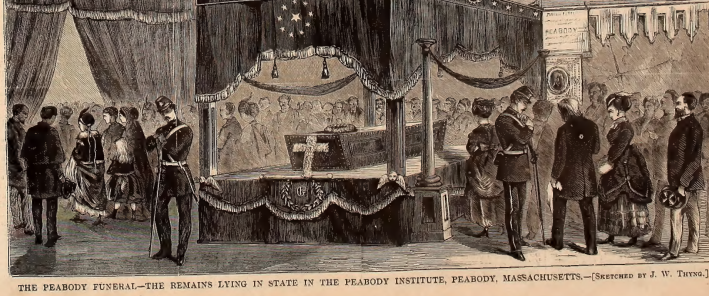

THE PEABODY FUNERAL—THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THING.]

Presbyterian, $8363 44; Baptist, $2760 34; Methodist Episcopal, $3073 63; German Evangelical, $3027 24; miscellaneous, $44,085 12.

Glancing over this list, we do not wonder that, as stated in a letter from Rome, the Holy Father has expressed his gratification at the progress of the Church in America, and declared that the Republic of the United States was the republic of intelligence and virtue. But it must be remembered that his standard of intelligence and virtue is not that of America, but that of Spain.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870.

THE AMENDMENT AND THE TWO PARTIES.

ALTHOUGH the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment formally completes the reconstruction of the Union, it is by no means, as is hastily assumed by many eager Democrats, also the end of the work of the Republican party. Even if there were no other reason for the continued action of that party, it is enough that the opposition proposes no policy, and would be surely at a loss if driven to declare their principles. Since the war the Democratic party has opposed reconstruction upon whatever party prejudices which the war abolished, and it has no plan to meet the situation inevitably produced by the Fifteenth Amendment, which denounces as unconstitutional. It is a strong party, because fraud, ignorance, superstition, and passion are its allies. It has gained numerous apparent successes, because of the necessary reaction against a party long in power, because of some of the mistakes of that party, and because of the unscrupulousness of the Democratic managers. The great Democratic achievement since the war is obtaining power in the State of New York. But Governor HOFFMAN can hardly believe that he was honestly elected; nor would Mr. SWEENY, the New York Dictator of his party, probably deny that the State, honestly polled, is Republican.

In a free government parties are not only organizations to secure certain policies—they are also representatives of certain tendencies and principles in human nature and society. It is a very imperfect and mistaken view, therefore, which does not estimate both these forces. The Republican party apparently began with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and first nominated a candidate for the Presidency in 1856. But the essential truth is, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise plainly revealed to the people of this country who henceforth accepted liberty as the foundation of the government the real spirits, purpose, and tendency of the Democratic party. The Whigs attempted to evade the situation, and when the thunder was already angrily roaring, played that it was pleasant warmth. They naturally disappeared amidst universal contempt; and the great issue was at once joined. On the one hand were those who believed in the American principle, that the sole or chose who disbelieved. At the polls and in the field the conflict has raged until the present moment. The believers have often been successful; but the unbelievers do not relinquish the struggle. Is this the moment for the traitors to disband?

The spirit and tendency which the repeal of the Missouri Compromise revealed in the country still exist. They were expressed in the Democratic party then, and they are organized under the same name now. The specific purpose is not the same, but the spirit is unchanged. It is a party whose last National Convention, less than two years ago, was controlled by the extreme South Carolina spirit, and absolutely submitted, in the old way, while rebel chiefs, still wet with the blood of Union soldiers, dictated a virtual repudiation of the national debt of the war. Overwhelmed at the polls, despite its boldest frauds, it has resisted step by step, in Congress and in the State Legislatures, reconstruction upon equal rights; and, baffled in that wretched effort, it turns in the moment of its final defeat and exclaims, "The Republican party has fulfilled its mission, and we must now be intrusted with power!"

Upon what compulsion? What conceivable reason is there for supposing that the Democratic party, whose steady hostility to the principles of the war has the policy of reconstruction to notorious, will more wisely maintain that policy and those principles than the party whose strength lies in its latest achievement—Justice and freedom? Or why should the country suppose that a party the effects of whose undisputed supremacy may be studied in the city of New York would give it a more honest or a more orderly government? And if the party of slavery would be an ill-chosen defender of liberty, why should we expect a government of intelligence from the party of ignorance? The Democratic party is unchanged. What policy fatal to our institutions may not count upon its support?

Look at one fact. The principles of the Roman Church, which is the most absolute of religious despotisms, when applied to politics are necessarily and radically opposed to a popular system like ours. Now, it is the policy of the Roman Church to engage in politics every where. The Pope, in his Syllabus, declares that human governments are subordinate to the Church. Already the purpose of that Church in this State and country is frankly announced by its priests. It is the overthrow of the American system of secular schools, which is the bulwark of our political system. This is a movement dictated in the interest of a powerful and absolutely unpatriotic body, essentially repugnant to all American principles, and necessarily menacing to the happy continuance of the government—and upon what basis it depends for support? Upon the old lackey of slavery, the Democratic party. It is but another illustration of the unplanned nature of that party. The assault upon the American public school system is important solely because it will have the zeal of the Democratic party. And since it still remains organized and formidable, although its policy for a generation has been so utterly exploded, it is not surprising that every one of its measures has been defeated, can any respectable reason be offered why the Democratic party should not be allowed to dissolve because its principles and policy have thus far been heartily approved by the people?

MR. HOAR AND GENERAL SICKLES.

THE President having satisfied himself that, under the circumstances, there was no desirable candidate for the Supreme Bench in the late Judge WAYNE'S circuit, determined to fill that position the Attorney-General of the United States—a man of spotless character, of considerable ability, and of long practice, but of no experience upon the bench, and an original, inflexible Republican. The Senate has refused to confirm him. The objection was to his residence: the actual reason is political independence. Mr. HOAR being rejected, the country is left to see what the Senate will do with General SICKLES. If party considerations have decided Mr. HOAR's case in the first case, it should not be forgotten that there are other considerations involved in the second. The Republican party comprises the great body of the intelligence of the country. What will be the effect upon intelligent and self-respecting men of the rejection of Mr. HOAR, and the confirmation of General SICKLES? Of course it will be a notification to the Executive that the Senate is opposed to the whole class of nominations which will be favorably received, in the first case, by the independent men of the country, and of a kind that will not be tolerated. Can such a confession be made? Republican Senate without—to say no more—losing the confidence of the Republican party?

We frankly acknowledge the patriotic services of General SICKLES, of which his maimed person is a monument. We concede his experience and ability. We grant that when the Republicans of New York made him a delegate at large to the National Convention they surrendered his claim to honorable discharge, and rather honor that might be offered him as a consequence of the action of that Convention. Above all, we grant that those who most strongly urge his confirmation that he has been the object of a great deal of foul, and, doubtless, of very much undeserved censure; and that a man who seeks by good conduct to obliterate the remembrance of evil courses should not be relentlessly cast back and refused even a chance of reformation.

But having granted all this, and most heartily, does it follow that a person is necessarily selected for the highest public honors? Suppose, for instance, the worst of the unfortunate Georgian, BLOUNT, were to appear before us a few years he reforms, lives a reputable life, and shows his patriotism as thousands of others have it. Would that be sufficient reason or reason for making him a bishop in his Church? Or, suppose that some young man is sent to the Naval Academy for gross and wanton cruelty basely and patiently, and returns to society a reformed man. Can those who do not think that he should be selected for especial public honor be fairly accused of forbidding him to rise, and of refusing him Christian sympathy?

The essential point in the opposition to General SICKLES's confirmation is evident to every generous mind. The Republican party has a right to choose, and to make its selection influence the action of the Senate. If any body is disposed to quote the Prodigal Son, let him remember that the father, with all his joy, did not prefer the prodigal to the elder son, and that it was to the other that he said, "All that I have is thine." We are sincerely sorry that the nomination was made, and as sincerely we hope it will not be confirmed.

THE DISGRACE OF THE NEW-YORK BAR.

THERE are lawyers in New York who are just as heartily ashamed of the ill fame of the profession here, both in some of its representatives upon the bench and at the bar, as all other intelligent and honorable people. There are certain gentlemen before whom no self-respecting advocate or honest man wishes to plead, as there are members of the bar whom it is a disgrace to be compelled to recognize as professional peers. A distinguished lawyer, who sent his wine at a public table to a certain judge, said, when his friend remonstrated, "I don't want to get his ill-will;" and such is the condition of the judiciary in this city, that when the charge is publicly made that some of the judges that sit in the most important cases are notoriously corrupt, every body shrugs his shoulders and assents, and no sentence lest he should be cast into the hands of one of those magistrates, and have ingenious revenge deals out to him for justice. Even those magistrates and lawyers who are known to be as much the property of certain men and corporations as GUSSIE was the thrall of Count FRANCIS the SECOND, if they wore a collar like GUSSIE'S, inscribed with their owner's name, they would not be more plainly and distinctly labeled than they are.

The honor of a great profession was never more enriched than that of the law in the city of New York to-day, and it is not surprising that the better part of the profession intend to consider whether it is not possible to do something to cleanse it. It is certainly practicable for honorable lawyers to show to the profession and to the world that they despise abysses, of high or low degree, and that men who practice dishonorably, in whatever way, will be stigmatized by those who do not. Such a pressure of opinion can be applied that a man will pause before accepting the largest retainers for undertaking the most despicable work. Money is not everything in New York; but we all know men who have bought great fortunes too dearly. There are men, noted in their pursuits, in which they are very daring for money, and they are so shunned that they live in isolation. Their power may make them feared, but their evil is made comparatively good.

Let it be understood that a similar fate awaits any magistrate or lawyer who thrives dishonestly, and the bar will be drawn between honorable lawyers and others, which will be of signal service both to the profession and to the public. The reputation of the bench is doubtless professional peers. It is certainly practicable considered, in great part, by the system of election instead of appointment; and if the recent meeting and declaration of the profession should result in an organized effort to secure the adoption of the proposition of the new Judiciary article to return to the appointing system, it will be a worthy result. Moreover, the moral influence of a professional protest, so significant, but against infamous members of professional practices, will be of the utmost service.

Public acquiescence in immorality is demoralizing. The certain notorious men in the judges, and certain clever lawyers become the tools of unscrupulous corporations, and serve, for hire, the purposes of contemptible men—and such judges and such lawyers there are in the city of New York—if the public sense of decency does not express some decisive and forcible manner its abhorrence and disgust, it is a sign of an alarming decay of the public virtue, and a corroding influence upon the profession, which can only in some general catastrophe.

A TUB TO A WHALE.

THE people of the West are generally feeling poor. They have been selling their No. 2 wheat at 80 cents instead of $1 50 as last year; they are discouraged, too, owing to accidents in harvesting, an unusually large proportion of the crop will class as No. 3 on the whole, they are only going to receive much less money than they expected for the bountiful harvest of 1869. Turning over the subject in their minds, with their habitual philosophy than the vicissitudes of the past few years should have taught them, they have come to the conclusion that the difficulty arises from the scarcity of currency and insufficient supply of banks. They have, accordingly, instructed their Representatives in Congress to insist on an extension of the national banking system, and the result is Senator SHERMAN'S Currency bill, which passed the Senate on the 3d inst.

This bill authorizes the issue of $45,000,000 more bank currency to be put forth by new banks, against a like deposit of fifty per cent. certificates which are to be canceled; and after this issue has been made, a further sum of $30,000,000 of bank notes is to be taken from the States which have more than their proportion of the whole. This will now afloat, and given to those which have less.

This would appear, on its face, to be an increase of the volume of irredeemable paper money to the extent of forty-five millions, and in this view it would seem singular that the passage of the bill through the Senate did not lead to the start of another gold at New York, in cotton at New Orleans, or in wheat at Chicago. But the West is right in its theory, that the cause of the prevailing poverty in that section is the want of bank currency, how does it happen that a premium of 15 per cent. more currency meets with no response in the Western markets, sensitive as they are?

No action has yet been taken on the bill in the House of Representatives. It is presumed, however, that the influences which led to the passage of the bill by a large majority in the Senate will secure its adoption without material amendment by the House. We see no reason why it should not become a law, if the West wants it.

For it is, in simple truth, a mere "tub to the whale," and does not matter one iota, one way or the other.

The idea that money can be made more abundant, and that prices can be made to advance, by the establishment of new banks under the national system, is very ingenious. But no one has laughed at the simplicity of the rogue in the old play who proposed to his "pal" to create a land boom by way of meeting the necessities. But really, in view of recent discussions in Congress, it seems proper to state gravely that banks are mere cancelling, not creators, of capital; and that capital and currency are two very different things.

The West needs the bank-capital. They are, comparatively speaking, new countries. They are growing rich very fast indeed; but they are not yet so rich as the East, or as the wealthy parts of Europe. The demand for capital in the West is so far in excess of the supply that the rates of money averages nearly one per cent. a month. Western merchants who desire to do business on borrowed money chafe at the high rate, and fancy it could be reduced by an extension of the national banking system. But for every dollar of currency issued by the proposed new banks, only about ten cents, in bonds, must be deposited at Washington, and every dollar of discounts must be offset by ten dollars of loans. The proposed new banks, with a million capital each, were authorized to-morrow at the West, money—i. e., capital—would not be any more plentiful there. The new banks could not issue currency without lodging bonds with the Bureau, and they would not lodge bonds unless more capital left with them on deposit. Capital, which is merely another word for the savings of a community, is the growth of years. The enormous increase in trade and industry continued through a series of years. To fancy it can be suddenly secured, because the Government allows banks of issue to be as to seek the philosopher's stone. In the course of a generation or two money will naturally be cheaper in the West than in New York, six to seven per cent. in Cincinnati and Chicago, and eight to nine per cent. in San Francisco. But there will be no such rapid accumulation of capital from long-continued profits from trade and industry, and the result can not be quickened by the establishment of banks.

It is not at all likely that any considerable number of banks will be established under Senator SHERMAN'S bill, if it should become a law. If the existing sixteen hundred national banks, a considerable number are making little or no profit, and many stockholders in Western national banks would have done much better with their money had they kept it in hand, instead of investing it in bank stock. Banking in a new country, where the people are rich in every thing except money, is by no means a flourishing business. A Western or Southern banker has no deposits to speak of, for the customers of the bank have but little money to deposit. This is not, we are assured by Western friends, a very profitable business. New York has plenty of capital, and supplies it, when it is required, with lavish hand. But it is apt to charge a round price for its use. To establish banks at the West, which will be dependent on New York for the money they will lend, and not to their home customers, is a business in which a "good hater" might fairly wish to embark his enemy.

SENATOR REVELS.

IT is a curious and interesting fact that with the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and the close of the great series of measures of reconstruction which formally end the war, a living symbol of the victory of equal rights which the war secured should appear in the Senate of the United States in the person of Mr. REVELS, the colored Senator from Mississippi. It is a striking and significant fact that the papers which always nodded to the Democratic orators in Congress gibe and sneer at the new Senator, sometimes with shallow or affected arrogant as Mr. TOOMBS, as false to his country as Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS; and if, like those anti-Democratic Senators and all their brethren, he shall devote all his energies to the perpetuity and extension of the most un-American, the most disastrous, and the most inhuman policy that was ever proposed in the Legislature of a civilized nation, we shall agree that the Democratic gibes are well deserved.

If, on the other hand, he shall modestly and steadily continue to support the great principles to which his life has been devoted—if he shall

continue to do all that he can to elevate and enlighten the most unfortunate class of American citizens, to establish securely that policy of equal rights among the people which is alone truly American and democratic, to cultivate universal sympathy and fraternity, and to hold the Union to the great and humane purposes for which it is declared in the Constitution to be established—if he proves by his Senatorial course his faith in popular government, in liberty, in justice, as the best guarantees of prosperity and progress, and the greatest good of the greatest number, he will do what neither Mr. WEBSTER, nor Mr. TOOMBS, nor Mr. STEPHENS, nor Mr. MASON, nor Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, nor any of the Democratic Senators ever did, and will commend himself, as they certainly never did, to the grateful remembrance and honor of his fellow-citizens.

PANDORA'S BOX.

THE recent summary execution of SALNAVE in HAYTI evidently turns public attention to that island and its sisters in the Gulf, and impressively suggests the question whether this is the kind of population that it is desirable to add to ours. The history of HAYTI is a tale of blood. The negroes were cruelly wronged in the beginning, and they have terribly revenged themselves. There is no occasion for bestowing them. Every sneer and excretion leveled at them recoils with twofold force upon the head of our own color. But what good reason can be urged that the United States should incorporate into themselves all this medley of negro and essentially perilous element? Coffee and sugar and tobacco are not reasons for adding the most discordant elements to our population. Is it which the free of old hate and jealousy still slumber.

Nor must it be forgotten that the victorious party in the HAYTIEN war, whose leaders have just shot SALNAVE, are also a party in the DOMINICAN troubles at the other end of the island. SALNAVE was regarded by the HAYTIENS as General CABRAL, who is in arms against BAEZ, from whom we propose to lease the BAY of SAMANA, and under whose auspices the Annexation emit is asking to pay ten millions of dollars to be admitted to the Union, it might become necessary to allow that the destiny of the island be first to be resisted. But a commercial intrigue against which the leaders in power upon the island protest is not manifest destiny by any means. If we wish a naval station in the WEST Indies, we have agreed in honor to take St. Thomas, and the taking involves not only no barbarism, and nothing but the addition of a few thousands of peaceful Danes to the population. In both cases, as proposed, we buy money; but let us be very careful that we buy something, and are not sold in the transaction.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes that the 8th of January from Port-au-Prince, that HAYTI is ready to enter upon a career of peace. On the 10th of January the DOMINICANS had not captured SAMANA or delivered him to the provisional Haytien authorities. On the 18th SALNAVE arrived at Port-au-Prince. He immediately upon his arrival, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he was tried by the revolutionary tribunal. At twenty minutes past six he was shot. The people are said to have danced and sung when it was known that SALNAVE was brought in a prisoner. But three hours ago they danced and sung when he appeared as President. To-day it is SAGOT who takes SALNAVE'S first place. So-morrow it will probably take his last. The Haytien struggle, as the *Tribune* correspondent says, is to prevent "an entire relapse of Haytien society into barbarism." We ask again, is this a struggle and a society which patriotism or good sense requires that the United States should annex?

If the San Domingo treaty shall be reported for ratification by the Foreign Committee of the Senate, the country has a right to expect the most conclusive statement of the advantages which will be secured by it to this country, and an equally conclusive reply to the objections and stringent reasons for letting the island severely alone.

STATE OF THE LAW AS TO USURY.

THE decisions recently made in various portions of the State on this subject show the need of a uniform regulation applicable to the whole country. In a late suit brought by the Lake Ontario National Bank of Oswego, in which the defense of usury was maintained, Judge MUTLER, of the Supreme Court, held that the State law did not apply, as the loan on which excessive interest was paid or agreed upon was made by a national bank, and that Congress had provided for the case.

Under our State law the whole debt, principal and interest, would have been forfeited. The act approved June 3, 1864, known as the National Bank Act, provides that in case a greater rate of interest shall be knowingly taken or reserved by any such institution than the rate allowed by the laws of the State or Territory in which the bank shall be located, it shall be adjudged a forfeiture of the entire interest which the note, bill, or other evidence of debt carries with it, or which has been agreed to be paid thereon.

It should be stated, in justification of the bank, that *only* seven per cent. interest was actually taken in the case of the loan, but there was an agreement on the part of the debtor to pay, in addition to the principal, "exchange on New York"—which is the same decision, we suppose, to explain, as under the circumstances, it was found to be usurious.

Appeal from this ruling of the Circuit Judge was taken and argued before Judge BACON, who, at Special Term, affirmed the decision, and the defense was abandoned. The *Albany Argus* states that Judge MORGAN, of the same judicial district, and Judge ROSENKRANS, in another, had come to the same decision. The case before Judge ROSENCRANS was one in which The First National Bank of Whitehall was plaintiff.

The defendants in these cases contended that the act of Congress, with respect to usury, was merely cumulative; that it left the State law in force, full operation, as if it were beyond this, and superseded the State law, that the act of Congress was void. These points were overruled, and the decision may now be regarded as the settled law on the subject. The power of Congress to prescribe a rule in this respect, applicable to national banking and their contracts, is unquestionably derived from the specific grant of authority "to regulate commerce among the several States." But this authority is asserted, if there is power to affix the penalty for taking usurious interest in any case which arises in the State, it must also be applicable to all other cases. There would be a great defect in our system if it were impossible for the General Government to prescribe the law in such cases.

The laws of the respective States on this subject are various. In some States the principal and interest are both forfeited; in some only the interest is forfeited; in others the excess of interest over and above the prescribed rate, while in many it is not. In some States, the regular rate is forfeited. By the act of Congress approved June 3, 1864, above referred to, if the rate of interest paid by the debtor is usurious, the latter may recover from the bank "twice the amount of interest so paid."

Certainly there would seem to be no good reason for establishing different penalties in the different States for a violation of usury laws. A person living in a State where usury is the excess of interest is forfeited might, in his dealings with a neighboring borrower, living in or adjoining States where the prescribed penalty for interest are forfeited, be seduced into making a loan in the latter in ignorance of that severe penalty, and thus lose his whole debt. We are now bound together in close commercial interest—closer than formerly, on account of the creation of the national banks on a system which requires that the circulation of one shall be accepted by the others to a certain extent; and it would seem to be unreasonable that commerce shall not be confused with divers penalties and different rules of law in such transactions. The mere fact that the General Government has interfered in this matter at all, is a sufficient reason for advancing to the passage of a general regulation, immediate as to act, but in its existence, adds one more to the immense variety of penalties and punishments.

The opinion delivered by several courts in the decision that Congress has not passed beyond the true boundary of its powers into the region appropriated by our system to individual States, is an answer in part to the unjust clamor that there is a tendency in the Republican administration to unjust usurpation, to extend the national authority.

Before the war there was a decided tendency in the opposite direction, due to the claim that the weight of sovereignty resided in the States, and they were allowed to legislate on many subjects over which the power of the General Government was exclusive whenever it chose to legislate. Thus it was held that the insolvent laws of States might be enforced until Congress chose to act by passing a uniform bankrupt law, when instantly State laws inconsistent with it were to be invalid. The power of the Union existed from the beginning, but it was suffered to be dormant until occasion arose for its exercise. The power to *regulate* excludes the idea that any other can make regulations applicable to the same thing.

It would seem, therefore, to be wise to pass a general law to create uniformity in these penalties and punishments; so that, in order to be safe in dealings between citizens of different States, it shall not be necessary to know the various rules which may be established in any one State, to be derived from various and, to the uninitiated, inaccessible statute books.

THE LABOR CONVENTION UPON INTEREST.

THE late Labor Convention in Boston debated resolutions which condemned the taking of interest under any pretext, inasmuch as it made labor subservient to capital. A very simple explanation clears this absurdity.

Our paper-money is a promise to pay the gold and silver dollar, of a certain weight and fineness, of one or other of those metals, as specified in acts of Congress. These metals, into which our circulating medium must ultimately be exchanged, are derived from the earth by *labor*. They may be said to be, therefore, the sole product of *labor*; and hence every law which steps in to make labor pay is a law on labor itself. If their creation was wholly artificial, and their commercial value was derived principally or entirely from legislative acts, and the legislative power was lodged in aristocratic hands, there would be some ground for the demands made by the Convention. But as their value in exchange is due chiefly to the amount of useful labor which the coin represents, and which drew from GALLATIN the remark we quoted in a recent article, that "man that is to say, his labor—is the only true measure of value," the attack of members of the Convention was leveled at the very cause they represented.

NOTES.

IN discussing the school question it must not be forgotten that what the enemies of our present system most condemn is not the exclusion of the Bible, but the division of the school-money among the sects proportionally to numbers. The Rev. Mr. PRESTON, to whose discourse upon the subject we have already referred, and who states distinctly the claim of the Roman Catholic clergy, says: "We have never regarded the reading of appropriate portions of the Bible as any great objection in itself to our Public Schools, provided that it be done without comment or attempt at interpretation." And he adds: "The exclusion of the Bible would not render the Common Schools satisfactory to us, for this alone would not make them non-sectarian." And again, "With our convictions of duty, no schools will satisfy us in which we can not teach our own religion." The scope of this demand, therefore, is, that the State shall provide for teaching every sectarian view of religion, and that the Protestant shall receive their share of the public money to teach their own religion. The statement PRESTON "emphatically" denies any hostility to the Public Schools. "We do not wish them destroyed," he says. "All that we desire is that his proposition is radically antagonistic to the present system. To the principle of the school system now is that the State supports no church. The schools are neither Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, nor Episcopal. But he would have the State support every sect. The contest is vital, for it involves the American idea of government.

SENATOR WILSON'S bill for a pension for MRS. LINCOLN should be passed without hesitation, but with an increase of the amount. Two thousand dollars is not enough. The annuity asked for the family of General RAWLINS and of MR. STANTON will doubtless yield an income of two thousand dollars each, and we do not believe that the people of this country are unwilling to give a suitable and handsome provision for the widow of the murdered President if they are willing to make any, of which there can be no doubt. The proposition does not seem to us so long delayed, and Congress must pass with the hearty welcome with which the press has received the proposition of the pension, that it is the wish of the loyal nation for whom the late President had down his life.

IN an admirable little paper read before SECRETARY STANTON, in the *Army and Navy Journal*, we find a fine characterization, by which the writer, evidently an intimate, personal friend of MR. STANTON, draws the portrait. It is one of the most valuable that it was told in kindly defense of MRS. LINCOLN: "The second day after I took office, I found in one of those little half-boxes, for gentlemen, came into my office, and handed me a card from MRS. LINCOLN, asking that an order be made a commissary. I said, 'There is no place for you, and if there were, the fact that you ask it would prevent your receiving anything it to you;' and I tore the card up. The next day I was told that a lady was in the office. I looked, and handed me a formal letter from MRS. LINCOLN, making the same request. I said, 'I told you yesterday there was no place for you, and there never will be one while I am Secretary.' I tore up the letter, saying, 'I will have no more said.' During the day I called upon her, and said, 'I thought it only proper to call upon MRS. LINCOLN, finding a card and letter had been received from you.' She said, 'Yes, MR. SECRETARY. I thought that as wife of the President I was entitled to ask for so small a favor.' I said, 'Madam, we are in the midst of a great war for national existence. Our success depends upon the people. My first duty is to the people of the United States; my next duty is to protect your husband's honor and your own. If I should make such appointments, I should strike at the very root of confidence of the people in the government, in your husband, and you and me.' She said at once: 'MR. STANTON, you are right. And I will never ask you for any thing again,' and she never did.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 31.—In the Senate, almost every member presented petitions for the abolition of the franking privilege.—In the House, bills were introduced to admit MISSISSIPPI; to remove all political disabilities; to grant belligerent rights to CUBA; to establish the salaries of Senators and Representatives at $5000 a year, and reduce the mileage to ten cents; and for appropriations for the year.

January 3.—In the Senate, progress was made with the Civil Service bill, but no vote was not taken.—In the House, the Tariff bill was reported, and after debate was ordered to be printed.

February 1.—In the Senate, the Tariff bill was passed by a vote of 29 to 28.—In the House, a resolution was introduced by MR. ELDRIDGE, declaring the recognition of the Cuban as belligerents. A bill to establish the salaries of Senators and Representatives was reported.

February 2.—In the Senate, a resolution was introduced to inquire into the expediency of establishing a national bank, in view of the financial affairs in portions of the South. MR. SHERMAN reported a bill for funding the National Debt, extending banking privileges, and establishing specie payments.—In the House, MR. ELDRIDGE'S resolution, declaring that a declaration of the bill to supply the naval deficiencies, amounting to $3,000,000, the result of which was the adoption of an amendment striking out appropriations to $1,000,000, and the passage of the bill as amended. The bill for the admission of MISSISSIPPI, which it exactly similar to the one under which VIRginia was admitted, was passed, 145 to 46. Under a call in relation to additional bounties, which extends the provisions of previous acts, to the families of deceased soldiers who enlisted for a period of less than a year, was passed. An extensive Civil Service bill providing for the execution of every and all the laws of the United States, was introduced and referred.

February 3.—In the Senate, a bill was reported authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to withhold moneys due to States in default of the payment of interest on bonds held in trust by the government. A long discussion took place in reference to the action of the franking privilege on a motion to take the Tariff bill from the table. The motion was lost by a vote of 32 to 34.—In the House, a resolution was offered that the Committee on Naval Affairs be added on Military Affairs to investigate the reported sale of ordnance stores by the Navy Agent at Mare Island by members of Congress.

February 4.—In the Senate was not in session, and the time of the House was occupied with an unimportant debate.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The most important measure passed in the New York State Legislature during the week was the one to provide a new charter for the city. The salient features of the instrument are the following:

The Governor, Mayor, Recorder, and Police Commissioner are to be elected for four years. No charter election is to take place until the fall election of every second year. The new Common Council is to consist of eighty-four members, two elected from each ward. The details of municipal labor are to be left with seven departments, viz.: Of the Department of Finance, of Public Works, of Law, of Public Charities, of Police, of Parks, of Health, of Buildings, of Public Parks, of Excise, Sanitary Department, and the Board of Education. The Commissioner of Police is to be appointed by the Governor, and the Board of Police to be the mayor, and the present Superintendent of Police to be continued in office. Provision is made for retention of the present police and firemen, except in certain cases. The Board of Police is to consist of three members. Liquor shops may open at 4 o'clock in the morning and must close at 10 P.M. Saloons may be closed on Sundays, but the prohibition does not extend to the selling of liquor with meals or at steamboats. The restriction upon the sale of liquor to minors is left unchanged. The Common Council shall have the power of impeaching the Mayor, Commissioners, and County Officers for misconduct. The Education Department is not changed in any of its features. The Board of Health is to have charge of matters of quarantine. The Board of Liquor and Excise Commissioners is to be abolished.

The bill authorizing Governor HOFFMAN to issue bonds and ordered to be printed.

The statement of the public debt shows a net decrease of $3,103,464 89 during the month of January. The coin balance is $101,015,000 in the Treasury. Certificates amounting to $20,060,000. The currency balance is $17,000,000. The gold certificates on account again, and $1,000,000 in coin.

The Legislature of Tennessee has passed an act granting aid to the Mediterranean and Oriental Steam Navigation Company of New York, the object of which is to encourage immigration to the South by means of direct communication between that State and Europe.

Governor HOFFMAN and Governor FENTON visited to take the oath at the polls in Missouri, and was defeated from voting. The Democrats had a full delegation for an opinion. The Court has decided against the Democrats, declaring the voting to be a fraud in such.

The "new nation" across the northern border has come to a sudden end. Dictator RIEL, after a short but bloody career, has been driven from power, and Governor MCTAVISH has been reinstated. The Hudson Bay Company has come into control again, and RIEL is a prisoner in Fort Gerry.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is said that the Pope will hereafter refuse to receive protests against the affirmation of the dogma of Infallibility. The Pope has also issued a new coin, just in circulation, but were found to have originated from the Government Mint at Rome, and the forgery, which was not regarded as of a fatal character. These coins bear the head of the Pope on one side, and an inscription in regard to his successor. No favorite candidate for the Papacy is mentioned in the coin.

It is reported that the Turkish Government has refused to have dressed for the Spanish throne. Prince LEOPOLD of Lothen, Duke of GENOA, Prince NAPOLEON, and Prince Charles of Prussia, are now among the candidates whose names named.

M. DE VERNE, the distinguished French astronomer and Director of the Observatory of Paris, and Professor of the Imperial Observatory for action in the Senate of France, has been summoned before a committee on his official position.

Despatches from Vienna states that the Archbishops Rauscher of Austria has left for his country. No reason for his visit to Rome is assigned.

The agent of the Spanish Government in Cuba has arrived with the consent of the Dutch government for the purchase of arms in Holland.

It is reported, on the authority of a letter from a Spanish officer, that the body of the late Dr. LIVINGSTONE had been burned as a wizard by a chief in Central Africa. The statement is not yet confirmed by the London papers.

Diplomatic relations between Egypt and Greece is said to have been completed.

Despatches from Mexico represent the condition of affairs in that country as fully disguised. Revolutionary attempts are frequent, but the government is seemingly able to preserve tranquillity. A plot to proclaim Santa Anna was discovered, and the principals arrested. A battle is reported quiet. A battle is reported to have taken place in San Luis Potosi, which resulted in a victory of the insurgent troops, and the capture by them of twenty pieces of artillery. General NEGRETE is said to be in command of the insurgent forces in the vicinity of Santa Anna.

The Spanish Minister, Senor Cartanon, editor of the Pro de Cuba, a journal in the Spanish interest published in Havana, was shot and killed in the streets of Cuba at Key West, whither he had gone to the Cuba at Key West, whither he had gone to

VACCINATING THE BABY.

A PRETTY domestic story is that which our artist tells in this beautiful engraving, and tells so well that we need scarcely call the attention of our readers to the artistic skill displayed in its treatment. The happy manner in which he has expressed the pride of the young mother, the shrinking timidity of the baby, the anxiety of the nurse lest the doctor should hurt her pretty charge, and the kindly good-nature of the old family doctor, will strike every one at first glance.

We trust the hint conveyed indirectly by this picture may not be lost upon families where this necessary precaution against a loathsome disease has been neglected. The sanitary superintendent of the Metropolitan District of New York, in a recent report, called attention to the fact that this disease has become fearfully prevalent throughout the West, especially in California, and that great precaution will be necessary to keep it from spreading through New York. In most European countries the regulations in regard to the vaccination of children are very rigid, and are enforced without respect to rank. At a certain age every child is vaccinated; those of the poor by the police physician, who gives a certificate that the law has been complied with. This excellent regulation has nearly banished small-pox from many cities where it once made fearful ravages among the poorer classes. One of the results is, that this disease is very seldom brought to this country by immigrants. In 1869, out of 662 cases treated at Blackwell's Island Hospital, only 152 were brought from abroad. This fact carries its own moral.

VACCINATING THE BABY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SOL EYTINGE.]

GENERAL AMES.

GENERAL ADELBERT AMES, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from the State of Mississippi, and whose portrait is given on this page, is a native of Maine, and entered West Point as a cadet from that State. He graduated with honor in 1856, received a lieutenant's commission, and has since remained in the army. No officer has a more honorable war-record than General AMES. He served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac, and participated in nearly every battle in which that gallant host was engaged, and was promoted for gallant and meritorious services through the various grades, from lieutenant to the rank of major-general, which he now holds.

General AMES is about thirty-five years of age, a man of pleasant bearing, of frank and yet firm disposition. His administration as Military Governor of Mississippi has been eminently wise and successful. He was chosen Senator by the nearly unanimous vote of the Legislature of that State. Should the question of his eligibility be decided against him, his rejection by the Senate would cause general regret throughout the State, where his impartial conduct has won the respect of all parties.

HON. H. R. REVELS.

ON this page will be found the portrait of Hon. H. R. REVELS, Senator elect from Mississippi. Mr. REVELS was born in North Carolina, in 1822, of free colored parents. He was educated at a

GENERAL ADELBERT AMES, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

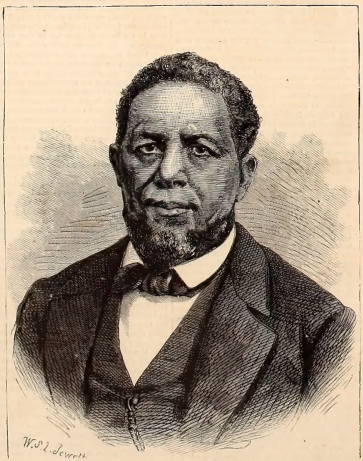

HON. H. R. REVELS, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Quaker Seminary in Indiana, and became a Methodist minister. At the breaking out of the war he was settled in Baltimore, and from that time took an active part in the management of freedmen's affairs. In 1864 he went to Vicksburg, in pursuance of this mission, and assisted in the organization of schools and churches among the liberated slaves. He passed the next two years in Kansas and Missouri, preaching and lecturing on moral and religious subjects; returned to Mississippi the following year, and has since resided in Natchez. He is presiding elder of his Church for the southern portion of the State. Since July last he has been a member of the City Council, and has served in that capacity with credit. A short time since he was elected to the State Senate by a handsome majority, and has now been selected by the Legislature as a proper man to represent the State in the Senate of the United States.

MR. REVELS is a tall, portly man, of light complexion: has benevolent features, a pleasant voice, and cultivated manners. He is thoroughly respected by his own people, and by the whites.

SEA-DRIFT.

THE inhabitants of the sea are fiercer than those of the land, all, or nearly all, being carnivorous, and preying upon each other. Various regions or zones are inhabited by certain fishes and other animals peculiar to them, and found in no other parts. Sometimes they travel to find food, but those greater travelers, the currents, bring them large supplies too. The Gulf stream carries immense numbers of the jelly-like medusæ northward, to be eagerly devoured by the Greenland whale, whose huge body is chiefly sustained by such apparently trifling food. It is well known that the narrowness of its throat prevents it from swallowing any thing larger than shrimps and small crabs. Medusæ abound in the polar seas, sometimes to such an extent as to calm ruffled water; but the amount drifted from the tropics is not too much to make up for its constant destruction by this animal. The great nursery of marine life is in the Pacific and Indian oceans. There the warm, placid waters are seen tinged for miles with crimson, yellow, or white, by millions of infusoria, whose curious forms are only revealed by the microscope. There whole fleets of the "Portuguese man-of-war" and "Sailor-man," as sailors call the nautilus and velella, are setting out with the gentle drift; currents on a long voyage that has no end for them but death, and a sinking into unfathomable depths of still, dark water below, where their delicate shells add to the crust of dead organisms ever forming freshly upon the sea-floor.

Sea-weed is not without its uses. The immense quantities of wrack thrown upon the coasts of Scotland, Ireland, and Iceland are used by the poor for fuel and cattle-food, and the more delicate kinds are even eaten by themselves. Formerly thousands of tons were used annually in the manufacture of alkali. The

CUPID'S MESSENGERS.

edible birds' nests found along the shores of the Java and Chinese seas are made by a swallow which feeds upon a species of floating sea-weed. From this it extracts the glutinous substance forming the nest. This gelatine can be made artificially, if one may so call it, by boiling down the weed; and in some parts of the Indies it is really used in cookery.

Seeds, plants, and even large trees are often drifted across the seas to foreign shores, where they sometimes take root if the soil and climate be favorable. Growing in the hot, rank moisture of a primeval forest, or among the reeds bordering a grassy upland, this living vegetation is swept away with its whole banks by the furious inundations of tropical rivers. It forms a sand-bank at the river mouth, which in course of time silts up into a delta, generally an immense, thickly-wooded swamp of rich alluvial soil, tigers and alligators infesting its gloomy depths. But a great part of this *débris* is driven out to sea. Mr. Bates says that in the flood season the Amazon bears along "a continuous line of uprooted trees and islets of floating plants," and in the open sea, four hundred miles from its mouth, he saw "patches of floating grass, mingled with tree-trunks and withered foliage," among them fruits of a tree found only on the banks of the Great River, the Ubussie palm. The floods of the Orinoco, the Congo, the Ganges, the Plate, and the Mississippi float out to sea similar natural rafts. Among the Philippine and Moluccas islands they are met with, coming probably from the large Chinese rivers. Those of the Orinoco are covered with water-plants in flower; and so solid are they that many a canoe is wrecked against them on dark nights as they come down with the swirling flood. The Mississippi rears away whole acres covered with wood; and one hundred miles from the mouth of the Ganges floating islands have been seen, composed of matted trees and soil, with trees growing erect upon them. Many of these carry monkeys, storks, alligators, snakes, and tigers. Generally victims of the next storm, a few may have smiled safely before the steady summer winds to more than one lonely rock or sand-key, plants taken root, and animals multiplied there, before man come to reign over all. It is an interesting question to many how animal and vegetable life spread over the earth, and our increasing knowledge of deep-sea currents explains much. All these things are received by the great universal ocean, and by it distributed far and wide.

Not only is this lower life dispersed by the currents, but man too is affected by them. The idea conceived by Columbus of a western continent was confirmed by the fact of trees and bodies of strange men being stranded on the Azores. In 1688 a French ship captured an Esquimaux canoe containing seven men, near the English coast, and Esquimaux have several times been driven in their canoes by storms to the Orcades. The wreck of a Japanese junk was drifted to the Sandwich Islands with her surviving crew. In this it is easy to trace the agency of the Black Stream of Japan as the foregoing instances may be attributed to that of the Gulf Stream. Stories are on record of Pacific islanders having helplessly drifted on mountain before seeing land; and undoubtedly many islands have been peopled in this way. Humboldt says that some casks of palm-oil, belonging to the cargo of a vessel wrecked near Cape Lopez, were carried across the Atlantic by the equatorial current, and made a second passage with the Gulf Stream to the coast of Scotland, where they were found. A similar thing has happened to more than one wrecked cargo in the West Indies.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PYRENEES.

THE multiplicity of charms of various kinds almost rivals those of the ages of faith. A toad hung up and left to die in a stable preserves the horses from the evil-eye; certain pointed stones, called Peyras de pigotes, or smallpox stones, laid round the neck, are a defense against infectious diseases. In the valley of Argelès the poorest peasant contrives to procure a mighty log of wood on Christmas-eve; this is lighted, and to it he offers a portion of the bread, wine, etc., of which his poor supper on that night is composed. Hawthorn and laurel sacred to the vesper-squirrel shrinker; the inhabitants of Biarritz make wreaths of these plants at dawn on St. John's Day; they then rush to the sea, plunge in after a prayer, and are safe during the ensuing twelvemonth, from the temptations of evil spirits. The belief in fairies and spirits is common. There is the friendly sprite who tends the fire, folds the linen, and reders up the house in the absence of its owner. "Le Folet is a tricksy imp, who lives among the mountains, and specially delights in teasing horses, which are sometimes found on stormy mornings with manes marvelously plaited, and in a state of great agitation from his visits. As to fairies, they are still visible to the unsophisticated Pyrenæan, and they sit at the entrance of their grottoes, combing their golden hair, much as they used to do in our own old nursery days. He who tries to reach them perishes; should he find favor in their eyes, he disappears forever from this world. If, however, a mortal release a fairy from a spell, she sometimes lends him her magic wand, with which he can obtain whatever he desires. In the Barége valley the fairies inhabit the interior of the Pic de Bergons, and this placed at the foot of their abode is instantly spun into the finest thread. In the valley of Barousse they go from house to house on New Year's night, carrying happiness in their right hands, and sorrow in their left, under the form of two children, the one crowned with flowers, the other weeping. To propitiate them a repast is spread in a room with open doors and windows, and on the morrow the master of the house distributes the food among his family and servants, with good wishes for the New Year. Occasionally, however, tricks may be played upon female fairies with impunity, as when one was caught in a pair of trowsers, left in a garden for the purpose.

A reputation for witchcraft is both profitable and dangerous in those parts. A witch who died quietly at Argelès in 1865 had lived surrounded with benefits

TOPSY'S VALENTINE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SOL EYTINGE.]

and advantages conferred on her by those who feared her power; but in 1850 a poor old woman, named Jeanne Bedorres, was thrown alive into a heated oven at Pujo, near Vic-Bigorre, and died under the torture.

Like all superstitious people, the inhabitants of the Pyrenees account, by legendary stories, for natural sights and sounds. The man in the moon was banished to his place of distant exile for Sabbath-breaking; he sinned in February; he has been in the same cold month ever since. He still bears upon his shoulder the fagot that he gathered on that accursed day. He is condemned to labor without repose until the end of the world, when he will have expiated his transgression, and will regain his liberty and name. When the shepherd, leading home his flock, hears the shiver of leaves on the wind, he recognizes woodland sounds startle him, when the mountain echoes awake from rock to rock, he remembers, for he knows that Basua Jaona (Sire of the wild lord) is near. Basua Jaon is of enormous size; he has a human countenance, and walks upright like a man; but he surpasses the stag in activity, and is covered with long, smooth hair. He bounds over gorges, and his loud voice cries aloud, for he knows that he must endure the hardest buffets of the elements. Occasionally he forewarns the herdsman of the approaching storm, and woe to the unlucky wight who neglects or despises the caution! Despite the formidable appearance and manners, Basua Jaon seems to be rather a good-natured personage, who does not resent liberties. Once having fallen, like the fairy, into the trap of a pair of trousers, he allowed himself to be tricked into revealing the secret of the previously unknown art of walking iron. Some have supposed that Basua Jaon is a legendary reminiscence of the crang-outang of Africa, where the Basques are said formerly to have sojourned.

SUN AND RAIN.

A young wife stood at the lattice-pane,
In a study sad and "broun,"
Watching the dreary, endless rain,
Steadily pouring down—

Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sighed, "Ah, me!
What a wretched, wretched day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist:

Throb, throb, throb,
Went her little heart, and coy,
As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day!"

Forget was the plashing rain,
And the dreariness all alone,
For the sombre room was lighted again
By the blessed sun of Love:

"Love, love, love!"
Ran the little wife's murmur'd lay;
Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

GONE.

Blanche came in, with a glass of wine in her hand, and saw the swooning woman on the floor.

She was alarmed, but not surprised, as she knelt by Anne, and raised her head. Her own previous observation of her friend necessarily prevented her from being at all at a loss to account for the fainting fit. The inevitable delay in getting the wine was—naturally to her mind—alone to blame for the trouble which now met her view.

If she had been less ready in thus tracing the effect to its cause, she might have moved to the window to see if any thing had happened, outof-doors, to frighten Anne—might have seen Geoffrey before he had time to enter the house of the home—and, making that one discovery, might have altered the whole course of events that met in her coming life only, but in the coming lives of others. So do we shape our own destinies, blindfold. So do we hold our poor inheritance of happiness at the capricious mercy of Chance. It is surely a blessed delusion which persuades us that we are the highest product of the great scheme of creation, and sets us doubting whether other planets are habitable, because other planets are not surrounded by an atmosphere which we can breathe!

After trying such simple remedies as were within her reach, and trying them without success, Blanche became seriously alarmed. She threw by, to all outward appearance, dead in her arms. She was on the point of calling for help —come what might of the discovery which would ensue—when the door from the hall opened once more, and Hester Dethridge entered the room.

The cook had accepted the alternative which her mistress's message had placed before her. If she insisted on having her own time at her own sole disposal for the rest of that day. Exactly as Lady Lundie had desired, she intended her resolution to carry her point by placing her account-book on the desk in the library. It was only when this had been done that Blanche received any answer to her entreaties for help. Slowly and deliberately Hester Dethridge walked up to the spot where the young girl knelt with Anne's head on her bosom, and looked at the two without a trace of human emotion in her stern and stony face.

"Don't you see what's happened?" cried Blanche. "Are you alive or dead? Oh, Hester, I can't bring her to! Look at her! look at her!"

Hester Dethridge looked at her, and shook her head. Looking again, she turned to the table, and wrote on her slate. Held out the slate over Anne's body, and showed what she had written: "It's only a fainting fit."

"You stupid creature!" said Blanche. "Nobody but fools faint!"

The eyes of Hester Dethridge steadily read the worn white face, telling its own tale of sorrow mutely set to endurance. Then, with the slate, Hester Dethridge steadily looked back at her own knowledge of her mistress's secret married life. She again returned to writing on her slate —again showed the written words to Blanche.

"I brought it to by a man. I don't know God will take her."

You horrid unfeeling woman! how dare you write such an abominable thing!" With this natural outburst of indignation, Blanche looked back at Anne, and, doubting the death-like persistency of the swoon, appealed again to the mercy of the unmoved woman who stood looking down at her. "Oh, Hester! for Heaven's sake help me!"

The cook dropped her slate at her side, and bent her head gravely in sign that she submitted. She motioned to Blanche to loosen Anne's dress, and then—kneeling on the knee-cushion Anne to support her while it was being done. The minute Hester Dethridge touched her, the swooning woman gave signs of life.

A faint shudder ran through her from head to feet—her pulse trembled—her eyelids rose for a moment—and closed again. As they closed, a low sigh floated softly from her lips.

Hester Dethridge put her back in Blanche's arms—considered a little with herself—returned to writing on the slate—and held out the written words once more:

"Shivered when I touched her. That means I have been walking over her grave."

Blanche turned from the sight of the slate, and from the face of the writer. "Don't say that! Don't frighten me!" she said. "You will frighten *Me*, if she sees you. Don't mean to offend you; but—leave us, please leave us."

Hester Dethridge accepted her dismissal, as she accepted every thing else. She bowed her head in sign that she understood—looked for the last time at Anne—dropped a stiff courtesy to her young mistress—and left the room.

An hour later the butler had paid her, and she had left the house.

Blanche breathed more freely when she found herself alone. She could feel the *relief* now of seeing Anne revive.

"Can you hear me, darling?" she whispered. "Can you let me know you are coming to?"

Anne's eyes slowly opened and looked round her—in that torment and terror of reviving life which makes its awful pressure felt instinctively against its recall to existence when mortal mercy has denied its own help to the end of time.

Blanche rested Anne's head against the nearest chair, and ran to the table upon which she had placed the wine before entering the room.

After swallowing the first few drops Anne began to feel the return of her consciousness. Blanche persisted in making her empty the glass, and refrained from asking or answering questions until her recovery was complete and the glass of wine was emptied.

"You have overexerted yourself this morning," she said, as soon as it seemed safe to speak. "Nobody has seen you, darling—nothing has happened. Are you feel like trying to walk?"

Anne made an attempt to rise and leave the library. Blanche placed her gently in the chair, and went on:

"There is not the least need to stir. We have another quarter of an hour to ourselves before any body is at all likely to disturb us. I have something to say, Anne—a little proposal to make. Will you hear it?"

Anne took Blanche's hand, and pressed it gratefully to her lips. She made no other reply. Blanche proceeded:

"I won't ask any questions, my dear—I won't attempt to force you to confess against your will—I won't even remind you of my letter yesterday. But I can't help feeling without knowing it in my mind made easy about you in some way. You will relieve all my anxiety, if you will do one thing—one easy thing, for me. Will you?"

"What is it, Blanche?"

She put down her hand with her mind far away from the subject before her. Blanche was too eager in pursuit of her object to notice the absent tone, the unusually mechanical manner, in which Anne had spoken to her.

"I want you to consult my uncle," she answered. "Sir Patrick is interested in you; Sir Patrick proposed to me this very day to go and see you at the inn. Let me tell him that I consider the dearest old man living—and you can trust me to put your proposal before him. Will you take my uncle into your confidence, and be guided by his advice?"

Anne looked up with a sudden, convulsive movement, which Anne had spoken to her.

"Consult Sir Patrick!" she repeated, in a low, startled voice.

"Why not? Is there any thing—still thinking of something else—Anne, you're not afraid of Sir Patrick?"

Blanche was exhausted. "How will I must have managed it!" she thought. "This is what my uncle means, when my uncle talks of 'putting it strongly.'"

She bent down over Anne, and gayly patted her on the shoulder.

"That's the wisest 'Yes,' darling, you ever said in your life. Wait here—and I'll go in to luncheon, or they will be sending to know what has become of me. Sir Patrick has kept my place for me, next to himself. I shall contrive to tell him what I want; and *he* will contrive (oh, the blessing of having to do with a clever man!) there to be a time for them]—he will contrive to leave the table before the rest, without exciting any remark or suspicion. Go away with him at once to the summer-house (we have been at the summer-house all the morning; nobody will go back to it), and I will follow you as soon as I have satisfied Lady Lundie by eating some lunch. You will be all the safer from her our three selves. In five minutes or less you may expect Sir Patrick. Let me go! We haven't a moment to lose!"

Anne held her back. Anne's attention was concentrated on her now.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Are you going on happily with Arnold, Blanche?"

"Arnold is nicer than ever, my dear."

"Is the day fixed for your marriage?"

"The day will be ages hence. Not till we are back in town, at the end of the autumn. Let me go, Anne!"

"Give me a kiss, Blanche."

Blanche kissed her, and tried to release her hand. Anne held it as if she was drowning, as if her life depended on not letting it go.

"Will you always love me, Blanche, as you love me now?"

"How can you ask me?"

"I said I should. You say Yes too."

Blanche said it. Anne's eyes fastened on her face, with a long, yearning look, and then Anne's hand suddenly dropped here.

She ran out of the room, more agitated, more anxious, more puzzled to decide on herself, than ever had she felt so certain of the urgent necessity of appealing to Sir Patrick's advice as she felt at that moment.

The guests were still safe at the luncheon-table when Blanche entered the dining-room.

Lady Lundie expressed the necessary surprise, in the properly graduated tone of displeasure, at her step-daughter's want of punctuality. Blanche made her apologies in the most exemplary humility. She glided into her chair by her uncle's side, and took the first thing that was offered to her. Sir Patrick looked at his niece, and found himself in the company of a model young English Miss—and marveled inwardly what it might mean.

The talk interrupted for the moment (topics, Politics and Spiritual-rappings, when a change was wanted, Sport and Politics), was resumed round its former lines. Under cover of the conversation, and in the intervals of receiving the attentions of the gentlemen, Blanche whispered to Sir Patrick. "Don't eat any more. I'm in the library." (Politic Mr. Smith offered cayenne-hens. Gratefully declined.) "Pray, pray, pray go to her; she is waiting so very anxious in a dreadful trouble." (Gallant Mr. Jones proposed fish and sherry—it is, therefore, needless to add that he politely declined to commit an unprovoked outrage on his own stomach.)

"My cake!" persuaded Lady Lundie, elevating the horrible composition on a fork. "Won't anybody have my cake?"

Sir Patrick saw his way to slipping out of the room under cover of a compliment to his sister-in-law. He summoned his courtly smile, and laid his hand on his heart.

"A faithful friend," he said, "is met by a temptation which he can not possibly resist. If it is a wise mortal, also, what does he do?"

"Eat some of My cake," said the prosaic Lady Lundie.

"No!" said Sir Patrick, with a look of unutterable devotion directed at his sister-in-law. "He puts temptation, dear lady—as I do now." He bowed, and escaped, unsuspected, from the room.

Lady Lundie cast down her eyes, with an expression of virtuous indignce for human frailty, and divided Sir Patrick's compliment modestly between herself and the cake.

Well aware that his own departure from the table would be followed in a few minutes by the rising of the body of the house, Sir Patrick hurried to the library, lest as his latest hope he should let him. Now that he was alone, his manner became anxious, and his face looked grave. He entered the room.

Not a sign of Anne Silvester was to be seen any where. The library was a perfect solitude.

"Gone!" said Sir Patrick. "This looks bad."

After a moment's reflection he went back into the hall to get his hat. It was possible that she might have been afraid of discovery if she staid in the library, and that she might have gone out to the summer-house by herself.

If she were to be found in the summer-house, the quieting of Blanche's mind and the clearing up of her uncle's suspicions alike depended on discovering the place in which Miss Silvester had taken refuge. In this case time would be of importance, and the capacity of making the most of it would be a precious capacity at starting. Arriving rapidly at these conclusions, Sir Patrick rang the bell in the hall which communicated with the servants' offices, and summoned his own valet—the person of tried discretion and fidelity, nearly as old as himself.

"Get your hat, Duncan," he said, when the valet appeared, "and come out with me."

Master and servant set forth together silently, on their way through the grounds. Arrived within sight of the summer-house, Sir Patrick ordered Duncan to wait, and went on by himself.

There was not the least need for the precaution that he had taken. The summer-house was as empty as the library. He stepped out again and looked about him. No living creature was visible. Sir Patrick summoned the servant to join him.

"Go back to the stables, Duncan," he said, "and say that Miss Lundie lends me her pony-carriage to-day. Let it be got ready at once and kept in the stable-yard, so that no attract as little notice as possible. You are to go with me, and nobody else. Inform the coachman with a railway time-table. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"Did you happen to see the governess (Miss Silvester) on the day when we came here—the day of the heavy rain?"

"I did, Sir Patrick."

"Should you know her again?"

"I thought I saw a very distinguished-looking person, Sir Patrick. I should certainly know her again."

"Have you any reason to think she noticed you?"

"She never even looked at me, Sir Patrick."

"Very good. Put a change of linen into your bag, Duncan, and be ready yourself to take a journey by railway. Wait for me in the stable yard. This is a matter in which every thing is trusted to your discretion, and to yours."

"Thank you, Sir Patrick."

With that acknowledgment of the compliment which had always been paid by him, Duncan gravely went his way to the stables; and Duncan's master returned to the house, to wait there until he was joined by Blanche.

Sir Patrick showed signs of failing patience during the interval of expectation through which he was now condemned to pass. He applied repeatedly to the bell for a fresh cup of tea. He fidgeted incessantly in and out of the summer-house. Anne's disappearance had placed a serious difficulty in the way of her future discovery; and there was no attacking that obstacle, until precious time had been wasted in waiting to see Blanche.

At last she appeared in view, from the steps of the summer-house; breathless with haste, and seeing to the place of meeting as fast as her feet would take her to it.

Sir Patrick immediately advanced, to spare her the shock of making the inevitable discovery. Blanche, he said, was to be trusted to herself, my dear, for a disappointment. I am alone."

"You don't mean that you have let her go?"

"My poor child! I have never seen her at all."

Blanche sank down on a seat in the summer-house. Sir Patrick followed her. "I must find out again to meet him with a look of blank despair. "Oh, how I did set my pity her!

And see how little pity she has for me!"

Sir Patrick put his arm round his niece, and softly patted the fair young head that reclined on his shoulder.

"Don't let us judge her harshly, my dear! we don't know what serious necessity may not have led her astray. It is plain that she can trust nobody—and that she considered it safest for me to get you out of the room and spare you the pain of parting. Compose yourself, Blanche. I don't despair of discovering where she has gone, if you will help me."

Blanche lifted her head, and dried her tears bravely.

"My father himself wasn't kinder to me than you are," she said. "Only tell me, uncle, what I can do!"

"I want to hear exactly what happened in the library," said Sir Patrick. "Forget nothing, my dear child, no matter how trifling it may be. Trifles are precious to us, and unimportant to others to us, now."

Blanche followed her instructions to the letter. her uncle listening with the closest attention. When she had completed her narrative, Sir Patrick suggested leaving the summer-house. "As I have ordered your chaise," he said; "and I can tell you that I propose doing on our way to the station-shall"

"Let me drive you, uncle?"

"Forgive me, my dear, for saying No to that. Your step-mother's suspicions are very easily excited—and you had better not be seen with me if my inquiries take me to the Craig Fernie inn. I promise, if you will remain here, to tell you every thing when I come back. And the orders in any plan they have for the afternoon—and your will prevent them from in any way crossing things more than a passing remark. You will do as I tell you? That's a good girl! Now you shall hear how I propose to set about this poor lady, and how your little story has helped me."

He paused, considering with himself whether he should begin by telling Blanche of his consultation with Geoffrey. Once more, he decided that question in the negative. Better to still defer taking her into his confidence until he had ascertained the result of investigation on which he was now setting forth.

What you have told me, Blanche, divides itself, in my mind, into two heads," began Sir Patrick. "There is what happened in the li-

brary before your own eyes; and there is what Miss Silvester told you had happened at the inn. As to the event in the library (in the first place), it is too late now to inquire whether that fainting-fit was the result, as you say, of mere exhaustion—or whether it was the result of something that occurred while you were out of the room."

"What could have happened while I was out of the room?"

"I know no more than you do my dear. It is simply one of the possibilities in the inquiry; and, as such, I notice it. To get on to what practically concerns us: If Miss Silvester's delicate health it is impossible that she could get, unassisted, to any great distance from Windygates. She may have taken refuge in one of the cottages in our immediate neighborhood. Or she may have met with some passing vehicle from one of the farms on its way to the Station, and may have asked the person driving to give her a seat in it. Or she may have walked as far as she can, and may have stopped to rest in some sheltered place, among the lanes to the south of this house."

"I'll inquire at the cottages, uncle, while you are gone."

"My dear child, there must be a dozen cottages, at least, within a circle of one mile from Windygates. All the inquiries would probably occupy you for the whole afternoon. I won't ask what Lady Janet would think of your being away all that time by yourself. I will only remind you of two things. You would be making a public matter of an investigation which it is essential to pursue as privately as possible; and, even if you happened to find Miss Silvester, your inquiries would be completely baffled, and you would discover nothing."

"Why not?"

"I know the Scottish peasant better than you do, Blanche. In his intelligence and his sense of self-respect he is a very different being from the English peasant. He would receive you civilly, because you are a young lady; but he would let you see, at the same time, that he considered you had taken advantage of the difference between your station and his position to come on an intrusion. And if Miss Silvester had appealed, in confidence, to his humanity, and if he had granted it, no power on earth would induce him to tell any person living that she was under his roof—without her express permission."

"But uncle—if it's of no use making inquiries of any kind, how are we to find her?"

"I don't say that nobody will answer our inquiries, my dear—I only say the peasantry won't answer them. Some of the servants are hired for their protection. The way to find her is to look on beyond what Miss Silvester may be doing at the present moment, to what she has in her mind to do. Let us say, before the day is out, 'We may assume that Miss Silvester (as has happened), that, as soon as she can leave this neighborhood, she assuredly will leave it? Do you agree, so far?'

"Yes! yes! Go on."

"Very well. She is a woman, and she is (to say the least of it) not strong. She can only leave this neighborhood either by hiring a vehicle or by traveling on the railway. I suppose you first to the Station. At the rate at which your pony goes over the ground, there is no chance, in spite of the time we have lost, of my being there as soon as she is—assuming that she leaves by the first train, up or down, that offers."

"There is a train in half an hour, uncle. She can never get there in time for that."

"She may be here sometimes before we think or she may get a lift; or she may not be alone. How do we know but somebody may have been waiting in the lane—her husband, if there is such a person—to help her? No! I shall assume she is now on her way to the Station, and I shall get there as fast as possible—"

"And stop her, if you find her there?"

"What I do, Blanche, must be left to my discretion. If I find her there, I must act for the best. If I don't find her there, I shall have reason (who goes with me) on the watch for the remaining trains that start to-night. He has

PIERRE BONAPARTE.

VICTOR NOIR.

PIERRE BONAPARTE AND VICTOR NOIR.

On this page will be found the portrait of Prince PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and that of VICTOR NOIR, the journalist whom he recently quarreled with and shot. The Prince is the third son of LUCIEN, brother of NAPOLEON I., and was born at Rome in 1815. In 1832 he came to this country, to join his uncle JOSEPH, who had figured for a while as King of Spain; and from that time until the *coup d'état* placed the present Emperor in power he has led a wandering and adventurous career. From this country he went to Colombia, and joined the army of SANTANDER, by whom he was placed in command of a squadron. Soon after he returned to Italy, where he was regarded with disfavor by the Papal Government, which in 1836 intimated to him that he should leave the Papal States. Surrounded by a troop of mounted police, he wounded two and killed their chief; he received, however, two wounds in the encounter, and had to surrender. After a rather long detention at FORT SAINT ANGELO, in Rome, he returned to this country. He next went to England, and thence to the island of Corfu. During an excursion in Albania he had a quarrel with the Pallikares, and sustained, almost unaided, a deadly combat. The English Government having induced him to leave the Italian and Greek coasts, he left for London, after vainly offering his services to France, and to MEHEMET ALI, the Viceroy of Egypt. In 1848, on hearing the news of the revolution, he hastened to Paris, recalled to the public the life and opinions of his father (who had always entertained republican principles), and obtained a military appointment. He was elected a member of the Assembly from Corsica, and sided with the extreme republicans. The expedition to Rome received his warm opposition. He exhibited in all his conduct a self-willed, intractable disposition. In 1849 he went to Algeria, where he assisted at the first operations of the siege of Zaschta, and then, before the assault, and without permission, he returned to France. The Minister of War deprived him of his military rank, and this measure, which was followed by a duel between M. PIERRE BONAPARTE and a journalist of the extreme Right, received the express approbation of the Assembly.

Since the *coup d'état*, of which he did not approve, he has lived in retirement, and, though holding the rank of Prince, has not been considered as a member of the Imperial family. He is accustomed to amuse himself with literary pursuits, and writes much for the newspaper press. A controversy in a Corsican paper, in the course of which the Prince severely assailed M. ROCHEFORT, led to the quarrel which resulted in the shooting of VICTOR NOIR.

The circumstances of this tragedy are too fresh in the minds of our readers to require repetition here. The victim of the Prince was a young journalist of rare capacity attached to the *Marseillaise*—a political newspaper edited by M. ROCHEFORT. His murder created a profound impression in France, and but for the firmness of the Emperor, and the extraordinary military precautions taken by him to secure the tranquility of Paris, the popular excitement would, in all probability, have swelled into a revolution. The prompt arraignment of Prince BONAPARTE also, doubtless, tended to allay the resentment with which the news of the tragedy was received.

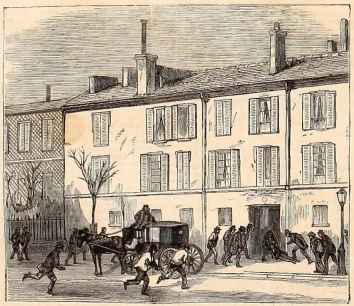

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE'S RESIDENCE.

SCENE OF THE MURDER OF VICTOR NOIR.

EUROPE

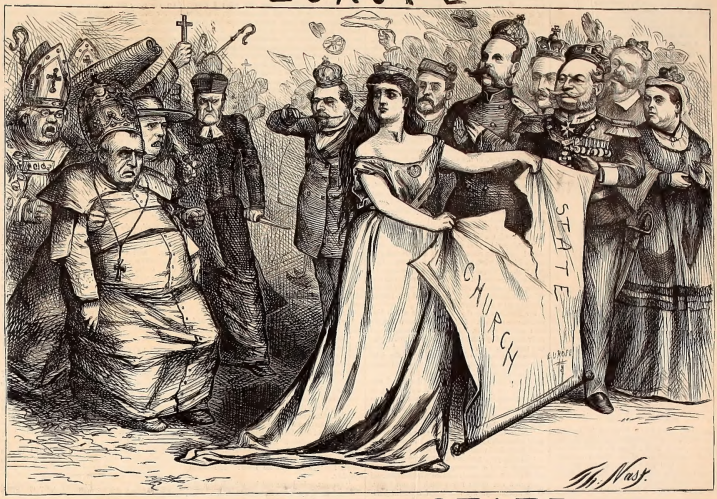

CHURCH & STATE

UNITED STATES.

A LOVE-LETTER OF THE PERIOD.

DEAR WILLY,—I trust you are better,
And send the last copy of *Punch*.
You scarcely the time for this letter
Before Mrs. Dashaway's lunch.
Of course it's a vast deprivation,
Your absence each evening—although
The Opera brings consolation,
And parties are frequent, you know.

Your fleece quite grieves me; however,
My sympathy it won't cheer.
I'm not the least particle clever
At comforting invalids, dear.
They tell me you've threatened with—gracious!
It is such a puzzler to spell
But doctors are often fallacious,
And doubtless you'll shortly be well.

I hope, love, you have no objection
To my going out—when you're ill.
Don't take it for lack of affection,
As sometimes I leave you still.
Why can't I feel and as elsewhere
At parties as bores to my lot?
And then I love dancing so dearly!
And then—you are sick, dear, not dead.

Ah no, Willy! awful misfortune
A nature like mine truly needs.
Besides, I don't govern my actions
According to popular creeds.
Mamma means to send you some guava
Quite soon. *As remir* for today.
My ball-dresses came in the *Juno*—
Miraculous fits, by-the-way.

Which one of your sisters, dear, is it
Who makes you so splendid a nurse?
Don't ask me to pay you a visit,
Unless you're decidedly worse.
In sickness I'm utterly silly:
So spare me, I beg you—but please
Believe me forever, dear Willy,
Your very devoted
LOUISE.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Three Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW BARONET.

VERONICA, LADY GALE, as she styled herself, was established in a handsome house, but by no means fashionable, hotel, at the West End of London. She had brought none of the Indian servants with her, and had even dismissed her French maid, and taken in her stead a middle-aged Swiss woman of staid vigilance.

For Prince Cesare de' Barletti lodgings had been found, within a convenient distance of the hotel. At these modest apartments he was known as Signor Barletti merely. And this temporary lopping of his title had been exercised at the donna's express desire, lest the glories which she had anticipated sharing with him by-and-by should be tarnished in their passage through the less comparative poverty and obscurity. Also she had explained to Cesare that the separation from such of his compatriots as he might chance to meet in London. This latter injunction, however, he had not kept to the letter.

The truth was that poor Cesare was desperately full and forlorn. His visit to Veronica was one of the most rigidly formal character, and the invariable presence of the Swiss maid during these interviews had caused some hard words to pass between the cousins.

"At Naples, at least, I could see you and speak to you, sometimes, without a hideous duenna," complained Cesare.

"At Naples things were different. Have patience. We must risk nothing by impredence. Louise understands no Italian. You can say what you please before her."

"But I hate the sight of her. Dio mio, how ugly she is!"

Then Veronica would bid him go out and amuse himself. But he found London dull and depressed his spirits with a leaden weight; that he could not speak ten words of English so as to be understood, nor understand a tithe of what was then spoken; that he could not wander about the streets all day; that he had not the heart to sort to; that London was cold, ugly, smoky, noisy, dull; and that there had not even been one fog since his arrival—a thing he had set his life longed to see.

At this climax Veronica lost patience.

"In short," she observed, disdainfully, "you are like a spoiled child, and don't know what you want."

"On the contrary, I know but too well. Cara, if I could only be with you, this cruel world pass quickly enough. But I am more banished from your society now than I was when—he was alive."

And in his utter misery he had stooped acquaintance with certain of his own countrymen, who frequented a foreign café, and smoked many a cigar with men whose superficial wealth have recruited Veronica to the quick, could she have beheld their cousin in their company. And yet the difference of a coat would have transformed some of them into as good men as he, even including the pedigree of the Barletti in the list of his advantages. But it was past the cost which Veronica would carry until have condescended to be of extreme importance.

Mr. Frost had, as he had said to Hugh Lockwood, declined to act as Veronica's legal adviser. But he had, at Cesare's request, given her the name of a respectable lawyer who would assume the responsibility of looking after her interests. Cesare could not be got to understand Mr. Frost's motives for not conducting the case himself, but Veronica declared that she understood them.

Meanwhile there had been several interviews between Mr. Lane and the respective lawyers of Sir Matthew Gale and Veronica.

Mr. Simpson, Veronica's lawyer, of course quickly perceived that the new baronet had no interest in establishing the validity of the will. If it were established, he inherited nothing beyond the entailed estate; if it were set aside, he would receive a certain proportion of the personal property. Sir Matthew's lawyer, Mr. Davis, perceived this much as soon as he was made acquainted with the contents of the will. It had been read at Mr. Lane's office, there being present Sir Matthew, Mr. Frost, and myself—which, it will be remembered, was named executor—and the two lawyers present under the will.

Mr. Simpson, a heavy, mannery, pasty-faced man, with two dull black eyes, like currants stuck in dough, contented the sons of being the Matthew acquainted with his client. Their interests were nearly identical, and he felt that it would be a desirable thing for "Lady Gale" to be recognized by the late baronet's successor. He trusted, too, to the effects of the lady's personal influence on the shy, awkward, provincial bachelor.

The meeting was consequently brought about.

"It can do you no harm to call on her, Sir Matthew," said Mr. Davis. "It would only emphasize your case to say she was Lady Tullis Gale fifty times over."

"I—I—I'll talk to do what's right. Davis. It's devilish work meddling with wills, you know."

"Meddling! my dear Sir Matthew! But this—but this either is a will, or it is not, you see. That is what we have got to prove. If it is a will, the disposition of the property must be held sacred—sacred. If it is not a will, you observe, the sentence of intestacy is to return. It is quite another matter," responded Mr. Davis, winding up a little abruptly.

Sir Matthew called at the hotel at which Veronica was staying. He was accompanied at his own request by Mr. Davis, and, on entering the their cards, they were both ushered into Veronica's presence.

She was dressed in deep mourning, of the richest materials and most elegant fashion, and looked strikingly lovely.

"I am glad to see you, Sir Matthew," she said, making him a superb courtesy, which so embarrassed him that, in his attempt to return it by as good a bow as he knew how to make, he backed into Mr. Davis, and nearly hustled him into the fire-place.

"It is naturally gratifying to me to be on such terms with my late husband's kinsfolk," continued Veronica, when the two men were seated.

"Thank you, ma'am—I mean my—my lady," said Sir Matthew, blushing. "I—I—I—cannot mind what we're about, and do what's right and all that, when you're looking at me, you know. That was always my rule when I was in business."

"An excellent rule!"

"Yes. And as to your law—as to Sir John Gale's family lawyer, I—I—I—I've got very much good of them from *him*, ma'am. My cousin John was an overweening kind of a man, and we come of a family that—that—I—I—"

"Certainly."

"Yes. We come of the same stock. There's no doubt of that in the world."

Sir Matthew rubbed his knee round and round with his handkerchief, which he had doubled up into a ball for the purpose; and looked at every part of the room save that in which Veronica was seated.

She was in her element. Here was an opportunity to exhibit her tact, to manage. The man was vulgar, rather mean, and not overwise. No matter, he could be made to admire her—and he should.

It was already evident that Sir Matthew had not exposed to his lawyer the existence of any lady in the person who claimed to be his cousin's widow. The history of her relations with Sir John was known to Mr. Davis, but was conjured up by such a history in the mind of a man like Matthew Gale was not at variance with Veronica's manners and aspect.

"I am sorry that Sir John was not on terms with his very few surviving relations," she said, with the least possible touch of hauteur. "You see his path in life had been very different from theirs."

"So much the better for *them*, if all tales be true!" exclaimed Sir Matthew, who had now screwed his handkerchief into a rope, and was twisting his knee with it.

Veronica was not embarrassed by having to meet his eyes, for he turned them studiously away from her. Her object was gained. She knew she answered, quietly, "Family differences are of all others the most difficult of adjustment. I have never entered into them. I am sorry they may be friends."

She said the words with such an air of infinite condescension—of almost protecting good-nature, that Sir Matthew felt himself obliged to reply, "Oh, that's nothing. I'm sure I'm very lady!"

Mr. Davis was lost in admiration of this young woman's talents. "Why, she might have been a duchess, or any thing else she liked!" thought he, marking the impression she had ruled on Mr. Frost's dictum, that if her marriage could be proved to be valid, there would be no further question of the will. And she rested all her hopes on this point.

"*I* shan't litigate," said Sir Matthew, quickly. "I don't see what I've got to litigate about. It's bit of money that would come to me wouldn't be worth it. For there's lots of second, and third, and maybe fourth cousins, for what I know, that 'll turn up to divide the property, if it is to be divided. And my motto always has been, 'Keep out of the way of the law.' You'll excuse me, Mr. Davis!" And Sir Matthew laughed with a dim sense of having made a joke, and having in some way got the better of his attorney.

The only person that has any thing to go to law about, is Mr. Lane. I can say," said Sir Matthew, after a minute's pause, "is the person that has been appointed under the will! This Mrs. Desmond. I don't know why my cousin John should have gone and left all his money to his wife's niece. I'm sure he was no kind of her family, nor of her, during his lifetime! And I fancy they looked down on her. I suppose he did it just to spite his own relations."

Veronica was silent.

"Oh, I've said my piece," pursued Sir Matthew, "if there's some one else that wouldn't much like the will to be set aside—that's Mr. Lane. He's executor, and a legatee, besides, to the tune of a couple of thousand pounds."

"Mr. Lane appears to be an honest, upright person," said Veronica. "I have seen him once or twice. And he speaks very reasonably."

Mr. Davis glanced piercingly at Veronica.

"Oh," said he," your ladyship finds Mr. Lane reasonable?"

At this moment the door was opened, and Cesare walked into the room. He stared a little at the two men because of whom he had ever been before. But Veronica hastily informed him, in Italian, who the visitors were, and turning to Sir Matthew, presented Cesare to him as "My cousin, Prince Cesare de' Barletti."

Cesare bowed, and said, "Ow-de-doo?"

Sir Matthew bowed, and said nothing; but he was considerably impressed by Cesare's title.

"Oh, I didn't know," he stammered; "I was not aware—I mean I had never heard that you were—connected with foreigners, ma'am, so to speak."

"My mother," said Veronica, with powerful nonchalance, "was a daughter of the house of Barletti. The principality is in the south of the Neapolitan dominions."

"Oh, really!" said Sir Matthew.

Mr. Simpson informed me that he was to have an interview with Miss Desmond's guardian to-day," said Mr. Davis, addressing Veronica.

"Her—guardian!" said Sir Matthew, blankly.

The word had sent a shock through her frame. Maud's guardian! Why that was *her* father! "Is he here?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh, yes. Did you not know? It is a Mr. Lovegrove, of Frost and Lovegrove. A very well-known firm."

"Ah! Oh yes, I understand."

"Mr. Lovegrove acts for Miss Desmond, I understand. Do you know if Mr. Simpson has seen at the Admiralty since last saw him?" inquired the other day that the *Faribond* was paid off at Portsmouth last week."

"I believe he has," answered Veronica, faintly.

"Then, madam, I make bold to say that, under the offer now determined to litigate on all hazards, you will soon be put out of suspense."

Cesare's ear had caught the faint tones of Veronica's voice, and Cesare's anxious eye had marked her pallor and agitation as the prospect of Maud's return to her fate was placed before her. He came immediately to her side. "Thou art not well, dearest," he said, in his own language.

"Yes, quite well. Don't make a scene, Cesare! I will tell you my room for a smelling-bottle, and come back directly."

"Can I not help you?"

"No. Stay here."

And Veronica, with a murmured apology to Sir Matthew, left the room.

"Is my thing the matter with Lady—with your—with the lady?" asked Sir Matthew.

Cesare, left alone with the two Englishmen, felt himself called upon to make a great conversational effort. He inflated his chest slowly, and answered:

"She—your—fortune—it—suit."

"Eh?" exclaimed Sir Matthew, staring at him.

"English suit. Sale inglese. Come si dice?"

In his despair Cesare raised his closed fist to his nose and gave a prolonged sniff.

"Ah!" said Mr. Davis, with a shrewd nir. "To be sure: *snuffing suits*. Eh? Headache?"

"Yes—and pain."

"Poor lady! She has been a good deal excited. Her position is a very trying one."

"Very well, I guess. A good deal to Sir Matthew's bewilderment. But Cesare merely inclined his person and was silent.

Sir Matthew would have liked to strike into the conversation himself, but was withheld by an embarrassing ignorance of the proper form in which to address Barletti. He could not certainly call him "Prince," and was, moreover, deliberating on the propriety of saying *signor* which was his notion of pronouncing the Italian for "sir"—when Veronica returned.

She looked a changed creature. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes extraordinarily luminous.

"Hope you're better, ma'am," said Sir Matthew.

"Thank you. I have been suffering a little from headache. But it is not severe. I must have patience. My nerves have been greatly shattered."

Her tone was so plaintive, and her face so beautiful, as she said this, that Sir Matthew began to feel a strong indignation against his dead cousin, who could find it in his heart to deceive so charming a creature.

"I—I hope it will come right for you," he said. "I do, upon my soul!"

"I only ask for justice, Sir Matthew. I have undergone great and unmerited suffering. But on that topic my lips are sealed."

Sir Matthew thought this very noble, and looked at Mr. Davis for sympathy. But the attorney was gazing at Veronica, with eyes in whose expression admiration was blended with a kind of watchful curiosity.

By the time the visit was brought to a close the new baronet was completely converted into the partisan of at his cousin's widow," as he now markedly entitled her.

"I say more of all the sort of person I had expected," he said to Mr. Davis, as they walked away together.

"Is she not, Sir Matthew?"

"And that cousin of hers—I suppose he is such a prince, eh?"

"I suppose so—an Italian prince."

"Yes, of course. Well, it isn't for the sake of the share of the money that I would come to me—I've got the entailed estate, and no thanks to my cousin John either! He would have left it away from me if he could. No, it isn't for that; but I do hope her marriage will turn out to be all right."

"It can not be long before we know, Sir Matthew."

"Well, I do hope it will come right for her. My cousin John behaved shamefully to her. He did his best to split his own family into bargain. And I don't mind saying that I should be glad if it turned out to be the case of the bitter last. Only," he added, after a minute's pause, during which he grew almost frightened at his own unaccustomed boldness, "only of course we mustn't go and be rash, and get ourselves into any trouble. As a will's a will, you know."

"Why that is just what remains to be seen, Sir Matthew."

LOVE AND PATIENCE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

THERE was a birthday party given in one of the streets crossing Fifth Avenue—indeed the inmates of the house, if ambitious of gentility, might almost claim to live in Fifth Avenue—to celebrate another anniversary in the life of one of the daughters. It was a pleasant party, although that story-teller was one of the guests. There was quite a pretty little ceremony—is it of American society, or old English, Knickerbocker, or German?—which consisted in the distribution of the birthday-cake, cut up into luscious compounding in small boxes, for the eyes of the young lady whose nativity were we celebrating. Each portion—there were seventeen of them—was presented by a "young" guest, of the Christmas-tree family, set on a silver wire, on wire stands, on the pieces of cake, and the taper lighting like a little social glow-worm. There was a sort of graceful competition for the honor of receiving one of these presents—for the guests were many and the young lady's years were few—which doubtless the gentlemen observed something like an order of seniority. On this principle it was (*ehem!*) only too natural that the narrator should receive a portion, to the exclusion of some disappointed competitors who, had Virgil's rule been in force, would, fortunate, if they did but appreciate the luck of their fewer years. Many a pretty little speech was made, many a sweet voice was raised by those who received the sweet and flaming fragments, and by those who did not; and many kisses were given to the heroine of the day by the matrons and maids around. One of the latter class, in the act of kissing, especially attracted my attention by the gracefulness of her form and her movements, by the delicate and singular beauty of her face, the expression of which, and refinement in her eyes. I was, indeed, so much struck by her that I could not help asking my hostess who she was; and this led to my being presented to her, and our gliding into a conversation which lasted for the rest of the night. I had got a fragment of the cake and she had not, and my condescension, therefore, was surprisingly unanimous offer to resign my possession in her favor. I soon found that she was a girl of remarkable intelligence and cultivation of mind—in variety, and evidently a good deal of character.

And to this last quality I had received my morsel of birthday-cake, some one of the wisest gear me was shaken suddenly against me by the pressure of the little crowd around, and by shoving fragment, my fire-fly of confectionery, was nearly stood. The person who thus came into collision with me was beginning a courteous and earnest apology, when he and I broke into a mutual consciousness of recognition and a friendly greeting. I recognized and was glad to meet young Herman Oppenheim, whom I had known in London. He was a musician, a pianist of rare and brilliant promise, and he had known a little of me, and we found culture. He had often been brought by this friend and that to a literary and artistic club of which I was a member, and I liked him much. But he did not get on in London somehow. It is terribly up-hill work there for a young Bohemian musician to make any way, and poor Herman suffered many disappointments and trials, against which he bore up with a cheerful, though, thoroughly Teutonic perseverance. But the Danco-German war brought up the furious, unreasoning ephemeral passion of the English public mind against every thing German, especially every thing Prussian; and Oppenheim was more sensitive about his country than about himself. He writhed under the injuries of modern Germany by English journalists and politicians, and I had often heard him vow that if he could only get money enough to pay off some debts, and enable him to provide for a passage across the

Atlantic and a new start in life, he would try his chances in America. So when he vanished out of the clutch where I used to meet him I assumed that he was gone to the United States, and presently forgot him. We forget each other terribly soon in London.

I was surprised and pleased to meet him again. We had no time just then for explanations or long talk; but we exchanged promises of a speedy meeting and full confidences.

Let me now come back to my friend the pianist, the beautiful and intellectual Augusta Fielden. In the course of our conversation I told her of the odd and unexpected chance which had brought me here face to face with my friend the musician; and as he happened to pass across the room at that moment, I pointed him out to her.

Herrman was a handsome, dark-eyed youth, with the true artistic mould of head and face. Except that he was much taller, he looked very like a young English poet who has had the fortune to be more warmly praised and more bitterly denounced than even poets commonly win. I made mention of this fact to Miss Fielden as I called her attention to my friend.

To my surprise, the young lady's face crimsoned, and her eyelids drooped, and she seemed quite discomposed and almost agitated.

"I know that gentleman," she said, in a somewhat tremulous voice; "that is, I have met him, but I do not expect to see him here."

And now Herrman Oppenheim had seen her, and his pale face glowed as brightly as hers, and he came to a full stop, and his eyes sparkled; and he seemed uncertain whether to come over to us or to pass us by; and in truth he was greatly agitated; and, as Miss Miggs would say, "here's mysteries!"

"Will you introduce your friend? I should be glad if you would," Miss Fielden said.

"But I thought you knew him?"

"Yes, oh yes; I do, of course; we have met. He was in the steamer in which we came from Europe; but we were not exactly introduced, and if you would rather——"

"Of course I shall be delighted."

So I crossed the room, and said to my friend: "Come with me, Herrman. I want to introduce you to Miss Augusta Fielden."

"Oh, thank you, my dear old friend, thousand thanks! True, good friend!" Herrman whispered, with an earnestness that was quite passionate; and he opened my hand with force. Truly an unexpected and wonderful amount of gratitude for a favor which cost me so little to bestow.

As I presented Oppenheim I observed that he almost trembled, and that Miss Augusta was hardly less agitated. One glance that passed between them might have made the dullest observer, placed so closely and favorably as I, suspect some love-mystery. I left them together. Herrman sat beside her for a while, and then spoke in low tones; then some one else came up, and my friend resigned his place sadly. I would have sworn him out that our friendship was interrupted but, and begged him to play something on the piano. He played superbly, and I knew full well that he made the instrument just now the bearer of many a message to Miss Fielden, which probably he could not put into words. He played a selection of *morceaux*, apparently taken at random—Mendelssohn's, as to which Heine has the tender, thrilling words, "Ich weiss mein Schmerzen;" passages from Beethoven's *Adelaide*; passionate love-songs from Mozart and Meyerbeer—all that he played but one prolonged, ever-varying monologue of love. I glanced more than once almost involuntarily to where Miss Fielden was sitting; and though her eyes were downcast, and her whole attitude check had regained their composure, I knew that her soul accepted and rejoiced in the message: and that here was a true crowning success, here in the centre of this brilliant commonplace, a love-drama was going on, with Herrman Oppenheim and Augusta Fielden for actors, and myself for the one only spectator.

Something disagreeable presently occurred—something which reminded me of an incident in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and only that one other thing in is discreditable to any of the persons involved. Among the many listeners who expressed the highest admiration for Herrman's playing, one of the warmest in her praises was Mrs. Fielden, mother of Augusta. Mrs. Fielden was, I had already found out, a sort of queen of society in this particular circle—a woman of wealth and station and ambition, who ruled her husband and her set. Our hostess hastened to present Herrman to her. Herrman was confused, embarrassed, could hardly speak; while Mrs. Fielden kindly patronized him and his glorious art, as if the latter were something of the cause of his embarrassment.

"His manners are awkward," said Mrs. Fielden, when he had called back. She was addressing herself partly to me, partly to our hostess. "I think I have seen his face somewhere before now."

"Why, certainly," said the hostess, with a simile. "He was a fellow-passenger of yours. He came over with you in the *Wizer* when you were returning from your European tour."

"Oh no, certainly not. He was not one of the passengers."

"Indeed yes."

"Did he say so?"

"He did, and so did your daughter Augusta."

"My daughter told you so?"

"Yes, dear, she did."

Mrs. Fielden looked as amazed and angry that I thought it best to interpose and hazard an explanation.

"The truth is," I said, "that I fancy my friend Herrman Oppenheim was, like many other young artists, very poor when in London; and I dare say he roughed it, poor fellow, and came out in the fore-part of the steamer; and Miss Fielden may have chanced to see him."

Mrs. Fielden's brow ceased to look angry, and became compassionate. She was not like the people in "Martin Chuzzlewit." She was a lady, and, with all her pride and her love of supremacy, she had a heart. "Poor fellow!" she said; "I hope he is doing well now. I am sure he has talents entitling him to success;" and I noticed that she soon after addressed herself to some young musician, and was especially kind and gracious to that youngster.

I walked with my friend Herrman some part of the way home that night, and heard a little of his history since his leaving London. He had now been a few months in New York, and he had found, as I expected, that he had a long battle to do pretty well, and to have a tolerably fair prospect. About his previous acquaintance with Augusta Fielden he was very reticent, telling more than most of his countrymen would have been; but time was enough. He saw her for the first time on board the steamer. He had, as I guessed, taken a passage in the emigrants' part of the vessel. The emigrants were mostly Germans; and he used to beguile the time for many of them, when the sea was tolerably calm, by playing on the flute and the cornet-à-piston, or any such instruments he was nearly as skilful a performer on as the piano. Some time after we left the exquisite music, Miss Fielden and one or two of the other cabin-passengers had often joined the circle in the fore-part of the vessel. It was there that very soon found out that Herrman was an artist, and was overjoyed to find that there was a pianoforte. She was a candid, fearless, true-hearted American girl; and I fancy they had many a walk along the deck, and many a pleasant evening under the dazzling reshing waves and up to the starry skies, while Herrman played and sang, and occasionally, in the lighted saloon below. Then the voyage came to an end, and they parted, each feeling somewhat as if they were about to be impressed—which one at least would not acknowledge even to herself—unreasonably too poor, too proud, too sadly uncertain of his future, to dare any attempt to keep up the acquaintance; and they had not met again until Herrman brought them together at the birthday party.

After that Mrs. Fielden herself took up the young musician quite enthusiastically. She praised him, patronized him, pushed him every-where—called him "our Herrman," and extremely kind to him. She gave brilliant receptions on Friday evenings throughout the winter, and my friend Herrman was asked to one of these always. Indeed, he was now in a fair way to make quite a little income as a pianoforte player. Mrs. Fielden never thought of him in any other capacity.

Nor her daughter, as I at least could see; and others too, doubtless. Herrman Oppenheim and Augusta Fielden met regularly in society, and each other as any two beings I ever saw. I have indeed Nature seemed to have made them to be each other's mates. Their mutual love was beautiful, so highly gifted with artistic tastes and sympathies.

Herrman made me his confidant, told me of his passion, his hopes, his fears, and asked for my advice. He had now been a year in town, and declared his love to Miss Fielden, although he felt little doubt as to what her answer would be; for he knew that she loved him, and that his suit would be graciously and cordially received.

I do not know whether it would have made any difference in the end if Mrs. Fielden had before Herrman received to open the subject to Mrs. Fielden herself, or any member of her family. I told the latter that somebody in New York so very was talking of Augusta's marriage to the young pianist as quite a settled affair. Perhaps this did not substantially change the condition of things; but it greatly affected Mrs. Fielden's manner of dealing with my unlucky friend. His love for her daughter, which she fitted was presumptuous or dismissed of, seemed now not merely a piece of unwarrantable audacity, but an act of downright treachery and treachery. She did not wait for any proposal or explanation from him, but wrote him a bitter, passionate letter, refusing him all acquaintance with her daughter, telling him with an exuberance to delude her daughter into marriage for the sake of the daughter's fortune, and forbidding him ever to enter her house again.

This letter was late in reaching Herrman. I have heard that letters sent by the New York post-office are not uncommonly a little slow in reaching their destination. Herrman was now a day to see Mrs. Fielden, quite resolved to tell her of his love and ask her for her hand, entirely ignorant of the fact that she had already sent him an insulting dismissal. She was just descending from her own room to enter the drawing-room to come up. Her daughter and two other ladies were with her. Mrs. Fielden was wholly her self-temper, forgot her good sense, and all feelings of propriety. She assailed the poor artist with indignant, scornful, insulting words, and bade him never again to come near the house, and then got into her carriage and left him *planted là*, bewildered, speechless, burning with shame and disappointment and passion.

Not one word had Augusta uttered. He told me that she stood pale, silent, cold, with no gleam of emotion apparent on her face. No glance of sympathy or pity or reward turned upon him to help him to bear his grief and his humiliation. She never looked at him—and so she left him.

He sent for me that evening and poured out the story of his repulse and his degradation, and the bitter pangs of his deceived and wounded love. I thought none the less of him because he laid his head on the table and burst into a passion of tears. Men in England don't shed tears; neither, I suppose, do American men. We surely no matter what agonies, and no locker-on ever sees the tears that flow from our eyes. But the man, the Frenchman, the Italian are as brave as we are, and they will think no shame to cry like children, before no matter what spectators. A rod of fate and misfortune has stricken the soul of the man, and tears sharp enough to cut like the waters flow. They do not suffer more keenly than we do, but we say stronger than they, only we have our different ways. I am not any thing but a Mars in bravery; yet I don't think I should mind much the hearing of a multitude if I received a wound; and Homer's we read rousing under such provocation louder than a herd of bulls of Bashan.

I did my best to console my hapless friend. Every body knows how valuable ordinary words of solution is under such circumstances, and what an immediate and magical effect it has in reconciling one sufferer to his fate. I preached to him of the notorious incontancy and perfidy of women; showed him that they were not worth a loss than to win a heartless girl; diluted on the danger of ill-assorted marriages; pointed out that sometimes there probably were in the world better worthy of his love than the cold and cruel Augusta. I reminded him that there are many cases in which, according to Lucretius, disappointment is ever so much better than success—and so on. He was as much consoled by this wisdom as any body else under the circumstances would have been. Probably he did not listen to much of it. Even while I was busy trying to assuage his grief I kept thinking to myself that I should like to see Augusta Fielden by every such effort to diminish, by mere words, the reality of a human sorrow. I sincerely pitied my friend, but I was constantly forbear to "argue with the inexorable." Indeed, I was making up my mind that the best thing I could do was to get him out and leave him alone to wrestle with his misery or to succumb to it.

He left me, and soon aroused him. He noticed to me to open the door—indeed he, the poor fellow, could do nothing for us. A letter for him, addressed in a woman's handwriting, was brought to me. I gave it to him; he started at the sight of it, tore it open, read it with trembling, eager haste, and read it once and again, and smote the table, and sprang to his feet, and flung his arms up to-ward heaven, and confronted other such wild feats expressive of ecstasy and rapture.

"She is mine!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing and his lips quivering; "was there ever so generous and noble a being? Ah, how cruelly I have misunderstood her and wronged her! Can I ever forgive myself? Read, read, my friend, that I am right that you should read it—you must read it."

So I took the letter and read:

"Mrs. Fielden is unlucky, Herrman, when you were insulted; I could not speak then. But if you are willing to be my husband I love you! I love you! Ishall bless all the world; and if you will have me for a wife, I will be your wife. Come to me, dear, dear Herrman, to-morrow, and I will marry you to-morrow, in the face of all the world, if you wish it. Come to-morrow, and I will be yours, in any time, always, I am, with undying love, your own

"AUGUSTA."

I confess that, as I read that letter, I was more moved than when I looked on the young man's agony and despair.

"Generous!" I said, "for the sake of that sweet and noble girl, you must do nothing rash. You must wait. Time will settle all this, and you will be happy yet."

"My friend," he replied, with a sweet, sad smile, "I have nothing to wait for but misery myself, but only of her. I will strive for my success for her, wait for her. One who has the love of such a girl can afford to be patient with fortune—for her sake."

I did not see, or wish to see, the letter he wrote in reply to Augusta. I could well imagine how tender, fervid, passionate would be the love it breathed; how noble and manly, generous, and denying resolve is expressed. The lovers waited. Augusta had told her mother fearlessly and calmly that she had loved the artist, that she had always love him, and that she would wait for him. Her mother smiled with pitying incredulity, and looked with confidence for the change a season or two would make. The seasons went, and the change made not the slightest way to her purpose. This pair of lovers never met, never tried to renew their love by any things clandestine. So long as Augusta remained a minor, and under the guardianship of her mother (her father had died before Herrman), they resolved that they would, thus far at least, respect infinitely the parental authority. They lived for each other wholly separated; they lived almost literally on love. "Love and Patience," Herrman said to me, cheerily, one day, "against any two parents."

Need I say that Love and Patience conquered? Mrs. Fielden was not an unkind or ungenerous woman at heart. She looked one day at her daughter's pale, melancholy face and sorrow, and then whispered:

"Augusta, my child, you still, then, love him?"

"Still love him! I shall never cease to love him."

Her mother kissed her, and straightway wrote to Herrman:

"Come and see her! I am defeated! I thought I was acting for her happiness; and now I know I was not. Come and see her, and take her. I fully believe you deserve your victory and all your reward. Forgive me, if I have been cruel to you for so long."

Soon after I read that my friend Herrman were married.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It was an Irishman who wrote to his son in the "auld country:" "Come till America, Mike. It's a mane country to get a living in. All you have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it with tea and carry it till the top of a three-story building, and the man at the top does all the work." It was sardonic of the same nationality who, hearing that his widowed mother had married again, since he quitted Ireland, wrote to her: "Mother, I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose the property."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had recently submitted *ex officio* his advice—"I suppose you've had a doctor?" "Yes, once a country to get a living in. All you have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it with tea and carry it till the top of a three-story building, and the man at the top does all the work." It was sardonic of the same nationality who, hearing that his widowed mother had married again, since he quitted Ireland, wrote to her: "Mother, I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose the property."

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a religious one, so that I can use it once on Sunday."

RECIPE TO AVOID DISPEPSIA—Don't take any.

A Cincinnati paper advertises for "girls for cooking." An economical reader replies: "I will send him mine raw, when you get accustomed to them."

A negro clergyman addressed his congregation thus: "I speak dese words to you and sisters; you mustn't be offended for dem de gospel." Every bell: I shall ask you to speak to me, and, if you do, make no sense but on your own."

"My dear wife," as the man said when he looked at the last milliner's bills.

A sailor explains the distribution of prize-money to his shipmates: "It is difficult to divide, for the bills through goes to the officers; what sticks the men gets."

A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations of Cincinnati "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

"Gently the dews are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five dos bills presented to him at once.

A gentleman mentioned to a witty friend that he had been engaged to the ninth, and was wet through. "Are you really wet through?" said the wit. "I was never wet through in my life—never further than my skin."

What class ought never to die with confusion? Merchants and bankers, for they fail regularly.

A DRAMATIC SWEETMEAT.—Venice Preserved.

"Isn't your bill awfully steep?" inquired a speculator of his tailor. "You ought to know best, for it is not the up to you," was the reply. Sharp rejoinder.

Josh Billings says that cod-fish are better than umbrellas to keep you dry.

GOOD FABLOR GAME FOR THE SEASON.—Courting.

A GOOD SPECIMEN.—One who "chirels" his landlord out of his board.

The reason why whales frequent the arctic seas is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.

A young lady in California broke her neck while relishing the attempt of a young man to kiss her. Young ladies should be very careful not to resist such attempts. It is extremely dangerous.

A NEVADA CITY merchant advertises: "Old rags of genuine linen wanted—cash paid. Cheap photographs, tearfully accepted in payment for stock."

HOW TO PET DOWN WHISKY.—Drink it.

Alluding to chignons, Mr. Grace Greenwood, "A girl, now, needs a head." Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

"Great heavens!" cried a hair-brown bully of Denver, "I never met a stranger yet that came to take a drink with him.—" Great heavens! am I never to come to a drink with you?" replied a stranger to himself.

A New York pre-cast vendor declares that "every fine people eats more as plain day," and it is therefore supposed that he is a provider of sprinkling.

Take a little wife,
The prettier the better;
Put her third in a carriage,
She wants to kiss you—let her.

Keep her by the side
There she'll cook your mutton;
Love her with a will,
If she's worth a button.

Never mind the fuss
Of her aunts and cousins;
Ask them to "stop to tea"
Dine them all by dozens.

One of these odd days
You'll find you like each taller,
When you see her hug
An overgrown baby-stroller.

One of Mark Twain's farmers bought some Bartlett pear-trees, and the next season he took some of the fruit to the village store, and asked: "Can you get rid of them?" "Certainly, I will," was the cautious reply. "But they grow on one of the trees in my orchard." "Ah, I see you own a flock," was the dealer's convincing rejoinder, "as to suppose that I can't get rid of pears because they grow the first year?"

Why can not a deaf man be legally condemned for murder?—Because the law says no man can be convicted without a hearing.

During a fire starlight evening lately, a three-year old philosopher, after a silent and apparently profound scrutiny of the heavens, asked his mother, abruptly, where the stars came from. Mamma replied: "I don't know, Willie—I don't know where the stars come from." Well, you bet I do. The moon laid 'em." This was a settler for mamma.

CHICAGO FASHIONS.—Diverce suits.

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder is said to be a lie.

CENTENARIAN.—A fellow who has "sixty a cent."

THE UNITED STATES MILITARY POST AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.—[SEE PAGE 125.]

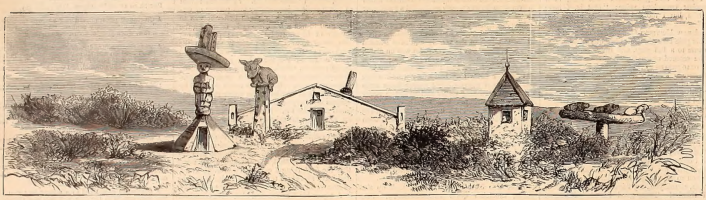

INDIAN HOUSE AND MONUMENTS AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.]

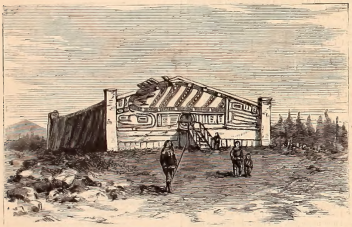

A CHIEF'S HOUSE, WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.]

INTERIOR OF INDIAN HUT, WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.]

INDIAN VILLAGE AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—FROM A SKETCH BY VINCENT COLYER.—[SEE PAGE 125.]

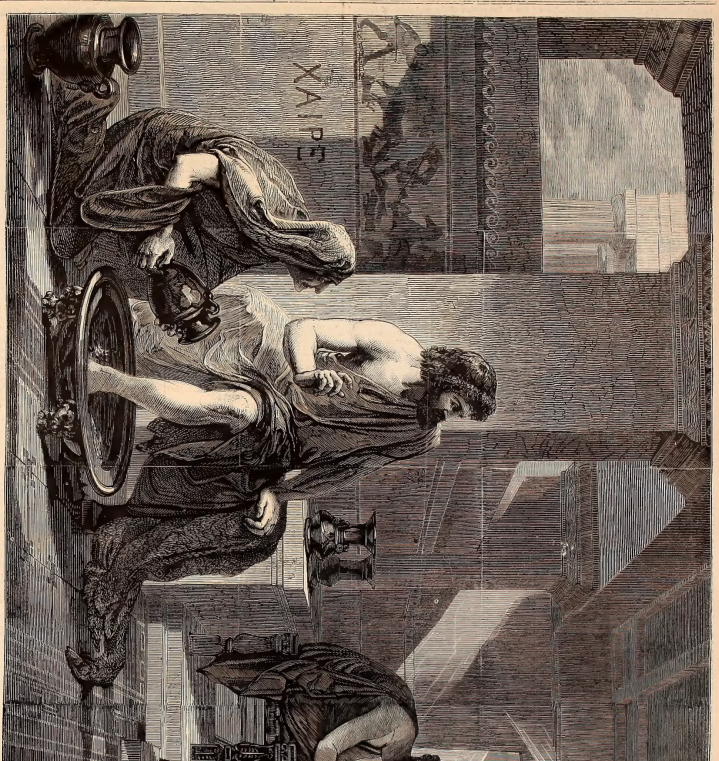

ULYSSES AND HIS NURSE.—[FROM A PAINTING BY MR. F. T. GOODALL.]

ULYSSES AND HIS NURSE.

ON this page we give an engraving from an historical painting by MR. F. T. GOODALL, which received the prize gold medal and £50 scholarship from the English Royal Academy at the last biennial competition of the students. The artist, a young man of high promise, is the son of MR. FREDERICK GOODALL, the eminent Academician, and grandson of MR. EDWARD GOODALL, whose engravings of TURNER'S pictures are so justly celebrated. The subject selected by the Academy for the last competition was drawn from the "Odyssey"—the return of ULYSSES to his native Ithaca, and his recognition by his old nurse, EURYCLEA, his foster-mother. Readers of HOMER will not require to be told how dramatic is this situation, and our engraving will convey some idea of how faithfully the poet's description has been realized by the young painter.

ULYSSES, after his twenty years' wandering, had at last landed at Ithaca, assuming the disguise of a beggar in order to take revenge on the insolent suitors, and thus deceiving his faithful PENELOPE; he had given her a fictitious account of his adventures, assuring her that he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, describing his person and dress, and affirming that his return was certain within a month. Full of gratitude and admiration of the wisdom and gentle manners of the poor guest, PENELOPE had ordered him a bath, with EURYCLEA as attendant. During the performance of this hospitable rite the already aroused suspicions of the old nurse are suddenly changed into certainty at sight of the scar left on ULYSSES'S leg from a wound received as a youth in a boar-hunt on Mount Parnassus, and which he vainly sought to conceal by turning from the light of the blazing fire. The stern enjoinder of ULYSSES on his foster-mother to preserve the secret she had surprised, lest she should discover him to PENELOPE and mar his plot of vengeance, brings us to the moment selected for representation. The situation is rendered by MR. GOODALL with great dramatic effect. The accessories are well considered, and harmonize admirably with the principal group.

SKETCHES IN ALASKA.

ON page 124 will be found a series of interesting sketches by VINCENT COLYER, in and around the Indian village at Wrangel, Alaska, which was recently bombarded by the military commandant at that post. The settlement, he informs us, was a well-built village of about thirty-five houses, and contained 150 inhabitants, men, women, and children. The houses were built of hewn timber, 30 by 50 feet, well morticed together, and were subdivided into smaller apartments for families. MR. COLYER explains that the village was only about 500 yards from the post, of which we give an engraving, and as there were not over seventy-five able-bodied men in the village, it is certainly remarkable that the commandant of the post, who had a company of well-armed soldiers under his orders, should resort to bombardment, instead of taking a squad of men and making arrests. The villagers, MR. COLYER thinks, will now be afraid to occupy their houses again for the winter, and will be great sufferers by this act of the commandant.

Our sketch of the house of the Indian chief shows the style of architecture employed in the better class of dwellings in the village. It belonged to a chief named STILLAT, and at the time of the bombardment was occupied by his widow. The front is curiously ornamented with paint and rude carving. In the vicinity of the

house belonging to the principal chief, who bears the name of "Snake," are various carved objects of grotesque shape and rude workmanship, which are shown in our engraving. One of these figures is that of a bear reposing on a stump, the holes in the sides being supposed to represent his tracks. On the platform on the right of the picture rest the figures of three colossal frogs. The small building near the platform is a burial-place or tomb.

The village, as our engraving shows, was beautifully situated on the shore, within the edge of the forest, with a magnificent back-ground of mountains in the distance. The mountains were quite, however, and well-disposed toward the whites, and it is very much to be regretted that the commander of the post should not have been more judicious in his treatment of them.

OLD LADIES.

THE world is notoriously unjust to its veterans, and above all it is unjust to its ancient females. Every year, and fresh all the year, old woman has been taken to express the last stage of uselessness and exhaustion; and while a meeting of bearded dotards goes by the name of a council of sages, and its deliberations are respected accordingly, a congregation of palsied matrons is nothing but a congregation of old women, whose thoughts and opinions on any subject whatsoever have no more value than the chattering of so many magpies. In fact, the poor old ladies have had a time of it; and by the time at it is its right light, perhaps nothing proves more thoroughly the course of the world than the steam respecting women than this disdain which they excite when they are old. And yet what charming old ladies one has known at times; women quite as charming in their own way as seventy a their grand-daughters at the same age been, and all the more so because they have no design n w to be charming, because they have given up the attempt to please the fickle goddess of praise, and long since have consented to become physically old, though they have not been drifted into impertinence or neglect. While retaining the intellectual vivacity and active sympathies of maturity, they have added the dignity of ness, the mellowness, the tempering got only from experience and advancing age; they are women who have seen and known and read a great deal, and who have suffered much, but whose sorrows and whose intellectual power make them—rather have made them even more sympathetic with the sorrows of others, and yield for all the better. They have lived long and lived down all their own trivials, and have come out into peace on the other side of life, to remember the trials of the fiery passage, and they feel for those who have still to bear the pressure of the pain that they have overcome. Those old women touch me with in society; they are of the kind which gently stays at home, and sees all the world come to them. They have done with the hurry and glitter of life, and they no longer crave to carry their parts abroad: they are certain their hold on the affections of their kind, they take an interest in the lives of their children, the progress of the day, but they rest tranquil and content by their own fireside, and they sit to receive, but do not go to gather. There is a fashionable old lady who haunts the theatres and drawing-rooms, bowgirdled, bejewelled, painfully in her vain attempts to appear young, hideous in her frenzied clutch at the pleasures meting her; but there is something in her wild rush on a life that is passing away from her so rapidly, known nothing of the quiet dignity and happiness of the maiden sister who has been wise enough to renounce before she lost. In her own house, where you gather a small knot of men of mind and women of character, where the young bring their perplexities and the matter-of-fact their thoughts, the dear old lady of ripe experience and loving sympathies and cultivated intellect holds a better court than is known to any of those miserable old creatures who prowl about the gay places of the world, and wrestle with the young for their graces and garlands—fierce competitive monsters of womanhood who will not grow old and who can not become old. But the old lady, the kind of old lady extant, answering to the assertion of classic times—to the Mother in Israel before whom the tribes made obeisance in token of respect; the woman whose book of life has been well studied and closely read, and kept clean in all its pages. She has been no prude, however, and no mere bleacher. She must have been, with another color; that is, she must have known many things of joy and grief, and have had the fountain of the sensations in her ever wise and good she may be, as a spinster she has had only half a life; and it is the best half which has been refused her. How can she be a mother, when they come to her in their troubles, how draw and a kindly will have counsel for her, if she has never passed through the same circumstance? Theoretic comfort is all very well, but one word of experience outweighs many volumes of counsel based on general principles and a lively imagination.

One type of old lady, growing yearly scarcer, is the old lady of Radical political tendencies based on the doctrines of Voltaire and the *Rights of Man*—the old lady who talks of the French Revolution as if it was yesterday, and who has heard so often of the Porteus mob from poor papa that one would think she had assisted at the hanging herself. She is an infinitely old woman, for the most part bird-like, chirpsy, and wonderfully alive. She has never gone beyond her early teaching, but is a fossil Radical of the old school. She is an irreligious old creature, and scoffs with more cleverness than grace at every thing new or earnest; she would as fat see Socrates swimpers at once as think any thing good mommery they call Ritualism; and Romanism In her version of the unchaining of Satan. As for science—well, it is all very wonderful, but more wonderful she thinks than true; and she can not quite make up her mind about the spectroscope or the protoplasm. Of the two, the protoplasm commends itself most to her imagination, for private reasons of her own connected with the Zoological; but these things are not so much in her line as Voltaire and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley and Tom Paine, and she is content to abide by her ancient loves, and to cherish the principles of her youth in younger and stronger hands. And this type of old lady is for the present part an extinct species, though the old worn itself away in the arid deserts of mental doubt and emotional negation. If she ever lived, she lived in a time when Voltaire symbolized idea long years ago; but most likely she did not get even to that sanctuary temple, but contented herself with books and discussions only. If she has ever honestly loved and been loved, perhaps she would have gone beyond doubt, and have learned something holier than a scoff. The old lady of strong intellectual affections, who never reflects and never attempts to restrain her kindly weaknesses, stands at the other end of the scale. She is the grandmother who worships and spends her life in spoiling the little ones, consuming them with sugar-plums and cake, and whenever she has the chance, and nullifying mamma's punishments by surreptitious gifts and caudles. She is a fond, doting, beloved old creature in recollections, and to the last days of our life a cherish for many reasons; and we have had one with her beaming smile, taking out of her large black reticule, or the more mysterious recesses of her unfathomable pocket, the wonderful little screws of paper, which her withered hands thrust into our chubby fists, as we were conscious that we were what an awful nuisance she must have been to the authorities, and how impossible she made it to preserve order in the family room. But the terrors of the domestic law in the family.

The old lady who remains a mere child to the last, who looks upon the world as a faded old wax doll with her scanty hair blown out into transparent ringlets, and her cheeks painted with the flowers and gay-colored bows, who can not rise into dignity or true womanliness, who knows no magic, can give no spell, has no consolation or protection, but on the contrary demands all sorts of care and protection from others. Her simpering and giggling as if she were fifteen, is by no means an old lady of the finest type. But she is better than the terrible old lady of the faded old wax doll with her scanty hair blown out into transparent ringlets, and her cheeks painted with the flowers and gay-colored bows, who can not rise into dignity or true womanliness, who knows no magic, can give no spell, has no consolation or protection, but on the contrary demands all sorts of care and protection from others. Her simpering and giggling as if she were fifteen, is by no means the worst of the feminine failures in the matter of old ladies. The old lady who remains a mere child to the last, who looks upon the world as a

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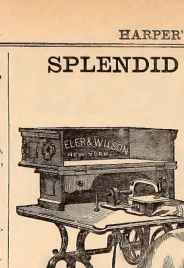

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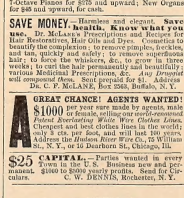

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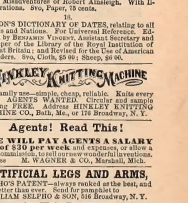

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

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IT is not yet a year since it was our melancholy duty to record the sudden death of JAMES HARPER, the senior partner of the house of HARPER & BROTHERS; and to-day we have to announce that of his brother, for forty-five years a partner in the firm—JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER—who died at his residence in Brooklyn on Monday morning, February 14, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. After a long illness, of which the end was sure, and which has been imminent for many weeks, he died as he as gentle as his life, and his memory will be as spotless. Of a nature so guileless, a temper so serene, that his whole career was the fairest illustration of the highest Christian graces, his death-chamber was as cheerful as his steady heart, and foretold the eternal morning for which he waited.

Those who recall Mr. HARPER during his long connection with the house are familiar with the peculiar courtesy, the constant and kindly humor, of his manner; but only those who have been brought into more intimate relations with him fully know the true generosity and nobility of his character, his manly fidelity to his convictions, his exhaustless charity and judging others, his forbearance, sympathy, and wisdom in counsel. Modest and retiring, and of the simplest habits, he avoided wholly every kind of publicity; but his name in his religious connection was universally cherished and beloved, and his open hand was ever ready to provide wide to the widow and the fatherless. Propriety neither spoiled nor deceived him. He was in many respects very unlike any of his race. He was one of the men who sustain and refresh our faith in human nature, and whose loss is not so much an individual sorrow as the withdrawal of a lofty and pure influence from a wide circle.

Nowhere so happy as at home, there, as he would have chosen, it was appointed him to die. For many months, surrounded by the tenderest affection, he has been gradually declining, and every day and hour of suspense only more deeply instructed his character. In that chamber love and faith and hope were a perpetual benediction. On Monday morning, a little after seven, he asked that the window should be opened; then, taking a slight refreshment, he said, "Thank you," and, closing his eyes, fell into unconsciousness. Only what he meant was that Tammany intended to establish a municipal system for the city of New York by which the Democratic party could not be so perfected that the same methods which elected MAYOR HOFFMAN Governor in 1868 should elect Governor HOFFMAN President in 1872. Governor HOFFMAN, having shown in his acquiescence in the monstrous Erie bill of last winter that he was in the habit of signing such schemers, is the chosen candidate of those who propose to manage the country as they manage the Sinbad—a multitude of the most unscrupulous "Hayloft and cheese-press" Democrat, as Tammany calls its rural friends, that "MR. TWEED could do very well by the city of New York, but the United States were too——big for him!" But the gentlemen who "counted in" Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor are of opinion that they can, by proper precautions, also count him in as President, and, when they succeed, they are justly confident that the Governor who obeyed them in signing the Erie bill will not, as President, dare to refuse his aid in still more startling measures.

The proposed charter for the city of New York is the first great movement of the gentlemen toward their object. It vests the control of the city absolutely in the Ring, under whose auspices the appalling naturalization frauds of 1868 were committed, and it leaves the same authority the control of the police. The charter effectually stifles the opposition in the city; and the representatives of at least half the tax-paying property, and certainly three-quarters of the intelligence and good character of the population, are deprived of any part or voice whatever in the municipal management. If under the present system there is corruption, the proposed charter does not suggest a solitary change that is not for the advantage of the Ring which is the source of the corruption. It is a charter that can gratify only the worst element of the Democratic party, and which should alarm every man of every party who values just public confidence as the surest guarantee of order and prosperity.

The daily papers have been busily exposing the character of the charter and its inevitable consequences. The *World*, which can not be supposed friendly to the work of a Ring which it has denounced, however sorely constrained it may be by party necessity to speak mildly of a most party measure, has paper bosses as curious as the significant omissions of the new instrument. It leaves the treasury exposed. It destroys all the commissions, without a single check for efficiency or integrity. It reverses the deliberate judgment of the most thoughtful citizens of all parties, and opens up to the public gaze which the evil consequences are not to be foreseen.

Yet, bad as the charter is, it is a question whether it will not be carried when it shall be adopted. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the Ring-masters would wish to make as fair an appearance as possible at the beginning of their State supremacy, and that they would offer a plausible plan for what is called the popular government of the city to secure a favorable public impression, and would then proceed to modify it to their purposes. That is what we shall probably see. But the fact that the charter, although excellent, has provoked a great deal of criticism, it will be observed, will move sagacity or the intelligence of those who have made it, and the total subservience of the city to the Ring will be secured. And we repeat again that nothing the paper principle responsible for the spectacle which is offered by the government of this city. An exceptionally large proportion of its population is composed of newly-arrived foreigners, and the least desirable element of the foreign immigration remains in and around the city. It is easy to control the popular system by the worst ward in the city as by a city so exceptionally peopled.

That the charter will be carried—apart—that is to say, Tammany—yield to the pressure of the wood pussy, is to the politician not a doubt. If the power known as Tammany chose to have honest elections, we should have them; but by the expression Tammany certain persons are very well understood. They do not choose. They pander to the basest prejudices of their supporters, and they are thus compelled to shape their policy by the elections which they have kindled. Even the *World*, which, as the elevated party organ, has not hesitated, under personal provocation, to brand some of the managers by name as corrupt. The same is merely given of these persons possession of such power in the city as had hitherto escaped them; and Governor HOFFMAN, whose political advancement depends upon the favor of Tammany, evidently calls this performance in advance "giving self-government to the people, and restoring the rights of localities."

WHITEWASH.

THE Methodist Book Concern, as is well known, is the awkward title of the great publishing house of that great Christian body, and its publications, periodical and otherwise, with all other companies, or merchants, or institutions, however wary and sagacious, it is liable to be swindled. That should happen, the discredit would not be in the swindle, but in the failure to investigate it fearlessly and to acknowledge it frankly. But the entire property of the Book Concern is the proper business of the denomination whose liberality supports it; and as its financial condition affects all interests in the country, the promptest and widest publicity of the results of an investigation into any alleged infidelity in that body is the most natural information. When, therefore, it was announced during the last summer that there had been fraud in the management of the Concern, the duty of the Book Committee was plain. They owed to the fair fame of their religious denomination, to their own characters, and to the reputation of the honest officers of the Concern, that no management or fraud of any kind should be left in the slightest degree concealed. The delusive hope of "smoothing up" unpleasant facts, of sparing private feeling, or of avoiding public scandal should have prevented the simplest and frankest statement.

On the 23d of November, after forty days of investigation, the Committee announced that there had been "great mismanagement" and "serious losses" in the bindery. There was, however, such an evident reticence in the report, such a subject that the report was even more injurious to the Concern than the original charges. It left the impression that the Concern was probably true, and that there were quite as terrible truths behind. As usual the mist of mystification magnified every thing; and the reputation of the Book Concern has seriously suffered from that reticent, evasive report, which we described at the time as a striking illustration of what such a report ought not to be. So universal and so powerful was this feeling that the Committee were constrained to resume the consideration of the subject; and the majority have now made another report, in which they virtually declare that they were mistaken; that there has been no irregularity or fraud or loss in any department of the Concern, and, of course, that the charges were entirely false. Fortunately the minority of the Committee also present a report, in which the statements of fact, of testimony, of affidavit, not of inference, are totally incompatible with the conclusions of the majority.

Thus it is in evidence that Mr. J. F. PORTER, the son of one of the principal managers, represented himself as paper boss as customer of the purchases of paper for the Concern, and to the Concern as the accredited agent of leading paper houses, when a certain day the Concern was charged by Mr. PORTER $13 50 per ream for paper which he had that very day bought of a paper house at $9 50, and which the paper house states that it would have gladly sold to the Book Concern at the same rate. The minority report proves that since 1869 paper to the value of nearly $700,000 has been bought through this middle-man, whose commission was added to the price of the paper. The books of certain paper houses and of the Concern show that the profits of this middle-man on such purchases of paper between July, 1867, and August, 1868, were about $10,000. The letters of these houses and the order-book of the Concern are in the possession of the Committee, showing that in one instance the middleman's profits were more than thirty per cent. In explanation of these astounding facts it is stated that the purchase of paper through middle-men is a common practice, and that the prices paid were the ordinary prices at the time. But in large establishments the rule is, of course, to buy directly from manufacturers; and even when brokers are employed the commission is seldom more than one per cent.; while as to the assertion about average prices it is enough that the dealers themselves state that they were willingly have sold to the Concern for $10 80 the same paper for which, upon the same day, the Concern was charged by the middle-man $13 50.

Moreover, the superintendent of the printing department of the Concern declared that no middle-man was employed. But it was immediately ascertained that his very last order, amounting to nearly $6000, had passed through the middle-man, Mr. J. F. PORTER; and the paper house which filled that order stated that the Concern was charged by the same person, and showed a list of fifty-one orders, amounting to $105,000, and extending through a period of about four years. This is in evidence, and the superintendent was dismissed. There is no very much proof of the same kind, establishing the fact that during less than two years the Book Concern lost in this way, and upon its transactions with but three or four paper houses, more than $15,000. The testimony in regard to the bindery reveals similar results; but it is unnecessary to pursue the details further.

With this plain and accumulated evidence before them, and undisposed—with the orderbook of the Concern, and the statement of the assistant agent, and the letters of the leading paper houses confirming it—with the fact of fraud so established as any law can be, it is incomprehensible that the majority of the Committee should assert not only that there was no fraud nor corruption, but that the allegation of losses is unsustained. Their report is a serious blow to the welfare of the denomination. The letters and evidence in the minority report are quite enough to convince the public that, for some reason, the truth is withheld, and that this declaration of the majority that the managements of the business has been, and is now, "in a sound and healthy condition, and under such a system of checks and safeguards as guarantees security," is a solemn attempt to conceal the truth. It is true that the General Conference will give this question the most careful consideration, and furnish some satisfactory explanation of the facts in evidence, or the frankest censure of the transactions in question. Nothing but such decisive action will satisfy the public that the fundamental laws of the great religious publishing house are conducted in a manner that will bear investigation; and nothing but such frankness can remove the Book Concern hereafter, as heretofore, to the pride and confidence and support of the Methodists of the United States.

A HARD FATE.

A BILL recently passed the Senate, without debate and without receiving public attention, which the President has just signed, and which ought to be a matter of general interest, as involving the retirement of a class of meritorious servants of the country—the retired army officers. The bill forbids them to be placed upon duty, and consequently very seriously reduces their pay. There are many officers of this class, and some of them have been retired without real reason; so that the effect of this bill is most grievous. An officer, perhaps, who has faithfully served for forty years, may have been wounded in the Mexican war, by losing part of his hand, for instance—a wound which does not in the least unfit him for active duty, as is proved by seventeen or eighteen years of subsequent hard service in the field. Efficient as over, this officer is peremptorily retired. But he is still competent, under the regulations, to serve upon military courts, and so allow active officers to remain with their regiments, as the President and General SHERMAN earnestly wish.

But a great many of these active officers do not earnestly wish it. They would much rather serve the country upon military courts in New York than in garrison at FORT LARAMIE, or some other frontier garrison, or on any body wonder at their choice. They naturally press the President and the Department to reserve the retired officer from this appropriate duty, and to allow the applicants to leave their regiments to discharge it. And this pressure is most urged on the reason for the bill. Its result will be that active officers will be taken from their commands for a service which the retired officers can readily perform, and that the income of the retired officers will be diminished by more than a half.

In announcing their fate to these faithful servants of the country, General SHERMAN can not withhold an expression of sympathy and regret. He says what he must fear not to be true, because he knows the facts: "Doubtless in most, if not in all, cases a respite from unceasing toil and responsibility will be grateful, if not necessary, coming as it does in this involuntary form and without a possibility of implied reproach." It is a hard fate. There are not many of these officers, and they have served long and laboriously for the smallest pay. They can not enter other professions; and elderly men with families, living most economically, must look soberly upon the prospect of losing half of their revenues. They have given to the flag of their country, and they naturally and justly expect a moderate support from that government to the end. But when officers retired, yet not mentally nor bodily disabled, see that the country takes from them the service which they could satisfactorily do, and which would increase their resources and that this is done, not to save money, but to make places for others—they feel bitterly, but too late, that they have served the most ungrateful of masters; and in their embarrassed and straitened age they accuse their officers of the army behold their own sure fate.

ROCHEFORT AND REVOLUTION.

THE warmest friends of liberty and the most zealous opponents of Louis NAPOLEON look without enthusiasm or hope upon Monsieur HENRI ROCHEFORT, and the movements of which he is the exponent. And this is the simple reason that LOUIS NAPOLEON has evidently learned that to save himself he must surrender to a constitutional government. It is because this is the moment of his acknowledged and conspicuous yielding to the pressure of liberal opinion that it is ill-chosen for a revolution. The new system, indeed, as we have more than once remarked, rests upon his word, and his word alone can not be respected. But the necessities of the situation can be respected, and they, as every thoughtful observer is aware, compel the Emperor to accept the new order. It is not, indeed, a consistently liberal system. For instance, the law of the press which was lately promulgated, and under which ROCHEFORT is condemned, is too restrictive; and it would seem, at this distance, to be sound policy for the Government to allow ROCHEFORT to say what he chooses, as it permitted him to return to Paris at his pleasure. Even the errors of a liberal government at this time in France should lean toward liberty, not toward absolutism; and it will be measured by the energy with which it proposes reforms.

The feeling with which events in France are regarded in foreign countries would be different if the Government had made any effort to screen PIERRE BONAPARTE. But it has proceeded exactly as in any other case. The homicide was committed in the arrest of the offender was instantly ordered by the Government. He had surrendered himself, however, and there remained only the examination and trial. In that there must be no delay, and there must be no favor. Before the law PIERRE BONAPARTE is precisely what any other man is. If the Government make France feel this by its conduct, it will be immensely strengthened. With the same steadiness it will meet the law against ROCHEFORT. Seditious writings are forbidden. To an American such a law seems foolish. Perhaps it is; but it is the law; and it is obeyed. The question is not whether ROCHEFORT would not have permitted the offense to pass. But if the Government be decidedly strong, it is a fault of judgment which ought not to be corrected by a revolution.

For a revolution is a very serious matter, and the responsibility of those who begin it is terrible. An appeal to arms is one of the worst of crimes, until it is clear that the consequences are less fearful than those of longer enduring the oppression. That this is the situation in France to-day—whatever it may have been during the absolutism of LOUIS NAPOLEON—who will contend? It may be true that the BONAPARTES have a taste for assassination. It may be true that ROCHEFORT is as good a man as

ency of the Ministers. It may be true that VICTOR NOIR was wantonly murdered, and that his story is a pitiful tragedy. This last may be easily believed. All liberal journalists, who are the van-guard of liberty in our time, deplore in his death the fate of a young fellow-soldier. But in revolutionary personal considerations disappear. That an imperial prince kills a liberal writer is in itself no reason for beginning a new and overwhelming civil commotion. But when it is evident that the empire, leaning upon the army, mediates the destruction of the rights of the people, when universal suffrage, speaking the aid and profound conviction of the intelligence of his country, calls it to arms, and offers him only the bullets of the despot, is saluted by the love and gratitude of all generous and honorable men.

Is this the situation in France to-day? If it is, the man who shall lead a revolution will be hailed as a benefactor. If it is not, the man who purposely excites bloodshed must be held guilty of it.

TRADE AS AFFECTED BY THE SITUATION

THE business interests of the United States have been sorely troubled during the last half year. Up to the time of the raid upon Wall Street, in September, there was in all parts of the Union the regularity in trade which arises from the adjustment of prices on a basis supposed to be uniform. The farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, or, in a wider way, the producers and consumers, stood on the same level. If prices were high for some articles, as they were equally high for others, there was equality in the long-run, and one interest could not boast of advantage over the other.

Since the affair of September, the effects of which struck terror through the whole country, instead of the uniformity in prices which is essential to solid prosperity, there has been an amount of irregularity hitherto unknown. Cotton remains but slightly disturbed—as no sole which communicates to the agricultural country of which it is the chief production much steadiness. On the other hand, the immense yearly production of the NORTHERN have heavily shrunk in value, with a very depressing effect on all the interests of that quarter.

A winter of unusual mildness has undoubtedly contributed to the depression which originated in the crime of the gamblers in gold. Winter stocks remain on the shelves of distributors undisposed of; and, although spring goods have been displayed for several weeks past, the customer tells the jobber, "I must delay my purchases for spring until the heavy goods are thinned off." Following in the wake of these embarrassments came the pressure of the Treasury upon gold; the uncertainty about questions of currency, taxation, and the tariff; and, last not least, the fact that, while the country is not prevailed; and lastly, and powerfully, the decision with which the Supreme Court of the United States has annihilated the paper issues.

It is one of the remarkable features of this depression that the same amount of paper-money which carried up prices in the proportion of its excess, as compared with the quantity in circulation before the war, still remains in use, and that shrinkage of greenbacks, notwithstanding that no measures for its diminution are on foot. The best observers are astounded at this remarkable exception to the universal law, that prices of articles in ordinary demand, and of ordinary supply, rise and fall according to the scarcity or abundance of money. The inflation produced under MR. CHASE'S administration raised prices inordinately, but uniformly, and it has always been supposed that this would be lowered only by reversing the operation.

We are told that "opinion is power;" and it is true that the belief in public prosperity and well-standing we are still running up an immense score on the other side of the ocean for imports, that we are on the direct road to specie payments. The question interests all of us what foundation there is for this impression.

The topic of the Currency, in combining between eighty and ninety millions of the public debt, has imparted a higher degree of credit in Europe to our loans for bonds than they had reached before. As our whole paper-currency is founded on the credit of the United States, it shares in the credit of this improvement; but although the foreigner holds nearly a thousand millions of this debt, and it is still going forward, we are receiving but little interest that enables us to pay the interest on this tremendous burden. The importation of iron forms an exception to the general rule, and our exports consist of articles which the country consumes from year to year; but it bears but a small proportion to the whole.

MR. BOUTWELL'S statement of the revenues received and estimated for the fiscal year which will end on the 30th of June, 1870, amounts to three hundred and ninety-four millions, eight hundred and thirty-one thousand, six hundred and twenty-two ⁶²⁄₁₀₀ dollars. MR. WELLS states that our annual indebtedness to the foreigner reaches the round hundred millions of dollars per annum. With these enormous receipts from revenue and of goods from abroad, the reduction of our debt to the extent of even one hundred millions per year would be a losing business; and hence it is that the foreigner, who obtains that excess of two hundred and ten millions in bonds annually, makes no complaint of the transaction, and will allow it to go on for the present. If we were drawing gold from his coffers, instead of taking his surplus of goods, a few shipments of it would produce the raising of the rate of interest in England.

Instead of growing stronger in our financial position, we are daily growing weaker and travelling in the opposite direction from specie payments. The delicacy in which this fact is to be false, as will appear when the foreigner, reversing his present policy of encouraging an increase of our indebtedness, shall demand specie payment. That this necessity will arise sooner or later, no doubt. It would require the treasures of India to supply the present extravagance of this country.

The shrinkage in prices is one of the measures which belong to a paper system. ADAM SMITH, near the end of the last century, spoke of the danger of suspending the prosperity of the people upon the "wings of the imagination;" and we are now witnessing one of its realizations.

As part of our difficulty is due to hoards in the South, where the large reserves of the cotton and the absence of banks are favorable; but the time will surely come when the unlimited issue volume of currency at the present day with effects not very different from those produced for several successive years, modified, however, by the action of gold, which will retain much of its present circulation.

The amount the South has withdrawn from us, in the shape of gold, since the close of the war of 1865-69, is estimated by sagacious financiers at fifty millions of legal tenders. The amount of the crop of 1869-70 marketed at present will equal if not larger amount will be required. Although these sums go from one portion of the Union to another, they are not returned to the North. The reserve of national banks remains largely at the commercial centres, and so little of legal tenders that the banks owe their exemption from distress to the confidence which the country has in the solidity of its own strength. All who want legal tenders in considerable sums understand well that the notice is required of the withdrawal of as little in this bank and a little in that may be borrowed for the exigency. It is at this vital point that we are exposed to danger. The effect of the September raid was wide-spread, because its secret was destroyed. A scheme for carrying on the same operation on a few hundreds of millions was broken up. FISK, in his testimony, pointed to the difference between the gambling of BELL & HOUSE and the legitimate dealings. He could manage forty millions of short gold as the Gold Exchange Bank with more ease than from fifteen to twenty.

Topsy, or some other fictitious character, on being asked, in the language common at the South, what raised her, replied, "Nobody raised me, 'cept I wasn't raised, 'spects I growed." It is somewhat so with our banking policy. It waits upon events. It has no fixed principle, with few exceptions, with a view only to the situation day by day, sometimes shaving each other; and this is the system alleged in immense transactions, with the boldness which was a marked feature of the Gold Exchange Bank.

What is wanted is a full and complete agreement between the most prudent managers, or some rule which will govern the action of September, and, if this is possible, more unscrupulous, will strike them at their present weak point and produce sad consequences.

NOTES.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD suggests that Congress, or the American people, should demand the release of the Fenian prisoners; and, if necessary, fail, that the country should appeal to the God of Battles. And on which side would MR. FERNANDO WOOD be found? The last time that the country appealed to the God of Battles, MR. FERNANDO WOOD was found lamenting that he was prevented from sending arms to the enemy.

THE adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment establishes in the State of New York that equality of political rights among all citizens which is the one of the disgraces of the Democratic party in the State of Indiana. And on which side would FERNANDO WOOD be found? The last time that the country appealed to the God of Battles, MR. FERNANDO WOOD was found lamenting that he was prevented from sending arms to the enemy.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS

February 7.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to incorporate a company to construct a tunnel from New York city to the New Jersey side. A resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy to report the steaming and sailing lines, and one charter each, of American and Asiatic Transatlantic steamships to provide for detailing government vessels to aid the steamships. In the House, MR. JOHN THOMAS, JR. HOOD, a Representative from Ohio, was announced, and seven speeches were made in the usual strain of formal eulogy.

February 8.—In the Senate, the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by Iowa was announced. A resolution to remove the disabilities of Indian treaties was given notice of. MR. SUMNER moved to refer so much of the message of the President to the Committee on Foreign Relations as relates to the Cuban question, and to provide for facilitating and selling of the Spanish gun-boats, and for the transmission of Cuba.—In the House a resolution was ordered respecting the number of an American citizen in Cuba.

February 10.—In the Senate, the bill for the admission of MISSISSIPPI was taken up. MR. SUMNER debated upon the amendment striking out the prescription of test oaths. MR. CONKLING, MR. MORTON, MR. FRELINGHUYSEN, and others replied, and the latter replied, repeating his charges against MR. JOHNSON. MR. SUMNER made a second speech of a later period.—In the House, most of the session was occupied with discussion of a motion to raise the salaries of members $50,000; but no action was taken upon it.

February 14.—In the Senate, a resolution offered by MR. Sherman, to recognize the Cubans as belligerents, was continued consideration. A bill was passed referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Senate resumed the consideration of the amendment, and then laid aside for the bill providing for the admission of MISSISSIPPI. MR. SUMNER also introduced another bill, which was referred. In the House, several bills were introduced, one to provide for a further reduction of taxes; another to provide for the better protection of the government in the purchase of supplies. The death of MR. A. F. EVANS, of WISCONSIN, was announced, and the customary eulogies were delivered in his memory.

February 15.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, the bill to reduce taxation and duties was taken up. An amendment to strike out the appropriation for members of the Legislature, only three members voting for it. An amendment cutting down the tax on tobacco to 24 cents was defeated. It was also rejected after a prolonged debate. The bill was left under consideration, the House finally having been acted on in Committee of the Whole.

NEWS ITEMS.

No business of general interest has been transacted in the New York State Legislature during the week. A large number of bills have been introduced, but none of any public importance.

On the 7th inst. four Americans, citizens of New York, were brought upon the steamer Tybee by a Spaniard, and one of them, Jesse Greenwald, was shot by the Spanish authorities at Santiago de Cuba. The steamer has since been arrested, and being a British vessel, the matter will be left to the British representative. The murder of MR. Greenwald appears to be a most unprovoked one, and the facts have been communicated to our Government. Steps will probably be taken at once to obtain redress from the Spanish authorities at Madrid.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention met at Hartford, February 9, and nominated candidates for State offices. The resolutions adopted congratulate the Southern States and the country on the completion of reconstruction and the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment; favor the speedy payment of the national debt in coin, and denounce repudiation.

The Democratic State Convention of the 22d inst. was promulgated February 8, which, in accordance with the usual custom, met on the 22d inst. The resolutions which were adopted declare the Democracy to be true. Such as have been detailed as professors in colleges, and to promote in that capacity the Democratic party principles. The Democratic party arrangement with the authorities. Democratic party to be true to their private business, and to change their residence, and travel at their pleasure within the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EARLY on the evening of *February 7*, *M. Rochefort* was arrested on his way home from the Chamber, after meeting near Belleville. This was the signal for an immediate gathering of his friends in the streets of Paris, and by two o'clock the next morning, under the lead of a man in a red shirt, barricades were erected at that section were barricaded, the people taking omnibuses, carts, and whatever came to hand. The police attempted to carry one of the barricades, but was repulsed, with the loss of one officer killed and three wounded. The other barricades were not defended. The troops concentrated around the Hôtel de Ville, which they pillaged. The troops were then brought forward, and the mob fled in all directions. The streets were cleared, and the barricades destroyed. Later in the day, however, new and more formidable barricades were erected around the Hôtel de Ville, which were carried by the military without firing a shot. The disturbances were suppressed, and the Government believed to be master of the situation. Numerous arrests followed the outbreak. It became so soon as there was any danger, to save his precious locks. Many of the prisoners were soon released, and are now in prison awaiting trial. The Paris journals declare the discovery of a conspiracy against the Emperor.

A new conspiracy has been discovered in Spain. The Queen's throne is by no means safe yet. Spain, however, is still dreaming about an actual monarch occupy.

The sessions of the British Parliament opened February 8, when the given's Speech was read by COMMISSIONER, owing to the interposition of her Majesty. Among the government measures to be brought forward at the present session are the amendment of Irish land system, a bill for the enlargement of the franchise, and a measure for the "more effectual protection of British subjects who desire naturalization in foreign States."

The Spanish Home Secretary has issued a circular, for popular discontent, has recommended the cancelling of all the recent reforms.

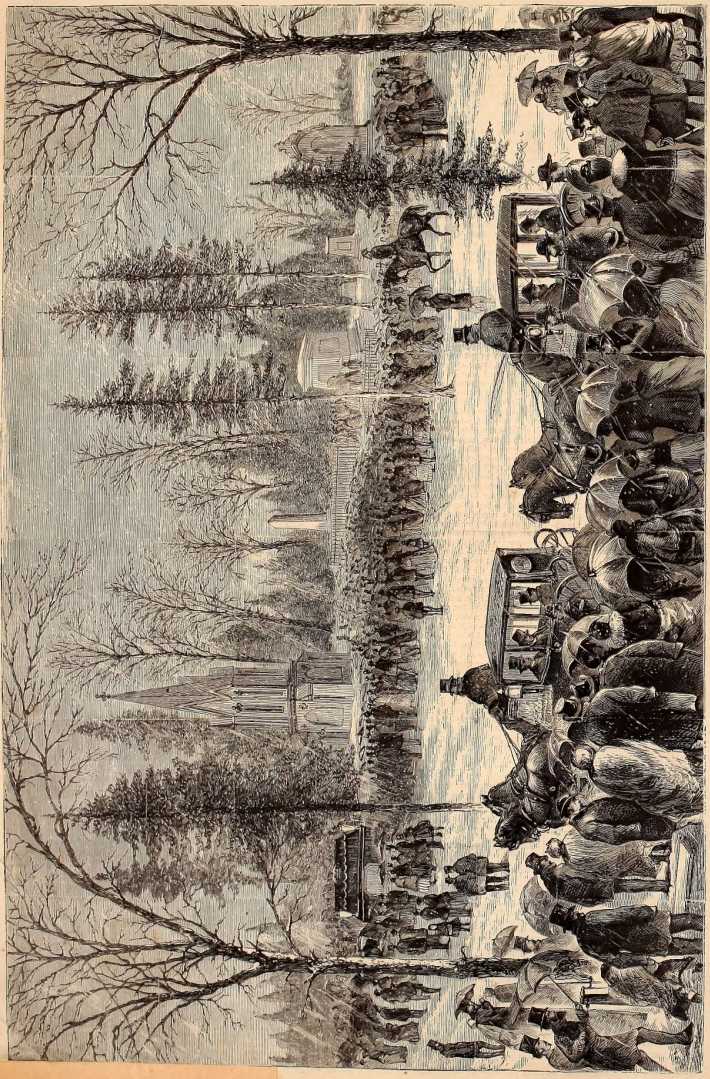

BURIAL OF MR. PEABODY'S REMAINS IN HARMONY GROVE CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

BURIAL OF MR. PEABODY.

THE burial of MR. PEABODY'S remains took place in Harmony Grove Cemetery, at the town of Peabody, on the 8th of February. The weather in the morning was damp and dull. Snow began falling at nine o'clock; and it was remarked that it stormed when the body was placed on board of the *Monarch* at Portsmouth, when it was landed at Portland, when the funeral ceremonies took place in that city, and again when the last services were held at Peabody. The stormy weather did not prevent the assembling of an immense crowd of people from far and near to witness the ceremonies. Thousands flocked to Peabody by the early trains, and by the afternoon the train arrived containing PRINCE ARTHUR and suit, Minister THORNTON, the several British naval officers, Governors CLAFLIN of Massachusetts, STEVENS of New Hampshire, CHAMBERLAIN of Maine, numerous military officials, and citizens of distinction, the town was crowded with visitors.

On their arrival at Peabody, Prince ARTHUR and his party were escorted to the residence of Colonel A. A. ABBOTT, Chairman of the Funeral Committee, and thence, with other visitors, proceeded to the Institute, to inspect the room where the body, removed the previous evening to facilitate the arrangements for the services, had been lying in state. About eleven o'clock the body was borne to the village church, a plain country meeting-house, followed by a long procession in which no particular order was observed. The Prince, in the undress uniform of his regiment, rode to the church with uncovered head.

The interior of the church was appropriately draped in mourning. The recess in which the pulpit partly stands was hung in black, with a great white cross in the centre. This cross was capoided by a wide and heavy fold of black, reaching across the summit of the arch, and bordered on either edge with white, long curtain-like folds at the sides completed the design. The casket containing the body was placed on the communion-table, in front of the pulpit. There were large bouquets of flowers laid thereon, one of which, in the form of a crown, will be preserved and forwarded to Queen VICTORIA. A cross of white flowers was suspended in the centre, and the body was guarded by four members of the Sutton Guard. The blinds were closed, and the edifice was lighted by gas. The relatives of the deceased were first seated, in one of the centre front pews. Prince ARTHUR and suit were escorted to seats in the middle of the church, and other distinguished visitors in adjoining pews.

After a voluntary on the organ and other introductory services, Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP pronounced a warm and eloquent eulogy on the life and character of Mr. PEABODY. During the delivery of the eulogy the speaker, who was a personal friend of the deceased, was visibly affected. By two o'clock in the afternoon the services in the church were ended, and the procession was formed to escort the body to the cemetery. By this time the storm had increased in violence, and the final ceremonies were hurried through under circumstances rather unfavorable to the solemnity which should be observed upon funeral occasions. But, notwithstanding the storm, the procession was pronounced a fine display.

The burying-ground, known as "Harmony Grove," is a beautifully-wooded inclosure, situated about half a mile from the church. At the tomb the United States troops, who headed the procession, opened ranks. The casket was deposited in a tomb by the men who removed it, only the pall-bearers leaving their carriages. This ceremony occupied but a few moments, and the procession then returned to Peabody. Our illustration, on page 132, represents the scene in the cemetery. The body will remain in its present resting-place until the relatives agree upon some spot where a grave may be dug for its permanent reception.

THE PARDONED SENTINEL.

OUR engraving on page 136 illustrates a touching incident of the late war, which our readers will not be sorry to have recalled to their remembrance. Early in the spring of 1863 a regiment WILLIAM SCOTT, a native of Vermont, was found asleep on his post at the Chain Bridge near Washington. Several instances of this nature having then recently occurred, it was thought necessary to make an example of SCOTT. He was accordingly tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. At the last moment his case was brought to the attention of President LINCOLN, and that most kind-hearted of men, learning that young SCOTT had always borne a worthy character, demeaning himself as a true and faithful soldier until this one offense against the rules of military discipline, not only pardoned him at once, but, fearing that the pardon might arrive too late if intrusted to other hands, drove himself to the place appointed for the execution, where he arrived just in season to save the young man's life. From that time onward none of his superiors had occasion to find fault with SCOTT, who, a few months afterward, fell bravely fighting in the trenches before Yorktown. His last words were a prayer that God would bless "good ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This beautiful incident, so honorable to the kind heart of President LINCOLN, was made the subject of a ballad by FRANCIS DE HASS JANVIER, which Mr. MURDOCH, the elocutionist, often read with great effect in the soldiers' hospitals. No one ever heard it without being moved to tears.

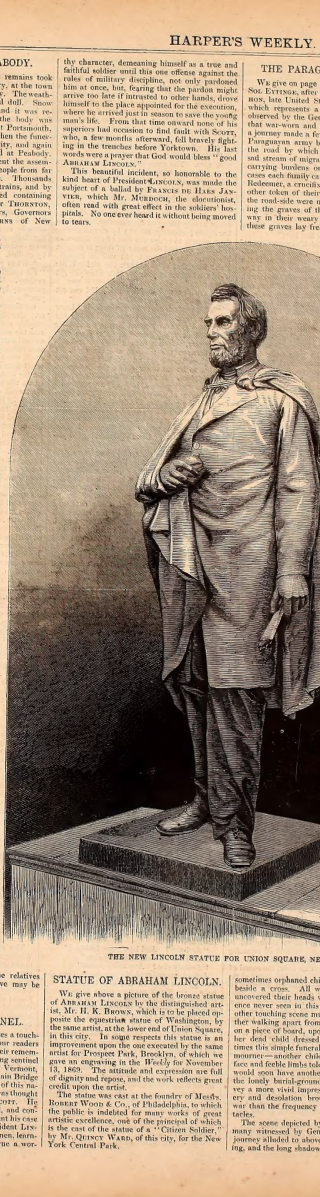

THE NEW LINCOLN STATUE FOR UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WE give above a picture of the bronze statue of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by the distinguished artist, Mr. H. K. BROWN, which is to be placed opposite the equestrian statue of Washington, by the same artist, at the lower end of Union Square, in this city. In some respects this statue is an improvement upon the one executed by the same artist for Prospect Park, Brooklyn, of which we gave an engraving in the *Weekly* for November 13, 1869. The attitude and expression are full of dignity and repose, and the work reflects great credit upon the artist.

The statue was cast at the foundry of Messrs. ROBERT WOOD & CO., of Philadelphia, to which the public is indebted for many works of great artistic excellence, one of the principal of which is the cast of the statue of a "Citizen Soldier," by Mr. QUINCY WARD, of this city, for the New York Central Park.

THE PARAGUAYAN MOTHER.

WE give on page 137 an illustration drawn by SOL EYTINGE, after a sketch by General M'MAHON, late United States Minister to Paraguay, which represents a touching scene, frequently observed by the General in journeying through that war-worn and desolated land. Describing a journey made a few days after a defeat of the Paraguayan army by the allied forces, he says in the road by which he traveled presented one unbroken stream of migrating families, the women all carrying burdens on the head. In almost all cases each family carried with it an image of the Redeemer, a crucifix, a Mater Dolorosa, or some other token of their religious faith. All along the road-side were newly-erected crosses, marking the graves of those who had fallen by the way in their weary pilgrimage. On many of these graves lay fresh garlands of flowers, and sometimes orphaned children were seen kneeling beside a cross. All who passed these crosses uncovered their heads with a feeling and reverence never seen in this country. No war or other touching scene much less frequent—a mother walking apart from all others, and bearing on a piece of board, upon her head, the body of her dead child dressed for the grave. Sometimes this simple funeral was followed by a single mourner—another child—whose pinched, pale face and feeble limbs told plainly that the mother would soon have another sad burden to bear to the lonely burial-ground. Nothing could convey a more vivid impression of the abject misery and desolation brought upon the land by war than the frequency of these mournful spectacles.

The scene depicted by our artist was one of many witnessed by General M'MAHON on the journey alluded to above. It was toward evening, and the long shadows of the mother and the child-mourner tottering after her formed the shape of a cross upon the dusty road—an incident happily preserved in our illustration.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

THE hare, rabbit, and squirrel, if they escape the gun of the sportsman, seldom outlive the seventh year. The average age of the fox is from twelve to fifteen years, of the cat about fifteen, and of the wolf from fifteen to twenty years. The horse, in a domestic state, does not often live longer than from twenty to twenty-five years, and the ass ranges to about the same period. Old age prostrated "Copenhagen," the famous steed of the Duke of Wellington, at twenty-seven years. But the wild horse is supposed to attain a much greater age. The one extraordinary case is on record of even the domestic animal attaining sixty-two years. Digs have been known to live through thirty years, but the average term is much less. The ox rarely seldom exceeds fifteen years. But great longevity is popularly assigned to the stag or red deer; and naturalists are agreed that his term may go beyond forty years—perhaps to half a century. The camel arrives at maturity in five years, lives to forty or fifty, and occasionally becomes a centenarian.

The dog is not so lively as of old in his sixth or seventh year, and has evidently passed the bounds of youth. Gray hairs are born and there upon him at the close of his eighth year, chiefly around his eyes and at the corners of his mouth. Such appearances become more conspicuous to the eleventh or twelfth year, when actual decrepitude usually commences, and increases so rapidly that by the fourteenth year the animal is a burden to himself and a nuisance to others. But dogs have lingered to twenty years.

The average age of sheep does not much exceed ten years; to that period they will usually live, breed, and thrive tolerably well. But there are instances of a much more protracted age. Somerville speaks of a Spanish ram that died at thirteen years old; and a ewe is mentioned that yeaned a pair of lambs when a shearling, had two pairs yearly for fifteen years, and produced single lambs for two years more. Particular sheep are stated to live nearly twenty years—those which the mountain shepherds call "guide-sheep," old wethers which never go out in purpose to direct the bleating flocks in the unfrequented wilds.

Cows have an average age of about fifteen years. Rings on the horns tell the number of their days. At four years old a ring is formed at their roots, and every succeeding year another is added. Thus, by allowing three years before their appearance, and counting the number of rings, the age of the animal is known. It is well for certain members of the human race losing their bloom, who are somewhat sensitive upon the question of age, that there are no definite appearances added with annual precision to their cheeks, revealing to the eye what they keep from the ear.

The bear rarely exceeds twenty years; the rhinoceros has been known to live through that period; and perhaps the lion, though commonly reputed a long-lived animal, does not usually go much beyond it. There are, however, instances of lions reaching to threescore years and ten. Pompey, who died in the Tower of London in 1760, was nearly an octogenarian, or upward of seventy years old. Of all the terrestrial mammalia, the elephant seems to be the longest liver, sometimes passing the century; and a much greater age is reported to have been attained by a distinguished individual. When Alexander the Great invaded the dominions of Porus, one of the rajahs of Upper India, he took a great elephant from the enemy, and dedicated him AJAX, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the Sun." The animal is said to have been found with the inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward. It need hardly be remarked, to prevent full credence being given to this relation, that it rests upon very dubious authority of ancient times, though still repeated by many respectable modern writers. However, the elephant, if not the king of beasts, is entitled to be considered somewhat of a patriarch among them.

The "wide-ruling eagle," the king of birds, surpasses most of the feathered tribes in his term of life. One kept at Vienna died after a confinement of a hundred and four years. The raven has also the reputation of being a centenarian. On an ancient oak near Selborne a pair fixed their residence for ages—instances of years that it came to be distinguished by the title of the raven-tree. But swans occasionally survive a

to a century and a half and even longer. The melody of the dying swan, once popularly believed, is well known to exist only in the mythology of the ancients.

Among fishes, the carp is notorious for the remarkable tenacity with which it clings to life. In the canals of Chantilly, formerly the seat of the Prince of Condé, carps have been kept for more than a hundred years, most of them appearing hoary through old age, and so tame that they came at the call of the keeper to be fed. The pike, from remote antiquity, has been considered a long liver; and modern observation confirms this testimony of the elder Pliny. One ninety years old is mentioned by Bloch in England, and most extraordinary example of its longevity is related by Gesner. In the year 1497 a pike was taken at Thalheim, in Suabia, with a brass ring attached to it, on which was engraved the following inscription in Greek characters: "I am the fish that was first of all put into this lake by the hand of the Governor of the Universe—Frederick II., the 5th of October, 1230." The fish was therefore 267 years old, and is said to have weighed 350 pounds. Its skeleton, nineteen feet in length, was long preserved at Manheim as a great curiosity in natural history. Pike of seventy pounds weight have been taken from some of the Irish lakes, and most obviously have seen many days in comparison with those of their congeners.

The great longevity of the tortoise is one of the best established facts of this nature. One lived upward of a hundred and twenty years in the garden of Lambeth Palace. But another is recorded at Peterborough whose age amounted to not less than two hundred and seventy years. Bishop Marsh's predecessor in the see had remembered it above sixty years, without any sensible change in its weight, and he was the seventh prelate who had worn the mitre since the injury there. The tortoise weighed between thirteen and fourteen pounds, and moved with apparent ease, though pressed with a weight of eighteen stone.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

TRACED.

The chaise rattled out through the gates. The dogs barked furiously. Sir Patrick looked round, and waved his hand as he turned the corner of the road. Blanche was left alone in the yard.

She lingered a little, absently patting the dogs. They had especial claims on her sympathy at that moment; they, too, evidently thought it hard to be left behind at the house, while the round herself. Sir Patrick had left the responsibility of superintending the entertainment to Blanche. There was something to be done yet before the arrangements for treating Anne were complete. Blanche left the yard to do it.

On her way back to the house she met Arnold, dispatched by Lady Lundie in search of her.

The plan of occupation for the afternoon had been settled during Blanche's absence. Some demon had whispered to Lady Lundie to enliven a term for feudal antiquities, and there was no spreading that taste among her guests. She had proposed an excursion to the ruins of a house standing the hills—far to the westward (fortunately for Patrick's chance of escaping discovery) of the hills at Craig Fernie. Most of the guests were to ride, and some to accompany their hostess in the open carriage. Sooner than fall for proselytes, Lady Lundie had unnecessarily remarked the disappearance of certain members of her circle. Mr. Bashwood vanished, nobody knew where. Sir Patrick and Blanche had followed his example. Mr. Playmore had observed, upon this, with some asperity, that if they were all to treat each other in that unceremonious manner, the country gates was turned into a Penitentiary, on the silent system, the first time the house would be full of people who inhabited it. Under these circumstances, Arnold suggested that Blanche would do well to make her excuses on the score of head-quarters, and accept the seat in the carriage which her employer would be sure to offer to her.

"I see in for the feudal antiquities, Blanche," he said, "and we must help each other through as well as we can. If you will go in the carriage, I'll go too."

Blanche shook her head.

"There are serious reasons for my keeping up appearances," she said. "I shall go in the carriage. You mustn't go at all."

Arnold naturally looked a little surprised, and asked to be favored with an explanation.

Blanche took his arm and hugged it close. Now that Anne was lost, Arnold was more precious to her than ever. She gratefully hungered to hear at that moment, from his own lips, how fond he was of her. It mattered nothing that she was already perfectly satisfied on this point. It was so nice (after he had said it five hundred times already!) to make him say it once more!

"Suppose I had no explanation to give?" she said.

"Would you stay behind by yourself to please me?"

"I would do any thing to please you!"

"Do you really love me as much as that?"

They were still in the yard; and the only witnesses present were the dogs. Arnold answered in the language without words—which is nevertheless the most expressive language in use, between men and women, all over the world.

"This is not doing my duty," said Blanche, prudently. "But, oh Arnold, I am so anxious and so miserable! And it is such a consolation to know that you won't turn your back on me, for fun!"

With that preface she told him what had happened in the library. Arnold's instructions relating to the cross-roads, and also to the serious necessity of pursuing the investigation in the direction of Craig Fernie, had relieved from all fear of being sent back to Craig Fernie) undertook to do every thing that Arnold told him, and promised to keep the secret from every body.

They went back to the house, and met with an icy welcome from Lady Lundie. Her lady-ship repeated her remark on the subject of turning Windygates into a Penitentiary. Blanche humbly received Arnold's petition to be excused from going to see the castle—and Arnold followed her. "It doesn't matter—oh, dear me, it doesn't matter!" I can't force my guests to feel an interest in the ruins of the Abbey of Scottish Antiquities. No! no! my dear Blanche!—I won't be the first time, or the last, that I have driven out alone. I don't at all object to being alone. 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' as the song says. Ha! Ha! Arnold's outraged self-importance asserted its violated claims on human respect, until her distressed and medical guest rose to the room and smoothed his hostess's ruffled plumes. The surgeon (he privately declared to Arnold) thought Lady Lundie's temper to go. Smith and Jones (profoundly interested in feudal antiquities) said they would stay behind, in the "cauld" weather than miss this unexpected treat. Ono, Two, and Three caught the infection from their employer, and declined on horseback. Lady Lundie's celebrated "smile" (warranted to remain unaltered on her face for hours together) made its appearance once more. She issued her orders with the most charming amiability, and left the house in the best of humor and high-ship, with the eye to mean economy, which is only to be met with in very high people, and says a shilling in a manner that shows the ruins. With that she went up stairs to array herself for the drive—and Blanche left the house; and was evidently virtuous, fascinating, and accomplished woman, facing her irresistibly in a new Position.

At a private signal from Blanche, Arnold slipped out and rejoined her in the yard, where the grooms crossed the road that led to the railway.

There was a space of open heath on one side of the road, and stone-wall and hedge on the farmhouse inclosure on the other. Arnold sat down on the soft heather—and lit a cigar—and listened to see his way through to the mysterious mystery of Anne's appearance and Anne's flight.

He considered his friend's absence exactly as his friend had anticipated: he could only assume that Geoffrey had gone to keep a private appointment with Anne. His mysterious appearance at Windygates alone, and Miss Silvester's assertion that Anne had left the house before she was aware that she were staying in the house, seemed, under these circumstances, to point to the plain conclusion that Anne had left the house by the fortunately missed each other. But what could be the motive of her flight? Whether she had gone to some other place in which she might meet Geoffrey? or whether she had gone back to the old home? whether she had fled from some sudden impulse of despair?—were questions which Arnold was accustomed to put to himself, and to solve. There was no choice but to wait until an opportunity offered of reporting what had happened to Geoffrey's employer.

After the lapse of half an hour, the sound of approaching hoofs along the road from the station—Sir Patrick, this time, was compelled to drive himself—announced the arrival of the doctor. Arnold crossing the road, he stopped the pony.

"So! so!" said the old gentleman. "You have actually ground. He looked at the stick, and then suddenly pulled it out of the ground and looked at Arnold. "Good-afternoon!" he said, and went on his way again by himself.

Arnold followed, and stopped him. For a moment the two men looked at each other without a word passing on either side. Arnold spoke first.

"You're out of humor, Geoffrey. What has upset you in this way? Have you and Miss Silvester misunderstood each other?"

Geoffrey was silent.

"Have you seen her since she left Windygates?"

No reply.

"Do you know where Miss Silvester is now?"

Still no reply. Still the same stately-insolent defiance of look and manner. Arnold's dark color began to deepen.

"Why don't you answer me?" he said.

"Because I have had enough of it."

"Enough of what?"

"Enough of being worried about Miss Silvester. Miss Silvester is my business—not yours."

"Gently, Geoffrey! Don't forget that I have been mixed up in that business—without seeking it—from the first."

"There's no fear of my forgetting. You have cast it in my teeth often enough."

"Cast it in your teeth?"

"Yes! Am I never to hear the last of my obligations to you? The devil take the obligations! I'm sick of the sound of it."

There was a spirit in Geoffrey—not easily brought to the surface, through the overlying simplicity and good-humor of his ordinary character—which, once roused, was a spirit not readily quelled. Geoffrey had roused it at last.

"When you come to your senses," he said, "I'll remember old times—and receive your apology. Till you do—good-by!" He turned away by himself. "I have no more to say to you."

Geoffrey set his teeth, and came one step nearer. Arnold's eyes met his, with a look which steadily and firmly challenged him—though he was the strongest man of the two—to move the quarrel a step further, if he dared. The one human virtue which Geoffrey respected and understood was the virtue of courage. And there it was before him—the undeniable courage of the weaker man. The callous nerves on the scoundrel on the one tender place in his whole being. He turned, and went on his way.

A jolt by himself, and a head dropped on his breast. The friend who had saved his life—the true friend he had slighted, who had stood out with his earliest and happiest remembrances of old days—had grossly insulted him, and he had let him deliberately, without the slightest expression of regret. Arnold's affectionate nature—simple, loyal, eloquent—rose where Geoffrey's was rounded to the quick. Geoffrey's fast-retreating figure, in the open view before him, became blurred and dim. He put his hand over both his eyes, and hid, with a boyish shame, the hot tears that told of the heartache, and that betrayed the man who shed them.

He was still struggling with the emotion which had overpowered him, when the meeting happened at the place where the roads met.

The four roads pointed at nearly as might be toward the four points of the compass. Arnold was now on the road to the eastward, having advanced in the direction to which Geoffrey between two and three hundred yards from the farm-house inclosure before either of the men had taken his road to the westward, curving away behind the farm, led to the nearest market-town. Arnold's road led to the north to the station. And the road to the north led back to Windygates House.

While Arnold's way still fifty yards from the turning which would take him back to Windygates—with the hot tears were still blinding his eyes—Arnold's eye—the gate of the farm inclosure opened. A light four-wheel chaise came out, driven by a young, ruddy, country lout, by his side. The woman was Anne Silvester, and the man was the owner of the farm.

Instead of taking the way which led to the station, the chaise pursued the westward road to the nearest market-town. Arnold, at the junction, the backs of the persons in the vehicle were necessarily turned on Geoffrey, advancing behind them from the farm-house. He just carelessly noticed the shabby little chaise, and then turned off north on the way to Windygates.

By the time Arnold was composed enough to look round him, the chaise had taken the turning which led to the station, and was out of sight.

Arnold's reflections were of the most painful kind. So, in her sore need, had Anne Silvester won the sympathy which had given her a place by the side of Geoffrey! So, in her need, had took him on his own business to the market-town. And so, for the second time, had she escaped the terrible risk of discovery which threatened her—from Geoffrey, on his way back; from Arnold, at his post. Was it all luck, or was the watch for her appearance at the station.

The afternoon wore on. The servants at Windygates, airing themselves in the grounds—in the absence of their employers—and the gardeners were disturbed, for the moment, by the unexpected return of one of "the gentlefolk." Mr. Bashwood presented himself at the house, alone; went straight to the smoking-room; and calling for another supply of tea for one, settled himself in an arm-chair with the newspaper, and began to smoke.

He soon tired of reading, and fell into thinking of what had happened during the latter part of his journey.

The prospect before him had more than realized the most sanguine anticipations that he could have formed of it. He had braced himself—after what had happened in the library—to face nothing for another night's rest, and to return the outbreak of a nerves—when he came back—to the house. Arnold was away—and there was nothing to fear! Here were three people (Sir Patrick, Arnold, and Blanche) who must at least know that Anne was in some serious trouble—keeping the secret which Anne had left them in the dark; interests were at stake! And, more wonderful still, here was Anne herself—so far from ruin

ing a hue and cry after him—actually taking flight, without saying a word that could compromise him with any living soul!

What in the name of wonder did it mean? He did his best to find his way to an explanation of some sort; and he actually contrived to account for the silence of Blanche and her uncle, and Arnold. It was pretty clear that they must have all three combined to keep Lady Lundie in ignorance of her runaway governess's return to the house.

But the secret of Anne's silence completely baffled him.

He was simply incapable of conceiving that the horror of seeing herself set up as an obstacle to Blanche's marriage might have been sufficient to overpower all sense of her own wrongs, and to hurry her away, resolute, in her ignorance of what she to do, never to return again, rather than to let living eyes rest on her in the character of Arnold's wife. "If Anne Sprinkle is not dead, yet," was the final conclusion at which Geoffrey arrived. "If it's her interest to hold her tongue, it's my interest to hold mine, and there's an end of it for the present!"

He put up his feet on a chair, and rested his magnificent muscles after his walk, and filled another pipe, in thorough contentment with himself. No interference to dread from him, no more awkward questions on the terms they were on now to come from Arnold. He looked back at the quarrel on the heath with a certain complacency—he did his friend justice, though they *had* disagreed. "The would have been better for the fellow had so much pluck in him!" he said to himself as he struck the match and lit his second pipe.

An hour more were on; and Sir Patrick was the next person who returned.

He was thoughtful, but in no sense depressed. Judging by appearances, his errand to Craig Fernie had certainly not ended in disappointment. The old gentleman hummed his favorite little Scotch air—never absently, apparently—as he took his pinch of snuff from the knob of his ivory cane much as usual. He went to the library bell and summoned a servant.

"Any body been here for me?"—"No, Sir Patrick."—"No letters?"—"No, Sir Patrick."—"All very well. Come up stairs to my room, and help me on with my dressing-gown." The man helped him to his dressing-gown and inquired "is Miss Lundie at home?"—"No, Sir Patrick. They're all away with my lady on an excursion."—"Very good. Get me a cup of tea: and while we're about it, bring me a bottle, in case I take a nap." The servant went out. Sir Patrick stretched himself on the sofa. "Ay! ay! a little aching in the back, and a certain stiffness in the leg. I dare say I've walked a bit just as I do. Age, I suppose, in both cases? Well! well! will I ever be old in head or heart. 'The rest' (as Pope says) 'is leather and prunella.'" He returned resignedly to his little Scotch air. The servant came in and set the tea-tray. And then the room was quiet, except for the low humming of insects and the gentle rustling of the creepers at the window. For the moment at least Sir Patrick sipped his coffee, and meditated—by no means in the character of a man who was depressed by any recent disappointment. In five minutes more he was asleep.

A little later, and the party returned from the ruins.

With the one exception of their lady-leader, the whole expedition was depressed—Smith and Jones, in particular, being quite speechless. Lady Lundie alone still met feudal antiquities with a cheerful front. She had chested the man who showed the ruins of his shillings, and she had thoroughly well satisfied with herself. Her voice was flute-like in its melody, and she celebrated "small" had never been in better spirits. "Wasn't it interesting!" said her ladyship, descending from the carriage with ponderous grace, and addressing herself to Geoffrey, inquiringly, on the portico of the house. "You have had a bore, Mr. Delamayn. The next time you want to go for a walk, give your hostess a word of warning, and you won't repent it." Blanche (looking very weary and anxious) questioned her mother. The moment she got in, about Arnold and her uncle. Sir Patrick was invisible up stairs. Lady Lundie's mouth had not come back. It wanted only twenty minutes of dinner-time; and full evening-dress was as much as Mr. Windgrave's wardrobe, nevertheless, still lingered in the hall in the hope of seeing Arnold before he went up stairs. The hope was realized. As the clock struck the quarter he came in. And he, too, was out of spirits like the rest!

"Have you seen her?" asked Blanche.

"No," said Arnold. In the most perfect good faith. "The way she has escaped by is not the way by the cross-roads—I answer for that."

They separated to dress. When they assembled again, in the library, before dinner, Blanche found her way, the moment he entered the room, to Sir Patrick's side.

"News, uncle! I'm dying for news."

"Good news, my dear—so far."

"You have found Anne?"

"Not exactly that."

"You have heard of her at Craig Fernie?"

"I have made some important discoveries at Craig Fernie, Blanche. Hush! here comes your mother. Wait till after dinner, and you may hear more than I can tell you now. There may be news from the north to-morrow!" he added.

The dinner was a wearisome ordeal to at least two other persons present besides Blanche. Arnold, sitting opposite to Geoffrey, without exchanging a word with him, felt the altered relations between his former friend and himself very painfully. Sir Patrick, missing the skilled hand of Hester Detwinglet in every dish that was offered to him, marked the dinner among the wasted opportunities of his life, and resented his sister-in-law's flow of spirits as something simply inhuman under present circumstances. Blanche followed Lady Lundie into the drawing-room in a state of burning impatience for the rising of the gentlemen from their wine. Her step-mother—mapping out a new antiquarian excursion for the next day, and finding Blanche's ears closed to her occasional remarks on botanical Scotland five hundred years since—lamented, with satirical emphasis, the absence of an intelligent companion of her own sex; and stretched her majestic figure on the sofa to wait with an audience worthy of her flowed in from the dining-room. Before very long—so soothing are the influences of the afternoon view of feudal antiquities, taken through the medium of an approving conscience—Lady Lundie's eyes were closed, and Lady Lundie's nose threw poured, at intervals, a sound, deep, like her ladyship's learning: regular, like her ladyship's habits—a sound which made the nightcaps and bedcroses; crooked alike by Nature, the Powder, fresh high and low—the sound (ah, Truth, what enormities find publicity in thy name!)—the sound of a snore.

Free to do as she pleased, Blanche left the echoes of the drawing-room in undisturbed enjoyment of Lady Lundie's infirmity.

She went into the library, and turned over the novels. Went out again, and looked across the hall at the drawing-room door. No! the men never have done talking their politics and drinking their wine? She went up to the west room, and changed her ear-rings, and scolded her maid. Descended once more—and made an alarming discovery in a mirror on the hall table.

Two men were standing there, but in hand, whispering to the butler. The butler, leaving them, went into the dining-room—came out again with Sir Patrick—and said to the two men, "Step this way, gentlemen." The men came out into the light. Murdoch, the station-master; and Duncan, the valet. News of Anne!

"Oh, uncle, let me stay!" pleaded Blanche.

Sir Patrick looked at her. It was impossible to say—as matters stood at that moment—what distressing intelligence the two men might not have brought of the missing woman. Duncan's return, accompanied by the station-master, looked serious. Blanche instantly penetrated the secret of her uncle's hesitation. She turned pale, and caught him by the arm. "Don't send me away," she whispered. "I can bear any thing but suspense."

"Out with it!" said Sir Patrick, holding his nerves steady. "Is she found or not?"

"She's gone by the up-train," said the station-master. "And we know where."

Sir Patrick breathed freely; Blanche's color came back. In different ways, the relief to both of them was equally great.

"You had my orders to follow her," said Sir Patrick to Duncan. "Why have you come back?"

"Your man is not to blame, Sir," interposed the station-master. "I'll answer for the train at Kirkandrew."

Sir Patrick stared, and looked at the station-master. "*Ay? ay?* The next station—the market-town. Inconceivably stupid of me. I never thought of that."

"I took the liberty of telegraphing your description of the lady to Kirkandrew, Sir Patrick, at your request."

"I stand corrected, Mr. Murdoch. Your head, in this matter, has been the shrewd head of the two. Well?"

"There's the answer, Sir."

Sir Patrick and Blanche read the telegram together.

"Kirkandrew. Up train. 7.40 P.M. Lady as described. No luggage. Bag in her hand. Traveling alone. Ticket—second-class. Place for Edinburgh."

Edinburgh!" repeated Blanche. "Oh, uncle! we shall lose her in a great place like that!"

"We shall not lose her, my dear, and you shall see how. Duncan, get me pen, ink, and paper. Mr. Murdoch, you are going back to the station, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"I will give you a telegram, to be sent at once to Edinburgh."

He drew a carefully-worded telegraphic message, and addressed it to The Sheriff of Midlothian.

"The Sheriff is an old friend of mine," he explained to his niece. "And he is now in Edinburgh. Before the train gets in at the terminus he will receive this personal description of Miss Silvester, with my request to have all her movements carefully watched by the police."

The police are entirely at his disposal, and the train will be watched on the platform. "I have asked for an answer by telegraph. Keep a special messenger ready for it at the station, Mr. Murdoch. Duncan, order dinner directly. Blanche, get your supper, and make yourself comfortable. Duncan, a glass of sherry for the drawing-room, and expect us in ten minutes precisely. You will know where your friend is before you go to bed to-night."

With those comforting words he returned to the gentlemen. In ten minutes more they all appeared in the drawing-room at Lady Lundie. She firmly persuaded that she had never closed her eyes—and then again in baronial Scotland five hundred years since.

Blanche, watching her opportunity, caught her uncle at a moment.

"Now for your promise," she said. "You have made some important discoveries at Craig Fernie. What are they?"

Sir Patrick's eye turned toward Geoffrey, leaning in an arm-chair in a corner of the room. He showed a certain disposition to trifle with the curiosity of his niece.

"After the discovery we have already made," he said, "can't you wait, my dear, till we get the telegram from Edinburgh?"

"That is just what it's impossible for me to do! The telegram won't come for hours yet. I want something to go on with in the mean time."

She seated herself on a sofa in the corner opposite Geoffrey, and pointed to the vacant place by her side.

Sir Patrick had promised—Sir Patrick had no choice but to keep his word. After another look at Geoffrey, he took the vacant place by his niece.

HERS OR MINE?

My sweet-heart's eyes, they're bonny and blue,
Ah me!
But he's slow to woo, and he's slow to sue,
Ah me!
Down in the valley, a year ago,
Ah me!
He plucked me a lily as fresh as snow,
Ah me!
And he kissed me as never he'd let me go.
But the lily leaves fell out of my hair,
Ah me!
Or ever his hand had fastened it there,
Ah me!
And a brown bird twittered "Beware! beware!"
Ah me!
We stood together again to-day,
Ah me!
Just where he kissed into Yes my Nay,
Ah me!
He hung his head and had naught to say.
Ah me!
Mignon's eyes have a sunny shine,
Ah me!
And Mignon cheeks are fresher than mine,
Ah me!
For I get paler because I pine.
Ah me!

The dove has forgotten his last-year's nest,
Ah me!
And it's his new love that he loves the best,
Ah me!
My heart lies like a stone in my breast.
HOWARD GLYNDON.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

WHEN the jolly and barren mountain was first lifted into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below, and saw the valley and the less elevations covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint: "Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides, exposed to the eye of man?" And Brahma answered, "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a garment unto thee. Verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the scars of heaven, and the youngest and loveliest of the children of sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us." So was the mountain dowered. And so, too, did the legend, when the latter minds of men been dowered in all ages. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant groves of the vine and olive. Light—light alone, and the deep shadow of the passing cloud, these are the gifts of the prophets of the race.

DEATH BY BEHEADING.

THE execution of Traupmann in Paris has revived the old question whether death instantaneously follows upon the severance of the head from the body. Dr. Pinel asserts that decapitation does not immediately affect the brain. The blood which flows from decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the brain. The brain remains distinct, nourished only with the blood retained by the pressure of the air. It is then the intelligence is not lost, and for a moment of separation is exhausted, there commences a state, got of death but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. Dr. Pinel estimates that the brain may exist without in the necessary blood for about an hour after decapitation. The period of inertia would last for about two hours, and the decapitation would not occur before the space of three hours altogether. If, he adds, a human being could analyze at the moment the horror of its situation, it is because it is physically impossible that it should do so, all the nerve which serve for the communication of orders from the brain to the trunk being severed. But there remain the nerves of hearing, of smell, and of sight.

We are told that the face of Charlotte Corday blushed at the moment of her execution. Alexander Samson, an executioner who flourished during the reign of terror, asserted that the head of a priest named Gaultier bit that of a Girondin of the name of Lacaze, which had been put into the same sack. Of course these stories are very popular accounts of phenomena easily accounted for; but the doctors Sigmond and Sue affirm, with confidence, that the felt for twenty minutes after the execution, and cite the following experiments: "Light was thrown suddenly into the rays of the sun, and the eyelids, which had been opened, were immediately shut and the result of an instantaneous flash of terror, which was experimented upon more than a quarter of an hour after having been separated from the body, turned its eyes when asked. Dr. Mœssiger, who has made this subject his special study, cites a curious experiment made on the head of a calf. A calf was hanged in a slaughter-house, in Paris, and its head cut off with a knife, the operation lasting about half a minute. The head was immediately placed upon a table, and in the space of six minutes lost two ounces and a half of blood. During the first minute all the muscles of the face and neck were agitated by rapid and irregular convulsions. During the two following minutes the convulsions assumed a different character. The tongue protruded from the mouth, which opened and closed alternately. The nostrils were dilated in a similar manner to those of an animal breathing with difficulty, the convulsions becoming more violent on pricking the tongue with a needle. On approaching the finger to the eye in the direction of the pupil, at the distance of an inch, the eye closed precipitately, and reopened an instant after, as though it wished to avoid the shock of a foreign body. This experiment was repeated several times, until the eye only closed on the eyelid being touched. At the end of the fourth minute the convulsions had entirely ceased, and were only reserved on the spinal marrow on being pierced at the back of the neck with a dagger; the eye still remained insensible to every thing; and at the end of the sixth minute all was over.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CANADIAN clergyman not long since was called upon by a Scotch lad, who asked him to read the banns for marrying my body. He replied: "A dutter o' Zion!" said the applicant. "Yes," replied the man being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, "Mon, ye maun read the banns for me married. Very well," said the minister; but perceiving with astonishment that she was alone, he continued, "Where is the man?" "And don't you find the man, and never forget the banns."

"Silence in the court-room there," thundered a police magistrate, the other morning; "the court has already consumed more time unnecessarily without being able to hear a word of the testimony."

"Lemy, you're a pig," said a father to a little five-year-old boy. "No, mother, you're what a pig is, Lemy?" "Yes, Sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

"Do you believe in second love, Mister M'Quade?" "Do I believe in second love? Faith, I do. I'm sure boys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone, does he want another pound, eh? Isn't that sweet too? Trosh, Murphy, I do believe in second love."

A CONSTANT FRIEND.—A life-long Quaker.

SKATING WITH THE GIRLS.

Come, girls, get on your jobbey hats,
Dress in your jobbey suits,
Be sure to lace up snugly
Your jobbey boots and skates,
And we will all go skating,
For all be a splendid night,
The moon will soon be up, my dears,
We'll have a jolly time.

Then soon we're off, a little band
Tucked snugly under each arm,
While all the boys are making love,
And keeping time with us.
Oh! don't you think it's jolly,
Making up your minds to talk,
And going off on moonlight nights,
Skating with the girls?

But when it comes to putting on—
Lord bye me, you'll see
To hold the darling's pretty foot!
You have to kneel down
For oft the skate won't easily fit.
So with many tender words,
How long it takes the putting on
The skates of your girl!

The foot's so small, so very trim,
The heel so high and neat;
Perhaps a glimpse of stockings white,
May cause your heart to beat.
It takes so long to put on skates
Of pretty young girls,
And yet, we wish we always could
Go skating with the girls!

A little girl who was sent out to hunt eggs thought it strange she did not find any, as there were several hens "missing" about the premises.

An absent-minded old bachelor is in the habit, when he comes home to tea, of putting the kettle on the stove, and leaving it there for hours, forgetting to bring it when he would get up and make his tea. The other evening, on getting up to leave the room, he called his landlady, and said to him at the street door, "Mrs. Jones, you've got a kettle on the lamps and got on the stove there, and never discovered his mistake until he began to sing.

At a recent lecture Professor X—— stated that Saturn had a ring of immense size. Mrs. Brisbane, "Is Jerusalem" exclaimed an Irishman who was present, "what is a finger to have?"

The ruling passion was recently exhibited in a remarkable manner on the occasion of a funeral. An old lady was sent for to be washed, and as she sat for the corpse her neighbors were somewhat tardy in appearing at the usual hour. At last Mrs. Brown, the nurse to the building, made up her mind to take a few minutes' time from the sick to attend the funeral.

AN IMPROVED FRACTION.—Breaking your neighbor's windows.

Blank kinds of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: the kiss of Salutation, Valediction, Reconciliation, Betrayal, Approbation, Adoration, Treachery, and Affection.

It was said of a very handsome woman, whose feet were unusually small, that she could "stand upon her complete the ordinary system of measurement, by saying that her feet make a good base.

When the great American also, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, having been in New York for a short time, in the way of a visit, to consider the care of the gardener or keeper, a gentleman, struck with the beauty of the animal, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked: "I see you have belonged to deer, haven't you, does it not?" "No, Sir; it belongs to the Van Rensselaers, Sir, and has for years."

The clergyman in the country had a stranger preacher for him one day and told him to preach. he said "Well, my brethren, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I warn, Sir, it was rather ov plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like the sermons that belabours the goolgorest and confounds the enemy; sd, Sir, I never saw one that could come up to yourself at that."

A gallant was lately eating beside his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing to say, asked her why she was like a fallen leaf. "Don't know," said she, with disarming lip, "unless it's because I'm sitting beside a green."

FOOD READER—Being relieved of one's watch.

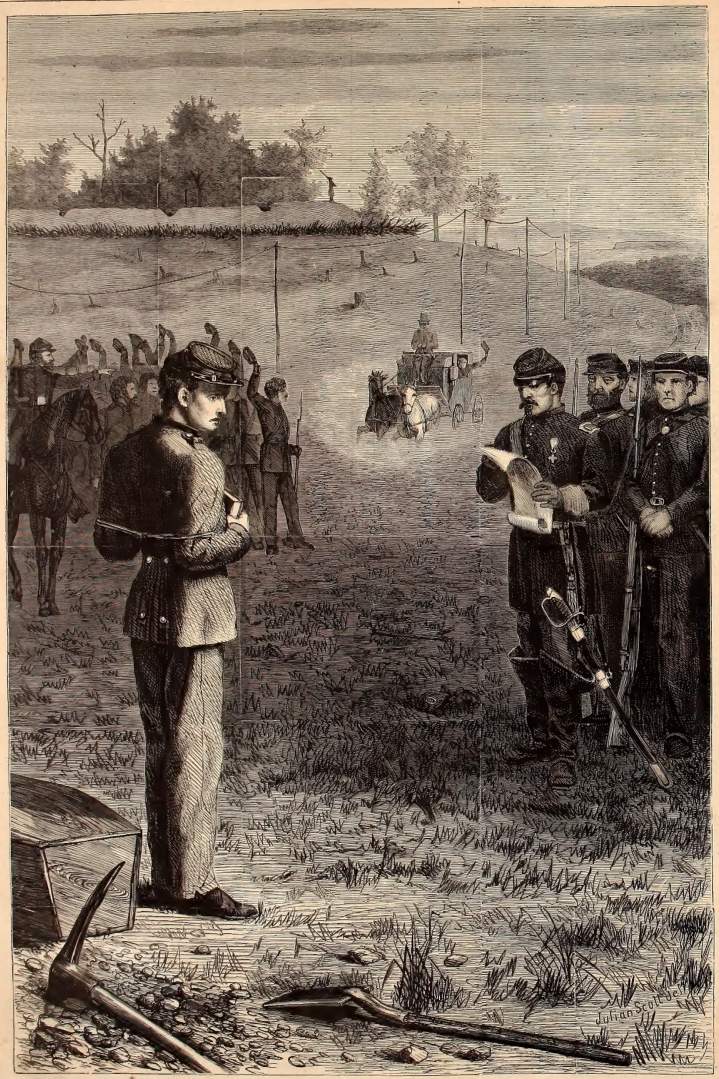

THE PARDONED SENTINEL.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

PARAGUAYAN MOTHER BEARING HER DEAD CHILD TO THE GRAVE.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, FROM A SKETCH BY GENERAL M'MAHON.—[SEE PAGE 132.]

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY

I saw you in the glittering crowd,
A well-dressed vision, bright and fair;
I heard your laughter—and no loud—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

In the quick dance my temples brushed
A ringlet of your floating hair;
My careless foot your drapery crushed—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

I heard your brilliant notes in song—
You sang a gay, coquettish air;
I praised you with the pushing throng—
But then—my thoughts were otherwhere.

I mixed not with the numerous train
That sought your lavish smiles to share;
Your presence brought nor joy nor pain,
For my best thoughts were otherwhere.

Lady, your wit is very bright;
Your winsome face is very fair;
You can all earthly sense delight—
But earnest thoughts dwell otherwhere.

Fortune has done her fitting part,
And shrined you in a setting rare;
All gifts each queen sees a true heart—
And mine its mate seeks otherwhere.

SEE.

I saw him in that shifting throng:
Such manly port and motion free
Unto a noble race belong—
But, ah! his heart beats not for me.

Once, in the round, we chanced to pass:
He bowed with gentlest courtesy—
My light robe touched him—but, alas!
I saw his heart beat not for me.

He deems me but the slave of art,
Born-dumb, and acting to be free:
He thinks I have no woman's heart—
And, ah! his heart not for me.

He wrongs me, and he has no skill
Nor care my nobler self to see;
And I, poor fool! dream of him still—
The while his heart beats not for me.

Unworthy thought! Wherefore should I
Thus bend to fate the supplicant knee?
Pride, crush these tears, forbid that sigh,
Because his heart beats not for me!

Perish, vain dream! Once more I hold
The loosened ties of "gaudy free."
Why should my life grow blank and cold
Because one heart beats not for me?

VERONICA

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Nine Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TURNING OF THE SCALE.

MR. SIMPSON, MR. Lane, and MR. Lovegrove were assembled in the office of the last-named gentleman. They had been talking together for more than an hour, and, to judge from their countenances, the conversation had not been altogether pleasant. Mr. Simpson, indeed, presented a pasty placidity of face. But Mr. Lovegrove looked angry, and Mr. Lane sulky.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that you should have been so lukewarm in the matter, Mr. Lane."

"I don't know what you mean by 'lukewarm.' If I was to consult my own pocket in the matter I might be too wise which side would be best for me," retorted the agent. "But I am not the judge to do that. You discussed points as is of as much consequence to me as to most people. But I go according to law and justice."

"I can't let much you may know about justice," said Mr. Lovegrove, "but I take the liberty of supposing that your knowledge of law is not extensive."

"Well, well," said Mr. Simpson, moving his jaw slowly as he spoke, somewhat in the manner of a cow chewing the cud, "it don't take a very profound knowledge of the law to understand the case before us. I suppose you are satisfied that the ceremony of marriage on board the *Fairbird* took place?"

Mr. Lovegrove passed his hands irritably through his hair without answering.

"And if every thing hadn't been conducted in an honorable way, why should the will ever have turned up at all?" said Mr. Lane. "It wouldn't have been so difficult to say nothing about it."

Mr. Simpson felt this to be injudicious, and hastened to say, "Oh, my dear Sir, with the parties concerned in this business such a proceeding would have been entirely out of the question."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," observed Mr. Lovegrove, dryly.

"No, no, no," proceeded Mr. Simpson; "it is mere waste of time to consider such an hypothesis. Out of the question, entirely out of the question. The will being there, my client's first proceeding was to show it to a respectable and well-known lawyer—your own solicitor, Mr. Lovegrove—and to intrust it to him for safekeeping."

"I don't know what could be fairer or more honorable," put in Mr. Lane.

"And in a matter of course that the proceedings of the lady in question should be fair and honorable."

"Mr. Lane doesn't seem to think so," said Mr. Lovegrove again.

Mr. Simpson interposed to prevent a retort from the agent. "Permit me," said he. "The lady in question was treated in the most heartless and treacherous manner. But my present business is not to insist upon that part of her story. The question is, was the first Lady Tullis living or dead at the time of her second marriage?"

"Sir John supposed her to be alive. That much is clear," said Mr. Lovegrove. "He never intended to make Miss Lecrivant his wife."

"Possibly. But I need not remind you, Mr. Lovegrove, that persons can not play fast and loose with the marriage ceremony to gratify their own convenience or passions."

Mr. Lane opined, under his breath, that it would be a pretty sort of game if they could.

"I have just before you," continued Mr. Simpson, looking as though he were engaged on a translation of a very tough Latin manuscript, "the proofs of the performance of the marriage ceremony between the late Sir John Gale and Miss Lecrivant. You are not at present prepared to bring forward any testimony as to the hour at which Lady Tullis Gale expired?"

"Mr. Frost is of opinion," said Mr. Lovegrove, "that Mrs. Lockwood's testimony, and that of the servant girl, will go for nothing."

Mr. Lovegrove paused in his speech as the door of his office was opened, and one of his clerks appeared.

"I said that you were particularly engaged, Sir," said the young man, "but the gentleman would take no denial. He said that—"

"What do you mean by admitting any one at this moment?" Who is it?"

"Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Sir," answered the clerk, making half his retreat as Hugh pushed past him and entered the room.

There was a momentary silence and pause of expectation.

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely, "if I can serve you here—and without harm for insisting on seeing me. If my clerk did not succeed in making you understand that I was particularly engaged, I must tell you so myself in plain terms."

"I ask pardon of you, and of these gentlemen," said Hugh; "but I think you will excuse me when you know that the business on which I come is pressing. Mr. Simpson you are engaged in discussing."

Hugh's manner was very resolute and quiet. He looked like a man who has recently subdued some strong emotion to his will. Mr. Lane stared at him undisguisedly. Mr. Simpson observed him in his ruminating manner. Mr. Lovegrove made answer, "Mr. Hugh Lockwood you know what is the business we are engaged in discussing."

"If I mistake not, you are discussing the legality of the second marriage of the late Sir John Tullis Gale."

"Quite so," said Mr. Simpson. "Have you any information to give us on the subject?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Lockwood," said Mr. Lovegrove, hastily, "allow me to say one word. This gentleman is here on his own behalf and on the lady who herself Lady Tullis Gale. This gentleman is the acquisted cousin of the world. This gentleman's interest in the matter is not to be taken into account. I am only sorry that I can not add that I am fully empowered to act for Miss Desmond in this matter as I should desire to do. But in the peculiar and painful circumstances of the case I know not how to act. Miss Desmond's nearest guardian—who is co-trustee with me under her mother's will—to come forward and look after her interests. But in so far as legal knowledge and services can avail her, they are entirely at her disposal. Now, believing as I do that the young lady's friend, I strongly advise you to refrain from volunteering any statement on this subject at the present moment. You are, I have no idea of what nature your statement may be. But I assure you that you had better leave the matter in my hands."

"Mr. Lovegrove, you speak in a manner which commands my sincerest respect, and I cordially make Miss Desmond very grateful. But I come here on my own responsibility entirely."

"Indeed, Sir?" said Mr. Simpson, who had listened attentively. "Are you a relative of the young lady?"

Before Hugh could speak Mr. Lane answered in a boisterous voice, "He is the son of the person in whose house Lady T. died."

Mr. Simpson's ruminating jaw moved slowly, but he said nothing.

"I will answer for myself, if you please, Mr. Lane," said Hugh, to whom the agent was slightly known. "Then, turning to Mr. Simpson, he continued: "No, I am not a relative of Miss Maud Desmond, but she is my promised wife. Our engagement was sanctioned by Lady Tullis and by Miss Desmond's guardian."

Mr. Lovegrove made a slight suppressed sound with closed lips, and raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I was not aware of that fact, Mr. Lockwood!" And you have, you say, some information to give respecting the hour at which Lady Tullis died?"

"I have the only information to give which can be of value; for I was the last person who saw the poor lady alive."

The three men looked at each other without speaking. Each person made his face as nearly blank of expression as possible. But there was a slight shade of brushing. Mr. Lovegrove's eyes as he turned them again on Hugh.

"It happened in this way," proceeded Hugh. "I will tell you the circumstances as plainly and shortly as I can. On the night preceding the day she died—"

"That is to say, on the night of the third of March?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Yes, on the night of the third of March, Lady Tullis had been very ill, and had suffered much from fits of breathing. Dr. Gale found necessary for some one to sit up with her. That had happened once or twice before. But on this occasion she seemed so ill that neither my mother nor Miss Desmond went to bed at all. In the morning, quite early, Lady Tullis fell asleep. And then my mother sent Miss Desmond to rest. She—my mother—went down into the kitchen to prepare some beef-tea, for which the sick woman had asked. The little servant-maid was busy about her household tasks. I had made up my mind not to go to business that morning, and as I was desirous that some one should be within call of Lady Tullis, I took a book and sat in the drawing-room, which opened by a sliding-door into the bedroom."

"This was at what hour?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"I can not say with accuracy. But certainly between seven and eight o'clock. During the first part of the time I sat there my mother came up stairs with the beef-tea, and found Lady Tullis still awake. She seemed so peaceful and tranquil that I persuaded my mother, who was much worn out, to take some rest on the sofa in the drawing-room, saying that I would remain at my post. Well, I sat there a long time—or what seemed a long time. The hands of my watch, and at that period of the day our street is not noisy. There was scarcely a sound to be heard. All at once, as I sat alone in the silence, a strange feeling came over me that I must go into the next room and look at the sleeper. I can not tell why then, and I can not tell why now, but the impulse was irresistible. I got up softly and went to the bedside. And then in an instant I saw that there was death. I had never seen a dead person before, but there was no mistaking that solemn look."

"No mistaking!" echoed Mr. Lovegrove. "How can you know that? Your impression, the mere result of your looking at her, may have been unfounded. She may have been still asleep."

"She was in that sleep that awaits us all, and from which there is no awaking. I stood and contemplated her face for a minute or so. The eyes were shut, the forehead placid; she had not even moved on her pillow. Although I was perfectly convinced that she was dead, I took a little hand-mirror from the toilet-table and held it to her lips. There was not a breath."

"Still," said Mr. Lovegrove, catching a glance that was exchanged between Mr. Lane and Mr. Simpson, "*still*, you do not know at what hour Lady Tullis died. Your guessing is of no use."

"Wait. It is true I do not know exactly the moment at which Lady Tullis ceased to live; but I know what will suffice, as you will see. I knew that the first thing to be done was to get some one to sit with the corpse and to the door. There was a woman living near at hand, who had occasionally come in to help to nurse our poor friend, and I knew that she would be able to do what was needed. I resolved to go myself and fetch her without disturbing my mother or Maud. I went out of the front-door quietly, sought for, and found the woman's clerks were still about half past nine."

"That," said Mr. Simpson, rising from his chair, "is conclusive. I have evidence to prove beyond a doubt that the ceremony on board the ship was not performed before a quarter to ten at the earliest."

There was a dead pause.

The three men deliberately gathered together his papers. Mr. Lane took up his hat. Mr. Lovegrove rang his bell to chair with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

"I presume," said Mr. Simpson, "that you perceive the importance which Mr. Lockwood's testimony makes Lady Gale's case? My client is, I assure you, extremely sorry, and will, greatly exercise to it. But if Mr. Lockwood is prepared—as no doubt he is—to repeat upon oath every detail of what he has given us, Lady Elvise Lady Gale, and the next of kin, to resist to the attorney-general's to carry out the provisions of Sir John's last will and testament. I wish you a good-morning, gentlemen."

"Good-morning, Mr. Simpson. I beg to state that if Miss Desmond were my client and I were empowered to act for her, I should not say, indeed, from considering the cause lost. I am not aware what course Miss Desmond will be advised to take. But I would take the liberty to tell you not to be sure of victory even now. And good-morning to you, Mr. Lane," added Lovegrove, in a considerable change from the temperate and courteous tone in which he had addressed the agent. "I shall be very much obliged with you on the prospect of losing your legacy if I were of Mr. Simpson's opinion on this matter. Though you may think I never saw a gentleman let two thousand pounds slide through his fingers with more equanimity, or make less effort to keep them!"

When Messieurs Simpson and Lane had departed, Mr. Lovegrove got up and began pacing about the office. Suddenly he stopped opposite to Hugh, and said abruptly:

"Do you mean to say that Miss Desmond urged you to come and say what you have said this morning against her will?"

"She did, most earnestly."

"And you knowingly made what interests were at stake, were feel enough to do it?"

Mr. Lovegrove, what I said was the truth. It might as well be told first as last."

"No, it might not! And who knows whether it ever would have been told at all? I should have taken a very different tone with this self-styled Lady Gale. I believe if she had been thoroughly frightened and bullied she would not have dared to talk of going to law!"

"But it did not, Sir."

"Well, I would have fought her."

"That is just what Maud desired to avoid."

"Desired to avoid? Desired to— Miss Desmond desired to avoid unnatural war—of inheriting a fine fortune duly and legitimately bequeathed to her?"

"You know what her life has been. You know that Mr. Levincourt and his daughter have been like a father and sister to her from her babyhood. And as to Sir John Gale's money, she says she felt as though it would bring a curse with it."

"Trash! No money brings a curse that is honestly come by."

"This would not have been honestly come by. I believe that Veronica Levincourt can prove herself to have been duly married to Sir John Gale. And it would be inexpressibly painful and shocking to Maud and to others to force her claim into the court of law."

"Well, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, after a minute or two's silence, "it is clearly no concern of mine. But I am interested in Miss Desmond for auld lang syne. I knew her mother. And she is very much to be thoroughly believe, a very good young lady. Frost-will be sorry too— However, I suppose we can not interfere."

"Mr. Frost will not be surprised: for I mentioned something to him before."

"You did?"

"Yes. Well, now, Mr. Lovegrove, I must trust entirely for the sincerity and kindness with which you espoused Miss Desmond's cause. And I must leave you. Hugh goes away with her guardian the day after tomorrow. And it is her great effort to keep all this painful business from her for the present. He knows nothing of it as yet. He has lived quite secluded in my mother's house since he came up to attend Lady Tullis's funeral."

"Mr. Levincourt does not know—?"

"Not yet. When they are on the country she will tell him as much as is needful."

"I call Miss Desmond's self-appointed me guardian to her daughter, instead of— But it can't be helped. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good! I'll see what I can do to keep the wolf over the course, I suppose. She is clever: or somebody is clever for her. Mr. Lane has been benevolently snatched to the side of the law's law and justice."

"I presume he was convinced that he could not fight for the will against the evidence they brought."

"I presume that Sir Matthew Gale and this lady have been able to convince him that it would be quite as much for his interest as for his two thousand pounds go quietly as to struggle for them. He does not seem to have had any desire to carry out his late patient's wishes."

"I do not believe that desire was possible in the breast of any human being employed by Sir John Tullis Gale!"

"Well, for a man who had his own way, as far as I can learn, all his life, it must be admitted that his power broke down altogether at the last in a very strange—I might almost say a very marvelous—manner."

"That is neither here nor way's such as his was, I don't know that there is much cause to feel surprise at his plans proving barren and futile."

CHAPTER VII.

SUCCESS.

CESARE had understood partially how desirable a thing it was for Veronica to be acknowledged by Sir Matthew Gale. But in his usual and ill-humor he was inclined to be captious and jealous.

"You could receive those men without having Louise in the room?" he said, reproachfully, after the baronet and his lawyer had gone.

"Certainly I could!"

"I suppose if that old blockhead of a Sir Gale were to die alone, you would receive him in the same way?"

"Likely. What then? Don't be absurd, Cesare."

"Ebbene, I think it is absurd, indeed, that I should be left to be the only person debarred from your society in the way I am!"

"Debarred from my society? Dio mio! It seems to me, Cesare, that you are here all day long."

"Oh, I trouble you? I importune you? You have no heart. You do not love me."

"I have given a woman's heart by many, which ended, as all its predecessors had ended, by Cesare's making humble apologies and professions of love to me."

"Ah, Veronica mia," he sighed, "I wish sometimes that there had been less acquisition of this money! You would have married me, and we should have been together all this time. We should have gone to the country house beyond Salerno. How happy it would have been for a little fishing of yours! I should surely had a happy moment since I came here."

"Cesare, that sounds all very fine; but how much does it mean? If you and I had married and staid in Italy, we should have been dining off a dish of macaroni and a melon this time. And how charming for me to be going about in a coupe pretending to be a rich corpse! To pick stuck in my hair, and no shoes or stockings! Neapolitan peasants are very picturesque at the Opera; but I fancy the real life of the real people would not quite suit you. It would not suit me at all events."

"My wife would not have had to live as you say," remonstrated Cesare.

"Oh, sodiamo, caspita mio! I know pretty well what sort of style 'your wife' would have had to live in. And the fact is, Cesare, that we been much worse off than the peasants, because we should have had to appear something differ-

ent from what we were. Shabby gentility—Oof! it makes me shudder! And as to your not liking England, you know nothing of it yet. If we were rich, Cesare, you would see how the world would be cap in hand to us!"

"I don't think I want the world to be cap in hand to me. I only want you to love me," answered Cesare, pathetically.

Then Veronica gave him her hand and sent him away, alleging that she was tired. In truth, she was tired in spirit. She was getting very weary of Cesare's complaints and lamentations. She had felt herself to be in the position of guiding spirit since their arrival in London. In Naples, where she had, while domineering over him, depended on him for support in many things, she had liked him best. For her own nature was too entirely undisciplined not to be irked by the lack of leading another. She was full of the power of thinking, arranging, and deciding. And there were in her some glimmerings of nobler things, which made her secret herself at times, and consequently seem Cesare for his submissive idolatry of her.

As she had once told Maud, she saw the better and chose the worse. If Cesare would but assume a more manly tone—if he would show a rough and self-asserting—she fancied she should be less disinterested. He complained and grumbled, indeed; but it was in the tone of a child who vents its temper, well knowing all the while that it must finally submit. There was no element of irritation, she dropped some word of the kind to Cesare. And his amazed and sorrowful reception of the idea nearly drove her wild.

"I don't understand you, Veronica," he had said, reproachfully. "It seems to me that we are very ungrateful. No woman was ever loved more truly than I love you. Do you wish for unkindness and tyranny? Who can understand a woman?"

Poor Veronica did not comprehend herself. She could not tell him that his compliance for her whims, his devotion to her wishes, alienated her from him. She could not tell him that his humoring of her haughty temper degraded her in her own estimation. And yet she failed to love Cesare. She was fully minded to become Principessa de Barletti, and the prospect of that long time, was to her fancy like a glimpse of something so terrible that she shut her mind's eyes before it, shuddering.

But she would be true to Cesare. And she *would* love him. Poor Cesare; he was kind and gentle, and she was really fond of him. She was—and by—so she told herself—she would be able to influence and change him in many things. But nevertheless the thrill which came over her at thought of at every solitary moment of her waking time, was not kind.

She had been much moved when, at Naples, Mr. Frost had made known to her the contents of Sir Julius's will. For a moment she had thought had flushed across her mind that she would give up her own chance of wealth if it were to be put in force in Maud's favor. If she made no sign, the will would be proved and executed in due course. It was by wilful Quixotism, as she told herself in her calmer moments; but it reured to her again and again. It was a noble if truly and honestly for one moment did the idea amount to an intention. The result to herself of carrying it out would be nothingness of pity, poverty. Poverty!—No; that was beyond her strength. Maud, she knew, could be happy without pomp and splendor; happier without them than their possession could ever make her (Veronica). Yet she did not feel comforted even with the pretense that this knowledge influenced her conduct.

"I am no caring hypocrite," she said to herself.

It is a negative merit not seldom assumed by those who find it desirable to feed their egotism at all costs. And the implied assumption is, "You who do not act in accordance with what you *must* feel—for do not *I* feel it?—are canting hypocrites."

But despite every thing, there was in Veronica's heart a craving, hungry desire to see Maud. Maud's had ever been the one influence that had awakened whatsoever impulses of good lay dormant in the vixen's daughter. The influence had chafed against that influence it had been dear to her. And Maud alone, of all the beings she had ever known, had loved her unselfishly, and from her heart. She shrunk from the idea of seeing her father as yet. She would have to go to him victorious, assured, bearing a new and illustrious title, whose blaze should efface whatever dimness now overclouded her name. She knew, without reflecting much about it, that by her father much might be forgiven to the Principessa de Barletti which could never have been pardoned to Veronica Levincourt. But with Maud it was different. Any thought of Maud set her dreaming and devised schemes for getting to see her, which schemes, however, never took shape in action.

Last in the agencies of the day on which Sir Matthew Gale had visited her, Mr. Simpson arrived at her hotel. He came to all hants to be the first to communicate to her the news of Hugh Lockwood's statement. And he was followed within a few minutes by Mr. Lane, who was bound on the same errand.

"Upon my word, Veronica, rising in an excited manner, after having heard what they had to tell her, "the cause is won!"

"I believe that I may safely congratulate you, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "You have assuredly meet with no opposition from Sir John's family?"

"And did Mr. Lockwood give this decisive testimony voluntarily?"

"Oh yes, my lady," said Mr. Lane. "That, I must say, he did. Mr. Lovegrove showed plainly enough which way *his* feelings jumped in the matter. If it had depended on him we should have had plenty of trouble."

"Mr. Lovegrove was doing what I should have done in his place," said Mr. Simpson, gravely. "He was endeavoring to protect Miss Desmond's interests."

"Well, he might have done that without being so bumptious. If it hadn't been for not wishing to make trouble for my lady and Sir Matthew, I would have given him a good setting down!"

"Ahem! I have a great respect for Mr. Lovegrove," said Mr. Simpson, in the same slow, impressive manner.

During this talk, Veronica was standing at the window, with her back to the two men, and her hands pressed against the panes. The sound ringing of the strange chance that had made Hugh Lockwood the witness of her fate.

There are no limits to the vagaries and self-delusions of indulged vanity, none to its gluttonous appetite. Veronica's nothing was and had not clutch at to feed upon.

Veronica well remembered the evident admiration she had excited in Hugh when they had met at Lowater. And without putting it even mentally into words, she had an idea that he could go forward unasked to give witness in her favor, was in some way due to the resistless attraction of her beauty. What would he think when he learned that she was to be Princess Barletti? The question was one which she dared not contemplate in actions. Mr. Lane's next words, however, rudely disturbed them.

"Young Lockwood certainly did behave very straightforward. I wonder that Mr. Lovegrove didn't lash into him. But I suppose—you compounds by the business, young Lockwood lost more, seeing that he is engaged to the young lady."

Veronica turned round to listen.

"I must be going now, Lady Gale," said Mr. Simpson. "I am sorely wanted to give you the news. There is a great deal to be done yet. Good-day to you, Mr. Lane. Good-day."

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Simpson. Did you say that Mr. Lockwood was engaged?"

"Engaged," put in Mr. Lane. "Yes, my lady; he is engaged to marry Miss Desmond—to be head, you know, of the family, and a very respectable young man," added the agent, with a patronizing air.

Considering to Mr. Lane's surprise, Veronica, after having given her hand to Mr. Simpson to be raised by him, sank down heavily with a haughty bow. And Mr. Lane observed to the lawyer, before they parted company at the hotel door, that "it was plain enough that the lady's self great airs already.

Left alone in the gathering dusk, Veronica began to pace up and down the room, in a restless manner that had recently become habitual with her. She was glad, what did she know else, for. She was Lady Gale. And although the whole of her fortune and Marmont Hall must be lost, she would still be a rich woman—rich even in rich England. She would be reinstated in the world, and that by her own efforts, and not as a mere baronet's lady. All that she had longed for and dreamed of since her childhood seemed to be within her grasp.

Of ten persons who should have seen her, knowing her as she knew herself, probably have concluded that it was on this important revolution of Fortune's wheel she was meditating, as she passed quickly to and fro in the dark, her heavy folds of her long black dress making a monotonous rustling upon the soft floor carpet. But it was not so. How often it happens that the outer and the inner life are thus distinct and different! That which we strive to be noted as that which really most occupies our hearts. There was a great flower of Dead Sea fruit in Fortune's gifts to Veronica. She believed still, as she had believed as fifteen, that to be rich, fashionable, and flattered, would suffice to make her happy. But in these very first moments of her triumph, her instincts and feelings were busy with Maud and Hugh!

All at once she ceased her pacing to and fro, and seating herself before the writing-bureau with writing materials, she dashed off a hurried note. She wrote without pause, almost as though she feared she might forget what she was doing, if she stuid to reflect on it. Having written and sealed the note, which consisted only of a few lines, she gave orders that a messenger should be dispatched with it forthwith.

"Is it to go to-night, my lady?" asked the waiter.

The tidings of Veronica's golden fortunes must, one would have thought, have hovered in the air, or emanated from herself in some way perceptible to the human senses, with us now obsequious.

It is not to be taken to Mr. Lovegrove, the solicitor in Bedford Square. He is easily to be found. There is my card. Give my compliments, and say that I shall be unexpectedly obliged if Mr. Lovegrove will do me the favor to send the number of the houses to the address on this note. Then let the messenger take the note to Grower Street without delay. He had been about to add, to him alone, and go quickly."

The reader may as well see the contents of the note:

"I thank you for what you have done for me to-day. But my thanks are doubtless of small value in your eyes.

"But I have a request—an entreaty to make to you. Let me see Maud. I shall be quite alone all this evening and to-morrow. Others may think me triumphant, but tell Maud—oh! pray tell Maud—that I long and yearn to see her and to hear her voice.

"I only learned to-day that you are to be her husband.

"Veronica Gale."

"I trust to you to speak of this to *no one* but Maud.

"To Hugh Lockwood, Esq."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Mr. John Ettis, a veteran of the Revolutionary war, was the guest of the House of Representatives a few days ago. Having called on the President, the latter invited him to stay to lunch; but the old gentleman declined, because, he said, he was anxious to see Congress in action. The President ordered one of the messengers at the White House to accompany him to the Capitol. There he was introduced on the floor of the House, on motion of General Banks, and received the congratulations of the members who flocked around him in large numbers, and questioned him about his age and the leading events of his life. Mr. Ellis was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1793, and is therefore in his one hundred and eighth year. He served as an aide-de-camp of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. In the battle preceding the surrender he was shot through the back of the head with a spent musket ball, and the indentation which it made is still visible. He was also at the battle of Lundy's Lane, and was considered too old to enter the service as a soldier; but he went in as a messenger, to carry the rations and ammunition to the troops engaged, to keep them from being taken prisoner. Until the present time he has never applied for a pension, but now his age and infirmities have compelled him to do so.

The following burlesque bill of fare was placed before the guests at a wicked dinner which recently took place in London:

"Grub & Lay, 1 Roade, Fleby Traffic Retreat. Flat Fish dressed shareholders fashion. Entrees—Shoeblacking, Sweet Oil, Pickled Pigeons. Gaming Meating Stew, with Bonill: Secretary's Cold Check: Hot Dividend Pudding. Roast Loin of Directors, with Melted Butter. Rotis—Lead Rails done in the Permanent Way. Pidgeon Pig's in Directors. Bake's in Booking Clerk, Hot Axles with Grease à la Dickens. Vegetables—Green Peas, Stewed Cucumber, Turnip and Broken Marrow Beans à la Excursion Train; Silesian Kale, Cut Cash. Sweets—Preserved Ginger, Preserved, Audit Ale, Strong-headed Porter and Sack. Dessert—Stock Exchange."

The *Scotsville Breezeau* tells of a fearful punishment which befell two cruel children who were amusing themselves by throwing stones at a turkey hen and chicken. They covered it with petroleum and set fire to it. The mother turkey flew in its fright between the leg of one of its tormentors, and the other, in getting to his brother's assistance, was bitten fo the hand. The cries of the children attracted the attention of the mother, who sent for a doctor; but, notwithstanding his attention, the second three days afterward from the effects of the bites of their maddened victim.

A visitor to the lunatic asylum where Barbara Urych, the woman supposed to have lived constantly with and for youngster than she really is. She has a small, merry face, with a *retrousse* nose, and bright, lively eyes. Her hair, which is abundant, peeped out in every direction from under the bed-clothes. She confessed to having removed her mother incorrectly, (dead a good deal), and occasionally broke out into snatches of hymns and ballads.

A correspondent of a German journal says that the reigning color worn by fashionable people in Paris now is brown. This color goes by the name of "absolument affligeant." The dresses, cloaks, and bonnets are brown, but carriages are painted with this fashionable color, and even the horses' harness generally. Some have taken to, are now ornamented with phoenix ostrich feathers, dyed brown, and brown-colored heads. For mourning, blackskirts or ravens, for half-mourning, swallows or magpies, and for full dress, peacocks. It is considered advisable to dress according to the occasion, and to fit there adornments with an apparatus for imitating the cry of the bird selected for the occasion. It might inconvenience a fashionist is sufficient to set the little machine in motion. It would be unnecessary to take off the hat on meeting a friend: you frown or elevate the brow, the bird screams, and this constitutes a greeting.

Who would live in Russia? It is said that one need only take an evening walk of two or three miles into the environs of Moscow, one of the largest cities of the United States, wherein of late years the light of the flame of half-extinguished coal, moving swiftly among the trees, produces a weird, melancholy howl, like the wail of the wind on a gusty, wintry night, going forward and returning in the still, frosty air. The wolves are as fierce as ever, and nutiring in their depredations.

Senator Sumner has the credit of coining the last new word, "Reconstruction," a word pending genius that relieves his mind in regard to it:

"Reconstruction! What is the novel sound—
From out the mouth of Sumner?
Preponderosity!
And through his beautiful hall,
With great velocity,
Echoed the word from mouth to mouth the word
"Ridiculosity!"
Sure Webster would have dared to write
Never before,
Nor Webster either, murmured they,
Never, never before.
Is there of terms gigantic then
Such a puerility,
That we must coin this fearful one,
Ridiculosity?"

A curious theory, called the "Thermometric Gateway to the Pole," has recently been advanced by Captain Silas Bent, to the American Navy, as the result of thirty years' study and exploration. Supported by technical language, the idea seems to be that there is a continuous warm current or passage which would shorten the distance from New York to San Francisco by sixty days, and from Liverpool to Japan by more than a hundred days. According to this theory the two great currents of the ocean, the Gulf Stream and the Atlantic, with the colleague of the Pacific, the Kuro Sivo, both rivers in the ocean, hastening northward on their journey from the equatorial belt of fire, push their way through the polar ice to their confluence in the sea, making thither a navigable highway. Captain Bent supports his theory by facts, and insists that the Gulf Stream and the Kuro Sivo are the prime and only cause of the open sea about the Pole, with its temperature, as reported expeditions have discovered, so much above that due to the latitude; that the only practicable avenues by which ships can reach that open sea, and thence to the Pole, is by following the warm waters of these streams into that sea; and that to find and follow these streams the water thermometer is the only guide.

The present consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. It is calculated that 180,000 acres of the best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For railroad buildings, repairs, and cars the annual expenditure in wood is $25,000,000. In a single year the locomotives in the United States consume $50,000,000 worth of wood. There are in the whole country more than 400,000 vehicles in wood, and if the value of their labor is $100 a year, the wood industry of the country represents an amount of nearly $500,000,000 annually.

When the coal mines of our country give out, and all our forests are hewn down, the new method of utilizing solar heat, by the use of Ericsson's caloric, will be called into requisition—if it is not sooner. By a simple contrivance of his, he thinks we may obtain as much power from the sun as from steam.

It is a common remark to a growing child that he "runs up like a weed." Dr. Richard Mansfield, rector of an Episcopal church in Connecticut, once putting a group of the children of his flock, exclaimed, "Why, my dear children, you grow so fast—so weeds! I am scarcely able to recognize you." Then, correcting himself, he said, with the gentle politeness of a Christian gentleman, "Pardon me, I should have said, you have grown so like flowers." Can not every one see how the young face would light up at the pleasant comparison?

A pleasing incident is related of a school in Boston, Pennsylvania, in which the pupils are a large girl, who had always been allowed the privilege of dismissal in advance of the other scholars. Not long ago the school was dismissed, as usual, when the storm was at its height. The girls all kept their seats until the cripple had safely passed out of sight, and then they followed.

A specimen of Russian "Court News," published in the *Tumskoy Gazette*, may amuse our readers:

"The Emperor Imperial Majesty has left to wake at 7 a. m., and after a frugal breakfast, was graciously pleased to go out for a walk. His majesty was dressed with his suit, a beer, moved apparently by a heavy impulse to the street. On the mind of the Czar not only Russia, immediately came to the spot where his Majesty was the Governor-General Furgelsky, the police of the ruler of millions of beings who idolize him, the head of which is the Czar. It was observed by all of the fierce aspect by which this savage animal is usually characterized when he is about to make a committee of blissful anticipation, as if he were looking forward, with a fierce delight, to the bursting of his victim's breast by his gracious sovereignty. On returning from the walk his majesty was pleased to be in the highest ecstasy into the room, and, having taken off his hat, went home. He then went to bed, and next morning he was graciously pleased to be quite well."

A certain astronomer—name unknown—predicts that by the 31st day of this year he intends to cease all such brilliancy, and so near the earth, that our mights will be in total darkness.

Do our readers know what is the French idea of "a well-bred man?" According to a writer in *La National*—whose authority may not be unimpeachable—the thing is comprised in the following words: "A well-bred nobleman, visiting an English nobleman in London, will ask him what sort of wine he is accustomed to wine." The English nobleman's butler made a mistake, and brought out sometime after a bottle of sherry with cod-liver oil. This did not prevent the Frenchman from swallowing the liquid presented to him. He was, on the whole, we are told, without a shudder, and said it was indeed excellent.

Women can now acquire a medical degree in France. Mlle. Chenevard, Swedish, and Mlle. Deraismes, Mlle. Garrett passed the fourth examination for the degree of M. D. in Paris on Wednesday. The subject was medical jurisprudence, materia medica, and hygiene.

Many people are afraid to expose their children to the external air, as though it were their worst enemy. But the fact is, they keep them by so doing less than when they are taken out, without great care, they are liable; just the same as they are exposed for a great length of time will make himself sick by eating too much food, and a sumptuous table. Children kept indoors, in rooms frequently overheated and filled with a stagnant, impure air, grow up, if they live at all, pale and sickly, and often grow down at a dark cellar. They resemble the seeds, in the famous parable, that fell by the wayside and were trodden down or by having much root, as soon as the hot sun came they withered and died.

About two years ago Dr. Richardson, of London, while experimenting with electricity, illustrated a portion of his theory so that it was perfectly intelligible. A similar experiment was once performed by the celebrated Dr. Priestley. Quite recently Dr. Thomas Richmond, of Dublin, has carried the matter a little further, has succeeded by the aid of the powerful inductorium of Ruhmkorff in producing artificially a calcium light, and large magnifying lenses, in completely illuming the whole body. With the most successful experiments already made, it would appear that for the illumination of the human body it is not necessary that it should be sufficiently vivid and the lenses sufficiently powerful. If the whole internal machinery of the human organism can be brought directly under the inspection of medical practitioners, a great advance in science and humanity would be incalculable.

Leipzic is the "city of books." In 1867 130,000 cwt. of books were dispatched from the railway station of Leipzic alone. In 1868 2000 new works were published in that city. Forty-seven printing establishments are at work, and employ 3000 hands, consuming 1600 journeymen, 300 apprentices, and 400 women. The number of the booksellers' firms, through business connection with about 3500 houses out of Leipzic. An immense business is also carried on in the sale of "second-hand" books. Moreover Leipzic is the printing centre for nearly all publications, three being twenty-nine publishers in this department. Berlin stands next to Leipzic in publishing importance, and in the former capital it is the number of newspapers and journals issued.

In America it would scarcely be regarded as an evidence of very tender filial affection for a son to read his venerable father a coffin as a birthday gift; but a late visitor to China declares that in that country such a gift is considered the *ne plus ultra* of courtesy and love. The cheerful gift is received with gladness, paraded ostentatiously in the best chamber, and, until required for its special use, is made a depository for nothing of value. Nothing is more common than for a person who is desirous of a grand funeral to provide his own coffin, according to his own fancy, long before his decease.

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

DISTRIBUTION OF THE SECTARIAN FUND.

SECTARIAN BITTERNESS.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY MAY BE.—[SEE PAGE 141.]

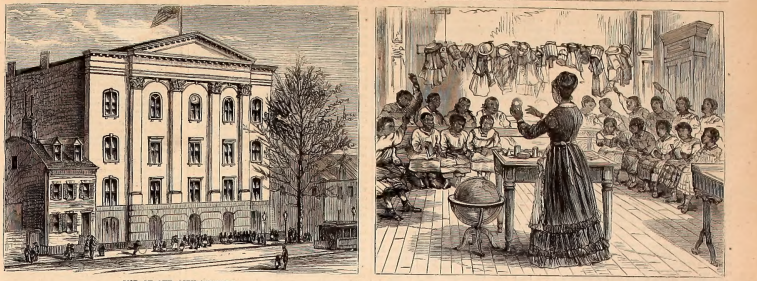

ONE OF OUR CITY SCHOOLS. COLORED SCHOOL—OBJECT TEACHING.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

AN observant stranger passing through the streets of New York city, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, is attracted by the sight of hundreds of children going in every direction to their respective schools. The general aspect of these children is bright, happy, and intelligent. Let us follow a group of these little folks to their destination, and see how they are occupied when together.

GIRLS' CALISTHENICS.

Instantly, from two side doors, appear two lines of little girls, all keeping perfect step to the music. They march to their assigned places, and stand in front of their seats. Not a word is spoken nor a direction given, but every thing proceeds with order and precision. A special chord on the piano is the signal for being seated, and the change of position takes place with perfect silence and without the least confusion. The music begins again, and another file of little ones marches in, filling up the aisle seats on either side of the room.

The children have no books, but, led by the teacher at the piano, they sing in clear, sweet tones several appropriate songs. A short passage of Scripture is then read, and with folded hands the little ones repeat the Lord's Prayer. After a few moments more spent in singing the marching music is resumed, every child falls into line at the proper time, and thus the little multitude disperse to their respective classrooms. The school we describe is a Primary Department for girls only; but every morning a similar scene may be witnessed in any of the public schools of New York, varying somewhat with the age of the scholars.

The public schools of this city, exclusive of what are called Corporate Schools, are designated as Primary, Grammar, Evening, and Normal Schools. There are at present more than two hundred of these institutions under the charge of the Board of Education, and the average yearly number of pupils receiving instruction in them is two hundred and twenty-five thousand. To instruct all these pupils the services of two thousand five hundred teachers are required, of whom a large proportion are women. A Primary and Grammar School often occupy the same building. Some of the primaries are for boys or girls only, while others are for youth of both sexes. The course of instruction in primary schools is very simple, and carefully adapted to the tender age of those who pursue it. The pupils are divided, according to qualifications, into six grades. In the lowest grades the reading and spelling of familiar words from blackboards and charts; counting and very simple adding by the numerical frame; conversational lessons about common objects, with a view to form habits of accurate observation; familiar instruction in regard to morals and manners.

These are the principal exercises, and it is not intended that any of these shall be continued more than fifteen minutes at a time. As fast as the little pupils improve they are advanced from grade to grade, until they reach the first, or highest. By this time the course of study has been extended by adding the elementary rules of arithmetic, geography, writing and drawing on the slate, advanced object lessons, etc. When these subjects are sufficiently mastered, the pupil is ready for promotion to the Grammar School.

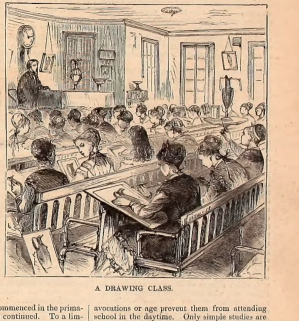

A DRAWING CLASS.

The grammar school course is also divided into several grades, and carries the pupil forward from the point where the primary course terminates to such studies as English grammar, history, astronomy, physical geography, composition, drawing, and bookkeeping—the branches commenced in the primary department being also continued. To a limited extent lessons are assigned in this department to be studied at home, but none are given out until fully explained and illustrated to the class by the teacher.

Beyond the common school course special facilities have just been provided for the further education of girls. Boys of fourteen, who have attended the public schools a requisite length of time, and can pass the requisite examination, may enter the Free College of the City of New York (formerly the Free Academy), and there enjoy the advantages of an extended and thorough course of study; and the Board of Education have recently established a Normal School for girls, corresponding to the Free College, which will afford them facilities for the same thorough course of instruction hitherto enjoyed by boys only.

Auxiliary to these schools are the evening classes, organized for the benefit of those whose avocations or age prevent them from attending school in the daytime. Only simple studies are taught in these classes, but the arrangements are equally adapted to youths and adults. Foreigners desiring to learn English frequently enter these evening classes, of which there are twenty-seven, and during the year they are attended by about twenty thousand pupils.

Adult pupils in these evening classes generally display the most commendable zeal in their studies, and are not ashamed to vie with far

The school building is a neat and substantial structure, four stories high, with a frontage of perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet. The pupils are flocking into the side doors. The central entrance is for visitors, and leads directly to the reception-room of the Primary Department. The room is as yet almost empty; no pupils are in sight; a few teachers are quietly making preparatory arrangements; while the Principal extends a pleasant greeting to such visitors as come in, and gives them seats. Presently the music teacher strikes a signal note on the piano, and commences playing a lively march.

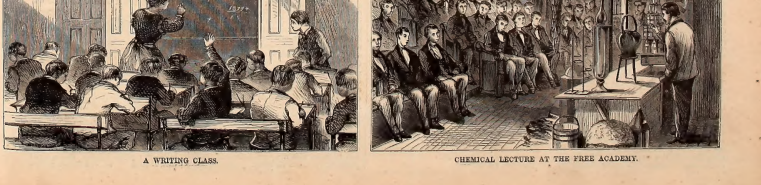

A WRITING CLASS. CHEMICAL LECTURE AT THE FREE ACADEMY.

younger people. In general, there is no lack of neatness in the appearance of working-men at these schools. A member of the Board of Education, while visiting one of these evening classes recently, in the same general remarks on the propriety of perfect neatness and order, On the conclusion of his remarks a strong-looking young man, who with several others near him bore on their hands and clothes the evidences of toil, rose and apologized for their appearance. "We don't always come to school this way," said he, "but we were at work in the yard pretty late, and had no time to go home for supper even, as we did not want to be late at school; and not expecting any visitors, we made up our minds to come as we were, but the principal knows us, and we knew he would excuse us for coming so." The modesty and zeal of these working-men, and their earnest exertions to obtain an education, are certainly worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To enable working-men and clerks who are occupied during the day to prosecute advanced studies, there has been established an Evening High School for males, where such studies as grammar, mathematics, natural philosophy, engraving, navigation, municipal and constitutional law, phonography, declamation, book-keeping, Latin, French, Spanish, and German are pursued. Students are admitted to this school for the whole or a part of the course, or a single study only, as they desire.

The normal schools are for the instruction of teachers only. These sessions are held on Saturday, and teachers whose acquirements fall below a certain standard are expected to attend until their deficiencies are made up. This secures the services of well-trained and experienced teachers, and is a most important branch of the system.

There are now about one hundred buildings occupied by the public schools of this city. While all of these buildings are convenient and healthful, the newer buildings are a great improvement on those erected in former years. They have been constructed on the best principles of arrangement, fitted with all conveniences for teaching and pupils, supplied with the best kind of furniture, and are warmed and ventilated by the best apparatus. They vary in size, some occupying only two lots, others six or seven. It has been found that large buildings are much more economical and convenient than small ones; and not unfrequently two thousand pupils, and even a larger number, are well accommodated under one roof.

The sketches that illustrate this article will give the reader a very complete idea of the internal arrangements of our common schools. The first gives an exterior view of one of the school buildings; No. 2 shows a lesson in object teaching in a class-room in a primary school; and the interior of the public in the practicing weekly exhibitions of the pupils under the direction of the teachers, which are a source of great interest to parents and friends, and which serve to show the excellent manner in which the system is carried out. The sketches were all taken from actual scenes, and are accurate representations of the originals.

The importance of these schools in a country like ours, whose institutions depend wholly on the intelligence and morality of the people, can not be overestimated. They constitute our chief safeguard against a relapse into the temporal and spiritual bondage from which our fathers rescued this country to avoid. The benefits of these schools are visible all around us. The number of pupils under Instruction is constantly increasing; the annual examinations show the continued maintenance of a creditable degree of efficiency; and the interest of the public in the practical, everyday workings of the system is evidence of the continued confidence and regard with which citizens of all parties and every religious sect, and our partial exception, regard its progress and success. The most competent, experienced, and impartial judges in this country and Europe have, in the most public manner, affixed the stamp of their approbation to our system, and have with one consent expressed the conviction that, in its external and internal administration, it is equaled by no and excelled by few. A short time ago the Rev. JAMES FRASER, one of a Board of Commissioners appointed by the English government to inquire into the common school system of the United States and of Canada, spent several months in making a thorough investigation o. our city schools; and in his report, which was laid before Parliament, expressed his high appreciation of our system and its results. The question of establishing a similar system, for the education of the masses of the English people, is one of the measures probably to be brought before Parliament during its present session. The gentleman who holds the post of "Vice-President of the Committee on Education of the Privy Council," in a recent speech urged the imperative necessity of such a measure. "So convinced is the country," he said, "of the importance of it in the Commons, of the importance and urgency of this question, that no economical, or religious, or irreligious difficulty will be allowed to stand in the way. The public money must not be wasted, no, not one penny of it must be applied to any object, for the purpose of education; but if, indeed, the public money must be spent, *no religious difference must stand in the way of the necessary secular education.*"

While other nations are thus emulating our own in the establishment of a system of popular education, it certainly behooves American citizens to see that nothing is allowed to interfere with the efficiency of our common schools, or lessen their hold upon the confidence of the whole people. The dangers that threaten them in the way of unsectarianism, and the diversion of a large portion of the common school funds for the support of sectarian schools, are happily add only too truthfully foreshadowed in Mr. Kay's admirable composition on page 140, which requires no comment to enforce its warning admonitions.

FOUND IN THE STREET.

"Do you know, Sir, that I am almost starved —that I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours?"

The young man started at this unexpected address; then turned, and regarded the speaker with a feeling of sympathy.

The scene was Fifth Avenue, and the time was near midnight.

Horses and carriages were dashing over the pavement, conveying gay parties from theatre or supper.

The air was crisp and chill; the stars shone cheerfully above; the lamps gleamed brilliantly below; yet the young man was thus suddenly accosted, in the most fashionable thoroughfare in New York, by a person who was almost starved, and had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.

No wonder he turned to look curiously at her!

Caleb, or Cale Gordon, as his *intimes* called him, was a hard-working young journalist—working hard, but well paid; for he was a vastly clever and rapid writer, and found a ready market for all he wrote; besides being on the regular staff of one morning paper as dramatic and dramatic critic.

The peculiarities of this part of his vocation he had that evening been to the French opera to hear "Genevieve"—had stepped into Delmonico's for a lobster supper, and was now on his way down to the office to write up his evening's work.

He had no one but himself to take care of; made money enough to supply all his wants, including light literature at Delmonico's when he desired them; and knew very little about the poverty and wretchedness of the under-world of the great city of New York.

Therefore he queried, in a tone of surprise, if not locking at the speaker for the question of —"You say you have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours?"

A bit of bread and some coffee last evening, and nothing before that since the day before; and the girl gave a great gulp of something between a sigh and a sob, and turned her face away.

"Bless my soul!" said Caleb; "come right along with me and get something."

You see Caleb was quite gentleman—he had only been in the city about six months, having come well recommended from a country newspaper, or else he would have given the poor creature and sent her on her way—or perhaps something worse might have come of it, who knows? But he took her by the hand and placed it on his arm, and walked her rapidly down a side street, noting, with quiet vision, to have them see an oyster-saloon that kept open all night.

It was not exactly a place to take a lady; but it did not matter to her, for she took her to Delmonico's—besides, they were past it.

She had nothing further; but Caleb noticed that she leaned rather heavily on his arm, and as they passed a street-lamp, and its light fell upon her face, he observed that she was very pale.

He hurried her along, and presently they arrived at the saloon, and were soon seated opposite each other in a small private room, or box, at the extreme end.

Thinking of his little sister, too, he could not help blessing the fact that there was no one in such a strait as this poor creature; and he felt a strange sensation under his watch-pocket, and the arm rose to speak for a moment.

Then he said, kindly and in a low voice, "And now you must tell me how it is that you are brought about, and perhaps I can help you."

But the girl folded her arms on the table, laid her head upon them, and cried—softly, but very bitterly.

"I don't like to see you cry," said Caleb—and his voice was a little tremulous; that was a soft point in Caleb's character; he never liked to see a girl cry.

The girl raised her head, and threw the long, soft, curling hair back from her face, and said—

"You are very, very kind to me, and—I won't cry;" and she didn't; she stopped instantly; and Caleb was convinced at the moment that—

Caleb wasn't far out about her age—probably his master of his little sister had sided him some occult way. She was just about seventeen, and now that she had gained a little color, what beauty of his little sister had sided manifestly pretty, or so, at least, Caleb thought; but so this—to think!

She had pretty, soft, brown curls, and brown hair, and tender violet eyes—very large; and as Caleb looked at Cale, through the mist of her late weeping, he thought he had never seen any half so expressive.

Her figure was trim and neatly clad, but poorly. Her hands were small, but they bore the marks of labor, and the forefinger of her right hand was dotted over with little black specks, as Caleb remembered his mother's to have been when he was a boy at home, and she sat in the arm-chair sewing for him.

Then the late supper came in, and, with an apology, she began to eat.

And how she did eat!

Caleb had never seen any one very hungry before, and his own eyes grew dim as he watched her. And somewhere in the interior of his being he registered a little oath that she should never be hungry again—not if he could help it; and then he thought of his little sister once more.

And at last the supper was eaten (of course, Caleb took nothing, for Delmonico had supplied him); and as she looked up, and he asked her if she would have any thing else, she said; "I am ashamed to confess it, but I am afraid I had I was so hungry;" and then she went to crying again, but still silently. And then, after a little, she began to tell her story.

How she was crying because she had a wicked mother and little brother at home, who were just as hungry as she was, and who would not have any kind friend to give them food; and how she had left them on night with a wicked purpose in her heart, because that she could not bear longer their cries for bread; and how then when she spoke to Caleb her own hunger overcame her—and she was so selfish, so wickedly selfish—and now she must go. But Caleb started up and called back that waiter, and gave him such dry orders very rapidly; and when he went away—for Mr. Gordon had leaned on her shoulder and told her to sit quietly for a few moments, and he would speedily return. And then she sat down like a very child, as she was, and told him the rest of her story. Poor green Caleb had never heard one of those stories!

They had been very poor, she said, ever since her father died, which was when she was about ten years old. Her mother had supported them for a good while with her needle, and then Zoser had died, and taken her name, Josey Carroll—had been able to sew, too; and thus they had managed to live—but that was all. And then her mother had taken sick, and then—the waiter came in with a large, covered basket, which Caleb selected; and after he had paid the bill, tucked Josey under one arm, and they hurried up the stairs and out into the street into the starlight and the glare of street-lamps again.

They took a car, and about twenty minutes later were jolting over the pave up a dark cross yard, into a narrow alley-way, up flights of rickety stairs, and into a room on the top floor of a tumble-down tenement-house, which was Josey's home.

There was no fire in the little stove; a splintering bit of candle burned on a rough pine table; and on the floor, upon a mattress, lay a little boy and girl, in their rags and rags, by huddled the widowed mother and the poor little brothers.

Caleb dropped his basket, and saying that he would be back in a moment, fled to a corner grocery, where he found a boy about closing as he passed.

Fifteen minutes later he was back in the room, with the boy following laden with coal, wood, and candles.

Then he made the fire with his own hands—for he had learned that accomplishment when he was a boy at home—and he saw how.

The candles were lighted, the table was spread, the mother and little boy were seated; and when they were ready at work, and he saw how happy they were, then Caleb broke down.

He went and pressed the widow under and looked out at them; but he didn't see them, for his eyes dropped tears too many to see through.

And presently he was down on his knees with his, and as he turned around Josey said, "Don't cry! you have made us all so happy, and you have saved a little boy's life. Don't cry!"

Caleb pressed her hand; then he looked at his watch, and he must go, but he would first come to them the next morning. And then he shook hands with them all, and went out, while the widow offered prayers of the poor which followed him.

It was nearly daybreak before Caleb had finished his office-work and got home to his boarding-house: but at ten o'clock he was again in the room in the tenement-house together.

It was nicely swept, and a bright fire burning, and the few bits of furniture made to look as neat as circumstances would.

And three smiling faces met Caleb when he entered; and the mother made her poor, pale face man blush for very shame. That was the last day they spent in the tenement-house.

Caleb Gordon had a friend—one to whom he could trust his money on, found them comfortable apartments, where the widow's hunted up some lady friends of his, who gave the widow all the plain sewing she could do, with the aid of a sewing-machine, which Caleb furnished her, and became a profitable position in a public institution; and all was well.

Well, then—that is to say, about six months after, when the public institution gave Josey a new daughter—Caleb took the widow and children—the little brother had been going to school all the time—and went to the country to the old homestead. And when the fortnight's vacation was over Caleb wrote to the directors of the public institution—Josey's position is secure—and one bright summer's morning he tucked Josey under his arm, and presented her to his mother. "Here, mother—also a widow—and Caleb's little sister, and Josey's little brother, and a whole troop of Caleb's uncles and aunts and cousins and friends," strolled quietly down the quiet country road and into the little village church; and there Josey and Caleb were married. And as the two widows had become fast friends they lived together at the old homestead, while Caleb took his little wife—thin and pale no longer, but plump and flushed and happy as any cobin—back to the great city. And surely it is recorded somewhere by the good angel that Caleb never again should see the poverty, or misery, that had taken to wife the poor, little, half-starved girl he had *found in the street.*

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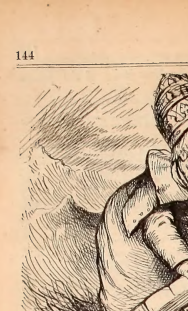

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WESLEY HARPER was the third child of his parents, and was always a delicate boy. His two older brothers, JAMES and JOHN, left their father's house when WESLEY was about ten years of age, and while he was yet a youth they had begun business together as printers and publishers, under the style of J. & J. HARPER. Before he was twenty he was apprenticed, with his younger brother FLETCHER, to the elder brothers, and mastered the trade of printing. He was a skilful proof-reader, and in the course of this duty he became familiar with much of the best English literature, which was carefully read by him in the reprints of the house. As foreman of the composing-room, he was brought into personal contact with men who, in those days of hard drinking, were often turbulent and troublesome; but he had no trouble. He was slight in figure, and had not the remarkable muscular power of his brothers. But he had the force of moral firmness, a singularly persuasive manner, and that unaffected regard for men, independent of their condition, which is instantly felt by them; and these gave him an ascendency in his department which enabled him to keep the peace without harshness or ill-will.

Before 1825 WESLEY and FLETCHER had become partners in the house, and the style was changed to HARPER & BROTHERS. They were all practical printers, and the success of the firm as publishers was already remarkable. Sagacious, untiring, devoted strictly to their business, the operations of the house were constantly extended, and its intercourse by correspondence was most courteous and kindly, for WESLEY was the correspondent and his letters, embracing a wide variety of subjects and addressed to persons of every kind of temperament, were remarkable for the same urbanity of manner and intelligent clearness of statement that marked his personal intercourse. His health was still delicate, and he was carefully temperate in all his habits. But temperance was not a trial, for he had a natural rectitude which seemed to spare him all moral struggles.

The religious influences of his father's house were seed dropped into a kindly soil. The young man early connected himself with the Methodist Church, and in all its multitude of adherents there could be none of a truer humility and a sincerer piety than WESLEY HARPER. He seemed to feel the same affectionate pride in it that GEORGE HERBERT cherished for the Church of England. He was a class-leader, and always a most liberal and devoted member. But the shy humility that was his crowning grace kept him silent and unobtrusive. He did not exhort nor lament himself, but he was a constant and generous supporter of all its enterprises, his devotion was deep but not noisy. His ceaseless charity, his gentleness, his simplicity and friendliness, were his religious graces—his whole life was his great act of worship. The services of his Church and the spirit of its members strongly moved him, and he went often in Brooklyn, where he lived, to share in the worship of the colored brethren, delighting in its fervor and fulness of expression. Doubtless he liked to recognize the divine Fatherhood by identifying himself in religious feeling and aspiration with his human brothers of the lowest estate.

He thanked God that he was a Methodist; but there was probably never a man so affectionately and firmly attached to his own religious denomination who was so truly liberal and free from all taint of bigotry. He held to his own sect, but as one believing that in his Father's house were many mansions. Sectarian arrogance was as impossible to him as social arrogance. If you watched him on Sunday, you saw that he went to the Methodist church. If you watched him every day in the year, you saw that he was a good man.

Soon after joining the firm he married and settled in Brooklyn, and gradually a large family clustered around him. The business prospered. As the correspondent of the house, he was brought in contact with men of every kind, and his acquaintance was very wide. His shrewd observation, his retentive memory, and his general humor made his reminiscences of noted persons very charming. The impression made by him upon all who came to the office was that of an intelligent, courteous, and most unassuming man. But it was well said that if the question were asked, which is the head of the house, which is the HARPER, and who are the brothers? the only accurate answer was, "Either one is HARPER, and all the rest are the brothers."

Such fraternal harmony in business is remarkable. The action of the house was the result of mutual counsel, in which the singularly sound judgment of WESLEY, his knowledge of men, his general intelligence, were indispensable. For, although of the utmost courtesy and manly gentleness, he was a man of clear insight into character, and curiously impatient of pretense. The constant lambent humor that played over the whole surface of his life often touched folly and affectation with a kindly satire that showed how truly they were perceived. WESLEY HARPER'S goodhy was not a sweetness without flavor. No man had a keener eye for the facts of human life and character. He was universally beloved by all

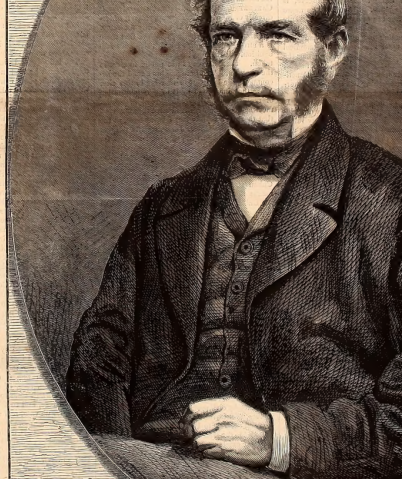

THE LATE JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.]

those who were employed by the firm; and the secret of their great regard was not merely his kindness of manner, it was his real humanity. He treated them as a man associating with men, not merely as a master with his workmen. He was their confidence, and they discovered that they had found a friend. Every morning he appeared quietly in every department, loitering from case to case, from desk to bench, and group to group, stopping to chat, or to note the "copy," or to look over the proof, or to say, with his mild eye, that there was no lagging or confusion. That tranquil presence will be a remembered benediction in every room. And long before he died one of the oldest and most trusted of the persons employed by the house went to see him, and WESLEY bade him good-by, and begged him, if ever in word or manner he had seemed harsh, to believe that he had not meant unkindly, and to forgive him. "I told him," said the faithful friend afterward, "that I could say any thing to forgive, it was not upon my side." Another said, whose position enabled him to observe closely WESLEY'S character as a business man, "I have known him for forty years, and he is spotless."

So the prosperous and pleasant years passed away. He built a spacious house in Brooklyn, full of sunshine front and within. The son who loved him it seemed, as a man's chosen home should, a kind of image of himself. He still went away from it occasionally upon some short voyage for his health, but whenever he returned he again resumed his old familiar daily office. For some time he believed himself to be seriously ill: but it was not until the winter of last year that a sudden and startling attack warned him of his condition, and a subsequent careful investigation confirmed him in it. He could not recover, and that his death might occur at any moment. But whatever inexpressible sorrow this brought to others, WESLEY HARPER tranquilly kept the noiseless tenor of his way. When he was a little better he made short excursions into the country, and came occasionally to the office. He met quietly, conversed with difficulty, and with all the old kindly humor and charity, his interest in the welfare of the house unabated, saying pleasantly, "I don't know how it is gone, how can I be spared?" But he went no more into the book-rooms, and in his heart he knew, as all knew, that his work was done.

Then came the confinement to the house, to the room, to the bed. But in no happy home was there a more cheerful room than the chamber of the dying man. All his friends came to it and went away as with a blessing. To his religious brethren who sought his confidence he spoke with manly humility of his trust in Jesus as God, and of his satisfaction that he had always professed his faith. But this he made clear to those who invited it. Upon no man did WESLEY HARPER ever intrude his inmost, sacred convictions. And he, and from all his friends, it seemed almost to hover between life and death. But he had made every arrangement calmly, and had even named his pall-bearers—four of his friends in the Sands Street Methodist Church, and four of his friends employed by the house, and he affectionately invited all, in every department of the business, to attend his funeral. On Sunday afternoon, the 13th, a friend called, but learning that he was not so well, would not go up-stairs. Mr. HARPER hearing the voice, sent a humorous message of love. On Monday morning, February 14, he seemed to be sleeping when the night's rest. But at about half past seven he asked his sister, who was with him, to raise the window, for he did not breathe freely. She did so, and gave him a little drink. He thanked her, smiled upon her with the old familiar tenderness, and closed his eyes. She saw the change, and stepped into the next room to call the others. But it was too late. With them WESLEY HARPER had died as peacefully as he had lived.

He was buried from the Sands Street Church, with which he had been long associated; and the great congregation, a throng of mourners and sorrowing friends, needed only to remember what he was to feel how truly a good life conquers death; while in their own greater charity and patience and fidelity hereafter those who knew WESLEY HARPER will always find his influence, and perceive that a good man, though dead, yet speaketh.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a violent quarrel in the Democratic party in New York. The tyranny and corruption of the Tammany managers have at last produced a reaction, and the New York *World* cries, down with the King! It declares that the King has debauched the party, and, if not destroyed, that it will ruin it. It professes that unless the power of the King is broken the Democracy will lose the State next fall, and that the King will be as fatal to it in 1870 as the Chicago peace platform was in 1864, or the Tammany reputation platform in 1868. The *World* says a great many true things of the lamentable and alarming consequences of the supremacy of the King, and summons all honest Democrats to the rescue. It hopes for the cooperation of honest Republicans also; and as the *Tribune* is doubtful how long the virtue of the *World* will hold out, it turns and rends Mr. GREELEY by name, rather inconsistently charging him both with corrupt complicity with the King and with favoring its continuance that its enormous offenses may strengthen the Republican party.

But surely the *World* can not forget that the King has obtained power partly by the strenuous support of the *World*. It has not forgotten, of course, that one of the most flagrant crimes of the King was the naturalization frauds of 1868, nor that the *World* sneered at the attempt to expose and defeat them. Neither can it forget that the *World* forgot that it supported the Chicago candidates placed upon the platform which it now rancidly calls a farce. It zealously sustained the Tammany candidate of 1868 who stood upon the platform of the Convention. These things it did as a matter regular, and in doing them it did the work of the King which controlled its party in the city of New York, and which had nominated Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor.

The *World's* explanation of this course is, that much as it disliked the King, it believed the success of the Republican party to be a greater mischief than that of the Democratic party with the King attached; but it alleges that it is now possible to detach the King, and consequently it blows its bugle. And for what purpose does it sound the charge? To save the State in the autumn of 1870 and the country in 1872 to the Democratic party. It hopes that the honest Republicans, for the sake of party, will overthrow the King, and restore parity to the elections and decency to the city government. But the Republicans will most assuredly be abortive in the way that it is attempted; and for the simple reason that the Democratic party can not be so detached from the King.

The present Democratic party has been educated in contempt of morals in politics. It has been trained to assert at "meetings" and by no preacher more zealously than the *World*, and when you exhort people to sneer at what you vaguely call morality, they can scarcely be surprised to find them totally disregarding common honesty. For a generation the Democratic party has been in open revolt against law. The teachers may have meant only State rights, but a party looks through the abstraction to the fact, and the fact was slavery. Nominally, State rights, if you please; it is a very pretty fence, but the thing fenced, we observe, is slavery, and the party which for years the negro decried and derided in every foul and unmanly strain—the *World*, since it became what it calls Democratic, leading the van—that party has every advocated upon religious and economical grounds. Treason and unspeakable wrong the Democratic leaders tried to hush out of sight, or to hide under what they called the Constitution, and their teaching was the most demoralizing conceivable.

This policy, of course, had its effect. It drove to the Republican party the honest elements in the population, and the party relied upon those elements for its successes. It was natural to suppose that the honest elements, radical to sell black men, it can not be very unchristian and unconstitutional to cheat white men. The Democratic training was sufficient for children. In its chief stronghold, the city of New York, sneering at an honest recognition of the fundamental rights of man, relying upon the ignorance and pandering to the prejudices of the most degraded population, the leaders have constantly confessed their purpose, until their government has become one vast and notorious system of corruption.

The *World* proposes to break this power by appealing to those who make it. Its theory of the *King* seems to be that it is strong by Republican support, and that if that is taken away it will cure all. This is to be done, apparently, by abolishing the commissions. But the commissioners were established at the request of members of both parties, who found the condition of affairs in the city under the general plan which the *World* now labors tenderly to keep. Like FERNANDO WOOD were elected Mayor, and the Mayor appointed the police. The party that had been chained upon negro hating elected a demagogue, and the pace of the city was in his keeping. What reason is there to suppose that that party is less ignorant, less liable to be led by demagogues than before? Why should any one who wants the rule of the King of the Democratic party in this city suppose that they would rather be led by Mr. TILDEN, the *World*, and the gentlemen of the Manhattan Club, than by Mr. SWEENY and Mr. TWEED? This the *World* does not show. But until this can be shown, generalizations about the virtue of New York "filched" from the people, and the "rule of the people" as the remedy, is pointless.

The *World* is the most hopeful practical remedy of the evils of the condition here lies in the hearty co-operation of "the honest Democrats," as the *World* calls them, with the Republicans. But this is not acceptable to the *World*. It proposes its change as a party measure. It would destroy the Ring, that the party may not be too heavily "handicapped" in the Presidential race of 1872. It begins, therefore, by repulsing Republican assistance. The work is to be done by "honest Democrats," that the Republicans may be beaten in the State in 1870 and in the country in 1872. If it can push the matter so far as to bring separate candidates into the field, however, it will undoubtedly appeal to Republican support. It will tell us that we can not elect any man of our own in the city, and that an honest Democrat is certainly better than a dishonest one.

So be it; but for ourselves we remember that upon this principle we supported Mr. HOFFMAN for Mayor against FERNANDO WOOD, and were rewarded by the infamous proclamation in regard to the frauds, and by the confirmation of the power of the King, of which Mr. HOFFMAN, as the signature of the monstrous Erie bill shows, is the willing instrument.

And why did this happen? Or why should we suppose it would happen again? Because the ultimate reliance of the leaders of the Democratic party is not on its worst elements. It is typified by that absurd spectacle which was reported last year of Mr. OAKEY HALL, as Mayor of New York, marching in a green sash on St. Patrick's Day to cajole the least intelligent of the Irish, for the more intelligent despised the performance. So with slavery, so with all other sensible citizens. The Ring probably understands the mass of the Democratic voters better than the *World*, and that mass controls the party. Consequently, if, in full view of the history and training and composition of that party, Republicans are asked to give their votes to Democratic candidates, in the hope of reform, they would give them to those who will plead party necessity and the vague of yielding to those worst elements, as the *World* did in the Presidential campaigns of 1864 and 1868. The *World* complains bitterly that Republicans do not help its movement. But if it preferred to keep the Ring in power to save its party, by what logic could it complain of others who do the same thing?

CUBA AND BELLIGERENCY.

SENATOR SHERMAN is a cautious man. When, therefore, he appears as the champion of Cuban recognition, he is believed to have taken up the cause, from his intercourse with other Senators, that they favor it, or that he is persuaded it is the secret wish of the Administration. Senators CARPENTER, HOWE, and MORTON plead for it directly or indirectly. They approach it differently, but their object is evidently the same. All these gentlemen perhaps believe that there is a strong public opinion which demands recognition. And why, they ask, are prohibitions taken. There is very little public interest in the question. The Senators have read the accounts of the Ku Klux meetings in the South. Were they impressed by it as a manifestation of real feeling? Have they read of similar meetings about Cuba? And have they observed that there is a society just formed here, at the very seat of the Cuban Junta, for the purpose of arousing public sympathy and interest for Cuba?

General BANKS has offered a resolution in the House of Representatives requesting the President to maintain a strict neutrality in the Cuban contest. If this means any thing, it means the withdrawal of belligerent rights to the Cubans. And if so, we ask, as we did last summer, why not say frankly what you mean? If gentlemen in the Senate and the House are of opinion that there is *such* a contest—for a contest nobody denies—as to justify recognition—like that of the responsible insurgent government in Cuba, exercising actual authority, to which we may look in case of trouble—in a word, that the prolonged disturbances in Cuba have become a war of such proportions and with such results that we may honorably and with safety to ourselves take the risk of a war with Spain by recognition, then, by all that is sacred in national honor, let us distinctly acknowledge the belligerent rights of the Cubans in arms.

Senator CARPENTER says that war exists, and that we may not be able to say that the United States, by tendering its good offices, has virtually said so, and thereby has really recognized belligerency. The Senator's argument is, that whenever a government can not keep the peace by civil process, but resorts to its war powers, such a state is war exists. Then, if we send soldiers to Utah, and the Mormons do not yield, the European powers may declare that war exists, and govern themselves accordingly. If there is a war, he says there are belligerents, and no say is only to state a fact. But this is a position which would hardly be gravely urged to its conclusions, for it would carry prolonged domestic insurrection into war, and involve every nation in the disturbance of every other. A belligerent, in an international sense, is a certain number of people fighting, but a certain organized authority attesting itself by its acts. In other words, there is a regular, visible government behind the fighting. Does Senator CARPENTER believe that there is any such belligerent in Cuba?

Unquestionably there is some kind of fighting in Cuba, and an immense lying about it on all sides. Spain has sent soldiers to the island, and has built and equipped gun-boats; and the insurgents, apparently of a guerrilla kind, have met them in one or two battles, but have been generally successfully pursued in the hill country. There is a constitution published, and a form of civil government. Does any body believe that there is any part of the island of Cuba in which justice is administered by judges and courts under that republican authority? Is it not unquestionably the fact that the constitution and the form of government have been improvised for the purpose of presenting to the United States an apparent basis of belligerent recognition, in the hope that by such recognition Cuba might be separated from Spain, and for the purpose of establishing a friendly government, but that the island may be annexed to the United States?

If Congress honestly believes that the Cuban insurgents are in a true and received sense belligerents, let it say so. But let it demand some other evidence than the fact which has been a virtually passive resistance to Spain continued for more than a year. And when it has proclaimed "neutrality," let no more bands of foreign powers do the same when, under Mr. CULLOM'S bill, we send the army to Utah.

NATURALIZATION AND THE REGISTERS.

FRAUDULENT naturalization has become so notorious, especially in the city of New York, the great depôt of immigration, that it is evident the registers ought to be abolished as a farce, or wholly reformed. The Constitution gives Congress power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization; but the State courts, over which Congress has no control, naturalize. The result is the pleasing spectacle offered by certain courts in this city just before election. They become mere "mills" for grinding out voters, in a manger of which we exposed the details in the autumn of 1868. One of the most atrocious frauds in naturalization occurred.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives have proposed a bill to put an end to these shameful proceedings. They propose that the courts of the United States alone shall be charged with the duty of naturalization; and why should any good citizen object? They are tribunals of the best character, and beyond suspicion of interested administration of the law. The Judges do not, like our Judges, make voters for themselves in making citizens. The act of naturalization of citizenship is essentially a grave one, and should be most carefully guarded. It is enough that it is not so guarded under the present system.

The bill proposed provides that notice of intention must be filed in a United States court and after that declaration of intention a certificate may issue to take effect six months afterward. This secures the substantial intention of any bona fide immigrant. But it has been amusingly attacked, in the most vociferous manner, as "a villainous scheme for weakening the Democratic party" and for the naturalization of the foreigner. If the State of New York, for instance, chooses to make every inhabitant a voter, it is difficult to see how it can be prevented from doing so. But it by no means follows, as the same paper asserts, that Congress can not meddle with the qualifications of voters" for naturalized citizens. It certainly can and would meddle if it chose any thing which made qualifications incompatible with a republican government, which it is bound to secure to every State, and of which it is sufficient judge. It is also well settled that, under the Constitution, even the electors of President and of Congress are not qualified voters, but only such as the State Legislature who landed yesterday to vote for President, and the next State may require a residence of ten years, and covered familiarity with the language of the country.

The value of a registry to an honest election is sufficiently proved by the present hostility of the Ring, and by the party which profits by the Ring. Every voter who respects his own rights and who, honest ourselves, in the end of the people, sees, of course, that nothing is more important than to ascertain who are entitled to vote, and to take care that they, and no others, do vote, and vote but once. Surely it is not asking more than every man who cares for his own rights has a right to grant, that every man's right to vote shall be verified in the most satisfactory manner. The "honest" Legislature of New York, which is considering the charter, will also probably destroy the registry. Meanwhile its chief members declare that "repealing" is another word for "reform," and that the Speaker had been elected by enormous frauds. Let us see, then, with all its fine professions of faith in the people, what the Legislature will do to secure an honest expression of the people's will.

CURRENT COMEDY.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD has recently expressed in Congress his nervous apprehension lest there should be trading in West Point appointments. Nothing but the sternest rectitude in all public affairs will satisfy this statesman. Money-making in politics draws out his most eloquent denunciation, and his gate of political purity is so

straight and narrow that we few can enter in thereat. Mr. FERNANDO WOOD's praise of political integrity is the best thing in comedy since Mr. Joseph Surface's commendation of the moral virtues.

But there are comic touches in the SWEENY charter which are almost as exquisite, and they occur, as might be supposed, in the Excise article. Thus the Tammany Ring, through their agents, the Mayor and Aldermen, are to appoint the Board of Excise; and such is the sensitive regard of the charter to the public welfare that it empowers the Board "to grant licenses to any person of good moral character." It does not, indeed, forbid the permission to persons of an immoral turn; but it is easy to see that none will apply. The persons of good moral character who are thus licensed are to be appointed to sell liquor "wherever upon their premises, and are to summon the police, and the offenders are to be removed. But if nothing of the kind be done, why, then the persons of good moral character must be considered "desirables."

Then we come to the purest humor conceivable, the truly genteel comedy. It is expressly forbidden to the aforesaid persons of good moral character or otherwise to sell liquor to an apprentice or to a minor under eighteen, knowing or having probable cause to believe him to be such, without the consent of the apprentice's master or mistress, or of the minor's parent or guardian. What a tender picture does not this provision suggest of the anxious regard of the frequent corners of the avenues and of every other street in town, solemnly requiring his younger customers not to sell rum to any not yet chartered libertines, putting them upon their honor to take back their money if they may not lawfully drink the liquor to any "improper vicinity" which he, in his capacity of person of good moral character, is authorized to sell to those who are unlicensed! But the gem is one of the provisions of the charter which is sure to be universally enforced. It is, perhaps, the most impregnable of the safeguards which the charter erects around the public virtue.

Once more, by another section, the moral persons are authorized to keep their "places" quiet and orderly, and on Sundays closed; for nothing shall be construed as hostile to the entertainment by taverns of the traveling public upon Sunday "in the mode usual therein." What a touching public feeling is expressed! Moreover, at the places in which the moral person resides, and which are to be closed on Sundays, nothing shall be construed as hostile to peaceable ingress and egress—of whom and for what purpose is not stated. It would inspire the complete faith of the reader if it were construed as hostile to the consumption of lager beer sold by moral persons in gardens, provided that the innocent & religious beverage was not consulted by not allowing such gardens within a quarter of a mile of a church!

Surely religious sentiment could ask for no more. If there be any body who does not see that all this shows a resolution to save society from the gulf-stop, to encourage and promote the good moral character, and to foster religion and morality, we doubt, also, if he would be able to appreciate the austere political virtue of the Honorable FERNANDO WOOD.

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.

THE Hon. WILLIAM F. ALLEN, Comptroller of the State of New York, is a gentleman of high character, and he owes it to himself as well as to the public an explanation of the fact that, under the laws of the State, he has allowed Mr. FRANK H. SWEENY to retain the sum of $46,726 91 for drawing his check to pay into the State treasury the proportion of the State tax due from the county of New York for 1868, and $36,318 39 for the same service in the following year. When Mr. ALLEN was elected Comptroller a law was passed, with a provision to the county tax levy, that the compensation of the treasurer should be a half of one per cent. upon the money that he actually received, and the same upon that which he paid out, "but not exceeding ten thousand dollars per annum from the county treasurer." This would seem to be plain enough. And in his report Mr. ALLEN says that the practice has been to allow the treasurer one half per cent., not exceeding a specified sum; but he says also that, as the demands have increased, it is doubted whether under the law the county treasurers are entitled to payment from the State treasury, except where, as in one or two cases, there has been special legislative permission; and in this doubt he concurs. How, then, does it happen that Mr. SWEENY has received a sum so enormous?

Upon the plea that by the law he is to have one per cent. upon the whole amount received and paid, and that the law merely limits the amount of his compensation *from the county Treasury* to ten thousand dollars, leaving, by implication, the rest to be paid from the State treasury! But the law of 1862 provides that the compensation of county treasurers for this service shall not exceed ten thousand dollars; and when Mr. DANIEL DEVLIN, despite the law, insisted upon retaining one per cent., which was formerly allowed, the Court of Appeals decided against him, and maintained the law of 1862. The question, therefore, is, whether, under the law of 1868, allowing a compensation of one per cent., "but not exceeding ten thousand dollars per annum from the county treasury," the treasurer is limited to that amount, or may receive one per cent. of the whole, of which not more than ten thousand must be paid by the county.

A writer in the *Evening Post* pertinently inquires whether the law act, specifying the limit of the amount to be paid from the county treasury, supersede that of 1863, specifying two thousand dollars as the amount of the account to be paid from the State treasury. And even if it does, may the Chamberlain retain it? Must he not first pay it to the State treasury, and then receive it by a direct appropriation? Moreover, can an act regulating the financial arrangements of a county treasurer have any meaning to take money from the State treasury?

Here are very serious questions. They are of a kind that can only be settled by a clear judicial construction. But Mr. Comptroller ALLEN grants to Mr. PETER B. SWEENY the utmost amount that he could possibly claim. It is important that it is important that the subject should be definitely settled by law. While it is still indefinite, why does he allow such enormous claim? That is the question which the Comptroller ought to answer. Nor is it any explanation to say that they are the decisions created by express legislation," unless he means that the provision of 1868 is an exception of the kind. But that is impossible, that it is not necessarily so, and can not be made so but by judicial interpretation, except by a Comptroller who is not a lawyer. There are few men in the Democratic party of whom no explanation of such a course would be expected by any body; but Mr. ALLEN is not one of them.

THE TAXATION.

THE plan recommended by the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives of cutting down the internal revenue to the extent of some thirty millions of dollars may be regarded as the expression of an opinion against Mr. BOUTWELL's funding scheme. The recent loan put upon the European market by Russia, and the rate of interest prevailing in many of the money centres of Europe, have undoubtedly satisfied the Committee that Mr. BOUTWELL's scheme is impracticable. The Russian loan, although bearing 6 per cent. interest, was offered at 480 for each £100, or at less than 5 per cent. It commands already a premium of 2½ per cent., due to the fact that the total of bids was greater by exercise of speculation.

The standing of Russia throughout Europe is good, owing to the punctuality with which she has met her obligations during the past, and to the firmness with which the Emperor is seated in power, to her exemption from the danger of conquest by any foreign power, and to her vast territorial possessions. As our people have been steadily pressing up a debt to Europe for a term of years, an amount which now reaches two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum, as our indebtedness has been largely improved by cutting down our excess of paper money, and as the amount paid for interest on our bonds held abroad is now about one half the annual score we allow to run up, it can not be said that either our ability or our willingness to stand the burden of our indebtedness has as yet been proved to the satisfaction of capitalists in Europe. All expectation, therefore, of placing a loan and a large one at par or above par current must be treated as the Committee of Ways and Means has determined.

It is undoubtedly true that the Secretary of the Treasury has had assurances that such a loan could be placed abroad if a sufficient discount were allowed, and the bonds were made payable in the money of important European states; but it will be found on investigation that the desire for accommodation has had great influence, and that there would be close scrutiny into our situation on the part of the capitalists who had a demand which would prevent the required subscriptions.

The United States is yet to encounter the severe experience of a financial revulsion on the same incurring a larger debt. When Europe shall refuse to trust us to the extent of our new annual indebtedness, or we ourselves shall abandon the extravagance which occasions this annual charge, we shall be competent to estimate the true effect of debt upon our population. There can be no improvement in our condition until, having passed through this experience, we shall have accommodated our life to the temper and spirit of the people on this subject. Mr. BOUTWELL expects this to be assumed; the creditor requires that it shall be proved.

We have already shown, in previous articles, that the policy pursued by the Treasury of pressing down gold, without at the same time improving our paper-currency in a corresponding degree, has had a powerful effect in lowering the currency price of our exportable products, and that the whole West is suffering from its influence. Cotton has felt the power of the Treasury to some extent, and it will be impossible for the planter to maintain the price of this staple if the rates of gold shall be continued through the spring.

The apparent abundance of gold is due to the fact that, on such succeeding sale, the purchaser takes from the Sub-treasurer a certificate of its deposit in the Treasury instead of moving the gold itself, and hence our banks appear to be loaded with it as well as the Treasury.

These certificates now amount to over fifty millions of dollars, for which there is but little demand except to pay duties; and in the absence of a foreign demand for balances gold remains a drug upon the market, which the Treasury for the moment can beat down at its pleasure. Sales of exchange in Wall Street, founded upon telegraphic sales of bonds in London, were made on Friday, showing that the foreigner is still content to allow his balances to remain unemployed instead of taking them to London, where only 2½ to 3 per cent. interest can now be earned.

It appears, however, from the showing of the London *Economist*, that there is a perceptible improvement in the industry of England, due to cheaper cotton and to cheap bread, as well as to better rewards for what they manufacture; and it may be that the want of capital in England may be increased. It must be evident, however, that whether the improvement will be sufficient to turn the flow of capital toward Europe or not, it is in the highest degree prudent for us so to be induced by the forbearance of the creditor as to be recklessly increasing our permanent indebtedness.

The state of trade in all parts of the Union excites some anxiety. The West abstains from buying because their full stocks remain on the shelves, and collections have been light. The success of speculation turns upon the points of agriculture; and as they have been very small in the most favored regions, purchases are made only to supply necessities on limited scales. The South and Southwest are represented in the market by a few customers; but they also keep sparingly, for the failure of the great crop of cotton for the remainder of the season. If there were a certainty that the price at which it has been sold by speculators for delivery in the spring could be maintained, the South would be active purchasers of goods; but the doubt produces caution, and it is supposed that cotton goods, and indeed many other articles, would sympathize with the fall if it take place.

The prosperity of the English depends, as their press asserts, upon cheap cotton and breadstuffs. Their whole financial power is based upon their trade advantage, and to depress both articles in the United States. These efforts have been met in the South, for the protection of their great staple, with courage, skill, and, up to a late period, with success. So far as concerns the exports of the North, there were close to abundant harvests, and slaughter was easy, as it was aided by the action of the Treasury.

Had there been steadiness in gold at a premium fixed with due regard to the extent of our paper circulation, the North would have sold its grain to the foreigner, and converted the proceeds into currency at the rate at which the currency circulated when the expense of production was settled; but by reason of the large difference—what having produced when paid gold was 45 per cent. premium, and sold when at 20—enormous losses have been made by the great farming interest, which have been communicated to dealers of every description.

The future of trade for this season depends largely upon the action of the Treasury and of Congress. It is to be hoped that Western members will not urge inflation as a remedy. If the currency shall be made to correspond in quantity with the current price of gold, throughout the whole country, the whole trade and industry of the country, will be revivified.

NOTES.

A VERY shrewd observer writes: "If you see it reported that the Duke of Argyle is to go to America to act as negotiator in the *Alabama* affair, don't believe it. He would never put to his cane. He is not solid enough for such a position. He would go with good feeling, and with a real wish to settle the matter, but would have no idea of yielding as much as a strong man would be often ready to yield, and his vanity would be constantly on the alert lest he were to be taken in. He is a very good man for a Duke, but he is not an able statesman, and will never hold such a second-rate position at home. He is keen as a Yankee, is, in fine, a sort of American Duke; and to my mind Americanism and Dukedom make a very poor mixture. If it were the Duchess who were to go I should think the best hope. She is altogether a different sort of man. "*Le Roi n'a qu'un seul homme—c'est la Reine.*"

FROM Paris we hear that "the city is beginning to get over the late commotions. The season has thus far been intensely dull; but balls, dinners, and concerts have begun, and there is a huge vista before us. ROCHEFORT is but a pale reflex of the men who led the times of eighty years ago. The ministry had at first a leaning mistaken, but fewer than might be reasonably expected from such very inexperienced men. On the whole, things look encouraging, and seem to indicate that France is gliding, unknowingly, imperceptibly, into so much of a republic as she can manage. The condition of Spain has a singular influence on all thinking men on this side of the Pyrenees. PRIVOST-PARADOL will go to Washington very soon, I think, as Minister. He is rather too Anglican just now, but a year or two in America will give him better ideas both for himself and his countrymen, whom he has such means of addressing as few writers in France possess."

PRIVATE accounts from Cadiz represent that city as full of exiled Cubans. "Cádiz," says a letter, "will, for the Cuba, if every mail steamer from Havana comes as full of the refugees as during the last two months. It is pitiful to see their condition. Ladies and gentlemen, recently of the greatest wealth, are actually begging for a living. As for Spain itself no man can foretell the future for a month. Moreover she is here spending time and money, but all to no purpose. It is evidently more than ever the deep interest felt for him in Spain, and especially in Andalusia, The Republican party was ground in the elections, and will unite with the Unionists. Business is suspended and paralyzed, and many persons are leaving the country, which is really in the hands of ambitious men."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 14.—In the Senate, the Mississippi bill was taken up and discussed, and some time spent.—In the House, a very large number of bills were introduced, but none of importance.

February 15.—In the Senate, the bill with reference to the franking privilege was discussed. Mr. SUMNER, in remarks, made a long speech in support of various modifications in the bill as passed by the House, and which he had concluded. The bill on the admission of Mississippi was resumed, but no action was taken.—In the House no business of importance was transacted.

February 16.—In the Senate, the discussions of the day were on the bill for the relief of colored soldiers and for the admission of Mississippi.—In the House, Mr. SPEER, of Georgia, a Republican, was introduced in relation to granting a bounty, for the next three years, on iron built and manufactured in this country from American materials equal to the present duties upon such materials if imported. Resolutions regarding Cuba and the enforcement of the neutrality law were introduced by Mr. BANKS and others.

February 17.—In the Senate, the Mississippi bill was taken up as unfinished business, and at last disposed of. The bill admitting Texas to the Union, the removal of the disabilities of the late rebels, and the bill as it came from the House was passed.—In the House, the bill providing for the payment of polygamy in Utah was taken up and discussed at some length, without action.

February 18.—In the Senate, the ratification of the fifteenth Amendment by Nebraska was announced. Among the bills introduced was one by Mr. CONKLING to encourage the building of a ship-canal around the city, and to provide for the transportation of the mails by the same.—In the House, very little was done, most of the day being taken up with a discussion as to the Mississippi bill.

February 19.—In the Senate, a resolution against the Virginia Legislature, asking for a general removal of political disabilities in the State, was received and laid on the table.—The House occupied the day in a long debate on the Mississippi bill. A bill was introduced to provide stay of execution in certain cases, and to allow writs of relief against the most ignorant decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

CUBA.

In the Senate of the New York Legislature a bill has been introduced to repeal the act to appropriate excise money to sectarian schools. It was referred to the Committee on Education.—Mr. ALLEN, of Kings, left the Court of Special Sessions, the New York Board of Supervisors, and the Metropolitan Police Commission, have also been introduced.

General JOSÉ MARIA AGUERO, who is now in Cuba, is trying to get back to Mexico, where his name is again put forward as the head of a revolutionary party; but the Captain-General, while perfectly willing he should go, will not allow him to remain there to sell for Mexican dollars.

On Sunday evening, February 13, Mr. VOORHIS, a Methodist clergyman of Brooklyn, was shot and killed by one William Chambers while standing at the bar of a liquor saloon. The murderer was entirely unprovoked. Chambers was at once arrested and locked up. The crime caused great excitement among the people of Brooklyn, who assembled in great numbers, declaring that they would take Chambers from the jail and lynching him. A regiment of troops was held in readiness to suppress the mob, but expected no riotous demonstration, which, happily, did not occur.

SAN FRANCISCO has been visited by a number of earthquake, and appears to be rather disappointed that it passed off without serious results.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FEBRUARY 15 Mr. Gladstone introduced in the British House of Commons an important Land-Reform bill for Ireland, which is said to have received support of all the Irish members.

There have been no more riotous demonstrations in Paris, but public tranquility is far from being assured. The prosecutions of the journalists, and several Parisian editors, among them Gustave Flourens, have been sentenced to imprisonment and fine. The Paris correspondent of the *Press* says that the Emperor has determined to grant the freedom of the press to the Corps Législatif, and to the publication of the reports of debates. It is said that the Emperor's determination to grant this freedom was announced to the Emperor are reported, among them the relinquishment of the power to inaugurate members of municipal societies.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte is to be tried before the High Court of Justice, which is to meet at Tours, March 31. The indictment charges that Prince Pierre by the High Court of Peace is charged with having committed an assault and battery upon VICTOR NOIR, and with complicity rains to supply deficiencies.

The Senate has passed a law, by a vote of sixty-three against two, to abolish the Council of State, unless extenuating circumstances are shown, in which case the sentence can be lessened by two degrees.

Cartist competitors continue to agitate Spain, operating from the territory of France. The Duke of Montpensier again looms above the horizon as a candidate for the throne, and has written a letter in which he declares that "Spain is his country by tradition, adoption, and affection."

An educational Bill for England and Wales has been introduced in the House of Commons, which proposes the establishment, with compulsory rates to supply deficiencies.

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BOUNDARY POST BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND RUPERT'S LAND.—[SEE PAGE 149.]

THE CARTHUSIAN CONVENT AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

RUPERT'S LAND.

OUR first engraving on page 148 gives a view of the plains near Pembina, in the Red River country, with the boundary post erected there to mark the frontier between the United States and the British territory of Rupert's Land, where the French and Indian half-breed population recently attempted to inaugurate a revolution against the British authorities. The rich prairie is here traversed by a narrow road, which appears in the fore-ground. The sketch also furnishes an illustration of the habits and costumes of the Cree Indians of Rupert's Land. These are represented as walking in procession, headed by the Medicine Man, with the sacred rattle in hand, round an inclosure of willow brunches, within which is celebrated a "Dog Feast," so called from their eating dog-meat on the occasion, and being a mixture of religious ceremony and social mirth. In the half-distance are their tents, made of dressed buffalo leather, with their badges or armorial bearings painted upon them. Beside these stand their carts, made without a particle of iron, and which are very strong, and so light as to be serviceable as rafts when deep water has to be crossed. In the fore-ground is a group of two young Indians in their gala costume, with their dogs, which in winter are used to drag sledges.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

BACKWARD.

"WELL?" whispered Blanche, taking her uncle confidentially by the arm.

"Well," said Sir Patrick, with a spark of his satirical humor flashing out at his niece, "I am going to do a very rash thing. I am going to place a serious trust in the hands of a girl of eighteen."

"The girl's hands will keep it, uncle—though she *is* only eighteen."

"I must run the risk, my dear; your intimate knowledge of Miss Silvester may be of the greatest assistance to me in the next step I take. You shall know all that I can tell you, by-and-by. I must warn you first. I can only admit you into my confidence by startling you with a great surprise. Do you follow me, so far?"

"Yes! yes!"

"If you fail to control yourself, you place an obstacle in the way of my being of some future use to Miss Silvester. Remember that, and now prepare for the surprise. What did I tell you before dinner?"

"You said you had made discoveries at Craig Fernie. What have you found out?"

"I have found out that there is a certain person who is in full possession of the information which Miss Silvester has concealed from you and from me. The person is within our reach. The person is in this neighborhood. The person is in this room!"

He caught up Blanche's hand, resting on his arm, and pressed it significantly. She looked at him with the cry of surprise suspended on her lips—waited a little with her eyes fixed on Sir Patrick's face—struggled resolutely, and composed herself.

"Point the person out." She said the words with a self-possession which won her uncle's hearty approval. Blanche had done wonders for a girl in her teens.

"Look!" said Sir Patrick; "and tell me what you see."

"I see Lady Lundie, at the other end of the room, with the map of Perthshire and the Roman Antiquities of Scotland on the table. And I see every body but you and me obliged to listen to her."

"Every body?"

Blanche looked carefully round the room, and noticed Geoffrey in the opposite corner; fast asleep by this time in his arm-chair.

"Uncle! you don't mean—?"

"There is the man."

"Mr. Delamayn—!"

"Mr. Delamayn knows every thing."

Blanche held mechanically by her uncle's arm, and looked at the sleeping man as if her eye could never see enough of him.

"You saw me in the library in private consultation with Mr. Delamayn," resumed Sir Patrick. "I have to acknowledge, my dear, that you were quite right in thinking this a suspicious circumstance. And I am now to justify myself for having purposely kept you in the dark up to the present time."

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE ANNE SILVESTER IS THIS MORNING?"

With those introductory words, he briefly reverted to the earlier occurrences of the day, and then added, by way of commentary, a statement of the conclusions which events had suggested to his own mind.

The events, it may be remembered, were three in number. First, Geoffrey's private conference with Sir Patrick on the subject of Irregular Marriages in Scotland. Secondly, Anne Silvester's appearance at Windygates. Thirdly, Anne's flight.

The conclusions which had thereupon suggested themselves to Sir Patrick's mind were six in number.

First, that a connection of some sort might possibly exist between Geoffrey's acknowledged difficulty about his friend, and Miss Silvester's presumed difficulty about herself. Secondly, that Geoffrey had really put to Sir Patrick—not his own case—but the case of a friend. Thirdly, that Geoffrey had some interest (of no harmless kind) in establishing the fact of his friend's marriage. Fourthly, that Anne's anxiety (as described by Blanche) to hear the names of the gentlemen who were staying at Windygates, pointed, in all probability, to Geoffrey. Fifthly, that this fact inference disturbed the second conclusion, and reopened the doubt whether Geoffrey had not been stating his own case, after all, under pretense of stating the case of a friend. Sixthly, that the one way of obtaining any enlightenment on this point, and on all the other points involved in mystery, was to go to Craig Fernie, and consult Mrs. Inchbare's experience during the period of Anne's residence at the inn. Sir Patrick's apology for keeping all this a secret from his niece followed. He had shrunk from agitating her on the subject until he could be sure of proving his suspicions to be true. The proof had now been obtained; and his mind had been opened to Blanche without reserve.

"So much, my dear," proceeded Sir Patrick, "for these necessary explanations which are also the necessary nuisances of human intercourse. You now know as much as I did when I arrived at Craig Fernie—and you are, therefore, in a position to appreciate the value of my discoveries at the inn. Do you understand every thing, so far?"

"Perfectly!"

"Very good. I drove up to the inn; and—behold me closeted with Mrs. Inchbare in her own private parlor! (My reputation may or may not suffer, but Mrs. Inchbare's bones are above suspicion.) It was a long business, Blanche. A more sour-tempered, cunning, and distrustful witness I never examined in all my experience at the Bar. She would have spent the temper of any mortal man but a lawyer. We have such wonderful tempers in our profession; and we are so aggravating when we like! In short, my dear, Mrs. Inchbare was a she-cat, and I was a he-cat—and I clawed the truth out of her at last. The result was well worth arriving at, as you shall see. Mr. Delamayn had described to me certain remarkable circumstances as taking place between a lady and a gentleman at an inn: the object of the parties being to pass themselves off at the time as man and wife. Every one of those circumstances, Blanche, occurred at Craig Fernie, between a lady and a gentleman, on the day when Miss Silvester disappeared from this house. And—wait!—being pressed for her name, after the gentleman had left her behind him at the inn, the name the lady gave was, 'Mrs. Silvester.' What do you think of that?"

"Think! I'm bewildered—I can't realize it."

"It's a startling discovery, my dear child—there is no denying that. Shall I wait a little, and let you recover yourself?"

"No! no! Go on! The gentleman, uncle? The gentleman who was with Anne? Who is he? Not Mr. Delamayn?"

"Not Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick. "If I have proved nothing else, I have proved that."

"What need was there to prove it? Mr. Delamayn went to London on the day of the love-party. And Arnold—"

"And Arnold went with him as far as the second station from this. Quite true! But how was I to know what Mr. Delamayn might have done after Arnold had left him? It could only make sure that he had not gone back privately to the inn, by getting the proof from Mrs. Inchbare."

"How did you get it?"

"I asked her to describe the gentleman who was with Miss Silvester. Mrs. Inchbare's description (vague as you will presently find it to be) completely exonerates that man," said Sir Patrick, pointing to Geoffrey still asleep in his chair. "*He* is not the person who passed Miss Silvester off as his wife at Craig Fernie. He spoke the truth when he described the case to me as the case of a friend."

"But who is the friend?" persisted Blanche. "That's what I want to know."

"That's what I want to know, too."

"Tell me exactly, uncle, what Mrs. Inchbare said. I have lived with Anne all my life. I *must* have seen the man somewhere."

"If you can identify him by Mrs. Inchbare's description," returned Sir Patrick, "you will be

COMMANDER THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, UNITED STATES NAVY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.—(SEE PAGE 156.)

HON. J. J. WRIGHT, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEARN AND HIX, COLUMBIA, S. C.—(SEE PAGE 156.)

a great deal cleverer than I am. Here is the picture of the man, as painted by fastidiously: Young; middle-sized; dark hair, eyes, and complexion: nice temper; pleasant way of speaking. Leave out 'young,' and the rest is the exact contrary of Mr. Delamayn. So far, Mrs. Inchbare guides us plainly enough. But how are we to apply her description to the right person? There must be, at the lowest computation, five hundred thousand men in England who are young, middle-sized, dark, nice-tempered, and pleasant spoken. Can the detective police observers that description in every particular."

"And Arnold answers it," said Blanche—as still strange and mysterious in the presence of the clergyman as she had been in the days of her childish ignorance.

"And Arnold answers it," repeated Sir Patrick, quite agreeing with her.

They had barely said those words when Arnold himself appeared, approaching Sir Patrick with a pack of cards in his hand.

There—at the very moment when they had both guessed the truth, without feeling the slightest suspicion of it in their own minds—there stood Hiverycarp, presenting itself unconsciously to eyes incapable of seeing it, in the person of the man who had passed Anne Silvester on to his wife at the Craig Fevvie inn! The terrible caprice of Chance, the merciless irony of Circumstance, could go no further than this. The fates had their feet on the brink of the precipice at that moment. And two of them were standing at an odd coincidence; and one of them was shuffling a pack of cards!

"We have done with the Antiquities at last!" said Arnold; "and we are going to play at Whist. Sir Patrick, will you choose a card?"

"Too soon after dinner, my good fellow, for me. Play the first rubber, and I may give me another chance. By-the-way," he added, "Miss Silvester has been traced to Kirkandrew. How is it that you never saw her on the 5th?"

"She can't have gone my way, Sir Patrick, or I must have met her."

Having justified himself in those terms, he was recalled to the other end of the room by the whist-party, impatient for his cards which he held in his hand.

"What were we talking of when he interrupted us?" said Sir Patrick to Blanche.

"Of the man, uncle, who was with Miss Silvester at the inn."

"It's useless to pursue that inquiry, my dear, with nothing better than Mrs. Inchbare's description to help us."

Blanche looked round at the sleeping Geoffrey.

"And he knows it!" she said. "Geoffrey, sing, uncle, to look at the brute snoring in his chair!"

Sir Patrick held up a warning hand. Before a word more could be said between them they were silenced again by another interruption.

The whist-party comprised Lady Lundie and the surgeon, playing as partners against Smith and Jones, and Arnold behind the sofa looking on, by a lesson in the game. One, Two, and Three, thus left to their own devices, remained thought of the billiard-table; and, detecting Geoffrey asleep in his corner, advanced to disturb by diabolical mischief. "Let's challenge him to a Pool." Geoffrey roused himself, and rubbed his eyes, and said, soothingly, "Not to-night." As he rose, he looked at the opposite corner in which Sir Patrick and his niece were sitting. Blanche's self-possession, resolutely on the strain, glad to preserve it, was not strong enough to keep her eyes from turning toward her lover, with an expression which betrayed the reluctant interest that she now felt in him. He stopped, noticing something entirely new in the way with which the young lady was regarding him.

"Beg your pardon," said Geoffrey. "Do you wish to speak to me?"

Blanche's face flushed all over. Her usual tone came to the rescue.

"Miss Londie and I hope you have slept well, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick, satirically. "That's all."

"Oh? That's all?" said Geoffrey, still looking at Blanche. "Beg your pardon again. Decued long walk, and decued heavy dinner. Natural consequence—ain't it?"

Sir Patrick eyed him closely. It was plain that he had been honestly puzzled at finding himself an object of special attention on Blanche's part. "See you in the billiard-room?" he said, carelessly; and followed the surgeon out of the room—as usual, without waiting for an answer.

"Mind what you are about," said Sir Patrick to his niece. "That man is quicker than he looks. We commit a serious mistake if we lose him on his guard at starting."

"It isn't his guard, uncle," said Blanche. "But think of his being in Anne's confidence, and of my being shut out of it!"

"In his friends' confidence, you mean, my dear; and (if we only avoid awakening his suspicion) there is no knowing how much he may say or do something which may show us who his friend is."

"But he is going back to his brother's to-morrow—he said so at dinner-time."

"So much the better. He will be out of the way of seeing strange things in a certain young lady's face. His brother's house is within easy reach of this; and in the legal event of the experience tells me that he has not done consulting me yet—and that he will want something more next time. So much for our chance of seeing the light through Mr. Delamayn—if we can't see it in any other way. And that is not our only chance, remember. I have something to tell you about Bishoprigs and the lost letter."

"Is it found?"

"No. I satisfied myself about that—I had it searched for, under my own eye. The letter is stolen, Blanche; and Bishopriggs has got it. I have left a line for him, at Mrs. Inchbare's care. The old rascal is missed already by the visitors at the inn, and he will join the wood he. His mistress is feeling the penalty of having been fool enough to vent her ill-temper on her head-waiter. She lays the whole blame of the quarrel on Miss Silvester, of course. Bishopriggs neglected every body at the inn to wait on Miss Silvester. Bishopriggs was insolent on being remonstrated with, and Miss Silvester encouraged him—and so on. The result will be—now Miss Silvester has gone—that Bishopriggs will return to his former duties, exactly as they were. We are sailing with wind and tide, my dear. Come, and learn to play whist."

She rose to join the card-players. Blanche detained him.

"You haven't told me one thing yet," she said. "Whoever the man may be, is Anne married to him?"

"Whoever the man may be," returned Sir Patrick, "he had better not attempt to marry Anne Silvester."

So the niece unconsciously put the question, and so the uncle unconsciously gave the answer, on which depended the whole happiness of Blanche's life to come. The "man!" How lightly they talked of the "man!" Would nothing happen to rouse the faintest suspicion—in their minds or in Arnold's mind—that Arnold was the "man" himself?

"You mean that she is married?" said Blanche.

"I don't go as far as that."

"You mean she is not married?"

"I don't go so far as that."

"Oh! the liver!"

"Precisely, isn't it, my dear? I can tell you, professionally, that (in my opinion) she has grounds to go on if she claims to be the man's wife. That is what I mean by my answer; and, until we know more, that is all I can say."

"When shall we know more? When shall we get the telegram?"

"Not for some hours yet. Come, and learn to play whist."

I think I would rather talk to Arnold, uncle, if you don't object."

"By all means! But don't talk to him about what I have been telling you to-night. He and Mr. Delamayn are friends, remember; and he might blunder into telling his friend what his friend had better not hear. (Play, sir!) Let me to be instilling these lessons of duplicity into the youthful mind!" A wise person once said that Satan is the father of all lies and deceit. That wise person, my dear, had me in his eye, and was perfectly right.

He mitigated the pain of that confession with a pinch of snuff, and went to the whist-table to play until the end of the rubber gave him a place at the game.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

FORWARD.

Blanche found her lover as attentive as usual to her slightest wishes, but in the highest degree good spirits. He pleaded fatigue, after his long watch at the cross-roads, as an excuse for his declining to sit up long on the night of the reconciliation with Geoffrey. He was unwilling to let Blanche suffer a moment longer than was necessary. The hope grew fainter and fainter as the evening advanced. Arnold purposely suggested a visit to the billiard-room, and joined the game with Blanche, to give Geoffrey an opportunity of saying the few words required. Geoffrey could not make them friends again. Geoffrey never spoke the words; he obstinately ignored Arnold's presence in the billiard-room.

At the card-table the whist went on interminably. Lady Lundie, Sir Patrick, and the surgeon, were all inveterate players, every matched. Smith and Jones (joining the game alternately) were not much worse. Arnold was very much to conversation. The same safe and modest superiority of judgment which marked the workings of these two gentlemen in all the affairs of life.

The time wore on to midnight. They went to bed late and they went to bed early in that house. Under that hospitable roof, no intrusive hints, in the form of bells, were ever sounded. Servants themselves with ostentatious virtue on side-tables, hurried the guest to his room; no vile bell rang, to disturb the repose of the whole household, and insisted on his breakfasting at a given hour. Life has many disagreeable things to answer for—table, without gratuitously adding the hardship of absolute government, administered by a clock.

It was quarter past two when Lady Lundie rose blandly from the whist-table, and said that the surgeon's telegram was the only possible pile of going to bed. Sir Patrick and Smith, the surgeon and Jones, agreed on a last rubber. Blanche contrived to meet Arnold's eye—eye was on her; and appeared again in the drawing-room, with Lady Lundie, when the last rubber was finished. Nobody followed the example of the mistress of the house but Arnold. He left the billiard-room with the certainty that it was all over now between Geoffrey and himself. Not even the attraction of Blanche proved strong enough to detain him that night. He went his way to bed.

It was past one o'clock. The final rubber was at an end; the accounts were settled at the card-table; the principal personages in the drawing-room, and Smith and Jones had followed him, when Duncan came in, at last, with the telegram in his hand.

Blanche turned from the broad, calm autumn moonlight which had drawn her to the window, and looked over her uncle's shoulder while he opened the telegram.

She read the first line—and that was enough. The whole scaffolding of hope built round that message fell to the ground in an instant. The train from Kirkandrew had reached Edinburgh at the usual time. Every passenger in it had passed under the eyes of the police; and nothing had been seen of any person who answered the description given of Anne!

Sir Patrick pointed to the two last sentences in the telegram: "Inquiries telegraphed to Falkirk. If with any result, you shall know."

We "must wait for the best, Blanche. They evidently suspect her of having got out at the junction of the two railways for the purpose of giving the telegraph the slip. There is no help for it. Go to bed, child—go to bed."

Blanche kissed her uncle in silence and went away. The bright young face was and with the first hopeless sorrow which the old man had yet seen in it. Her sunny, purring look down dejectedly on his mind when he was up in his room, with the faithful Duncan growling him ready for his bed.

"This is a bad business, Duncan. I don't like to say so to Miss Londie; but I greatly fear the governess has baffled us."

"I seem to suspect Patrick. The poor young lady looks quite heart-broken about it."

"You noticed that too, did you? She has lived all her young days, you see, with Miss Silvester, and there is a very strong attachment between them. I cannot answer, my niece, Duncan. I am afraid this disappointment will have a serious effect on her."

"Indeed, Sir Patrick."

"Yes, my friend, she's young: but the young (when they don't get over any thing) have warm hearts. Winter hasn't stolen on *them*, Duncan! And time don't keep it."

"I think there's reason to hope, Sir, that Miss Londie may get over it more easily than you suppose."

"What reason, pray?"

"A person in my position can hardly venture to speak positively on a delicate matter of that kind."

Sir Patrick's temper flashed out, half-seriously, half-winsically, as usual.

"Is that a snap at Mo, you old dog? If I am not very much mistaken, your master, who is *I Am 2* in the habit of keeping any of my harmless fellow-creatures at a distance? I despise the rant of modern Liberalism; but it's not the less true that I have, all my life, protested against the unconstitutional system of classes in England. We have, in that respect, brag as we may of our national freedom, the most unchristian people in the civilized world."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Patrick—"

"Can't you let me have a little politics at this time of night? It's your fault, Duncan. What's the good been having my stories in my house, because I can't put my night-cap on comfortably till you have brushed my hair? I have a good mind to get rid of you, Duncan. There! there! I'm uneasy about my niece—nervous irritability, my good fellow, that's all. Anything more that you have to say about Miss Londie. And go out with my hair. And don't be a humbug."

"I was going to say, Sir Patrick, that Miss Londie has another interest in her life than to—"

"Than to what, in the name of Miss Silvester ends finally—and I own it begins to look that way—"

"I should hurry my niece's marriage, Sir, and set *it* their wandering days at rest."

Sir Patrick started under the gentle discipline of the hair-brush. Duncan's hand—

"That's very sensibly put," said the old gentleman. "Duncan! you are, what I call, a well-minded person. Have you thinking of, old Tregenny! If the worst comes to the worst, will you undertake it?"

It was not the first time that Duncan's steady good sense had struck light, under the form of a practical hint, on his master's mind. In this power had he wrought such mischief as the mischief which he had innocently done now. He had sent Sir Patrick on the fatal idea of hurrying and ensuring the marriage of Arnold and Blanche.

"Duncan!" said Sir Patrick, suddenly—now that Anne had apparently obliterated all trace of herself—becoming serious. The one chance on which the discovery of Arnold's position depended, was the chance that accident might reveal the truth in the lapse of time. In this power of circumstances, Sir Patrick now resolved—"if nothing happened to relieve Blanche's anxiety in the course of the week—to advance the celebration of the marriage from the end of the month to the end of the week next ensuing. He then fortnight of the ensuing month. As dates then stood, the change led (so far as free scope for the development of events was concerned) to this serious result. It abridged a lapse of three months into an interval of three weeks.

The next morning came; and Blanche sparked it in a breakfast-meeting, by complaining of the act of impudence, which struck away one more chance of discovering Anne's retreat. Arnold, before the arrival of the Edinburgh telegram on the previous day.

She had passed a sleepless night: fevered in mind and body; thinking, hour after hour, of Anne Silvester. She got up, determined that she let Geoffrey leave the house without risking an other interview with him, and without hearing Anne. It was nothing less than downright treason to Sir Patrick to act on her own responsibility in this way. But what was Blanche to do? She was heartily ashamed of herself for doing it. But the demon that possesses women with a recklessness all their own, at the critical moments of their lives, had got her—and she did it.

Geoffrey had arranged, overnight, to breakfast early, by himself, and to walk the ten miles to his brother's house; sending a servant to fetch his luggage later in the day.

He had got on his hat; he was standing in the hall, with his pocket-book and second self, the pipe—when Blanche suddenly appeared from the morning-room, and placed herself between him and the house door.

"Up early—eh?" said Geoffrey. "I'm off to my brother's."

She made no reply. He looked at her closer. The girl's eyes were trying to read his face, with an utter carelessness of concealment, which forbade (even to his mind) all unworthy interpretation of her motive for stopping him on his way out.

"Any commands for me?" he inquired.

This time she answered him. "I have something to ask you," she said.

He smiled graciously, and opened his tobacco-pouch. He was fat and strong after his night's sleep—healthy and handsome and good-humored. The house-maid had had a peep at him that morning, and had wished—like Desdemona, with a difference—that "Heaven had made all three of them such a man!"

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

She put her question, with a single word of preface—purposely to surprise him.

"Mr. Delamayn," she said, "do you know where Anne Silvester is this morning?"

He was filling his pipe as she spoke, and he dropped some of the tobacco on the floor. Instead of answering before he picked up the tobacco he answered after—in surly self-possession, and in one word—"No."

"Do you know nothing about her?"

He looked himself doggedly to the filling of his pipe. "Nothing."

"On your word of honor, as a gentleman?"

On my word of honor, as a gentleman."

He put back his tobacco-pouch in his pocket. His handkerchief was in the same pocket. His clear blue eyes defied all the girls in England put together to see into *his* mind. "Have you done, Miss Londie?" he asked, suddenly developing a hardening politeness of tone and manner.

Blanche saw that it was time—now that she had compromised her own interests by her own headlong act. Sir Patrick's warning words came back irresistibly to her mind. It was not too late. "We commit a serious mistake if we lose him on his guard at starting."

There was but one course to take now. "Yes," she said. "I have done."

"My name, you remember, Geoffrey. "You want to know where Miss Silvester is. Why don't you ask her?"

Blanche did all that could be done toward repairing the error that she had committed. She kept Geoffrey as far away as Geoffrey had kept her from the truth.

"I happen to know," she replied, "that Miss Silvester left the place at which she had been staying about the time when you went out walking yesterday. And I thought you might have seen her."

"That's the reason—is it?" said Geoffrey, with a smile.

She smile stung Blanche's sensitive temper to the quick. She made a fierce effort to control herself, before her indignation got the better of her.

"I have no more to say, Mr. Delamayn." With that reply she turned her back on him, and closed the door of the morning-room between them.

Geoffrey descended the house-steps and lit his pipe. He was not at all displeased, on this occasion, to account for what had happened. He assumed at once that Arnold had taken a mean revenge on him after his conduct of the day before, and had told the whole secret of his journal at Craig Fevvie to Blanche. The thing could get next, no doubt, to Sir Patrick's ears; and Sir Patrick would thereupon be probably the first person who revealed to Arnold the position in which he had placed himself with Anne. All right! Sir Patrick would be an excellent witness to appeal to, when the scandal broke out, and when the time came for repudiating Anne's claim to be received in respectable society as a woman who was married already to another man. He finished drawing contentedly at his pipe, and started, at his swinging, steady pace, for his brother's house.

Blanche remained alone in the morning-room. The prospect of getting at the truth, by means of what Geoffrey might let fall, was closed to her when he consulted Sir Patrick, was a prospect that she herself had closed from that moment. She had no choice now but to wait. She had commanded a view of the little side-terrace which had always been the favorite walk of Geoffrey, in his weary eyes and aching heart the poor child looked at the familiar place; and asked herself, with the bitter repentance that comes too late, if she had destroyed the last chance of finding Anne!

She sat passive, for the remainder of the hours of the morning wore on, until the postman came. Before the servant could take the letters from his hand, she was on her feet.

It possible to hope that the bag had brought tidings of Anne—the second letter, at last, which had suddenly on a letter to herself. It bore the Kirkandrew post-mark, and it was addressed to her in Anne's handwriting.

She tore the letter open, and read these lines:

"I have left you—and I am glad of it. Search and reward you! God make you a happy woman in all your life to come! Cruel as you will think me, I am kinder to you than you deserve. Never tell you more. Forgive me, and forget me. Our lives are parted lives from this day."

Going down to breakfast about his usual hour, Sir Patrick missed Blanche, whom he was accustomed to see waiting for him at the table at that time. The room was empty; the other members of the household having all finished their morning meal. Sir Patrick disliked breakfasting alone. He sent Duncan with a message, to be given to Blanche's maid.

The maid appeared in due time. Miss Lindie was unable to leave her room. She sent a letter to her uncle, with her love—and begged he would read it.

Sir Patrick opened the letter and saw what Anne had written to Blanche.

He waited a little, reflecting, with evident pain and anxiety, on what he had read—then opened his own letters, and hurriedly looked at the signatures. There was nothing for him from his friend, the sheriff, at Edinburgh, and no communication from the railway in the shape of a telegram. He had decided, overnight, on waiting till the end of the week before he interfered in the matter of Blanche's marriage. In the events of the morning determined him on not waiting another day. A servant returned to the breakfast-room to pour out his master's coffee. Sir Patrick sent him away again with a second message.

"Do you know where Lady Lundie is, Duncan?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"My compliments to her ladyship. If she is not otherwise engaged, I shall be glad to speak to her privately in an hour's time."

CONVENT AT ROME.

ON page 148 will be found an engraving of the celebrated Carthusian Convent at Itome, in which it is intended to hold the Exhibition of Catholic Art and Industry. The convent was founded on the site of Diocletian's Baths, and the great circular, which is to be appropriated for the purposes of the Exhibition, will be roofed over with glass, and arranged in alleys or passages for the display of the various treasures, consisting of altar ornaments in gold and silver, sculpture, painting, embroidery, mosaic, ivory carving, printing, binding, robes, lace, and indeed all things relating to churches or church decoration. Our engraving represents some of the smaller cloisters of the convent, in that part of the building to which the monks will be confined during the time of the Exhibition, although, doubtless, the curiosity to which all men are subject, added to the opportunity offered, will draw many of them from their seclusion to see how the world of art has advanced since they left the active ways of men. A convent is apparently an inappropriate place for a priestly gravefriend to use for exhibition purposes; but when the sacred character of the Exhibition is taken into account this incongruity disappears; moreover, it will be so arranged that monkish privacy will not be intruded upon by the visitors.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

IN one of the poorest, narrowest streets of a beautiful Roman city lived a young man, and her little son, whom we will call Henri. The boy had no recollection of his father, who had carefully deserted both his wife and child. Their only means of subsistence was what could be obtained by the woman's labor—such household work as could be obtained in the dwellings of the rich. Sometimes she had to walk long distances to and from her employers, and as no murmur ever escaped her lips, save one of regret that her little fair-haired boy had to be left alone in her absence, and that she could not earn money enough to send him to school. Nature, however, had moulded, was teaching him without the help of books or masters, and every where in Florence (the city of flowers) there was more than sufficient to excite the admiration and satisfy the cravings of this child of genius, whose inquiring eyes would always rest on whatever was beautiful, and such was to be met with in every nook and corner of the grand old place. The "pupils and imaginations" of which flooded the whole city at eventide, and lit up the gorgeous palaces and churches that now do him so many glowing pictures, on which his poetical imagination dwelt long after the first impression had passed away.

During his mother's absence, the greater part of his time was spent in the street, which cost grubbing in the street gutters, making odd-looking things of any soft material he could shape to the needful consistency, just as one sees children making sand-houses at the sea-side. These little productions he would set up and admire with their buildings: Henri did nothing of the sort. Every one of those little images was moulded into some copied either from statue or picture, for in that beautiful city every street is a museum. Projections, bosses, lions, all are monuments of real architectural beauty, of a peculiar and distinctive type. For a long time the young boy continued to fashion objects of that sort, until, by a kind of fresh inspiration, he aimed at representing a human figure: the child's instinct seemed to be how to obtain the models from which to work.

At length, a happy thought occurred to him. He had no money, but he could easily reward the sitter by giving him his next meal, or to lose that was as nothing compared to the joy he felt at having some chance Arab who would answer his purpose, who could be induced by no small a gratuity to be the artist's humble studio. In spite of his mother's remonstrances, Henri worked away early and late, every day becoming more passionately attached to his beloved art.

Years sped on without any public recognition of his talent; but his resolute, persevering nature would not allow him to be discouraged. It is true that he was poor; but then he was rich in hope, and sustained by the consciousness of that inward power which is the accompaniment of real genius. He never thought of envying others, but thought only of making himself perfect in what he determined should be the masterpiece of all his hitherto attempted studies; one which was now growing to ample proportions beneath his busy fingers.

At length, his task, or rather labor of love, being complete, he told his mother that he should ask permission to show it at an exhibition of sculpture which was shortly to take place on his native city. He applied for permission, and his request was granted, on condition that the statue should be sent forthwith to the hall of inspection.

"That, gentlemen, is impossible," replied Henri. "I am very poor; and the apartment in which I live is so small that my work could only be removed by taking off the roof."

The men looked at each other in amazement; but there was no mean suspicion or baseness in the youth, that after conferring together for a few moments, they left the young enthusiast at home, to see the marvelous production to which Henri at present declined to give any name. They followed him up the narrow staircase to the little garret, and looked around in vain for the wonder that had been spoken of. They had seen their surprise, and without a word, threw back a baize curtain from the floor, and revealed to them the largest life-size, yet ideal statue ever seen. The gentlemen started back in amazement. So lovely, so divine, His Tamarindo and Lucia Sequsta face, so faultless in form, so wondrously expressive of purity and innocence, that they could not believe it the work of an untutored youth, entirely devoid of art-education, and of the laws of anatomy, which the most critical of modern sculptors could not improve on the figure before them. No: they would not credit it, and screwed their faces into the most anxious inquiries in some terrible crime, for which the victim had served as a model. It was in vain that the young sculptor protested, with tears, his utter innocence, and declared he should be sent to prison, and there await the trial for the murder perpetrated against him. They further desired him at once to name the counsel for his defense. "If he shall appear, perhaps," said the chief of trio, "I can not give his name before."

The young man looked at the calmness and self-possession displayed by Henri, they felt compelled to acquiesce. Either his youth, his beauty, or his astonishing talent, or all three combined—made the judges so far mitigate their sentence as to allow Henri to finish his work, provided the admission of visitors during his imprisonment.

It is needless to dwell on the disappointment to the youth at this terrible blow to his long-cherished hopes—nearly less on the score of account than on that of his good mother, whom he had hoped to piece beyond the need of all further exertion. It was the work of a moment for the read-er to learn that he did not yield himself up to despair. His will was nerved to plan, he tried to devise another subject on which to set superior to the one he had already achieved.

It will readily be understood that the advent of such a trial as that now impending caused no small stir in the city. The hitherto obscure life of the young artist had been known, and he had made about his counsel, very considerably enhanced the anxiety and curiosity of the public. Among these was two distinguished-looking strangers, who chanced to be visiting or sojourning in Florence. One was considerably past middle age; the other (said to be his nephew) was a young man of remarkably handsome countenance and noble figure. No restriction seemed to restrict either of the strangers from the exercise of visits; while to poor Henri, the time thus spent was as gold and sunshine in this otherwise dark period of his life. Greatly to the astonishment of every one, his mother had removed to a handsomer house at the commencement of the year sadness of heart and countenance seemed to have vanished; and there was a gladness in her whole bearing that was the cause of wonder to her had ever before seen. "It is a great mystery, certainly," said the gossips, "that Henri should have such a mother, and about before her son's fate is decided."

At length the all-important day arrived. The judges (who had never seen the prisoner since the day of its arrest) being assembled in the hall of the Academy, desired the prisoner might be brought in. The prone figure was placed on the floor, and covered from head to foot with the cloth of green baize; while at its side, but considerably raised, was another, also covered, which appeared to be the one put as to what cannot he had employed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am my own counsel. You questioned my ability to give you a representation of 'Death;' here is one of 'Life.' The subject is 'The Resurrection' of Abel by his Brother Cain."

Both coverings were withdrawn. Profound stillness succeeded this declaration, followed by a burst of admiration such as had never before been heard in Florence at any exhibition of artistic talent. Not a dissenting voice was heard to the king, who commanded the statues to be bought, and placed in the Pitti Palace.

It is not possible, gentlemen, for me to other the command of my sovereign," said Henri: "the sculptures are already ordered and have been purchased by the Emperor of Russia. The money I have had for them has paid for my mother's annuity, and placed me forever beyond the reach of want."

The nephew of the Russian embassador, Kisseleff, had served as a model for the arm of "Cain," and those to whom his features were familiar at once recognized the handsome face.

The narrator of this circumstance has seen the statues of "Life" and "Death," which are expressly erected for their reception. The sculptor's name was Dupré, since become one of world-wide celebrity.

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

TOWARD the end of last January an expedition, consisting of the gun-boats *Wyoming* and *Guard*, each about five hundred tons burden, carrying two 9-inch brondside guns, one 11-inch pivot gun amidships, and a 60-pound rifle, sailed from New York harbor, under command of Commander THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, U.S.N., for the purpose of co-operating with the government of the Republic of Colombia in the work of ascertaining the most practicable route in the Central Sierras present facilities for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, by means of which the "abolishing" the Isthmus is almost as old as the discovery of the New World, having been first started by CORTEZ soon after the conquest of Mexico. Since his time no less than twenty-six canals have been projected and partly worked upon by all that unites North and South America, nine of which have engaged the serious attention of scientific men and capitalists. These are as follows: By way of Rio San Carlos and the Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Nuflo, Nicaragua, and Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Sapoa and Bay of Salinas; Rio San Juan del Sur; Rio Frio, Rio Tamarindo and Lake de Nicaragua; Rialjo and Lake Managuas; Bay of Fonseca and Lake Managuas; and the Atrato River, Darien province.

About ten years ago Mr. FREDERICK M. KELLEY published a work, by which the brothers BROTHERS, a pamphlet containing the result of a survey of the Atrato River, flowing southward from the Gulf of Darien, by which the author believed he had proved the possibility of constructing a canal across the Isthmus, from ocean to ocean, without locks. This was to be secured as follows: By deepening and guarding one of the mouths of the Atrato; by using the natural and deep waters of that stream; by deepening and guarding the mouth of the Napipi, its confluence with the Atrato, and turning to account the bed of that river when deepened to a common mean size of 20 feet, by a cut through the valley of the Neyaga for 15 miles; by a tunnel of 1,000 yards; by 100, through solid rock; and by turning to account the valley of a small stream which empties, at a distance of eight miles from the mouth, into Humboldt Bay.

This route has recently attracted the notice of the Colombian republic, and the expedition which has sailed under command of Commander SELFRIDGE is designed to make further and more complete surveys of it.

Commander SELFRIDGE, whose portrait we give on page 149, entered the Naval Academy in 1842, at the age of fifteen, graduating therefrom at the head of an advanced class in the year 1854, three years after his entrance. He served as midshipman in the *Independence*, on the Pacific station, and after graduation Commander was appointed lieutenant of the *Vincennes*, in which he made a cruise on the coast of Africa. In 1861 he was promoted to a Lieutenant, and soon after was ordered to the *Cumberland*, participating in the first struggle of the war at Fort Pickens, Norfolk, Virginia. He commanded the forcestile division of the same name in the battle of Hatteras Inlet, on the forward main deck division in the memorable fight between the *Cumberland* and *Merrimac*. Shortly after this struggle he was attached to the staff of Rear-Admiral GOLDSBOROUGH, commanding the North Atlantic blockading squadron of several months, during which time he was engaged as senior officer in several hazardous and important expeditions, at night, to destroy cannon captured by the rebels from the United States Navy-yard. He subsequently served with great credit on the Mississippi and Red River, and in the North Atlantic squadron under Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT. At the bombardment of Fort Fisher he commanded the *Huron*, and led a division of boats in the assault on the fort.

After the close of the war, Commander SELFRIDGE served in the naval practice squadron, and was for three years on ordnance until appointed to the command of the Darien Exploring Expedition.

JUDGE J. J. WRIGHT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Honorable J. J. WRIGHT, recently elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, whose portrait we give on page 149, was born in Charleston, Pennsylvania, and is now about thirty-one years of age. When he was about six years old his parents removed to Monroe, Lenawee county, in the State of Michigan, where for several years he attended the district school during the winter months, working for the neighboring farmers the rest of the year. Having saved up a small sum of money, he entered Kalamazoo University, at Kalamazoo, in New York State; and after a thorough course of study graduated from that college where his parents resided, and entered the office of a law firm, where he read law for two years, supporting himself by teaching. He subsequently entered the office of Judge COLLINS, in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, with whom he read law for another year. Feeling himself qualified for the legal profession, he now applied for admission to the bar, but was met with the existing prejudice against colored men that the Committee refused to examine him.

In April, 1865, he was sent by the American Missionary Society to Beaufort, South Carolina, as a teacher and laborer among the freedmen. He remained in Beaufort until after the Civil Rights Bill had passed, when he returned to Montrose, Pennsylvania, and demanded an examination. The Committee found him qualified, and recommended his admission to the Bar. He was admitted August 18, 1866, being the first and only colored man ever admitted to practice law in Pennsylvania. In April, 1866, he was appointed by

Generl O. O. Howard legal adviser for the freedmen in Beaufort, and held in that capacity until he was elected to the Constitutional Convention of South Carolina. He was soon afterward elected Senator from the county of Beaufort, and acted as such until February 1, 1870, when he was elected to the Supreme Bench of the State, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties as Judge.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Hon. WENDELL PHILLIPS, having been appointed United States Minister to Timbuctoo, declines. He says he "abolishing" the Indians is almost as old as the discovery of the New World, having been first started by CORTEZ soon after the conquest of Mexico. Since his time no less than twenty-six canals have been projected and partly worked upon by all that unites North and South America, nine of which have engaged the serious attention of scientific men and capitalists. These are as follows: By way of Rio San Carlos and the Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Nuflo, Nicaragua, and Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Sapoa and Bay of Salinas; Rio San Juan del Sur; Rio Frio, Rio Tamarindo and Lake de Nicaragua; Rialjo and Lake Managuas; Bay of Fonseca and Lake Managuas; and the Atrato River, Darien province.

A City Hall official, on being asked by a stranger if he was *Oaky* Hall, replied, "No, Sir; I'm an *Attorney* General."

The following admonition was addressed by a Quaker to a man who was pouring forth a volley of imprecations: "Friend, what is there in care, friend, thou must run thy face against my fist."

"My boy, what does your mother do for a living?" said a little hardcored statist. "She eats cold victuals, Sir."

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches from ear to ear.

If you want cowslips in winter drive your cattle on ice.

A lady who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost the romance of its spring, said to a friend: "I can not imagine what makes my hair turn gray. I remember when it was black as the raven's wing, and I used to be told it was the habit of weeping that made me gray. Do you think?" "I should be afraid, Madam," replied the cautious friend dreamed, dryly, "that is the essence of thyme."

Pickpockets die-pare a crowd.

The man who don't advertise has his store hung around with shingles and pieces of barrel-heads, inscribed with lamplblack, "Rich Peraters," "Korn Whisky," "Sugar," and all kinds of business, and "Kalkes and Kandies for sail here." He says: "There is no use in this newspaper advertising, as a man is smart enough to tend to his own business, and to stand at the door and holler the finest in it."

A Minnesota juror lately addressed a note to the judge, in which he styled him "Onorable jug." Whether he was fined for his cheek or juror was seized right than might seem at first glance.

In a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing on good luck.

An incorporated society hired a man to blast a rock, says Mark Twain, and he was punching powder into a hole with a crow-bar, when a premature explosion followed, sending the man and crow-bar out of sight. Both came down all right, and the man went to work again directly. But though he was gone only fifteen minutes they docked him for it.

"Didn't you guarantee, Sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he does, Sir." "Then I'll offer him that he shies."

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty London newspaper?—They are illustrations of Punch.

A milkman accosted for the weakness of his milk by saying that the cows got into the Pond.

A MODEL SENSIBLE OPERATION.—To take the check out of a young man, and the jaw out of a woman.

Which is the worst enemy of society—the family that keeps a parrot, or the one whose son is learning to play the bugle?

A Cincinnati woman, in destitute circumstances, has given about every thing but her name to the pawnbroker. With a note saying, she would like a little cash, with high tops, since her daughter wore short dresses.

An old lady receiving a letter she supposed was from one of her sons, requested her daughter to read it. He accordingly began to read: "Dear Mother, I am in prison, and have nothing more to tell you." "It's from Johnny," exclaimed the old lady; "is he always in that house?"

If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers on a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

Who is the most liberal man?—The grocer; he gives almost every thing he has to customers.

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," was subsequently examined on the subject, duly, promptly and triumphantly replied, "a baby."

A young lady from a boarding-school having made some improvement in her writing, was asked by a few words to an organ-grinder in her parent account, but declined, and in reciting the following response: "I no speak Inglis."

The fact that Jenny Lind can no longer sing as she used once, is reasonably accounted for by the statement that her little daughter has "inherited her mother's voice."

A few days before Christmas a little Jewish boy said to his mother, "Mamma, what is Christmas?" "Why, my son, it is the day on Saturday in your Sabbath." "Oh, I know," said the boy, "and what is it meant to do with Christmas?" Sow (sobbing). "I don't know—why—the Christians—should—have—all—the—fun."

There is nothing like adversity to bring a man out of his shell and elbows.

"Mother," said Jemima, "Sam wants to come courting me to-night." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Oh, I told him he might come. I felt anxious to see how he would act."

A poor man is to be avoided—he lacks principle.

What portions of the body are the best travelers?—The forearms.

"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "and he never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

"You are a schoolmaster!" said a magistrate the other day, addressing the man at the bar. "Yes, Sir," was the reply, "a horse schoolmaster."

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the tramp said when he was kicked out of doors.

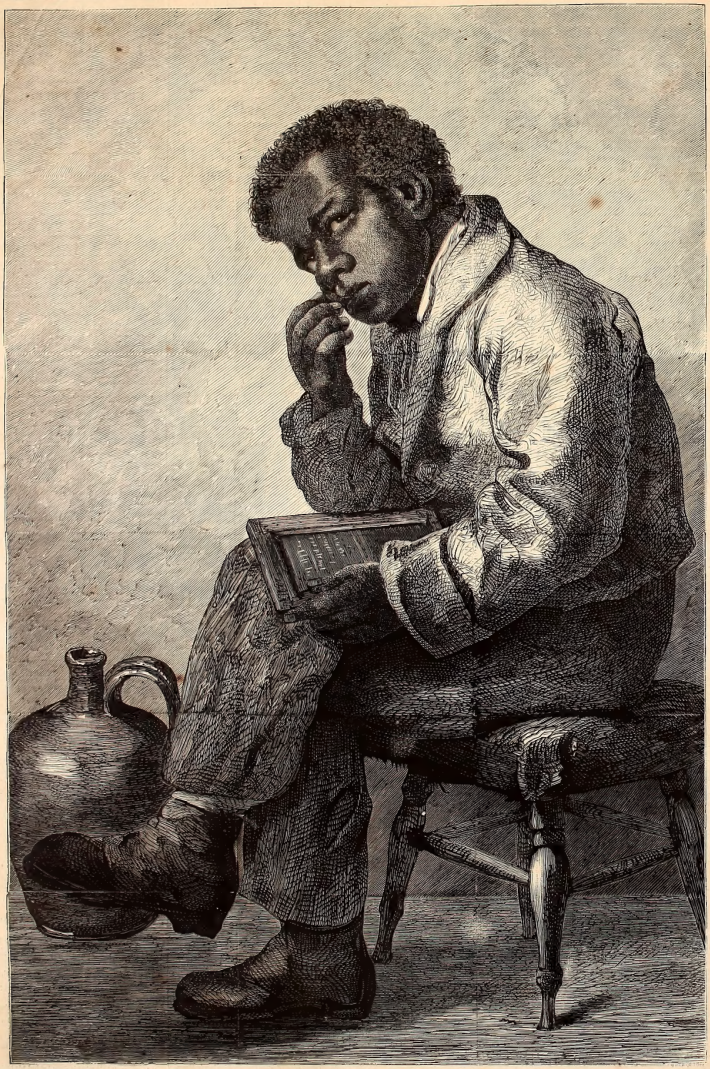

"A BROWN STUDY."—BY THE LATE WILLIAM HUNT.—[SEE PAGE 155.]

RUPERT'S LAND.

OUR first Engraving on page 148 gives a view of the plains near Pembina, in the Red River country, with the boundary post erected there to mark the frontier between the United States and the British territory of Rupert's Land, where the French and Indian half-breed population recently attempted to inaugurate a revolution against the British authorities. The rich prairie is here traversed by a narrow road, which appears in the fore-ground. The sketch also furnishes an illustration of the habits and costumes of the Cree Indians of Rupert's Land. These are represented as walking in procession, headed by the Medicine Man, with the sacred rattle in hand, round an inclosure of willow branches, within which is celebrated a "Dog Feast," so called from their eating dog-meat on the occasion, and being a mixture of religious ceremony and social mirth. In the half-distance are their tents, made of dressed buffalo leather, with their lodges or armorial bearings painted upon them. Beside these stand their carts, made without a particle of iron, and which are very strong, and so light as to be serviceable as rafts when deep water has to be crossed. In the fore-ground is a group of two young Indians in their gala costume, with their dogs, which in winter are used to drag sledges.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

BACKWARD.

"WELL?" whispered Blanche, taking her uncle confidentially by the arm.

"Well," said Sir Patrick, with a spark of his satirical humor flashing out at his niece, "I am going to do a very rash thing. I am going to place a serious trust in the hands of a girl of eighteen."

"The girl's hands will keep it, uncle—though she is only eighteen."

"I must run the risk, my dear: your intimate knowledge of Miss Silvester may be of the greatest assistance to me in the next step I take. You shall know all that I can tell you, but I must warn you first. I can only admit you into my confidence by startling you with a great surprise. Do you follow me, so far?"

"Yes; yes!"

"If you fail to control yourself, you place an obstacle in the way of my being of some future use to Miss Silvester. Remember that, and now prepare for the surprise. What did I tell you before dinner?"

"You said you had made discoveries at Craig Fernie. What have you found out?"

"I have found out that there is a certain person who is in full possession of the information which Miss Silvester has concealed from you and from me. The person is within our reach. The person is in this room!"

He caught up Blanche's hand, resting on his arm, and pressed it significantly. She looked at him with the cry of surprise suspended on her lips—waited a little with her eyes fixed on Sir Patrick's face—struggled resolutely, and composed herself.

"Point the person out." She said the words with a self-possession which won her uncle's hearty approval. Blanche had done wonders for a girl in her teens.

"Look!" said Sir Patrick; "and tell me what you see."

"I see Lady Lundie, at the other end of the room, with the map of Perthshire and the Baronial Antiquities of Scotland on the table. And I see every body but you and me obliged to listen to her."

"Every body?"

Blanche looked carefully round the room, and noticed Geoffrey in the opposite corner; fast asleep by this time in his arm-chair.

"Uncle! you don't mean—?"

"There is the man."

"Mr. Delamayn—?"

"Mr. Delamayn knows every thing."

Blanche held mechanically by her uncle's arm, and looked at the sleeping man as if her eyes could never see enough of him.

"You saw me in the library in private consultation with Mr. Delamayn," resumed Sir Patrick. "I have to acknowledge, my dear, that you were quite right in thinking this a suspicious circumstance. And I am now to justify myself for having purposely kept you in the dark up to the present time."

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE ANNE SILVESTER IS THIS MORNING?"

With those introductory words, she briefly reverted to the earlier occurrences of the day, and then added, by way of commentary, a statement of the conclusions which events had suggested to his own mind.

The events, it must be remembered, were three in number. First, Geoffrey's private conference with Sir Patrick on the subject of Irregular Marriages in Scotland. Secondly, Anne Silvester's appearance at Windygates. Thirdly, Anne's flight.

The conclusions which had thereupon suggested themselves to Sir Patrick's mind were six in number.

First, that a connection of some sort might possibly exist between Geoffrey's acknowledged difficulty about his friend, and Miss Silvester's presumed difficulty about herself. Secondly, that Geoffrey had really put to Sir Patrick—not his own case—but the case of a friend. Thirdly, that Geoffrey had some interest (of no harmless kind) in establishing the fact of his friend's marriage. Fourthly, that Anne's anxiety (as described by Blanche) to hear the names of the gentlemen who were staying at Windygates, pointed, in all probability, to Geoffrey. Fifthly, that this last inference disturbed the second conclusion, and reopened the doubt whether Geoffrey had not been stating his own case, after all, under pretense of stating the case of a friend. Sixthly, that the one way of obtaining any enlightenment on this point, and on all the other points involved in mystery, was to go to Craig Fernie, and consult Mrs. Inchbare's experience during the period of Anne's residence at the inn. Sir Patrick's apology for keeping all this a secret from his niece followed. He had shrunk from agitating her on the subject until he could be sure of proving his suspicions to be true. The proof had now been obtained; and his mind had been opened to Blanche without reserve.

"So much, my dear," proceeded Sir Patrick, "for those necessary explanations which are also the necessary nuisances of human intercourse. You now know as much as I did when I arrived at Craig Fernie—and you are, therefore, in a position to appreciate the value of my discoveries at the inn. Do you understand every thing, so far?"

"Perfectly."

"Very good. I drove up to the inn; and—behold! me closeted with Mrs. Inchbare in her own private parlor! (My reputation may or may not suffer, but Mrs. Inchbare's bones are above suspicion.) It was a long business, Blanche. A most sour-tempered, cunning, and distrustful witness I never examined in all my experience at the Bar. She would have upset the temper of any mortal man but a lawyer. We have such wonderful tempers in our profession; and we can be so aggravating when we like! In short, my dear, Mrs. Inchbare was a she-cat, and I was a he-cat—and I clawed the truth out of her at last. The result was well worth arriving at, as you shall see. Mr. Delamayn had described to me certain remarkable circumstances as taking place between a lady and a gentleman at an inn: the object of the parties being to pass themselves off at the time as man and wife. Every one of those circumstances, Blanche, occurred at Craig Fernie, between a lady and a gentleman, on the day when Miss Silvester disappeared from this house. And—wait!—being pressed for her name, after the gentleman had left her behind him at the inn, the name the lady gave was, 'Mrs. Silvester.' What do you think of that?"

"Think! I'm bewildered—I can't realize it."

"It's a startling discovery, my dear child—there is no denying that. Shall I wait a little, and let you recover yourself?"

"No! no! Go on! The gentleman, uncle? The gentleman who was with Anne? Who is he? Not Mr. Delamayn?"

"Not Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick. "If I have proved nothing else, I have proved that."

"What need was there to prove it? Mr. Delamayn went to London on the day of the inn-party. And Arnold—"

"And Arnold went with him as far as the second station from this. Quite true! But how was I to know what Mr. Delamayn might have done after Arnold had left him? I could only make sure that he had not gone back privately to the inn, by getting the proof from Mrs. Inchbare."

"How did you get it?"

"I asked her to describe the gentleman who was with Miss Silvester. Mrs. Inchbare's description (vague as you will presently find it to be) completely exonerates that man," said Sir Patrick, pointing to Geoffrey still asleep in his chair. "*He* is not the person who passed Miss Silvester off as his wife at Craig Fernie. He spoke the truth when he described the case to me as the case of a friend."

"But who is the friend?" persisted Blanche.

"That's what I want to know."

"That's what I want to know, too."

"Tell me exactly, uncle, what Mrs. Inchbare said. I have lived with Anne all my life. I *must* have seen the man somewhere."

"If you can identify him by Mrs. Inchbare's description," returned Sir Patrick, "you will be

COMMANDER THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, UNITED STATES NAVY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

HON. J. J. WRIGHT, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEARN AND ELY, COLUMBIA, S.C.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

a great deal cleverer than I am. Here is the picture of the man, as painted by the landlady: Young; middle-sized; dark hair, eyes, and complexion: nice temper; pleasant way of speaking. Leave out 'young,' and the rest is the exact contrary of Mr. Delamayn. So far, Mrs. Inchbare guides us plainly enough. But how are we to apply her description to the right person? There must be, at the lowest computation, five hundred thousand men in England who are young, middle-sized, dark, good-tempered, and pleasant spoken. One of the footmen here answers that description in every particular.

"And Arnold answers it," said Blanche—as a still stronger instance of the provoking vagueness of the description.

"And Arnold answers it," repeated Sir Patrick, quite agreeing with her.

They had hardly said those words when Arnold himself appeared, approaching Sir Patrick with a pad of cards in his hand.

There—at the very moment when they had both guessed the truth, without feeling the slightest suspicion of it in their own minds—there stood Discovery, presenting itself unconsciously to eyes incapable of seeing it, in the person of the man who had passed Anne Silvester off as his own wife at the Craig Fernie inn! The mere sight of Arnold, the merciless irony of Circumstance, could go no further than this. The three had their feet on the hot iron of the mystery at that moment. And two of them were smiling at an odd coincidence; and one of them was shuffling a pack of cards!

"We have done with the Antiquities at last!" said Arnold; "and we are going to play a rubber, Sir Patrick, will you choose a card?"

"Too soon after dinner, my good fellow, for me. Play the first rubber, and then give me another chance. By-the-way," he added, "Miss Silvester has been touched by the sharpness. How is it that you never saw her go by?"

"She can't have gone my way, Sir Patrick, or I must have met her."

Having justified himself in those terms, he was recalled to the matter of the cards by the impatient partner, impatient for the cards which he had in his hand.

"What were we talking of when he interrupted us?" said Sir Patrick to Blanche.

"Of the man, uncle, who was with Miss Silvester at the inn."

"It's useless to pursue that inquiry, my dear, with nothing better than Mrs. Inchbare's description to help us."

Blanche looked round at the sleeping Geoffrey.

"And *he* knows!" she said. "It's maddening, uncle, to look at the brute snoring in his chair!"

Sir Patrick held up a warning hand. Before a word more could be said between them they were silenced again by another interruption.

The whist-party comprised Lady Lundie and the surgeon, playing as partners against Smith and Jones. Arnold sat behind the surgeon, taking a lesson in whist. One, two, three, rubbers, under the all-sufficing apology of "Pool." Geoffrey roused himself, and rubbed his eyes, and said, drowsily, "All right." As he rose, he looked at the opposite corner in which Sir Patrick and his nephew were sitting. Blanche's self-possession, resolutely as she struggled to preserve it, was not strong enough to keep her eyes from turning towards Geoffrey, with an expression which betrayed the reluctant interest that she now felt in him. She stopped, noticing something entirely new in the look with which the young lady was regarding him.

"Forget your partner, said Geoffrey. "Do you wish to speak to me?"

Blanche's face flushed all over. Her uncle came to the rescue.

"Miss Lundie and I hope you have slept well, Mr. Delamayn," said Sir Patrick, jocosely. "That's all."

"Oh? That's all?" said Geoffrey, still looking at Blanche. "Beg your pardon again. Fancied long walk, and heated heavy dinner. Natural consequences—nap."

Sir Patrick eyed him closely. It was plain that he had been bewildered and disturbed by Blanche's self an object of special attention on Blanche's part. "See you in the billiard-room?" he said, carelessly, and closed his conversation with her in the room—as usual, without waiting for an answer.

"Mind what you are about," said Sir Patrick to his niece. "That man is quicker than he looks. We cannot be serious inside of him, for him on his guard at starting."

"It is whispering time, uncle," said Blanche. "But think of *his* being in Anne's confidence, and of *my* being shut out of it!"

"In his friend's confidence, you mean, my dear; and (if we only avoid awakening his suspicion) there is no knowing how far you may or do something which may show us who his friend is."

"But he is going back to his brother's to-morrow—he said so at dinner-time."

"So much the better. He will be out of the way of seeing strange things in a certain young lady's face. His brother's house is within easy reach of this; and his legal adviser, with the experience tells me that he has not done consulting me yet—and that he will let out something more next time. So much for our chance of seeing the light through Mr. Delamayn—if we can't see it in my other way. And, that is not our only chance, remember. I have something to tell you about Bishopriggs and the lean letter."

"Is it found?"

"No. I satisfied myself about that—I had it searched for, under my own eye. The letter is stolen, Blanche; and Bishopriggs has got it. I have left a line for him to-night. Leave that to me. The old rascal is missed already by the visitors at the inn, just as I told you he would be. His mistress is feeling the penalty of having been fool enough to vent her ill-temper on her head-waiter. She lays the whole blame of the quarrel on Miss Silvester, of course. Bishopriggs neglected every body at the inn to wait on Miss Silvester. Bishopriggs was insolent on being remonstrated with, and Miss Silvester encouraged him—and so on. The result will be—except Miss Silvester herself—that Bishopriggs will return to Craig Fernie before the autumn is over. We are getting rid of him on his own side, my dear. Come, and learn to play whist."

He rose to join the card-players. Blanche detained him.

"You haven't told me one thing yet," she said, "Is Anne to marry Mr. Arnold, or is she married to him?"

"Whoever the man may be," returned Sir Patrick, "I am bad better not attempt to marry any body else."

So the matter unconsciously put the question, and so the uncle unconsciously gave the answer, on which depended the whole happiness of Blanche's life to come. "I am married. How slightly they both talked of the "man!" Would nothing happen to make the fatal mistake dawn in their minds or in Arnold's mind—that Arnold was the "man" himself?

"You must not go while *he* married?" said Blanche.

"I don't go as far as that."

"You mean that she is not married?"

"I don't go so far as *that*."

"Oh! the riddle!"

"Provoking, isn't it, my dear? I can tell you, positively, that in my opinion—and on the grounds to go on if she claims to be the man's wife. That is what I meant by my answer; and, mind—I say that is all I can say at present."

"When shall we know more? When shall we get the misprint?"

"Not for some hours yet. Come, and learn to play whist."

"Until I would rather talk to Arnold, uncle, if you don't mind."

"By all means! But don't talk to him about what I have been telling you to-night. He and Mr. Delamayn are old associates, remember; and he might think it his duty to his friend what his friend had better not know. Sad (isn't it?) for me to be instilling these lessons of duplicity into the youthful mind of my favorite niece," said, "The older a man gets the worse he gets.' That wise proverb is my text, but in his eye, and was perfectly right."

He instigated the pair of fast confederates by a pinch of snuff, and went to the whist-table to wait until the end of the rubber gave him a place at the game.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

FORWARD.

BLANCHE found her self more attentive as usual to her slightest wish, but not in his customary good spirits. He pleaded fatigue, after his long march at the race-course, as an excuse for his depression. As long as there was any hope of a reconciliation with Anne, he was not disposed to tell Blanche what had happened that afternoon. The hope grew fainter and fainter as the evening advanced, and Arnold's unexplained absence a visit to the billiard-room, and joined the game, with Blanche, in the drawing-room, contented itself by saying the few gracious words which would have made them friends again. Geoffrey never spoke the words; he quietly ignored Arnold's presence in the room.

At the card-table the whist went on interminably. Lady Lundie, Sir Patrick, and the surgeon, were all inveterate players, evenly matched. Smith and Jones (neither of them particularly expert) were aids to whist, exactly as they were aids to conversation. The social ebb and flow of mediocrity of style distinguished the proceedings of these two gentlemen in all the affairs of life.

The time crept on to midnight. The rubber ended late and they rose late at Windygates House. Under that hospitable roof, no intrusive hints, in the shape of flat candlesticks, reminded the revelers with ostentatious virtue on side-tables, carried by grinning servants. The night of the autumn (as originally contemplated) to the first fortnight of the ensuing month. As dates then stood, the closing night for as free range for the development of accident was concerned) to this occasion would be abridged a large fifth months into an interval of three weeks.

The next morning came; and Blanche marked it as a memorable morning, by committing an act of imprudence, the consequences of which, of the chances of discovery that had existed, before the arrival of the Edinburgh telegram on the previous day.

She had passed a sleepless night; fevered in mind and body; thinking, hour after hour, of nothing but Anne, and of what she could endure at no longer. Her power to control herself was completely exhausted; her own impatience was to her as they pleased. She got up, determined not to let Geoffrey leave the house without risking an effort to make a reveal what he knew about Anne. It was nothing less than downright treason to Sir Patrick's plans, to take independent activity in this way. She knew it was wrong; she was heartily ashamed of herself for doing it. But the demon that possesses women with a recklessness all their own, at the critical moments of their lives, had got her—and she did it.

Geoffrey had arranged, overnight, to breakfast early, by himself, and to walk the ten miles to his brother's house; sending a servant to fetch his luggage later in the day.

He had got his task to do, he was standing in the hall, searching his pocket for his second self, the pipe—when Blanche suddenly appeared from the morning-room, and placed herself between him and the house.

"Upon—oh?" said Geoffrey. "I'm off to my brother's."

She made no reply. He looked at her closer. The girl's eyes were trying to read his face, with an utter carelessness of concealment, which found no answer in his mind; all unwonted interpretation of her motive for stopping him on his way out.

"Any commands for me?" he inquired.

This time she answered him. "I have something to ask you," she said.

He smiled graciously, and opened his tobacco-pouch. He was fresh and strong after last night's sleep—healthy and handsome and good-humored. The house-maids had had a peep at him that morning, and had said wished Miss Dunbarton was, with a difference—that "Heaven had made all three and them such a man."

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

She put her question, without a single word of preface—supposed by contrast with him.

"Mr. Delamayn," she said, "do you know where Anne Silvester is this morning?"

He was filling his pipe as she spoke, and he dropped some of the tobacco on the floor. Instead of answering before he picked up the tobacco he answered after—in surly self-possession, and in one word—"No."

"Do you know nothing about her?"

He devoted himself doggedly to the filling of his pipe. "Nothing."

"On your word of honor, as a gentleman?"

"On your word of honor, as a gentleman."

He put back his tobacco-pouch in his pocket. His handsome face was as hard as stone. His clear blue eyes looked all the colder in England put together to see into *his* mind. "Have you done, Miss Lundie?" he asked, suddenly changing to a mastering politeness of tone and manner.

Blanche saw that it was hopeless—saw that she had overestimated her own influence by her own headlong act. Sir Patrick's warning words came back reproachfully to her now when it was too late. She stood aside in silence, and allowed him to put him on his guard at starting."

There was but one course to take now. "Yes," she said. "I have done."

"My turn now," rejoined Geoffrey. "You want to know where Miss Silvester is. Why do you ask Me?"

Blanche did all that could be done toward repairing the error that she had committed. She kept Geoffrey as far away as Geoffrey had kept Anne from Arnold.

"I happen to know," she replied, "that Miss Silvester left the place at which she had been staying about the time when we went out walking yesterday. And I thought you might have seen her."

"Oh? That's the reason—is it?" said Geoffrey, with a smile.

The tone in which Blanche's sensitive temper to the quick. She made a final effort to control herself, before her indignation got the better of her.

"I have no more to say, Mr. Delamayn. With that reply, I will leave you to finish on him, and closed the door of the morning-room between them.

Geoffrey descended the house-steps and lit his pipe. He was not at the slightest loss, on this occasion, to account for what had happened. He assumed at once that Arnold had taken a mean revenge on him after his conduct of the day before, and had told the whole story of his arrival at Craig Fernie to Blanche. The thing would get next, no doubt, to Sir Patrick's ears; and Sir Patrick would thereupon be probably the first person who revealed to Arnold the position in which he had placed himself with Anne. All right! Sir Patrick would be an excellent witness to appeal to, when the scandal broke out; and when the time came for repudiating Anne's claim on him as the barefaced impostor of a woman who was married to another man, he pulled away unconcernedly at his pipe, and stared at his swinging, steady pace, for his brother's house.

Blanche remained alone in the morning-room. She expected Arnold to appear at the first hint by means of what Geoffrey might say on the next occasion when he encountered Sir Patrick. After a prospect that she herself had closed from that moment. She sat down in despair by the window. It commanded a view of the little avenue which had been Anne's favorite walk at Windygates. With weary eyes and aching heart the poor child looked at the familiar place; and asked herself, with the bitter repentance that comes too late, if she had deserved all the cruel chances of Anne?

She sat passively at the window, while the hours of the morning wore on, until the postman came. Among the letters was one which the letter-bag she was in the hall to receive it. Was it possible to hope that the letter bore the initials of Anne? She sorted the letters; and lightsad suddenly on a letter to herself. It bore the Kirkandrew postmark, and was addressed to her in Anne's handwriting.

She tore the letter open, and read these lines:

"I have left you forever, Blanche. God bless and reward you! God make you a happy woman! I have no love to count on, but you will think me, love, I have never been so truly your sister as I am at this moment. I can say no more—I can never tell you more. Forgive me, and forget me. Our ii es are parted lives from this day."

Going down to breakfast about his usual hour, Sir Patrick missed Blanche, whom he was accustomed to see waiting for him at the table at that time. The room was empty; the other members of the household having all finished their morning meal. Sir Patrick disliked breakfasting alone. He sent Duncan with a message, to be given to Blanche's maid.

The maid appeared in due time. Miss Lundie was unable to leave her room. She sent a letter to her uncle, with her love—and begged he would read it.

Sir Patrick opened the letter and saw what Anne had written to Blanche.

He wished a little, reflecting, with evident pain and anxiety, on what he had read—then opened his own letters, and hurriedly looked at the signatures. There was nothing for him from his friend, the sheriff, at Edinburgh, and no communication from the family lawyer, by way of a telegram. He had decided, overnight, on waiting till the end of the week before he interfered, in the matter of Blanche's marriage. The events of the morning determined him on not wasting another day. He returned to the breakfast-room to pour out his master's coffee. Sir Patrick sent him away again with a second message.

"Do you know where Lady Lundie is, Duncan?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"My compliments to her ladyship. If she is not otherwise engaged, I shall be glad to speak to her privately in an hour's time."

CONVENT AT ROME.

On page 148 will be found an engraving of the celebrated Carthusian Convent at Rome, in which it is intended to hold the Exhibition of Catholic Art and Industry. The convent was founded under the site of Diocletian's Baths, and the great cloister, which is to be appropriated for the purposes of the Exhibition, has a roofed over with glass, and arranged in alleys or passages for the display of the various treasures. Screening of silver ornaments in gold and silver, sculpture, painting, architecture, mosaic, ivory carving, embroidery, basket-work, lace, and similar things relating to churches or church decoration. Our engraving represents one of the smaller cloisters of the convent, in that part of the building to which the monks will be confined during the time of the Exhibition, although, however, the curiosity to which all men are subject, added to the opportunity offered, will cause many of them from their seclusion to see how the world of art has advanced since they left the active ways of men. A convent is apparently an inconvenient place for a priestly government to use for exhibition purposes; but when the sacredness character of the Exhibition is taken into account this incongruity disappears; moreover, it will be no arrangement in which privacy will not be intruded upon by the visitors.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

In one of the poorest, narrowest streets of a beautiful foreign city lived a woman and her little son, whom we will call Pietro. The boy had no recollection of his father, who had cruelly deserted his wife and child. The only means of subsistence was what could be obtained by the woman's labor—such household work as could be obtained in the dwellings of the rich. Sometimes she had to walk long distances to and from her employers, but no labor nor fatigue could keep her, save one of regret that her little fair-haired boy had to be left alone in her absence, and that she could not have money enough to send him to school. Nature, however, all unaided, was teaching him without the help of books or masters, and every where in Florence (the city of flowers) there was more than sufficient to excite the admiration and satisfy the cravings of this child of genius, whose inquiring eyes would always rest on whatever was beautiful, and seek not to be met with in every nook and corner of the grand old place. The "purple and intermingled shadows" that flooded the whole city at eventide, and lit up the gorgeous palaces and churches fair, made for him so many glowing pictures, and the poetical imagination dwelt long after the first impression had passed away.

During his mother's absence, the greater part of his time was spent in what we should call grubbing in the street gutters, making odd carving things of any soft material he could shape to the needed consistency, such as the easy clinging mud-and-houses at the sea-side. These little juveniles generally set up and then demolish their buildings; Henri did nothing of the kind. Every one of those little lumps was moulded into some form copied either from nature or art, for in that beautiful city every street is a museum. Projections, bosses, finials, all are specimens of real architectural beauty, of a pleasing and distinctive type. For a long time the young boy continued to fashion objects of this sort, guided by a kind of fresh inspiration, he aimed at representing the human form: the only difficulty seemed to be how to obtain the models from which to work.

At length, a happy thought occurred to him. He had no money, but he could easily reward the sitter by giving him his next meal, and to less that was nothing compared to the joy he felt at having some chance Arab who would answer his purpose, and who could be enticed by so small a payment to the artist's humble studio. In spite of his mother's remonstrances, Henri worked away early and late, and found growing more passionately attached to his beloved art.

Years sped on without any public recognition of his talent; but his resolute, persevering nature would not allow him to be discouraged. It is true that he was poor; but then he was rich in hope, and sustained by the consciousness of that inward power which is the consummation of real genius. He never dreamed of envying others, but thought only of making himself perfect in what he determined should be the masterpiece of all his hitherto attempted studies; one which was now growing to ample proportions beneath busy fingers.

At length, his task, or rather labor of love, being complete, he told his mother that he should ask permission to shew it at an exhibition of sculpture which was shortly to take place in his native city. He applied for permission; and his request was granted, on condition that the statue should be sent forthwith to the hall of inspection.

"That, gentlemen, is impossible," replied Henri. "I am very poor; and the apartment in which I live is so small that the boy's model can only be removed by taking off the roof."

The men looked at each other in amazement; but there was so much simplicity and honesty in the youth, that after conferring together for a few moments, they proposed to accompany him home, to see the marvelous production to which Henri at present confined to the limits of his little garret, and looked with narrow staircase to the little garret, and looked around in vain for the object they had come to see. Henri saw their surprise, and without a word, threw back a baize curtain from the floor, and revealed to them the boy, life-like as a murdered man. The gentlemen started back in amazement. So lovely, so deadly, were the lineaments of that exquisite face, so faultless in form, so wondrously expressive of purity and innocence, that they could not believe it the work of an untaught youth, entirely devoid of art-education, and of the laws of anatomy, which the student must submitted were perfectly unassailable in the figure before them. No; they would not credit it, and they declared that the boy had been imprisoned in some terrible crime, for which the victim had served as a model. So certain that the statue was incomplete, they insisted, explained; they were inexorable, and declared he should be sent to prison, unless proof that the statue was complete could against him. They further desired him at once to name the counsel for his defense, as he had but a few days to prepare for the day of trial; I can not give his name before."

Amazed beyond measure at the calmness and self-possession displayed by Henri, they felt compelled to acquiesce. Either his youth, his boldness, or his confidence in his art, all three combined—made the judges so far mitigate their severity as to grant him the time he required for the admission of visitors during his imprisonment.

It is needless to dwell on the disappointment in the youth at this terrible blow to his longcherished desires—the grief of his mother at the fate that was on that of his good mother, whom he had hoped to place beyond the need of all further earthly cares. It is better perhaps for us to learn that he did not yield himself up to despair. His will was strong, and he found in it a source more than equal if not superior to the one he had already achieved.

It is still hotly discussed whether the advent of such a trial as that now impending caused no special stir in the city. The hitherto obscure life of the young sculptor was about to be made abuse his counsel, very considerably exercised the anxiety and curiosity of the public. Many, unable to restrain their impatience, visited him in prison—some, doubtless, impelled by curiosity, others by a more benevolent motive. Among these were two distinguished looking individuals, who stood at the door of the prisoning in Florence. One was considerably past middle age; the other (said to be his nephew) was a young man of remarkably handsome countenance and noble figure. No restriction seemed to be put either on their visits or conversation, for they were, in no poor Henri, the time thus spent was so gold and sunshine in this otherwise dark abode of his misery, desired the prisoner might be brought in. The prone figure was placed on the bench, concealed by a covering of the cloth of green baize; while at its side, but considerably raised, was another, also covered. The question was now put as to what counsel he had employed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am my own counsel. You questioned my ability to give you a representation of 'Death' in every of Life.' My subject is, 'Life' as told by his Creator Cain.'

Both cowlings were withdrawn. Profound silence succeeded this declaration, followed by a burst of admiration such as had never before been heard in Florence in the memory of man-story. Foremost of his admirers were his former accusers. The news was instantly carried to the King, who commanded the statues to be bought, and placed in the Pitti Palace.

"It is not necessary for me to rise to cheer the command of my sovereign," said Henri; "the sculptures are no longer my property. I purchased by the Emperor of Russia. The money I have had for them has paid for my mother's pension abode, and placed me forever beyond the reach of want."

The nephew of the Russian embassador, Kissoff, had served as a model for the arm of "Cain;" and those to whom his features were familiar at once recognized the handsome face.

The narrator of this circumstance has seen the statues at St. Petersburg, in a building expressly erected to receive them. The sculptor's name was Dupré, since become one of world-wide celebrity.

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

TOWARD the end of last January an expedition, consisting of the gun-boats *Nyanie* and the *Guard*, each about five hundred tons burden, carrying two 11-inch smoothbore guns, one 11-inch pivot gun amidships, and a 30-pound rifle, sailed from New York harbor, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Alex. G. Selfridge, for the purpose of co-operating with the government of the Republic of Columbia in the work of ascertaining whether the depressions in the Central Sierras present facilities for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The project for "abolishing" the Isthmus, and thus shortening the distance to the New World, having been first started by Cortez soon after the conquest of Mexico. Since his time many have been the surveys made with projected across the narrow strip of land that unites Central with South America, nine of which were engaged the serious attention of scientific men and capitalists. These are as follows: By the Rio Napipi, Gulf of Darien; by the Gulf de Necoya; by Rio Nifo, Tempisque, and Gulf de Nicoya; Rio Sapoa and Bay of Salinas; Rio San Juan del Norte; Rio Tamarinda and Lake Managua; Rio and Lake Managua; and by the Atrato and Truando rivers.

About ten years ago Mr. Frederick M. Kelly, of Philadelphia, through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, a pamphlet containing the result of a survey of the Atrato River, flowing eastward into the Gulf of Darien, by which the author believed he had proved the possibility of constructing a ship canal across the Isthmus, from ocean to ocean, without locks. This was to be secured as follows: By a canal from the mouth one of the mouths of the Atrato; by using the tranquil and deep waters of that stream; by deepening the mouth of the Truando; by a canal to connect with the Atrato, and turning to account the bed of the Truando, supposed to a common elevation of 30 feet; by an open cut through the valley of the Navpa for 13 miles; by a tunnel of 3 miles, 1,000 feet long, through said ridge; and by turning to account the valley of a small stream which empties, at 100 feet above the level of the sea, into Humboldt Bay.

This route has recently attracted the notice of the Columbian government, and the expedition of 1870 has sailed under command of Commander Selfridge is designed to make further and more complete surveys of the localities.

Commander Selfridge, whose portrait we give this week, first entered the Naval Academy in October, 1851, at the age of fifteen, graduating therefrom at the head of an advanced class of ten, in the year 1854, three years after his entrance. He served as midshipman in the *Independence*, on the Pacific station, and after passing his examination was appointed Master of the *Fincennes*, in which he made a cruise on the coast of Africa. In 1860 he was promoted to a Lieutenant, and soon after was ordered to the *Cumberland*, participating in the first battle of the war of the rebellion at Norfolk, Virginia. He commanded the forecastle division of that vessel in the fight with the Merrimac, and the forward main deck division in the memorable fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor.

Later in a short respite he was attached to the staff of Rear-Admiral Goldsborough, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, for a period of several months, during which time he was engaged as senior officer in several expeditions, but was soon ordered to the command of the Darien Exploring Expedition.

JUDGE J. J. WRIGHT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Honorable J. J. Wright, recently elected to a seat in the Supreme Court of South Carolina, whose portrait we give on page 149, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and is now about thirty-one years of age. When he was about six years old his parents removed to Kingstree, Williamsburg County, in the same State, where for several years he attended the district school during the winter months. At the age for the neighboring farmers the rest of the year. Having saved up a small sum of money he entered the academy at Cheraw, South Carolina, in New York State; and after a thorough course of study there returned to his native place, and in

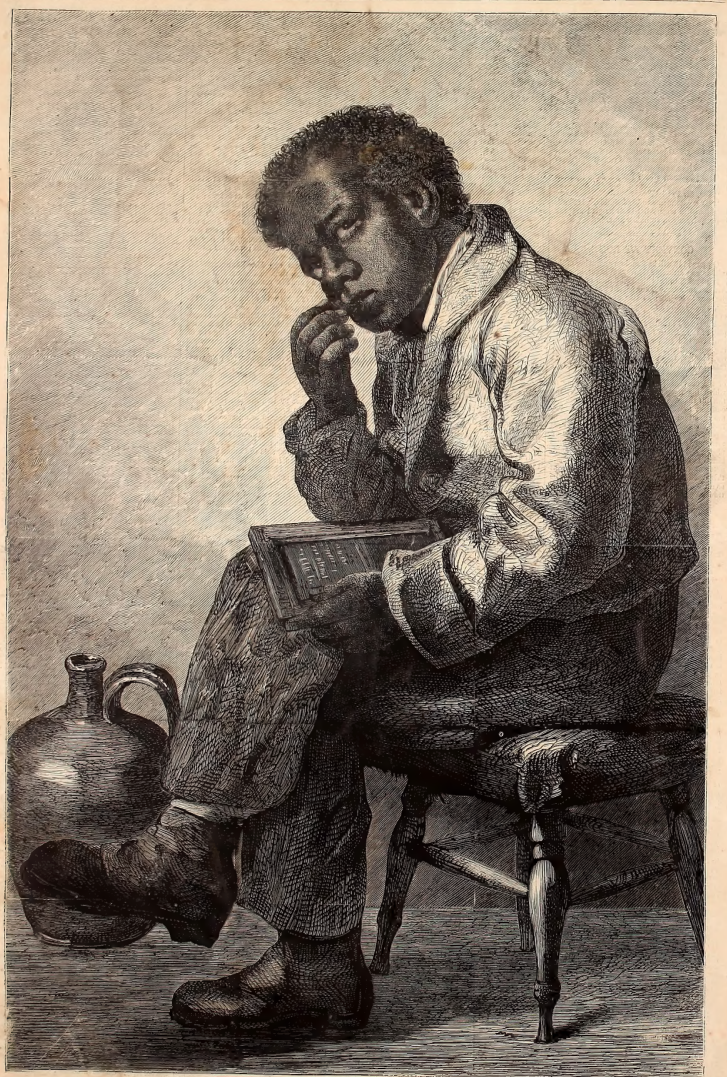

"A BROWN STUDY."—BY THE LATE WILLIAM HUNT.—[SEE PAGE 155.]

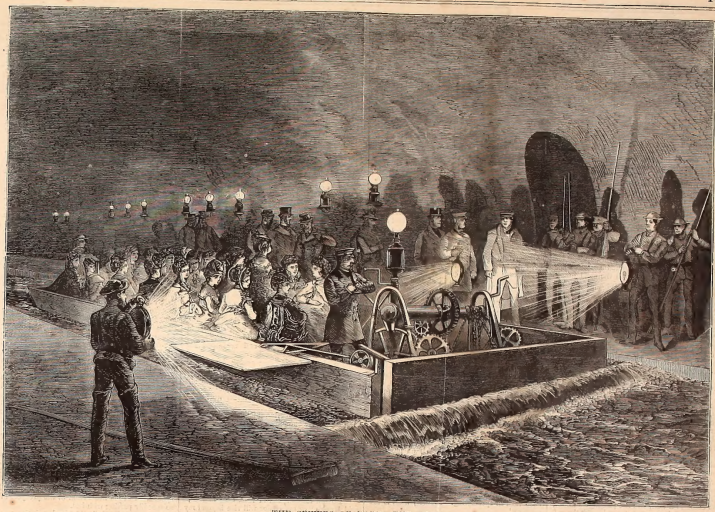

THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE BOAT.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

AMONG the first sights which a stranger in Paris wants to visit are the gigantic collecting-sewers beneath the city, constructed on the recommendation and under the superintendence of M. HAUSSMANN, late Prefect of the Seine. The main artery of these extensive subways on the northern bank of the river is between three and four miles in length, and extends from the Place de la Concorde to Asnières, near to which well-known suburb the principal southern artery, after crossing the Seine in a monster tube close to the Pont d'Alma, will eventually form a junction with it. Besides these principal arteries, which have a height of close upon fifteen feet and a width of about eighteen feet, including a pathway on each side nearly three feet wide, there are thirty miles of secondary galleries of somewhat smaller dimensions, in addition to an intricate net-work comprising nearly six hundred miles of sewers proper. The principal purpose served by these extensive subways is the drainage of the streets and the carrying off the refuse water and

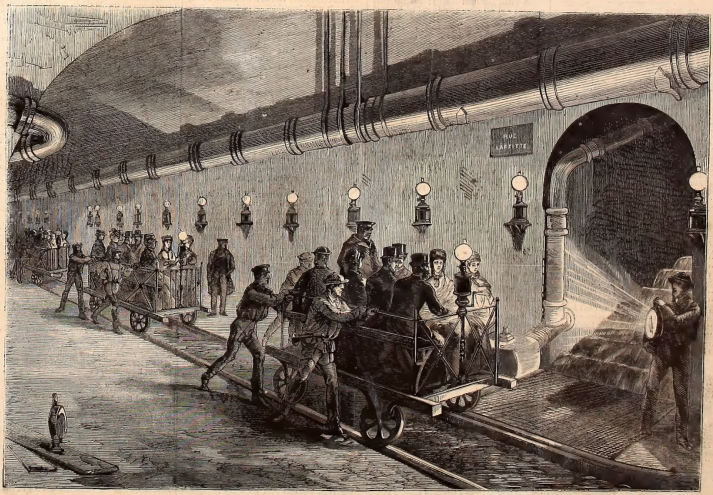

THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE WAGON.

the rainfall from the houses; cesspools which require to be periodically emptied being still the rule in the French capital.

It is only on certain days of the year that these magnificent sewers are thrown open to sightseers. On such occasions, as shown in our engravings on page 153, they are splendidly lighted up with thousands of lamps, each provided with a silver reflector. Tickets, previously obtained from the proper authority, indicate the time and place of embarkation, and precisely at the hour specified the large iron trap-door in the centre of the pavement is raised, and the assembled crowd descends some dozen steps into the subterranean city, where Overhead is a vaulted roof, intersected at right angles with countless telegraph wires inclosed in gutta-percha tubes, and running where they have a large black pipe about a foot and a half in diameter, which supplies the city of Paris with water. Rows of lamps that give a clear and fuster in the distance, light up the vaulted gallery and cast their reflections in the black, turbid waters at our feet, where, in a large boat, capable of holding some fourteen or sixteen people, is floating. The ladies of the party are handed in, and the boat, which is provided with a movable crosseat, shaped fin, pierced with holes to allow of the water flowing through, and which, on being let down, fits exactly to the rounded bottom of the sewer and rests before it all the solid refuse, matter that may chance to have accumulated, moves along on its course until a particular point is reached. Here the voyagers disembark, and, with their male companions, who have followed them on foot, take their seats in a number of small carriages, likewise provided with fans, and at the wheels of which are strong rubber bands of the same material as the broad bands which form the sewer's flooring sound. Occasionally, at a transverse point conductor, passengers must duck their heads as they pass through the great transverse iron sanctions which cross and recross the roofs of the galleries. Suddenly a sharp turn is made, and a silver-plated flood of light in front of them is discerned. The cars soon come to a halt, and the passengers alight, and in a few minutes find themselves, at the end of their journey, on the quay facing the towers of the Conciergerie.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFESSION.

HUGH did not communicate to his mother the fact of his interview with Mr. Frost until after his visit to Mr. Lovegrove's office, when he had formed her of both circumstances at the same time. He could not refrain from saying a word about her leaving Mr. Bevis's house in Gordon Street a secret from him.

"I was so surprised, mother," he said. "It seemed so unlike you. But I suppose he persuaded you in some way that it would be right not to trouble him by having come to consult him."

"Was I bound to speak of it, Hugh—before Maud, too, and Mr. Lovegrove?"

"No, of course not *bound*. But it would have seemed more natural if you had mentioned it quietly to me."

Mrs. Lockwood was silent.

"Look here, mother dear," said Hugh, after a short silence, "I am not good at hiding what I feel. I was a little hurt and vexed when Mr. Frost told me that you and he had arranged to discuss my feeling for Maud long before you had ever said a word to me on that subject. Was not the truth is out?"

"He—Mr. Frost—told you that, Hugh?"

"Well, he did not say it verbatim or literatim, as I have said it; but he certainly gave me to understand that was the case."

"I meant for the best, Hugh."

"Meant for the best! Dearest mother, I don't suspect you of meaning that! But let that man come between you and me, mother dear."

"I thought you liked Mr. Frost, Hugh."

"So I did. He was my father's friend. I have known him all my life. But lately there has been something about him that—that—no, that is too strong a word—there has been something about him that seems to put me on my guard. I hate to have to be on my guard!"

"It is a very good attitude to face the world with."

"Ah, mother, you know we might have some discussion on that score. But, at this time, I am not the posture I like—or, indeed, that I am able—to assume toward my friends. With mistrust affection vanishes."

Mrs. Lockwood winced, and turned her pale face from her son.

"But, mother," he proceeded, "I have another piece of news to add—a disagreeable piece of news; but you must try not to take it too much to heart."

Then he told her of the disappointing letter he had received from Herbert Smowe. This, however, did not seem to grieve her so much as he had expected. In truth, she could not help faintly hoping that it might give her anxieties a reprieve by putting off on a while Hugh's endeavor to make a start for himself. But he did not leave her long in this delusion.

"I must try to borrow the money elsewhere," said he. "The opportunity of buying that connection is too good a one to be lost without an effort."

"Did he not say something—did not Mr. Frost make you an offer of a desirable position elsewhere?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I cannot be surprised that he can find during his mysterious visit? Well, mother, I am not mysterious, and I was about to tell you that he did make me an offer on the part of this new company in which he is interested. But—"

"But you refused it?"

Hugh explained to his mother that in order not to appear obstinate and ungracious, he had taken two days to consider of the proposition. But he added that his mind was already made up on the subject.

"The truth is," he said, "that I mistrust the whole business. There are rumors afloat about the company that would make a prudent man think twice before he had any thing to do with it."

"But you would be a paid employé. You would run no risk."

"I should be losing my time and getting neither cash nor credit."

"Is it really thought so ill of, this undertaking?"

"In our office it is spoken of as a very unsafe concern. Mr. Lovegrove thinks: if things had gone well in the English money-market the thereupon Establishment *might* have turned up trumps. But as it is—unprincipled gambling on a great scale, and with other folks' money! One of our company's best clients houses such as we have had lately would involve the company in ruin. But you need not look so anxious, mother dear. Our unambitious little craft is out of such deep waters, and will keep well in shore."

"Do you suppose, Hugh," asked Mrs. Lockwood, in her usual deliberate calm tones, but which cloaked a terrible anxiety, "you have you any reason for supposing that Mr. Frost has ventured money on the company?"

"*His own money* you mean?—for of course he has ventured other peoples' if he puts the thing to every one else as he has to me. I can not say. People are beginning to say that he is not so solid a man as he was supposed to be. But seven knows these things get about—that he has a very extravagant wife, and that he has a rich client to humor. What makes you ask the matter?"

Hugh suddenly checked his speech to ask this question for Mrs. Lockwood had dropped her head on her hands, and the tears were running down her face.

"Mother! Darling mother, do speak to me! For God's sake tell me what is the matter! Is it my fault? Have I erred or said any thing to vex you?"

She took her head silently; but the tears gathered and fell more quickly and copiously at every moment.

"Hugh," she faltered out at last, "I tried to do right."

"Tried to do right! You *have* done right—always right. You are the best woman in the world."

"Don't, Hugh! Don't talk so! It goes to my heart to hear you when I know how your tone would change if I told you all."

"To tell me what?" asked Hugh, almost breathless with surprise and apprehension.

"Hugh, Hugh, you would never love me if I were to confess some great fault to you. Heaven knows I am not the man; your love is so mingled with pride!"

"Some great fault!" echoed Hugh.

"There! There! You look on your face like your father!"

The woman bowed her face yet lower, and hid it in her hands, while her delicate frame shook with sobs. For a few minutes, which seemed interminable to Hugh, the only sound was silent, and looking, as she had said, very stern, His struggle with himself was undergoing a painful ordeal which was not expressed in the set lines of his strong young face. At length he went to her side, and took her hand, and took her hand.

"Mother," he said, "nothing can blot out all the years of love and care and tenderness you have given to me. I can not believe that you have been guilty of any wrong. Your sensitive conscience exaggerates its importance no doubt. But"—here he took her hand and laid it down on his knee—"but *whatever* it may be, if you will confide in me, I shall never cease to love you. Do you not trust your mother? Nothing can alter that."

"Oh, my boy!" she cried, and threw her arms round his neck as he knelt beside her.

Then in a moment the weary secret of years came out. But all the while Hugh kept the miserable story of her youth to the time of her marriage, and the subsequent persecution from which Mr. Frost had relieved her, and the price she had to pay for that relief. As she spoke, looking her son in the face, and resting her head on his shoulder, she wondered at herself, for having endured the torments of hearing her history locked in all these years, and at the unpresension she had felt at the thought of the confession which seemed so easy, sweet, and natural.

Hugh heard her without speaking, only now and then pressing the hand he held in his to give her courage when she faltered.

"Oh, mother, you have suffered in your life!" That was his first thought when she ceased to speak. His next thought he was fain to utter, although it sounded like a reproach.

"If you had but trusted my father! He loved you so truly.

"Ah, Hugh, if I had, but it was so terrible to me to risk losing his love. And he often said—as you have been used to say after him—that he could never reinstate in his heart any one who had once been guilty of deliberate deception. You can not know, you strong upright natures, how the weak are bent and warped. You can not—or so I ferved—make allowance for temptation, or give credit for all the hard struggle and combat that has sometimes in defeat at last."

Hugh could not quite easily get over the revelation his mother had made. He had struggled with himself to be gentle with her; he would not add to her grief by look or gesture, if he could help it. But he knew that all was not as it had been between them. He knew that he could never again feel the absolute proud trust in his mother which had been a joy to him for so many years. Disappointment, mistake, and pity remained. But the past was past, and irrevocable. The pain of this knowledge settled as a spur to his resentment against Mr. Frost.

"You have the paper acknowledging this man's debt to you, Maud," said Hugh. "It will be a difficult to make him disgorge. *He* to patronize me, and help me, and offer me this and that, when an act of common honesty would have put me in a position to help myself years ago!"

"Hugh, dear, you know that you hinted at just now has been in my mind for some time past, although I dared not allude to it. I must tell you that I have not *been able* to make immediate restitution of the money due to you."

"Restitution! Nonsense! I shall give him the choice, though I feel that even so I am in some degree compounding with knavery."

Mrs. Lockwood looked and unclasped her hands nervously.

"He always found some excuse for putting me off all these years," she said.

"He shall not put me off, I promise him."

"Oh, my son, I trust through my cowardice you should lose all that your poor father worked so hard to leave you!"

"We will hope better, mother dear. This man must have enough to pay me what he owes. It is a great debt, but not so much as rich man. He has been in a fine position for years, and the name of his firm is flourishing. I'll speak about—about the will, and Maud's inheritance?" stammered Mrs. Lockwood.

The change in her manner had given place to a timid hesitation in addressing Hugh that was almost pathetic.

"I will not speak of that, dear mother," said Hugh, "or my choler will rise beyond my control. Maud's affairs are in a comparatively soundcrel. He was—I am sure of it now,—suspected it often—trying to sound me as to the probability of Maud being induced to bear false witness."

"Oh, Hugh!"

"He thought it might be highly convenient for him, and might ease his pocket and his conscience, (forgive me, I see he is not troubled with) if I—It won't bear thinking of."

"Hugh, dear, be merciful to him! And may there not be some excuse—?"

"Excuse!" echoed Hugh.

But mother shrank back silently at the fierce tone of his voice. He walked to the door, and had almost passed out of the room, when she called him, but in so low and hesitating a tone that he stood uncertain whether she had spoken or not.

"Did you call me, mother?" he asked.

"You never left me before without a word or a kiss, Hugh, since you were a toddling child."

He came back at once, and took her in his arms, and kissed her fondly, fondly. But after he was gone, she sat and cried bitterly. A strange kind of repentance grew up in her mind that would not permit her to call the evil done as for the tardy confession of it. Yet it had seemed, so long as the confession was yet unspoken, as if even while she was speaking it, as if it must take a load from her heart.

"If I had held my tongue," she thought, "my son would have loved me and trusted me still. He is all I have in the world, Hugh, but I should find some change in him, my boy whom I love better than my life! What signified the money? Hugh has his love. He knew nothing of it, and he would not have grieved for it. What phantom of duty was it that hovered and hurried me into doing this thing?"

She forgot, in the poignant pain of her mortified love and pride, the considerable bonus that secrecy had cost her. Her soul was tossed to and fro by many emotions before her mental agitations were ended. The untoward teachings of her youth were bearing bitter fruit. She did not lack courage, but she could endure, and endured much, with fortitude and energy. But the phantom of duty was a thing that she had not had balanced her sufferings against her faults all her life long. She had been prone to demand perfect justice from all and to think herself exempted it out rightly to others. There had been an secret satisfaction mingled with double the heartbreaking troubles of her younger days, in the conviction that they were undeserved. Pride had always a hold on her sting of injustice, and for the stroke of merited calamity humility alone brings healing.

Zillah thought that she had paid her price of suffering. She had fated the pain of confessing to her son that she had sinned. And yet the peace which that pain was meant to purchase did not descend upon her heart. She had not learned even yet—that no human sacrifice can bribe the past to hide its face and be silent. We must learn to look upon it quite irrevocable without rancor: thus, and thus only, does its stern spikes become heal to us a sweetness and a wisdom of its own.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCE.

It was past six o'clock on that same spring evening when Veronica's note was delivered at Gower Street. Hugh had just quitted his mother, after the interview recorded in the preceding chapter, and was crossing the little entrance hall when the messenger arrived.

"Are you Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Sir?" asked the man. "I was told to give the letter into his own hands."

Hugh assured the messenger that he was right; and began to read the note as he stood there, with some anxiety. When he had glanced quickly through the note he turned to the messenger.

"Are you to wait for an answer?" he said.

"No, Sir; I had no instructions about that."

"Very good. I will send or bring the reply. Tell Lady Gale that her note has been safely received."

He then the man was gone Hugh ran up to his own room to read the letter again, and to consider its contents. What should he do? That he must tell Maud of it was clear to him. He did not think he should justified in withholding it from her. But how should he advise her to act? He cogitated for some time without coming to any conclusion, and at last went in search of her, determined to let himself be greatly guided by her manner of receiving that which he had to tell.

He found Maud in the little drawing-room on the first floor in long conference by Lady Telis. She was selecting and packing some music to take away with her; for she was to spend many hour among the shipbay in two days. Mrs. Shearsbown had invited her to stay at Lowstar House during the time that Maud had declared that she could not leave Mr. Levincourt for the first week or so of his return home. Afterward she had promised to divide her time as nearly as might be between Lowster and the vicarage.

"What are you doing there, Maud? You look as pale as a spirit in the twilight," said Hugh, entering the room.

"Am I indeed what spirits have no occasion for—packing up," she answered. "Luggage is, however, a matter of very limited mortality, which is which it is vain to rebel."

"It is a condition of mortality which you of the spiritual world share with great fortitude, I have always heard. Perhaps there may be something of the marry-spirit in the universe—something of the sort which one sees women drag about piles of portmanteaus and bandboxes!"

Hugh spoke lightly and gaily, as he had asked spoken. But his heart sank at the prospect of so speedily parting with her.

"Lady Telis," said Maud, pointing to a pocket of unbound music she had put aside, "those are to be for Mrs. Shearsbown. The rest—Beethoven's sonatas, Haydn's, Hummel's, and a few of the songs I shall take with me. I have packed up the cantata of Kerebeth that I used to play with Mr. Plew—poor Mr. Plew!"

She smiled, but a tear was in her eye, which her head took a little. Presently she went on: "I have chosen all the old things that Uncle Charles is fond of, for he said the other day that he never had any music now. Music was always one of his great pleasures."

"I have not heard you play or sing for some time, Maud."

"Not since—not since dear Aunt Hilda died. I have not cared to make music for my own sake. But I shall be thankful if I can cheer Uncle Charles at times."

Hugh drew near her, and looked down proudly on the golden-haired head bending over the music. "And must I lose you, my own love?" he said.

"Oh, Hugh! No; that you must not. Don't be too sorry, you poor boy. Remember how I shall be counting you all my home—yes, all the time, every hour that we are parted."

She put up her hands on his shoulders, and held her cheek against his, and spoke with fond simplicity.

"Ah, my own, best darling! Always unselfish, always encouraging, always brave. What troubles can hurt me that leave me your love? My heart has no room for other pain than guilt—unless when I think of you, Maud."

"Are there any troubles, Hugh?" she asked, quickly, holding him away from her, and looking up into his face. "If you really think me brave, you will let me know the troubles. It is my right, you know."

"There are no troubles—no real troubles. But I will tell you every thing, and take counsel of my wise little wife. First, I must tell you that I carried out right this day. I don't start, darling. I went to Mr. Lovegrove's office, where I found Mr. Simpson, the solicitor employed by—by the other side, and Lane, the agent. I told them what I had to say, as briefly as possible, just as you bade me."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you, Hugh. And the result? Tell me in a word."

"I have no doubt Veronica's claim will be established. Indeed, I believe that it may be said to be so already."

"Thank God!"

"I will give you the details of my interview later, if you care to hear them. But now I have something else to say to you. Sit down by me here on the couch. I have much more—You tremble! Your little hands are cold! Maud, my darling, there is nothing to fear!"

"No, dear Hugh. I do not fear. I fear nothing as long as you hold my hand in yours. But I—I—"

"You have been agitated and excited too much lately. I know it, dearest. I hate to distress you. But I am sure you would not be right to conceal this thing from you."

"Thank you, Hugh."

"I got this note on my return home. I left

you see to read it by this light?" She took the small, perfumed note to the window, and read it through eagerly. While she was reading Hugh kept silence, and watched her with tender anxiety. In a minute she turned her face toward him and held out her hand.

"When may I go? You will take me, Hugh? Let us lose no time."

"You wish to go, then?"

"Wish to go! Oh yes, yes, Hugh. Dear Hugh, you will not oppose it?"

"I will not oppose it, Maud, if you tell me, after a little reflection, that you seriously wish to go."

"I think I ought to see her."

"She does not deserve it of you."

"Dear Hugh, she has done wrong. She deceived her father, and was cruelly deceived in her turn. I know there is nothing so abominable to you as insincerity."

Hugh thought of his own many speeches to that effect, and how all his mother's moral dissertation; and so thinking, he winced a little and turned away his head.

"You are accustomed to expect moral strength and rectitude, from having the example of your mother always before your eyes. But ought we to set our faces against the weak who wish to return to the right?"

"I know not what proof of such a wish has been given by—Lady Cosie."

"Dearest Hugh, if she were all heartless and selfish, she would not long to see me in the hour of her triumph."

"She was so word of her father."

Maud's face fell a little, and she bent her head thoughtfully.

"Does that show much heart?" continued Hugh.

"Perhaps—I think—I do believe that she is more afraid of him than she is of me. And that would not be unnatural, Hugh. Indeed, I do not defend, nor even excuse, Veronica. But if, now—having seen to what misery, for herself and others, selfishness and vanity, and worldliness have led—she is wavering at a turning-point in her life, when a kind hand, a loving word, may have power to strengthen her in better things, ought I not to give them to her if I can?"

"I said Hugh, slowly, "you must do so without repugnance, without doing violence to your own feelings, perhaps."

"I can, indeed, Hugh! Ah, you, who have been blessed with a good and wise mother, can not guess how much of what is good in Veronica is due to early indulgence. Poor Aunt Stella was kind; but she could neither guide nor rule such a nature as Veronica's. And then, Hugh, don't give me credit for more than I deserve—I say to her, too. She was my sister for so many years. And I loved her—I have always loved her. Let me go!"

She debated where and how this was to be.

"I hate the idea of your going to see her unknown to Mr. Levincourt," said Hugh. "I believe he will be justly hurt and angered when he hears of it. If you have any influence with her, you must try to induce her to make some advances to her father. It is her barest duty. And—forgive my dearest," as he spoke he drew her fondly to his side as though to encourage her against the gravity of his words, and the serious resolution in his face, "I object to me, Maud. You must make this lady understand that your path in life and hers will henceforward be widely different. It must be so. Were we to plan the contrary, circumstances would still be too strong for us. She will be a lady, May my Maudie, shall be only just not very poor. She will live in any cities; we in an obscure provincial nook. The old atmosphere of evil will in all probability surround Lady Sale, would not suit my life; and our climate would be too bleak for her."

"I will do what you tell me, Hugh. Must I go? To-night?"

"She says in her note that she will be at home all to-morrow."

"Yes; but she also says 'this evening.' And, besides, to-morrow will be my last day with you!"

"Thanks, darling. Well, Maud, if you are prepared—if you are strong enough—we will go to-night."

Hugh went down stairs, and informed his mother that he and Maud were going out for a walk, but would return to supper.

It was not unusual for them to take an evening walk together, after the business of the day was over for Hugh.

"Are you going to the park, Hugh?" asked Mrs. Lockwood.

"No, mother."

At another time she would have questioned him further. But now there was a sore feeling at her heart which made her silent. Was he growing less kind, less confiding already? Were these the first-fruits of her miserable weakness in confessing what she might still have kept? She was too proud, or too prudent—perhaps at the bottom of her heart too just—to show any temper or suspicion. She merely bade him see that Maud was well wrapped up, as the evenings were still chilly.

And then, when the street door had closed upon them, she sat and watched them moving down the long dreary street from behind the concealment of the wire blind in her little parlor, with a yearning sense of unhappiness.

Arrived at the bottom of the street, Hugh called a cab. "You must drive to the place, my pet," he said, putting Maud into the vehicle. "It is a long way; and you must not be tired or harassed when you reach the hotel."

"Oh, where is it, Hugh? How odd that I never thought of asking! But I put my hand into yours and come with you, much as a little child follows its nurse. Sometimes I feel—you won't laugh, Hugh?"

"I shall not laugh, Maudie. I am in no laughing mood. I may smile, perhaps. But smiles and tears are sometimes near akin, you know."

"Well, then, I feel very often when I am with you, as I have never felt with any one except my mother. I can remember the perfect security, the sense of repose and trust I had in her presence. It was so sure of her love. It came down like the dew from heaven. I needed to make no effort, to say no word. I was a tiny child when I lost her, but I was never forgotten that feeling. And since, since I have loved you, Hugh, it seems to me as though it had come back to me in all its peace and sweetness."

"My own treasure!"

They sat silent with their hands locked in each other's until they had nearly reached the place they were bound for. Then Hugh said, "We are nearly at our destination, Maud. I shall leave you after I have seen you safely in the hall. It is now half-past seven. At nine o'clock I will come back for you. You will be ready?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"God bless you, my dearest. I shall be glad when this interview is over. My precious child, my dear sudden gusts and storms shake you to much!"

"Oh," she answered, smiling into his face though with a trembling lip, "there are lulls of a tempest, my darling children to it. And they are elastic, the poor slight things. It is the strong stiff stubborn ones that gets broken."

"Am I stiff and stubborn, Maudie?"

"No; you are strong and good, and I am so grateful to you!"

He inquired in the hall of the hotel for Lady Gale, and found that directions had been given to admit Maud wherever she might present herself.

"Miss Desmond?" said the porter. "Lady Gale begs you will go up stairs. This way, if you please."

The man directed a waiter to conduct Miss Desmond to Lady Gale's apartment. Hugh gave her a parting kiss in the hall, and Maud, pressed, "At nine, Maud," and stood watching her until her slight figure had disappeared, passing lightly and noiselessly up the thickly-carpeted stairs.

ABSENCE.

THE April sunshine, soft and fair,
Touches the meadows everywhere;
Wild violets seem the warm still air;
But ever through the bright spring hours,
The sunshine cannot warm the flowers,
My spirit hungers to be fed.
And finds for lovely dear daily bread,
Yearning, beloved, for thee!

The day wears on, the evening long
Comes up across the misty lea;
I watch the stars as one by one
They glimmer out: my eyes are wet;
My heart is filled with sweet regret,
Haunting it like a sad refrain;
I can not still this restless pain,
Thinking, beloved, of thee!

The twilight deepens; brooding sleep
Shadows the green earth tenderly;
The home lights burn in quiet peace;
The peace of heaven seems strangely near;
I kneel beneath the moonbeams clear,
And soft upon my troubled breast
Comes down a blessed sense of rest,
Praying, beloved, for thee!

"A BROWN STUDY."

THE interesting engraving from a painting by the late WILLIAM HUNT, which we print on page 152, is a pleasant illustration of the peculiarly gentle humor of that artist's genius, with which this great master of water-color art delighted to make laugh from lowly human life. If he painted an "interior" it was generally some unpretending farm-house or cottage-chamber, and his figures were those of rustic children of orders of the homeliest type—plow-boys, farm-house beauties, school boys and girls. He produced several groups of rustic children, one of which now in the Ellison Collection in the South Kensington Museum, is the most famous. The little mulatto is not made to look more ridiculous or less intelligent as he bends over the sum written down on the slate by the white boy. The white boy's head call attention to the artistic treatment of the subject—the delicious expression of the little fellow's face, as, unconsciously biting his pencil, he rolls up his eyes in a brown study of the sum that he has set. This picture might have been studied in one of our own schools for freedmen's children in the South.

THE HAIR.

THE quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Long hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice. Thus Homer's Greeks were ridiculed as "long-haired Achæans." Strength was the attribute of a full head of hair. Hence Samson's strength was supposed to be in his locks, and Delilah was found to lead to grave abuses and evils. Within about three years more than 12,000 infants were known upon the hospital. Parish officers stripped their workhouses of juvenile inmates, and sent them to the hospital. Brutal husbands robbed helpless wives of their bed-ground children, and sent them to the hospital. Men and women turned the country out up a new trade, the carrying of babies at so much a head up to the hospital. Never was there a greater set of varieties of the enormities resulting from this practice. Those concerned in it sought to conceal it from the provisions for indiscriminate admission, and the institution now considered under the regulations that,

"The committee shall be satisfied of the previous existence of the child, and of the settlement of the parent in every child proposed for admission, and that the father of the child is living, or has deserted the mother of the child; and that the reception of the child will in all probability be the means of saving the mother from the course of vicious and the way of an honest livelihood."

Many of the cases which defeated the utility of the free education system in the country, however, doubtless exist in far less force in this country than in England.

Along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad more agates are found in great abundance. The best are often fifty yards wide and one hundred long, and are usually one or two feet under the surface. They are covered between and underneath large smooth pebbles. Some of these pebbles are of the most beautiful of vines, pine trees, cedar forests, trains of cars, and figures of every imaginable shape. The hunt after agates is exciting.

Lansenne, on Lake Geneva, has had a shower of nuts. To be sure, it lasted only a couple of minutes, but millions of nuts fell, covering the streets so that it was not possible to walk without crushing them.

Maize is not likely to lack for timber at present. The State Government had to cause plantations to be fifty cents an acre, and even that can be "worked out," if they choose, on the new roads.

Minnesota does not need lie-machines. Nature can assign an, at least, approximate cause.

A terrible accident recently occurred at the Worcester depôt in Boston. A train had just arrived, and before it stopped a man rose from his two seats, jumped upon the platform, stepping in the direction opposite to the motion of the cars. She fell back upon the track and was killed by the wheels under the dust in a few hours. There is always a risk in getting off a car while in motion; but a passenger of comparatively safe if great care be taken to jump or step forward. It is most dangerous to jump or step in the opposite direction.

Harvard University has eleven hundred and seven students, forty-nine professors, and forty-two other teachers. Fourteen of the latter are women.

The pyramids will never cease to give rise to curious speculations. Sir John Herschel calculates that the great pyramid contains 85,736,000 pounds. But this gives a larger estimate of 6,000,000 tons. According to Perring, the present quantity of masonry is 3,316,000 cubic yards, or 6,000,000 cubic feet.

The Pope is a great smoker, invariably taking a cigar after every meal. The Holy Father once visited the manufactory which is to be his future home. Being told that a great part of the work was done by the girls of the establishment, he was more solicitous for their good looks than good character, he exclaimed, "Conduct me, then, to these servants of God!" He was presented with several thousand of the best cigars.

The hotel-keepers who recently met in convention in Cincinnati were for procuring on an even more sensible terms than the ice companies supply it will that second-rate article. Not one-half of the ice sold in Paris is artificially made; and it is predicted that, five years hence, half the ice used in the United States will be made by machinery. Improvements have recently been made in the apparatus, and we understand that one machine can make from fifty to five hundred pounds per hour, according to tropical climates, or in countries bordering thereon. The materials used in the manufacture of the ice are water, sperits of ammonia, steam, and salt. Ammonia possesses the peculiar property of parting with its ammoniacal gas when heated, and of reabsorbing it most powerfully when cooled again: the gas has the property of becoming liquefied by pressure; the liquefied gas becomes heat at the same time and communicates this heat to the surrounding vessel; and when returning to the gaseous state, the pressure being removed, it will absorb this heat, and then cool the surrounding vessel, which in turn may exert cool freezing action on water. If a liquid is forced to become a vapor without giving it special heat, it will, in the process of evaporation, absorb the required heat forcibly from the surrounding bodies, and produce sensible cold. Without entering into the details of the process, we may state that ice is now being successfully manufactured in Philadelphia by the use of liquid ammonia. Many other liquids have been applied to this purpose. Dr. Van der Weyde, of New York, has invented an ice machine in which chloroform or cryogene is used. This substance possesses many advantages over others, being a cheap product obtainable in the distillation of petroleum, and is exceedingly cheap. It is also very volatile, and by peculiar lubricating processes protect the metals with which it comes in contact from corrosion, which is a great advantage. The price of one of Van der Weyde's machines, capable of producing ten tons of ice per day, is, including the engine and boiler, about $5000, while a machine capable of the same capacity costs $25,000. The price of the ice made by Dr. Van der Weyde's machine is guaranteed, 37 to $8 per ton, by the former than $2 to $4.

We understand that Professor Agassiz has been seriously ill—a consequence of nervous prostration and sleeplessness. His physician prescribes perfect rest, consequently there will probably be no public lectures from him for some time.

A correspondent of the London *Times* at Rome says that it is often impossible to ascertain the substance of the medicines made in the Gymnesian Islands, or even to learn on which side they are delivered. "With the closest attention an Italian has great difficulty in understanding a Greek or a Spaniard, and vice versa. In that vast hall seven hundred Fathers can do little more than listen to the rolling of each other's words. What are the wild waves saying?" As much sense could be made out of a number of Babels.

What must be the patience of Japanese novel readers? A Japanese novelist, named Kioug to Bakin, has been at work upon one book of fiction for forty years, and has only just completed it. The work of light literature extends to a hundred and six volumes, and has occupied a good half of the author's life in the composition.

Are our poets wealthy, and is it the gift of poesy to bring the precious gold as well as fame? Well, "they say" is not always to be relied upon, but Bryant is reputed worth $800,000, made chiefly not by poetry, but by journalism. Longfellow is reputed at $500,000, the gift of his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton. Holmes is rated at $100,000, hereditary property, increased by teaching and literature; Whittier at $50,000, inherited and earned by the popular pen; Bayard Taylor at over $75,000, earned by poetry, travel, lore, lecturing, and literature; Lowell is said to be worth $50,000 or $60,000, hereditary and acquired in his professorship at Harvard College.

Admiral Edward Wallis Hoare, the oldest officer in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, recently died at Upton, near Slough. Late of Wylde, he was 94 years old, and entered the navy in 1790 as a volunteer.

The curious discovery has been made by an English surgeon that monkeys can not be poisoned with strychnine. They can eat it in a straight-forward, impunity. Monkeys, then, are slightly different from men.

An English engineer, living on the shores of the Adriatic, has just submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty a deadly torpedo. The inventor declines to point to the nature of the motive power, or the depositary of his own secret. The torpedo is in the shape of a huge fish, floating like a porpoise, and is run under the surface of the water, the fore-part filled with explosive matter, and the motive power in the after-part, provided by compressed air. This vessel is like a sword-fish, with not only a snout in front, but with two projecting fins on the sides and rising up vertically. Charged with dynamite or nitro-glycerine, the torpedo can be steered by the wheels inside the great iron-built vessel; and can be made to run forward under the bottom of a ship, or straight on for a curved line. With such engines of destruction, naval battles will be surprisingly horrible.

M. Olivier is believed to have in contemplation a measure which will have the effect to repress duelling in Paris. Instead of a short time of imprisonment, he will fine them $100,000 for the benefit of the poor on principals and seconds. A few sentences of this kind rightly enforced would produce a most salutary effect.

It is curious to notice what various forms Parisian journals adopt when they come to the Emperor. The *Journal des Débats* describes him as H. M. the Emperor; *Constitutionnel*, His Majesty the Emperor; *Pays*, His Majesty; *Petite Presse*, His Majesty; *Napoleon III.*; *Clarke*, Napoleon; *Abeel*, the Executive; *Paspel, Cortet*; *Marseillaise*, Sardanapalus, Herod, and Heliogabalus.

Professor Blot is looking around for a larger kitchen, as his present apartment is not extensive enough for daily Brooklyn. Many families are waiting inquisitively to make the practical experiment of having their cooking done in the room in which they eat answer. His culinary establishment is a marvel of neatness and order.

We note that an establishment on the same general plan has been opened in Boston, and will exist on extensive scale in Boston. It is located in Washington Street, near the old Brattle-street Church, and its doors are thick all over the city, and more are being put up daily. Orders from those houses are collected twice a day, and a wagon is employed to have them set punctually answered. There is a special bill of fare for each day of the week, but customers are not tied to any thing that he chooses, on any day of the week, by giving notice early enough, and the orders may cover a dinner of several courses for a party of any size, down to the simple lunch of a man at his place of business. The prices charged seem quite reasonable.

A new dispensary has been opened on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, for the gratuitous treatment of diseases of the throat and chest. Dr. Sturgis, who has acquired a high reputation for skill in such diseases, is the attending physician, the institution having been established by his influence.
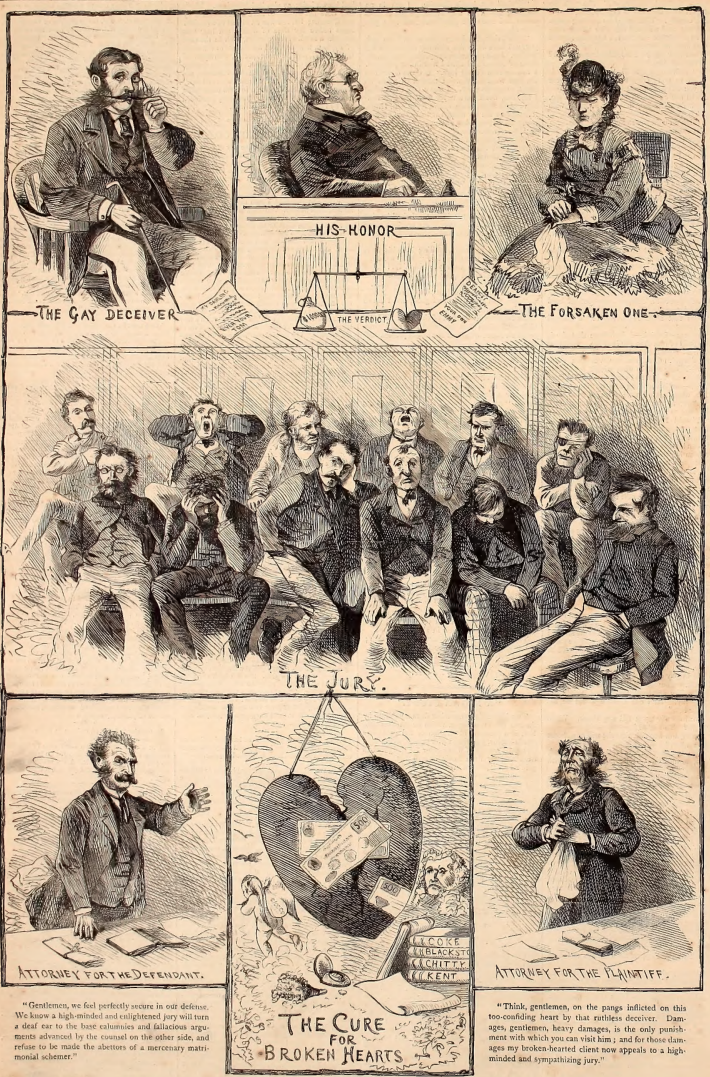
"Gentlemen, we feel perfectly secure in our defense. We know a high-minded and enlightened jury will turn a deaf ear to the base calumnies and fallacious arguments advanced by the counsel on the other side, and refuse to be made the abettors of a mercenary matrimonial schemer."

"Think, gentlemen, on the pangs inflicted on this too-confiding heart by that ruthless deceiver. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him; and for those damages my broken-hearted client now appeals to a high-minded and sympathizing jury."

BREACH OF PROMISE—HOW TO REPAIR BROKEN HEARTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY PARK BENJAMIN.]

THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE BOAT.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

AMONG the first sights which a stranger in Paris wants to visit are the gigantic collecting-sewers beneath the city, constructed on the recommendation and under the superintendence of M. HAUSSMANN, late Prefect of the Seine. The main artery of these extensive subways on the northern bank of the river is between three and four miles in length, and extends from the Place de la Concorde to Asnières, near to which well-known suburb the principal southern artery, after crossing the Seine in a monster tube close to the Pont d'Alma, will eventually form a junction with it. Besides these principal arteries, which have a height of close upon fifteen feet and a width of about eighteen feet, including a pathway on each side nearly three feet wide, there are thirty miles of secondary galleries of somewhat smaller dimensions, in addition to an intricate net-work comprising nearly six hundred miles of sewers proper. The principal purpose served by these extensive subways is the drainage of the streets and the carrying off the refuse water and

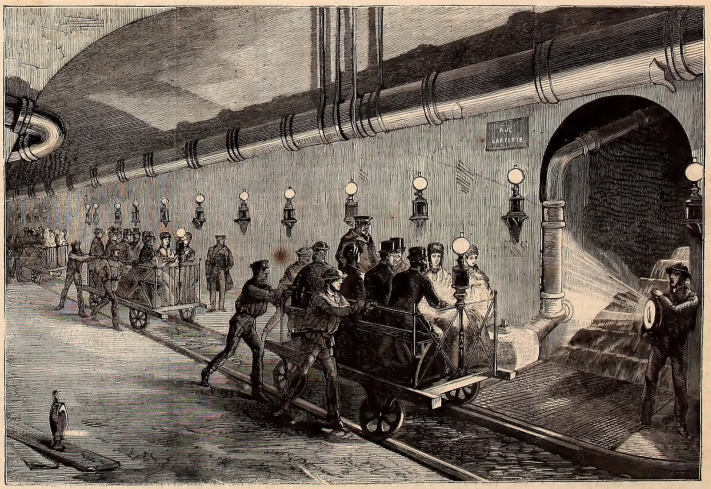

THE SEWERS OF PARIS—THE WAGON.

the rainfall from the houses; cesspools which require to be periodically emptied being still the rule in the French capital.

It is only on certain days of the year that these magnificent sewers are thrown open to nightseers. On such occasions, as shown in our engravings on page 153, they are splendidly lighted up with thousands of lamps, each provided with a silver reflector. Tickets, previously obtained from the proper authority, indicate the time and place of rendezvous, and precisely at the hour specified the large iron trap-door in the centre of the pavement is raised, and the assembled party proceed to descend some dozen steep steps conducting to the sewers. Overhead is a vaulted roof, intersected in all directions with countless telegraph wires inclosed in gutta-percha tubes, and running along the sides of the walls pegs about a foot and a half in diameter, which supplies the city of Paris with water. Rows of lamps line every further side of these subterranean, light up the vaulted gallery and cast their reflections on the black, turbid waters at our feet, whereon a large boat, capable of holding some fourteen or sixteen people, is floating. The ladies of the party are handed in and the boat, which is provided with a movable crescentshaped fin, is moved with the utmost ease of the water flowing through, and which, on being let down, fits exactly to the rounded bottom of the sewer and pushes before it all the solid refuse matter that may chance to have accumulated, moved along in its course until a receptacle point is reached. Here the voyagers disembark, and, with their male companions, who have followed them on foot, take their seats in a number of small carriages, likewise provided with fans, and the wheels of which run along a channel at the edges of the pathways which bound the sewers on each side. Each of these vehicles carries a lighted lamp in front of it, and is provided with a conductor. Signal is given by sound of trumpet of the whole being given, and off the carriages start, propelled forward by four men running at the sides of them, at the rate of something like six miles an hour. Blue tablets, with white letters, indicate, from time to time, the particular points of the city the party are traversing, and every now and then the cars shoot past some rushing cascade of dirty water tumbling into the sewer with a loud sound. Occasionally, at a signal from their conductor, passengers must duck their heads as they pass beneath the great transverse iron stanchions which cross and recross the roofs of the galleries. Suddenly a sharp turn is made, and a silver-gray shaft of light in front of them is discerned. The cars soon come to a halt, and the passengers alight, and in a few minutes find themselves, at the end of their journey, on the quay facing the towers of the Conciergerie.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFESSION.

Hugh did not communicate to the matter the fact of his interview with Mr. Frost until after his visit to Mr. Levegere's office, when he informed her of both circumstances at the same time. He could not refrain from saying a word about her having kept Mr. Frost's visit to Cower Street a secret from him.

"I was no surprised, mother," he said. "It seemed so unlike you. But I suppose he persuaded you in some way that it would be right not to mention his having come to our house."

"Was I bound to speak of it, Hugh—before Maud, Ina, and Mr. Levercourt?"

"No, of course not *bound*. But it would have seemed more natural if you had mentioned it quietly to me."

Mrs. Lockwood was silent.

"Look here, mother dear," said Hugh, after a short silence, "I am not good at hiding what I feel. I am sorry to be hurt and wounded by Mr. Frost told me that you and he had privately discussed my feeling for Maud long before you had ever said a word to me on that subject. Now the truth is out"

"Is—Mr. Frost—told you that, Hugh?"

"Well, he did not say it verbatim et literatim, as I have said it: but he certainly gave me to understand that such was the case."

"I meant for the best, Hugh."

"Meant for the best! Dearest mother, you don't suppose I doubt that? But don't let that man come between you and me, mother dear."

"I thought—I said—Mr. Frost, Hugh."

"So I did. He was my father's friend. I have known him all my life. He naturally would has been something about him that revolts—no, that is too strong a word—there has been something about him that seems to put me on my guard. I hate to have to be on my guard!"

"It is a very good attitude to face the world with."

"Ah, mother, you know we might have some discussion on that score. But, at all events, it is not the posture I like—or, indeed, that I am able—to assume toward my friends. With mistrust affection vanishes."

Mrs. Lockwood winced, and turned her pale face from her son.

"But, mother," he proceeded, "I have another piece of news to add—a disagreeable piece of news; but you must try not to take it too much to heart."

Then he told her of the disappointing letter he had received from Herbert Snowe. This, however, did not seem to grieve her so much as he had expected. In truth, she could not help faintly hoping that it might give her anxieties a reprieve by putting off yet a while Hugh's endeavor to make a start for himself. But he did not leave her long in this delusion.

"I must try to borrow the money elsewhere," said he. "The opportunity of buying that connection is too good a one to be lost without an effort."

"Did he not say something—did not Mr. Frost make you an offer of a desirable position elsewhere?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I suppose he mentioned that to you also during his memorable visit? Well, neither, I am not mysterious, and I was about to tell you that he did make me an offer on the part of this new company in which he is interested. But—"

"But you refused it?"

Hugh stooped to his mother that in order not to appear obstinate and ungracious, he had taken two days to consider of the proposition. But he added that his mind was already made up on the subject.

"The place is," he said, "that I mistrust the whole business. There are rumors afloat about the company which would make a prudent man think twice before he had any thing to do with it."

"But you would be a paid employé. You would run no risk."

"I should risk losing my time and getting neither cash nor credit."

"It is really thought so ill of, this undertaking?"

"In our office it is spoken of as a very unsafe concern. We certainly should have Hugh had gone well in the English money market the Parthenope Embellishment might have turned up trumps. But there is a strong presumption of gambling on a great scale, and with other folks' money! One or two more failures of great houses such as we had lately would involve the company in ruin. But you need not look so anxious, mother dear. Really, my unambitious little craft is out of such deep waters, and will keep out of them."

"But, nevertheless, Hugh," asked Mrs. Lockwood, in her usual deliberate calm tones, but with cheeks paler than before, "you have no any reason for supposing that Mr. Frost has ventured money in this company?"

"Invested money! Invested?—for of course he has ventured other peoples' if he puffs the thing to everyone as he does with all. I can not say. People are beginning to say that he is not so solid a man as was supposed. I hear—I believe I have been told—that he has gone in for what he has a very extravagant wife, and that he has been rash in speculating. Mother, what is the matter?"

Hugh suddenly checked his speech to ask this question. For Mrs. Lockwood had dropped her head on her hands, and the tears were running down her face.

"Mother! Darling mother, do speak to me! For God's sake tell me what is the matter! Is it my fault? Have I done or said any thing to vex you?"

She took her head silently, but the tears gathered and fell more quickly and copiously at every moment.

"Hugh," she faltered out at last, "I tried to do right."

"I did so do right! You *have* done right—always right. You are the best woman in the world."

"Don't, Hugh! Don't talk so! It goes to my heart to hear you when I know how your fate would change if I were to tell you—"

"To tell me what?" asked Hugh, almost breathless with surprise and apprehension.

"Oh, Hugh, you would hate me here are if I were to confess some great fault to you. You are like the justice of the men; your love is mingled with pride!"

"Some great fault!" echoed Hugh.

"There! You look at me with a look on your face like your father!"

The poor woman bowed her face yet lower, and hid it in her hands, while her delicate frame shook with sobs. For a few minutes, which seemed an interminable time to Hugh, all stood silent, and looking, as she had said, very stern. He was struggling within himself, and undergoing a painful ordeal which was not progressed in the set lines of his strong young face. At length he went to his mother, lifted her hands gently, and took her hand.

"Mother," he said, "nothing can blot out all the years of love and care and tenderness you have given to me. I can not believe that you have been guilty of any crime. Your last severe conscience exaggerates its importance no doubt. Some trifle has made a little pause and went on with an effort—" but silenced somewhat by, if you will confide in me, I shall never cease to love you. I will not hear any more, mother! Nothing can alter that."

"Oh, my son!" she cried, and threw her arms round his neck as he knelt beside her.

Then in a moment the weary secret of years was outcome. She told him all the truth, from the miserable story of her youth to the time of her marriage, and the subsequent persecution from which Mr. Frost had relieved her, and the price she had to pay for that relief. As she spoke, feeling her sin in not the sting of injustice. She beat on his shoulder, she wondered at herself for having so long kept the secret of tearing her solitary burden all these years, and at the apprehension she had felt at the thought of the confession which now seemed so easy, sweet, and natural.

Hugh heard her without speaking, only now and then pressing the hand he held in his to give her courage when she faltered.

"Oh, mother, how you have suffered in your life!" That was his first thought when she ceased to speak. His next was how to find to utter, although it sounded like a reproach.

"If you had but trusted my father! He loved you so truly!"

"Ah, Hugh, if I had, but it was so terrible to me to risk losing his love. And he often said—as you have been used to say after him—that he could never reinstate in his heart any one who had once been guilty of deliberate deception. You can not know, you strong upright natures, how the weak are bent and warped. You can not—or so I fancy—make allowance for temptation, or give credit for all the hard struggle and combat that ends sometimes in defeat at last."

Hugh could not quite easily get over the revelation but some of his first words were a struggle with himself to be gentle with her; he would not add to her pain by look or gesture, if he could help it. He felt sure that all was not as it had been between them. He knew that he could never again rest on the absolute ground rest in his mother which had been a joy to him for so many years. Tenderness, gratitude, and pity remained. But the pure reverence had irrevocable. The pain of this knowledge acted as a spur to his resentment against Mr. Frost.

"You have the paper acknowledging this man's debt to my father?" said Hugh.

"It will not be difficult to produce. *If* to patronize me, and help me, and offer me this and that, when an act of common honesty would have put me in a position to help myself years ago!"

Hugh, the dreadful idea that you hinted at just now that you had in my mind for some time past, although I buried not dwelt on it. I must in fear that you have not the right to make immediate restitution of the money due to you."

"Restitution or exposure! I shall give him the choice. I will not be cheated even so! I am in some degree compounding with knavery."

Mrs. Lockwood clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"He always found some excuse for putting me off all these years," she said.

"He shall not put me off, I promise him."

"Oh, my boy, if through my cowardice you should lose the money your father vouched so hard to bequeath to you!"

"We will hope better, mother dear. This man must have enough to pay me what he owes. It is a great deal to us, but not much to a rich man. Mr. Frost is in a fine position for years, and the name of the firm stands high."

"And almost as rich as he said, and Maud's inheritance?" stammered Mrs. Lockwood.

The calm security of her manner had given place to a nervous hesitation in addressing Hugh that was almost pathetic.

"Do you like better, of that, dear mother," said Hugh, "or my choice will rise beyond my power to control it. That man is a consummate scoundrel. Don't—I am sure of it now, I suspected it then—trying to sound me as to the probability of my being induced to bear false witness?"

"Oh, Hugh!"

"He thought it might be highly convenient for him, and might ease his pocket and his cares for his conscience; that he was troubled with it I won't bear thinking of."

"May you not be mistaken? And may there not be some mistake?"

"Excuse!" echoed Hugh.

His mother sank silently at the fierce tone of his voice. He walked to the door, and had almost passed out of the room, when she called him, in a low and hesitating a tone that he stood uncertain whether she had spoken or not.

"Did you call me, mother?" he said.

"You never left me before without a word or a kiss, Hugh, when you were a toddling child."

He came back at once, and took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead, fondly. But still he was puzzled by her tone and cool history. A strange kind of repentance grew up in her mind was reparation was so much for the evil done or for the tardy confession of it. Yet it had seemed, so long as the confession was yet unspoken, and even when she was speaking it, as if it must take a load from her heart.

"If I had but your tongue," she thought, "my son would have loved me and trusted me still. Now I am afraid to see him again, lest I should find some change in him, my boy whom I love better than my life! What signified the money? What signified it to me? He knew nothing of it, and he would not have grieved for it. What phantom of duty was it that haunted and harried me into doing right?"

She forgot, in the present pain of her mortified pride and grief, all the miserable human fear secrecy had cost her. Her soul was tossed to and fro by many revulsions of feeling before her meditations were ended. The habitual resentment of her youth were bearing bitter fruit. She did not lack conscience. She could endure, and had endured much, with fortitude and energy. But the greatness of Renunciation was not hers. She had hastened her sufferings against her faults all her life long. She had been prone to demand strict justice for herself, and to think that she merited it out rigidly to others. There had been a secret sustaining consolation amidst the heartbreaking remorse of her younger days, in the conviction that they were undeserved. Pride could not always rest on the sting of injustice. But for the stroke of merited calamity humility alone bring healing.

Hugh thought that she had paid her price of suffering. She had faced the pain of confessing to her son that she had sinned. And yet the peace which that pain was meant to purchase did not descend upon her heart. She had not learned even yet that no human sacrifice can bribe the past to hide its face and be silent. Her sin seemed to look upon the irrevocable without rancor: thus, and thus only, does its stern sphinx-face reveal to us a sweetness and a wisdom of its own.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCE.

It was past six o'clock on that same spring evening when Veronica's note was delivered at Gower Street. Hugh had just quitted his mother, after the interview recorded in the preceding chapter, and was discussing the little entrance hall when the messenger arrived.

"Are you Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Sir?" asked the man. "I was told to give the letter into his own hands."

Hugh assured the messenger that he was right; and began to read the note as he stood there, with some anxiety. When he had glanced rapidly through the note he turned to the messenger.

"Are you to wait for an answer?" he said.

"No, Sir; I have not been instructed that."

"Very good. I will send or bring the reply. Tell Lady Gale that her note has been safely received."

When the man was gone Hugh ran up to his own room to read the letter again, and to consider its contents. What should he do? That he must tell Maud of it was clear to him. He did not think he should be justified in withholding it from her. But how should he advise her to act? He cogitated for some time without coming to any conclusion; and at last went in search of her, determined to let himself be greatly guided by her manner of receiving that which he had to impart.

He found her in the little drawing-room that had been so long occupied by Lady Talbis. She was sedately sketching and appeared to take away with her; for she was to accompany her guardian to Shipley in two days. Mrs. Shenderbury had invited her to stay at Cower House for a while. But Maud had declared that she could not bear to be a sojourner for the first week or so of his return home. Afterward she had promised to divide her time as nearly as might be between Lowater and Cower House.

"What are you doing there, my own? You look as pale as a spirit in the twilight," said Hugh, entering the room.

"I am doing what spirits have no occasion for—painting, Sir," she answered. "Marriage is, however, a condition of civilized morality, against which it is vain to rebel."

It is a condition of morality which you of the gentler sex accept with great fortitude, I have always noticed," said Hugh, seating himself on the marry-spirit in the perseverance with which one sees women drag about piles of portfolios and sketching-tackle."

He answered lightly and cheerfully, as she had spoken. But his heart sank at the prospect of so speedily parting with her.

"See, dear Hugh," said Maud, pointing to a packet of ruled manuscript music that was white, "these are to be left in your charge. The last—Beethoven's sonatas, Haydn's, Hummel's, and a few of the songs I shall take with me. I have packed up the sonatas of Kozelach that I used to play to Mr. Rye—poor Mr. Rye!"

She smiled, but a tear was in her eye, and her voice shook a little. Presently she went on. "I have chosen all the old things that Uncle Charles is fond of. He said the other day that he never had any music now. He used to be so fond of me as his great pleasures."

"I have not heard you play or sing for some time, Maud."

"Not since—not since dear Aunt Hilda died. I have not cared to make music for my own sake. But I shall be thankful if I can cheer Uncle Charles by it."

Hugh drew near her, and looked down proudly on the golden-haired head bending over the packet. "Dear Maud! I love you, my own love!" he said, sadly.

"Love me, Hugh! No; that you must not. Don't be too sorry, you poor boy. Remember how I shall be loving you all the time—yes, all the time, every hour that we are parted."

She put up her hands on his shoulders, and laid her shining head against his breast with childish fondness.

"Ah, my own, best darling! Always unselfish, always encouraging, always brave. What troubles can hurt me that leave me your love? My heart has no room for any thing but gratitude for the wealth of you, Maud."

"Are there troubles, Hugh?" she asked, quickly, looking up into his face, and then drooping up into his face. "If you really think me brave, you will let me know the troubles. It is my right, you know."

"There are no troubles—no real troubles. But I will tell you every thing, and take counsel of my wise little wife. First, I must tell you that I carried out our plan this day. I don't start, but I called on Mr. Levegere's office, where I found Mr. Simpson, the lawyer employed by—by the other side, and Levy, and I have told them what I had to say, as briefly as possible, just as you bade me."

"I am very grateful to you, Hugh. And the result? Tell me in a word."

"I have no doubt Veronica's claim will be established. Indeed, I believe that it may be said to be so already."

"Thank you, Hugh!"

"I will give you the details of my interview later, if you desire to hear them. But now I have something else to say to you. Sit down by me here on the couch. I have just had a note—"

You must excuse me, little hands are cold! Maud, my darling, there is nothing to fear!"

"No, dear Hugh. I—so fear. I fear nothing as long as you hold my hand in yours. But I—I—"

"You have been agitated and excited too much lately. I know it, dearest. I hate to distress you. But I am sure it would not be right to conceal this thing from you."

"Thank you, Hugh."

"I got this note not half an hour ago. Can

you see to read it by this light?" She took the small, perfumed note to the window, and read it through eagerly. While she was reading Hugh kept silence, and watched her with tender anxiety. In a minute she turned her face toward him and held out her hand.

"When may I go? You will take me, Hugh? Let us lose no time.

"You wish to go, then?"

"Wish to go! Oh yes, yes, Hugh. Dear Hugh, you will not oppose it?"

"I will not oppose it, Maud, if you tell me after a little reflection, that you seriously wish to go."

"I think I ought to see her."

"She does not deserve it of you."

"Dear Hugh, she has done wrong. She deceived her father, and was cruelly deceived in her turn. I know there is nothing so abominable to you as insincerity."

Hugh thought of his own many speeches to that effect, and some of his subsequent practice, and, so thinking, he winced a little and turned away his head.

"You are accustomed to expect moral strength and rectitude, from having the example of your mother and sister before your eyes. But suppose we to see our faces against the weak who wish to return to the right?"

"I know not what proof of such a wish has been given by—Lady Gale."

"Dearest Hugh, if she were all heartless and selfish, she would not long to see me in the hour of her trouble."

"She says no word of her father."

Maud's face fell a little, and she bent her head thoughtfully.

"Does that show much heart?" continued Hugh.

"Perhaps—I think—I do believe that she is more afraid of him than she is of me. And that would not be unnatural, Hugh. Dearest Hugh, I do not defend, nor even excuse, Veronica. But if, now—having seen to what misery, for herself and others, mere girlish vanity and worldliness have led—she is wavering at a turning-point in her life, where a kind hand, a loving word, may have power to strengthen her in better things, ought I not to give them to her if I can?"

"If," said Hugh, slowly, "she was not so without repugnance, without doing violence to your own feelings, perhaps—"

"I can! I can, indeed, Hugh! Ah, you, who have been blessed with a good and wise mother, can not guess how much of what is wrong in Veronica is due to early indulgence. Poor Aunt Stella was kind; but she could neither rule nor rule such a nature as Veronica's. And then, Hugh, don't give me credit for more than I deserve—but I think, I do think, she was my sister for so many years. And I loved her—I have always loved her. Let me go!"

They debated when and how this was to be.

"I hate the idea of your going to see her unknown to Mr. Levincourt," said Hugh. "I believe he will be justly hurt and angered when he hears of it. If you have any objection to him, you must try to induce her to make some advances to her father. It is her barest duty. And—think, my dearest," as the tears filled over her fondly to his side as though to encourage her against the gravity of his words, and the serious resolution in his face. "I know that, Maud. You must make this lady understand that your path in life and hers will henceforward be widely different. It must be so. Were we to plan the contrary, circumstances would still be too strong for us. She will be rich, and you, Maudie, shall be only just not very poor. She will live in great cities; we in an obscure provincial nook. The social atmosphere that will in all probability surround Lady Gale, would not suit my life. And our claims will probably be too bleak for her."

"I will do what you tell me, Hugh. When may I go? To-night?"

"She says in her note that she will be at home all to-morrow."

"Yes; but she also says 'this evening.' And, besides, to-morrow will be my last day with you!"

Thanks, darling. Well, Maud, if you are prepared—if you are strong enough—we will go to-night."

Hugh went down stairs, and informed his mother that he and Maud were going out for a while, but would return to supper.

It was not unusual for them to take an evening walk together, after the business of the day was over for Hugh.

"Are you going to the park, Hugh?" asked Mrs. Lockwood.

"No, mother."

At another time she would have questioned him further. But now she was in a hurry to look at her heart which made her refrain. Was he growing less kind, less confiding already? Were these the first fruits of her mistaken policy of confessing what she might still have hidden? She was too proud, or too prudent—perhaps at the bottom of her heart too just—to show any tempers or suspicion. She merely bade him see that Maud was well wrapped up, as the evening would be chilly.

And then, when the street door had closed upon them, she sat and watched their progress down the long dreary street from behind the concealment of the vile blind in the front parlour, with a yearning sense of unhappiness.

Arrived at the bottom of the street, Hugh called a cab. "You must drive to the place, my pet," he said, putting Maud into the vehicle. "It is a long way: and you must not be tired or harassed when you reach the hotel."

"Oh, where is it, Hugh? How odd that I never thought of asking! But I put my hand into yours and come with you, much as a little child follows its nurse. Sometimes I feel—you won't laugh, Hugh?"

"I shall not laugh, Maudie. I am in no laughing mood. I may smile, perhaps. But smiles and tears are sometimes near akin, you know."

"Well, then, I feel very often when I am with you, as I have never felt with any one except my mother. I can remember the perfect security, the sense of repose and trust I had in her presence. She was so sure of her love. It came down like the dew from heaven. I needed to make no effort, to say no word. I was a tiny child when I lost her, but I have not forgotten her love. Hugh. And since, since I have loved you, Hugh, it seems to me as though I had come back to me in all its peace and sweetness."

"My own treasure!"

They sat silent with their hands locked in each other's until they had nearly reached the place they were bound for. "Dear Hugh said: "we are nearly at our destination, Maud. I shall leave you after I have seen you safely in the hand. It is now half-past seven. At nine o'clock I will come back for you. You will be ready?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"God bless you, my dearest. I shall be glad when this interview is over. My presence unlikely, these sudden gusts and storms shake you too much."

"Oh," she answered, smiling into his face, though with a trembling lip, "there are lilies of a tougher fibre than you have forgotten me, if they are elastic, the poor slight things. It is the strong stiff stubborn tree that gets broken."

"Am I stiff and stubborn, Maud?"

"No; you are strong and good, and I am so grateful for it."

He inquired in the hall of the hotel for Lady Gale, and found that directions had been given to admit Miss Desmond whenever she might present herself.

"Miss Desmond?" said the porter. "Lady Gale begs you will go up stairs. This way, if you please."

The man directed a waiter to conduct Miss Desmond to Lady Gale's apartment. Hugh gave her a momentary clasp of the hand, whispered, "At nine, Maud," and stood watching her until her slight figure had disappeared, passing lightly and noiselessly up the thickly-carpeted stairs.

ABSENCE.

THE April sunshine, soft and fair,
Touches the bosom of the snow,
Wild violets scent the warm still air;
But ever through the bright spring hours,
Like Banquo's ghost, the sorrow flits,
My spirit hungers to be fed,
And finds for love's dear daily bread,
Yearning, beloved, for thee!

The day wears on, the evening lone
Comes up across the misty sea,
I watch the stars as one by one
They glimmer out; my eyes are wet;
My heart is filled with vague regret,
Haunting it like a sad refrain;
It can not still this restless pain,
Thinking, beloved, of thee!

The twilight deepens; brooding sleep
Shadows the green earth tenderly;
The hours are silent, and the hour deep;
The peace of heaven seems strangely near;
I kneel beneath the motionless elm,
And soft upon my troubled breast
Comes down a blessed sense of rest,
Praying, beloved, for thee!

"A BROWN STUDY."

THE interesting engraving from a painting by the late WILLIAM HUNT, which we print on page 103, is a pleasant illustration of the peculiarity pointed out in the following lines, and insisted with which this great master of water-color art delighted to treat subjects of a similar kind. Such as that we painted an "interior" it was generally some unpretending farm-house or cottage-chamber, and his figure was always a contemplative children of the homeliest type—plow-boys, farm-house lasses, shepherds, or the like. He produced several drawings of negro children, one of which, now in the Kilsion Collection in the South Kensington Museum, is of the highest merit. The little mulatto is not made to look more ridiculous or less intelligent as he bends over the sum written down on his slate than if he were a white boy. We hardly need call attention to the artistic treatment of the subject—the felicitous expression of the little fellow's face, as unconsciously biting his pencil, he follows the figures in brown study, quite forgetful of his task. The picture might have been studied in one of our own schools for freeborn's children in the South.

THE HAIR.

THE quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; curly hair of courage and the qualities of a calf! Frizzy hair was thought an unmistakable sign of treachery and falsehood. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to Augustus, and other emperors, nature had favored him with such redundant locks, that no hairdresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as a great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair; so also had Menelaus. Black hair indicated a propensity to have been estranged by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired a tin exposition of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation by the Egyptians, that whenever they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent establishment in the city of New York of a lying-in hospital, upon a plan somewhat analogous to those so well known upon the Continent of Europe, lends interest to the history of the first institution of the kind in this country, that opened in 1751. Its basis, financially, was a fund given for the purpose by Captain Cornes, a shipmaster in early life, and afterward a man noted for his efforts for the public welfare. The original idea of the founder did not include the indiscriminate reception of all applicants, but only or accessitous parents might choose to cast upon the institution; but circumstances led an inquiry into character and circumstances in each case. The number of beds originally was limited and extended, by the aid of money granted by Parliament, to 40, and the hospital of 1751 was born. In 1799 it was found to lead to grave abuses and evils. Within about three years over 12,000 infants were thrown upon the hospital. Parish officers stripped their own houses of pauper babies and sent them to the hospital. Mothers abandoned robbed helpless wives of their few-hours-old children, and sent them to the hospital. The managers found that the country set up a new trade, the carrying of babies at so much a head up to the hospital doors. Investigation turned out the carries of the enormities resulting from this practice. The managers petitioned the Legislature to obtain the provisions for indiscriminate admission, and the institution is now conducted under the regulation that,

"The committee shall be satisfied of the previous good character and present necessity of the mother of any child before it is received into the house." The object of this regulation is to protect the mother and child; and that the reception of a child may in all probability be the means of saving the mother in the course of virtue and the way of an honest livelihood."

Many of the causes which defeated the utility of the first charitable system in this instance, however, doubtless exist in far less force in this country than in England.

Along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad men spoke yesterday of a tremendous abundance. The beds are often fifty yards wide and one hundred long, and are usually one or two miles apart. The grass and plants are covered between and underneath large smooth pebbles. Roses and wild flowers are found in great profusion of vines, pine trees, cedar forests, valleys of corn, and figures of every imaginable shape. The hunt after agates is exciting.

Lausenne, on Lake Geneva, has had a shower of ants. To be sure, it lasted only a couple of minutes, but millions of the insects appeared in the course of it; it was not possible to walk without crushing them.

Maine is not likely to lack for timber at present. The State offers timberd land to actual settlers for fifty cents an acre, and the land can be "worked out," if they choose, on the new roads.

Minnesota does not need ice-machines. Water can be got, at a little distance, anywhere.

A terrible accident recently occurred at the Worcester depôt in Boston. A train had just arrived, and before it stopped a woman, in haste to leave the cars, jumped upon the platform while it was in rapid motion, owing to the motion of the cars. She fell back upon the track and was dragged by the train more than the dead in a few hours. There is always a risk in getting off of a car or any train in motion; but a passenger who comparatively safe if great care be taken to jump on the ground. It is most dangerous to jump or step in the opposite direction.

Harvard University has eleven hundred and seven students, forty-nine professors, and forty-two other teachers. Fourteen of the latter is reported gone.

The pyramids will never cease to give rise to curious speculations. Sir John Herschel calculates that the great pyramid contains 12,700,000,000 pounds. Lyell gives a larger estimate of 6,000,000 tons. According to Perring, the present quantity of masonry is 6,316,-000 cubic yards, or 9,000,000 cubic feet.

The Pope is a great smoker, invariably taking a cigar after every meal. The Holy Father once visited the tobacco manufactory which is in the Trastevere. Being told that a great part of the work was done by the girls of the Trastevere, who are more celebrated for their good looks than for their chastity, he exclaimed, "Conduct me, then, to these servants of God." He was presented with several thousand of the best cigars.

The hotel-keepers who recently met in convention, to concert measures for protecting ice in summer, unanimously agreed that the ice companies supply it will best encouraged by their patronage, and that it would be a bold call for ice-makers next summer. About six years ago such an ice-machine was brought over into the United States, and the New Orleans Ice Company was started. Improvements have recently been made in the apparatus, and we understand that what has thus already been done in the Southern Provinces are in use, chiefly in tropical climates, or in countries bordering thereon. The materials used in the manufacture of the ice are water, nitrate of ammonia, steam, and salt. Ammonia possesses the peculiar property of parting with its ammoniacal gas when heated, and of reabsorbing it most powerfully when cooled again; the gas has the property of becoming liquefied by pressure, the liquefied gas becomes cold by evaporation, and communicating that cold to the surrounding vessel; and when returning to the gaseous state, the pressure being removed, it will reabsorb this heat, and also cool the surrounding vessel, which in turn may exert a freezing action on water. If a liquid is forced to become a vapor without giving it a special heat, it will, in the process of evaporation, absorb the required heat forcibly from the surrounding bodies, and produce sensible cold. Without entering into the details of the process, we may state that ice is now being successfully manufactured in Philadelphia by the use of liquid ammonia. Many large breweries have been applied to this purpose. In Van der Weyde, of New York, has invented an ice machine in which chloroform or cryogene is used. This substance possesses many advantages over ammonia, being a warmer product obtained during the distillation of petroleum. It is a secondary charge, but is not very volatile, and its peculiar lubricating properties protect the machine with which it comes in contact from corrosion, which is a great desideratum. The cryogene of Van der Weyde's machines, capable of producing ten tons of ice per day, is including the rest, $8,250 in value, about $3000, while the ammonia machine of the same capacity costs $25,000. The price of ice can be made by the latter is, in favorable circumstances, as low as $2 per ton by the former as $4.

We understand that Professor Agassiz has been seriously ill—a consequence of nervous prostration and overwork. His physician, however, considers rest, consequently there will probably be no public lectures from him for some time.

A correspondent of the London *Times* at Rome says that a fine specimen of the art of wood-carving in imitation of the addresses made in the Œcumenical Council, or rather in the manner which either has been, or will be, the closest attestation an Italian has great difficulty in pronouncing "A Greek word" in public or private life. In that vast hall seven hundred Fathers can do little more than listen to the rolling echoes, and ask, 'What are the wild waves saying?' As much sense could be made out of a storm at sea."

What must be the patience of Japanese novel-readers! A Japanese novelist, Jenkibo Shikitei, who has been at work upon one book of fiction for forty years, and is not yet through, just completed a work of light literature extends to a hundred and six volumes, and has occupied a good half of the author's life in its composition.

Are our poets wealthy, and is it the gift of poesy that has brought them gold as well as fame? What poet, living or dead, always to be relied upon, but Byron is reputed worth $500,000, made chiefly not by poetry, but by Augustus Walpole, who left a property of $200,000, the gift of his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton, besides the very considerable profit of his poems; Holmes is worth $100,000, Longfellow probably increased by lecturing and literature; Whittier is worth $30,000 or $40,000, and owes his property to Garrison's reputed worth $70,000, inherited and earned in the publishing business; Lowell is worth $50,000 or $60,000, hereditary and acquired in his professorship in Harvard College.

Admiral Edward Wallis Hoare, the oldest officer in the Royal Navy and Great Britain's oldest admiral of the fleet, near Ryde, Isle of Wight. He was 91 years old, having been born in the year 1779 at a village.

The curious discovery has been made by an English surgeon that monkeys can not be poisoned with strychnine. They seem to eat all kinds of poison with impunity. Monkeys, then, are slightly different from men.

An English engineer, living on the shores of the Adriatic, has recently submitted to the Board of Admiralty a deadly torpedo. The inventor declines to explain the secret of its powers, but says that it is the depositary of his own secret. The torpedo is in the shape of a large fish, floating at any determined depth under the surface of the water, but furnished with explosive matter, but the motive power is the aforesaid secret, provided by himself. The inventor is like a sword-fish, with not only a snout in front, but with a motion propelling him at any rate and darting up vertically. Charged with dynamite or nitro-glycerine, and provided with a hook to attach to the ship, great iron-built vessel—and can be made to run forward under the water either in a straight or in a curved line. With such engines of destruction, naval battles will be surpassingly horrible.

M. Ollivier is believed to have in contemplation a measure which may have the effect of greatly deadening in Paris. Instead of a short time of imprisonment, a fine of 100 francs is to be inflicted both on principals and seconds. A few sentences of this sort rightly enforced would produce a most salutary effect.

It is curious to notice what various forms Parisian journals adopt when they allude to the Emperor. The *Journal officiel* describes him as "S. M. l'Empereur," *Constitutionnel*, His Majesty the Emperor; *Presse*, the Emperor; *Paris Soir*, Napoleon III.; *Vie*, Napoleon III.; *Cloche*, Napoleon; *Rèveil*, the Executive; *Figaro*, Cæsar; *Marseillaise*, Sardanapalus, Herod, and Heliogabalus.

Professor Blot is looking round for a larger kitchen; his establishment is not extensive enough to satisfy Brooklyn. It is, however, remarkable sufficiently to make the practical experiment of having their cooking done in the most artistic and artificial manner. His culinary establishment is a marvel of neatness and order.

We note that an establishment on the same general plan is about to begin operations as quite an extensive scale in Boston. It is located in Washington Street, near the old Roxbury line; but order boxes are thick all over the city, and more are being put up daily. Orders from these boxes are collected twice a day, and an extra force is employed to get them all punctually answered. Here is a special bill of fare for each day of the week. Any one accustomed to any thing that he chooses, on any day of the week, by having such a card sent to him, and can thus recover a dinner of several courses for a party of any size, down to the simple lunch of a man at his place of business. The prices charged seem quite reasonable.

A new dispensary has been opened on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, for the gratuitous treatment of diseases of the throat and chest. The institution has acquired a high reputation for skill in such diseases, is the attending physician, the institution having been established by his influence.
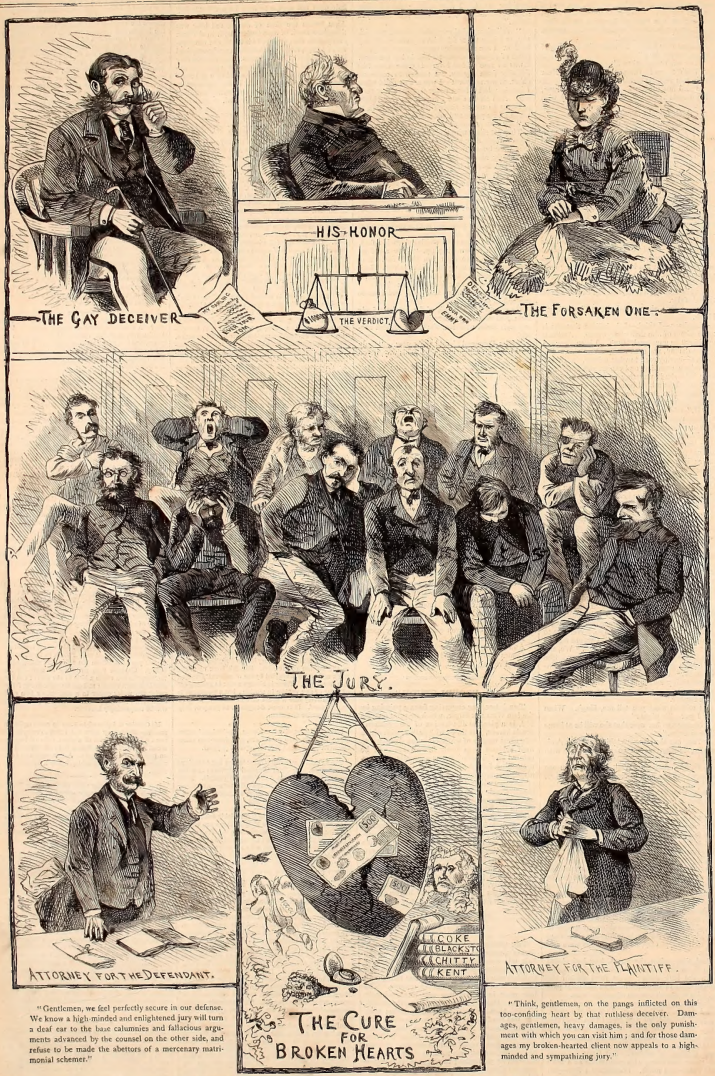
"Gentlemen, we feel perfectly secure in our defense. We know a high-minded and enlightened jury will turn a deaf ear to the base calumnies and fallacious arguments advanced by the counsel on the other side, and refuse to be made the abettors of a mercenary matrimonial schemer."

"Think, gentlemen, on the pangs inflicted on this too-confiding heart by that ruthless deceiver. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him; and for those damages my broken-hearted client now appeals to a high-minded and sympathizing jury."

BREACH OF PROMISE—HOW TO REPAIR BROKEN HEARTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY PARK BENJAMIN.]

JAPANESE LADIES.

JAPANESE LADIES.

THE strange figures in our illustration on this page exhibit the street costume of the fashionable ladies of Japan. They certainly present a very absurd appearance; but if a Japanese artist were to visit New York to-day, would he not find in Broadway and Fifth Avenue costumes equally grotesque and ugly, and even more deficient in the qualities of good taste and refinement? Before we laugh at the costumes of these semi-civilized people, perhaps it would be well to inquire whether our friends of the Celestial Empire are altogether unjust in styling us "outside barbarians" in matters of taste and fashion. Ladies who take delight in the fulsomeness of the "Grecian bend" have little right to laugh at their Japanese sisters.

A PARISIAN BALLET GIRL.

THERE are two sides to the life of ballet girls in Paris. The sad fate which awaits most members of this strange profession, of which Anglo-Saxon countries happily know but little, is sometimes relieved by a happier experience; and I may as well illustrate it by the story of a young ballet girl, told to me by my friend Monsieur Paul, as we sat sipping post-prandial cognac at the Grand Café. Her motives for becoming a *danseuse*, her conduct on the stage and off, were as praiseworthy and proper as one would find in any class of society. I will follow as nearly as I can the words of Paul in relating it. They had just brought out, he said, at the Porte St. Martin, a great spectacular piece, of rare attractions, requiring a very numerous *corps de ballet*. The sub-manager, a friend of Paul's, had invited him behind the scenes on the first night of the representation. He went, and had his usual chat with his favorites in the corps, in the green-room, before the rising of the curtain. While in the green-room he noticed, sitting quite apart from the rest of the girls, a young *danseuse* whom he had seen a few times before, and to whom he had always spoken in vain; she never would answer him; and he always remarked that she treated the other gallants in the same distant way. On this evening she was sitting apart, and Paul observed that tears were rolling down her cheeks, which were thickly rouged. She was attired, very thinly, in scant pink gauze. He approached her, and, touched by her evident depression, asked what the matter was. She shook her head, and turned away. One of the other girls —a bold huzzy—came up, on this, and said: "Can't you guess what's the matter with our fine little Mademoiselle Eulalie? Why she's crying because she's got to appear in that light dress and offer the king, in the play, a goblet of wine, kneeling. How terrible!" And the speaker bounced off, laughing.

"We Frenchmen," said Paul to me, "are so hardened by our devil-my-care life that we are seldom susceptible to pity. But I was really touched by Mlle. Eulalie's emotion; perhaps it was because she was unusually pretty, and so wonderfully fresh and innocent.

During the play Paul saw her on the stage. The poor thing was forcing a smile during the first acts; but when it came to the place where she had to kneel, and thus expose herself to the rude gaze of the *parterre*, she hesitated and trem-

bled like a leaf; and the tears came once more, and by an agonizing effort were forced back. When she arose, her own modest color so mounted to her face as to quite outblush her rouge paint; and after the last act she went into the greenroom again—and fainted. Paul felt interested, and, *bien sûr* as was, from his heart sympathised with the poor thing. It wasn't a sham, he thought, and he considered himself a good judge. In a work or so, after a good deal of effort, he managed, by getting the sub-manager to introduce him, to make Mlle. Eulalie's acquaintance; and he assured me he never was further from having an unworthy motive in his life. He assured me, further, that the first beginning of his acquaintance with this poor girl was from a feeling akin to pity, and not from any dishonorable thought concerning her.

"And thank God," continued Paul, "she's out of that abominable place now!"

After an acquaintance in which he had to win her confidence by the most genuine steps—for she was most timid as well as modest—he learned her history, and with it, to venereal regret respect this same poor, simple ballet girl.

"I suppose," said Paul, "my interest in her at first arose from the difference between her and the rest; she was a phenomenon."

Her real name was Virginie Vallier—Eulalie was her fancy stage-name. She was eighteen. Her father was dead; her mother had married again, her second husband having been till within a year a joiner; but meeting with an accident, the step-father had become invalided, and was the inmate of a suburban *maison de santé*. Her mother was a very sickly but pretty woman of fifty-two, and by her second husband had a family of three small girls. Since her husband's misfortunes she had hardly been able to make out for what she did was to copy documents for lawyers and attorneys; for she had had a good education, and this has always been a regular occupation for many French people of the lower bourgeois class. Madame Vallier herself, though once been poor, had learned it in her younger days, and had since taught governesses how to do the per-like hand." It appears that a nephew of the unfortunate step-father was acting in scenic pieces at the Châtelet, and was on good terms in his art. He, observing the advantage which young Françoise possessed—her pretty person, of movement, and freshness—proposed that she should take lessons for the ballet. She studied the matter, who refreshed her counsel; she showed heroic little girl, though shuddering at the prospect, was so earnest in favor of the task that she at last won Madame Reynard's consent.

The girl now the difficulties her mother had in providing means for her subsistence as well as the support of the unfortunate invalid at the asylum, and was ambitious only to make money for their supporting them. Her cousin was able to be of great assistance; he engaged a master at less than half price, to be paid from the first earnings of Françoise; and when she became proficient, which she did very rapidly (she had natural and natural quickness), he procured her a good situation at one of the smaller theatres, where she at first, of course, appeared as *figurante*. She rose quickly, had the satisfaction of earning home a goodly number of francs every week, and of seeing both her mother and her poor imbecile step-father supplied with many comforts of which they had been long deprived.

The occasion of which Paul spoke, when she was so agitated and shaken with fear, was that in which she had been called on to appear as a prominent figure in the scene, and to dress with that voluptuous abandon which is peculiar on the Paris stage; and that explains her distress. But her excellent behavior did not cause with the emotion and sacrifice. When she came to the ballet, rehearsal mornings, she was observed to carry a little parcel of papers, neatly and snugly wrapped up and tied; and at intervals, when she was not wanted on the stage, she was seen sitting with great rapidity at one of the rickety deal tables in the green-room.

She was doing her mother's copy work.

And more. Immediately after rehearsal, which lasted till or after twelve, she went home and continued her copying, working at it three or four hours; then she went to the market and bought a basket of fruit, with which she rode in an omnibus to the asylum, and treated the imbecile father to the coveted delicacies. Returning home she took a slight dinner, washed up the dishes, and was off again buying the next day's provisions. At six she returned to the theatre, where she staid till after midnight. When she was weary spectacle at last came to its grand sulphur and serial scene, and the curtain swung heavily down, shutting out the staring gazers of the audience, and leaving the stage blank and desolate, her cousin escorted her quickly through the scene lumber room into promptly at six in the morning, made breakfast, cleared up the dishes, and set at once to writing again. And working like this, exactly, Francoise managed to gather, toward the end of her stage career (for she was, happily, near the end when Paul became acquainted with her), about one hundred francs a week, which was a capital income for poor Parisian folk. And there never was a word of scandal whispered against her, but it was remarked by all her associates and originally she bore herself in all her toil and trouble.

"Now," said Paul, "is not this a character worth celebrating in a story? Why don't you, who write for the papers and so on, take it up?"

"Perhaps I shall," said I. "Where is Mlle. Eulalie now?"

"Such a girl," replied my friend, "was sure to be found out and appreciated. A young lawyer's clerk, a Protestant, of thoroughly respectable family, and a competency in money, was struck by her modesty, her zeal, her heroism. She became his wife six months ago, and is studying under his affectionate tuition."

One good redeeming Paris story, though I. But it is perhaps a single flower in a desert—or rather, a gentle violet in a huge partere of flaunting peonies. As has been said, the lives of most ballet girls are almost unmitigatedly bad. And how should they be otherwise? The associations of the theatre in any country are too apt to be demoralizing, especially to the young and helpless; and in France, where morality is at a low ebb, the evil is magnified. But the public must be reminded at any cost; and the case of a few score of young girls is a trifle, when put in comparison with the sanction of the enterprising manager to delight his friends with a display of seductive female beauty.

It was charming indeed to listen to the story of Eulalie; and when I saw Paul, callous, *blasé* youth of the world, moved with genuine emotions as he told it, I felt that the gay Parisian natures, after all, was not altogether hopeless.

LIFE UNDER THE OCEAN.

THE question of the mode of nutrition of animals at the bottom of the sea is a very interesting one. The practical distinction between plants and animals is, that plants prepare the food of animals by decomposing certain inorganic substances which animals can not use as food, and recombining their elements into a variety of compounds upon which animals can feed. This process is, however, constantly effected under the influence of light. It is only where there is light in the depths, and naturally there are no plants found in the depths of the sea or lake of animal life. On what do these animals feed? The answer seems to be sufficiently simple: nearly all, if not entirely all, feed on *the* dead animal matter for the small number of higher forms feed upon plants—but upon one another. Nature is economical, whose distinctive character is that they have no special organs of nutrition, but that they absorb nourishment through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies. Most of these animals secrete exquisitely formed skeletons, external or internal, sometimes of silica. There is no doubt that they extract both of these substances from the seawater, although silica often exists in such quantities so small as to elude detection by chemical tests. All sea-water contains a certain proportion of organic matter in solution. Its sources are obvious. All rivers contain a huge quantity; every drop of water from the land which averages about a mile in width of clive and red sea-weeds: in the middle of the ocean there is a marine meadow, the Sargasso Sea, extending over three millions of square miles: the sea is full of animals which are constantly dying and decaying; and the water of the Gulf Stream, especially, current coasts usually show a quantity of organic matter is enormous. It is, therefore, quite intelligible that a world of animals should live in these depths of the sea, on the supposition that they should chiefly belong to a class capable of extracting their own nourishment through the surface, of matter in solution; developing but little heat, and incurring a very small amount of waste by any manifestation of gital activity.

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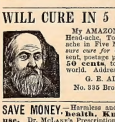

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.—IV. THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Betrothal.—Frederick and Wilhelmina.—The King and his Servant.—Frik in his Library.—The Ball Supper.

SHADOWS.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Wooping-Tree.—Rales's Experiment.—An Aerial Tree.—Dubosq's Experiment.—Guerin's Experiment.—Murchison's Experiment.—The Monkey-Cup.—The Cow-Tree.—The Wine-Tree.—The Flabellaria.—A Tidal Inundation.—The Proverca.—Shells of the Infusoria.—A Floating Iceberg—Spectre of the Brocken.—The Delta of the Nile.

BROKEN MUSIC.

CHATTY-CHAT SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND—(*Sawster V., Part II.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Shanklin Cliss.—John Keats.—Bonchurch.—Ventnor, from Pulpit Rock.—The Well of St. Lawrence.—Ventnor Downs.—Black-Gang Chine.—Carisbrooke Castle.—Elizabeth's Well.—Scatchell's Bay and the Needle Rocks.—The Natural Reemy.—Farringford, the Residence of Alfred Tennyson.

A NEW JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

MISS ELLINGTON'S NIECE.

A BRAVE LADY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Waiting on the Stair.—"She used sometimes to hear her Children's Voices about the empty House."

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

EDITORS: *Quoted from this Number, the Author having failed to furnish Copy in time for publication.*

JESSIE.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 689.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his."

"Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

IT is generally understood that there is a coolness between the Executive and the Senate; and the rejection of some of the most important of the nominations made by the President is a sign of a want of the harmony that usually prevails when both branches of the government are of the same party. Events during the late administration naturally exalted the power of the Senate. Undoubtedly it represented the popular will against a bad and designing man, and its action was generally justified. It has, therefore, easily come to feel a certain superiority to the other branches of the government. But it should be wary. It should remember that circumstances are wholly changed.

It is well understood that the difficulty in Washington is the manner in which the President exercises his power of appointment and nomination. He is, like his Attorney-General, independent; and there are those who would be glad to make him suffer for it, as his Attorney-General is supposed to have suffered. Now, many of the staunchest Republicans in the country have not hesitated to criticise in the most conspicuous nomination of the President—that of General SICKLES, the delay of whose confirmation by the Senate is a fact to be noted with pleasure. But no thoughtful man can wish that the President had been governed wholly by the most partisan considerations in filling the offices. And he said in his Message what no President for a generation had dared to say, that when members of Congress ought to be supposed glad to hear, that efficient officers had been retained against remonstrance wholly political.

Indeed, without folly or forgetfulness of the exact situation, General GRANT unquestionably means to be a practical President. In this consideration, we have no doubt, is the welfare of the country, and to that mere party objects must sometimes be made to yield. The civil system has become so peculiarly—and of late years so passionately—partisan, that this is an incomprehensible outcome. Yet, with reference with the integrity which distinguishes every act of the President, it is a course which excites the professional politician simply and unaccountable. In his political independence, which is not carried to the point of imperiling any principle, and which does not proceed from any fanciful and absurd "no party" theory, that political will-o'-the-wisp of weak minds, the President undoubtedly possesses a very large share of the most intelligent citizens in the country. There is a greater willingness than ever to consider in the public service actual qualifications as well as vociferous party zeal. There is a growing disposition to believe that a very large number of the subordinate offices should be removed from the hazards of unscrupulous party intrigue. And we believe first that the agitation of reform in the civil service is widely discussed, with an intelligence and a sense of its necessity which have been hitherto unknown.

It is well for the Senate to remember, therefore, that if the President is independent the country is not unwise and well for the country. reflect that its feeling should be manifested in a manner to command Senatorial attention. In the contest with ANDREW JOHNSON the President usurping power for the worst of purposes, the Senate was heartily sustained by the country. But the country does not see that President GRANT aims either at usurpation or at an unpatriotic or inhuman use of power. It sees a simple, honest, faithful, steady man, in whose character and purpose it has the utmost confidence. It sees a President who is honored by the very nature of the office he holds upon him; and who is stronger in the trust of the people to-day than ever before. If, therefore, the Senate declines to support him—if its members choose to criticise him pettishly and harshly—if they forget the necessity of cordial co-operation to a successful administration, and of success in administration to continued party power—the Senate may disbarass and demoralize the party, but it can do no more. It can not divert from the President a popular confidence which is founded upon his evident wish to serve the country and not to aggrandize himself; and it is therefore to be sincerely hoped that the Senate will not compel its party friends to take sides so spiteful as a difference between itself and the President.

THE AMENDMENT ADOPTED.

BEFORE this paper is issued it is not improbable that the formal proclamation of the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment will have been made.

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

"Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Counting New York and Indiana, about whose action there is question, thirty States have ratified this amendment. Omitting New York and Indiana, it is ratified by twenty-eight.

This amendment, with the restoration of Virginia, Mississippi, Georgia, and Texas to representation in Congress, formally ends the work of political pacification begun by the war. A terrible and fatal wrong was lodged in the national system. It has been expelled, but not without fearful cost. How appalling the law has been vindicated which links injustice and misfortune! Henceforth the Fifteenth Amendment will remain the country like the sun and no nation can do wrong with impunity. Sooner or later the penalty will be exacted and paid to the uttermost.

It is instructive to look at the list of States that deliberately voted against the amendment. It tells its own story. New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, California, and probably Oregon. In New York the party which is dominant in the Senate and Assembly by unbalanced power last autumn, by means which are notorious, and the real feeling of the voters of New York was belied by the formal vote of assent to the amendment. It was as characteristic an act as the Democratic party ever performed. It could no longer defy the educated citizen, but it could try to.

Every citizen of the United States who has contributed to this truly American and humane triumph has reason to be proud. His further duty is to help break down the prejudice that would long survive the removal of the ban under which the colored race has lain in this country. No law, indeed, can remove feeling, but manly good sense can.

THE CASE OF FITZ JOHN PORTER.

IT is very natural that his friends should wish to reopen the case of Mr. FITZ JOHN PORTER. The family name is involved in the worst manner under the finding of the Commissioners; but the facts are familiar to the country, and the judgment of the court has been long affirmed by public opinion. No soldier had ever a fairer trial. He was patiently heard, the facts were carefully weighed, and the verdict was so decided that it is generally understood the penalty would have been very much severer except for the interference of President LINCOLN.

Nobody knows, said a very distinguished general in the service, what envy is, if he has not been in the army; and it is not too much to say that the presumption was against Mr. PORTER from the first. When it was alleged, after the misfortune of General POPE, that General PORTER had virtually refused to hasten to the rescue in obedience to orders, the country had seen enough of the spirit of insubordination to be obliged to obey the administration. Their personal friendships and professional sympathies were very much with their opponents, and neither the moral enormity nor the political folly of the rebellion were ever comprehended by them. General MCCLELLAN and Mr. BUELL were of this kind; and had the first remained in command in the East and the last in the West, it is very difficult to perceive what the result of the war must inevitably have been. In any body expected to believe that General FITZ JOHN PORTER was moved with these feelings that he worked as men work whose hearts and hopes are fixed upon an object? And is it to be supposed that Mr. PORTER, who became an intimate friend of MCCLELLAN'S, who had been partly suspected by POPE, was so intent upon the defeat of his rival that his personal jealousies would not affect his action? If MCCLELLAN had been in POPE'S place, would not General PORTER'S conduct have been materially different?

Such doubts as these, founded upon knowledge of human nature and sympathy, created the general presumption against Mr. PORTER. But the verdict against him was rendered not upon presumption but evidence. A board of soldiers were satisfied, after the most careful hearing of testimony and elaborate argument, that he had failed in his duty, both official and intentionally. He was tried, indeed, during the war; but for that very reason he was more likely to be fairly tried, for the feeling which give their character to facts were then fresh and intelligible as they are not now. He was tried at a time when a merely technical defense was useless, and when the spirit of his conduct was fully appreciated, as it might not be now.

It is not likely that the case will be reopened as it certainly is not desirable that it should be. It is not improbable, however, that at some future day, if the Democratic party should obtain power, it might grant Mr. PORTER'S request. But should that day ever arrive, there is no saying what may not be done. We shall have the merits of ROBERT E. LEE, as "a Christian gentleman," and a "great captain," fully recognized. The much-injured YOUNGS will be restored to his lofty niche in the Pantheon of Patriotism. The unforgiving FLOYD will be celebrated as a minister of peace and fraternity. Our own FERNANDO WOOD, who bewailed his inability to dispatch ammunition and weapons to TOOMBS, will have a medal struck in his honor as the model Democratic Conservative National Unionist. The mildew of slander will be wiped from the precious name of TWEED; and Admiral PORTER must not be surprised if the glory of the truest patriotism be awarded to RAPHAEL SEMMES. When this day comes, we may not believe, the loyal people of this country will believe that FITZ JOHN PORTER honestly and heartily did all that he possibly could to obey the spirit as well as the letter of his orders, to help General POPE to win a victory.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE dry-goods market has been somewhat enlivened by the operations of the two leading houses in marking down some styles of prints, shirtings, and sheetings. Up to this time there was very general dullness; but as it became known that at a certain hour the goods would be opened and sold at a price previously announced, the attendance on each successive occasion was large, and the effort to obtain the articles was spirited. Indeed, such was the excitement at times that sales had to be stopped.

The question has been widely discussed in commercial circles whether this policy was expedient. It is very certain that it will not be resorted to from choice, and equally so that it was necessitated by the fall in the price of gold and cotton, and the want of activity in trade.

Although the supply of forty millions of pounds of cotton, the unprecedented quantity of merchandise, whatever may be the condition of affairs, yet, when they are unfavorable, purchases at the ten-hoard market are postponed to the last moment. The rapidity with which goods may be transported is favorable to such delay, and the last week in the season thus fast.

So far as the West and Northwest are concerned, they still suffer from having their fall crops underrated, and from high gold collections, due chiefly to the condition of the grain market; and the South, which was here in large force at the opening, is very economic in doubt as to the price at which the residue of last year's crop will be sold. It is to be regretted that the season has been, in fact, much as the activity of trade depended in great part upon maintaining its price. Under the pressure to which we have so often referred, cotton has recently fallen about two cents a pound. As the foreign manufacturer will use every effort of what remains unbiassed of as our looms will require, and as the whole country participates in the advantage enjoyed by those who are nearest the fabrication in price will be regarded as unfortunate. It introduces a new feature of uncertainty into this season's sales which is met by the "drives," as they are called, resorted to by the leading houses. Goods will continue to sympathize with gold and cotton, whether it shall be the fate of the latter to rise or to fall.

At the port of New York our imports for the month of February last, exclusive of specie, amount to twenty-three millions and upward, at gold value; while our exports, exclusive of specie, for the same period, which is one of the principal exporting months, are only $12,893,-166 in currency. It is too early to obtain the figures for the whole country; but as general fact is evident, that although the quantity of exports is in excess of those of last year, the value is less. It must be recollected that the excess of imports over exports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, was stated by Mr. WELLS at about seventy-eight millions of dollars. At the date of the January excess at the port of New York, it would appear that the total of excess for the last fiscal year will be considerably less. This ought to make a deep impression. There is no escape for us from the tenor of the figures such as the following: we are the apparent loser which is against them; because they are the chief carriers of their productions out and home, and have the benefit of the freights they earn, and we are not the chief carriers either of our exports or imports, and have to pay a large excess of freights over what we earn to foreign ship owners.

Instead of feeling the force of this controlling fact, it is remarked with as much indifference as if this balance had never to be paid. This, with other items of indebtedness to Europe, amounts to a thousand and ten millions of dollars *per annum*, and gold falls from day to day in the face of this extreme imprudence. Before the war, specie and bank notes were the sheave off any demand for the settlement of this annual amount, and on for that reason temporarily contained the case with gold, is considered a great financial achievement that gold has been forced down to the price at which our bonds known as the 5's have been recently held. The country is excited over this exploit, as if it had been accomplished by prudently abstaining from undue extravagance, by a wise reform of our currency, by an excess of *exports* instead of *imports*, and by courage in bearing the burden of payment, instead of the imprudence and wickedness of a large augmentation of our obligations to foreign people.

The public opinion is much voluntarily of opinion in relation to all financial questions, there ought to be none as to the folly and danger of running up a debt every year to foreign people of such huge proportions; but yet it appears from the Treasury report made in December, that it is expected for the fiscal year commencing on the next first of July, that the duties on imports will equal what they now are, which means that the value and extent of our imports shall run on till, at least, July, 1871. As the value of our exports is constantly diminishing, and the industry of the country is very serious, by disturbed, there can be no relief from the addition of two hundred and fifty millions of foreign indebtedness, if the present policy shall be continued for the period named. This is but a small part of the penalty we shall pay for an attempt to fund our debt when our paper system is at its full height, and in advance of such an adjustment of our financial affairs as would prevent a severe shock.

Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, in one of the most accurate and comprehensive speeches made this session in Congress, suggests that a scheme of paying off such a great war and after such serious disturbance would naturally *follow* rather than *precede* a return to a solid system. The improvement made in the midst of inflation has powerfully disturbed the whole trade and industry of the country. No one can assign any limit to its continuance. The fact that our financial ease is due wholly to the facility with which we are allowed to borrow, for the time, the sums we may need to invest until we become too deeply entangled to be easily relieved.

It is gratifying to witness any sign of wisdom in the resolution, passed unanimously by the Senate, against the policy of inflation. If it were possible to improve the condition of affairs, we say done by "shrinkage" in the price of all our commodities would not be without compensation, for then it would be permanent.

THE CASE OF APPOINTMENTS.

THE offense of Mr. WHITTEMORE in selling the West Point cadetships was so flagrant that the House should not have given him even the opportunity of resignation. It did not deny the charge. He merely said that the money received had been devoted to charity. Of that, of course, no one could know. But it was known to be a trust confided to a representative to be used for the public welfare has been sold for money. It is the last sign of political degradation that places should be put into the market; and Congress, upon confession of the offense, should have expressed its censure in the strongest manner.

Undoubtedly the offense seems to be less enormous because of the vicious system of our civil service, which sells offices for political and party purposes. If the money that a man has paid and the time that he has given to the election of certain candidates are to be considered as "claims" upon an office, then they are the price of the office. When we ask "what for this man should that be sold for?" in office?" we mean how much time and money has he paid for it. And we must not be surprised to find unscrupulous politicians willing to have the money paid into their own pockets instead of spent for the general welfare of the party. We are all implicated with the unhappy servantive. But we have taught him to commit the offense for which he suffers. So long as we insist that offices shall be sold for civil service, we must expect that appointments will be sold for money.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY TRAVELERS.

As the time is apparently rapidly approaching when the great railway companies will be our absolute masters, it is time, may a country by what means, for passenger off the train? That drunken, obscene, profane, and disorderly passengers should be peremptorily removed is universally conceded. But every body who travels much by rail has probably observed that those are the very persons who are the most forbearing. It is some one like the unfortunate Mr. DWIGHT, who was put off the cars of the New Jersey Railroad and Transit Company at Jersey City. From the testimony of Mr. COLEMAN at the trial it appears that his business compels him to travel constantly, as much as twenty-five thirty thousand miles during the year; and he has found by experience that a ticket generally carries him either way between two points. About two years ago he bought a railroad ticket in Providence for New York; but upon reaching New Haven, instead of using the coupon that would have passed him by rail from that city to New York, he went by steamer, of course presenting the coupon. Returning from a short time afterward to New Haven, he presented the coupon at the gate in the station,

and was roughly told by the guard that it was good for nothing. Appealing to the conductor, that officer peremptorily agreed with the quarkeeper. Mr. COLEMAN stated that he was in the habit of using coupons upon other roads, to which the conductor replied that it was so true, and warned him that if he tried to get upon the train he should be put off.

Mr. COLEMAN then bought a ticket and took his place, intending to ascertain why the coupon was refused. When the conductor came through the car to inspect the tickets Mr. COLEMAN accosted him politely, and stated that he was traveling constantly, and was often obliged to diverge from his course; and that, if such coupons were not taken by the railroad authorities, when no change in the rate of fare had been made, the annual loss to himself would be very serious. The conductor replied that the coupons were good from New Haven to New York, but not the other way. That he had been instructed not to take them except under such circumstances, and he would not. Mr. COLEMAN then said that it seemed to him that he had paid for seventy-four miles travel upon the road, or the distance from New York to New Haven, and that he could see no reason why he made any difference which way he took it. Several of the passengers, some of them officers of other roads, agreed in this view. The conductor or said that he should lose his place if he disobeyed instructions; upon which Mr. COLEMAN remarked that, so far as that was concerned, he returned in his tickets in New York, it would not be known which way this was taken.

This remark, although innocently meant, was plainly susceptible of misinterpretation, and the conductor immediately replied, so as to be heard by the other passengers, that Mr. COLEMAN might as well ask him to steal ten dollars because the Company might not know it. Mr. COLEMAN did not deny that, thereupon, the conductor said that, if he chose, he could put him off at the first station. Mr. COLEMAN replied that, in that case, he should pursue the matter further. At this moment a gentleman sitting near said to the conductor that he was "a railroad man," and advised him, if he thought that Mr. COLEMAN was making his fare, to telegraph ahead and have him arrested upon arrival. The conductor replied that they didn't do business in that way upon that road. Mr. COLEMAN then said that he would submit to a policeman, but not to the conductor and his roughs.

The train stopped at Stamford, and the conductor entered the car with five or six men. He ordered them to pull Mr. COLEMAN out and put him on the platform. Mr. COLEMAN resolutely resisted and a struggle followed, during which he was dragged from the seat with his coat torn, and as soon as he was thrown to the aisle of the car three heavy blows were struck him from behind. Fearing for his life he abandoned passive resistance and rushed at the nearest man. He was then lifted by main force, carried through the car amidst the confusion of the passengers, the women alarmed and the men striving to prevent the assault of the conductor and his aids. From the platform of the car Mr. COLEMAN was thrown heavily upon the platform of the station. He had several flesh-wounds, and was severely and permanently injured in the struggle.

Mr. COLEMAN sued the Railway Company for $10,000 damages in the Superior Court in Boston. The Judge charged against it upon every point, holding that the ticket was a contract; that the Company could make by-laws, and that if any of them were broken by a passenger he was a trespasser; to refuse to show the proper ticket was a trespass, and being a trespasser in the Company's car at a legitimate house, it had the right to remove him by force if necessary, avoiding an excess. The only question was, was there an excess of violence? The jury returned $3200 damages, and the Judge, after several weeks' delay, set aside the verdict on the ground of excessive damages. At the second trial, in the same court, the jury disagreed, being eleven for damages and one opposed; and there will be another trial at the approaching term of the court.

Mr. COLEMAN claims that a railroad ticket is not a contract, but a baggage-check, merely evidence of property in possession, which the holder is bound to return, or its equivalent. He insists that it is an essentially malicious for a company to refuse its tickets either way as to the government to issue letter stamps that would not take a letter both ways; and that a steamer ticket must be considered to be like a horse-car or a ferry-boat ticket, good both ways. He insists that if a company of men build a cotton mill, and he owns them two dollars, and they choose to think that he intends to evade payment, and thereupon order a party of roughs to seize him and throw him about, the company of men will be dealt with by the law, and he does not see that they can take the law into their own hands because they build a railroad instead of a mill. Ought a conductor to be allowed to be judge, jury, and executioner in his own differences with passengers? The law, in fine, should be interpreted, says Mr. COLEMAN, so that the railroad shall be a convenience for the public, and not the public a convenience for the railroad.

In this case, upon the evidence there can be little doubt that excessive violence was used, and that Mr. COLEMAN is entitled to recover for what he suffered by the outrage, and for the consequence of the personal defense which that assault required. As for the other questions involved, some kind of judicial interpretation is clearly desirable. Is a railroad ticket a contract? Are the rights of a railroad company in a car those of a man in his own house? Or are they any other than those of a landlord in a hotel? May the landlord's clerk order a person to be thrown out of the house because a reasonable question arises between them? May a railroad company make rules at pleasure, and empower a subaltern to enforce them without reference them at discretion? Since the Legislature limits the fare that may be charged for every mile of travel, why should it not determine the very point involved in this suit, whether between two stations upon a road a ticket should be good either way?

This case and the experience of travelers readily suggest many similar questions, to which some final answer is due. Surely the railroad companies must, of course, be allowed to make rules for the management of their roads. But those rules should be reasonable, necessary, and plainly for the public convenience. And it is to juries, not to railroad companies, that the public must look for the reasonable decision of the question and the insolence of railway management. In bringing and contesting this action Mr. COLEMAN represents the public. The public seeks the settlement of questions in which we are all interested. It is true that the essential right might have been secured by an order or decision by his peaceful submission to ejection, *pro forma*. But those who have had differences with many of the railroad companies will easily understand that his conduct was not unnatural. We shall watch the trial with great interest, and refer to subsequent action.

PERSONAL PROVOCATION.

THE *World*, alluding to our remark that under personal provocation it had branded some of the Ring by name as corrupt, says:

"*Harper's Weekly* knows perfectly well that we have no personal quarrel, we have had no 'personal provocation,' for we have had no dealings with the Ring. We are neither afraid, nor desired, nor had favors from the Ring, nor the Ring from the World. Will *Harper's Weekly* correct its statement?"

We should be very sorry to be unjust, still more to be carefully or maliciously unjust. But there may be public provocation quite other than that of the kind mentioned by the *World*, nor was that the kind we had in view. We were speaking of the public provocation by the vow of the Ring that the editor of the *World* did not vote for the candidates of his party—an avowal which public satisfactory impression of it were felt to be an attack quite beyond the rule of lawful political difference of opinion. It was an attempt to coerce the conscience of the *World* as personally a hypocrite, or a man who pretended to be a Democrat in his paper but who did not press the Democratic nominee. The *World* was a personal provocation, and in repelling it the *World* branded by name certain members of the Ring as corrupt.

Of course we do not suppose that this occasioned the hostility of the *World* to the Ring. But certainly it did not diminish it, and, except for that personal provocation, we have as yet no evidence in the *World*'s articles against the Ring that it would have stigmatized any of the members by name, more than the Judges, who, it says, sell justice for a price.

The *World* is a miscarriage, but it certainly is not careful injustice, which is malicious misrepresentation.

NOTES.

THE *Times*, with singular carelessness, accused General BUTLER of "a gross and deliberate literary mistake" in his article in "Our Relations with England," in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. In speaking of the comments of the English papers upon the President's Message, General BUTLER quoted from the Journals, and the *Times* and *News*, and then from the *Spectator*, which he says, in a quotation, contains among the class which was most unfriendly to America during the war. In making this statement we understand that General BUTLER asserts nothing new. The *Spectator* was certainly very friendly to us; but its readers, of whom Mr. GLADSTONE was the type, were certainly not. The *News* and this *Star* we suppose to be the only English journals that may be said to have circulated among those who were friendly to America during the war.

THERE is one very touching line in the letter which the SALAMANCA wrote upon the night that it was tried at three o'clock and shot at five, and a quarter of an hour was given him to arrange his affairs. He used the time in writing a letter, giving directions about various bequests. "Give to Madame St. Just $2000, to AGLAUE $1000, to the daughter of Mr. LAFORET $2000, to my mother $1000, to FLORA $3000; *and tell all my little son never to meddle with the politics of the country.*" It is a strange, sad, far-away echo of CARDINAL WOLSEY'S adjuration to the young CROMWELL: "I charge thee, fling away ambition." In his decade of days are the words of utterly despairing men.

EVERY honest man in the country will rejoice that CONGRESS has abolished the wretched habit of permitting members to print, as speeches delivered upon the floor, essays which may have been written for the most indirect statement, which involve the honor of Congress as they are permitted to be spoken. The occasion was the publication in the *Globe* of a speech of Senator MORRILL, a member who apparently represents the worst spirit and tendency of the Democratic party, to which he belongs. The attacks upon the President and Secretary of State, and upon Senator SUMNER, were monstrous and inexcusable. Mr. MUNGEN'S subsequent defense of his printed speech, upon the floor, was hardly less offensive. We observe that the Washington correspondent of the *World*, alluding to the recent attack of the majority to prohibit the publication of unspoken essays as an advertisement of MUNGEN'S speech. Would the *World* favor the publication of the speeches the particular case which moved Congress to action was one which, ought no action to have been taken because the case must be cited? It is not a party question, it is a matter of common decency, which the correspondence of the *World* should have condemned as swiftly and strongly as that of any Republican paper.

IN the debate upon the admission of Senator PEARCE, of Maryland, Senator IVE made a most earnest and eloquent remarks upon the change in the constitution of the colored population. Senator GARRETT DAVIS, of Kentucky, replied that if his friend from Nevada did not know upon the face of that proposition he would not so eloquently praise them; and Mr. DAVIS then produced the celebrated letter of the Democratic party in the great election upon equal rights, and remarked that he did not believe Senator NYE ever accompanied it with his name to the advertisement. When Mr. DOUGLAS urged this masterly argument, in his famous debate with Mr. LINCOLN, in Illinois, the latter said that he saw the effect of electing Mr. LINCOLN to the Presidency and of uniting the country how immensely overrated Mr. DOUGLAS was—Mr. LINCOLN replied that he was so dull that he could not possibly see why a colored man should not have all the rights because he himself might not wish to marry a colored woman. Mr. DAVIS'S letter is certainly worth while thrice to slay the slain, he would probably have answered Mr. DAVIS'S forcible reply by voluntarily declaring that he was not even white Dinahs, also, whom he would not care to accompany to a place of amusement.

A VERY valuable companion to the reader of the Bible, and to the reader of travel in the East, is a beautiful chromo-lithograph, made in Berlin from the designs of Professor W. H. PERSHE, of Lansing, Michigan, entitled "A General Panoramic View of the Holy Land, or Palestine in Perspective," representing a bird's-eye view of the country in proper relation. It is done apparently with the utmost care and accuracy, and gives at a vivid and satisfactory impression of the topography of the country. It is accompanied by a very full index, in the Biblical student and Sunday-school classes, it will be the most delightful interpreter; while it is well worthy general attention for the faithfulness of the design and the masterly execution.

AMONG the most entertaining of recent books is Miss MITFORD'S "Life and Letters," published by the Appletons, full of sketches of the distinguished literary characters of the last half century in England. It is also a very touching record of the devotion of a daughter to a worthless parent. Dr. MITFORD, the father, was one of the good-natured fellows who ask only to have their own way, and who bring sorrow and ruin upon wife and children with the best intention in the world. He is by their confession that Dr. MITFORD squandered his wife's fortune and his daughter's earnings, and left them penniless; his wife was pinching and his daughter writing night in the morning which to save money for bread in the country, devoted himself diligently to field sports in town. A more selfish gentleman has not lately appeared in literature, and the reader is continually grieved by Miss MITFORD'S blind idolatry of such a reprobate. The reader, too, will be surprised to find that Miss MITFORD had so much literary skill which has wholly perished. Her letters, however, which have been preserved, are much the best part of her writing; always lively, and often sparkling, with strokes of sudden enthusiasm for persons suddenly cherished, and with a certain British propriety of tone and subdued delight in the scenes which are very entertaining. With all this, however, there is a fidelity and simplicity of character, and a patient conscientiousness which are most attractive. The book grows sober as it proceeds; but the reader's respect for the writer increases, and he turns the last pages with sad admiration.

ANOTHER pleasant book is "A Day by the Fire," a series of LEIGH HUNT'S essays collected for the first time, and, as we presume from the initials, by Mr. J. E. BABSON, who did a similar service for CHARLES LAMB about six years ago, and published valuable volumes. The book is a light, happy touch of LEIGH HUNT full in this letter the book, published by Messrs. ROBERTS BROTHERS, as a companion of "The Sea," upon sirens and mermaids and fairies, nymphs and tritons and genii, with a miscellany of other topics, and always with the familiar dainty elegance and scholarship and blithe humor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 21.—In the Senate, a joint resolution was introduced, declaring the thanks of Congress to Admiral FARRAGUT for the requisite number of States. The case of Fitz John Porter came up on the report of the Chandler committee in the House, and after the correspondence on the subject. The Senator made a long speech, in which he expressed the hope that the proceedings of the court-martial would not be interfered with. He was replied to by General WILSON, who favored a new trial, and the matter was finally disposed of by the withdrawal of the resolution. A resolution was agreed to that no undelivered speech should be left in the Globe office. In the House, the names of the votes introduced, among which were the following: That the Secretary of the Interior be directed to cause instructions to be issued to prevent the coercion of the people of a colony who are in the habit of electing delegates to the Legislature of the territories from those who have heretofore been denied the right by reason of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; to remove political disabilities in States ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment; to abolish the office of Assessor Agent, and to pay pensions through postmasters; to restore the income tax to three per cent. on receipts above $2000; to increase the tax on distilled spirits $1 per gallon, and to repeal the distributive clause in the matter of banking currency. The resolution of Mr. Loughridge, of Iowa, to refer the Texas Pacific Railroad bill to the Committee on Public Lands, was adopted by a yea and nay vote of 126 to 74. The Senate bill to relieve certain disabilities imposed by various States for participation in the rebellion was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction, with instructions to report by bill, containing some two hundred names, was offered as an amendment. A long discussion ensued, which ended in the passage of the bill by a majority of the House.

February 23.—In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Pease, the elected Senator from Mississippi, were presented and made the subject of a long debate as to the validity of the election. The vote was then taken.—In the House, four of the members elect from Mississippi took the oath of office. The case of Mr. Whittemore, charged with selling cadetship, was then taken up. The report of the Committee in favor of Mr. Whittemore's seat was debated until the following day.

February 24.—In the Senate, the case of Mr. Pease was again debated without result. A resolution against a Chinese immigration was offered, but went out a division.—In the House, the first business of the day was the case of Mr. Whittemore. The accused member was proceeding to reply to the charges made against him, when he was interrupted by the Speaker, who announced that copies of telegrams containing the charges had been forwarded to, together with its acceptance by the Governor of South Carolina. Mr. Whittemore, on the floor, protested against the jurisdiction of the House in the premises, he being no longer a member of the House if accepted the position. The House, however, decided that upon the right of a member to resign without consent of the House. It was then decided that the resignation was effective; the resolution of expulsion was withdrawn, and a resolution of censure substituting Mr. Whittemore unworthy of his seat, was unanimously adopted.

February 25.—In the Senate, the credentials of General Adams, elected Senator from Mississippi, were presented and referred. The discussion in regard to the Pease credentials was then resumed, and many speeches were made, both for and against him, and he took his seat.—In the House, little business was done, except the beginning of an investigation, and to establish a system of national education.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On Friday, February 18, a train on the Mississippi Central Railroad ran through a trestle bridge near Pulaski, Mississippi, precipitating the engine, express, and four passenger cars, and killing and maiming a large number of passengers. Twenty-one dead bodies were taken from the wreck. The trestle was sixty feet high, and the fall was terrible. It is said the accident was caused by a loose rail thrown by the spread of the track when the engine had passed over it.

On the 22d of February the President signed the bill admitting Virginia to representation in Congress. Of the four Representatives who were elected, Mr. Segar had been elected before the war and two in the rebel service. General Barry, the representative at large, was elected by Democratic assent in consequence of wounds received in an affray during the canvass.

General Reynolds, Military Governor of Texas, has officially notified the Governor-elect of the ratification of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

In the Senate of the New York Legislature, a bill providing for the election of Regents by the vote of the Senate and Court of Common Pleas in New York has been reported; and a bill to abolish the Excise law has been passed by a small majority.

Mr. Bayard Taylor was recently received from his long trip through Alaska, California, Mexico, and Cuba. His health has been much benefited by the journey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ASCENSIVE to a dispatch from Rome, several American ecclesiastics have been expelled from that city, and the Pope has refused correspondence with them on subjects connected with the Œcumenical Council.

In the British House of Commons, a bill has been introduced in the House of Lords. It was stated in debate that the Irish Church Bill would be ready before the 1st of July. Those against it say it would deprive the Church of $10,000,000 a year.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone has introduced a bargent given on Washington's birthday by the Lord Mayor of London, at which he made a long speech in English.

On the 22d inst. Mr. Bright ceases great anxiety in England.

A report having been circulated that the Emperor of France had become dissatisfied with his Ministry because of their inability to reconcile the differences in the Legislature on the question of discontinuing the system of official candidates for Deputies, he confidently represented that the Emperor has made no such complaint, and that he is entirely satisfied with the Ministry, and that he believes they have the confidence of every honest Frenchman.

The Madrid *Correspondencia* has published a letter denying that he is a pretender to the Spanish throne, and declaring that the duties of his position as considered a Spanish citizen, and longs for a definite Constitution.

UNDER BROADWAY—A PASSENGER STATION.

UNDER BROADWAY.

THE Pneumatic Tunnel, now in process of construction under the principal thoroughfare of New York, commences in the sub-basements of the spacious marble building of DEVLIN & CO., corner of Broadway and Warren Street, and extends, at present, to a point a little below Murray Street. One of our illustrations on this page gives an interior view of the tunnel, looking south from near the entrance. It is eight feet in diameter, built of solid masonry, is dry and clean, painted white, and lighted with gas. The tunnel passes under all the gas and water pipes and sewers; but, though so far below the surface of the street, the rumbling of wheels and the tramp of horses overhead can be distinctly heard by one standing within it.

The tunnel is constructed by means of a shield, consisting of a strong cylinder, something like a barrel with both heads taken out. It is pushed forward by eighteen powerful hydraulic rams, and makes a bore of its own diameter through the sand. The loosened sand, as it falls through the rear end of the cylinder, is carried back through the tunnel in cars, and delivered upon an elevator on Warren Street, where it is raised to the pavement and carted away. As fast as the cylinder advances, the tunnel is arched with

UNDER BROADWAY—THE TUNNEL.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

UNDER BROADWAY—INTERIOR OF PASSENGER CAR.

masonry. By means of this machine, which was designed by Mr. A. E. BEACH, the tunnel is pushed forward without any interruption to the business of Broadway.

Another of our illustrations shows the mouth of the tunnel and a passenger car, as seen from the station, which is a nicely-finished underground apartment 120 feet in length, lighted from the Warren Street sidewalk. Another illustration shows the interior of the passenger car, which carries eighteen passengers, has very comfortable seats, and is lighted with oxyhydrogen gas. The cars are to be propelled by the atmospheric system, consisting in driving through the tunnel a strong blast of air, which presses against the rear of the car and carries it along like a sailboat before the wind. This air current of course secures perfect ventilation within the car. The air is driven into the tunnel by means of an immense blowing engine operated by steam. Mr. JOSIAH DIXON, long known for his efforts to establish the underground railway, is the superintendent of the work.

As soon as the necessary authority can be obtained from the Legislature, it is the intention of the Company to proceed to construct a first-class underground railway, with large cars, to run from South Ferry under Broadway to Cen-

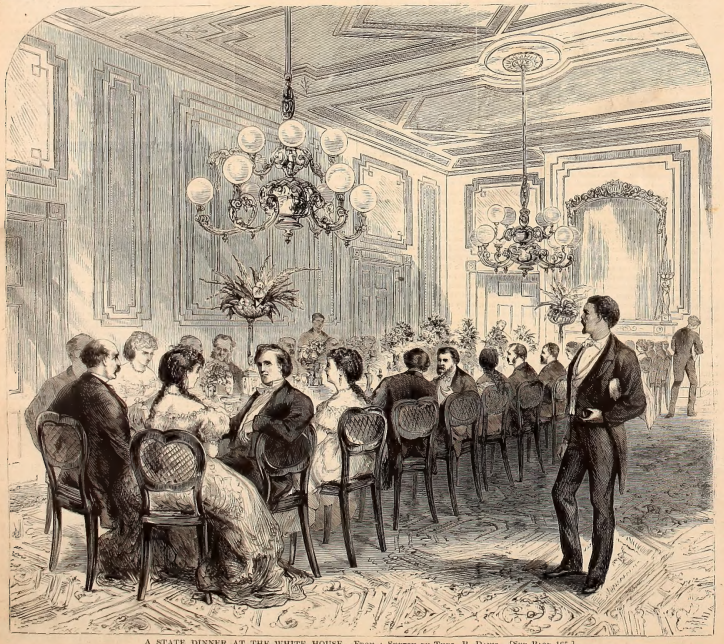

A STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 165.]

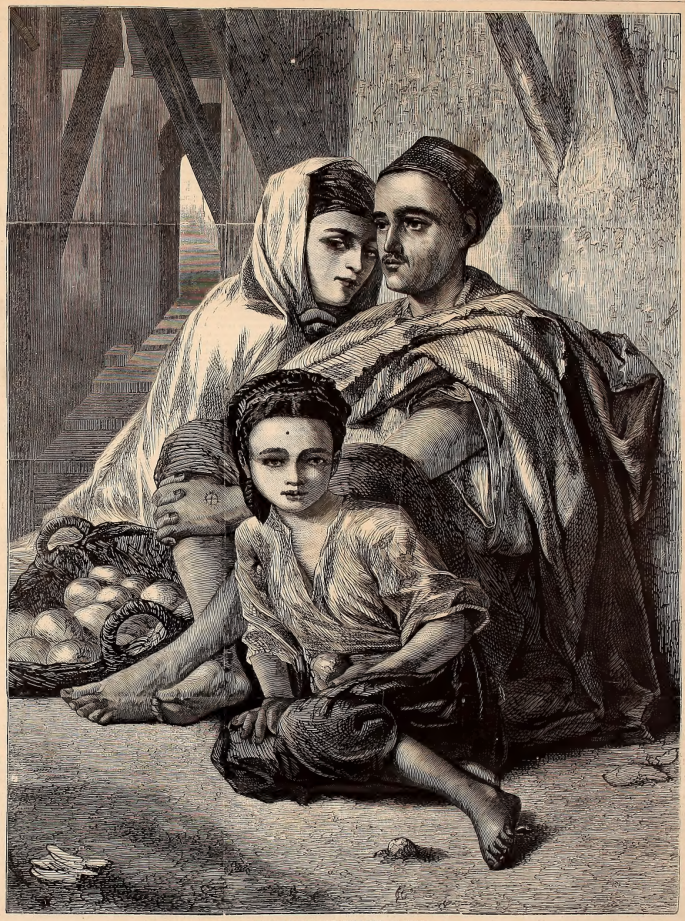

KABYLE ORANGE SELLERS, ALGERIA.

tral Park, and above that point; together with a Fourth Avenue branch to Harlem River. They will be able, when their arrangements are complete, to transport more than twenty thousand passengers per hour each way.

STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

IT has always been the custom of our Presidents to give, during the winter, a series of state dinners at the White House, to which members of the Diplomatic Corps, Senators and Congressmen, members of the Cabinet, and other gentlemen of official position are invited. The table is generally spread for thirty-four guests, and, as may be seen from our illustration on page 164, is elegantly and sumptuously furnished. The flowers that form one of the principal ornamental attractions on these occasions are furnished from the conservatory of the White House.

KABYLE ORANGE SELLERS, ALGERIA.

THE picturesque figures grouped in our illustration on this page are faithful representatives of the Kabyles, a gallant people of Algeria, who call themselves by names which signify *noble* and *free*. Under the brave and intelligent leadership of ABD-EL-KADER they for a long time bade defiance to the military skill of the French marshals; but the stalwart aborigines were conquered at last, and their redoubtable leader swore fealty to France. The Kabyles, as may be perceived from our illustration, have intelligent countenances, though they have never shown any tendency to rise above their original level. Their language is so poor as to be without the conjunction, a part of speech that is very necessary if you want to construct an intelligible sentence, and they are obliged to borrow from the Arabic all words of religious or scientific significance. In the country their dwellings are of the roughest order; cabins made of the branches of trees, plastered over with mud. Their dress is coarse and scanty. As to their religion, little is known about it, for they carefully keep strangers at a distance; but, like most ignorant races, they have a prodigious veneration for their priests, who profess to work miracles. The origin of this curious race of people has never been investigated; but there is one tribe among them with blue eyes and fair hair and complexion, who are thought to be descendants of the Vandals.

The city of Algiers, where this Kabyle family are waiting for somebody to buy their oranges, rises white on the side of a steep hill, above a sapphire bay; and the summit of the hill is crowned by a citadel. Its streets are narrow and filthy; but this the French occupants are gradually amending, having actually taken down the principal mosque in order to get space for their official edifices. Many of the other mosques, which are chiefly octagonal buildings of marble, have been turned into churches. Fountains and baths are plentiful. Before the French took possession there were few shops, and still the greater part of the business is done in the bazars, quite

in the Oriental fashion. There may you purchase silken shawls and leather slippers, enamelled brooches and bracelets, curious work in opal and onyx and amber, from cross-legged merchants who might have stepped straight out of the "Arabian Nights." Sinbad the Sailor, opulent with his ivory and diamonds, Aladdin in quest of his lost lamp, are to be seen any day in the Algiers bazar. Cross the narrow street: lo, a café of a thousand colonnes, marble tables, gilded mirrors, Frenchmen playing dominos and drinking absinthe. You can have as good a dinner as if you were in Paris itself, and there is an opera, of course. Thus do extremes meet, where Europe's highest civilization encounters the languid, stagnant, sleepy life of Africa.

BEYOND THIS PRESENT.

"We measure life by years and tears," he said:
"We live a little; then life leaves us dead,
And the long grass grows greenly overhead."

The years pass on, some swiftly and some slow;
Each takes a little from out summer's glow,
Each gives a little of white winter's snow.

Forever more and more they take and add;
We lose the things that seed to make us glad;
We keep but those that make us slow and sad.

Hot tears well up from out the fountain heart;
We wipe them off with proud resentful start;
Alas, our pride heals not their bitter smart!

The eye is but the surface; deep and wide
Abides within the secret of their ebb and flow.
The heart must rest ere that full flow be dried.

As on the league swings the door of Time,
We catch sweet glimpses of a land sublime,
Filled with the goldenness of Heaven's prime.

And One stands up; oh, fair and full in sight,
With clear true voice He calls us from our night!
Help us, O God, to see and hear aright!

For if we see Him, we shall see Thee too;
And if we hear His voice, we will tell on true,
And fill our hands with some best work to do.

And then these years and tears shall surely cease;
Time to Eternity shall make increase;
And smiles shall benefit an endless peace.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

DROPPED.

SIR PATRICK made a bad breakfast. Blanche's absence fretted him, and Anne Silvester's letter puzzled him.

He read it, short as it was, a second time, and a third. If it meant any thing, it meant that the motive at the bottom of Anne's flight was to accomplish the sacrifice of herself to the happiness of Blanche. She had parted for life from his fiance for his niece's sake! What did this mean? And how was it to be reconciled with Anne's position—so described to him by Mrs. Inchbold during his visit to Craig Fernie?

All Sir Patrick's ingenuity, all Sir Patrick's experience, failed to find so much as the shadow of an answer to that question.

While he was still wondering over the letter, Arnold and the surgeon entered the breakfast-room together.

"Have you heard about Blanche?" asked Arnold, excitedly. "She is in no danger, Sir Patrick—the worst of it is over now."

The surgeon interposed before Sir Patrick could appeal to him.

"Mr. Brinkworth's interest in the young lady is a little exaggerates the state of the case," he said. "I have seen her, at Lady Lundie's request; and I can assure you that there is not the slightest reason for any present alarm. She appears to have had a nervous attack, which has yielded to the simplest domestic remedies. The only anxiety you need feel is connected with the management of her in the future. She is suffering from some mental depression which it is not for me to fathom, friends, to alleviate and remove. If you can turn her thoughts from the painful subject—whatever it may be—which she has on her mind to-day now, you will do all that needs to be done. He took a very proper front in this case, and strolled out into the garden, leaving Sir Patrick and Arnold together.

"You heard that?" said Sir Patrick.

"To be right, do you think?" asked Arnold.

"Right! Do you suppose a man has any reputation by making mistakes? You no one of the new generation, Master Arnold. You can all of you stare at a nervous man; just as you can an atom of respect for his fame. If Shakspeare came to life again, and talked of play-writing, the first pretentious nobody who sat supreme at dinner would differ with him as composedly as he might differ with you and me. Mr. Brinkworth is dead among us; the present age has buried it, without a stone to mark the place. So much for that! Let's get back to Blanche. I suppose you can guess what the painful subject is that's dwelling on her mind? Miss Silvester has baffled me, and baffled the Edinburgh police. Blanche discovered their secret, and she has kept it; and Blanche received that letter this morning."

He pushed Anne's letter across the breakfast-table.

Arnold read it, and handed it back without a word. Viewed by the new light in which he saw Geoffrey's character after the quarrel on the heath, the letter conveyed but one conclusion to his mind. Geoffrey had deserted her.

"Well?" said Sir Patrick. "Do you understand what it means?"

"I understand Blanche's wretchedness when she read it."

He said no more than that. It was plain that no information which he could afford—even if he had considered himself at liberty to give it—would be of the slightest use in assisting Sir Patrick to trace Miss Silvester, under present circumstances. Arnold's natural and just magnification to induce him to break the honorable silence which he had maintained thus far. And —more unfortunately still—assuming the temptation to present itself, Arnold's capacity to resist it had never been so strong a capacity as it was now.

To the two powerful motives which had hitherto tied his tongue—respect for Anne's reputation, and reluctance to reveal to Blanche the deception which he had been practising in practice on her at the inn—to these two motives there was now added a third. The momentous task of learning the confidence which Geoffrey had reposed in him would be doubled enormous if he proved false to his friend after Geoffrey had personally insulted him. The paltry revenge which that false friend had unthinkingly suggested to him of taking, on revenge of which Arnold's nature was simply incapable. Never had his lips been more effectually sealed than at this moment —when his whole future depended on Sir Patrick's discovering the part that he had played in past events at Craig Fernie.

"Yes! yes!" resumed Sir Patrick, impatiently. "Blanche is out of danger—that's quite enough. But here is my niece apparently answerable for this unhappy woman's disappearance. Can you explain what you mean by the last words in the letter?"

"I! Blanche herself is completely mystified. How should I know?"

Answering in those terms, he spoke with perfect sincerity. Anne's vague distrust of the position in which they had been placed themselves, somewhat as the inn had produced no corresponding effect on Arnold at the time. He had not perceived it—he had not even understood it. As a necessary result, not the faintest suspicion of the motive under which Anne was acting existed in his mind now.

Sir Patrick put the letter into his pocket-book, and abandoned all further attempt at interpreting the meaning of it in despair.

"Enough, and more than enough, of groping in the dark," he said. "One point is clear to me after what has happened up stairs this morning. We must assert the position in which Miss Silvester has placed us. I shall give up all further efforts to trace her, and I shall write to-day."

"Surely that will be a dreadful disappointment to Blanche, Sir Patrick?"

"I don't deny it. We must face that result.

"If you are sure there is nothing else to be done, I suppose we must."

"I am not sure of any thing of the sort, Master Arnold! There are two chances still left of discovering Miss Silvester. We must see both of them independent of any thing that Miss Silvester can do to help us. Mr. Bashwood—"

"Then why not try them, Sir? It seems hard to drop Miss Silvester when she is in trouble."

"Mr. Bashwood, I was about to say when you rejoined Sir Patrick. "And we can't run the risk, after what has happened, of appearing to be neglecting Blanche to any further suspense. I have thought of my niece's interests throughout this business, and I never forget them by mind, and decline to agitate her by more experiments, ending (quite possibly) in more failures, in the cases I am thinking of. My interests still. I have no other motive. However numerous my weaknesses may be, I am not yet sufficiently weak-minded as a detective policeman is not one of them. The case, from the police point of view, is by no means lost. Mr. Bashwood is the best witness for Blanche's sake. Instead of encouraging her unnecessarily to see him, under present circumstances, we must apply the remedy suggested by our medical friend."

"What is that to be done?" asked Arnold.

The sly twist of humour began to show itself in Sir Patrick's face.

"Has she nothing to think of in the future, which is a pleasanter subject of reflection than the past? Is not her friend Mr. Bashwood as interested, my young gentleman, as the remedy for her? Let her see him. Those are the drugs in the moral prescription. Can you guess what it is?"

Arnold started to his feet, and brightened into a new being.

"Perhaps you object to be hurried?" said Sir Patrick.

"Object! If Blanche will only consent, I'll take her to church to-day, if she comes down to-night!"

"Thank you!" said Sir Patrick, drily. "Mr. Arnold Brinkworth, may you always be as ready to take Time by the forelock as you are now! Let's see what we can do for you. Time is on—just possible—if Blanche consents (as you say), and if we can hurry the lawyers—that you may be married in three weeks' or a month's time."

"What have the lawyers got to do with it?"

"My good fellow, you are not a prodigy in a novel! This is the most unromantic affair of the sort that ever happened. Here are a young gentleman and a young lady, both rich people; both well matched in birth and character; one of age, and the other marrying with the full consent and approval of her guardian. What is the consequence of this purely prosaic state of things? Lawyers and settlements, of course!"

"Come into the library, Sir Patrick; and I'll soon cover the lawyers!" In Allie of paper, and a dip of ink. "I hereby give every blessed farthing I have got in the world to my dear Blanche.' Sign that; stick a wafer on the side; clap your finger on the wafer; I deliver this as my act and deed;' and there it is—done!"

"It is, really? You are a born legislator. You create and codify your own system all in a breath. Moses-Justinian-Mahomet, give me your arm! There is one atom of sense in what you have just said. Come into the library'—is a suggestion worth attending to. Do you happen, among your other superfluities, to have such a thing as a lawyer about you?"

"I have got two. One in London; and one in Edinburgh."

"We will take the nearest of the two, because we are in a hurry. Who is the Edinburgh lawyer? Pringle of Firt Street? Couldn't be a better man. Come and write to him. Yes, I have got your abstract of a marriage settlement with the brevity of an ancient Roman. I learn to my confusion by an amateur lawyer. Here is my abstract: You are just and generous to Blanche; Blanche is just and generous to you and you both combine to be just and generous together to your children. There is a model settlement! And there are your instructions to Pringle of Pitt Street! Can you do it by yourself? No; of course you can't. Now don't be impatient, Arnold! See the points in their order as they come. You are going to be married; you state to whom; you add that I am the lady's guardian; you give the name and address of my lawyer in Edinburgh; you write your instructions plain and in simple words, and leave details to your legal adviser; you refer the lawyer to each other for information that the deed requirements be prepared as speedily as possible; and you give your address at this house. There and no where else. Do you see it now? Are the rising generation! Oh, the progress we are making in these enlightened modern times! Come, Blanche! your lawyer Blanche, and make her happy, and increase the population—and all without knowing it—in the purest English language. One can only say with the learned Benvorshire, looking out of his window at the illimitable British Empire, "How marvellous are Heaven to its creatures!" Take up the pen. Is dictate! I'll not repeat."

Sir Patrick read the letter over, approved of it, and saw it safe in the box for the post. This done, he peremptorily forbade Arnold to speak to his niece on the subject of the marriage without his express permission. "There's something else's consent to be got," he said, "besides Blanche's consent and mine."

"Lady Lundie?"

"Lady Lundie. Strictly speaking, I am the only authority. But my sister-in-law is Blanche's step-mother, and she is appointed guardian in the event of my death. She has a right to be consulted—in theory, if not in law. Would you like to do it?"

Arnold's face fell. He looked at Sir Patrick in silent misery.

"What! you can't even speak to such a perfectly plain proposition as Lady Lundie? You may have been a very useful fellow at sea. A more helpless young man I never met with on shore. Get out with you into the garden among the other sparrows! Somebody must confront her lyrship. Just say you're—I must."

He pushed Arnold out of the library, and displed meditatively to the knob of his cane. His victory disappeared now that he was alone. His experience of Lady Lundie's character told him that, in attempting to carry out the proposed arrangement for hurrying Blanche's marriage, he was undertaking no easy task. "I suppose," mused Sir Patrick, "because of his late bereavement," I suppose poor Tom had some way of managing her. I wish I had a regular appetite for it. Had been the wife of a bricklayer, she is the sort of woman who would have been kept in perfect order by the strictest and regular application of her husband's fist. But Tom wasn't a bricklayer. I wonder how Tom died?" After a little time thinking on this point Sir Patrick gave up the problem as beyond human solution. "Poor Tom! he's dead. I'll ask my own mother-wit must help me to do it."

In that resigned frame of mind he hobbled out of the library, and knocked at the door of Lady Lundie's boudoir.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

OUTWITTED.

SIR PATRICK found his sister-in-law immersed in domestic business. Her ladyship's correspondence was waiting for her; her ladyship's household bills and ledgers; her ladyship's Diary and Memorandum-book. Every one of the implements of ladyship's desk, envelope-case, match-box, and taper candlestick (all in ebony and silver); her ladyship herself, irreproachably dressed in correct morning costume, blessed with perfect health both of the serviceous and the principles; absolutely void of vice, and formidably full of virtue, presented, to every properly-constituted mind, the most imposing representation of the principle—the British Matron on her throne, asking the world in general, When will you produce the like of me?"

"I am afraid I disturb you," said Sir Patrick, "I am a perfectly idle person. Shall I look in a little later?"

Lady Lundie put her hand to her head, and smiled faintly.

"A little pressure *here*, Sir Patrick. Pray sit down. Duty finds me current: Duty finds me cheerful; Duty finds me accessible. From a poor, weak woman, Duty must expect no more. Here, at my desk, Duty (ladyship consulted her scarlet memorandum-book) "I have got it here, under its proper head, distinguished by initial letters. P.—the poor. No. H.M.—heathen missions. No. V.T.A.—Visitors to arrive. No. P.I.P.—Here it is: private interview with Patrick. Will you forgive me the little harmless familiarity of omitting your title? Thank you! You are always so good. I am quite at your service when you like to begin. If it's any thing painful, pray don't hesitate. I am quite prepared."

With that intimation her ladyship threw herself back in her chair, with her elbows on the arms, and her fingers joined at the tips, as if she was receiving a deputation. "Yes?" she said, interrogatively. Sir Patrick paid a private tribute of pity to his late brother's memory, and entered on his business.

"You won't call it a painful matter," he began. "Let us say it's a matter of domestic anxiety. Blanche—"

Lady Lundie emitted a faint scream, and put her hand over her eyes.

"Sir Patrick!" cried her ladyship, in a tone of touching remonstrance. "Oh, Sir Patrick, *must* you?"

"Yes. I must."

Lady Lundie's magnificent eyes looked up at the hidden roof of human sympathy, and was lodged in the ceiling. The hidden court looked down at Lady Lundie, and saw—Duty administering to a sick patient against her will.

"Go on, Sir Patrick. The motto of woman is Self-sacrifice. You shn't see how you distress me. Go on."

Sir Patrick went on impassively—without betraying the slightest expression of sympathy or surprise.

He was about to refer to the nervous attack from which Blanche has suffered this morning," he said. "May I ask whether you have been informed of the cause which has led to that distressing attack?"

"Where?" exclaimed Lady Lundie, with a sudden bound in her chair, and a sudden development of vocal power to correspond. "The thing I abominate from injudicious English lips—cruel, cruel behaviour I was prepared to pass over! And Sir Patrick hints on it! Innocently—don't say he did on purpose—innocently, I trust it!"

"Hints on what, my dear Madam?"

"On Blanche's behaviour this morning. Blanche's heartless secrecy. Blanche's undutiful silence. I repeat the words: Heartless secrecy. Undutiful silence."

"Allow me for one moment, Lady Lundie—"

"Allow me, Sir Patrick! I have been how unwilling I am to speak of it. Heaven knows that not a word of reference to it escaped my lips. If you leave me no choice except the distress of the household, as a Christian woman, as the widow of your dear brother, as a mother to this unhappy girl, I must state the facts. I know you mean well; I know you wish to spare me. Please (unless I am mistaken) don't."

Sir Patrick bowed, and submitted. (If he had only been a bricklayer! and if Lady Lundie had only been his wife! How ladyship unscrupulously was, the strongest person of the two!)

"I said just now, Sir Patrick, for your sake," said Lady Lundie, "over the horrors—I can not, with the best wish to spare you, conscientiously keep back from you any other minor matter that took place up stairs. The moment I heard that Blanche was ill I went to her room. Before I always find me ready, Sir Patrick, to my dying day. Shocking as the whole thing was, I preserved calmly every one of the symptoms of my self-possession. I closed my ears to the profane violence of the language. I used the necessary remedies, as an English gentlewoman at the head of her household. It was only when I distinctly heard the name of a person, never to be mentioned again in my family circle, issue (if I may use the expression) from Blanche's lips that I began to feel myself unnerved. I said to myself, 'Hedgkins, this is not Hysteria. This is a possession of the devil. Send for the clergyman!'"

Chloroform, applied in the capacity of an exorcism, was entirely new to Sir Patrick. He suppressed his private sense of amusement effectually. Lady Lundie went on:

"Mr. Orde is an excellent person—but Hopkins has a tongue. She met our distinguished medical guest in the corridor, and told him. He was so good as to come to me. I was shocked to trouble him to act in his professional capacity under the circumstances which existed; or, in my house. Besides, I considered it more a case for a clergyman than for a medical man. However, there was the help for it if Hopkins's tongue. I requested our eminent friend to favor us with—I think the exact scientific term is—a diagnosis. He took the opportunity which was only to be expected from a person in his profession. He prescribed. I right? Did he prognose? or did he diagnose? A habit of speaking correctly is so important, Sir Patrick; and I should be so grieved to misread you!"

"Never mind, Lady Lundie! I have heard the medical report. Don't trouble yourself to repeat it."

"Don't trouble myself to repeat it?" echoed Lady Lundie—with her dignity up in arms at the mere prospect of finding her opinion disregarded. "Ah, Sir Patrick! that little constitutional impatience of yours!—Oh, dear me! how often you must have been given way to, and how often you must have regretted it, in your time!"

"My dear lady! if you wish to repeat the report, why not say so, in plain words? Don't let me hurry you. Let us have the prognosis, by all means."

Lady Lundie shook her head compassionately, and smiled with angelic sadness. "Our little besetting sins!" she said. "What slaves we are to our little besetting sins! Take a turn in the garden, Sir Patrick."

Any ordinary man would have lost his temper. But the low (as Sir Patrick had told his niece) has a special temper of its own. Without exhibiting the smallest irritation, Sir Patrick dex-

trously applied his sister-in-law's blister to his sister-in-law herself.

"What an eye you have!" he said. "I was impatient. I was impatient. I am dying to know what Blanche said to you when she got better?"

The British Matron froze up into a matron of stone on the spot.

"Nothing!" answered her ladyship, with a vicious snap of her teeth, as if she had tried to bite the word before it escaped her.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Sir Patrick.

"Nothing," repeated Lady Lundie, with her most formidable emphasis of look and tone. He applied all the remedies with my own hands: I ear her faces with my own scissors: I completely wetted her head through with cold water; I remained with her until she was quite exhausted; I took her in my arms, and folded her to my bosom; I sent every body out of the room, I said, 'Dear child, confide in me.' And how were my advances—my motherly advances—met? I have already told you. By heartless secrecy. By unfeminine silence."

Sir Patrick pressed the blister a little closer to the skin. "She was probably afraid to speak," he said.

"Afraid? Oh!" cried Lady Lundie, distracting the attention of her own nerves. "Do you not have said that? I have evidently misapprehended you. You didn't really say, afraid?"

"I did say so probably," he answered.

"Stop! I can't be told to my face that I have failed to do my duty by Blanche. Sir Patrick! I can bear a great deal; but I can't bear that. After having been more than a mother to your dear brother's child; after having been an elder sister to Blanche; after having toiled—I say toiled, Sir Patrick!—to cultivate her intelligence (with the sweet lines of the poet ever present to my memory: 'Delightful task to rear the tender mind, and teach the young idea how to shoot!'); after having done all I have done—a place in the carriage overlooking the vista into the most interesting relic of feudal times in Perthshire—after having sacrificed all I have sacrificed, to be told that I have been such a man ner to Blanche as to frighten her when I ask her to confide in me, is a little too cruel. I have a sensitive—an unduly sensitive nature, dear Sir Patrick. Forgive me for wincing when I am wounded. Forgive me for feeling it when the wound is dealt me by a person whom I re vere."

Her ladyship put her handkerchief to her eyes. Any other man would have taken off the blister. Sir Patrick pressed it closer than ever.

"You quite mistake me," he replied. "I meant that Blanche was afraid to tell you the true cause of her illness. The true cause was the letter about Miss Silvester."

Lady Lundie emitted another scream—a loud scream this time—and closed her eyes in horror.

"I can run out of the house," cried her ladyship, wildly, "I can fly to the uttermost corners of the earth; but I can no' hear that person's name mentioned! No, Sir Patrick! not in my presence! not in my house! not while I am mistress at Windygates House!"

"I am sorry to say that Miss Silvester is disagreeable to you, Lady Lundie. But the nature of my errand here obliges me to touch—as lightly as possible—on something which has a connection in your house without your knowledge."

Lady Lundie suddenly opened her eyes, and became the picture of attention. A casual observer might have supposed her ladyship to be not wholly inaccessible to the vulgar emotion of curiosity.

"A visitor came to Windygates yesterday, while we were all at lunch," proceeded Sir Patrick. "She—"

Lady Lundie seized the scarlet memorandum-book, and stopped her brother-in-law, before he could get any further. Her ladyship's trembling words escaped her lips spasmodically, like words let at intervals out of a trap.

"I undertake—as a woman accustomed to self-restraint, Sir Patrick—I undertake to control myself, on one condition. I won't have the name mentioned. I won't have the matter mentioned. Say, 'The Person,' if you please. 'The Person,'" continued Lady Lundie, writing in the memorandum-book and taking up her pen, "committed an audacious invasion of my premises yesterday?"

Sir Patrick bowed. Her ladyship made a note—apparently some item connected with the paper viciously—and then proceeded to examine her brother-in-law, in the capacity of witness.

"What has left my house still 'The Person' invade? He very careful, Sir Patrick! I propose to place myself under the protection of the justice of the peace; and this is a memorandum of my statement. The library—did I understand you to say? Just so—the library."

"Add," said Sir Patrick, with another pressure on the blister, "that The Person had an interview with Blanche in the library."

Lady Lundie's pen suddenly stuck in the paper, and scattered a little shower of ink-drops round it. "The library," repeated her ladyship, in a voice suggestive of approaching suffocation. "I undertake to control myself, Sir Patrick! Any thing missing from the library?"

"Nothing missing, Lady Lundie, but The Person herself. She—"

"No, Sir Patrick! I won't have it! In the name of my own sex, I won't have it!"

"Pray pardon me—I forgot that 'she' was a prohibited pronoun on the present occasion. The Person has written a farewell letter to Blanche, and has gone nobody knows where. The distress produced by these events is done unspeakable for what has happened to Blanche this morning. If you hear that in mind—and if you remember what your own opinion is of Miss Silvester—you will understand why Blanche hesitated to admit you into her confidence."

There he waited for a reply. Lady Lundie was too deeply absorbed in completing her memorandum to be conscious of his presence in the room.

"Carriage to be at the door at two-thirty," said Lady Lundie, repeating the final words of the memorandum while she wrote them. "In quiet for the nearest justice of the peace, and place the privacy of Windygates under the protection of the law.—I beg your pardon!" exclaimed her ladyship, becoming conscious again of Sir Patrick's presence. "Have I missed any thing particularly painful? Pray mention it if I have."

"You have missed nothing of the slightest importance," returned Sir Patrick. "I have placed you in possession of facts which you had a right to know; and we have now only to return to my unfortunate friend's room, and leave him. You were about to favor me, I think, with the Prognosis?"

"Diagnosis!" said her ladyship, spitefully. "I had forgotten at the time—I remember now, Prognosis is entirely wrong."

"I sit corrected, Lady Lundie. Diagnosis."

"You have informed me, Sir Patrick, that you were already acquainted with the Diagnosis. It is quite needless for me to repeat it now."

"I was anxious to correct you in my impression, my dear lady, by comparing it with yours."

"You are very good. You are a learned man. I am only a most ignorant woman. Your impression can not possibly require correcting by mine."

"My impression, Lady Lundie, was that our friend recommended moral, rather than medical treatment for Blanche. If we can lay her thoughts from the painful subject on which they are now dwelling, all that is to be done is done. Those were his own words, as I remember them. Do you confirm me?"

"I am not prepared to dispute with you, Sir Patrick! You are a master of refined irony, I know. I am afraid it is beyond me to cope with you."

(The low kept its wonderful temper! The law met the most exasperating of living women with the most provoking politeness, by comparing all its own!)

"Of profound deference for your opinion," answered Sir Patrick. "Strictly speaking, no doubt, the serious responsibility of the case rests I am Blanche's guardian—"

"And I," interposed Lady Lundie, with a perfect explosion of pious fervor.

"I hear an outburst of devout thankfulness, reminding me that I have left Blanche in a suspressing—let me say—some little doubt, on your part, as to the conduct of managing Blanche successfully, under present circumstances?"

Lady Lundie's temper began to give way again—and this time it was not to be reinstated.

"If you are to take it," she said, "as expressing my conviction that I saddled myself with the charge of an incorrigibly heartless, obstinate, and perverse girl, when I undertook the care of Blanche."

"Did you say 'incorrigibly?'"

"I said 'incorrigibly!'"

"If the case is as hopeless as that, my dear Madam—as Blanche's guardian, I feel that it is my duty to relieve you of the charge of Blanche."

"Nobody shall relieve me of a duty that I have undertaken!" retorted Lady Lundie. "Not if I die at my post!"

"Supposing it were consistent with your duty," pleaded Sir Patrick, "to be relieved at your post? Suppose it was in harmony with that 'self-sacrifice' which is the pride of women?"

"I don't understand you, Sir Patrick. Be so good as to explain yourself."

Sir Patrick assumed a new character—the character of a hesitating man. He cast a look of timid entreaty at his sister-in-law, sighed, and shook his head.

"No!" he said. "It would be asking too much. Even with your high standard of duty, it would be asking too much."

"Am I to understand, you can ask me in the name of duty is too much."

"No! no! Let me remind you. Human nature has its weaknesses."

"A Christian gentlewoman's sense of duty knows none."

"Oh, surely yes!"

"Sir Patrick! after what I have just said, your good sense must tell you that I am incapable of something like an insult!"

"Don't say that. Let me put a case. Let us suppose the future interests of another person to depend on your saying, Yes—when all your own motives and feelings urge you irresistibly to say, No. Do you really mean to tell me that you could resolutely say, No, under those circumstances, if it could be shown that the purely abstract consideration of duty was involved in the sacrifice?"

"Yes!" cried Lady Lundie, mounting the pedestal of her virtues on the spot. "Yes—without a moment's hesitation!"

"I sit corrected, Lady Lundie. You embolden me to proceed. Allow me to ask (after what I have just heard)—whether it is not your duty to act on advice given for Blanche's benefit, by one of the highest medical authorities in England?"

Her ladyship admitted that it was her duty; mounting a more favorable pedestal for overmastering her brother-in-law.

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "Assuming that Blanche is like most other human beings, and has some prospect of happiness to contemplate, if she could only be made to see it—are we not bound to make her see it, by every moral obligation to act on the medical advice?" He cast a courteously-persuasive look at her ladyship, and paused in the most innocent manner for a reply.

Lady Lundie had not been bent—thanks to the irritation fomented by her brother-in-law—on disputing the ground with him, inch by inch, she must have seen again, by this time, of the snare that was being set for her. As it was, she saw nothing but the opportunity of disparaging Blanche and contradicting Sir Patrick.

"If my step-daughter had any such prospect as you describe," she answered, "I should of course say, Yes. But Blanche's is an ill-regulated mind. An ill-regulated mind has no prospect of happiness."

"Pardon me," said Sir Patrick. "Blanche has a prospect of happiness. In other words, Blanche has a prospect of being married. And, what is more, Arnold Brinkworth is ready to marry her, in spite of every thing that has happened."

Lady Lundie started in her chair—turned crimson with rage—and opened her lips to say, No. Sir Patrick rose to his feet, and went on before she could utter a word.

"I am glad to have you, Lady Lundie—by means which you have just acknowledged it to be your duty to accept—of all further charge of an incorrigible girl. As Blanche's guardian, I have the honor of proposing that her marriage be advanced to the day after another name can be put forthright of the ensuing month."

To those words he closed the trap which he had set for his sister-in-law, and waited to see what came of it.

A thoroughly spiteful woman, thoroughly aroused, is capable of subordinating every other consideration to the one imperative necessity of wreaking her vengeance. There was but one way now of tarring the tables on Sir Patrick—and Lady Lundie took it. The low was, for the last moment, so intensely, that not even the assertion of her own obstinate will promised her the means of a successful contradiction, by comparison with the priceless enjoyment of beating her brother-in-law on his own weapons.

"My dear Sir Patrick!" she said, with a little silvery laugh, "you have wasted much precious time and much eloquent words in trying to persuade me into giving my consent, when you might have had it for the asking. I think the idea of hastening Blanche's marriage an excellent one. I am charmed to transfer the charge of such a person to any man who is fool enough to undertake it—and wise enough to be blind to the unfeminine nature of the willful girl, when I undertook the care of Blanche."

"Bless'd be that elder sister!" he exclaimed, in a parody of Lady Lundie's own favorite quotation. "Bless'd be that elder sister!"

CROSSING BROADWAY.—DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

We give this week the portrait of the celebrated African traveler, Dr. LIVINGSTONE, a report of whose death by a tribe of savages is again in circulation. The report comes from Captain the Hon. EARNEST COCHRANE, commanding the British ship of war *Petrel*, on the west coast of Africa, who wrote as follows to a friend in England:

"ZANZIBAR, 9, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,—A few lines to tell you Dr. LIVINGSTONE has been killed and burned by the natives twenty days' journey from the Congo. He passed through a native town, and was three days on his journey when the king of the town died. The natives declared LIVINGSTONE had bewitched him, and after he was dead him he had stirred their king, and he must die.—They then killed him and burned him. This news comes by a Portuguese trader traveling that way. LIVINGSTONE was on the lakes at the head of the Congo, making his way to the Congo, where he was going to come out. I believe this news to be true."

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, who, as our readers will remember, stoutly maintained the falsity of former reports concerning DR. LIVINGSTONE'S death, comes forward with a strong argument against the truth of the Portuguese trader's story. The grounds of his disbelief are stated as follows:

"LIVINGSTONE wrote from Ujiji on the 30th of May, 1869, to Zanzibar, requesting to be supplied with a number of boatmen and goods to enable him to proceed to the north of Lake Tanganyika, and, as he expressed it, 'to connect the sources I have discovered with the Nile of SPEKE and BAKER.' Dr. KIRK, in his dispatch to Lord CLARENDON of the 2d of October, 1869, states that he would lose no time in procuring and sending the supplies demanded. Granted that these requirements were forwarded in a week or two from that date, they could not have reached LIVINGSTONE before the middle of December, as it takes two months to communicate between Zanzibar and Ujiji. How, then, can LIVINGSTONE have had time to organize his expedition to proceed to the northern end of Tanganyika, and then round it to the as yet unknown lakes at the head of the Congo, by the date required to verify this new rumor of his death? For the death, as will be perceived, must have happened ninety days before the news reached the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast. Even on the incredible supposition that LIVINGSTONE started alone, and destitute as he then was at Ujiji, without waiting for the men and supplies he had written for, there would not have been time for him to have penetrated the totally unexplored and extensive region lying between Ujiji and the head waters of the Congo."

SIR RODERICK'S argument is further supported by a letter from the Doctor's brother, the English Consul at Fernando Po, who writes as follows to a daughter of the distinguished traveler:

"I had a note from Mr. VARNHAGEN, our Consul-elect at Loanda, which shows that the mendacious Portuguese are not all dead yet. It was accompanied by a letter from a Portuguese traveler to the interior, who had just returned, and given some impressions the news of DR. LIVINGSTONE'S death when he visited the Cazembe's encampment in 1868, though he knew the fact, of which your father was not aware, that he had to drink the message, and was cut to pieces by the natives, as none of the poison showed that it had taken effect on him. Poor VARNHAGEN has sent this letter to the Foreign Office, as he thinks it leaves but little room for doubt as to the fate of Dr. LIVINGSTONE. If the natives told our Portuguese this yarn in June, 1868, it would appear that your father managed somehow to put all his pieces together again. I have written to VARNHAGEN that the message and cutting-to-pieces part of this yarn come out of the two calabashes of cacolo (drink made of honey) with much secrecy," says VARNHAGEN, 'the natives told me, and suspected that Dr. LIVINGSTONE was a great fetich man. He

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.

THE RECENT TROUBLES IN PARIS—ATTACK ON THE BARRICADES AT BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 7.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

SOURCES OF THE NILE
ALBERT N'YANZA
LAKE
EQUATOR
VICTORIA N'YANZA
KILIMANJARO
Mt. KENIA
Mt. KENIA
Mt. KILIMANJARO
Mt. ELGON
Mt. ELGON
Mt. KENIA
Mt. KILIMANJARO

while a bright blush came into her pale cheek, and her eyes shone, as she looked at Veronica, with bashful candor.

"Is it really such good news? He is a man of no family, and—"

"Veronica! Do you speak seriously? He comes of honest people, I am glad to say. But if he did not, he is *he*. And that is enough for me."

"You never cared about your own ancestry. But then, Mr. Lockwood is quite poor."

"Not poorer than I am," said Maud. The next instant she feared that the words might be taken as a complaint or a reproach to Veronica, and she added, quickly, "I never expected riches. I always knew that I should be poor. I had no right to look for wealth, and, as you said yourself, I do not covet it."

"No; not wealth, perhaps. But look here, Maudie; I shall come and put myself at your feet as I used to do. I can talk to you better so. It will seem like old times, will it not?"

But the gulf that divided the old times from the new was forcibly brought to Maud's mind by the fact that Lady Gale cautiously fastened the door that led into her bedroom, where her maid was waiting, lest the woman should enter the drawing-room and surprise her mistress in that undignified posture. Further, Maud observed that Veronica, by sitting at the end of her feet, was not compelled to meet her eyes, as she had done when they had conversed together before.

Veronica's rich draperies flowed over the dingy carpet as she placed herself on the foot-stool, and her head resting against Maud's knees. Maud timidly touched the glossy coils of hair that lay on her lap. And her pale, pure face shone above them like a white star at twilight.

"Now, Maudie," said Veronica, in a low voice, that had something constrained in its sound, "I don't want to speak of that man yet. You got my letter—thanks to little Flew, poor little fellow!—although I did not get your answer. You know the contents of that letter. They expressed my genuine feeling at the time. Beyond having left Shipley without papa's knowledge, I confess that I have behaved like a coward myself with."

Maud gave a little sigh, but said nothing.

The sigh or the silence, or both, annoyed Veronica; for she proceeded, with some irritation of manner: "I do not intend to be reproached by others. Evil and trouble came truly, but they were none of my making. I was the victim and the sufferer. I was entitled to sympathy, if ever woman was. But throughout I kept one object in view, and I have achieved it. I shall be replaced in my proper position in the world—in a position far higher, indeed, than any one could have prophesied for me."

All this was inexpressibly painful to Maud. Instead of the trembling gratitude that her reticence from obloquy; instead of the ingenuous confession of her own faults, and the acknowledgment of unmerited good fortune which she had expected to find in Veronica, there was a hard and vindictive tone of mind that betrayed itself in the words, and the nature of it, barren of good things. Maud was very young; she had her share of the weakness in judgment that belongs to youth. But, besides that, she had a quality by no means so common in the world as genius—a single-minded candor and simplicity of soul, which led her to accept words at their standard dictionary value. She made allowance for the depreciation of currency, but credited the bank whence such notes were issued with a certain sum of metal exactly equivalent to that expressed by the symbol.

That Veronica, in speaking as she did, was fighting against conscience, and striving to drown the voice of self-reproach, never occurred to Maud Desmond. She was grieved and disappointed. She dared not trust herself to speak; and it was the strength of her conscientious purpose effected that made Veronica's speech so painful.

Veronica continued: "You must not think that I mean to be unmindful of you, Maud, in my prosperity. I know that in a measure I may be said to have deprived you of a fortune, although, had it not been to injure and cut me to the quick, that fortune would never have been bequeathed to you."

Veronica! I implore you not to speak of that odious money! I had no thought of it. Practice, no desire for it. For Heaven's sake let us be silent on that score!"

"No," returned Veronica, raising herself a little on her elbow as she spoke, and looking up at the other girl, with cheeks that kept up a deeper flush beneath the false color that tinged them: "No, Maud, I can not consent to be silent. I have made up my mind that you shall have a handsome dowry. It should have been a really splendid one if all the money had come to me. As it is, I dare say Mr. Lockwood will be."

Maud put her trembling hand on Veronica's lips. "Oh, pray, pray," she said, "do not speak of it! Dear Veronica, it is impossible! It can never be!"

Veronica removed her arm from Maud's knee, a dark frown knitted her brows for an instant, but almost immediately she said, lightly, as she rose from the floor: "Oh, Maudie, Maudie, what a tragedy face! Don't be childish, Maudie. I say it must be. I shall not speak to you on the subject. Mr. Lockwood will doubtless be more reasonable."

"I do not dream of it! You do not know him."

"I am not in love with him," retorted Veronica, smiling disdainfully; "but that is quite another thing!"

However, she suddenly resolved to say no more on the subject to Maud. She had formed a scheme in her head. She could not quite forget Hugh's old admiration for herself, and she meant to seek an interview with him. She would do no wrong to Maud, even if Hugh were to put aside for a few moments the perfectness of his allegiance. But—she would like to assert her personal influence. She wished him to bend his still-necked pride before the power of her beauty and the charm of her manner. And in so wishing, she declared to herself that her main object was to be generous to Maud, and to give her a marriage portion.

"Maudie, let my maid take your hat and cloak. This room is warm. We must have some tea together," she said, going toward the door of her bedroom, and ringing the bell.

"No, Veronica, I can not stay. And pray don't call any one. I could take off my hat and cloak myself, if need were."

"You can not stay? Oh, Maud!"

"Hugh will be here for me at nine o'clock. And I promised to be ready."

"He is a bit of tyrant, then, your Hugh?" Maud shook her head and smiled faintly.

"Do you love him very much, white owl?"

The old petting epithet, coming from oneness from her lips, touched a chord in Veronica's heart which had hitherto remained dumb. She went into tears, and sobbed upon Maud's neck. Her arms around her, and sobbed upon her neck. Maud was thankful to see those tears flow. For some time neither of the girls said a word. Then Maud began to speak of Hugh: to say how good he was, how true, how noble, how unselfish—and how dearly she loved him. And then—still holding Veronica's head against her breast—she spoke of the voice, the music, the Shipley days, and what news she could of all that had passed in her old home since she left it. She tried, with every innocent wile she could think of, to lead Veronica's thoughts back to the days of her childhood and girlhood. But Veronica was cold to every far away.

"I shall never see the old place again, Maudie. Never, never! But, dear white owl, I have something to tell you. I—I—how shall I begin? I found Mrs. Naples' address in my mother's side.

"Was she good to you? Did you like her, dear?"

"It isn't my fault, it is the fault of your stupid English language, if I was unable to convey to you at once that my relative is—is cagine, not cognine. Don't look so amazed."

I didn't mean to be amazed, dear Veronica."

"Well, this cousin—Cesare his name is—is a Principe de' Barletti. Barletti, you know, was mamma's name. And he is a good fellow, and a real friend of mine, and—I mean to marry him, by-and-by."

"To marry him?"

"Yes."

"And—and he is good, you say? and you really love him, dear?"

"Oh yes; I—I love him, of course. And he is devoted to me. We have talked speak of arrangement as yet; because—you do not need to be told why. But I shall assuredly be Princess de Barletti, Maud."

Maud's mind was in such a chaos of astonishment that she could hardly speak. It all seemed incredible. But she clung to the only hopeful point she could discern, and repeated once more, "He is good, and you really love him, Veronica?"

"I tell you there is nothing in the world he could not do for me," said Veronica, a little angrily.

Her soft mood was wearing away. Maud did not show herself sufficiently delighted; by no means sufficiently impressed. Astonished she was, truly. But not pleased in the right sense.

"And—and is he in Naples now, your cousin?"

"In Naples!" still more sharply. "Certainly not. He is here.

"Oh! I did not know it. I had not heard of it, Veronica."

"I had no other male relative to whom I could look for due protection and support," said Veronica, with some bitterness.

At this moment the servant appeared, saying that Miss Desmond was waited for.

"I must go, dear. Indeed I must," said Maud, springing up. "And I have not said half that I wanted to say to you. I will write. I will not stay now, if you say so."

Veronica dismissed the servant, who was lingering near the door, and bade him say that Miss Desmond would become immediate. Then she kissed and embraced Maud, and told her that a visit to the care of Mr. Simpson would always find her.

"God bless you, Maudie! Thank you for coming. Don't mind Hugh. He is a dear, but a tyrant! Can not be be kept waiting for a moment?"

"Good-by, dear Veronica. Think of what I have said about Uncle Charles! If you would but try to do that matrimony so as to make it a complete university. He has already expended half a million of dollars on the Theological Seminary, and it is estimated that a million more will be necessary to accomplish the erection of a suitable edifice. If this enterprise is completed as the undersigned proposes, will have a first-class university, the gift of one man.

Rev. Dr. Osgood, who has recently returned from Europe, gives some interesting statements regarding the exposure of adulterated wines, now found in the cities of Europe. In Rome you can ride any where in the city with a friend a single course for sixteen cents. In London you can have a cab for a mile for twenty-five cents, and for greater distances at reduced rates. In Berlin a cab for twenty minutes costs twelve cents, and for half an hour seventeen cents; longer rides are in the same proportion. In a good vehicle, with two seats, in forty-five cents an hour by day, and sixty cents at night. In a few cases extra charges for baggage, and about ten per cent. less if you take the vehicle in the public street, instead of ordering it at the stable. In Switzerland you can have a man and horse, or mule, a day for two dollars or two and a half, even in places where travelers are numerous; and in Germany seventy cents, or a German dollar, is thought fair pay for an intelligent guide in the city or country. In Venice, Florence, and Rome, a dollar secures a well-informed guide. Why can not New York have similar convenient and economical arrangements both for strangers and for citizens?

Touch children to love the beautiful. Let them cultivate flowers in garden or house; allow them to have pretty pictures, and to decorate their rooms with their childish fancies; point out the fine sunrise or sunset, the beautiful hills, mountain, or landscape. Children are easily impressed, and a love of the beautiful in them will make them unconsciously more lovable and beautiful.

Madame De Catacazy, wife of the Russian Ambassador, is reported to be a woman of remarkable beauty. Her complexion is wonderfully clear, her form is perfect, and her manners courtly and elegant. But her crowning glory is her wealth of golden hair, which all admit to be natural in color and quantity, and which is of that rare shade about which poets and painters rave.

Napoleon III. visited Bordeaux about seventeen years ago, at which time he was received by the Prefect of the Department, a tall, powerful-built man, beside whom the Emperor himself made but a insignificant personal appearance. Side by side they drove through the city. "Prefet," said Napoleon, "the crowds seem to regard their Prefect, and forget their Emperor." "Sire," was the courtly reply, "when a regiment is marching, the crowd is more interested in the drum-major; but it is not to be concluded they forget the general in command." The Prefect afterward became Minister.

Not long ago a newly-married couple from the country established themselves at a fashionable hotel in one of the Western cities, for the purpose of "seeing the sights." The lady was young and pretty, the husband honest and verdant. The pair had been in the hotel some twenty-four hours, when the strangers walked up to the clerk and remarked: "That's my wife standing by the door, sir."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the bland reply of the clerk.

"Well, I thought I'd mention it," continued the man, "as you might think it strange in my compelling. I never like to deceive folk, you know; but we're kind of bothered. We've only been here since yesterday, and my wife has been trying to get me three times, and to go to the minstrels' shows likewise; and just now a sleek-looking chap knocked at the door and wanted to know if she was alone, and another scoundrel asked me if I wanted to have her on the string had gone.' I've no doubt these young men mean well enough, but they are too dogoned polite for me."

The poor fellow was assured that the "well-meaning" young men should not annoy him any further with their politeness, and he retired apparently much relieved.

Horse-meat has been used for food in Prussia for a year and a half, and it has been decided that it is wholesome. It sells for about half the price of beef under the market. It may be more than that here, but we fancy many will continue to patronize the beef and pay more.

Madame Emile Olivier is twenty years old, but does not appear to be more than sixteen. She recently dined at the Tuileries, and sat next to the curate of conversation to relate to the Emperor the history of her marriage. It seems that when young M. Emile Olivier saw one to the same waters, in the Vosges, to which her family frequently resorted. The young man's parents refused deputy made some impressions on the young girl, but he did not seem to think of her. For the first year he was not even in love with her. In the second year it appeared as if she had grown a little; and in the third year she had attained "to the stature of his heart," and the marriage took place.

Water-proof dress goods will doubtless soon be made beautiful as well as useful. By a German invention the ordinary cotton goods can be supplanted by cloths of bright colors. To effect this the fabrics are first dyed with alizarine, which is fixed upon the cloth, so as to form, when dried, a proper surface for taking the colors, the succeeding processes being those of ordinary dyeing.

Liszt has a young protégé at Rome, a boy pianist, of whom Liszt predicts great things. He is the son of an Italian literary man, of strong republican views.

A singular incident is mentioned in a German newspaper as having occurred at a marriage service before the civil authorities in Algiers. The consent of the mother of the bride was required, and the official asked if she was present. Mr. Jones's wife answered "Yes." The mayor looked up and saw a tall soldier before him. "That is well," he said; "the mother must be here—her consent and signature are necessary." To the astonishment of all present, the soldier approached the mayor with a necklace, related in military fashion, and said, "You ask for the mother of the bride; I am standing before you." "Yes, well, Sir," replied the mayor; "then stand back. I can take no proceedings. I must see the mother, I tell you!" "And I repeat," rejoined the soldier, "that she stands before you. I am Mrs. Jones. I have been thirty-six years in the service: I have been through several campaigns, and obtained the rank of corporal; here are my papers." The proposition to wear uniform, and my nomination as sergeant-major." The mayor carefully examined the documents, and found them perfectly correct, and consented the marriage. The bride and bride and the mother blessing them so fervently with her deep bass voice that all present were more startled than touched.

Professor Halford, of the University of Melbourne, Australia, has found an antidote for snake poisons, which has proved successful in the most critical cases. It is simply liquid ammonia injected into the veins. A small syringe with a sharp point, for the purpose of making the injection, is manufactured and sold in Melbourne, and now few travel in the country without one. Some time ago, Professor Halford, in making experiments, allowed himself to be bitten by a snake, and nearly lost his life, because he was unable to counteract the effects of the poison. But his theories, preserved in his experiments, and now is rewarded with success.

THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

We give on this page the portrait of Mr. ANSON BURLINGAME, Chinese Envoy to the United States and the European Powers, who died at St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 23d of February, after an illness of only four days. He was born in New Berlin, Chenango County, New York, November 14, 1822, and at the time of his death was in the forty-eighth year of his age. His youth was chiefly spent on the Western frontier. At one time he was actively engaged with surveying parties, and at another participating in the making of Indian treaties far beyond the confines of civilization. He laid the foundation of his education at the Branch University of Michigan; but, removing to Massachusetts, he entered Harvard University, where he received a degree in 1846. He afterward studied and practiced law in Boston, and married the daughter of ISAAC LIVERMORE, of Cambridge. In 1852 he was elected to the State Senate, and was a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. He was elected in 1854 a Representative in the XXXIVth Congress, re-elected to the XXXVth and XXXVIth, serving therein on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. In 1861 he was appointed by President LINCOLN Minister to Austria, and subsequently to China. The latter position he held until 1867, when he accepted a diplomatic appointment from China to the United States and the European Powers.

Mr. BURLINGAME first acquired a national reputation in 1856, when his scathing denunciation of PRESTON S. BROOKS for the perpetration of the assault upon Senator SUMNER drew forth a challenge from BROOKS, which he promptly accepted, proposing to go to Canada and fight it out over the border with rifles. Mr. BROOKS refused to accept these conditions, on the plea that he apprehended violence in making the trip through the Northern States; and both parties were arrested by the authorities. The affair created great excitement at the time, and Mr. BURLINGAME was the hero of the hour at the North.

Toward the close of the year 1867 Mr. BURLINGAME undertook a mission from China to the rest of the civilized world; and in March of the following year he arrived in this country with the Chinese embassy, and was every where enthusiastically received. Here he negotiated additional articles to the treaty of 1858 between the United States and China; and in the autumn of the same year he went with the embassy to Europe. He and his associates were at first received with a great deal of ridicule by the English press, as having no definite mission to perform; but he succeeded in establishing a much more friendly understanding between the two governments of Britain and China than previously existed; and before his departure from England the tone of hostile criticism was exchanged for that of warm eulogy and appreciation. Subsequently the mission visited France and Prussia, and a short time since went to St. Petersburg. There Mr. BURLINGAME took a severe cold, which settled into congestion of the lungs, and resulted in his death. His decease is undoubtedly a serious loss, not to China alone, but to other countries with whom he was bringing that vast empire into close relations.

THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

READING THE COUNCIL DECREES.

OUR illustration on page 173 represents the Secretary of the Œcumenical Council in the act of formally reading out the decrees of the Council at a plenary session in the Council Hall. This hall is situated in the north transept of St. Peter's Cathedral, having an altar erected at one end of it, and a throne for the Pope at the other end. Another and lower seat for the Pope, to be occupied by him during his attendance with the Council at mass, is placed a little in front of the altar. This seat is partly shown to the left hand in our engraving, which looks directly across the hall, toward the benches of the bishops and toward the gallery of the foreign embassadors and ladies, immediately above the bishops, so that the altar, farther to the right hand, is not seen from this point of view, within the compass of the artist's sketch. The most conspicuous object here at this moment is a portable wooden pulpit, which is brought into the Council Hall upon certain occasions, for the solemn promulgation of its transactions. The Pope, though not visible in our engraving, must be supposed to be present on his throne, far to the left hand, and the Secretary of the Council turns his face toward the Pope while reading the decrees. All the prelates of the Council wear their mitres upon this occasion, being in the exercise of their deliberative and legislative authority; but their mitres are laid aside, of course, when engaged in religious worship. The splendidly-attired Church dignitary to the left, with a gorgeous stole hanging over his shoulders in front and behind, and with an expanding, dome-shaped head-dress, surmounted by a beveled cross, is one of the Oriental bishops.

THE BAMBINO, OR CHRIST-CHILD, OF THE ARA CŒLI.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

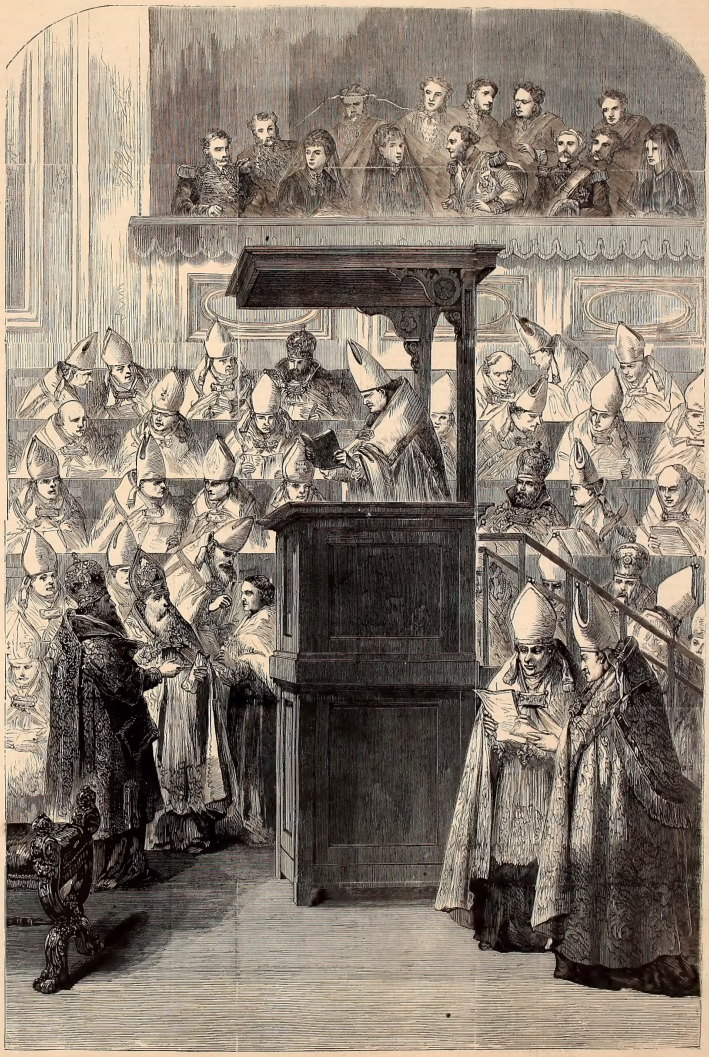

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL—READING THE DECREES.—[SEE PAGE 172.]

THE BAMBINO OF THE ARA CELI.

ONE of the most popular of the Christmas festivals at Rome is a representation of the interior of the inn at Bethlehem in the church of the Ara Celi, which stands on the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and is dedicated to the Virgin. Its repute is owing to a very sacred image of the infant Saviour which belongs to the church. It is placed upon the lap of the Mother, amidst a group of other figures, in a small chapel which is kept for the present occasion, and is only opened at Christmas. The figures are as large as life. The shepherds are standing round in attitudes of adoration; there is a donkey and a cow, to give the scene the aspect of a stable; and beyond is a distant view, with small figures, and the towers and houses of the town. In the upper part there are clouds, formed of painted canvas, with the heavenly host singing and performing on instruments, and a figure of the Deity high above all. There is a curious custom in this church which lasts till the Epiphany, and which brings a crowd of people every day. A stage is erected in front of the representation of the Divine advent, and a number of children, principally little girls, appear and recite various pieces. Some are a kind of sermon, others are in the form of an address to the infant; some are orations of praise, others are dialogues, in which two children are on the stage reciting at once; and there are some of these performances which may be called dramas, and which are supposed to be a sort of remnant of the old mysteries, or sacred plays. The children seem to do this with great ease and confidence, as if they were quite used to it, and in some cases the performance is very beautiful. A great numbers of applause are heard when any one has done well. On the Epiphany, which is the last day, three new figures are introduced into the group at Bethlehem. These are the three kings from the East; and a star is placed over the group, to tell that it was by its guidance they found out the sacred spot. Being a holiday the crowd increases; the candidates for the platform are many; and sometimes there is a second platform with a second set of performers. The whole ceremony closes with a grand procession of priests and Franciscan monks, whom before the end of the

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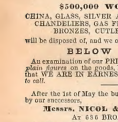

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 690.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE SHEIKH.

It was the opinion of Baron Larrey, the celebrated French military surgeon, that Adam and Eve were Arabs. He pronounced the Arab skull to be the most perfect type of the human head, and affirmed the intellectual traits of these children of the desert to be equal to their finely-developed physical organization. Their external senses are exquisitely acute and remarkably perfect; their sight is extensive in its range: they hear at very great distances; and they are capable of distinguishing the most subtle odors. But the Baron does not decide whether the perfect organization of the Arab arises from the desert climate or from the early cultivation of the higher faculties. "Sharp features, lean active figures, keen, animated, and restless eyes," says that great ethnologist, Dr. Prichard, "mark the Arab. Men not unlike Mohammed are often met with among the Sheikhs. Often you see Bedouins with long, thin, almost feminine faces, and large and finely-formed features, which, half covered by the folds of their white head-dresses, look somewhat sad and ghastly." "The Bedouin's dark orbs," says Mr. Kinglake, "roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes. His countenance shows painful thought and long-suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams, and cries more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fits music that I ever endured."

The true Bedouin has an aquiline nose, a receding mouth and chin, deep-set, bright dark eyes, large and ardent.—He is agile and spare, with little muscle, but active and vigorous; his limbs are small, his hands sometimes of almost feminine delicacy.—The Bedouin's hair is almost always of a deep black, and very bushy; the expression of their physiognomy is stern and severe. The Arabs high up the Nile, beyond Dongola, are black as negroes; while in the mountains on the west of Yemen, Bruce reports them as often having red hair and blue eyes. Niebuhr describes the mountain women as very pretty, at Esthen found the nomad maidens plain, haggard, and clumsy, without religion, and addicted to tobacco. Hospitable the Arabs are, and when they have them they will share with all who come beneath their tent-roof their camels' milk, curds, and bread.

The picture from which our engraving of the old, white-bearded shiekh is taken is by Mr. Carl Haag, one of the best of modern English artists in water-color. It has a venerable, patriarchal appearance, and seems to justify Baron Larrey's opinion of the intellectual capacities of the Arab race.

WHENCE COME METEORITES?

In examining a mass of meteoric iron found in the Cordillera of Deesa (Chili), M. Stanislas Meunier, of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, has discovered evidences of an unexpected relationship between this iron and two meteorites fallen at a great distance from Chili, viz., a mass of iron found at Caille (Alpes Maritimes), and a stone which fell at Sétif (Algeria), June 9, 1867.

The meteorite of Deesa is a mixture of these two rocks; it is composed of iron which is identical with that of Caille, injected in a sort of fusion into a stone which is identical with that of Sétif. The iron of Deesa is then evidently an eruptive rock, and it is the first hitherto observed among meteorites. Besides this, it is asserted that the iron resembling that found at Caille, and the stone resembling that of Sétif, have been mutually connected by stratification upon an unknown globe, and it is the first time that such a connection has been materially demonstrated.

M. Meunier remarks that the meteorites which now arrive upon the earth are not of the same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages. Formerly iron fell: now stones fall. During the last 116 years there have been in Europe but three falls of iron, whereas there have been, annually, on an average, three falls of stones. The greater number of meteoric irons which exist in the Paris collection have fallen on the earth at undetermined epochs; all the meteoric stones are of comparative recent date. Perhaps we are even justified in saying that stones of a new kind are beginning to arrive, for falls of *carbonaceous meteorites* were unknown before the year 1803, and four have been observed since then.

From this assemblage of facts M. Stanislas Meunier concludes that meteorites are the fragments of one or more heavenly bodies which, at a period relatively recent (for these waifs are never found except in superficial strata), revolved round the earth, or perhaps round the moon.—Having in the course of ages lost their own proper heat, and become penetrated by the cold of space, they have arrived, much sooner than the moon, by reason of their inferior volume, at the last term of the molecular action which are operating upon our satellite, and which are rendered evident to our eyes by the enormous crevices, the deep fissures, with which it is furrowed. Split in all directions,

THE SHEIKH.—[From a Painting by Carl Haag.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

OUR INDIAN POLICY OF EXTERMINATION.

ON the 24th of May, 1637, before dawn, Captains MASON and UNDERHILL prayed, broke camp, and surprised a Pequot fort upon the Mystic River in Connecticut. Within an hour it was burned to the ground, and of the four hundred Indians not more than five escaped. This fearful blow, says the historian, secured civilization in New England. WILLIAM PENN secured it differently in Pennsylvania. But without refining too closely upon the necessities of war in the earliest colonial times, it is not certain that what may have been necessary for a band of settlers in a strange and savage country three thousand miles from their own land is humanly justifiable two hundred and fifty years later in a civilized nation of fifty millions of people dealing with some thousands of skulking savages.

Yet the recent destruction of the Piegan Indians by United States troops was in pursuance of that policy of Indian warfare which has undoubtedly the general approval. We mean that it is the common opinion that the Indians are a treacherous, cruel, remorseless, and wretched human vermin, who observe no rules of honorable war, and who will ravage and murder the innocent and helpless wherever and whenever they can, and that nothing but striking them "where it hurts," as GENERAL SHERMAN says, will tend to protect our women and children from their ferocity. Last year, when we had reports amazingly of some of the barbarities of the Indians, we received an indignant protest from the frontier, assuring us that the most ingenious torments that could be devised for their punishment were mild in comparison with the horrors they inflicted. And recently we knew of the visit to the territorial judge in an Indian region, who, starting with her husband upon a journey, made him promise to shoot her if they were taken by the Indians. "And I would have done it," said the judge, quietly.

It is not surprising that under such circumstances the popular Indian policy of the frontier should be extermination. And, undoubtedly, the feeling which led to the destruction of the Piegans was, at bottom, precisely the same as that which burned the Pequot fort upon the Mystic. Nevertheless, the policy of extermination is inhuman and unworthy of the United States; and it is also enormously expensive. It costs the Government, says Mr. PHILLIPS, about a million of dollars to kill a single Indian. Moreover, what must be the moral effect upon an army of the conduct of such a system of warfare? In the Middle Age chronicles we read that captured cities were given up to the license of the soldiery for several days. And one such little sentence appalls the imagination more as much as the most harrowing stories of Indian massacres.

No exposed family upon the frontier need suppose that we are indifferent to its situation, nor to the question of its most vigorous and successful defence. The very point to determine is how it can be best defended.

General PARKER, the Indian agent or superintendent, himself of Indian descent, does not approve the policy of extermination. The President GRANT does not approve it. The country, which gave but a languid attention to the subject, and is willing to believe any thing of the Indians, can yet observe that the Indian question is by no means settled by the present policy; the exposed families are not defended; and, if it inquires, it will discover that in Canada Indian wars are unknown, and that the Indian policy of that country is radically different from ours. One of the most valuable and interesting documents laid before Congress during its present session is the Report upon the Management of the Indians in British North America by the British Government, by Mr. F. N. BLAKE, United States Consul at Hamilton, Ontario. According to the census of 1868 there were more than 20,000 Indians in the Dominion of Canada, and the effort of the Government is directed to their incorporation with the rest of the inhabitants as citizens. The British policy aims to place the Indians under the protection of the law of the land. Our plan is to keep them aliens, and to make treaties with them as foreign people living upon our own soil. The result is the first one that is unbroken peace; in the second, endless war.

The British act of 1860 for the management of Indian affairs applies, indeed, to all the Indian degree, the existence and the authority of tribes, and provides a Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, and may be said of the Indian bill. But it is gone? And if not, and the bill be repealed, and the benchmen approve, then what? Let the compassionate Indian-lover confess that the gentleman of whom we speak is in a cruel situation. If Mr. SWEENY and his friends are still in power, the Erie bill must be maintained; if they are not, it must be repealed. "Reliable information" is sadly wanted in the Executive Chamber.

We have seen various explanations offered of the Governor's action in this matter. It is said that he held the bill for consideration—that there was no protest—that the Legislature was virtually unanimous—that there were urgent requests from certain sections for the bill. But what did the bill do? It took from property-holders the control of their property, and gave it to those whom they had not selected. To read the bill was to see that. Why did the Governor hold it in consideration but because he saw it? The Legislature was unanimous in so unparalleled an act, what was the Governor for but to withstand their action? As for a public protest, does the Executive require an expression of general indignation to prevent his sanctioning so gross an outrage upon fundamental principles? And does he plead the request of those whose motives he could not know in defense of such a sanction? If the Erie bill had not been the measure of those who have "invented" the Governor, and who, controlling the State, were in his judgment essential to making him President, would it have been signed? And if the gentleman whom Governor HOFFMAN has in mind when he thinks of the Presidency proposed such a bill as the Erie for such reasons, or for any other, and if he is politically wholly the invention of the Ring, and the Ring is broken, does he see any reason whatever why his party in the State or in the country should prefer such a gentleman to any New York politician who is guiltless of complicity with the Ring?

THE CURIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

M. OLLIVIER, the new French Prime Minister, has apparently made a fatal mistake. He refused to dissolve the Legislature and appeal to the country, upon the ground that it already represented the people. Soon afterward he declared that official candidates could no longer be tolerated; in other words, that the prefects must not secure the election of candidates nominated from the Tuileries. But this was very unwelcome to a great part of the Chambers, who had been elected in that manner, and the Minister was opposed by a very large majority, who carried their resolution to sustain such candidacies by a vote of 187 to 44. Before the vote was taken M. OLLIVIER asked that it be not made a vote of want of confidence. But such a request is absurd; for it must be considered a vital point. And thus the new Liberal Minister, who refused to appeal to the people, is left in a like minority, like our Republican friends in Maryland who refused to enfranchise the colored citizens.

The system has fatally weakened his position, because it is now evident that he depends upon the support of a majority which, by his own showing, has been—despite its real existence in the Chambers—virtually declared do not properly represent the country. If there is to be official candidacy government in France, the Ministry must first secure a really honest popular election, and then retire before an adverse majority in the Chambers.

And it is now really difficult to see how a truly Liberal policy can be carried out by the Ministry because of the defective composition of the Legislature. The Liberal members have opposed the new Ministry. Upon this question of official candidacy M. OLLIVIER has their support for the first time, and it was given under protest that they did not sustain the Ministry in the opposite proposition. The position is extraordinary. If M. OLLIVIER thinks that a perfectly free election is compatible with the existence of the empire, why did he refuse to trust to it by a dissolution, since he knew that the Imperial majority had been "cooked" at the polls? If he does not think so, why did he declare that the official candidacies must be abandoned? By his refusal to dissolve he inherited the incumbrance of the Liberals; by his proposition to abandon the candidacies he has shaken that of the Conservatives. Upon which does he mean to rely? The only explanation of his conduct may be, if his proposition is honestly made, it is the most positive evidence of the decided strength of the empire, because it shows a willingness to intrust its existence to an uncontrolled vote of the people.

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Lord ELDON, in sustaining this act, stated that he had the official care of twenty-five millions of the property of MAJESTY's subjects, and that since the passage of the act restraining coin payments he had been unable to make any collections except in Bank of England notes; and that it was proper, therefore, to place proceedings for distress on the same footing. In effect, therefore, the bills of the Bank of England were made a legal tender, and kept so down from 1797 for over twenty years.

The motive for passing the original act as stated in the preamble to have been that specie had been withdrawn from the Continent, and that there was danger that the credit of the Bank and Government might be jeoparded if coin payments were not prevented. As between debtors and creditors in England, collections were made in legal proceedings in no other medium than Bank of England notes, which notes constituted the ordinary currency of the kingdom until, and for several years after, the termination of the war. As England was the most opulent nation in the world during all this period, and was deeply interested in preserving the highest monetary standard, her example in proof of the necessity of this resort in time of war, on the part of all nations less favorably situated as to pecuniary means.

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A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

IT is rather early to talk of the next Presidency, but we suppose that Governor HOFFMAN could mention a gentleman who occasionally thinks of it. And if that gentleman should be of the same mind with Governor HOFFMAN himself, it would be interesting to know what are the limits of his chance as the Erie bill at present current in his party. It can certainly be said with truth that the gentleman in question would never be thought of as a presidential candidate if there were any conspicuous candidate in his party. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR is unquestionably the most prominent man among the country, but his rejection by the people in 1868 was so signal that he is not likely to be again a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. SEYMOUR had had the insight of a patriotic statesman when he was elected Governor in 1862, he might have commanded, in the next subsequent career. But his political life is ended. Nobody believes he should take an active part in a Presidential election, except, possibly to his party, when, if the successful candidate were not from New York, Mr. SEYMOUR would undoubtedly be made Secretary of State.

Governor HOFFMAN probably hopes that the candidate may be from New York, and may be successful, although modesty might debar him to mention who the candidate should be. But he has probably observed that Governor has in mind for the Presidency made any mark upon his party in the country, and is his position in the party in the State so commanding as it is officially prominent? He was Recorder of New York, and sentenced the rioters of 1863. Then the Tammany Ring, commanding as it must have a candidate of respectable antecedents, nominated and elected him Mayor. He was re-elected, receiving the votes of many Republicans, to secure the defeat of FERNANDO WOOD. As Mayor, the most memorable act of this gentleman was a proclamation protecting electoral frauds, which cost him the votes of some of the most honorable men of his own party. By means of these frauds, which were the work of the Tammany Ring, this gentleman became Governor. He is now in the second year of his office, and his most memorable act as Governor is the signature of the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous schemes of the Ring, to which this gentleman owes all his prominence.

Of course, if this gentleman should not be renominated as Governor, he could hardly look for a nomination as President, because he depends for success, not upon his own powers, not upon any natural leadership, but upon adroit political management. In a National Convention of his party, and without official position, he would stand no more first chance than any delegate. He does not rank with the great Democrats of New York—with MICHAEL HOFFMAN, with HORATIO SEYMOUR, nor even with HORATIO SEYMOUR. A famous political manager used to say that he had invented certain persons in politics, and it may be said of this gentleman politically that he is not a self-made man. If any body doubts it, let him ask Mr. SWEENY and his friends.

And now comes the difficulty. The Democratic enemies of the Ring declare that it shall not send a delegate to the next State Convention. But, if so, the Ring no longer controls the party in the State. And if this be so, what is the use of the chairman of the Ring do, who gave the sign of his total subserviency in his signature to the Erie bill? Plainly, if the Ring is gone, gone is the bill. But is it gone? And

JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.

BY the death of the Rev. Dr. JOHN MCCLINTOCK, whose portrait, with a biographical sketch, we give elsewhere, the country loses one of its accomplished and most useful scholars, the Methodist denomination one of its most able and eloquent preachers, and his personal friends a delightful and inspiring companion. Dr. MCCLINTOCK's knowledge was varied, extensive, and accurate. He studied with the zest of a lover, and he had a remarkable power of readily imparting what he learned to the best account, either as a teacher, an author, or an orator. For preaching, indeed, he was peculiarly fitted. He had the manly temperament, the presence, the voice, the electrical and broad sympathy that are essential to the popular orator, while the nobility of his nature and a certain simplicity and modesty endeared him to those who knew only the man. His literary labor was incessant and various, but his chief and most permanent work is his "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," upon which he had been long engaged with Dr. JAMES STRONG.

His patriotism was as firmand positive as his character. During the war he was pastor of the American chapel in Paris, and his labors to enlighten the European mind upon the real scope and significance of the great American contest were incessant and most efficient. No American then in Europe understood better than he how to mold public opinion upon the subject most powerfully. He served his country and his kind as truly as if he had been a General in the field; and to those in Europe who doubted, as well as to those who believed, he was himself a living illustration of the better American. When he returned to this country he found new duties growing out of the war awaiting him, and with his whole heart he did his share in wisely caring for the freedmen. But there was no narrowness, no rudeness, either in his patriotism or in his religion. Amidst all his interests, in all his busy career, he was not only always active, devoted, efficient, but he was equally generous and kindly. JOHN MCCLINTOCK had the large, charitable Christian heart that makes life beautiful and its memory precious.

THE CURIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.

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In the recent war in this country the Treasury notes of the Government were declared to be a legal tender in all suits instituted for the

recovery of debts, and this was sustained by the highest court of nearly every loyal State. In Kentucky the act, in its application to a debt existing at the time of its passage, was declared to be illegal by a court composed of judges many of them unfriendly to the Union; and this decision had been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, in effect reversing the other decisions.

The policy pursued by the English, in giving a forced circulation to the bills of the Bank of England, enabled the Government to conduct its financial operations during the war with success; and although there are differences of opinion among citizens of the United States as to the expediency of giving a forced circulation to the Treasury notes of the Government, there is no doubt that the plan accomplished the object intended.

The circumstances under which recourse was had to this policy, by the United States, were of the gravest character. Within the first year of the war three loans which had been put upon the market were taken chiefly by the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. As the war grew to extensive proportions the banks, finding that they could not dispose of what they had of these loans, announced to the Government that they could take no more of them, and that it was a question of a few days only which should break first, the banks or the Treasury.

Soon afterward, and on the 31st of December, 1861, the banks universally stopped specie payments.

At this time Congress had failed to provide any system of effective taxation, and there was then a large force in the field which remained unpaid; and in this emergency, when the proceeds of the loans had been entirely exhausted, the Secretary of the Treasury, finding that the Treasury notes then in existence, and which had been made receivable only for Government dues, were being discredited, called upon Congress to make them compulsorily receivable as money, by the whole people of the land, or the war would be ended.

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The Constitution conferred upon Congress full power to adopt all "necessary and proper means" for conducting war, and Congress was the chief financial officer of the Government had stated to them that it was "indispensably necessary" to make these notes a legal tender, and as Congress, acting on this statement, had decided that it was necessary, the question of fact that it was so was found and affirmed by the only authority competent to make the decision. The Court, according to the uniform tenor of its rulings from the origin of the Government, was bound to accept this as final and conclusive if it was a recognized and effective means for accomplishing success in war, and was not a prohibited power. No one claims that it is prohibited. On the contrary, when the necessity of prohibition was under review by the Convention which framed the Constitution, it was decided to prohibit only the States from doing any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts.

It was undoubtedly competent for the framers of the Constitution to have extended the prohibition to Congress, and, according to all established rules of construction, the omission to do so, under such circumstances as the case made, is indicative of their view that great emergencies would make a resort to this power essential to the life of the Government. This view, which is the practical character of the emergency in February, 1862, when Congress, in the absence of all other means, was compelled to require of citizens of the United States that they should not discredit its money—its sinews of war.

The power to prescribe what shall constitute a legal tender for debts has been exercised by the General Government from its very origin. The language of most of the acts of this kind covered from the one passed in 1806, declaring that certain foreign coins at a certain rate shall be a "legal tender for the payment of all debts and demands."

The authority to pass these acts is not specifically granted, but is an incident to the express power to "coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coins," and that to regulate commerce, of which money is the measure. As the States could exercise this power at pleasure, and even with respect to coins, it might be productive of great inconvenience, if they chose to make different and contradictory regulations; and their control over the subject must therefore belong to that class of powers to be held solvent laws, which remain partially inactive during the operation of complete Congressional regulations.

It was proper to refer the States in this respect, because also they were not responsible for the principles in the conduct of war which might require a change in the medium.

War powerfully affects the relations between debtors and creditors by causing the expulsion and hoarding of the precious metals; and inasmuch as this incidental injury to debtors is the act of the Government, it is reasonable and just in such a dilemma that the Government should moderate this injury to the extent of its authority.

The duty of collecting debts through sheriffs and marshals comprehends an exercise of the public power which, at particular junctures, is not convenient or possible in the precious metals. Shay's rebellion was caused by an attempt to collect debts in gold and silver; and in the Anti-Rent Districts such numerous and serious collisions have taken place, resulting in the loss of life, that in some districts their forced collection had been suspended. Governments are obliged to consider the effect of war on this duty, and modify it according to exigencies. It has direct bearing on the issue of bank notes.

The creditor who supposes that in the midst of the tarmoils and immense pecuniary changes of a great war he can hold the Government to the duty of enforcing his pound of flesh, must think that the employment of an army in meeting the enemy should be accompanied by a police; it may suppose that the sheriffs in the vain attempt to collect his debt at such a time in gold and silver. The experience of mankind proves among that this is a misconception of his rights and duties, and that instead of his being supreme—as he is wont to be in time of peace—it is the Government which is supreme in war.

The Constitution itself contains evidence that in war powers which are unlawful in peace may be exercised for the common safety. *Habeas corpus* can be suspended in time of war.

In war, troops may be quartered in private houses, but in peace they can not be without the consent of the owner. The Executive who in peace can not be held to answer for a capital or infamous crime without being presented or indicted by a grand jury, may, when arising in the land and naval forces during war be tried and punished without that formality. The laws of war supplant the laws of peace in those of peace which are inconsistent with the general safety.

An impression prevails that we are going suddenly to specie payments, and that this decision of the Supreme Court has become immediately or in dangerous proximity operative of an essential means of warfare and defense on such delusive grounds. It will soon appear that the Legal Tender act can not safely be dispensed with. Its constitutionality is clear, and it should remain with Congress to decide when it shall be suspended. The public has overstepped the just line of its authority, and attempted to restrict Congress in this matter, when the framers of the Constitution decided to leave them free of such restriction.

NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS W. GODDARD, son of the late Professor GODDARD, of Brown University, in Rhode Island, has published two volumes of poems, entitled RIDER, in Providence, the writings of his father, who was well known to all Rhode Islanders, and who would fill in it one of the fullest statements of the arguments in the famous case of LUTHER *vs.* BORDEN, a question raised by THOMAS WILSON DORR was a natural and very important one in our political history. It was decided in favor of the great patriotic statesman, but without the profoundest excitement. MR. DORR claimed that the right to grant power resided in the people, a majority of the adult white male citizens could at any time peacefully, and without authority of law, overthrow any existing government and establish any other. In this view he was supported by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS of Massachusetts, and by MR. CAMPBELLING in New York; and he and his friends, the logical expounders of this theory, raised a civil war in Rhode Island twenty-eight years ago. The attempt failed. DORR was convicted of treason, imprisoned for a year, and then pardoned; and the Supreme Court decided that Congress must determine which of two organizations in a State claiming to be its lawful government should be recognized by the United States. The late debate which shook the House of Representatives had for a chief part, and the brief essays—the true logic, eloquent—which the author gives us the daily papers, and which were of the greatest influence in moulding an intelligent public opinion, have been very wisely preserved and preserved in these volumes, and are a permanently interesting and valuable addition to our political literature.

THE *Tribune*, in publishing the testimony in the gold case, said that the report was sent to it in ample time for publication in the morning issue, and that it preferred to keep its pledges and withhold the news until authorized to use it. This was bountiful praise. But the Washington authorities ought to have learned by this time that the temptation of breaking such pledges can not be resisted by every paper; and if it is desirable that news should not be published until Wednesday, it is simply absurd to send it over the means of publishing it on Tuesday. Meanwhile, if we gentlemen of the press can not keep our word in such a matter as the publication of a report, ought we to be so very wroth when our friend GENERAL BUTLER gibes at "newspaper men"?

IF there were any glamour still lingering about royalty in England the letters of the PRINCE OF WALES in the MORDAUNT cause would certainly help to scatter it. They are not letters that by any torturing of words can be twisted into libels. They are simply the friendly, simple effusions of a very simple young man chiefly interested in shooting and theatres; and there is no reason why any man should not write such letters. But remember, on what woman such a letter is found, if they mutually take pleasure in them. As an honorable man the Prince certainly loses nothing by the publication of his letters. The pity is that a future king of England should not understand that he is part of a state pageant which forbids this kind of indulgence.

WILL some Republican member of the New York Assembly explain his vote upon the bill which passed the House to the Board of Supervisors, with a salary of $6000 a year? The Police Justices seldom meet as a board, and have been paid but $1 each for $250 a year. It is stated from Albany that the bill could not have passed but for the votes of twenty Republicans. They may have had good reasons. Will they please to mention them?

THE horticultural school for women, of which we spoke some months since, has now been fairly established. MR. MARWEDEL, agent for the estate of ROBERT W. PEABODY, about thirty miles from the city, on the Long Island Railroad. MISS MARWEDEL is a lady of great intelligence and enthusiasm, a practical teacher who clearly comprehends her system. The horticultural manager is MR. JOHN HOPAIRT, a graduate of the school at Reutingen in Germany, which is entirely successful. The object of such a school is a practical knowledge of horticulture, including the management of the soil, and of nursery; and the course of study includes Political Economy, History of the Agricultural Country, Landscape Gardening, Book-keeping, and Drawing. The experiment will be tried under favorable auspices by MR. MARWEDEL, who has the best of references. And we observe that a school of the same kind is proposed near Boston.

ENGLISH writers are very fond of laughing at the French because the French can never write Englishmen and titles correctly, and continually speaks of the "Queen of Victoria" or "Sir Peel." But those writers know that they make mistakes quite as unpardonable when they speak of America? Here is a paragraph from an English periodical speaking of WALT WHITMAN'S poem upon GEORGE PEABODY, which, it says, is called "The Death Carol of Four Bachelors London periodical would sniff if an American paper should speak of MR. SPURGEON'S poem entitled "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me, by I" But *Fraser's Magazine*, in an article upon President JOHNSON'S impeachment, speaks of "the most corrupt Congress, that of the illegal appointment of Senators to the Foreign Secretary."

Then there is "Alice du Clos Longfellow's never wiser than this; and the French "Sir Peel" was never so elaborately outdone. If the writer had only called the Secretary ANDREW JACKSON, his knowledge of what he was writing about would certainly have been more evident, but the fun would have been more complete.

IT was a most painful misprint in a Democratic paper that made a Democratic orator in the New York Legislature say that "the success of the Democratic party are jealous of any infringement upon popular rights." It was probably meant to be "the success," but the reader buys his paper and takes his choice.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE RONCONI, the celebrated singer, has recently done a generous act, which merits as general an acknowledgement. There is a most excellent charitable institution in the city called The Sanitarium Home for the Aged, which receives and cares for helpless old men and women, and secures them a home for their few and feeble years remaining. Moved by sympathy with this charity, Signor RONCONI gave a representation of the opera of "Don Rohan" at the theatre of the Union League Club, paying all the expenses, and giving the entire proceeds of the night's labors, amounting to $1620, to the treasurer of the Home. It is a noble act, which NEW YORK will not forget.

IT is a recent lecture upon the public men whom he has known, Governor HOR ACE MANN declared that the powers of DANIEL WEBSTER seemed to him those of a great author rather than statesman. It is curious that the historian ALISON says the same thing of GEORGE CANNING.

IT is becoming a. "general habit to speak of representatives in congress distinctively as "Congressmen." But Congress constitutionally consists of a Senate and House of Representatives; and as the Senate is a "Representative" it is therefore a Congressman, if sic awkward a word must be used.

A CORRESPONDENT who calls herself "A Daughter of the Regiment," writes to the *Tribune*: "I believe FORE was right when he wrote,

"Woman is born to dignify retreat,
To shade the sunshine, and increase the great;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Her life, her love, her happiness her own."

What does this correspondent say to MRS. BARBAULD'S exhortation to her own sex, which she must be supposed to have known quite as well as POPE knew it? She is speaking of flowers.

"Gay without dress, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor less, fair maids, in you your charms appear,
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please."

With POPE'S and MRS. BARBAULD'S sensible view of women, suppose that this correspondent contrasts WORDSWORTH'S:

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

This is a positive, not a negative, human being, whose sweetest empire is not to please, but to influence.

ALL Americans who have traveled in Egypt during the last few years will hear with very great regret that CHARLES HALE, the late Consul-General, has resigned. He was appointed by PRESIDENT LINCOLN, and was one of the ablest officers in our diplomatic service. Of the highest character and ability, and, although a young man, of great experience in political life, and of the truest patriotism, MR. HALE was a most satisfactory American representative; and we shall be surprised if his retirement does not lead to still higher public distinction.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 28.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill intended to enforce the Universal Suffrage provisions of the Constitution.—In the House, Committee of the Finance Committee, made a long speech in favor of the repeal of the Legal Tender act.—In the House, a resolution was adopted declaring that such tariff for revenue upon foreign imports is required as will afford adequate protection to the home manufactures, and will impose the least burden upon and best promote the industrial interests. A like measure was caused by the general opposition by the Democrats to the proposition, that, in this session, the Republican side that the resolution was a part of the political platform of the Republican party. Portions of the session was on the Indian appropriations, and the Georgia bill.—In the Senate, the Georgia bill was passed. March 1.—In the Senate, the day was spent in a resolution of inquiry regarding the loss of the *Oneida* was disposed.

March 1.—In the Senate, the day was spent on the Georgia bill, which was passed.—In the House, the Tariff bill was taken up, and Mr. Brooks, of New York, made a long speech against it, with a host of tariff free trade, advocating particularly the removal of the duty on coal. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the establishment of a Bureau of Education, and for the admission of Georgia, but yielded the floor for other business. A resolution was adopted calling for inquiry into the facts of the massacre of the Fiegan Indians by the United States troops in command.

March 2.—In the Senate, the bill to repeal the Test Oath was passed.—The Georgia bill came up.—In the House, a bill was passed making Jersey City a port of delivery.—The Georgia bill was passed, after a thrilling undelivered speeches in the *Congressional Globe* were referred to the Committee on Printing. The Georgia bill was taken up, and Mr. Butler made the opening speech in favor of passage.—In the Senate, the Georgia bill was passed.—In the House, Mr. Bennett, yielded the floor for the presentation of petitions.

March 3.—In the Senate was read the Georgia bill.—In the House, the debate on the Georgia bill was continued, without coming to a vote.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The public debt statement for March shows a decrease of $3,000,000 in the currency balance. The coin in the Treasury is $100,000,000, and the currency is $44,000,000.

The steamer *Colorado*, which left San Diego, San Francisco to Panama, went ashore at Point Lazaro, Lower California, and became a complete wreck. All the passengers were landed in safety, but suffered lamentably from the heat and want of provisions. The steamer *Colorado*, from Panama, came near enough to be boarded and took the passengers and crew of the *Orizaba*. In order to board the *Colorado* they had to walk some distance along the burnt sand of the beach, and several were lost in the sand chaparral, and were left by the steamer. Many were taken off the wreck from the wreck owned drunkenness and disorder, and at last the *Orizaba* herself became a total wreck.

Havana dispatches announce the surrender of the insurgents to the authorities, and that General Jordan had restored the Government. Several Americans of Greenwald, has been executed for that crime.

President GRANT has nominated JOHN W. Mason, an intelligent and well-educated mulatto, as Minister Resident and Consul-General to Liberia.

Eleven Indian were recently drawn for jury duty for the March term of a court in Wyoming Territory.

A fire occurred on the 3d instant in Neponset, Mass., in an old wooden factory. The flames spread to the woods and destroyed about 100 acres. The building had been used as a powder factory for cotton, but had not been occupied for some time. The loss is $10,000.

Reports of fresh disturbances come from the Red River country. The Indians have risen, and said to have defeated two bodies of Government troops, and have captured and entrenched to death their commander, Major Paulton.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Pope is said to be confident of the success of the proposition of infallibility. A delegation is said to secure the support of the American Bishops for it. Count DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, has written a letter to the Archbishop of Paris in which he declares that the French troops will be withdrawn from Rome in the event of the hypothetical defense of infallibility. Spain, Portugal, and Austria, it is said, have also intimated their opposition to it. The Bishop of Nancy approves the protest of DR. Dollinger against the dogma, and says that the Government of the Sultan of Turkey has granted a large income to be used as a bounty by the Catholic missionaries throughout all the Empire.

The resales of the late Anson Burlingame will be sent to the country by one of the banking houses of London. The proceeds will for the present remain in the hands of the Government, but this has caused telegraphic communication to the Governments of the United States, China, expressed its sense for the affliction suffered by both nations in MR. BURLINGAME'S death. The letter was to be forwarded by MR. J. M. Leary Brown, the Secretary of the Embassy.

The salmon fishery in the River Tweed, which has been successfully laid by the *Great Eastern*, and telegraphic communication between England and India is now complete.

The British Postmaster-General explains that the delays complained of in the transmission of dispatches between England and India are due to the fact that the priority granted to members of the Stock Exchange.

The question of the abolition of the death penalty came up in the Prussian Chambers a few days ago. It was strenuously opposed by Count Von Bismarck, but the measure was carried by a large majority.

The Suez Canal question appears to have been settled by the London and Berlin Governments, which has made the passage in entire safety, though heavily loaded.

THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. MONTGOMERY MEIGS.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

LIEUT.-COMMANDER W. L. STEWART.—[SEE PAGE 181.]

COMMANDER E. H. WILLIAMS.—[SEE PAGE 181.]

LIEUT.-COMMANDER A. W. MULDAUR.—[SEE PAGE 181.]

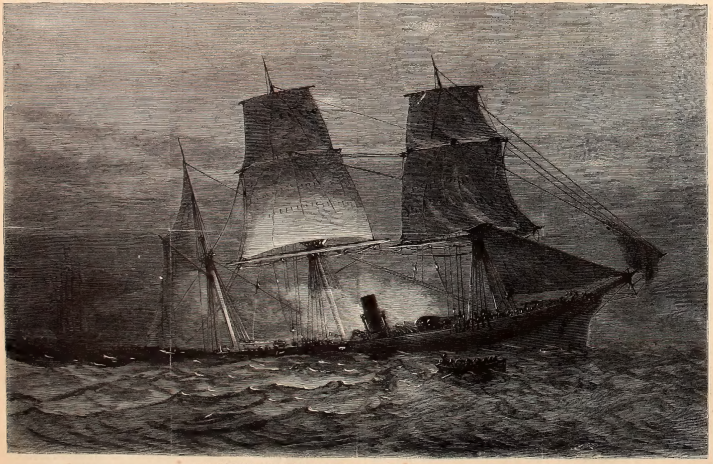

THE SINKING OF THE "ONEIDA" BY THE "BOMBAY."—[SEE PAGE 181.]

THE LOSS OF "THE MORNING STAR."

THE well-known Missionary brig, *The Morning Star*, which was built some years ago by tenent subscriptions, and of which we give a sketch on this page, was wrecked on Strong's Island on the 18th of last October. She left the harbor in the afternoon of that day, and early in the evening, which was cloudy and dark, the captain found the brig was rapidly drifting ashore with a strong current. The wind being light, and finding it impossible to keep off, the captain anchored; but about 10 o'clock a heavy squall struck the vessel, and drove her broadside on upon the rocks. About 11 o'clock the passengers were sent ashore in one of the boats, at great peril, and about half an hour afterward, the foremast having already been cut away to ease the ship, an enormous wave broke over her, making thorough wreck of every thing on deck and in the cabin — state - rooms, doors, and furniture being completely smashed by its force — and all the clothing, stores, etc., scattered and destroyed.

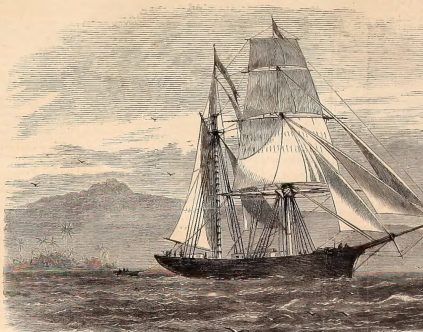

THE MISSIONARY SHIP "MORNING STAR."—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

At half past one the boats returned from the harbor, three miles distant. As every sea washed entirely over the vessel, nothing could be done further to save her or the effects. Captain TEKARANOE, who commanded *The Morning Star*, chartered a British trading brig to convey the passengers to Honolulu, where they recently arrived, after a tedious passage of seventy-seven days.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

WE give on this page two views of the immense caisson, now in process of construction at the ship-yard of Messrs. WEBB & BELL, to be used for laying the foundation of the eastern tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is an immense wooden box, constructed of heavy timbers strongly bolted together, and when finished and sunk at the base of the tower will form a gigantic diving-bell, within which the work of excavation for a suitable foundation will be carried on. This caisson is 168 feet long and 102 feet wide on the outside, its total height being about 15 feet. The working space underneath is nine feet high, and communication with the upper world will be afforded by means of a supply-shaft. This immense structure, which is built in the most substantial manner, will weigh, when ready for launching, nearly 2300 tons. It will contain 105,000 cubic feet of timber, 85,000 pounds of bolts, and 30,000 pounds of flat bars. It will be ready for launching toward the end of March, when it will be towed into position at the upper slip of Fulton Ferry, on the Brooklyn side, and sunk. The work of excavation will at once commence, the caisson sinking as the work proceeds, until the whole mass has settled beneath the level of low tide, or until a solid foundation is reached. The lower cut on this page shows how the workmen will be accommodated. The water will be forced out of the chamber by means of pneumatic pressure through the air-shafts, the workmen and materials admitted through the supply-shaft, and the excavated earth and rocks will be removed through the water-shaft. The pressure of the air in the chamber will be about equal to that of two atmospheres.

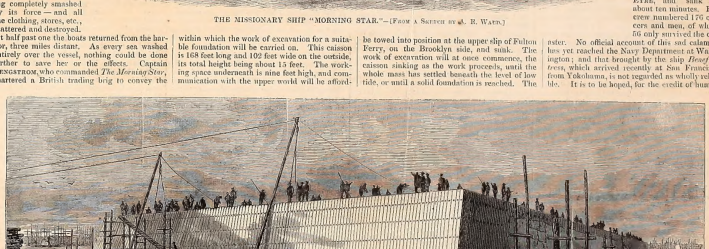

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—EXTERIOR VIEW OF CAISSON.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

When the required depth is reached, the chamber and shafts will be filled up with solid masonry; and upon this substantial bed of stone and wood, so firmly put together as to form one block, the foundations of the tower will rest. A strong coffer-dam, high enough to protect the workmen against the highest tides, will be constructed over the caisson, and within this inclosure the work of building will be commenced.

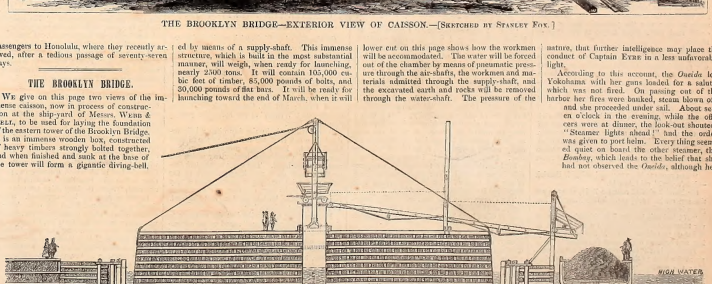

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—CROSS-SECTION OF CAISSON.

THE LOSS OF THE "ONEIDA."

On the 23d of January the United States ship *Oneida*, Commander F. H. WILLIAMS, left Yokohama, homeward bound, after a cruise of about three years in the ports of China and Japan; and on the evening of the same day was run down by the *Bombay*, a British steamer commanded by Captain ARTHUR WELLESLEY EYRE, and sank in about ten minutes. Her crew numbered 176 officers and men, of whom 56 only survived the disaster. No official account of this sad calamity has yet reached the Navy Department at Washington; and that brought by the ship *Hesperides*, which arrived recently at San Francisco from Yokohama, is not regarded as wholly reliable. It is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, that further intelligence may place the conduct of Captain EYRE in a less unfavorable light.

According to this account, the *Oneida* left Yokohama with her guns loaded for a salute, which was not fired. On passing out of the harbor her fires were banked, steam blown off, and she proceeded under sail. About seven o'clock in the evening, while the officers were at dinner, the look-out shouted, "Steamer lights ahead!" and the order was given to port helm. Every thing seemed quiet on board the other steamer, the *Bombay*, which leads to the belief that she had not observed the *Oneida*, although her

lights were burning brightly. The *Bombay* kept right on, striking the *Ouvida* on her starboard quarter, carrying away her poop-deck, cutting off her whole stern, one of her timbers running entirely through the bows of the *Bombay* at the water-line. Three times the *Ouvida* hailed the *Bombay* with "Ship ahoy!" "Stand by!" "You've cut us down!" blew her whistle, and fired her guns, all of which the officers of the *Bombay* say they did not hear, though the guns were distinctly heard at the port of Pernambuco, twenty miles away. The *Ouvida* went down stern first, in about twenty fathoms of water, with twenty officers and one hundred and fifty men. The captain of the *Bombay* did not stop to rescue those on board, nor did he, upon his arrival at Valparaiso, report the accident to the consul the authorities. The first known of the affair was the next morning, when Dr. Strauss came to the gangway with fifteen of the crew, arrived on foot. But two cutters were available, and the officers refused to take them while a man remained on board. Discipline was complete to the last. The sick were all being put into the boats, the officers remaining at their posts until the ship went down.

The *Ouvida* had lately lost all but three of her small boats in a typhoon, and one of these was cut in two by the collision, leaving but two boats to save 170 persons. When Lieutenant-Commander MULDAUR reported the vessel sinking, Captain WILLIAMS is reported to have answered, "I know it; but what can I do? *I waited for more boats, and they were not allowed me.*" Thus, through the culpable negligence of some one, on whom official investigation will fix the responsibility, and the inexplicable conduct of the officers of the *Bombay*, the brave crew and their faithful officers went down with their ship.

On the same day on which the sinking of the *Ouvida* is depicted we give the portraits of Commander WILLIAMS, Lieutenant-Commander W. S. SCHLEY, Executive officer of the ship, and Lieutenant-Commander A.W. MULDAUR. Commander WILLIAMS especially distinguished himself during the war of the rebellion. He served in several actions, and was taken prisoner in the naval attack upon Fort Sumter, and remained in captivity for several months. He was detailed by Admiral DAHLGREN to take a principal part in the ceremonies at Sumter, after its surrender in April, 1865. Lieutenant-Commanders SCHLEY and MULDAUR also achieved honorable distinction during the war. The latter served on board the *Susquehanna* in the engagement with the ram *Albemarle*, and was promoted for gallant conduct. He was also present in the attack on Fort Fisher.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

SIFTED.

It is the nature of Truth to struggle to the light. In many men one discovery of the truth strove to pierce the overlying darkness, and to reveal itself to view, during the interval between the date of Sir Patrick's victory and the date of the wedding-day.

Signs of perturbation under the surface, suggestive of some hidden influence at work, were not wanting, as the time passed on. The one thing missing was the prophetic faculty that could read those signs aright at Windygates House.

On the very day when Sir Patrick's dextrous treatment of his sister-in-law had smoothed the way to the forming of the marriage-party, a obstacle was raised to the new arrangement by no less a person than Blanche herself. She had sufficiently recovered, toward noon, to be able to receive Arnold in her own little sitting-room. It proved to be a very brief interview. At the expiration of an hour later, Arnold appeared before Sir Patrick —while the old gentleman was pacing to and behind in the garden—with a face of blank despair. Blanche had indignantly declined even to think of such a thing as her marriage, at the time when she was heart-broken by the discovery that Arnold had left her forever.

"You gave me leave to mention it, Sir Patrick didn't you?" said Arnold.

Sir Patrick shifted round a little, so as to get the sun on his back, and admitted that he had given leave.

"If I had only known, I would rather have cut my tongue out than have said a word about it. What do you think she did? She burst out crying, and ordered me to leave the room."

It was a lovely morning—a day to arouse tenderest the heat of the sun; the birds were singing; the gardens were in the brightest bloom. Sir Patrick was supremely comfortable. The little wearisome vexations of this mortal life had receded to a respectful distance from him. He positively declined to invite them to come any nearer.

"Here is a world," said the old gentleman, getting the sun a little more broadly on his back, "of which a merciful Creator has filled with lovely sights, harmonious sounds, delicious scents; and here are creatures with faculties expressly made for enjoyment of those sights, sounds, and scents —to say nothing of Love, Dinner, and Sleep, all thrown into the bargain. And these same creatures hate, scarve, tear sleepless at each other, see nothing pleasant, hear nothing pleasant, smell nothing pleasant—cry bitter tears, say hard words, contract painful illnesses; wither, sink, age, die! What does it mean, Arnold? And how much longer is it all to go on?"

The fine connecting link between the blindness of Blanche to the advantage of being married, and the blindness of humanity to the advantage of being in existence, though sufficiently perceptible no doubt to venerable Philosophy ripening in the sun, was absolutely invisible to a mile, for discerning ground, in a remote part of the park—where Jones was reverting to Blanche, asked what was to be done.

"What do you do with a fire, when you can extinguish it?" said Sir Patrick. "Put it out. Let it blaze till it goes out. What do you do with a wound which you can't pacify for? Let her blaze till she goes out."

Arnold failed to see the wisdom embodied in that excellent advice. "I thought you would have helped me to put things right with Blanche, he said.

"I am helping you. Let Blanche alone. Don't speak of the marriage again, the next time you see her. If she mentions it, be grave, and tell her you won't press the question any more. I shall speak to her in resolution to keep Miss Silvester to go her own way? Those were the questions which insisted on coming round to the one question which Arnold himself was always round in the orderly progression of the dinner.

Sir Patrick's plan was carried out. Nothing took place at the table—appeared in the drawing-room afterward.

Sir Patrick came in to tea, with the gentlemen, still uncertain as to the right course to take in the matter of the telegram. One look at Blanche's sad face and Blanche's altered manner decided him. What would be the result if Arnold were to begin by summing the effect? Let trace Miss Silvester, and if he lost the trace a second time? He was the best man of the party and to see. Could any consideration justify him in turning her mind back on the memory of the friend who had left her at the moment when it was just beginning to look forward for the first time in years of her marriage? Nothing could justify him; and nothing should induce him to do it.

The evening—soundly enough, from his own point of view—on that basis, Sir Patrick determined on observing it. He addressed himself to his friend at Edinburgh. That night he warned Duncan to preserve the strictest silence as to the telegram. Next day, he burned it, in the case of accidents, with his own hand, in his own room.

During the next day and looking out of his window, Sir Patrick saw the two young people taking their morning walk at a moment when they happened to cross the open grassy space which separated the two shrubberies at Windygates. Arnold was evidently pressing Blanche's wish, and they were talking confidentially with their heads close together. "She is coming round already!" thought the old gentleman, as the two disappeared again in the second shrubbery from view. "I knew how things are running smoothly at last!"

Among the ornaments of Sir Patrick's bedroom there was a view (taken from above) of one of the Highland waterfalls. If he had looked at the picture, when he turned away from his window, he might have remarked that a river which is running with its utmost smoothness at one moment, may be a river which plunges into its most violent agitation at another; and he might have wondered, with certain misgivings, that the progress of a stream of water has been long undisturbed, with the universal consent of humanity, to the progress of the steam of life.

FIFTH SCENE. GLASGOW.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

ANNE AMONG THE LAWYERS.

On the morning Sir Patrick received the second of the two telegrams sent to him from Edinburgh, four respectable inhabitants of the City of Glasgow were assembled in the coffee-room of an hotel, for the purpose of transacting business.

It was still early in the day when a lady arrived, in a cab from the railway, at the Sheep's Head Hotel. The lady's luggage consisted of a box, and of a well-worn leather bag which she carried on her shoulder. The name on the box, recently written on a new luggage label, as the color of the ink and paper showed), was a very common one—Mrs. Graham. The name on the bag was a number of ladies, both in Scotland and England.

Mrs. Graham.

Encountering the landlord at the entrance to the hotel, "Mrs. Graham" asked to be accommodated with a bedroom, and was instantly shown in due course to the chamber-maid on duty at the time. Returning to the little room behind the bar, in which the accounts were kept, Mr. Karnegie surprised his wife by moving more quickly and speaking much brighter than usual. Being questioned, Mr. Karnegie (who had cast his eye at a passing glance at the lady on the passage) announced that one "Mrs. Graham" had just arrived, and was then and there to be looked as inhabiting Room number seventeen. Being informed (with considerable asperity of tone and manner) that this answer failed to account for the interest which appeared to have been inspired in him by a total stranger, Mr. Karnegie came to the point, and confessed that if "Mrs. Graham" was one of the sweetest-looking women he had seen for many a long day, and that he feared she was very seriously out of health.

Upon that reply the eyes of Mrs. Karnegie developed in size, and the color of Mrs. Karnegie deepened in tint. She got up from her chair, and said that it might be just as well if she personally superintended the installation of "Mrs. Graham" in her room, and personally satisfied herself that "Mrs. Graham" was a fit inmate to be received at the Sheep's Head Hotel. Mr. Karnegie, thereupon, did what he always did—he agreed with his wife.

The chamber was about to present for some little time. On her return her eyes had a certain tigerish cast in them when they rested on Mr. Karnegie. Certain facts and some light refreshment to be taken to Number Seventeen. This done—bringing any visible connection to account for the remark—she turned upon her husband, and said, "Mr. Karnegie, you are a fool." Mr. Karnegie replied, "Why, my dear?" Mrs. Karnegie snapped her fingers, and said, "*That* for your reasons!" You don't know a respectable looking woman when you see her." Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

Nothing more was said until the waiter appeared at the bar with his tray. Mrs. Karnegie, having first settled the tray off, without intermitting her customary investigation, sat down suddenly with a thump, and said to her husband (who had returned to the world in the interval), "Don't talk to Me about her being out of health! *Her* for her health! It's trouble she's after."

Mr. Karnegie said, "Is it now?" Mrs. Karnegie replied, "When I have said, It is, I consider myself insulted if standing by, says he it?"

Then Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

There was a pause. Mrs. Karnegie added up a bill, with a face of disgust. Mr. Karnegie looked at her with a face of wonder. Mrs. Karnegie suddenly asked him why he wasted his looks on *her*, when he would have done better to look at the ceiling? Mr. Karnegie, upon that, attempted to compromise the matter, by looking, in the interim, at his own boots. Mrs. Karnegie wished to know whether, after twenty years of married life, she was considered by her husband competent to judge of a husband. Treated with bare civility (she expected no more), she might have gone on to expect—from Mr. Karnegie—to know more. She might also have been prevailed on to mention that "Mrs. Graham" had asked a very remarkable question of a business nature, at the interview between them up stairs. As it was, Mrs. Karnegie's lips were sealed, and Mr. Karnegie deny, if he dared, that he richly deserved it. Mr. Karnegie agreed with his wife.

In half an hour more, "Mrs. Graham" came down stairs; and a cab was sent for. Mr. Karnegie, in fear of a misunderstanding with coachwise, kept in a corner. Mrs. Karnegie followed him into the corner, and asked him how he supposed she was? Did he suppose that, after twenty years of married life, that his wife is going? "Go, you brute, and hand Mrs. Graham into the cab!"

Mr. Karnegie obeyed. He asked, at the corner of the High Street of Glasgow in his field the driver to go. The reply informed him that the cab was to go to Mr. Cramp's office. The office of Mr. Camp, the lawyer. Assuming "Mrs. Graham" to be a stranger in Glasgow, and remembering that Mr. Camp was Mr. Karnegie's lawyer, the inference appeared to be, that "Mrs. Graham" had come to the metropolis, addressed to the landlady, had related to legal business, and to the discovery of a trust-worthy person capable of assisting her in her law.

Returning to the bar, Mr. Karnegie found his eldest daughter in charge of the books, the bar, and the waiters. Mrs. Karnegie had retired to her own room, justly indignant with her husband for his habitual stupidity in missing "Mrs. Graham" into the cab before her own eyes. "It's the old story, Pa," remarked Miss Karnegie, with the most perfect composure. "Ma told you to do it, of course; and then Ma says you've insulted her, because you've done what you know she told you to do."

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Mr. Camp sat at his private room, absorbed over his papers. Multitudinous business documents were, they appeared to be not sufficiently numerous to satisfy Mr. Camp. He rang his bell, and ordered more.

The clerk appearing with a new pile of papers, appeared also with a message. A lady, recommended by Mrs. Karnegie, of the Sheep's Head, wished to consult Mr. Camp professionally. Mr. Camp looked at his watch, counting out precious time before him, in a little stand on the table, and said, "Show the lady in, in half an hour."

In ten minutes the lady appeared. She took the chair left vacant and lifted her veil. The same effect which had been produced on Mr. Karnegie, was once more produced on Mr. Camp. For the first time in that lawyer's long past, he felt personally interested in a total stranger. It might have been curiosity, or it might have been love; it might have been something in her manner. Whatever it was, it took swift hold of him, and made him, to his own secret astonishment, unconsciously anxious to hear what she had to say.

The lady announced—with a low sweet voice, touched with a quiet sadness—that her business related to a question of marriage (as marriage is understood by Scottish law), and that her own peace of mind, and the happiness of a person very dear to her, were concerned alike in the opinion which Mr. Camp might give when he had been placed in possession of the facts.

She then proceeded to state the facts, without mentioning names: relating in every particular, precisely the same succession of events which Geoffrey Delamayn had already related to Sir Patrick Lundie—with this one difference, that

she acknowledged herself to be the woman who was personally concerned in knowing whether, by Scottish law, she was now held to be a married woman or not.

Mr. Camp's opinion given upon this, after certain questions had been asked and answered, differed from Sir Patrick's opinion, as given at Windygates. He too quoted the language used by the eminent judge—Lord Deas—but he drew an inference of his own from it. "In Scotland, consent makes marriage," he said; "and consent may be proved by inference. I see a plain inference in the circumstances of the case—circumstances which you have related to me; and I say you are a married woman."

The effect produced on the lady, when sentence was pronounced on her in those terms, was so distressing that Mr. Camp sent a message up stairs to his wife; and Mrs. Camp appeared in her husband's private room, in humble imitation for the first time in her life. When Mrs. Camp's services had in some degree restored the lady to herself, Mr. Camp followed with a word of professional comfort. He, like Sir Patrick, acknowledged the scandalous divergence of opinions produced by the conflicting nationality of the marriage-law of Scotland. He, like Sir Patrick, declared it to be quite possible that another lawyer might arrive at another conclusion. "Go," he said, giving her his card, with a line of writing on it, "to my colleague, Mr. Dodds, and you'll soon see."

The lady gratefully thanked Mr. Camp and his wife, and went next to the office of Mr. Crum.

Mr. Crum was the older lawyer of the two, and the busier lawyer of the two. He was the suit the influence which the charm that there was in this woman exercised—more or less, over every man who came in contact with her. He listened with a patience which was rare with him; he put his questions with a gentleness which was rarer still; and *when he was in possession of the circumstances* he said, in opinion flatly contradicted the opinion of Mr. Camp!

"No marriage, ma'am," he said, positively, "in Scotland in favor of perhaps establishing a marriage, if you propose to claim the man. But that, as I understand it, is exactly what you don't wish to do."

The relief to the lady, on hearing this, almost overpowered her. For some minutes she was unable to speak. Mr. Crum did, what he had never done yet in all his experience as a lawyer. He patted a client on the shoulder; and, more extraordinary still, he gave a client permission to waste his time. "Wait, and compose yourself," said Mr. Crum—administering the law of humanity. The lady composed herself. "I must ask you some questions, next," said Mr. Crum—administering the law of the land. The lady bowed, and waited for him to speak.

"I know, thus far, that you decline to claim the gentleman," said Mr. Crum. "I want to know why, whether the gentleman is willing to claim you."

The answer to this was given in the most positive terms. The gentleman was not even aware of the position in which he stood. And, more yet, he was expected to be married to another friend whom the lady had in the world.

Mr. Crum opened his eyes—considered—and put another question as delicately as he could.

"Would it be painful to you to tell me how the gentleman came to occupy that peculiar position in which he stands now?"

The lady acknowledged that it would be indescribably painful to her to answer that question.

Mr. Crum offered a suggestion under the form of an inquiry.

"Would it be painful to you to reveal the circumstances—in the interests of the gentleman's future prospects—to some discreet person (a legal person would be best) who is not known to you as a stranger to you both?"

The lady seemed herself willing to make any sacrifice, on those conditions—no matter how painful it might be—for her friend's sake.

Mr. Crum considered a little longer, and then delivered his word of advice.

"At the present stage of the affair," he said, "I need not tell you what is the first step that you ought to take under the circumstances. Inform the gentleman of your decision, by word of mouth or by writing—of the position in which he stands; and authorize him to place the case in the hands of a person known to you both, who is competent to decide on what you are to do next. Do I understand that you know of such a person so qualified?"

The lady answered that she knew of such a person.

Mr. Crum asked if a day had been fixed for the gentleman's marriage.

The lady answered that she had made this inquiry herself on the last occasion when she had seen the gentleman's betrothed wife. The marriage was to take place, on a day to be hereafter chosen, at the end of the autumn.

"That," said Mr. Crum, "is a fortunate circumstance. You have time before you. Time is, here, of the first importance. In your place not to waste it."

The lady said she would return to her hotel and write by that night's post, to warn the gentleman of the position in which he stood, and to authorize him to refer the matter to a competent and trust-worthy friend known to them both.

On rising to leave the room she was seized with giddiness, and with soffle sudden pang of pain, which turned her deadly pale and forced her to drop back into her chair. Mr. Crum had no wife; but he possessed a housekeeper—and he offered to send for her. The lady made a sign in the negative. She drank a little water, and conquered the pain. "I am sorry to have alarmed you," she said. "It is nothing—I am better now." Mr. Crum gave her his arm, and put her into the cab. She looked so pale and faint that he proposed sending his housekeeper with her. No: it was only five minutes' drive to the hotel. The lady thanked him—and went her way back by herself.

"The letter!" she said, when she was alone, "if I can only live long enough to write the letter!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

ANNE IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

MRS. KARNEGIE was a woman of feeble intellectual violent temper; prompt to take offense, and not, for the most part, easy to appease. But Mrs. Karnegie being—as we all are in our various degrees—a compound of many opposite qualities, possessed a character with more than one side to it, and had her generous moments as well as her human faults. Seeds of sound good feeling were scattered away in the remoter corners of her nature, waiting only for the one fertilizing occasion that was to help them to spring up. The occasion arrived when Mr. Karnegie stood in the cab brought Mr. Crum's client back to the hotel. The face of the weary, heart-sick woman, as she slowly crossed the hall, touched that was heartiest and best in Mrs. Karnegie's nature, and said to her, as if in words, "Lessons of this broken creature? Oh, wife and mother, is there no appeal to your common womanhood *here?*"

"I am afraid you have overtired yourself, ma'am. Let me help you upstairs to your room."

"Send me pen, ink, and paper," was the answer. "I must write a letter. I must do it at once."

It was useless to remonstrate with her. She tried to accept no other assistance than was provided the writing materials were supplied first. Mrs. Karnegie sent them up, and then compounded a certain mixture known in the family for which The Sheep's Head was famous, with the addition of a little cayenne pepper and ready—and Miss Karnegie was dispatched by her mother (who had other business on hand at the time) to take it up stairs.

After the lapse of a few moments a cry of alarm was heard from the upper landing. Mrs. Karnegie recognized her daughter's voice, and hastened to the bedroom floor.

"Oh, mamma! Look at her! look at her!"

The letter was on the table with the first lines written. The woman was on the sofa, with her handkerchief twisted between her teeth, and her tortured face terrible to look at. Mrs. Karnegie raised her head, examined the letter, then suddenly changed color, and sent her daughter out of the room with directions to dispatch a messenger instead for medical help.

Left alone with the sufferer, Mrs. Karnegie exerted her will, and her skill, as she had never her left hand fell helpless over the side of the bed. Mrs. Karnegie suddenly checked the word of sympathy as it rose to her lips—carefully lifted the hand, and looked, with a momentary awareness of anxiety, at the third finger. There was a ring on it. Mrs. Karnegie's face softened on the instant: the work of pity that had been suspended the moment before came to her hand once more. "Poor soul!" said the respectable landlady, talking unconsciously to herself. "Where's your husband, dear? Try and tell me."

The doctor made his appearance, and went up to the patient.

Time passed, and Mr. Karnegie and his daughter, carrying out the directions which they had received, sent a message from up stairs which was ominous of something out of the common. The message gave the name and address of a medical nurse—with the doctor's compliments, and would Mrs. Karnegie have the kindness to send for her immediately.

The nurse was found and sent up stairs.

Time went on, and the business of the hotel went on, and it was getting to be late in the evening, when Mrs. Karnegie appeared at the top of the narrow behind the bar. Her landlady's face was grave; the landlady's manner was subdued. "Very, very ill," was the answer to the question her daughter's inquiries. When she and her husband were together, a little later, the same news from up stairs in greater detail. "A child born dead," said Mrs. Karnegie, in gentler tones than were customary with her, "and the mother dying, poor thing, so far as *I* can see."

A little later the doctor came down. Dead? No—Likely to live? Impossible to say. The doctor returned twice in the course of the night. Much time to the same answer. "Wait till to-morrow."

The next day came. She rallied a little. Toward the afternoon she began to speak. She expressed no surprise at seeing strangers by her bedside: her mind was clear, but her memory was insensibility. Then back to delirium once more. The doctor said, "This may last for weeks. Or it may end suddenly at any time. Is there you did something toward finding her friends."

(Her friends! She had left the one friend she had forever!)

The nurse was summoned to give his advice. The first thing he asked for was the unfinished letter.

It was blotted, it was illegible in more places than one. With pains and care they made out the address at the beginning and the ending, with some fragments of the lines that followed. It began: "Dear Mr. Blanche," and ended: "I am writing got, little by little, worse and worse. To the eyes of the strangers who looked at it, it ran thus: "I should ill require * * * Blanche's interests * * * For God's sake! * * * don't think of me * * *." There was a little more, but not so much as one word, in those last lines, was legible.

The names mentioned in the letter were reported by the doctor and the nurse to be also the names on her lips, when she spoke in her wanderings. "Mr. Brinkworth," and "Blanche"—her mind ran incessantly on those two persons. The one intelligible thing that she mentioned in connection with them was the letter. She was perpetually trying, trying, trying to take that unfinished letter to the post; and she could never get there. Sometimes the post was across the sea. Sometimes it was at the top of an inaccessible mountain. Sometimes it was built in by prodigious walls all round it. Sometimes a man stopped her cruelly at the moment when she was close at the post, and forced her back. Sometimes she broke away from it. Once or once mentioned this visionary man by his name. They made it out to be "Geoffrey."

Finding no clew to her identity either in the letter that she had tried to write or in the wild words that escaped her from time to time, it was decided to search her luggage, and to look at the address which she had worn when she arrived at the hotel.

Her black box sufficiently proclaimed itself as recently purchased. On opening it the address of a Glasgow trunk-maker was discovered inside. The linen was also new, and unmarked. The receipted bill for the box was found with it. The tradesmen, sent for in each case, and questioned, referred the lady to her books. As soon as the box and the linen had both been purchased on the day when she appeared at the hotel.

Her black bag was opened next. A sum of between eighty and ninety pounds in Bank of England notes, a few simple articles belonging to the toilet; materials for needle-work; and a photographic portrait of a young lady, inscribed, "To Anne, from Blanche," were found in the bag—but no letters, and nothing whatever that could afford the slightest clew to the owner, or could be traced. The pocket in her dress was searched next. It contained a purse, an empty gold-case, and a new handkerchief unmarked.

Mr. Camp shook his head.

"A woman can't disguise without any letters in it," he said, "suggests to my mind a woman who has a motive of her own for keeping her movements a secret. I suspect she has destroyed her letters, and emptied her card-case, with that view." Mrs. Karnegie and the nurse, examining the linen which the so-called "Mrs. Graham" had worn when she arrived at the inn, proved the soundness of the lawyer's opinion. In every case the marks had been cut out. Mrs. Karnegie began to doubt whether the lady whom she had seen on the third finger of the lady's left hand had been placed there with the sanction of the law.

There was but one chance left of discovering—or rather of attempting to discover—her friends. Mr. Camp drew out an advertisement to be inserted in the Glasgow newspapers. If those newspapers failed, copies of the lady's number of her family, she would, in all probability, be claimed. In the contrary event there would be nothing for it but to wait for her recovery or her death—with the money belonging to her locked up, and deposited in the landlord's strongbox.

The advertisement appeared. They waited for three days without receiving any reply to it. No change of importance occurred, during the same period, in the condition of the suffering woman. Mr. Camp looked in, toward evening, and said, "We have done our best. There is no help for it but to wait."

Far away in Perthshire that third evening was marked as a joyful occasion at Windygates House. Blanche had consented at last to listen to Arnold's entreaties, and had sanctioned the opening of a letter to London, to order her wedding-dress.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN MISSISSIPPI.

WE give on page 180 a sketch of the scene of the railroad accident near Oxford, Mississippi, on the 25th of February, taken a short time after the occurrence. Our readers will remember that the train run off the rails while crossing a high trestle-bridge over a ravine, crushing down through the woodwork and breaking in pieces. Twenty persons were instantly killed and sixty wounded. The cause of the accident is believed to have been the unsound condition of the trestle timbers, which permitted the rails to spread apart, thus switching off the cars.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"THE fashionable characterizers of modern nations," wrote Joseph Baretti, Samuel Johnson's friend, and the author of one of the best works on Spain in the English language—"a breed that in this century has prodigiously multiplied all over Europe—are indispensably obliged that there is a very great difference between the natural inclinations of this and that people of mankind, for instance, silence is as much inherent in the Spaniard and the Italian as the opposite quality is in the Englishman or the Frenchman. That this is not the case, sober reason would tell us if we would but think. There being no inherent qualities but what are common to the whole species; and should we grant that the characteristics are to be found in those nations, it would not avoid adopting the absurdly wicked opinion, that Providence has been so partial as to impart to one generation an innate love of labor, and to another an invincible aversion from it. These considerations often put me out of humor with those puny philosophers, who are perpetually ringing in our ears that the Italians are naturally jealous, the French naturally volatile, the Germans naturally heavy, the Spaniards naturally grave and lazy. Assertions of this sort should perpetually be combated, and every opportunity seized to condemn them as partial, as ridiculous, as absurd, and as generally tending to raise the contempt and antipathy of one part of mankind against the other—which ought to be nobody's business but the devil's. It is essentially the devil's business to spread these erroneous notions, that men may not consider themselves as brothers, but contemn and hate each other. Men not influenced by the suggestions of the devil have long since told us that mankind are nothing else but a great family; and that the wisest friend to that family who contributes his mite toward keeping it in discord and in enmity with partial and false representations."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE brothers, during a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently kept a shop in the same barber-shop, and on the same door, to be shaved: one going in the morning, the other in the afternoon. A wag, who had been shaved by the morning barber, what was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Mein Gott! mein Gott! de fellow beard I never saw: I shaves him die morning', shaves him at dinner-time, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash."

A TRADE THAT NEVER FAILS.—No miller need ever be out of employment, for he can always grind his teeth.

"TAPS TO THE CORK."—A good apple.

LATEST FROM RUSH.—Our own correspondent, who has just returned from Scott County, Illinois, where the big scene first occurred, writes us that the native shriek are no great Shekles. (Great Republican Jubilee.)

MOTTO FOR FRENCH RED REPUBLICANS OF 1870.—*Rouge et "Jolie."*

THE TEUTON'S LAMENT.

Miss Col'mbia, she has language dat, I can not English spraken,
For whatt'er story I tells him right,
So sure I twice mistaken.

If I say "Hans" it vexats my beer,
I mean that lager mean;
Her mouth she sings dat folks ride on
Ven dey go dead a-lean.

Dey say dey "raise" a building,
Den I vould "lift" dem crane;
"Rays" mean den ting de sun trows,
Ven it is not in rain.

"Meat" mean den ting dat's not to eat,
"Meet" also mean to greet;
'Tis only "meter" to measure dese ting,
Ven somebody "greets" you.

Shust de same words means every ting.
It makes no difference
You spell him die or father way,
You wouldn't know de same.

Miss Col.! mine Col.! so sure I knows
I can not English spraken,
For vat I dessert for vat I dinner mean him right,
Yy, then, I gets mistaken.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—The ghost of Hamlet's father.

The selectmen of a Connecticut town advertise a bridge for sale. The price of a stolen heavse "with the body of the thief inside."

A GILTY TRADE.—A carver and gilder.

"EXCUSE me, Sir," said a beggar, "but you have dropped a dollar." "Well, well, my child, keep it for your honesty."

It is said that there is no holier spot of ground than a graveless churchyard.

"I love you one," said a withered old bachelor to a lady, the other night, at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why, for two," was the gallant response. "If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you him not degrade it as a compliment, for, though an old man, you may be still a young gentleman."

"HAVE you ever seen the Prince of Wales?" asked a lady of an Irish gentleman. "Indeed, Certainly, marm, saw prince of 'em in the primer long afore I ever went to sea," said Dagherty.

PORTUGUESE SWEETS.—Painted stage beauties.

A malicious libel is going the rounds that vegetation is scarce at Cape Cod that two mullen stalks and a whortleberry-bush is called a forest.

On a tombstone in Germany there is painted a red ox, with tail elevated and head sunk, evidently on the point of rushing furiously into a china shop. Incidental also is pressed up against a rock. Below the picture is the following epitaph:

"By the threat of ox's horn
Come I into heaven born
All so quickly did I die,
With as much ease as most I;
But in eternity rest I now
Under the tree, with head, thou?"

A pupil of the public schools, during his parsing exercise, came to the word "which," which he boldly declared "a noun." "You have never seen it used as such," replied the teacher. But I have, though," confidently retorted the young hopeful. "Where?" Down in the Fifth Ward, in the Police Reports, and I shall be as another man." The teacher was nonplussed.

INTEMPERATE LANGUAGE.—"Let's imbibe."

Some time since a gentleman died who, during life, refused to subscribe for a local newspaper. "One or two numbers after his demise his wife received, through a mistake on the part of the publisher, a bill which was followed by a polite note, requesting a remittance. 'Dear wife, I now believe.' Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water."

"I am astonished, my dear Miss Rose, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I have always thought you would start for the ball Wednesday."

FAST HORSES—Those that are safely secured.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

"FORT SUMTER."

THE MAN THAT HAULS DOWN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MONKEY.

On, little philosopher monkey-faced,
Peer in your crucible, pant and glow,
Pound your powder, and push your paste,
But still remember how glad you raced
In the woods of Monkey-land long ago.

That was gags and ages past,
You've left the Clews and the Tail behind;
Slowly you've thriven, slowly cast
Skin after skin, and all but lost
Behoid! the flower of a human mind.

Tender flower of a plant that dies,
Slender flower with a light of its own,
This is the thing you'd understand,
Little philosopher, pray be wise,
Remember, and let the flower alone.

You cry: "I've examined the four-foot kind,
Followed the chain up, link by link,
Now to dissect the magic of Mind.
I shall never slumber, until I find
The mechanism by which we think!

"Turn a key, and the watch will go,
Move a muscle, the bird takes wing,
All motion of any kind below
Is something mechanical, and so
The mind is moved at the pull of a string.

"Which? 's the question. I must pause
On the brink of the mystery, turning pale:
How to cast the invisible lure?
How does a lion open his jaws?
How does a monkey wig his Tail?"

Little philosopher, bark to me:
Walking once on my garden ground,
I found my monkey beneath a tree,
With a mushroom upon his knees,
Wagging his tail in delight at the sound.

Then I watched the monkey glow and burn,
Lifting the lid of the box prep in:
Then, bit by bit, with a visage stern,
Holding each piece to his ear in turn,
He broke it up and began to gap.

Ah, the music! 'Twas fed! 'twas fed!
Each part of the wonderful whole was dumb,
The flower was plucked, and the bloom was shed,
Well might the monkey scratch his head,
And staring down at the strings, look glum.

Little philosopher, stay, oh stay!
Let the wrecks of the mind-souls go!
Clews and tail have been cast away,
But peep in the looking-glass to-day,
Remember Monkey-land long ago.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En Blue Books.—Book XV.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARTNERS.

AFTER having been introduced to her at Bayswater, Miss Betsy Boyce called on Mrs. Lovegrove. The latter was a good deal flattered by the visit; which might have been inferred by those who knew her well, from the loftily patronizing tone she assumed in speaking of Miss Boyce.

"Miss Boyce is a thoroughly well-connected person, you said, Mrs. Lovegrove, speaking across the dinner-table to her husband with much impressiveness.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lovegrove, who was engaged in carving beef for the family.

"It is curious how immediately one recognizes blood."

"Hm!" murmured Mr. Lovegrove. "A little of the brown, Augustus?"

"No meat for me, Sir, thank you! Vigil of Blessed Rancocheus," returned the son of the house, austerely.

"As you will, you wont to say," proceeded Mrs. Lovegrove, "that his was some of the best blood in England—in a genealogical sense, I mean. Not literally, of course, poor man, for he was a martyr to gout.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Lovegrove, whose interest in his dinner appeared to be more intense than that which he felt in his wife's respected parent.

"And in Miss Boyce," continued Sarah, in an *instructive* manner which was one of her peculiarities, "there is, despite eccentricity, an air of birth and breeding quite unmistakable."

"She seems a good-natured old soul," said Mr. Lovegrove. Wherein his youngest daughter, Phœbe, began to giggle.

"Levity, Phœbe, is low," said Mrs. Lovegrove, sternly.—"Miss Boyce gave me a terrible account of—" Mrs. Lovegrove broke off in her speech, and pointed downward with her finger in a manner that might have seemed to argue a startling allusion to regions usually ignored in polite society. But her family understood very well that she intended to signify Mr. Frost, whose office was on the floor beneath the room they were sitting in.

"Eh?" said Mr. Lovegrove. And this time he raised his eyes from his plate.

"I mean of the wife—of the wife. Deplorable!"

"Well, then, she is a less good-natured old soul than I thought," said Mr. Lovegrove, gravely.

"Mrs. Frost is her friend. I don't like that in Miss Betsy, my dear."

"Understand me, Augustus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

This phrase was frequently the preface to a rather long discourse on her part.

Her husband pushed his plate back, and began to cut his bread into little bits, which he afterward arranged in symmetrical patterns with much care and exactitude.

"Understand me! I am not implicating Miss Boyce. Far from it. The deductions drawn from what she said are mine. I only am responsible for them. If too severely logical, I can but regret it. But I conceive they will be found to be correct when the facts are stated."

The facts, when arrived at, were not altogether new to Mr. Lovegrove. Mrs. Frost was extravagant. Mrs. Frost was selfish in seeking her own pleasure and society in a crisis which her husband did not foresee, and of which he disapproved. Mrs. Frost, who after all was but the wife of a respectable solicitor, had costly jewels fit for any lady in the land! These were the main counts of Mrs. Lovegrove's indictment; and they were not unfrequently varied with an extraneous matter.

That afternoon Augustus Lovegrove said a few words to his father when they were alone together in the office.

"Do you know, father, I think that Mr. Frost ought to look after that wife of his a little more."

"Look after her! What do you mean?"

"I mean that he ought to curb her expenditure a little."

"I suppose he knows his own business best, Gus."

"Well, he certainly is very clever at other people's business. I don't deny that. But it may be that he is making a mess of his own. Such things sometimes happen. I did here—"

"Eh? What did you hear?"

"Well, there is a rumour about the Furthenope Embellishment Company. And I did hear that Mr. Frost had dipped pretty deep in it."

"Gad, I hope you have not got much speculation in you, Sir! I always injurious to a professional man to be exposed unable to keep his tongue between his teeth."

"I, Sir? Oh, no; you may be quite easy about that. I thought I might as well mention it to you."

"I don't attach my importance to it, Gus. Frost is too clear-sighted and long-headed to burn his fingers."

"So much the better, Sir," returned Augustus, quietly. And there was no more said at that time on the matter.

But Mr. Lovegrove thought of it seriously. Mr. Frost's proceedings had been by no means satisfactory of late. If he had not been so, he had neglected the business of the firm, nor that he had absented himself frequently from the private affairs on occasions when matters pertaining to the office should have claimed his best energies. It was true that Mr. Lovegrove had accidentally heard that his partner had dealings in Bayswater, of a questionable character; and nor the floating rumors that tradesmen had been dunning for their bills at the elegant little house in Bayswater. It was not any one of these circumstances, taken singly, that impressed him, so much as the fact that they had been and were questionably did so. And his wife's gossip respecting Mrs. Frost's extravagance, to which he would at another time have attached no importance, became disquieting as adding one more to the accumulation of other facts. Later on that same afternoon, as he was leaving the office, he saw Hugh Lockwood coming out of Mr. Frost's private room. On the following day he had a confidential testimony as to the hour of Lady Tallis Gale's death. Mr. Lovegrove and the young man had conceived a strong respect for one another. There had been the slightest possible acquaintance between them to that time.

"Good-day, Mr. Lockwood," said Lovegrove, offering his hand. He was not surprised to see the young man coming from Mr. Frost's room. He was aware of the old and close intimacy that had existed between the two families. "Hugh Gale?"

"Good-day, Sir."

"Is any thing the matter, Mr. Lockwood?" asked Lovegrove, struck with the expression of Hugh's face.

"Nothing, thank you. That is—to say truth, I have been put out a little."

Hugh hastily shook Mr. Lovegrove's hand, and walked away with a quick step. Lovegrove stood looking after him thoughtfully for a moment. Then he turned, and went into Mr. Frost's inner sanctum. He opened the door without first knocking at it, and, as the heavy panels swung back noiselessly, he had time to see his partner before his partner was aware of his presence.

Mr. Frost was standing at the little fire-place with his back to the door. He was leaning with his left elbow on the mantle-piece, and supporting his head on his hands. At a sight noise made by the door opening turned, and with his face more than almost started on seeing the haggard face that confronted him. Mr. Frost's forehead was knit and creased into deep wrinkles of anxiety. There was a dark red flush upon it, and it seemed expressive of intense pain of mind or body. His jaw hung, and his usually firmly closed lips were parted. His eyes stared wildly, and seemed darkly to take note of that which they looked upon. All this lasted but for a second. He passed his hand over his forehead, and said—

"Hullo, Lovegrove! I didn't hear you come in. Do you want me? I hope not, just now; for I have an appointment, and must be off."

"I did want to say a word to you. I can wait, however. Do you know, Frost, that you are not looking at all well?"

"Am I not? Well, I have a devil of a headache."

"Don't you do any thing for it? You really do look uncommonly ill."

"There's no cure for these things but time and patience. I have been overworking myself lately, I suppose. I've also I'm growing old."

"Old! nonsense! You are—why you must be five years my junior, and I—"

"Oh, you are as sound as a roach, and as fresh as a daisy. But, my dear fellow, age can not always be counted by years. I feel worn and weary. I know I have this ceaseless grind, grind, grind at the mill!"

"Hm! Well, for my part, I can never be thoroughly happy out of harness for long together. So then we take our easy spells of every summer, I am always the first to get tired of it. I long for what you call the pounce and excitement."

"Happy you!"

"If you like it so, why don't you retire and give up your share of the business to my Gus? You haven't a tribe of daughters to provide for. You must be independent."

"Rich!" echoed Mr. Frost. "Who shall say what 'rich' means in these days? And besides, my wife—you see she always interrupted with an extraneous matter.

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He had by this time nearly recovered his senses, and, together with the self-confidence and ease air of superiority which had never failed to impress Mr. Lovegrove.

"Ah, yes, one knows all that," said the latter. "Why then, on the whole, you have—things have gone badly with you, eh?"

Frost gave him a quick and curious glance. Then his mouth stretched itself in a forced smile, to which the impossibility of articulation any thing like spontaneity, he communicated an expression of irony. The latter, in his conscious of this exaggeration; but his muscles were not under his own control.

"Ah, yes, one knows," he exclaimed. "Things have gone very badly indeed with me. I haven't a shirt that I want by some ten or fifteen thousand pounds."

"Ten or fifteen thou—by Jove!"

"Yes," said Mr. Frost, Lovegrove, every man has his hobby. Mine has been to die worth a certain sum. I won't tell you what sum; you would be shocked at the extravagance of my desires. Not having reached the figure I had fixed upon, I suppose that I have the right to grumble. Consequently I do grumble—to the extent, that is," he added, with a sudden change of manner, "but between friends and partners, like you and me, I may say that on the whole—there is no use, my best isn't badly bothered."

"I thought it was—I thought so!" replied Lovegrove, nodding his head with a kind of sober triumph.

"Ah, but I grumble!"

"Then you have no—do. Only, if I were you, Frost, I wouldn't grumble too much!"

"Eh?"

"Folks might take you at your word, and as all the world does not know how rich you must be—why, Mr. Lovegrove! you see?"

Mr. Frost laughed a little dry laugh, and clapped his partner on the shoulder.

"Ah, ha, ha! Good! Good! I know there is wherewithal for plenty of grumbling without being rich. You have me there, Lovegrove."

"You have just had young Lockwood with you. I met him coming out."

"Just had him! Did he—did he say any thing?"

"Say any thing? He said, 'Good-day.' Oh, and he said, too, that he had been a good deal put out."

"Put out! He is terribly pig-headed."

"Is he? Well, I rather liked him. I thought he seemed to be in a fine way about the proposed the time of Lady Tallis's death. But I always thought you were such a great friend of his."

"I took him up, I offered to get him a fine position with a company abroad. But there are some people it is impossible to befriend. They won't let you."

"Dear me! Then he refused your offer?"

"Yes; I had given him a little time to consider of it. But he came to-day to—to say that he would not accept of it. And that not in the most civil terms, either."

"Oh! So that was what he had been to see you about?"

"Of course! Did he say that he had come for any thing else?"

"Not at all. I told you what he said. But talking of companies abroad, Frost, I wanted to speak to you about that. I did here—"

"Another time—another time, Lovegrove. I shall be late as it is. I have an appointment in the City—" and Mr. Frost pulled out his watch impatiently.

"Ah, well, I won't detain you. Some day—some evening, after business hours, I should like to be to speak of that with you, Frost."

"Of course. Delighted. Whenever you like."

Mr. Frost hurried off, and threw himself into the first cab that presented itself to be passed. As Mr. Lovegrove came out again through the outer chamber, the senior clerk was putting on his hat and gloves preparatory to going home.

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove," said the clerk, "you were asking me about the bill of costs in Bowcher v. Bowcher!"

"Yes, I was. Has it been paid?"

"It has, Sir. Their solicitors sent down this afternoon, and the bill was paid. You were not in, Sir, so Frost took the notes, and that he was going into the City this afternoon and would settle them."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Burgess."

When the clerk had left Mr. Lovegrove's face changed.

"Another instance of Frost's thoughtlessness," he muttered. "He takes money to the bank for the firm, and does not go to the City until after banking hours. It had much better be left until the regular way. I suppose the truth is, he is too busy growing rich on his own account. I should never have guessed that Frost had the ambition of being wealthy. I hope he won't burn his fingers with speculations in try. ing to grow rich in a hurry. But he certainly is a very superior man! A most superior man is Frost. All the same, when your clever fellow does make a mistake, it is apt to be a big one."

CHAPTER XII.

TROUBLE.

MR. FROST left his office in a state of pitiable disorder and misery of mind. He had now said that Sidney Frost hated failure; and still more the avowal of failure. He had originally intended himself in a web of dishonorable complications for the sake of winning the woman who had inspired in the sole remaining passion of his life. And it was still his infatuated love for her that caused the greater part of his distress. What would Sidney say? What would Georgy say? How would Georgy bear it—the worst should happen? These were the chief questions with which he tormented himself. And at the same time he well knew, in his heart, that she would be the last to see and hardly to grudge his sufferings.

His business in the City, and the rumors he heard there, did not tend to reassure him. He drove to his home jaded and wretched. The butler knew when he had finished dressing for dinner, and took a quiet peep at the looking-glass to see that his master's appearance was correct. Then he would knock at the door, and tell, and anxiety had not so mark on *her*. Her peach-like cheeks were smooth and fresh; her eyes were bright; her hair was in perfect adjustment, and unmingled with a thread of gray. She was dressed in a rich but perfectly simple and unobtrusive simplicity might have deceived an uninstructed eye as to its costliness. But, both in material and workmanship, Mrs. Frost's attire was of the most expensive. Not a detail was imperfect from the elegant shape of the satin fitted her well-formed foot to a nicety, to the fine old cream-colored lace round her bosom. There was not a jewel on her neck or in her hair—not a chain, not a brooch, not a pin. But on one finger was a diamond ring, and on the other hand of gold, the famous opal, whose mild, milky lustre, pierced here and there by darts of fire, contrasted admirably with the delicate tint of her dress. Her husband, lying on the sofa, looked at her from beneath his half-closed eyelids, as she stood for a moment uncertain whether he were awake or asleep. She was very beautiful. Sidney thought in the single moment of her attitude! How placid the expanse of her broad white forehead! How clear and bright her closed red lips! How mild, grave, and matronly the light in her contemplative eyes! She seemed to have not a care in the world. Only by the slight perfume that hung about her garments was soothing and delicious. If she would but speak, sing, and actually, until her husband's eyes should close, and sleep come down upon him like a balm.

Thought is wonderfully rapid. Sidney Frost had time to see all that we have described, and to frame the above-recorded wish, before his wife opened her handsome mouth, and said, in the low, full tones habitual to her:

"Sidney, that man has been dunning again for his bill."

"Eh?" The sweet vision was gone, shattered into broken fragments like a clear lake-picture disturbed by a stone thrown into its waters. The veins in Frost's forehead started and throbbed distractingly. He could not suppress a groan—a groan of pain, and that pain physical, however—and he pressed his hot hands to his still hotter brow.

"Sidney! do you hear? That insolent man has been dunning. You don't seem to consider that I am annoyed when it is for me!"

"What insolent man? Who is it that you mean?" muttered Frost, closing his eyes completely.

"You may well ask. Dunns have been quite numerous of late," rejoined Mrs. Frost with a sneer, as she seated herself in an arm-chair opposite to the sofa. "But none of them have been so insupportable as that Wilson."

"The jeweler?"

"Yes! the jeweler. And you know, really and truly, Sidney, this kind of thing must be stopped, Sir."

Frost smiled bitterly.

"How do you suggest putting a stop to it?" he asked.

"I suggest! You are too amusing."

It would be impossible to convey the disdain of the tone in which this was said.

"Wilson came here and saw you, and was insolent?"

"Very."

"What did he say?"

"How can I repeat word for word what he said? He declared that he must have the price of the diamonds. I suppose that is true of us, and that put it into his head, I suppose. He said, too, very impertinently, that people who can not afford to pay for such jewels had no right to wear them. I told him that was your affair."

"My affair. *I don't* wear bracelets."

"You know that it is nonsense talking in that way, Sidney. I beg you to understand that I can not be exposed to the insults of tradespeople."

"Can you not? Listen, Georgina. To-morrow you must give me that opal when I go to

business. I shall drive first to Wilson's, and ask him to take back the bracelet. He will probably make me pay for your having had it so long; but, as the stone is a really fine one, I think he will consent to take it back."

"Take back my bracelet!"

"It is not your bracelet. Do you remember that, when you first spoke of buying it, I told you to do so, and told you the price of it was he to send to me to pay?"

"Take back my bracelet!"

"Come here, George! Sit down beside me. Ah, how feverish you look! your hand is! Put it on my forehead for a moment. Listen, George. I am in great trouble and embarrassment. I have a considerable sum of money which I—I which I owe, to make up within six months. Six months is the limit of time allowed me."

Mrs. Frost shrugged her shoulders with the air of a person who is forced into by unnecessary details. "Well?" she said.

Her husband suppressed his indignation at her indifference, and proceeded:

"During that time I shall have to strain every nerve, to try every means, to scrape together every pound. I shall have—"

"I thought," said Georgina, interrupting him, "that your journey to Naples was to make your fortune. I have not yet perceived any of the fine results to that way for me from it."

"Matters have not gone as I hoped and expected. Still I do not despair even yet. No; far from it. I believe the Arabs will come to me, for if we can but title over—" He checked himself, after a pause at her fire. "Georgina, you have, you, utterly unsympathising. Her eyes were cast down, and were contemplating the opal bracelet on the arm which it adorned her privilege to call her lap. Sidney Frost heaved a deep sigh, that ended in something like a moan.

"I don't know whether you are listening to me, or whether you understand me, Georgina?

"I hear you, Sidney. But I can't see why you should want to take away my opal. I never heard of such a thing. I little expected that such a thing would happen to me."

"Be thankful if nothing worse happens to you."

"Worse! What can be worse? I promised to wear the bracelet as Lady Maxwell's, on Wednesday, to show to a friend of hers, a Miss Hamilton, who boasts of her jewels. Lady Maxwell had the loan of my bracelet, and had only returned that mine was far handsomer than any single opal she had ever seen."

"You can make some excuse to her."

"What excuse can I make? It is too bad!" And Mrs. Frost put her delicate handkerchief to her eyes.

Her husband remained silent; and after a little while she looked up at him in great surprise. He did not often have recourse to tears. But she had hitherto found it indelible in managing her husband's lenient reward, let him be as angry as he might.

Presently the dinner-gong sounded. After a short pause, Mrs. Frost wiped her eyes, and said, in a cold voice, "Are you not coming to dinner, Sidney?"

"No; it is impossible. I could eat nothing."

"Why not?" asked Georgina, raising her large eyes slowly on him.

"Oh, you know, of course, observed so trifling a matter; but the fact is, I am very unwell."

"No; I hadn't noticed it," she responded, with cool naïveté.

After an instant's reflection it struck her that this supposition might be the cause of her husband's unwonted severity. Sidney was often hot-tempered and cross, but never in opposition to her wishes she was quite unused to. The opal might not be lost after all. She went to him and touched his forehead with her cool lips.

"Poor Sidney, how hot his head is!" she exclaimed. "I will send you a little soup. Try to take something, won't you?"

He pressed her hand fondly. The least act of kindness from her made him grateful.

"Dear George!" She does spoil me now a little," he thought, as she glided with her peaceful step out of the room. And then he began to meditate whether it might not be possible to spare her the humiliation of parting with the bracelet.

But soon a remembrance darted through his mind, which made his head throb, and his heart beat. No; it was impossible. Any sacrifice must be made to avoid, if possible, public disgrace and ruin. It would be better for Georgy to give up every jewel she possessed than to confront that final blow. Yes; the sacrifice must be made, for her present. A servant could tell what piece of good luck might befall him before the end of the six months!

This was but the beginning of a period of unspeakable anxiety for Frost, during which he suffered alternations of hope and despondency, and feverish expectation and crushing humiliation, and during which he was more and more delivered up to the conviction that his wife was the incarnation of cold egotism. He strove against the conviction. Sometimes he dealt with it furiously and indignantly; sometimes he tried to overcome it. When the struggle was finally vanquished by the irrefragable truth, it would go hard with him. Of all this thought-passion Georgina had known nothing, she would have cared; because she would have perceived that when the truth should have overcome the last of her husband's self-delusions it must also go hard with *her*.

Meanwhile there was anxiety enough—with which Frost was intimately connected—at the house in Gower Street. Maud and the vicar were gone away to Shipley. The upper rooms were shut up, and the house seemed almost deserted. There had come to be a barrier between Hugh and his mother. It did not appear in their outward behavior to each other. He was as dutiful, she as tenderly, affectionate as ever. But the unrestrained confidence of their intercourse was at an end. It must always be so when two loving persons speak together with the consciousness of a forbidden topic lying like a dead weight between them, and both entering by no intrinsically antagonistic to Hugh's character that his mother's aversion to speak openly with him respecting the confession she had made once for all was extremely painful to him. And to her it soothed her to see that he was not going to make her the more reticent. She thought, "My son shall not be ashamed to confess to his mother's heart as she thought how hard his judgment of her would be when the dreaded moment of confession should arrive, and how if the confession had been made, and her son had been loving and forgiving, she would have no regret of remorse, and yet—and yet Zillah tormented herself with the thought that she was not sufficiently penitent, sufficiently sorry for her heart. Hugh had lost no time in telling his mother of the discovery that he had made. She listened all the details of it conscientiously, but without his usual frank spontaneity; for he saw that in her how she was shrinking from the subject, and in the constraint of his manner, she, on her part, could discern his consciousness that he had frightened as she pictured to herself the conflict of those two strong wills. Zillah, too, could be more severe than Hugh had been prepared to see in action. And, besides, twenty years of secret self-reproach and the sting of a tormenting and unrelieved conscience had sapped the firmness of her character.

"Let me know how him any mercy, then, Hugh?" she said, with her head leaning against her small pale hand, when her son had finished his account of it.

"Mercy! Yes, mother, surely I showed him more mercy than he deserved! I gave him six months' grace."

"Six months' grace. After five-and-twenty years of procrastination, how short those six months will seem to him!"

"And how long the five-and-twenty years seemed to you! But I told him the facts of the case plainly. The chance of buying the business was his own. He knew that it would be a good one for yet half a year longer. If by the end of that time I have not the money, I shall throw the business to the lot. He *must* repay the money he stole by that time."

"Stole, Hugh! You did not use that word to him?"

"No, mother, I did not use that word; but I should have been justified in using it."

"And how did he—did he seem? Was he angry and defiant, or was he secure of his power to pay the money?"

"He was certainly taken by surprise; but he has great self-command. And he is so clever and specious that I do not wonder at his having imposed on us. He tried to make a friend of me, and reminded me that he had been my father's friend. 'Yes; a false friend,' said I. Then he was silent. I did not reproach him with violence. I could not have brought myself to have a scene with him. But I felt secure of his power to pay the money?"

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"Do you think he will really have a difficulty in repaying the money? I can not understand it. He must be rich." Every one says that the Arab is prosperous."

"He recovered himself after a minute or so, and began to expatiate on his fortune, and on that of the speculations in which he is engaged. He waxed eloquent at the sound of his own voice; and I accepted it. 'Yes; a false friend,' said I. Then he was silent. I did not reproach him with violence. I could not have brought myself to have a scene with him. But I felt secure of his power to pay the money?"

"Stop, Hugh! You did not use that word to him.)"

"No, mother, I did not use that word; but I should have been justified in using it."

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"

JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has suffered a great loss in the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. McCLINTOCK, the celebrated preacher and theologian, which occurred on Friday, March 4, at his home in Madison, New Jersey.

Dr. McCLINTOCK was born in the year 1814, in the city of Philadelphia. When quite a boy he entered the grammar-school of the University of Pennsylvania, then under the direction of Dr. WYTSE, a famous Greek scholar in his day. Subsequently he was appointed book-keeper in the Methodist Book Concern of this city; in this position he acquired a thorough knowledge of business, which was of great service to him in all his subsequent life. Leaving New York he entered the university of his native city, from which he graduated with high honor in 1835. He had commenced preaching before completing his college studies, and in 1836 joined the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this same year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Dickinson College, Carlisle.

His career as Professor was brilliant and successful. In 1839 he exchanged the chair of Mathematics for that of Ancient Languages, and proved himself to be equally at home in either. His studies were so various, and his attainments even then so extensive, that he could have with ease taken charge of any department in the institution. During this period he prepared, in conjunction with Professor BUCHANAN, a translation of "Neander's Life of Christ;" and, in association with Professor CROOKS, a series of Latin and Greek Elementary Text-books, which have passed into extensive use in our colleges and schools.

From 1848 to 1856 Dr. McCLINTOCK edited the *Methodist Quarterly Review* with conspicuous ability. Under his direction the *Quarterly* took an important part in the discussion of the leading questions of the age, whether theological, metaphysical, or literary. The influence of the *Review* was felt and acknowledged by the educated men of our country. In 1857, in association with Bishop SIMPSON, he was delegated to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church in the British Wesleyan Conference. In the same year he became pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, where he established his reputation as one of the most eloquent preachers of the country. To every natural gift that an orator could claim, he added a clear apprehension of Christian truth and a most earnest desire to use it for the highest good of men.

In 1860 Dr. McCLINTOCK took charge of the American chapel in the city of PARIS. When our Civil War broke out it was soon made apparent that he was "the right man in the right place." The task of stemming the torrent of English and French prejudice against our national cause was disheartening; but Dr. McCLINTOCK was equal to it. By the printing and circulation of documents he corrected misrepresentations; by the aid of an extensive correspondence and his great personal influence he enlisted the co-operation of others, until a wide-spread system of agencies was successfully brought to bear upon European public opinion. No American who spent the years of the rebellion abroad deserved better of his country than did Dr. McCLINTOCK.

Upon his return home near the close of the war, Dr. McCLINTOCK accepted for a second time the pastorate of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, but was compelled to resign this position from ill health. In 1867 he began the organization of Drew Theological Seminary, founded and endowed by DANIEL DREW of our city. In this work Dr. McCLINTOCK achieved one of the greatest successes of his career, and while still occupied with it closed his life on earth.

He had for many years been engaged with Dr. STRONG in the preparation of a Biblical and Theological Cyclopædia. Of this three volumes had been published at the time of his death, and the material of the remaining volumes had been largely prepared. This work will remain a monument of Dr. McCLINTOCK's broad and accurate scholarship and his untiring industry. When painfully conscious of failing health, he expressed a de-

THE LATE JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

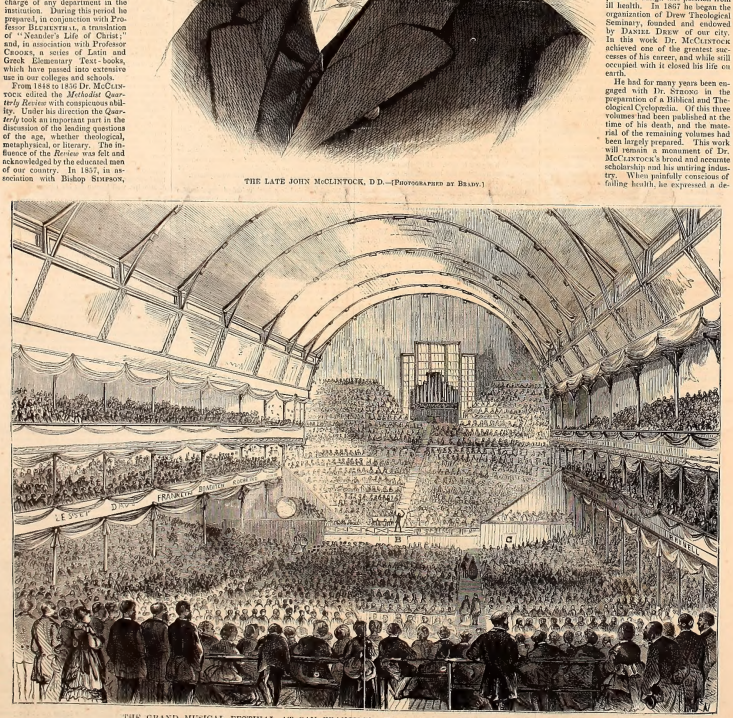

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY L. R. TOWNSEND.—[SEE PAGE 189.]

sire to live chiefly that he might finish the Cyclopædia. But this was not to be.

Dr. MCCLINTOCK'S life is an example of great powers faithfully used. His industry was unflagging; and until prostrated by disease, his capacity for labor was such as to make him insensible to fatigue. Whatever he did he would do thoroughly; for slovenly work he had no tolerance. His studies ran out in every direction, yet his learning was accurate and profound. He acquired knowledge rapidly, but systematized it with care. An orderly method was a necessity of his nature. His acquisitions, as a consequence, were always available when they were wanted. In the pursuit of the substance of knowledge he did not despise form: he expressed himself in a style of remarkable chasteness and finish. He was equally a man of books and a man of affairs—a writer and an orator; in brief, a various, versatile, and extraordinary man.

Of his many personal qualities it does not become us here to speak, save to say that his life was singularly pure, gentle, and affectionate. His friends, and the Church of which he was a distinguished representative, will long deplore his death as an irreparable loss.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JUBILEE.

We give this week, on page 188, a view of the interior of the San Francisco Mechanics' Pavilion, from a sketch taken on the first day of the grand musical festival held there, under the management of Madame CAMILLA URSO, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library of that city, commencing February 22, and continuing three days. It was a great success in every point of view, and after paying all expenses netted about $53,000 to the library.

SNOW ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ONE of the mishaps to which the traveler on the Pacific Railroad is liable, at this season of the year, is that of being snowed in while crossing the high mountain ranges that separates the great plains from the Pacific slope. Our illustration on this page represents a train overtaken by such a catastrophe. It has been stopped by a heavy drift, through which it is powerless to shove the iron snow-plow, and all hands are turned out, without distinction, to clear away the obstruction.

LAYING OUT ROADS AND WALKS.

IN no department of garden art do we more frequently see a lack of taste than in the laying out of the roads and walks of a country place. Too often the approach to the house from the entrance gate is a straight lane, either by itself or in combination with a circle, an oval, or other positive geometrical form; sometimes we see walks so laid out as to cut the lawn into two or more parts; or, if a winding road or walk is to be made, it is done by joining at their ends a series of reversed semicircles or arcs of circles.

A straight carriage road leading directly from the entrance gate to the dwelling-house, with the latter directly in sight, is always unpleasing on account of its stiffness and formality, and in doing away with all idea of seclusion and privacy, and the suggestion of baldness which it conveys. Sometimes we see this straight road, shortly before it reaches the house, terminate in a large circle or oval, which forms the turn-round for the carriages. It is true that sometimes a straight road is admissible, as when the dwelling is situated at some distance from the entrance, and

A SNOW DRIFT ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

the road can itself be made of sufficient width, with a wide border of grass on each side of it, each border planted with a row of overarching trees. In such cases the grassy borders on either side should be of the same width as the roadway, and the trees planted on the outer edge of them; such a road becomes a grand avenue of approach, and impresses the visitor with an idea of grandeur. Even in such cases the road should not terminate abruptly in front of the house, but at some considerable distance therefrom it should gradually diverge from the straight line, and approach the house with long, flowing curves. The use of a winding road as an approach to a dwelling conveys the idea of pleasantness of grounds, admits of greater breadth of lawn, and permits the planting of greater variety of trees and ornamental shrubs, giving occasional glimpses of the house as we approach it, and giving an air of magnificence and seclusion thereto.

In laying out public parks and country places of any extent in this country, it is the common practice to employ surveyors or civil engineers, and their universal mode of laying out a winding road is by the use of arcs of circles of some similar positive form. Now it must be borne in mind that neither the circle nor the oval (or ellipse), is ordinarily made from a combination of two circles, is known in nature as a line of motion; that is to say, nothing that moves in a manner that moves in these lines, but always, according to the circumstance that control them, move in other lines—such as the cycloid, the trajectory, the parabola, or the hyperbola, or combinations or modifications of them. The circle or combinations of various portions of it are appropriate as inclosing forms; as, for instance, in the laying out of flower-beds in the geometrical style, where its form or portions of it can be made to harmonize with the triangle, the hexagon, the square, or other rectilinear forms, which can not so well be done with other classes of curved lines.

All the lines of roads and walks should be free and flowing, without abrupt turns or forcible departures from the lines which the natural contour of the ground may suggest, or groups or masses of trees or shrubs may require, in order to avoid them. Many think that, to make a winding road, all that is necessary is to make it continually zigzag in and out on every hand, thus which nothing can be more erroneous or more at variance with correct taste.

The curves should not be set out to any regular radius, and the length or extent of their direction from a central line should be varied, varied and irregular, and the turns neither sudden nor abrupt; nor to maintain a proper medium and to endorse a newness of scene, a variety of curves should be introduced, great care being taken to blend two curves where they converge, so as not to produce a straight or tame line at their junction.

When undulation in the surface of roads and walks can be obtained, it will be productive of great variety, and be very effective; but sudden swells or dips are to be avoided: they should be gentle and gradual, and pass softly into each other; their highest and lowest parts should occur toward the centre of the lateral curves, as there the lines blend the easiest.

Some sufficient object should always be presented as the reason or cause for the deviation of a walk or road from a straight line. A tree, a group of plants, a change of level, or something of a similar character, should always appear to justify the divergence. No two walks should ever be seen to any extent as parallel to each other, as it conveys the idea of one of them being useless; in cases where circumstances render such parallelism necessary, one of the two walks should be masked from the other by intervening swells or banks of earth clothed with grass and shrubs, or by these latter alone. Neither should walks end in a mere cul de sac: some definite or sufficient cause of interest should always be placed at its termination, when it is not desirable to carry it beyond a certain point. An arbor, seat, or summer-house, is a suitable object for this purpose; but the walk must be returned upon itself by means of a circular sweep in front of them, the bed being planted with shrubs or flowers.

The use of serpentine walks gives great variety to a place; but this variety is destroyed if several of the curves can be seen at the same time. Such curves, therefore, should not be exposed to each other at any point, and be varied as much as they can be in their length and expansion, in order to prevent their being so exposed to each other, groups or masses of shrubs or trees should be disposed of everywhere, should be planted principally at the bodies of the curves, but not exactly in the centre of each and every curve, a certain proportion should be planted more or less to the right or left of the centre of the curve, or in front or behind it first begins to diverge from the previous one.

A main carriage road should always terminate at the house, and never be carried beyond it; the road to the stables from the house should always be narrower than the main road, or it would have the appearance of being of secondary importance imposed upon it. When the house is within sight of the public highway, it is desirable to have the lawn in front of the house so planted with shrubs as to prevent an interruption of view of the public road of the setting sun, or taking up of visitors at the door of the house. In no other way can a desirable privacy be had.

Care should be had in laying out the walks on a country place not to make them too numerous, as it destroys all breadth of lawn, and so mars its beauty; and, besides, they add much to the expense, both in their first construction and after maintenance. Neither should they be so laid down as to oppose any great extent of them longitudinally to view from the dwelling-house; nor should they ever appear as crossing a lawn, but should always be so planned as to appear as skirting the outer edge of it.

It is not possible to give absolute directions in this department of garden art, as the work to be done is so modified or controlled by varying circumstances. By applying these general hints to each individual case, each of our readers as are about improving their homesteads will be able to avoid the incongruities and unpleasant effects too often seen in such places or in the public parks of our cities.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A Cough, a Cold, or a Sore Throat requires immediate attention, and should be CHECKED. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a permanent Throat Disease, or Consumption is often the result.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, Troches have a soothing effect.

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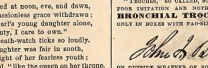

ON OUTSIDE WRAPPER OF BOX, AND PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP ATTACHED TO EACH BOX.

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The title "*Bronchial Troches*" is our trade-mark, entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by JOHN I. BROWN & SON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1859.—SUPERIOR COURT, *Special Term.*—HON. JOSEPH BOSWORTH, *Chief Justice.*—TRADE-MARK CASE.

"This is a case commenced by the plaintiffs, who are druggists, in Boston, and proprietors of 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' to restrain the defendant, a New York druggist, from violating the trade-mark of the plaintiffs.

"The Court held that the defendant's labels and wrappers, being a colorable imitation of the plaintiffs' trade-mark, the plaintiffs were entitled to an injunction to restrain the defendant from the further use or violation of plaintiffs' trade-marks, and from making or selling lozenges under the name of 'Bronchial Troches,' *and from any further use of the plaintiffs' labels, wrappers, and other trade-marks.*"

John Sherwood, for Plaintiffs; Washburn and Sullivan, for Defendant.

Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.
Troches.

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.—BEFORE RECORDER HOFFMAN.—The New York *Herald*, March 4, 1859.

"The defendant, a drug broker, was arrested for counterfeiting, forging, and imitating the *trade-mark*, label, wrapper, box, etc., of 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' prepared by John I. Brown & Son, of Boston, and for selling these counterfeits.

"He was indicted by the Grand Jury, under the statute of 1861 for the protection of trade-marks.

"The defendant's counsel moved to dismiss the indictment in the Recorder's, on the ground that he could not see the difference between forging a man's signature and forging the name to a note or check, except that in forging a trade-mark even greater loss was incurred by the manufacturer than if his name had been forged to a note.

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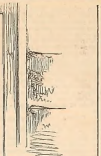

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 691.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, OF THE "ONEIDA."

LATER and fuller accounts of the terrible disaster to the *Oneida* leave no room for doubt as to the crime of Captain EYRE. It is shown that, after striking the *Oneida*, the *Bombay* must have backed away from her before continuing on her course, so that her officers must have been aware of the serious nature of the collision, and that it was not a "mere graze," as Captain EYRE afterward declared he supposed it to be. Nothing is wanting to show that in leaving the *Oneida* he knew he was forsaking a crippled and perhaps sinking ship. It is in evidence that the whistle of the *Oneida* was blown and three guns fired; yet Captain EYRE asserts that he heard nothing of these, although the sound was distinctly heard at Yokohama, twenty miles distant. It is somewhat remarkable that the "strong breeze" to which he attributes his not hearing them should not have prevented the sound from reaching ears so much further away in the same direction, and not listening, as he asserts he was, for signals of distress. But the steward of the *Bombay*, on arriving at Yokohama, asserted that they had run down a ship and "cut her in to the water's edge, so that he could see the men carrying some person on deck;" and Lieutenant CLEMENS, of the British ship *Ocean*, testified before the naval Court of Inquiry convened at Yokohama to investigate the conduct of Captain EYRE, that the Captain boasted to him, the night of his arrival at Yokohama, that "he had cut the whole quarter off a 6-gun Yankee frigate, and served her bloody right well." His own evidence before the Court, guarded as it was, shows that he knew or suspected that the collision was a very serious one; for he inquired of the pilot where he could go for safety, supposing his own ship was hurt, and seems to have been quieted by the answer that a spit of land was so near at hand that a ship could not possibly go down. If he had merely "grazed" the *Oneida*, why should he be so solicitous about his own safety? He spent a "good fifteen minutes" in looking out for signals, and then, without considering that possibly the ship he had run into was too much injured to fire signals (supposing it to be true that he did not hear the guns that were fired), he steamed away, leaving the noble ship to go down in darkness, bearing with her scores of brave men.

The records of cruelty on sea or land contain nothing to surpass the inhumanity and wickedness of this great crime.

Captain WILLIAMS, of the *Oneida*, conducted himself with the courage and heroism of a true man. One of the survivors of the disaster, Mr. W. W. CROWNINSHIELD, the Captain's clerk, says, in his account of his escape: "Captain WILLIAMS acted as bravely as he has always done. He would not leave his post on the bridge, although he was almost pulled away, and when urged by Mr. YATES, replied, 'I go down with my ship.' A petty officer urging him to go, he grasped the iron rail and said, 'No; this is my place, and here I remain.' This heroism, we are proud as Americans to say, was shared by all on board the ship; not one who had a station left it, but stood facing death without a murmur. Not a cry was heard when the good ship went down.

Several very touching instances of self-control and moral heroism were witnessed while the ship was settling down into the sea; none more so than that of Ensign CHARLES A. COFF. This brave youth was in charge of the "berth deck," and, after seeing all the sick and invalid seamen removed to the deck, returned below to his post of duty. A comrade hailed him to come on deck, as the ship was going down. "No," said Ensign COFF, "I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved."

Lieutenant-Commander STEWART and Ensign ADAMS went to fire the alarm-guns, and ascertained that one of the men at the wheel, who was killed and swept overboard, had the key to the magazine in his pocket. Together they forced the door, and together aided in firing three guns; but before the fourth could be fired the water had gained so rapidly that the heavy gun and iron carriage slipped and went down the hatchway, carrying with it Ensign ADAMS, and crushing him to instant death.

Surgeon FROTHINGHAM had with him a remarkably bright Japanese boy of two-sworded inheritance, whom he was taking to New York to educate for five years; true to his trust, he was last seen trying to rescue the little "Takonin."

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, OF THE "ONEIDA."—"I GO DOWN WITH MY SHIP."

It is sad to think that, despite the brutal inhumanity of Captain EYRE, most of these lives might have been saved had the *Oneida* been suitably provided with boats. Before leaving Yokohama Captain WILLIAMS applied for boats to replace some that had been lost in a storm. His application was refused. This is a matter that requires strict investigation, to ascertain upon whom rests the responsibility of having sent to sea a national ship unprovided with the proper means of saving the lives of her officers and crew in case of accident.

SMALL MEN IN BATTLE.

THERE is a principle of natural selection in an enemy's bullets which bears more heavily against large than against small men. Large men are more likely to be hit. The chance of a man being accidentally shot is as the square root of the product of his height multiplied into his weight; where a man of 16 stone in weight, and 6 feet 2½ inches high, will escape from chance shots for two years, a man of 8 stone in weight, and 5 feet 6 inches high, would escape for three. But the total proportion of the risk run by the large man is considerably greater. He is conspicuous from his size, and is therefore more likely to be recognized and made the object of a special aim. It is also in human nature that the shooter should pick out the largest man, just as he would pick out the largest bird in a covey, or antelope in a herd. Again, of two men who are aimed at, the bigger is the more likely to be hit, as affording a larger target. This chance is a trifle less than the ratio of his increased sectional area, though we are unable to calculate the decrease, from our ignorance of the average distances of the enemy and the closeness of his fire. At long distances, and when the shooting was wild, the decrease would be insensible; at comparatively close ranges it would be unimportant. As a matter of fact, commanders are very frequently the objects of special aim. When Soult visited Inkerman, a story appeared in the newspapers of some English veteran having declared that the hero must have lived a charmed life, for he had "covered" him with his rifle upward of thirty times, and yet had never the fortune to hit him. Nelson was killed by one of many shots aimed directly at him, by a rifleman in the main-top of the *Fougueux* vessel with which his own was closely engaged.

The total relative chances against being shot in battle, of two men of the respective heights and weights I have described, are as 3 to 2 in

favor of the smaller men in respect to accidental shots, and in a decidedly more favorable proportion in respect to direct aim; the latter chance being compounded of the two following—first, a better hope of not being aimed at, and secondly, a hope very little less than 3 to 2 of not being hit when made the object of an aim.

This is really an important consideration. Had Nelson been a large man, instead of a mere featherweight, the probability is that he would not have survived so long. His active career extended through twelve years, during the earlier part of which he was much more frequently under fire than afterward. Had he only lived through two-thirds, or even three-fourths, of his battles, he could not have commanded at the Nile, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar. His reputation under those circumstances would have been limited to that of a dashing captain or a young and promising admiral. Wellington was a small man, and he had been shot in the Peninsula, his reputation, though it would have undoubtedly been very great, would have lost the lustre of Waterloo. In short, to have survived is an essential condition to becoming a famed commander; yet persons equally endowed with military gifts —such as the requisite form of high intellectual and moral ability and of constitutional vigor are by no means equally qualified to escape shot free. The enemy's bullets are least dangerous to the smaller men, and therefore small men are more likely to achieve high fame as commanders than their equally gifted contemporaries whose physical frames are larger.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

CONGRESS AND CUBA.

AS we write, it is still uncertain what action Congress will take upon the Cuban question. General BANKS's resolution, virtually recognizing the belligerent rights of Cuba, has not yet been reported, and Mr. MORRILL's bill reported in the Senate has been seriously shorn. It now forbids any ship or vessel to be fitted out, armed, or equipped for the service of any foreign prince or state for the purpose of subduing American colonists claiming independence; but the section prohibiting the sale of arms and munitions was stricken out in Committee. The bill as reported removes the obscurity of the present law of 1818, which forbids the equipping and arming of any vessel "to cruise or commit hostilities against the subjects, citizens, or property of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace." Under this clause it was contended by Senator CARPENTER that the Spanish gunboats could be detained. But it was enough to ask whether, "colony, district, state, or people," did not necessarily mean to describe some authority which the United States had in some way recognized; and whether that could be applied, for instance, to the county of Yorkshire in England, or to the province of Catalonia in Spain.

The precise words of the new bill leave no doubt of this kind. It forbids the fitting out of ships in our ports by any foreign power, "for the purpose of subduing American colonists claiming independence. It says to the European nations, "You may send an army and navies and ships as you please from Europe to retain your colonies, but you shall not use our ports as your base of war." It virtually recognizes the equal right of European authority in the parent state and the American colony. If we are at peace with Spain she may strengthen Cuba in our ports to suppress a republic in Andalusia, but not to suppress a republic in Cuba. Our wish, therefore, according to this bill, is not to extend republicanism; it is to destroy European authority in America.

If any nation assent the bill goes beyond the declaration in President MONROE's Message of 1823, which was the manifesto of the Monroe doctrine." That declaration was in two passages of the Message. In one the President said that the American continents were henceforth "not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." In the other he said, "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere;" and he added that those governments who had declared and maintained their independence, and "whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged," must not be touched. Mr. MONROE's bill proposes that we shall now interfere with the existing colonies to the point of forbidding European powers to strengthen themselves in our ports by fitting out ships. They may, indeed, try arms and ammunition; but it is clear that European ships of war may not be repaired in our harbors. But Spain shall build no more gun-boats in New York to subdue Cuba —that, at least, is evident.

The reason of such a limitation as this it is not easy to see. If a European power has any right whatever to use force to subdue an insurrection in a colony, it is evidently the same right that empowers it to assert its authority any where within its dominions. The United States have never hitherto questioned this right. President MONROE, in his message in 1823, as we have seen, expressly disclaimed any question of it. Mr. CLAY, as Secretary of State, in 1825, wrote that the United States desired "no political change" in Cuba. Wherever the colonial authority of the European state existed, it was undisputedly recognized by the United States as of the same kind and degree as its authority elsewhere. To this country Spanish troubles in Malaga and Spanish troubles in Porto Rico were the same, so long as we were at peace with Spain, and so long as the troubles did not seem to us to involve the question of belligerent rights to the insurrection. Whenever that time came we were to be governed, of course, by the principles we had always accepted —by the same principles.

But if, as the Monroe bill seems to imply, the title of Spanish authority in Cuba, or of any European state upon this continent, is defective, or, for good reasons, intolerable, let us issue a general warning to that effect. If, when any number of inhabitants of a colony raise the standard of insurrection, we intend to regard them as "American colonists claiming independence," why do we resort to so clumsy a plan as Senator MORRILL's? The simpler and easier way would be to declare that such belligerents whenever they declare their independence, if this would be to flout all our own principles and to justify the action of the British Government when the rebellion began, it would at least be frank and intelligible. It would say plainly to the world that whenever a party of our own citizens, for whatever purpose, went to a colony and persuaded a few American colonists to claim independence, we should take their part, and, having broken their connection with Europe, annex them to ourselves. If this policy should imply reproach as to the contempt of other nations, it would at least be a striking proof of our glorious manifest destiny.

We hope that Congress will not botch and boggle this business. If a European state has not the same kind of authority over a colony that it has over any of its dominions, let us find the authority altogether. The position and condition of a colony in insurrection may, indeed, lead to many legal recognitions on our part, and it may be evident that no European state can hope to hold American colonists much longer. But such recognitions are merely incidental to the broad fact that no European state can be said to hold American colonies much longer.

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We hope that

if, as we now hear, MR. JULES FAVRE has promised him active support to the Ministry, his action may well enlighten foreign public opinion.

GRAPES AND THORNS, AND FIGS AND THISTLES.

GRAPES are not gathered of thorns; and no one who knows any thing of the Democratic party of New York could seriously have supposed that it would give the city a new charter, or any economical reform. When the Governor signalled the Legislature as "honest," and spoke as if the result of the election had really purified our politics, every body felt that his Excellency spoke very foolishly, because the party that would now control the State had long controlled the city, unchallenged, and the honesty and economy and purity of Democratic rule are there forever visible. The gauntness in power and modernization in the city were precisely those parts of the municipal system which the Democratic party could not touch.

It was well understood that the great work of the Legislature would be a new city charter, and a charter which should give back the hands of the managers of the Democratic party all that had hitherto escaped them. In due time the new charter was presented. Its whole scheme virtually delivering the city to the Ring. It was outrageous, but of course not unexpected. But in a large city, where the power of a party sinks as we have hitherto shown the Democratic party to be, is undisciplined, and where the most ignorant and common man make the same weight in politics, the "loot" of the Ring would necessarily excite envy. MR. O'BRIEN, for instance, naturally inquire why MR. TWEED should be dictator. MR. GENET would see no divine right in MR. TWEED. The result shows that this was the sentiment in the city of down with the Ring was raised. There was a loud beating of gongs and a striking of fine attitudes, and an announcement of an anti-Ring charter; and finally the production of such a document. It was offered in the Legislature, and instantly in some every thing was in reprisals and nothing was left but the model charter of "the honest Democracy" permits the City Chamberlain, Mr. Connolly, to continue his present system of receiving, among other perquisites, about fifty thousand dollars for signing his name.

The Ring is dead, long live the Ring! The "honest Democracy," we presume, are quite as likely to purify elections and save money to the tax-payers of and between the publication of the *city of New York*, when they march under MESSRS. SWEENY and TWEED, as when they rally to the colors of MESSRS. O'BRIEN and GENET. The whole matter is brought to the country that watches this quarrel of Democratic factions for the sacking of the city that Democracy can not honestly govern from "Republican rascality" but calling the Democratic party to national power. How safe those gentlemen would be had the people only elected MR. SEYMOUR and GENERAL BLAIR! How richly secure, if they could only remain in power! Is SWEENY'S MR. HOFFMAN in the place of GENERAL GRANT!

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY TRAVELERS.

IN our issue for March 12 we stated the case of JOHN A. COLEMAN against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, which in our judgment presents certain points that, in the interest of travelers, should be definitively settled. The great power of the great railway companies is like all other power. It consults its own advantage, not the convenience of the public. Moreover, the growing power of such companies is a very public peril. The means at their disposal for enforcing their own will are enormous. They are in possession of the only route of travel. The impracticability of organizing competing lines is notorious. They advertise in newspapers, and they pass entire lists of free passes are showered upon Legislatures, and many a Judge rides to his court to hear a case in which the Company that carries him freely to and from his home is a party. The name of the great New Jersey road has become a synonym for that of the State. It is generally understood that it even elected Senators in Congress. It was the most dangerous enemy that a Jerseyman could have in his own State.

Nothing, therefore, is more indispensable than that the managers of the great railways should feel their direct responsibility to public opinion through the watchfulness of the Press. There are a hundred points of interest constantly which can not be brought into court. There are a hundred more which no individual passenger, however strong the presumption in favor of his complaint, cares to contest against a great Company. There are Companies that still pack passengers into the old-fashioned black-holes—the cars without a raised roof. The New York Central dumps its passengers into the snow and rain at its Albany station. Last summer the New York and New Haven Railroad Company prohibited the sale of *Hearth and Home* in its cars, because of an article critical of the conduct of the road, its notorious disregard of the comfort of passengers, and alleging its resort to "the usual lobby-legislative tactics" to defeat the charter of a parallel road. This was a wanton infringement of the public convenience, for which, of course, there was no legal remedy —an act of despotic power, to which every traveler was forced to submit.

From the encroachment of the nameless petty oppressions of travelers by railroad power our only relief would be prompt and full exposure. It is, indeed, very troublesome to the individual. Few persons care to write a letter to the newspapers to recount the little mishaps, the delays, the inconveniences, which yet will not correct themselves, and will increase instead of diminish. When, therefore, a traveler has sustained severe personal injuries from what he conceives to be the excessive carelessness of a road agent, and has appealed to a jury, which, upon a fair hearing, has awarded him damages, as in the case of MR. COLEMAN—in which there was no urging the suit, raises questions which are of general interest to all travelers—we can have no hesitation in giving public the case as presented by one of its counsel, a gentleman of the highest personal and professional character. For readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY remember that, like the other, is an *ex parte* statement.

LAW OFFICES OF PERSON & CHOATE,
No. 2 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, *March 7, 1870.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In the case of COLEMAN *vs.* The Railroad Company, tried before Judge MARCH on the 23d, 24th, and 25th days of February, 1870, in the County of Suffolk, in the State of Massachusetts, in which Judge MARCH and a jury of twelve men awarded COLEMAN $5,000 damages, the New Haven Railroad Company is defendant. As you state in your article, the public against a railroad, to remind the jury. Your conclusion is that, "upon the evidence, there can be little doubt that the conductor struck him a blow," and that MR. COLEMAN is entitled to recover." Inasmuch as the statement of the case which you publish in your issue incorrectly set forth, I ask you, in simple justice to all the parties concerned, to print

1. The entire evidence showed that the conductor COLEMAN never behaved in any way except in a most plaintiff admitted it; his witnesses proved it. The only contradictory evidence was that of the ex-officer MR. COLEMAN still be had repeatedly urged that gentleman to put his fare or leave the car.

2. It is not true that, when the conductor came through the car to inspect the tickets, MR. COLEMAN refused him, and stated that he was traveling constantly," etc., as a reason for not paying his fare or showing his mileage-book ticket. The plaintiff himself admitted that when the conductor first came through the car he had the ticket between the leaves, exposed to view, and had his newspaper before him, so that the conductor could not be expected to see the ticket without noticing its irregularity, is it probable that the conductor would have called the attention to it? The evidence showed an entirely different purport. MR. COLEMAN could not be bought by the mileage ticket "to pass or if he failed on the other, but after the fare was paid he concluded to "stay by it." His conversation took place until the conductor informed him that he would not stand upon his ticket. Then he presented, and remained him that he had already been so informed. MR. COLEMAN replied, in effect, that he had determined to test his right to ride upon the ticket which he presented, and should refuse to pay the fare. MR. COLEMAN ordered the conductor to allow him to pass by the ground that a kind of transportation existed between the conductor and the traveling public; that the latter consideration and the traveling public; that the directors would never know it, and it would be no detriment to the road; and that if he, the conductor, was reprimanded or got into trouble, he, COLEMAN, would make it right. He did not offer to throw the ground him who knew him." There was no evidence to show that any passenger in the car knew what was said from the car, and no evidence that he was in any way prejudiced by it. He was a stranger to the conductor, and apparently to the other passengers in the car. He only "would hear" or "might hear" what was said in the car was a State director of the Boston and Albany road. He admitted his ignorance, as a director, of the rules of his own road in similar cases, his duties as a director, and his position as a stockholder in the road.

MR. COLEMAN manifested no willingness to yield to any authority, and told the conductor that "he might use, he did it at his peril." The conductor repeatedly urged MR. COLEMAN to pay his fare, and told him that the orders of the road precisely what MR. COLEMAN proposed to the conductor, except that in the latter case the car was stopped, advanced the car, in the other, the conductor, and courteously asked him not to remain. MR. COLEMAN refused to accede to these requests. At Stamford MR. COLEMAN was ejected by force from the car, and the conductor returned immediately before his expulsion. He declined to do so. Still, instead of immediately leaving the train, he knees against the seat in front of him, and placed his arm under the rail in the center of the car. The blow he struck from the car by main force, was carried to the platform of the car, and upon the platform-step, thus carrying him fell with him. The evidence did not sustain the contention that he was "thrown violently upon the platform." While being carried out he resisted with all his force, and struck the conductor. He claimed to have been struck before he was taken into the aisle of the car. The evidence upon this point was conflicting, both as to his being struck and as to whether he gave or was given the first blow. The conductor, by the rules of the Company to the acts of the employés engaged in preventing the violation of the car. He was therefore justified in the blow, but every employé who assisted in the blow MR. COLEMAN was present at the trial, and denied striking him. Is it quite fair, then, to fasten the blow upon those who, unconstructed, deny it, or to dignify MR. COLEMAN'S turbulent conduct as self-defense?

The injury occasioned by the blow was admitted to be slight. The only serious injury which MR. COLEMAN suffered was the fall from the platform to the track. But MR. COLEMAN knew that he was subject to this danger when he took it. The jury fully allowed for the resistance by bruising his knees and holding on to the seat would have prevented his falling, and for any other violence to which he was exposed. It certainly requires no argument to show that MR. COLEMAN was not entitled to compensation for injuries occasioned by his own contribution thereto. Has he a special claim to sympathy for a voluntary aggravation of a disease known only to himself?

There are other serious inaccuracies of statement in the article to which I have referred. I have mentioned enough to show you that the information upon which you relied, to say the least, is partial.

I do not ask you to weigh my statements against those of your informant. Having tried the case at all its trials, its base and at nisi prius, I am, of course, fully alive to the importance of the point you desire it important to satisfy yourself as to which has the better means of information. The accompanying notice will be allowed you for private inspection.

It is not my purpose to suggest any argument respecting the law of the case. However sound your views may be, they are not necessarily the interpretation by the courts must conclude the matter. Permit me, however, to call your attention to the decision of MR. COLEMAN, viz., that a railroad ticket is received in consideration of the conductor's passage and not upon how he will use it, notwithstanding the purpose for which it is purchased. This is a question of fact, not of evidence—and that a ticket of passage from one terminus of a railroad to the other gives the holder the right to stop at intermediate points to such stations as he may desire until he has traveled the length of the road—contrary to the current usage of all railroads in every respectable court of England and the United States. MR. COLEMAN, in the case before us, who first tried the case, and MR. Justice RAM, who presided at the second trial, decided MR. COLEMAN'S legal theory of settlement counsel who represented him did not except to the charge.

If MR. COLEMAN honestly sought to test his legal right in the premises, he in no way compromised his claim by leaving the cars under protest, or by submitting to the conductor's demands. His remedy would be full and complete and he need for damages confessed himself a trespasser, and, as to the price of his passage-money. And he is peculiarly fortunate in the circumstances of the editorial comment of so respectable a journal as your own as the representative of "the Rights of Railway Travelers."

In connection, allow me to say the suit in which you pass judgment is not decided. The case is now in a position to present a state of fact involved therein are likely to read your article: and it is quite fair for a railroad company to publish in *Harper's Weekly* its prejudge a case upon an *ex parte* statement? In its just pursuit by the ordinary public, unaccustomed to paper argorly circulates, a report of a case as yet undecided, and which involves issues which is adverse to the defendant? MR. COLEMAN elected his remedy and has the right to maintain such wrongs as he may have suffered. He could not was not of a representative character, and was not in any sense public. He is not entitled to be clothed with any of the attributes of a railroad as against the denial. He was simply that of a traveling agent desiring, very properly, to make the most of his time. He was not in the employ, nor was he, in fact, known to be invalid, without detection, and disappointed at the failure of passengers in his obstinate rest to seek litigation, and was by himself to contend that in some knew he was subject to, premeditatedly and deliberately, and at the most is only entitled to damages at law, which he has voluntarily sought.

Until this case is ended it falls we ask a suspension of judgment. Seeking justice as our right, we ask the Press not to usurp the duties of the Courts, and to allow us at least a fair field where we ask no favor.

The importance of the matter to the entire controversy by you is my apology for the length of this communication. I am, sir, very truly your obedient servant,

Respectfully yours,
CALVIN G. CHILD,
of Counsel for the N. Y. and N. H. R. R.

NOTES.

CAPTAIN G. SCHWERES is a name to be as loudly remembered as that of GENERAL ARTHUR WELLESLEY EVER IS to be uttered with horror. Captain SCHWERES was commander of the *Ocean Gondy*, which left Bremen on the 22d of January and was struck by a hurricane a week afterward. The vessel was pitch-pine on the 8th of February. For twelve days the ship lay to, while captain, engineers, and crew worked unceasingly to mend the machinery. At last they started with halting engines and came on at the rate of five knots an hour, and were met by the ravages of fifty days, during which happily all were well. Captain SCHWERES brought his vessel safe to port, and the hearty welcome of a country which feared never to hear of the voyagers from the *Ocean Gondy* was the evidence of mind alone saved us," my passengers. Let us remember his name and honor him.

GAIL HAMILTON'S new volume, "A Battle of the Books," including her version of her differences with her publishers, is placed before the public by MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON in the most attractive style of the Riverside press. Waiving the consideration of the taste and propriety of such a publication, which must be regarded by the author for herself, it may be safely said that her book affords much entertaining matter, and that it will be widely and joyfully read. Those who may not wholly approve of what some will call the bad taste of complying with the most exacstic wish of old Job, that his enemy "would write a book," will find the book full of the most rare of sparkling vivacity and interest. The story of her troubles is told under a very transparent veil, but it is full of facts, and forms a history of an author's dealings with publishers just a century ago; but the names of places, books, magazines, and living authors and publishers are so slightly disguised as to be recognizable at a glance. One can not but admire the ingenuity with which the rather difficult machinery of her story is managed, her keen satire, brilliant style, and business-like power of analyzing contracts and detecting the weak points of their phraseology. The book is highly suited to the necessity of reading a contract before signing it, no one need hope to catch her napping glance.

It is not necessary to go into the merits of the case, as between the author and her publishers. She is convinced of having suffered wrongs and losses, and does not hesitate to say so without mincing words; but for the evidence on which she brings her complaint, and justifies herself in making the unusual acquaintance with her private affairs, we must refer the reader to her own pages.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 7.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced for the admission of Georgia to the Union on equal footing with the other States. The day was occupied with a discussion of the Georgia bill. The Georgia bill was introduced to provide for additional representatives in the Forty-second Congress.

March 8.—In the Senate, among the bills introduced was one to amend the customs and tonnage laws, providing that one-half of the payments on duties or imports may be made in legal-tender notes; and another to promote the civilization of Indians, and to prepare them for the responsibilities of citizens. The bill proposed making a misdemeanor to fit out or equip ships of war for service in a European war. It also made American colonists claiming independence in Mexico, Central America, or South America, or the islands adjacent thereto, liable to the penalties of piracy. Action upon this bill shall affect the present office-holders in the States. And the bill for the admission of the representatives in 1870 be held on the day named in the Constitution, or on such other day as the present Legislature may designate, was adopted by a vote of 37 to 29.

March 9.—In the Senate, the Georgia bill as it passed the House was received from the Committee and reconsidered.—In the House, a resolution was offered for the repeal of the section of naturalization law in New York and elsewhere in seiring private property and appropriating it to the authority thereof was adopted by a vote of 37 to 29.

March 10.—In the Senate, a communication was received from General Rawlins, Secretary of War, giving copies of the new Constitution of that State, and announcing the ratification by it of the Fourteenth, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments. —In the House, the bill for the reorganization of the army was considered at some length, and finally passed without a division. The bill provides for retaining a military branch of government service in regard to the Indian tribes, their lands, their trade, their title to fire, forests, and other important matters; for the appointment of a Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and other officers, to be selected from officers of the army, or who have served in it; establishes reduced rates of pay, and reduces the number of officers. The bill was discussed in sections, and all were agreed to as reported, with but one modification, which was to strike out the section that transfers the Indian Bureau to the War Department from that of the Interior.

March 11.—In the Senate, the Pending bill was passed by a vote of 49 to 19.—In the House, bills introduced was one to secure more efficient women for the Navy, by forbidding the appointment of any but apprentice from each congressional district and assistant surgeons, and providing examinations for candidates in the appointment of assistant surgeons in the Navy. The appropriations as aggregate amount of $17,817,000 is deficiencies in the bill now before for the present fiscal year. The largest items are as follows: For pensions, $10,000,000; for Indian Bureau, $200,000; Mint at San Francisco, $200,000; and Reconstruction Committee, $500,000.

March 12.—The Senate was not in session, and in the House the day was occupied in dealing with GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Assembly of the New York Legislature has passed a bill, by a vote of 71 to 27, for the abolition of intoxicating liquors. The clause in relation to the sale of liquor for any other than medicinal purposes on election days, in any incorporated city, reads as follows:

"Licenses granted, as in this act provided, shall not authorize any person or persons to sell or dispose of, or sell, give away or dispose of, any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ales, beer, or any other drink on any hours of one and five o'clock in the morning, or on any day appointed by the laws of this State for holding any general election, or any town to open a polling place for the same shall be held, or on Sunday. And all persons licensed as aforesaid shall be closed and kept closed on Sundays and election days, and between the hours aforesaid, and the doors of the building herein contained shall be construed to prevent holes from being made in the walls connecting with the building, public upon Sundays, or from *allowing free ingress or egress on the same days to any person, save as a druggist, or from presenting the sale of liquor here* within the meaning of this act, and every violation of this act by Kings on that day in any public garden or other place, shall be deemed a misdemeanor in this State."

The steamer *Ocean Queen* is now upon the dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

A Democratic caucus in the Democratic members of the Assembly the abolition of the City Commissioners of Police and the exemption of the Central Park Commission being the point of difference. It was agreed that all amendments in the Senate, it is said, desires to leave the Central Park Commission unbroken.

The trial of M'Farland, indicted for the murder of ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, was resumed in the Court of Sessions.

The Republicans of New Hampshire have re-elected GOVERNOR WESTON by a majority of 5,000.

There is a boisterous but uneventful passage of 20 days' duration, and the steamer arrived at her dock in Brooklyn safely on the 11th inst. The city of *Boston* has not yet been heard from.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported from Rome that a scheme on infallibility was recently distributed to the members of the Council of Bishops. It says that the Church does not possess supreme and complete power, but that the Church of Rome and the Universal Church was received with perfect unanimity. The Pope is declared to be the head of which the Pontiff is the successor. All questions of faith are to be determined by the decrees of the whole of the Lord to Peter would be directed to the Universal Church. The Roman Catholic See, Catholic and immaculate, the doctrine has always been held by the Universal Church, and is irrevocable; with the concurrence of the Council, and define as a dogma of faith that the Roman Pontiff, when as the Roman Pontiff, of whom it was said, "I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not," and not for only when acting as the head of the Universal Church, pronounces what the Church must hold in matters of faith and morals. The definition of the infallibility extends over the same matters to which the infallibility of the Church extends. The Church should sure, which God forbid, to controvert the present definition, it would not be the departure from the true faith." The French and other Governments have demanded that their diplomatic representatives should be present at the deliberations of the Council.

A duel has taken place near Munich between the Duke de Montpensier and Prince Adalbert de Bavaria, growing out of a quarrel in the Spanish Cortes in relation to the Princess of the Duke. The Prince fell dead at the first fire, shot through the head.

The Abbé Lacordaire, a distinguished preacher, the leader of the Liberal Catholic party in France, took place at Paris on the 21st inst., in the 69th year of his age.

MR. Charles Dickens has had an interview with QUEEN VICTORIA, by royal invitation.

WILD-BOARS.

THE WILD-BOAR

"Of all the animals in India killed by me"—writes Captain SHAKESPEARE, a celebrated hunter—"the tiger, wild elephant, buffalo, bison, bear, boar, panther, and leopard, not one has ever made good his charge against the deadly bullets of my heavy rifle, or against the spear, save the wild-boar and panther. I consider hog-hunting to be the finest sport in the world."

It is difficult for one who has only seen the pig in a domestic state to realize the force and truth of the foregoing statement. What trace is there of thundering speed, eyes savage as those of a trapped tiger, and glowing as red-hot charcoal; of strength to rush beneath the horse's belly and bear him, with the hunter on his back, sheer off his legs; or of the terrible nine-inch-long tusk, which, entering the steed's flank, would plow a deep gory rut, ending only at the shoulder-bone? What trace is there of all this in the meek sow, affectionately cuddling her litter of tiny squeakers, or grunting her gratitude to Roger who replenishes her trough, and rolling her eyes with delicious languor as the worthy young mash-beaxer, leaning dreamily over the wicket, scratches her back?

In various parts of Europe the boar still roams at large—in parts of France, and in considerable numbers in the deep forests of Germany; but little or nothing is done as the present day in boar-hunting. India is the great field for this sport, and the animals there found are certainly the largest and most formidable of any in the world. There the boar roams the jungle, fearing not even the terrible tiger; crops his dinner at the verge of the auburn-striped monster's lair, and comes down with him to the pool to slake his thirst; yet that no affection exists between them is certain, from the fact that now and then sportsmen come across boars and tigers dead, the latter bearing marks of the wild pig's tremendous tusks.

Boar-hunting in India is always conducted on horseback, and the chief weapon employed is the spear. Of this there are two kinds in use. The one adopted in Eastern Hindostan is called a "jobber," about six feet long, weighted heavily

DEPARTURE OF A COLONY OF EMIGRANTS FOR COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

at one end with lead. In Western Hindostan hunters have adopted a lance about ten feet in length, without any counterpoise. The writer's experience is, that the style of spear is of little consequence so long as the horse is thoroughly trained to the sport. Wherever a hog will go, even when hard pressed, there should the horse follow—up steep hills, down sudden slopes, over bushes, and along the face of rocks at an angle of forty degrees, and more slippery than the Nicolson pavement in foggy weather. It is very possible to have a horse too ardent: when it is considered that, when hard run, a boar has been known to tuck in his feet and fling himself over a bank fifteen feet deep, falling on his chest, to be up and off again in an instant, that disad-

INDIANS GAMBLING FOR THE POSSESSION OF A CAPTIVE.—SKETCHED BY M. W. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

vantage of mounting a horse who hunts boars for his own amusement at the spectacle.

As in Indian boar-hunting there is generally as much racing as fighting, and the hunter's valor goes for naught unless he possesses such facilities as will make him more than a match for the fleet, tusked monster, a fast horse is indispensable. "At his first burst the Indian boar will run away from the fleetest Arab racer." Therefore care is taken to give the horse every possible advantage. It generally happens that the pasture-ground selected by the hunter is surrounded for a long distance—ten, twenty, even thirty miles—from his strong-hold. Setting out in the early morning, he goes at a leisurely pace, while his fleeting place about the middle of the night. Here he springs, softly hogs wild and tame, and forge, sugar-cane, or such other food as he finds, and, strolling off, reaches home before daylight. This is the time to hunt him. He is full, tired, and sleepy, and altogether incapable of running his fastest. Indeed it may be said that gang of natives, with tomtoms, bells, cymbals, horns, and other implements of hideous Indian music, to rouse him from his covert; and roused he must be, for to penetrate to his sanctum sanctorum, where perfect privacy is had, is official act. When roused, however, the boar will make the best running he can; and here the hunter's fun has the advantage, for his opponent has taken care, after he has had his supper overnight, to put on a new suit of muscle, and has fed out in the morning empty and light, and in a condition to go at the fastest pace he is capable of. The hunter's great aim is to "head" his formidable game at the first burst and bring him to bay, well knowing that if he allows him to keep the lead until he recovers his wind, his hungry horse will flag and drop his ears, while the game, with the best event, is as fresh as a daisy.

The secret of aiding a wild hog is to ride as close to him as you can, keeping him on the spear or right hand of you. You must be able to turn the horse with the legs, and therefore the rider must be always in hand. In short, when the hog flags to speed the hunter must be ready to make his horse spring upon him, so to speak. The spear then *goes through the fox*, and if the hog charges at the horse, the increased force of the bodies meeting at such speed generally drives the spear through and out behind.

Wild pigs are found also in Africa. De Chaillu describes one variety as attaining very great size. "It is conspicuous," he says, "for a curious white face, adorned with several large, warty protuberances, on each side, found in between the eyes and nose. These, and the singularly long bristles which surround the eyes, and the long mane, give to a full grown male boar have a very curious effect. The color of the body is red."

Most difficult game these red, hairy-eyed pigs appear to be. They are described as tremendously savage, and active as berserkers. "I have," he says, "singling a boar from among a herd, and bringing him down with a shot, its companions in their fright "made a leap which must have measured over ten yards." "I have repeatedly seen them," says he, "leaping across the Ovenga, where by my own measurement it was more than eight yards wide."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Dead Secret," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIXTH SCENE.—SWANHAVEN LODGE.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (FIRST SOWING).

"NOTHING large as Windyates. But—shall we say snug, Jones?"

"And comfortable, Smith. I quite agree with you."

Such was the judgment pronounced by the two chosen specimens on Julius Delamayn's house in Scotland. It was, as usual with Smith and Jones, a sound judgment—as far as it went. Swanhaven Lodge was not half the size of Windyates; but it had been inhabited for two centuries when the foundations of Windyates were first laid—and it possessed the advantage, without inheriting the drawbacks, of its age. There is in an old house a delightful mellowness in the human character, as there is in an old hat. Kindly adaptation to the human head. The visitor who left Swanhaven quitted it with something like a sense of leaving home. Among the few houses not our own which Mrs. Delamayn held on our sympathies this was one. The ornamental grounds were far inferior in size and splendor to the grounds at Windyates. One of the park was beautiful—less carefully laid out, but also less monotonous than at Windyates. The lake on the northern boundary of the estate, famous for its trout of cream, was one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. The old house had a history, associating it with more than one celebrated Scottish name, which had been written and illustrated by Julius Delamayn. Visitors to Swanhaven Lodge were invariably presented with a copy of the volume (privately printed). One in twenty read it. The rest were "charmed," and looked at the pictures.

The day was the last day of August, and the occasion was the garden-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Delamayn.

Smith and Jones—following, with the other guests at Windyates, in Lady Lundie's train—exchanged their opinions on the exterior of the house, standing on a terrace at the back, near a flight of steps which led down into the garden. The terrace formed the van-guard of the visitors, appearing by two and threes from the reception rooms, and all bent on going to see the swans before the amusements of the day began. Julius Delamayn came out with the first detachment, recruited Smith and Jones, and other wandering bachelors, by the way, and set forth for the lake. An interval of ten minutes brought together the terrace remained empty. Then two ladies—at the head of a second detachment of visitors—appeared under the old stone porch which sheltered the entrance on that side of the house. One of the ladies was a maiden, remarkable person, very simply dressed. The other was of the tall and handsome sort. She was attended by a cloud in dazzling array. The first was Mrs. Julius Delamayn. The second was Lady Lundie.

Exquisite in its picturesque irregularity, the old mullioned windows of the house, with their framing of creepers, and the grassy-edged buttresses projecting at intervals from the wall, each with its bright little circle of flowers blooming round the base. Was there really grieved that Sir Patrick should have missed this."

"I think you said, Lady Lundie, that Sir Patrick had been called to Edinburgh by family business?"

"Business, Mrs. Delamayn, which is anything but agreeable to me, as one member of the family. I have ordered all my arrangements for the autumn. My step-daughter is to be married next week."

"It is so near as that? May I ask who the gentleman is?"

"Mr. Arnold Brinkworth."

"Surely I have some association with that name?"

"You have probably heard of him, Mrs. Delamayn, as the heir to Miss Brinkworth's Scotch property?"

"Exactly! Have you brought Mr. Brinkworth here to-day?"

"I bring Mr. Brinkworth's apologies, as well as Sir Patrick's. They went to Edinburgh together the day before yesterday. The lawyers engage to finish the settlements in a week, and then, and not before, if a personal consultation can be managed. Some trifling question of the trustees' powers to decide. Sir Patrick thought the safest way and the speediest way would be to take Mr. Arnold with him, and to leave me to do the business over to-day—and to wait until we join them, on our way to the Highlands."

"You leave Windyates, in this lovely weather?"

"Most unwillingly! The truth is, Mrs. Delamayn, I am at my step-daughter's mercy. Her father has the authority, as her guardian—and the use he makes of it is to leave it to me. I have my way in every thing. It was only on Friday last that I gave consent to the day be fixed—and even then she made it a positive condition that the marriage was not to take place in Scotland. Sir Patrick's wish, and Mr. Brinkworth's also. It is to be quiet in the morning—and I am to follow their example. I feel it my duty to be present—and, as a matter of course, I sacrifice myself. What kind of a lake is this?"

"Is Miss Lundie to be married in London at this time of year?"

"No. We only pass through, on our way to Sir Patrick's place in Kent—the place that came to us with the title. I am to remain at home with the last days of my beloved husband. Another trial for me! The marriage is to be celebrated on the scene of my bereavement. My old wound is to be reopened on Monday next—simply because my husband was born there. Shocking, Mrs. Delamayn!"

"This day week, then, is the day of the marriage?"

"Yes. This day week. There have been reasons for hurrying it—as only a woman knows you with. No words can my how I wish it was over—not, my dear Mrs. Delamayn, from thoughtless of me to assail you with my family worries! You are so sympathetic. That is my excuse for talking to you on the most intimate guests. I could linger in this sweet place for-ever! What is Mrs. Glenarm's?"

"I really don't know. I missed her when we came out on the terrace. She will very likely join us at the lake. We are slowly moving to the lake, Lady Lundie?"

"I adore the whims of Nature, Mrs. Delamayn—especially lakes!"

"We have something to show you besides: we have a boat-house at the lake, and a boat-house at the place. My husband has gone on with some of the gentlemen, and I believe we are expected to follow, as soon as the rest of the company—in search of my sister—have seen the house."

"And what is Miss Delamayn? Historical associations in every corner of it! It is the very thing in my mind to take refuge in the past. When I am far away from our present place I shall people Swanhaven with its departed inhabitants, and live in the sad sorrows of centuries since."

As Lady Lundie announced, in these terms, her intention of adding to the population of the past, the last of the guests who had been roaming in the old flower-garden under the porch. Among the numbers forming this final addition to the garden-party were Blanche, and a friend of her own age whom she had met at Swanhaven. The two girls lagged behind the rest, talking confidentially, arm in arm—the subject (it is surely needless to say?) being the coming marriage.

"But, dearest Blanche, why are you not to be married at Windyates?"

"Because dearest Windygates Janet. I have the most miserable associations with the place. Don't ask me what they are! The effort of my life is not to think of them now. I long to see the last of Windygates. As for being married there, I have made a condition that I am not to be married in Scotland at all."

"What has poor Scotland done to forfeit your good opinion, my dear?"

"Poor Scotland, Janet, is a place where people don't know whether they are married or not. I have heard whether it from my uncle. And I know somebody who has been a victim—an innocent victim—to Scotch marriages."

"Absurd, Blanche! You are thinking of runaway matches, and making Scotland responsible for the difficulties of people who don't even know the truth."

"I am not at all absurd. I am thinking of the dearest friend I have. If you only knew—"

"My dear! I am Scotch, remember! You can be married just as easily—I really must insist on that—in Scotland as in England."

"I hate Scotland!"

"Blanche!"

"I never was so happy in my life as I have been in Scotland. I never thought to be so happy. I am determined to be married in England—when the time comes—in the house where I used to live when I was a little girl. My uncle is quite willing. *He* understands me and feels for me."

"It is time such as to say that *I* don't understand you and feel for you? Perhaps I had better relieve you of my company. Blanche!"

"If you are going to speak to me in that way, perhaps you had!"

"Am I to hear my native country run down and not to say a word in defense of it?"

"Oh, Janet, will people make such a fuss about your native country!"

"*We* Scotch people! you are of Scotch extraction yourself, and you ought to be ashamed to talk in that way. Irish you good-morning!"

"I wish you a long walk!"

A minute since the two young ladies had been like twin roses on one stalk. Now they looked like a pair of cruel beetles pinching and cutting words. How ardent is the warmth of youth! how unspeakably delicate the fragility of female friendship!

The flock of visitors followed Mrs. Delamayn to the edge of the lake. The brooch on the swan was a single diamond of resplendent water and great size. The fun in her hand was a water-spider of the finest Indian workmanship. She looked what she was, a person possessed of a large fortune, and endowed by an individual best with plenty of superfluous intelligence to correspond. This was the childless young widow of the late Julius Delamayn, otherwise, Geoffrey Delamayn.

The rich woman tapped the strong man coquettishly on the shoulder with her fan. "Ah! you bad boy!" she said, with a slightly-labored imitation of the Irish manner. "Have I found you at last?"

Geoffrey sauntered on to the terrace—keeping the lady behind him with a thoroughly savage reperiority to all civilized submission to the sex—and looked at his watch.

"I said I'd come here when I'd got half an hour to myself," he mumbled, turning the flower carelessly in his hands. "I've got half an hour, and here I am."

"Will you wait for the sake of seeing the visitors, or did you come for the sake of seeing Me?"

Geoffrey smiled graciously, and gave the flower another turn in his hands. "Ion. Of course."

The iron-master's widow took his arm, and looked up at him with a look which no woman would have dared to look up—with the searching summer light streaming in its full brilliancy on her face.

Reduced to the plain expression of what it is really worth, the beauty and English idea of beauty in women may be summed up in three words—youth, health, plumpness. The more spiritual charm of expression, the variety, the subtler attractions of delicacy of line and finesse of detail, are little looked for and seldom found in the female form at noon in this island. It is impossible otherwise to account for the extraordinary blindness of perception which, in the case of women only, makes it that Englishmen out of ten who visit France come back disappointed. They have not seen a single pretty Frenchwoman, in or out of the public, the whole country. Our popular type of beauty presents, in short, the fullest material development at every shop in which an illustrated periodical is sold. The same features, the same girl, with the same inane smile, and with no other appreciable whatever, appears under every form of illustration, month after month and year after year, all the year round. Those who wish to know what Miss Glenarm was like, have only to go out and stop at any bookseller's or new-spaper's shop, and there they will see her in the first illustrated paper the young woman in it, which they discover in the window. The one noticeable peculiarity in Miss Glenarm's purely commonplace and purely material beauty, which would have struck an observant and a cultivated man, was the curious giddiness of her look and manner. No stranger speaking to this woman—who had been a wife at twenty, and who was now a widow at twenty-four—would ever have thought of addressing her otherwise than as "Miss."

"Is that the use you make of a flower when I give it to you?" she said to Geoffrey. "Mumbling it in your teeth, you wretch, as if you were a horse!"

"If you come to that," returned Geoffrey, "I'm more a horse than you. I'm going to run in a race, and the public are betting on me. How? four? Five to four."

"Five to four! I believe he thinks of nothing but betting. You great heavy creature, I can't move you. Don't you see I want to go like the rest of them to the lake? No! you're not to let go of my arm! You're to take me."

"Can't do it. Must be back with Perry in half an hour."

Perry was the trainer from London. He had arrived sooner than he had been expected, and had entered on his functions three days since.)

"Don't talk to me about Perry! I'll take up wretch. Put him off. You won't? Do you mean to say you are such a brute that you would rather be with Perry than be with me?"

"The betting's at five to four, my dear. And the race comes off in a month. Yes, that's it."

"Oh! go away to your beloved Perry! I hate you. You're you'll lose the race, I hope, by a mile."

Geoffrey gave the flower another turn in his teeth, and looked as if he thought the idea worth considering.

"All right," he said. "Any thing to be agreeable to you. I'll ask Perry."

He turned away, as if he was going to do it at once. Mrs. Glenarm put out a little hand, revokingly checked him by a button-hole, and said it on the athlete's mighty arm. She pinched those iron muscles (the pride and glory of England) gently. "What a man you are!" she said. "I never met with any body like you before."

The whole secret of the power that Geoffrey had acquired over her was in those words.

They had been together at Swanhaven for little more than ten days; and in that time he had shaken the composure of Mrs. Glenarm for the day before the garden-party—in one of the leisure intervals allowed him by Perry—he had caught her alone, had taken her by the arm, and had asked her, in so many words, if she would marry him.

Instances are instead of women who have been wooed and won in ten days' time; but in a still all possible respect—not wanting. But an instance of a woman willing to have it known still remains to be discovered. The iron-master's widow made a promise of secrecy before she committed herself. Mrs. Glenarm had pledged her word to hold his tongue in public until she gave him leave to speak out. She had given him further hesitation, said Yes—having, be it observed, said No, in the course of the last two years, to at least half a dozen people who were her superiors in every conceivable respect, except personal attractions and personal strength.

There is a reason for every thing; and there was a reason for this.

However passionately the epicene theorists of modern times may deny it, it is nevertheless a truth plainly written in the whole past history of the sexes that the natural condition of a woman is to find her master in a man. Look in the face of every woman who is in no direct way dependent on a man; and, as certainly as you see the sun in a cloudless sky, you see a woman who is not happy. The want of a master is their profoundest known want; the possession of a master is—unconsciously to themselves—the only possible completion of their lives. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when the primitive instinct is at the bottom of the otherwise inexplicable sacrifice, when we see a woman, of her own free will, throw herself away on a man who is her inferior, this one primitive instinct was at the bottom of the otherwise inexplicable facility of self-surrender exhibited by Mrs. Glenarm.

Up to the time of her meeting with Geoffrey, the young widow had gratified only one experience in her intercourse with the world—the experience of a chartered tyrant. In the brief six months that she married life was to her whose grand-daughter she might have been—and ought to have been—that of finding all her wishes to be obeyed. The doting old husband was the willing slave of the petulant young wife's slightest caprice. For the short period, wanting effect its triple welcome to her birth, her beauty, and her wealth—Love who makes all men found herself the object of the same prostrate admiration among the suitors who vied with each other in the service of her hand. It was the time in her life she encountered a man with a will of his own—when she met Geoffrey Delamayn at Swanhaven Lodge.

Geoffrey's occupation of the moment especially favored the development of the woman's sensation of her influence and the man's assertion of his will.

During the days that had intervened between his return to his brother's house and the arrival of the new guests Geoffrey had submitted to all needful preliminaries of the physical discipline which was to restore the efficiency of his frame, lost by previous experience, what exercise he ought to take, what hours he ought to keep, what temperance he ought to practise, what to refrain from. Over and over again Mrs. Glenarm tried to lure him into commuting intrinctions of his own discipline —and over and over again the influence with men which had never failed her before failed her now. Nothing she could say, nothing she could do, would move *this* man. Perry arrived, and Geoffrey submitted to a course of attempted exercise of the charming feminine tyranny, to which every one else had bowed, grew more outrageous and more immovable than ever. Mrs. Glenarm

became as jealous of Percy as if Percy had been a woman. She flew into passions; she burst into tears; she flirted with other men; she threatened to leave the house. All quite useless! Geoffrey never once missed an appointment with Percy; never once touched any thing to eat or drink that she could offer him, if Percy had forbidden it. No other human servant is so hostile to the influence of the sex as the pursuit of athletic sports. No man are so entirely beyond the reach of women as the men whose lives are passed in the cultivation of their own physical strength. Geoffrey ruined Mrs. Glenarm without the slightest effort. He casually entered her admiration, and undesignedly absorbed her regard. She clung to him, as a hero; she recoiled from him, as a brute; she struggled with him, submitted to him, despised him, adored him, all in a breath. And the close to it all, confused and contradictory as it seemed, lay in the simple fact—Mrs. Glenarm had found her master.

"Take me to the lake, Geoffrey!" she said, with a little pleading pressure of the hand upon his bored hand.

Geoffrey looked at his watch. "Percy's expect me in twelve minutes," he said.

"Percy again!"

"Yes."

Mrs. Glenarm raised her fan, in a sudden outburst of fury, and broke it with one smart blow on Geoffrey's face.

"There!" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "My poor fan broken! You monster, all through you!"

Geoffrey coolly took the broken fan and put it in his pocket. "I'll write to London," he said, "and get you another. Come along! Kiss, and make it up."

He looked over each shoulder, to make sure that they were alone; then lifted her off the ground (she was no light weight), held her up in the air like a baby, and gave her a rough loud-sounding kiss on each cheek. The whole of this compliments from women truly!" he said—and burst out laughing, and put her down again.

"How dare you do that?" cried Mrs. Glenarm. "I shall claim this Dalamyn's protection if I am to be insulted in this way! I will never forgive you, sir!" As she said those indignant words she shot a look at him which battled unconsciously them. Her attitude at that was leaning on his arm, and was looking at him wonderingly, for the thousandth time, as an entire novelty in her experience of the male kind. "How rough you are, Geoffrey!" she said, softly. He smiled in recognition of the artless homage to the manly virtue of his character. She saw the smile, and instantly made another effort to dispute the habitual supremacy of Percy. "Put him off!" whispered the daughter of Eve, determined to be the serpent, after a bite of the apple. "Come, Geoffrey, dear, never mind Percy, this once. Take me to the lake!"

Geoffrey looked at his watch. "Percy expects me in a quarter of an hour," he said.

Mrs. Glenarm's indignation assumed a new form. She burst out crying. Geoffrey surveyed her for a moment with a broad smile of pleasure —and then took her by both arms, and shook her.

"Look here!" he said, impatiently. "Can you coach me through my training?"

"I would if I could!"

"That's nothing to do with it! Can you turn me out, fit, on the day of the race? Yes? or No?"

"No."

"Then dry your eyes, and let Percy do it."

Mrs. Glenarm dried her eyes, and made another effort.

"I'm not fit to be seen," she said. "I'm so agitated, I don't know what to do. Come indoors, Geoffrey—and have a cup of tea."

Geoffrey shook his head. "Percy forbids tea," he said, "in the middle of the day."

"You brute!" cried Mrs. Glenarm.

"Do you want me to lose the race?" retorted Geoffrey.

"Yes!"

With that answer she left him at last, and ran back into the house.

Geoffrey took a turn on the terrace—considered a little—stopped—and looked at the porch under which the irate widow had disappeared from his view. "Too lionnaise a type," he said, thinking of the matrimonial prospect which he was placing in peril. "And she is really well earned," he added, going into the house, under protest, to appease Mrs. Glenarm.

The offended lady was on a sofa, in the solitary drawing-room. Geoffrey sat down by her. She turned her back at him. "Don't be a fool," said Geoffrey, in his most persuasive manner. Mrs. Glenarm put her handkerchief to her eyes. Geoffrey took it away again with some resistance. Mrs. Glenarm rose to leave the room. Geoffrey stopped her by main force. Mrs. Glenarm condescended to summon the servants. Geoffrey said, "All right! I don't care if the whole house knows I'm fond of you!" Mrs. Glenarm looked at the door, and whispered, "Hush! for Heaven's sake!" Geoffrey put her on his knee, and said, "Come along with me: I've got something to say to you." Mrs. Glenarm drew back, and shook her head. Geoffrey put his arm round her waist, and walked her out of the room, and out of the house—taking no notice of her on the terrace, but of a fir plantation on the opposite side of the grounds. Arrived among the trees, he stopped and held up a warning forefinger before the offended lady's face. "You're just the sort of woman I like," he said; "and there isn't a man living who's half as sweet on you as I am. You leave off bullying me about Percy, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll let you see me take a Sprint."

He drew back a step, and fixed his big blue eyes on her, with a look which said, "You are a highly-favored woman, if ever there was one yet!" Curiosity instantly took the leading place among the emotions of Mrs. Glenarm. "What a Sprint, Geoffrey?" she asked.

"A short run, to try me at the top of my speed. There ain't another living soul in all England that I'd let see it but you. Now am I a brute?"

Mrs. Glenarm was conquered again, for the hundredth time at least. She said, softly, "Oh, Geoffrey, if you could only be always like this!" Her eyes lifted themselves admiringly to his. She took his arm again of her own accord. Geoffrey put it gently back. "Loving chaps," Geoffrey prophetically felt the ten thousand a year in his pocket, "are usually fools," he continued to himself, walking up and down before the cottage, holding his hands behind him. The level plain was the best possible exercising ground in the world for the hero's retreat; and the smart little man was the hero's trainer.

If Mrs. Glenarm hated Percy, Percy (judging by appearances) was in no danger of loving Mrs. Glenarm. Appearances were apparently in her opinion, the trainer came to a stand-still, and stared silently at the lady. Mrs. Glenarm, on her side, was unconscious that any such person as the trainer was then in existence, and present to public view at all.

"How about time?" said Geoffrey.

Percy consulted an elaborate watch, constructed to register time to the fifth of a second, and answered Geoffrey, with his eye all the while on Mrs. Glenarm.

"You've got five minutes to spare."

"Show me where you run! I'm dying to see it!" said Geoffrey, taking possession of Geoffrey's arm with both hands.

Percy led the way back to a place (marked by a sapling with a little flag attached to it) at some short distance from the cottage. She glided after him. Percy, on reaching the cottage, by a movement which appeared to complete the exasperation of Geoffrey, turned round, without heeding—and then he invoked (let us say) the blasts of heaven on the fashionably-dressed head of Mrs. Glenarm.

"You take your place there," said Geoffrey, posting her by the sapling. "Then I run. You've stopped, and surveyed her with a good-humored, masculine pity. "How the devil am I to make a gentleman of it?" he said to himself. "Look here! when I pass you, it will be at what you would call (if I was a horse) full gallop. I shall be out of breath—I never was yet. You're to look me after me as I leave you, to where the edge of the cottage will hide me from you. You've not lost sight of me behind the wall, you'll have seen me run my three hundred yards from this flag, to the flag at the cottage. You've seen me do the long Sprint to-day. You understand you're to say, 'Harvey! Percy will then—let me go and get my toggery on."

"Sha'n't I see you again, Geoffrey?"

"Harvey! Percy will then—that you'll see me run?"

"Yes—but after that?"

"After that, I'm sponged and rubbed down—and rest in the cottage."

"You'll come to us this evening?"

He nodded, and left her. The face of Percy looked unutterable things when he and Geoffrey made up a set to meet at the cottage.

"I've got a question to ask you, Mr. Delamayn," said the trainer. "Do you want me? or don't you?"

"Of course I want you."

"What did I say when I first come here?" proceeded Percy, sternly. "I said, 'I won't have nobody a-looking on at a man I'm training. These here ladies and gentlemen may all have made up their minds to see you. I've made up my mind not to have no lookers-on. I won't have you tuned at your work by nobody but me.' I've broke my own rules. Here's ground you cover put in the noospapers. I won't have a living soul in the secret of what you can do, and what you can't do, except we two selves. "—Did I say that, Mr. Delamayn? or didn't I?"

"All right!"

"Did I say it? or didn't I?"

"Of course you did."

"Then don't you bring no more women here. It's clean against rules. And if you don't like the other living creature adopting this tone of remonstrance would probably have had reason to repent it. But Geoffrey Delamayn was used to show his temper in the presence of Percy. In view of the contest for the race, the first race of British trainers was not to be trifled with, even by the first and foremost of British athletes.

"She won't come again," said Geoffrey. "She's going away from Swanhaven in two days' time."

"I've put every shilling I'm worth in the world on you, Geoffrey," said Percy, with tenderness. "And I tell you I felt it! It cut me to the heart when I see you coming along with a woman at your heels. It's a fraud on his backers, I says to myself—that's what it is, a fraud on his backers!"

"Shut up!" said Geoffrey. "And come and help me to win your money." He kicked open the door of the cottage—and athlete and trainer disappeared from view.

After waiting a few minutes by the little flag, Mrs. Glenarm saw the two men approaching her from the cottage. Dressed in a close-fitting costume, light and elastic, adapting itself to every movement, and seeming to answer every purpose required by the exercise in which he was about to engage, Geoffrey's physical advantages showed themselves in their best and bravest aspect. His head an proud and easy on his firm, white throat, like the head of Mars. The rising of his mighty chest, as he drew in deep draughts of the fragrant summer breeze; the play of his lithe and supple loins; the easy, elastic strids of his straight and shapely legs, presented a triumph of physical manhood in its highest form. His whole body spoke devotion and him in silent admiration. He looked like a young god of mythology—like a statue animated with the breath of life. Mrs. Geoffrey! Let us consider softly, as he went by. He neither answered, nor looked; he had his own business on hand before going to soft nonsense. He was gathering himself up for the effort; his lips were set; his fists were clenched; his eyes looked straight over his place, grim and silent, with the watch in his hand. Geoffrey was in perfect health, for he as to give himself start enough to reach his full speed as he passed it. "Now then!" said Percy. "In an instant more, he flew by (to Mrs. Glenarm's excited imagination) like an arrow from a bow. The action was perfect. His speed, at its utmost rate of exertion, preserved in rare underlying elements of strength and steadiness. His arms and knees like he grew to the use they followed his course; still lightly flying over the ground, still firmly keeping the straight line. A moment afterwards Geoffrey runner vanished behind the wall of the cottage, and the stop-watch of the trainer returned to its place in his pocket.

In her eagerness to know the result, Mrs. Glenarm forgot her jealousy of Percy.

"How long was he?" she asked.

"There's a good many besides you would be glad to know that," said Percy.

"Mr. Delamayn will tell me, you rude man!"

"That depends, ma'am, on whether I tell him."

With this answer, Percy hurried back to the cottage.

Not a word passed while the trainer was attending to his man, and while the man was recovering his breath. When Geoffrey had been partially rubbed down, and clothed again in his ordinary garments, Percy pulled a comfortable easy-chair out of a corner. Geoffrey dropped into it, and, raising his legs on it, Percy started, and looked at him attentively.

"Well?" said Geoffrey. "How about the time? Long? short? or middling?"

"Very good time," said Percy.

"Am I fit?"

"When did you say the lady was going, Mr. Delamayn?"

"In two days."

"Very well, Sir. I'll tell you 'how long' when the two days are over."

Geoffrey made no attempt to insist on an immediate reply. He had trained himself, during the interval of less than ten minutes he stretched out his legs and closed his eyes.

"Going to sleep?" said Percy.

Geoffrey opened his eyes with an effort. "No," he said. "I'm dead beat. I hardly passed his back-door."

He went closer to the chair. There was no doubt about it. The man was asleep.

Percy rubbed his whistle under his breath. He stooped and laid two of his fingers softly on Geoffrey's pulse. The beat was slow, heavy, and labored. It was unmistakably the pulse of an exhausted man.

The trainer changed color, and took a turn in the room. He opened a cupboard, and produced from it the relics of the preceding meal. The entries relating to the last occasion on which he had prepared Geoffrey for a foot-race included the failed chicken. He turned to the window for the first trial, at three hundred yards, full speed, the time was by one or two seconds, not so good as the time on this occasion. But the result, afterward, was utterly different. There it was, in Percy's words: "I rules good." He was in high spirits. Ready, if I would have let him, to run it over again.

Percy looked round at the same man, a year afterward—utterly worn out, and fast asleep in the chair.

He fetched pen, ink, and paper out of the cupboard, and wrote two letters—both addressed "Private." The first was to a medical man, a great authority among trainers. The second was to Percy's own agent in London, whom he knew he could trust. The letter pledged the agent to the strictest secrecy, and directed him to back Geoffrey's opponent in the Foot-Race for a sum equal to the sum which Percy had betted on Geoffrey. "Back him to have got the money of your own on him," the letter concluded, "do as I do. "Hedge"—and hold your tongue."

Another hour passed. Percy sat in the trainer, looking round again at the sleeping man. "He'll lose the race."

INDIANS GAMBLING.

OUR illustration on page 197 represents an emigrant train captured by the Indians while journeying across the plains. The attack was made during the absence of the female captive whom they have tied to the wheel of one of the wagons. They have a very singular and primitive mode of gambling. It is done by means of two sticks or stones. They take them in their hands, and, holding them behind their backs, separate them, or put both together in one hand; then, bringing them forward, ask the opposite chief to guess which hand they are in. If there is one in each hand it counts nothing. If both are together, and the hand is guessed, he has chosen right. This process is repeated a certain number of times, until all have had their turn, when the one who has most often guessed right becomes possessor of the unfortunate captive. In this way the Indians often gamble away their horses, wives, and other possessions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Fanc the quarrelette that is going on over the dogma of papal infallibility, it may be styled a cat-and-pope.

When may one, talking a walk through English woods and vales, be said to resemble a sailor in a merry night at sea? When he is whistling a ballad-tune.

How to Cure a Cold.—First catch your cold; then procure as with bacon.

A dandy, bronchitised, shiny-booted, glossy, newly-shaved, and in full-dress, was observed among Tremont Street, when he was approached by an itinerant vender of cakes. "Buy a cake, Sir?" "No!" "Nothin' much, Sir; only I would be obliged to ye if ye'd buy one!" "No!" "Then one with a parlor stove, I'm movin' from that house yonder."

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

GOOD SOUND ADVICE.

Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for your revenge.

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one.

Never fly your own price, but leave it "entirely to the liberality" of the gentlemen, as the chances are you will get more than you ask for.

Never sit next a young lady at dinner, for she only likes beef and cucumber, and nothing else.

Never go to a concert alone, as it is all hatility, great trouble, and no profit.

Never attempt to write a play, as you will only have to make it up, and pay for the reconciliation in the form of a season ticket at the opera, a trip to the springs, a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl.

Never attempt to be a manager or lessee, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner.

Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

A Well-balanced Man.—One with a large bank account.

One Sabbath afternoon an eloquent English minister, in his closing prayer, referred to the late prevailing drought, and earnestly besought the Divine Giver to "open the windows of heaven, and cause copious showers to descend upon the earth." Rain began to fall—the first for many weeks—and for a short time in his pious answer-book. Before the church service having concluded, the congregation was dismissed, and the minister issued from the sanctuary. One lady, who had no umbrella with her, commenced to gather up her dress and prepare to run, and before quitting the church vestibule, at the same time remarked to a friend, "Mr. Simpson doesn't look too bad o' the doctor; he might like kotten ta-name first."

Gone all the dreams of early youth—
The castles in the air!
Also that what we deem is truth
Is found to be not fair!

Gone all the friends whom once I knew,
Changed—changed, or dead!
I little thought such friendships true
Could perish on the head!

Gone! gone! Except one—one that shows
How constant misery!
My watchful watch! It never goes—
It hasn't gone for years!

A youth, repeatant, but incoherent, over his dissipation, signed the following pledge: "I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages, otherwise than as a drink, and probably, in extreme cases, by a physician, at least four times a day, excepting cider."

Barber that have Failed thin Winter—Bowlinbrake.

A man of the name of Pike was tried under the English Weights and Measures act for selling bacon by tallow-chandler's measure, sentenced to the usual fortunate Pike to have his scales taken off.

A Veteran Bachelor observes, in assertion so frequently made, that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time, is altogether erroneous, for who is there that has not arrested a minute?

A rude fellow once told Mr. Barnum he had never published any thing that was true. "Yes, I have," said Barnum; "the *bearded lady* wasn't bearded."

Useful Marriage—Wedded to one's business.

A Methodist preacher, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called upon one of them, and, to show his proficiency, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday after receiving the sacrament. "O, yes," replied the savage, "but I wish it had been brandy."

Taking People—Thieves.

A Chicago lawyer's name is to be stricken from the rolls "for unprofessional conduct." He probably left a few cents in the possession of his client, contrary to usage.

A lady, in passing through Connecticut last summer, observed to a boy, "Sonny, where is a bush?" Horses taken into grass—long tails, Sa. 6d.; short tails, 5s." Boy scratched his head for a while in reason of the difference of price. He answered: "You see, ma'am, the long tails brush the flies off the best, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly get at all."

A Silly-boss—For one woman to kiss another woman.

What medicine does a man take when he has a cure wife?—Doctor.

The landlord of the Stock House, at Fremont, sent a note a few days ago to a clergyman, telling him that he was building a new house, and would oblige him by paying it off. "Mr. B. Stout: Dear Sir,—You say you are building a new house; my note yet. That is all right—perfectly right. Just keep building on to it, and if you find your hands stopping, spit on them and try it again. Yours, affectionately.

To Cure a Bachelor's Aches—Carry to the patient eleven yards of silk, with a woman in it.

A little boy, some time ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question, which followed, was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go?"

Joint Education—Gymnastics.

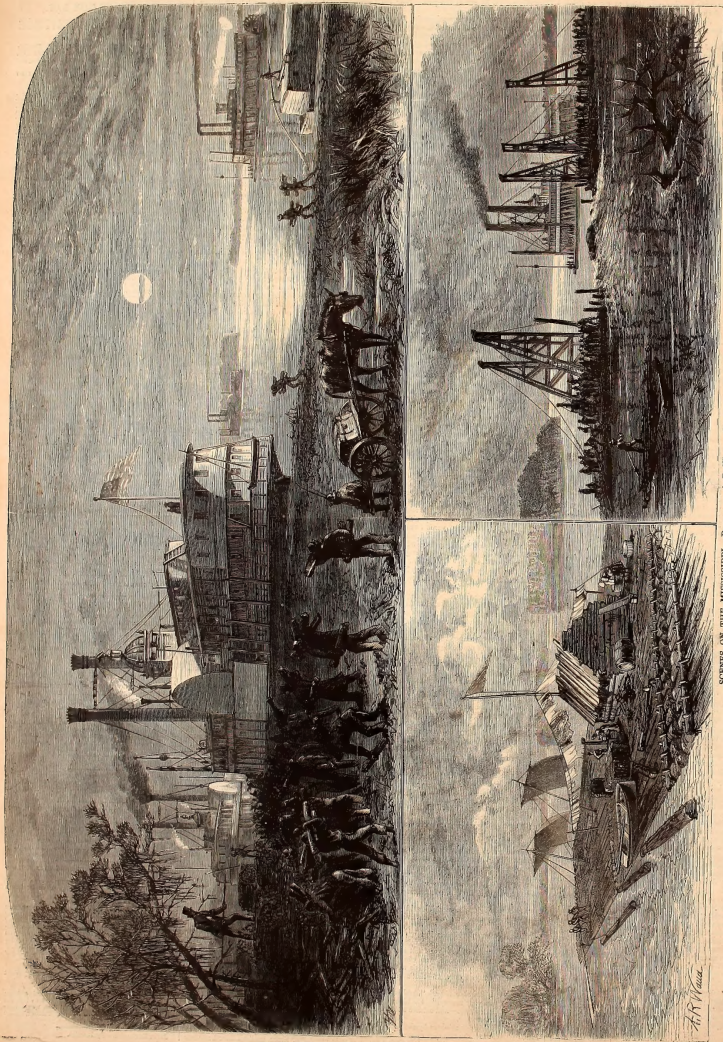

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

THE WHISKY PEDDLER ON THE PLAINS.—[See Page 205.]

WAITING.

Wait it be over to-day or to-morrow?
Will it last for a week, or a month, or a year;
This trance that is neither a joy nor a sorrow,
This waiting that is not a hope nor a fear?

While I am waiting the end draws near;
It will come before I am dead some day;
Shall I feel it, I wonder, when it is here?
Its coming seems like going away.

It is only that watching has made me weary,
And that being weary has made me dream?
But in dreams the world is not so dreary,
And in dreams things are not as they seem.

And indeed I am not tired yet;
I have strength to wait while it yet to see,
What this trance I know will end from?
The end of the watch that is set for me.

Is it the end that has made me strong,
Lest I say what it means? It is come to late
Then till it came I should find it long:
I have forgotten for what I wait.

Then why are my thoughts bound up to this
By a bond that I neither feel nor see,
While the world goes on its late or before
Do I think the world keeps watch with me?

Yet the end will come, and the end will go,
And leave no trace in the empty air;
When it is over none will know,
And I hardly think that I shall care.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER I.

A RETROSPECTIVE MEDITATION.

An April day smiled and wept over Shipley. Wherever the clouds broke after a shower, the sky showed of a pale blue color. Near the zenith floated white rolls of vapor. Below them were long lateral bars of gray cloud stretching singularly across the western horizon. They were vague and unfinished at the sides, like lines drawn by a soft loud-pencil; and they seemed of about the same height as the blue and white. A few early flowers peeped out in the garden borders. When the sun was shining bright on the old yew-tree, it was seen to glisten with trembling diamond-drops of rain. A blackbird piped his sweet notes from the white thorn. Light and shadow animated the flatness of the distant wold, whence came the faint bleat-blend of lambs blended into one sound. A solitary sheep cropped the short turf in St. Gildas's grave-yard.

A young lady sat there on the low stone-wall, looking across the flats toward Shipley Manor. She sat so still that the grazing sheep came quite near to her as to teeth out the short grass with a crisp sound in regular cadence. It was Miss Desmond who sat there on the wall of the graveyard, and whose face had gained more color since her hat by the April breeze. She was absorbed in a reverie. She had been in Shipley now nearly a week, and had had ample opportunity to review all the traits and circumstances she had observed during that time, with a view to discover what changes had taken place in the vicar's mode of life, and in the vicar himself, since she had left his house for her aunt.

At first sight things had seemed little altered. But she soon found that there was a change in Mr. Levincourt which she had not observed in him in London. In the first place, he seemed to have broken completely the few relations he had ever held with his country neighbors in the rank of gentlefolk. That was more than he expected with a character such as Mr. Levincourt's; it was natural that he should shun any possible occasion of seeking in the manner of even his fellows, of his equals that he had become an object of pity to them. But this was not all. It seemed to Maud that after the first paroxysm of grief, and wounded feeling, and crushed pride had ceased, the whole character of the man had undergone a change. He shrunk from the society of his equals; but, on the other hand, he appeared by no means to shun that of his inferiors. He would sit for hours enduring the babbler chat of Mrs. Magget, and women such as she. He was shocked and astonished to find him, one day, listening almost with delight to some gossiping details of village scandal from the lips of Mogworthy, the parish clerk. The air of personal refinement which had formerly distinguished him seemed to be disappearing under the influence of a slipshod laziness—a laziness without preference to every thing save his own immediate comfort. He was by turns querulous, almost herbrymous, and self-asserting. It was terrible to Maud to see his whole character thus lowered; and she tried to believe that the change was only temporary, and that perhaps she even exaggerated it in her affectionate anxiety.

During the journey from London her mind was full of that which she had to reveal to him respecting Veronica. And had the opportunity for task, being entirely uncertain how he would receive it. But when she began to perceive the change in him, she conceived that these sad tidings might at least have the good effect of rousing him from the apathy into which he seemed to have allowed all the higher part of his nature to fall, while he fed the daily life of his mind with contemptible trivialities. She had approached the subject one evening when she and her guardian were alone together in the old chintz-furnished sitting-room after tea. Maud had quietly opened the piano-forte, and had played through softly a plaintive adagio from one of Haydn's sonatas.

The piece was chosen with the cunning instinct of affection. It was soothing and gracious, and yet, in its old-fashioned stateliness, it did not too deeply probe the spring of grief. The somewhat wiry tones of the well-worn instrument rendered crisply every twirl and turn of the brave old music under Maud's light fingers. In the very twang of the yellow keys there was a staid pathos. It affected the ear as the sound of some bit of an old woman affects it—that thin quavering pipe, to which some heart has thrilled, some pulse beat responsive, in the days of long ago. Maud played on, and the spring twilight deepened, and the vicar listened, silent, in his arm-chair by the empty fire-place. He had taken to smoking within the past year. He had bought a great meerschaum with a splendid fantastic bowl, and the color of the pipe bore testimony to the persistency of its owner in the gathering dusk, the Maud played on, and the vicar's dusky form and puffs of smoke from the vicar's chair grew rarer and rarer, and at last ceased. Maud rose from the piano, and went to sit beside her guardian. He was still silent. The influence of the music was on him.

"Uncle Charles," said Maud, in a low voice, "I have something to tell you, and something to ask you. I will do the asking first. Will you forgive me for having delayed what I have to say until now?"

"I do not think it likely that you have need of my forgiveness, my child. What you mean is beween us must be chiefly from you to me, not from me to you."

"You say that, dear Uncle Charles! You touch my conscience too nearly. And yet, at the time, I thought—and Hugh Desmond thought he was better to keep the secret for a while. I hope you will think so too, and forgive me. Uncle Charles, some one is dead whom you love."

The vicar gave a violent start. Maud, with her hand on the arm of his chair, felt it shake. She, and she added, quickly: "It is no one whose death you can regret. It is awful to think that any human soul has left the body in a state unfit for rejoicing, rather than sorrow, in the hearts of all who love him. But it is the will of God, dear Uncle!" The vicar drew a long, deep breath. His head drooped down on his breast; but Maud felt that he was not in a faint. At this time almost dark within the house—that he was listening intently. A moment's silence—a ghastly and awful stillness of purpose, Maud told her guardian of Veronica's marriage, of her desertion of Mr. Matthew Gaia, his behavior in so base conduct. She merely suppressed in her narrative two facts. First, the will which Veronica had (unduly) borne to her father Gaia's wealth; and, secondly, the late baronet's intention of defrauding Veronica of her rights. To all this Maud agreed that it would be well to spare Mr. Levincourt the useless pain of these revelations. The vicar listened in silence while Miss Maud continued to speak.

Then the moment, after a little pause he said:

"And she was in London! My daughter was within a few streets of me and made no sign! Has she been ill—very ill—that I should see no one to ask my pardon!"

His voice was loud and angry. He breathed quickly and noisily, like a man fighting against emotion. Still Maud felt that in his very reproach there was a hopeful symptom of some softening in the hardness of his resentment.

"She thought you would not see her, Uncle Charles. I told her so, and she did not deny it. But I—I believe she was afraid."

"Afraid! Veronica Levincourt afraid! She was not afraid of disgracing my home and impoverishing my life, but she was afraid to come and abuse her wicked pride at my feet, when she might have done so with some chance of bringing me—her mother dead—her father crushed her evil past—but at least some little alleviation of the weight of misery which has been bowing me to the earth ever since her flight."

Maud could not but feel, with a sensation of shame at the thought, that the vicar's words had not touch her heart. There was nothing in them that was noble. He was not afraid to sound hollow. How different it had been when the vicar had first discovered his daughter's flight, and wherever the name of the seducer had fled with! Then every word, every gesture, had been full of terrible rage, and grief, and horror. The vicar had been in agonies almost then, no doubt. But now, as he spoke, it was as though he felt that he owed it to his daughter to appear to be not in his heart, as though he were ashamed of expressing relief at Maud's return, and could find no other pride to excite his own wrath against his daughter.

Maud had yet more to tell him. She must reveal the fact of Veronica's engagement to the Prince Barletti. And she much feared that the announcement would be received by another of her guardian still more. She could not see the expression of his face, for he had turned it away to interrupt her by the least word until she paused, having finished what she had to say. Then the vicar murmured in a voice so low that though he were restraining its natural expression:

"Her name is Veronica?"

"Yes. This gentleman is Veronica's cousin."

"Prince—Prince Barletti! Is that the title?"

"Prince Ceseare de' Barletti. Veronica assured me that he is devotedly attached to her. He was a friend to her in her trouble abroad, and—"

"Barletti is a noble name—an old name. That wretch was a parvenu sprung from the mud—a clay image covered with gilding."

There was a long silence. At length the vicar spoke again:

"And my daughter was in London, and made no attempt to see me. She allows me to learn this new from other lips than hers—to bear sorrow, my misery, my suspense, matter nothing, to her affection."

"Veronica told me that she would write to you as soon as we got back to Shipley. She said that she believed it best, on the sole ground of consideration for you, for her to wait before addressing you until all should be settled."

"Settled! cried the vicar, wrathfully. "What was there to settle?"

"Her—her repentance; and—and the proof of her marriage. She may have been mistaken in deluging to communicate with you; indeed, I think she was mistaken; but I do believe she was sincere when she professed to think it for the best."

The vicar rose and walked to the door. Arrived there, he paused, and said, "Until she does address me, and address me in a proper spirit, I shall take no notice of her whatsoever. Send Miss Maud to me as soon as she can. Nothing—no human power shall induce me to waver in my resolution."

Maud stood near the vicar's hands waving through the gloom with the action of repulsing or repudiating some one.

"She will write to you, dear Uncle Charles," said Maud; still with the same disagreeable persistency that she had the words and tone were cold, low, and with the same feeling of being ashamed of the perversity. Then the vicar left the room and went out into the garden. He relit his pipe, and as he paced up and down the gravel path Maud could see the glow for a long time, looming faintly as he came within range of the light from the windows of the house, and then receding again into the darkness. Next day there came a letter for Mr. Levincourt from Veronica, which contained her vows, and those terrible handwriting on the black-bordered envelope, with its crest and monogram, and Shipley, seem to Maud like a horror to her touch. She took the letter to his own room and read it in private. He did not show it to Maud, nor did he appear to bestow on her further than to say that evening, just before retiring to bed: "It appears, Maud, that the present Lord Gaia of Matthew Gaia, has behaved in a very becoming manner in immediately receiving and acknowledging his cousin's widow."

"Oh, dear Uncle Charles, there is more than Veronica! She has written to you. I am so thankful!"

The tears were in Maud's eyes as she clasped her hands nervously together and looked up into her guardian's face. He put his hand on her head and kissed her forehead.

"Good, sweet, pure-hearted child!" he said, softly. "Ah, Maudie, would to God that I had been blessed with a daughter like you! But I did not deserve that blessing; I did not deserve it, Maudie."

It was on all these sayings and doings just narrated that Maud Desmond was pondering as she sat alone in the church-yard of St. Gildas.

CHAPTER II.

MISS TURTLE.

MAUD sat absorbed in a reverie that prevented her from hearing a footstep that approached suddenly. Perhaps, had the step come nearer, it was light, but as regular as that of a soldier on the march. Presently, a shabby hat, with an ornate feather and a bow above the wall of the church-yard, and little Miss Turtle, Mrs. Meggitt's factotum, appeared, with a parcel in each hand and a basket in the other. She walked straight up to Maud, and then stopped.

"Excuse me, miss," said Maud, "Miss Turtle, and looked into Maud's face with a decidedly curious expression, half sly, half shy.

"Oh, I—I did not see you, Miss Turtle. How do you do?"

"I startled you, I'm afraid. I hope you're not subject to palpitation, Miss Desmond? I am. Oh dear me, yes! I'm very subject to it. I you allow me to seat myself here for a few minutes and rest—"

Maud smiled at the humility of the request. The wall of St. Gildas's church-yard was certainly at two feet. Miss Turtle so to herself. She made room for the little governess beside her. Miss Turtle first disposed her parcel and basket on the top of the low wall, and then made a queer little spring—something like the attempt to fly of a maternity hen about to succeed in quit terra firma—and seated herself beside them. Maud was by no means delighted at this encroachment on her privacy. But she was too gentle and too generous to risk hurting the little woman's feelings by at once getting up to depart. So she made way for her still a while and endure Miss Turtle's discourse as best she might. That lady, however, showed no signs of turn to Shipley. Miss Turtle and her two pupils, Farmer Meggitt's daughters, had salutary Maud as she came out of church on the Sunday after her arrival at the vicarage, having previously exchanged with their eyes during the service.

"And how, if I may venture to inquire, is our respected vicar?" said Miss Turtle.

"Mr. Levincourt is quite well, thank you."

"Is he, really? I am so many changes are at last had the honor of seeing you in Shipley, Miss Desmond."

"Indeed! If you did not say so, I should suppose, from what I have seen and heard hitherto, that there were, on the contrary, very few changes."

"Oh dear me! Mrs. Sack—you have heard about Mrs. Sack?"

"No. Is she ill?"

"I joined a Wesleyan congregation at Shipley Magna. Gone over to Dissent, root and branch! I am surprised that you had not heard of it."

Maud explained that Mrs. Sack's conversion to Methodism had not been widely discussed in London.

"And she's not the only one, Miss Desmond, I'm afraid. There are several converts."

"Indeed!"

"Oh no, not the only one by any means. A considerable number of the congregation of St. Gildas's have gone over too. They say that the dissenting gentleman who preaches at Shipley Magna (he is not, strictly speaking, a gentleman either, Miss Desmond, being in the retail grocery line, and in a small way of business) is so very earnest. I hope you will not think I did wrong; but the truth is, I did go to an evening meeting at their chapel once, with Mrs. Sack, and I must say he was most eloquent. I really thought at one time that he would have a stroke or something. The glass in the windows jiggled again, and I came home with a splitting headache."

"He must have been extraordinarily eloquent, indeed," said Maud, quietly.

"Oh, he was! But then, as I say, where are your principles, if you are to change your religion every time your church like that? Didn't you notice, Miss Desmond, how thin the congregation was last Sunday?"

Maud was obliged to confess that she had noticed it.

"I am there's Mr. Snowe, junior."

"He has not joined the Methodists, has he, Miss Turtle?"

"Oh no. Quite the contrary. But he is engaged to be married, I believe, and the lady hates music. Just fancy that, Miss Desmond, and be such a confirmed *unmusique*."

Little Miss Turtle shook her head in a melancholy manner, as though she had been reluctantly accusing Herbert Snowe of "confirmed" gambling or confirmed drunkenness.

"Then," said Maud, "I am afraid we may lose Mr. Herbert Snowe's assistance at the week-day practicings in the school-room."

"Practicing! Oh dear, Miss Desmond, the singing-class is nothing now; nothing to what it used to be. Mr. Mogworthy, he does what he can. But you know, Miss Desmond, it was the case of the man of many occupations who have to contend with a voice like—there! Just like that, for all the world!"

And Miss Turtle screwed up her mouth, and inclined her head toward the distant common, whence came at that moment the monotonous, long-drawn ba-a-a of some fleecy mother of the flock.

Maud could not help laughing as the recognized the resemblance to Mr. Mogworthy's professional utterance of the Amen.

"Why, Miss Turtle," she said, "I didn't know you were so satirical."

"Satirical! Oh pray don't say that, Miss Desmond. I should be loth, indeed, to think so of myself. If I was satirical, it was quite unconscious, I assure you."

Miss Turtle fidgeted with her paper parcel, tightening its strings, and putting it into shape. Then she peeped into the basket, as if to assure herself that its contents were safe. She showed no symptoms of being about to resume her walk, and there was a mingled hesitation and eagerness in her face every time she looked at Maud. These conflicting sentiments at length resolved themselves into a question that indirectly appertained to the main point to which her curiosity was directed.

"Ahem! And so, Miss Desmond, you don't—ahem!—care to don't find our revered vicar much broken by all he has gone through?"

Maud drew herself up, and looked full at the speaker. But Miss Turtle's wishy-washy little countenance was so meek and meaningless that resentment seemed absurd.

The governess's straw hat was somewhat on the side, and so was the long ragged feather that adorned it, as it had successively adorned a long series of hats, beginning Anno Domini—but no matter for the date. Miss Turtle and her black ostrich feather were coeval in the chronicles of Shipley; for the good lady's endless reason that they had emigrated into Dansehire together. The long feather, wafted hither and thither by the most capricious airs, had made not straight by the capricious showers of spring, drooped curved-wise from the crown of the hat, and overshadowed Miss Turtle's little snub nose, with a shabbily swaggering air ludicrously at variance with the simplicity of the wearer's face.

"I told you that Mr. Levincourt was quite well," said Maud.

"And you, Miss Desmond," said Miss Turtle, timidly putting out the tip of her cotton glove to touch Maud's dress, "you, I'm sure have had a good deal of trouble."

"I have lost a dear relative and a true friend."

"Yes, to be sure. Oh dear me! Life is a whole. How it flies! Don't you find it so, Miss Desmond? You have been very young, a lady of title too," added Miss Turtle, with so comical an air of being shocked and surprised by this circumstance that Maud, in spite of herself, smiled faintly to the great democrat, Death, "How could you—a person so well connected, and habitually addressed by mankind as 'my lady!'" that Maud's sense of humor conquered her sadness, and she turned away her face lest Miss Turtle should be scandalized by the smile on it.

Miss Turtle's next words, however, effectually sobered the mobile, dimpling mouth.

"Yes; you have lost your aunt—*and* your uncle, if rather I should say, dear."

Maud's heart beat fast, and she could not speak. Miss Turtle appeared to have a perception of hearing Veronica's name. It was not yet pronounced, however. Miss Turtle dropped her chin down on her breast, at the same time throwing back her shoulders stiffly, and infused a melting tearfulness into her habitually subdued voice as she asked: "And *have* you yet seen Mrs. Plew, Miss Desmond?"

"Mrs.—Mrs. Plew? No. Poor old lady, how is she?"

"She's pretty well, thank you, Miss Desmond. As well as she ever is. She is quite a character of the olden time; don't you think so, Miss Desmond?"

"Well, I—I don't know. She seems a very good old woman," answered Maud, considerably at a loss what to say.

"Of course, Miss Desmond, you have had great scholastic advantages. And I shouldn't presume to—" But as far as Pinnock goes, Miss Desmond, I should say that Mrs. Flew was quite the moral of a Roman matron!"

Maud stared in unconcealed surprise.

"I should indeed, Miss Desmond," pursued the governess, well with the same mingling of coarseness and a kind of suppressed writhing of her shoulders.

"I have not read the Roman History in the original. But, if Pinnock may be relied on, I should say that she quite came up to my idea of the mother of the Gracchi," which Miss Turtle pronounced "Gratchy."

There was so long a pause, and Miss Turtle so plainly showed that she expected Maud to speak, that the latter, although greatly bewildered, at length said, "I have always supposed Mrs. Flew to be a very kind, honest, good old woman. I can not say she ever struck me in the light of a Roman matron. Perhaps, on the whole, it is a better thing to be kind, honest woman; or we, at least, may be excused for thinking so. But the fact is, I never was very intimate with Mrs. Flew. It was Mr. Flew—"

Maud stopped, with a flushed face and trembling lip. She had been about to mention Veronica, and Miss Turtle pounced on the opportunity thus afforded.

"If it was your cousin, or at least we all called her so, Miss Desmond, although aware that no tie of blood united you together; I was at Miss Levincourt who was most intimate at the Rectory. Oh yes, indeed it was! But, of course, that is all over. Those spheres have other claims, have they not, Miss Desmond? And that which the proud and haughty have rejected may be very precious to the humble and lowly. I am sure I think so: may it not, Miss Desmond?"

A light began to dawn in Maud's mind, which illumined the oracular utterances of Miss Turtle. Through the mincing affectation of the little woman's speech and manner there peeped the real stuff of genuine emotion. Still Maud did not understand why Miss Turtle should have chosen to reveal such emotion to her.

Maud rose and held out her hand. "Good-by, Miss Turtle," she said. "I hope you and Miss Cissy that I hope to see them at the practicing next Saturday."

"Good-by, Miss Desmond. I hope you won't take it amiss that I ventured to enter into conversation with you."

"By no means! How can you imagine that I should do so?"

"Nor look upon it in the light of a liberty?"

"Certainly not. Pray do not speak so!"

"Thank you, Miss Desmond. People were always so kind and affable!" There was the least possible emotion laid on the personal pronoun, as though Miss Turtle were mentally distinguishing Maud from some one who was not always kind and affable. "And you are just the same, and ever, I'm sure, Miss Desmond. And—and—I didn't fear to offend you, which I wouldn't do for the world—indeed I would not!—I should like to—to—to ask—" The governess made a long pause, as though afraid to ask what she could not. She was too sure in her heart about whom Miss Turtle desired to ask. The latter remained silent for some minutes; but, as Maud, timid in her manner, from years of repression and snubbing, Miss Turtle was very exquisitely sensitive, and she had that sort of mild obstinacy which frequently accompanies stupidity.

Neither Maud's silence, nor her pale, distressed face, availed therefore to turn Miss Turtle from the purpose she had in view. She must see sit down on the wall beside the vicar's ward. Her purpose was to ascertain, if possible, what the truth of Veronica's position really was.

Of course Shipley-in-the-Wold had rung with gossip about her; and naturally the gossip had reported—most wonderful to relate—something far from the actual state of the case.

"I should like to ask, if you please," repeated Miss Turtle at length, "if it is true what we hear, that Miss Levincourt—for all we do as we have heard anybody say, not, of course, Miss Levincourt any longer—if she is in England again, and—and quite wealthy, and—and if you are not offended, Miss Desmond?"

"She is in England. She is a widow, and is left in possession of a considerable fortune."

"Oh dear me! So it was true?"

Maud bowed, and was moving away.

"One instant, Miss Desmond. I'm afraid you are angry with me for speaking. But, after all, it was natural that we should wish to know the truth; wasn't it now, Miss Desmond?"

Maud reflected that it was natural. Her conscience told her that the movement of sensitive pride which made her shrink from hearing Veronica talked of by indifferent persons, was far from being wholly a good movement. She constrained herself to hold out her hand once more to Miss Turtle. The gratitude in the governess's face repaid her for the effort.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Desmond! I should have been so sorry to hurt your feelings. Of course you will say Miss Flew found me out, and then I suppose you—you will tell him, and you? Of course he will know, so intimate as he was with the family—and always a favorite with the greatest respect, I'm sure. When he knows something certain about Miss Levincourt—that is—I'm so used to the name, you see—we hope, his mother and I hope—or, at least, she hopes—for of course I can't presume to put myself forward—that he may get to be more comfortable and settled in his mind. Very likely he is a good deal changed, Miss Desmond. His sprain we like a plummet of lead, to what they were. I do assure you. Good-by, Miss Desmond, and thank you very much."

Maud walked home across the paddock and up the long gravel path in the vicarage garden, with a feeling of heaviness at her heart. She was half inclined to hate Miss Turtle, Mrs. Flew, and all the people in Shipley. But she resisted the impulse of irritated temper. What was her vexation compared with the sorrow and misery inflicted on others? If Veronica could but have known, if she could but have foreseen!

As she thus thought, she entered the house through the garden door, which stood open. She was going into the sitting-room, when she paused for a moment at the sound of voices in conversation.

"Go in, go in, miss Maudie," said old Joanna, who happened to be in the hall. "You won't disturb no one. It's only that poor creetur, Mr. Flew, a-talking to the vicar."

A COLORADO COLONY.

WE give on page 197 a sketch of an interesting event in the history of our far-Western territory—the departure of a party of German emigrants from Chicago to settle on a tract of land purchased by them in Colorado. The colony is said to be the first of the kind ever organized in this country, and it is called "the German Colonization Society of Colfax, Colorado," that township being its destination. It can hardly fail, if filled with other colonists of the same enterprising character, to exercise an important influence on the development of the Western territory. In many of those remote regions where, under ordinary circumstances, farming could be profitably pursued, the cost of transporting the large quantities over which subsistence must be transported, is so great as to have compelled the abandonment of the mines. Agricultural advantages of the highest available character were not lacking, but the farmer did not come, and the miner could wait for him. It was in view of this state of things that Mr. Horace Gust, CAR. WETZEL, a citizen of Chicago, conceived the idea of organizing, in that city, a society of farmers, mechanics, and laborers, who, with their wives and families, should select some favorable location in the great territory of the west, and there enter upon the work of tilling the soil, and the erection of a village, and, maybap, the foundation of a metropolis.

Mr. GUST has visited Colorado with the view of selecting a suitable place for the location of the colony, and his choice at length fell upon West Mountain in Fremont County, near the head waters of the Arkansas River, in Southwestern Colorado. The district is described as one of surpassing excellence, and admirably adapted to agriculture. The soil is rich, prairie and timber lands abound, numerous streams supply irrigation and power for manufacturing purposes, and the climate is mild and salubrious. On the return of Mr. GUST he reported the favorable result of which he was chosen President, and soon afterward Governor MARSHALL Washington, where he obtained from the Secretary of War a letter to the the commanders of Forts Wallace and Lyon, and other officers on the line of route, to furnish an adequate escort of soldiers from the point of leaving the railroad to their destination was reached; ambulances to convey the women and children; tents in which the colony might live until houses could be erected, and to give the party every possible aid and assistance.

Accordingly, on the date of the organization, each member pays $200, which constitutes a common fund for the benefit of the colony, and out of which are defrayed the expenses of transportation and subsistence on the way, live stock, seed, agricultural implements, machinery for sawmill, grist-mill, etc. All the benefits of charity and enterprise are to be conducted on the cooperative plan, and each family receives a lot in which time an equal subdivision of lands, improvements, assets, etc., will be made. Colfax is situated 250 miles, or, by railroad, 320, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, 70 miles from Pueblo, and 30 miles from Canon City, the county seat, village of five or six hundred souls, being the nearest settlement. A detachment of United States troops will furnish protection from the Indians against molestation from Indians; but it is designed soon to have a sufficient force among the colonists, to whom the Governor of the Territory will issue arms and ammunition.

The colony will start from Chicago a few weeks since, numbered about two hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children, all of them Germans. They were accompanied by a clergyman, a doctor, and a schoolmaster, but, as they were to be governed by the unity, not by a lawyer. If this experiment meets with success it will be followed by other colonies; and in this way the West will be speedily settled, and the Indian question with it.

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi by daylight is neither picturesque nor beautiful. Its monotonous line of water, flowing between low banks clad with cottonwood trees and willows, by moonlight, or just when the sun is rising or setting, sometimes seems to undergo a wonderful and mysterious change, but under the ordinary glare of noon, land and water are so mingled in the hazy distance that one can hardly distinguish the dividing-line between them.

The sketch of a steamer "wooding up," on page 200, was made by our artist on one of those dreary, moonlight evenings that show the Father of Waters at his best. It represents a misty stretch of river, with phantom boats gliding away across the moonlit water; a large steamer, tied up to the bank, on which are seen a group of negroes aboard whole wood-piles to feed the roaring furnaces, the trailing Spanish moss—the ghostly beard worn by the trees of southern swamps—

gleams in the fitful light, and assists the romantic feeling of the place and hour.

The "raft on the Mississippi" was probably put together at St. Paul, and consigned to New Orleans. In the comfortable shaft-house the raftsmen sleep and eat while slowly drifting down with the current. Now and then they ground upon an island or at a bend in the river, when if they can not get off unaided, they hail a passing steamer, and for a trifle to rope such a cumbrous craft. Sometimes the whole country is flooded, for some considerable time, and the river gains the day, where the work of devastation may end.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE London *Times* pays the United States many high and well-deserved compliments, in a recent article on manufactures. After stating, however, the fact, that Birmingham is at this moment losing its old markets, it remarks:

"A few years ago it used to supply the United States largely with edged tools, fine weapons, and various smaller wares. It does so no longer; nor is it to be done by sugar-candy and fine words. We have found that the manufacturers of America actually supply themselves. In their own, they have better machinery than we can obtain; and the Birmingham Chamber has been told to discover why it is cheaper to make the finest steel to the superiority of American goods.... High as are the wages paid in Birmingham, those of an American mill are higher still; and yet the manufacturers of the United States can supply the finest steel, the finest edge, a heavy duty, work up the metal by highly-paid labor, and yet come and sell it there after all the intermediate profits. How is that to continue?

"The Birmingham manufacturer is met by 'novelty of construction and excellence of make.' They find, for example, that it is to be more matter of fact. Gorgeousness may still be the cheapest, but they are no longer the fashion. Birmingham must, therefore, do for herself what the Yankee implement, the best article is the cheapest, whether it be a pen or a pistol. Her great defect must be attributed to the greater aptitude of many of the foreign workmen and their habitual disregard of time. There is every opportunity of improving their manufactures."

"In Mr. G——good!" said a bank officer to a director.

"That depends whether you mean Godward or maward," was the answer.

"Regular," said the bank officer.

"Godward, Mr. G——is good: so man in our parish, who wanders in the fields, or loiters about in our meetings, or is more benevolent apparently than he ought, I am sorry to say, Mr. G——is rather tricky."

Men too often seem like double-books. But the Good Book pertinently inquires, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

The latest foreign scandal is from a German writer, who comes out with a story that Queen VICTORIA and her children were very unhappy together during their early married life, and that a divorce nearly ensued.

They make shirts by lightning now. An electric sewing-machine is a whirring-machine that does its work with astonishing rapidity, and at little expense.

Crumpton is a little village of three hundred population, at the head of steam navigation on the Chester river in Maryland. Near by are a number of clustering houses occupied by colored people. At Pond Town, about a mile and a half distant, the colored people have purchased for themselves houses and tracts of land. They have a church, a school, and a tannery, and industry that this neighborhood, which was a barren waste, has been brought under cultivation. Some of the colored people have been to the Baltimore Association for the Education of Colored People for a lecture by Frederick Douglass, a colored man of about twenty-five, arrived at Crumpton on the 13th of January, and announced that he would deliver his lecture in the colored people's church on the following Monday, which was attended by over seventy people, from six to thirty years of age. Early in February, it having been noised that a lecture would be opened an evening school, an infuriated mob, with blackened faces, and armed with axe and feathers, as well as guns and pistols, surrounded the colored people's church. Finding they intended victim had not yet come there, the mob swore to be bombarded and demanded that the colonists should be surrendered to them, declaring they would burn the church if they did not come there to look signs." With great difficulty the mob was in some measure calmed, but with many threats toll Mr. Hamilton in the event of his appearance in the town. Seeing no way of continuing the school with safety, the promised lecture in the unity, and having reported the matter to the Association and to General Howard.

A Michigan girl, aged eighteen, and possessed of a big foot, called at a shoe-dealer's a few weeks ago, and asked for a pair of No. 7's. A pair of 6's was shown her, and she tried them; but, to her astonishment, could not get her foot half into them. She asked if she could try a pair of 7's, and got a pair of 7's. He replied that he had, and handed her a pair of shoes, in which they were a little loose, but then the pair she had just tried on: and she was told that "number seven" was the size she could not get shoes to fit. She then asked if he had a No. 8 pair of 8's. He replied that he had one pair still left, and handed them to her. She put them on, and found that pair of 8's" just a fit, paid for them, and left the store.

A recent number of the London *Lancet* contains an article from Sir Charles Murchison, an able English physician, in which he says that relapsing fever, which made its appearance in London in August last, now taxes severely the resources of that city to provide adequate hospital accommodation for the sick. This fever now made its appearance in this city during the last autumn, and began to spread with alarming rapidity. But in consequence of the efficient action of the Board of Health and the Commissioners of Charities, there has been in this city no perceptible increase of the relapsing fever for several weeks. The health have of London are most stringent, and are administered by efficient officers; yet the measures taken in New York seem to have been more successful in this disease. If proper vigilance is continued, this fever may still be kept in check.

The following hit at New York, whether founded in fact or not, evidently originated at the "Tribune." A young Bostonian who proposed starting in business in this city, made a preliminary visit to it with the letters of introduction to business men. One New Yorker to whom introduced a young Boston friend, replied, do. "I have not exactly decided," replied the youth, "but I expect to settle here some good business in which I can get a living honestly."

"Then you will not," said the New Yorker.

"An honest living," repeated the Bostonian.

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your line of honest business."

In a recent report of the proceedings of the Third Annual Convention of the American Institute of Architects there is an interesting paper on chimneys. After various observations on the causes and building of chimneys, the causes of smoky chimneys are mentioned as follows:

1. Insufficient height of the chimney.
2. Too small or too large a sectional area.
3. Interior friction, the surface being too rough.
4. Too large a discharging orifice at the top.
5. Action of wind, rain, and sun on this orifice, to a correction of the above three causes.
6. Contrary draughts, induced by a neighboring chimney, or by the construction of the house.

The first instance in a house is heated by furnace, and draws the heated air from the basement to the apartments above. Mr. Kennedy's shaft the room-doors and open the windows.

The second is where there are open fire-places. (Each fire ought to have its own flue.)

3. Openings in the shaft for the use of flues, should be well closed, so that no cold air can dilute the flaring column of hot air.

The strong prejudice against the negro race, which still exists in many parts of the South, excited some surprise recently to attempt to lynch a colored preacher. They were, however, disappointed in the morning's meeting: "I have been wondering for a long time," said the colored man, "what it was that I preached that was worth getting a lick."

Among many reports about noted personages is one concerning Alexander Dumas, to the effect that he is suffering from paralysis of the right hand—Charles Lever is said to have been in a lethargic state, so that he sleeps sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Mr. Dana, when he wakes up, always writes something—The new novel upon which Mr. Dickens is engaged is said to be the history of Edwin Drood."

The popular author, Mr. Shirley Brooks, who has been severely ill, is reported convalescent.

The *Weekly Scotsman* states that there are in Scotland 1,000 manufacturers of kilts, each of whom sells a similar pattern; and in connection with these from 20,000 to 30,000 persons are employed. The manufacture was widely scattered over the country. In one instance the whole machinery was transported at once from a mill to a distance, and surmounted by thirty tall brick stacks, which, in all, form an extraordinary appearance. Raw material is brought and finished goods are sent out by branch railways, the traffic on which nevertheless amounts to about £1,000 weekly. The hundred tons of clay, and about an equal weight of coal, burned every day. Upward of 1,000 persons are employed by the company; and these are aided by seven steam-engines, with an aggregate of 1,000-horse power. This is exclusive of the power employed to bring the clay and coal out of the pits.

"Miss Grundy" says that Madame Garcia, wife of the Spanish tenor, the Jenny Lind of Switzerland, is better known than any of the other foreign ladies. She has been in the habit of appearing in the plainest white sack and shoulders, weighs one hundred and sixty, and at the table entertains cordially on her reception days, and is somewhat of a literary character, having written a novel entitled "Love in the Pampas."

Madame Podesta is thought by many to be handsomer than Madame Ristori. She has been famous for her beauty and graceful manners. Madame Podesta is the wife of the Count of the Imperial Spanish Legation, but is an American by birth. Her mother was a native of Virginia known as a beauty and cordial in manners, lives quietly in Georgetown, but is a great favorite in society.

"Any thing in this store for a dollar?" inquired a would-be economical customer of a Boston clerk. "Only air store."

"Pay for one dollar you can take your choice. Of course I do not include in this my young lady attendants."

So replied the storekeeper, his ending off probably being intended to be a joke; but he smiled grimly as he said it, and seemed to enjoy it more than anybody.

"Well, I'll take that," said the customer, pointing to a stove which stood at the mid-door, and owner of the room. The customer clearly had the best of the dollar-store.

It has been remarked that it would be of great service if some one would invent a good resonant cry which could be heard by underground or steam engineers. The words "fire," "murder," "thieves," etc., convey such impressions, but are often curiously inappropriate. It is related of the late Mr. Charles Sheridan that in attempting to hand from a steamer one dark night he fell into the hold, and called out for help most fiercely from his perilous position. "What did you do?" asked a friend, to whom the accident was mentioned. "Why, what do you think?" answered his niece; "instead of screaming 'murder' or 'fire,' as any one of sense would have done under the circumstances, he only roared and called 'boat!' Of course no one went to his assistance!"

Rev. Sydney Smith once said: "Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its reappearance. Which of these is the better plan I leave to the consider of the curious; must, I suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular circumstances of the case. Some men can do nothing without preparation, others little with it; some are fountains, some reservoirs."

BLACK MARIA.

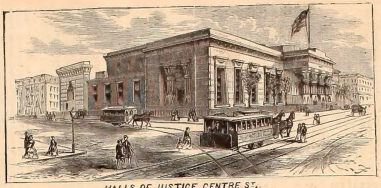

HALLS OF JUSTICE. CENTRE ST.

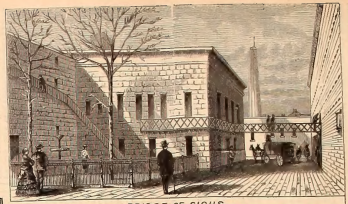

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

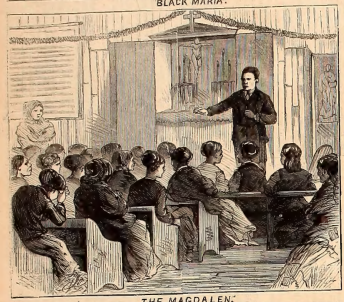

THE MAGDALEN.

INTERIOR OF MALE PRISON

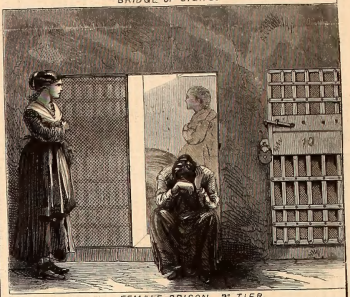

FEMALE PRISON 2ª TIER.

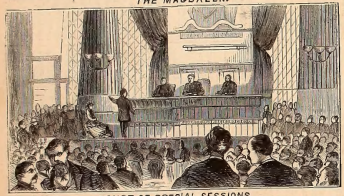

COURT OF SPECIAL SESSIONS.

BOYS' HALL.

THE TOMBS.—From Sketches by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 205.]

THE THIEVES' SUPPER.

Our illustration on this page represents an entertainment of once novel and interesting. A London ex-thief and pugilist, by the name of Ned Wright, who, from being the wickedest man in the English metropolis, has become a useful missionary among his former associates, provides a weekly supper, consisting of a plentiful supply of soup and bread, alternately to the male and female members of the profession. The condition of admission to this entertainment is the proof that the applicant has been convicted once or oftener of theft. The company is, of course, of a very mixed character: some of the thieves being hopelessly depraved, while others appear to be steady and hard-working people who have fallen before temptation. After supper Ned Wright makes them a speech, of a very homely and practical kind, full of good advice, and closing up with the assurance that if any one present wants to reform and lead a different life, he will put him in the way of getting honest work. It is said that this man is doing much to reclaim young men and women from evil courses. The figure standing with a hat on, at the back of our sketch, is a portrait of Ned Wright.

THE TOMBS.

We give on page 204 a series of sketches in "the Tombs," as our dismal city prison is appropriately called, whose forbidding Egyptian architecture casts a cold shadow over Centre Street. To enter its chilling halls is like going into a damp cavern; and many a poor fellow, whom misfortune or strong temptation has driven to crime, must have felt, on first passing its doors, as if he had stepped through that gateway on which the words are engraved: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Too often this is literally true. The poor wretch leaves his cell only to return to it, for longer and longer periods of detention. Some criminals pass more than half their lifetime behind grated doors, and appear to make use of liberty only to get back to prison.

The Tombs is not a pleasant place to visit, even when you have the privilege of going out when you have satisfied your curiosity; and Mr. Fox has kindly saved all nervous people the trouble of such a visit by making the faithful sketches to which this article refers. The central sketch represents the main hall of the prison, where males are confined. It is narrow and lofty, with four tiers of cells, one above another, those above the ground-floor being reached by galleries, and each gallery guarded by two keepers. The cells are narrow, lighted by a small window at the farther end, ample ventilation being secured by means of the iron-grated door that opens into the hall. Formerly the doors were of wood, and the effect was to make the cells close and unhealthy. Most of the cells are full, and several of them are occupied by noted criminals. Among these is John Real, ex-deputy-sheriff and watchman, who murdered policeman Sheldon in July, 1868. He has a nicely-carpeted cell, with chairs, table, books, and pictures, and appears to enjoy himself pretty well for a man in his position. Reynolds, who murdered Townsend a few weeks ago, is also an inmate of one of these cells. M'Farland occupies a cell on the first gallery. It is very comfortably furnished. The other cells, when Mr. Fox visited the prison, were filled with every sort of criminal, from the "unfortunate" man or boy who "happened" to be found drunk or disorderly in the streets, to the hardened old offenders, some of whom had been sentenced to State prison, and were waiting to be sent away. Most of them were very willing to talk, and few sought to avoid observation.

Another sketch represents the interior of the boys' room, where they are kept during the day. At night they are locked up in separate cells. Every variety of youthful character is exhibited by these boys. Some of them are jolly under their misfortunes, some modest and shamefaced, others hardened and depraved. Our sketch gives a faithful idea of the ways in which they amuse themselves.

Another sketch gives a view of the "Bridge of Sighs," by which murderers pass to the scaffold when led to execution. The last execution which took place at the Tombs was that of Jeremiah O'Brien, for the murder of his mistress. It occurred on the 9th of August, 1867.

The "Black Maria," of which we give a sketch, is a close wagon, used to convey sentenced prisoners from the Tombs to "the Island." At the moment the sketch was taken the motley crowd of passengers was gathering for the ride. The other sketches, which complete the interior survey of the Tombs, are the "Court of Special Sessions," the "Female Prison," and the "Magdalen," or chapel for women.

The present warden of the Tombs is Mr. John Stacom, who is assisted by two deputy-wardens and a large number of subordinate officers. They have their hands full all the time. The number of prisoners committed to the Tombs in 1869 was 42,209, the great bulk of them for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, their term of imprisonment rarely extending over ten days. It is no unusual occurrence to find the same person committed ten or twelve times a year, and instances have been known where a drunkard has been arrested twice in the same week, having evaded imprisonment in the first instance by the payment of a fine, only to rouse the offense. The cases of *mania a potu* are very numerous on the books.

THE THIEVES' SUPPER.

The condition of the Tombs is creditable to the management. The cells are kept scrupulously clean, and the prisoners are allowed to suffer no unnecessary privations.

A WHISKY PEDDLER ON THE PLAINS.

The army sutler, or, as that personage is now designated, trader, is forbidden to sell whisky to the enlisted man. The order gave a smart trooper the opportunity of airing the following *bon mot*, which is now current on the frontier:

"Shoulder-straps may get beastly, and go for his quarters; but chevrons keep sober with alkali waters."

To some extent this is true; for the free access

which the officers have to the sutler's whisky (at twelve or fifteen dollars per gallon) is at times too evident for good discipline and thorough discharge of duty. The enlisted man will have his whisky too, if by any possibility he can obtain it. One of the sources of supply is shown in our illustration on page 201.

The peddler is well aware of the risk that he runs in selling the contraband article to the soldier. For this reason he takes care to select some unfrequented spot in the vicinity of a military post, thus protecting himself from discovery by the officers, and at the same time searching for himself some measure of safety from Indians.

When such an "outfit" is discovered it is immediately confiscated, and the peddler, if he should fall into the hands of Government, has also had the hair shaved from his poll, and immediately after is treated to prolonged pedestrian exercise through camp, to the lively air, "The Rogue's March."

It may not be out of place to enumerate some of the beverages that are in favor with the troops in the Far West when whisky is not accessible. A Cologne-water cock-tail is not despised, a toddy concocted from some of the hair-washes, of which castor-oil, alcohol, and tincture of cantharides are the principal ingredients, is accepted as a palatable beverage. Extract of ginger, qualified with water, is not an unsolidarity liquor either. But here these are tales told out of school; so no more of them, for the temperance lecture has reached a sufficient length.

JOHN ABLANY'S TROUBLE.

I.

At the breakfast-table, that morning, John Albany's wife, and Carrie, the dearest, youngest little women in the world, had said to him:

"Have you heard from brother Joe yet?"

"No, Carrie: not time yet. You know he only left day before yesterday. Get a letter to-morrow, maybe."

"Do you know, John, I'm almost will with curiosity to see his wife? Such a queer notion of theirs, to put off their wedding-trip for three months after they were married!"

"Wanted to make it in pleasant weather, I suppose—showed their common-sense," said John.

"Any how, they'll be here in a fortnight, as soon as his business is arranged," and Carrie's bright, rosy-cheeked girlish face beamed with delight at the thought, for she all but idolized her "brother Joe," and had heard wonderful stories of the beauty of his bride.

Such had been, in part, the talk at the breakfast-table, and when had not both of them in the summer face than with which John Albany had said good-by to his dear little wife and his rosy-faced baby boy; but now, half an hour later, he sat in his down town office, glowering at a bit of crumpled paper on the table before him, with an expression of countenance which might fairly be thought to include doubts of his own identity.

"Crumb Street Station-House!" he exclaimed. "What in—Well, I might as well go and see what's there."

And so he set out, barely enough presence of mind to put his hat on before he started. A few minutes of almost fiercely rapid walking, a brief parley with the officials in charge, and John Albany was admitted to a dingy and dimly-lighted cell.

"John!"

"Good heavens! *You here?*"

"Hush! Not a word—I gave my name as Caleb Smith, and it's gone into the reports that way."

"But how did it happen?"

"I can't tell, John. I only know they found the pocket-book in my pocket, and I was so upset I couldn't say a word."

"The pocket-book?"

"Yes; it was at the railway station. I'd just checked my trunks when they began to make an outcry, and that's about all I know about it until I found myself nabbed and searched."

"But Lucille?" said John.

"I wrote to her that I was detained in New York, for a few days, by important business. Then I gave your name as my counsel, and sent for you."

I didn't get the note till this morning," said John.

"Some mistake or other. But here I am, trapped, and what to do I don't know."

"Oh, I can get you off easy enough; it's an old game of the pickpockets. All I've got to do is to prove who you are, and the thing won't fail to sue it," said John.

"But I don't want to prove who I am. I would half kill Carrie, and just about murder Lucille. You don't know how sensitive she is. No: I must be got off and quietly as Caleb Smith, or I'll never get over it. Now, John, old fellow, promise me not to say a word even to any body, least of all to Carrie. Lucille's letters will come to your care, as usual; and I can send a letter to Carrie dated from where you know, as if it was inclosed to you."

"You mean to take the responsibility of all the deception, then," said John; and, after a good deal of grave hesitation, the young fawner of loved Lucille to be overpersuaded to accept the desired promise; but he left the station-house and returned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man. He did not like deception in any shape, and he seriously doubted his capacity for concealing any thing from his dear little wife.

And as it was that when John Albany went home that evening, and silently handed Carrie a unpostmarked missive, over which her blue eyes glistened, and which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a cloud on his brow, which never left him the whole evening. In vain he tried to be gay, or to make the crowing youngster a means of concealing his perturbation; for the quick eyes of his wife penetrated his clumsy artifices, and then—well, if he had been in trouble, he was busily enough beset now. John Albany was accounted a promising lawyer, and remarkably good at cross-questioning; but never had any witness suffered under his own hands as he now did under those of his wife.

Of course John kept his promise of secrecy, but at the expense of a red face and a flustered manner. He was not half the man in his conscience had not caught him in several pretty well-defined fibs and equivocations before they well-defined fibs and equivocations before they had well-nigh passed his lips; and he was not penetrated her husband's secret; and she was not only a true helpmeet for as far as outside, but as self-willed and imperious a little body as she was loving, with a good deal of that peculiar element of chastened out of which jealousy is manufactured under favorable circumstances. And so, though at first she tried not to show it, Carrie was more than a little offended; and John, poor fellow, could not help seeing and feeling it.

And thus the next day passed, and the next, and matters at home grew more and more worse, and matters at home grew cloudier at a rate which John Albany would have thought impossible, but for looking for a secret from his wife; and the poor fellow grew gloomier with every glance of the fearful and inexplicable cloud that had hitherto been so sunny. Even the baby was compelled to suffer his share of the house and trouble.

In her irritated mood, Carrie's thoughts naturally turned to her brother; and so one day she sat down and wrote him a letter, in which she said a great many things which were only the result of her own fancies, but which Lucille would have followed but that Carrie mailed the letter with her own hand, without regard to the wish of her husband, and that, more by accident than any thing else, it was opened and read by a young lawyer named Smith, in the large New England town, on the following day.

II.

It was not the same cell that John Albany had found Caleb Smith in, and it was many days weeks later. The prisoner was the same, however; and, with all his confinement, he was hardly a day older, as cheerful and badgered looking visitor.

"It's all up, Caleb!"

"What's up, John?"

"Why, this wretched secrecy business. Lucille's coming!"

"Lucille? How do you know?"

"Read that telegram. Got to meet her at the cars this afternoon."

John Albany had the better in color now, very decidedly.

"Oh, John, my boy, what is to be done?"

"You must know!"

"And Carrie?"

"We'll see about that. Don't see what I can do to help you out of this mess." And John Albany looked more like a baited wild animal than ever, as he left the young Nimrod out of the cage.

Carrie didn't go home to dinner that day, or he might have discovered that nurse had been left alone with the baby while his wife had gone out," no one knew whither. So, in uncomfortable ignorance of the dangers that beset him, John went to the New Haven depôt that afternoon, and waited for a lady who should resemble in the most remote manner the description which had been shown him. And he found her very readily. There was no chance for mistake. She was a conspicuous looking beauty; and, in fact, as he advanced to meet her, the trembling lips parted wide enough to say,

"John Albany?"

"And can this be Lucille?"

"Oh, John, where is my husband? Why is he not here?"

"He is safe and well, I assure you; and you shall soon see him."

"But I don't understand! Why is all this mystery and deception?"

"I can't explain here," said John; "but if you will get into the carriage I will tell you as we go."

And John was determined to keep his word, though he would almost as soon have been convicted of burglary. He was not sorry to see the female form that had followed his into the depôt, nor had his excited and confused faculties taken in the fact that a pair of bright eyes sprang lightly into a close coupé which drove off rapidly after the carriage which contained John and Lucille. When the latter was pulled up in front of a hotel, the coupé also stopped at a little distance, and a veiled lady sat within it and leaned forward to the window, muttering, "I knew there was something of that sort! Oh, John! John! How *could* you?" And then the driver of the coupé received fresh orders, and drove more rapidly up town.

Lucille had only gone into the hotel to gather her scattered senses together, and in listening to the news imparted by John, and, on the whole, she had sustained the shock much better than he had expected. In a very short time—for, with all her nervousness, she was a brave and devoted wife—Lucille declared her readiness to hurry off at once to the prison.

"I must stop at my office for a moment," said John.

"Oh, but I am in such a hurry!" exclaimed Lucille.

"But it's only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court all day, and have not seen him."

John's office was in a very busy part of the city, and both he and Lucille had their heads altogether too full of exciting thoughts to notice any particular members of the hurrying throng upon the sidewalks. Still, as the carriage pulled up at the curb-stone, John said—

"Good! I won't have to go up stairs. There's my partner now. Brown! Eh, Brown!"

The gentleman thus addressed was just standing on the edge of the sidewalk, as if waiting for some body, and now came forward with a remarkably beaming expression of countenance.

"John, my boy, it's all right."

"What's all right?"

"Why, that Caleb Smith case."

John Albany had to catch his breath for a moment: "Caleb Smith!" he stammered, "How?"

"Why, there was a whole batch sent up this morning; and when the prisoner Chas. Hallenger Dick" confessed to putting the money on Caleb's person."

"Well, but what did you do?"

"Oh, Judge — was as good as pie; let him right out, and I've got him up stairs."

A gloved hand was on John's shoulder, and a trembling voice was trying to ask him:

"John, John, isn't that Joe?"

"Yes, it's Joe," said John Albany; but he was sorry enough, at the moment, as he sat in a corner of the carriage trying to recall the color to the white and beautiful face, for Lucille and Joe had been lovers for years, he had competitor, and he had even managed to dash up stairs and to his office, where he had come to herself she was no better hands than the somewhat clumsy ones of John Albany.

And now the carriage was being whirled away up town, for John was urged by something even stronger than hospitality in his eagerness to reach his own residence. He could have no patience with either horses or driver, especially as Lucille and Joe, in their overpowering loving and happy joy there on the beach seat.

Home was reached at last, however, and the somewhat flurried driver reined in his smoking horses in front of the house. John sprang to the sidewalk, and was even steamed of aiding Joe; but Lucille by this time was very well able to help herself.

It was not yet dusk when they entered the house, and John's latch-key dispensed with bell-ringing and knocking.

"Wait a moment in the parlor," said John, "while I call Carrie."

And he went with a big weight upon his heart, John pushed onward toward the sitting-room. At last he threw open the door before him, however, he was suddenly confronted by a lady figure in full traveling costume, and a glance beyond showed him a marvelous disarray of trunks and bandboxes.

"Carrie, my wife!"

A gloved hand held out toward him a small white envelope, while a husky voice said:

"Good-by, John."

"Carrie—"

"Isn't that Joe's voice? Oh, Joe! are you here?"

"Yes, Carrie, here I am, safe and sound." And Lucille sprang forward, taking hold of his pretty sister as if he was about ready to swallow her.

"Oh, Joe, take me to mother's!"

"But, Carrie, what's the matter? John has been in trouble here of late, and—"

"Joe—there she is—I saw her at the depôt!—the very same woman; and now he's brought her here! Oh, I'll never, never it all mean!"

"Mean? Why, Carrie—come here, Lucille—Carrie, this is my wife, your sister Lucille. I've been in trouble, and your John has helped me through, like a splendid old trump as he is. So you've got Lucille for a husband, Joe?"

Carrie gave one good look at Joe, another at his wife—for Carrie had but also caught a glance of the keen suffering in the trembling lips of her own husband.

"Oh, John, I've been so foolish! John?"

And John Albany's trouble was over.

BORDERS FOR GRAPE-VINES.

THE vine requires a warm, dry, well-drained soil, entirely free from stagnant water. Hence all sides which are northerly or easterly exposures are almost always recommended for the sites of vineyards; and generally this aspect is generally insisted upon as an absolute necessity. But not every one who wishes to grow grapes for a hill-side, or has the most extensive gardens overlaying a bed of gravel; it is, therefore, necessary to describe the various methods prerequisite to success in an artificial manner.

Where the subsoil is of a heavy, clayey nature, the usual practice is to dig out the border in which the vines are to grow to a depth of three or four feet, placing at the bottom of the trench a layer of small stones a foot or more in depth, and then filling it up with very richly composited soil; provision being made for the efficiency of the drain-pipe to carry off the water from the bottom of the bed to the outlet.

This answers the purpose for a time, but eventually the earth settles between the stones, they become consolidated together, and the drainage becomes insufficient. Under circumstances like the water from the ascending drains rises in the trench, and the layer of stones becomes a drain for a large surrounding area, and although any excess of water may run off, yet the evaporation through the soil above the layer of stones keeps it too cold for the roots of the vine; and should the outlet pipe become choked, as it frequently does, the water is backed up under the whole border, which causes the roots to decay, and the vines receive serious injury.

Yet we have found that, in all cases where it is necessary to make vine borders, it is best to make them entirely above the surface of the soil; and we believe that people would be much more successful in growing them were they in all cases to do so. The directions of these borders should be from north to south, or as nearly so as may be possible, so as to expose both sides of the vines, as much as possible, to the direct action of the sun's heat. They may be from six to ten feet wide at the bottom, and from three to five feet wide at the top; with a depth of two and a half to three feet of soil. Two-inch plank edges should be laid every ten or fifteen feet across the bed, with their upper edges just above the natural surface or level of the surrounding soil. This not only carries off any surplus of water from heavy rains, but also allows the air to permeate through the bed, which keeps it much warmer than it would otherwise be.

The sides of the beds should be laid with grass sods, or sown with some dwarf-growing grass, such as Rhode Island bent.

Any good fresh soil will answer; but if it can be procured from an old pasture, or from the surface of some new road-side, it is preferable, taking it, sods and soil, to a depth of nine or ten inches. To this may be added about one-fourth of well-rotted horse or barn-yard manure, and a twentieth part of coarse ground bones. This being well mixed or incorporated with the soil before it is made into the bed. The autumn is the best time to prepare the soil and make the border; but if not done then it should be commenced as early in the spring as possible, so as to have it properly settled before planting the vines. After they are planted, the surface of the bed should be mulched with two or three inches of strawy manure.

Many will, no doubt, think that the soil of the border should be made much richer with manure. This would certainly induce a stronger and more rapid growth of the vines at first; but the rich vegetable growth of the manure is exhausted the vines receive a great check, and are generally more subject to mildew thereby. They are better to get a solid, stocky growth of the vines than to superinduce, by the use of excessive quantities of stimulating manures, a succulent, long-jointed growth of wood, which, owing to its continuous rapid growth during the autumn, does not ripen, and so becomes winter-killed or otherwise injured; such vines also become very subject to mildew and rot. Where the soil is in the least checked by sudden atmospheric changes during the summer. The native vines are generally very much given vers that there is no necessity for increasing it by excessive stimulation. The use of much wood-excessive stimulation. The use of much wood-ashes, or any other kind of similar character, are injurious, as they produce an incipient fermentation and activity of the soil, which is also very serious to the vine. After the vines come into bearing the borders should annually receive a top-dressing of well-rotted manure, lightly forked into the soil, and then covered with a mulching of stable litter. This top-dressing not only gives nourishment, and every rain carries to the roots of the vine a proper proportion of the soluble fertilizing elements of the manure.

No fears need be entertained that such raised borders will become too dry in summer, or that the vines will suffer from drought. No fruit suffers less from drought than the vine, for its large, ample leaves furnish a special facility for absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, and it delights in dry, warm soil, in which the fruit ripens earlier, and has a richer and higher colored than when grown in moister soil.

Borders constructed in this way, owing to the expense, are only applicable to gardens where from two or three to twenty vines are all that are required to supply the family with fruit. For vineyard purposes natural sites, combining the requisite drainage and exposure, or large expenditure for drainage, must be selected; but even in such cases it would be of great advantage to have the soil, by means of trenching, into ridges six or eight feet wide and two or three feet high at the apex, and the same distance apart, using the intervening furrows for carrying off the surplus water or laying drainage tiles through them altogether.

Many modern made in the way here suggested, the cultivator will escape insect rot, mildew, the uneven ripening, and in a large degree from mildew.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 692.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

ENSIGN COPP, OF THE "ONEIDA."

WE give on this page a portrait of CHARLES A. COPP, of the *Oneida*, whose name, with that of his Captain, has been added to the list of heroic men who died rather than leave the post of duty. After the collision with the *Rowena*—our readers will pardon the repetition of the story—his solicitude for the sick who were under his charge was worthy of his warm and generous heart. After seeing all the invalid seamen on board the cutter, he went below to his station. A comrade called to him to come up, as the ship was sinking. He replied, "No; I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved." Scarcely had he spoken those noble words when the *Oneida* sunk beneath the waves.

This brave officer was born in Troy, New York, July 25, 1847. At the age of fifteen, while a clerk in New York, he enlisted in the United States navy, and passed a year in the blockading fleet off Charleston Harbor, where he acquired a practical knowledge of modern naval warfare.

An appointment to the Naval Academy was sent to him while on board the *Monadnock*, which he was inclined to refuse, fearing he was too rusty in his studies to pass the required examination. His officers, who admired his manly ways and seaman-like qualities, urged him to accept; and one of them, Lieutenant-Commander JOSEPH N. MILLER, even threatened, if he refused, to reduce him from a petty office to which he had been promoted. He was complimented at Newport on his examination in mathematics, and immediately on entering the school became champion for his younger and weaker fellow "plebs" in their usual encounters with upper-classmen. He was one of the movers in an organized defense, and for some time was president of his class. During his course he studied just enough to pass the several examinations, giving his attention to the practical branches, and excelling in all manly sports. He was a leading member of the ball and boat clubs, was a splendid swordsman, and the best boxer at the Academy. He was graduated with his class in June, 1868, and in October following was ordered to report to Admiral ROWAN, of the Asiatic Squadron. He served on the flag-ship *Delaware* until October, 1869, when he was transferred to the *Iroko*, and came near death when that vessel was caught by a typhoon and broken almost in two. He was on his way home for examination for promotion when the disaster to the *Oneida* occurred.

ENSIGN COPP, OF THE "ONEIDA."

Report speaks well of him as an officer. His magnificent physique gave him a commanding presence, and his noble bearing won the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He had rare executive ability, and a tone of command that caused every order to be instantly obeyed. He was a genial companion, a sympathetic friend, and a loving, devoted son and brother. By his death the United States navy has lost one of its most promising officers.

THE MISSING STEAMER.

SINCE the reported arrival of the *City of Boston* at Queenstown, telegraphed from London on the 16th of March, turned out to be a cruel hoax, the hope that we shall ever receive tidings of the missing steamer is but faint indeed. She sailed from this port on the 26th of January, and two days later touched at Halifax, on her way to Queenstown; and has not been seen or heard of since that date. A passenger by the *Russia*, which sailed from this port four days after the *City of Boston* left Halifax, reports a heavy gale, which the missing steamer must have encountered at its height. He writes: "During the latter half of our passage we were beset by a most ugly, tempestuous sea—such a one as, in four previous passages across the Atlantic, I had not known. The wind was ahead, and continued so up to the very port of Liverpool. We

IN THE SEPULCHRE.—[FROM A PAINTING BY M. CLAXTON.]

were constantly slipping the most tremendous seas, and our noble vessel, strong and steady and magnificent as she is, seemed yet put to her utmost resources to hold her position. It was, indeed, a stormy time; and instead of making the passage in nine days, as is usual with the *Russia*, we were eleven. I have no doubt that this was the weather from which the *City of Boston* suffered. She probably encountered the storm several days before we did, and it may then have been yet more violent than it was. I can imagine how a vessel could make her way through such a sea without being very much injured, but not in all her parts. If there was any weak spot in her machinery it must inevitably have succumbed. If, therefore, the steering apparatus of the *City of Boston* was defective, as is alleged, she was no doubt disabled by the weather from which we had. It is to be feared that these apprehensions will prove to be too well founded, and that the *City of Boston* will be added to the list of ill-fated steamers that have gone down in mid-ocean, leaving none to tell the story of their doom.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

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A POLICY OF PEACE.

THE facts of the Fingon expedition are these: The Piegan band had been steadily making war and murdering in Montana, and General SHERIDAN on the 4th of November received permission from General SHERMAN to punish them, believing that "a good hard blow" would make peace desirable to the Indians. General SHERIDAN gave orders for an expedition, which left Fort Shaw, in Montana, on the 19th of January, under command of Colonel BAKER. On the 23d it surprised the Fingon camp, killed 173 Indians, captured more than 100 women and 100 horses, and destroyed 44 lodges. It seems that small guns was raging among the Indians, which, of course, could not be known to Colonel BAKER. It now appears also that of the 173 killed 62 were men, 90 were women, and 50 were children, none of the last twelve years old, and many of them in their mothers' arms. It was a terrible blow, which, of course, will have no other effect than to make the hatred of the Indians toward the whites more deadly, and which must strengthen the strongest plea for a policy of extermination upon our part or to a total change of our Indian management.

The whole question while pioneers are at the frontier and the officers of the army are generally agreed that nothing but the utmost severity will save life and protect the families of American citizens exposed to the Indians. General SHERIDAN forcibly states this view:

"So far as the Indians are concerned, the problem to be decided is, Who shall be killed—the whites or the Indians? They can hardly be worse than since 1862 at least 900 men, women, and children have been murdered within the limits of this department, inclusive of the most fiendish manner—the men usually scalped and mutilated,.... women violated, and sometimes fifty and sixty times in succession, then killed and scalped, sticks shot into their persons before and after death. I have myself conversed with one or two men who, while some months gone in pregnancy, was ravished over forty times successively by different Indians, becoming insensible two or three times during the horrid ordeal, and each time, upon returning consciousness, mostly appealing for mercy, if not for herself, for her unborn child. Such atrocities cannot be punished with mere fearful brutality over fifty times, and the last Indian who striking the point of his arrow into the person of the woman. I could give the names of these women were it for delicacy. It would be well to bear that MR. VINCENT COLYER wants this work to go on. I can mention those two cases especially because they came under my own personal examination, and can give them as an example of what has occurred to hundreds of others."

Again, in his report, the General says:

"The Indians have run riot along the whole of our Western settlement and the emigrant and commercial trade of this country for many years, murdering and plundering without any adequate punishment, and the Government has heretofore sought to give protection to some of its best interests by making presents to these savages, or, in other words, while it found it necessary to use the most stringent efforts by the government of the civilized whites, it was attempting to govern a wild, roving, and savage people without any laws at all, or the infliction of any punishment for the most heinous offences. The result has been the excess. If a man commits murder or robs we hang him or send him to the penitentiary. If an Indian does the same we have been in the habit of giving him more blankets. The Indian is to be treated with bond. He never labors, and has no profession except that of arms, to which he is raised from infancy. His scalp is constantly dangled before his eyes, and the highest honor he can obtain to be a warrior is to take by himself. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if he aims to do what he considers his highest duty when there is no punishment to follow the barbarous act."

MR. M'CORMICK, the delegate from Arizona, says that we cannot remember these atrocious classes of Indians, which differ from each other as Americans differ from Japanese. They are the civilizable and the hopelessly barbarous tribes, and while he supports increased appropriations for friendly Indians, he is sure that the most valuable lives and enormous property would have been saved by "an uninterrupting aggressive war upon the relentless Apache." MR. M'CORMICK alluded to the constant and innumerable murders and outrages of every kind committed by the Indians within his own Territory of Arizona—murders upon the best of frontier citizens—and he asks why it is only the woes of the Indians that excite the horror of the "Eastern States?"

We do not deny the horrible outrages of the Indians, their treachery and cruelty, but neither will General SHERIDAN deny the broken faith of the United States and the systematic criminality of the treatment of the Indians upon the frontier. We have known a white woman of the frontier to say that she would kill an Indian as she would kill a mouse; it was merely the determination of disgust. But we say that it is surprising a woman should feel so, under the circumstances. But if that feeling is to be the foundation of our Indian policy, there certainly that policy ought to be founded. The army ought to hunt the savages off the face of the earth, and never be recalled. The present situation is intolerable, but general destruction is not the only remedy. It is simply because Indians are neither to be made citizens, nor understand treaties as we understand them, nor be subjugated to law. But we can enforce our own laws upon our own citizens. We can compel them to respect the arrangements we make with the Indians, and we can allow no latter by the summary punishment of our citizens who war against them that we will do what we can to protect them against the cruelty and rapacity of our own men.

And when the cry of humanity of that race appear in Congress as the form of bills "to civilize the Indian title" in hands coveted by some railroad ring, the press can at least expose the gentlemen who support them, and the people can be kept in redeeming the promises by which we induce them to acquiesce in the new order. The wish, and this wish could have very great weight with all intelligent men:

"If I were to waive all inquiry as to the moral obligations of a Christian nation under such circumstances, I think it would be demonstrably clear that, as a mere question of pecuniary economy, it would be cheaper to feed every Indian now living, even to cheap unfeeling, during his natural life, while their children are educated to habits of agriculture, than it would be to carry on a general Indian war for a single year. The destruction of property and mutilations of the dead and of prisoners which are of ordinary occurrence in an Indian campaign are Indian warfare. By preserving peace we may hope to avoid these, and can not believe that the dictates of wisdom and the resources of a great nation like our own to give a peace policy a thorough trial."

War has plainly failed. Let us try a policy of peace.

SHALL WE HAVE HONEST ELECTIONS?

THE one point upon which all parties are agreed is that the chief root of the municipal infamy of New York is corrupt elections. The Speaker of the present Assembly, and Mr. SWEENY's friends, and other Democrats, recently declared upon the floor of the House that the registered returns of the vote of every the city were so enormous as to make it doubtful, according to one of the orators, whether the Speaker himself was elected a member of the Assembly. This was a kind of state's evidence that was scarcely needed, but it is useful. The frauds at the polls are the great opportunity. The government is poisoned at the fountain. Now this greatest of crimes under a popular system has equally interested the leaders of every party. But the Democratic papers sneered at the charges of fraud in 1866. The present Governor, Mr. HOFFMAN, declined all suggestions to be a mere party device of the Republicans, and virtually protected the electoral frauds. The conduct of Democrats upon naturalisation was astounding. It was very evident that "the honest Democracy" did not think that the time had come for them to appear.

Do they think that it has now arrived? The frauds are more than ever patent, and are controlled ascendency at the polls of the worst part of the Democratic party. The only conceivable remedy is an honest election, and every man that they will unite to secure pure elections. To do this it is essential that there be a final electoral supervision which is not partisan, and which each party is equally represented. But this can be done only by law, and the Democrats are now the law-makers. Will they secure this purity? Are they in favor of honest elections? Are the honest Democrats, such as, for instance, Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, with the unrepeated vote of their party in the city of New York? If they are, do they honestly suppose that any such system as that suggested by MR. KERNAN will secure it? That system is substantially the Supervisor system. Has that resulted honestly?

Why does MR. KERNAN's plan propose that there shall be one Republican inspector in every district? Because it is universally allowed that the official presence of some representation of the other party at the voting and in the canvass is essential to a fair election. If that be so, let us take every election and guard it—Federal and State—there goes the Democratic method to secure the result which the Democratic method to secure the result which his professes to desire. Instead of a system which favors what has been called a union of "the Ring and the Radicals," let us agree, as the Citizens' Association proposes, that there be a Board of Judges of Elections, composed equally from both parties, who shall divide the city into districts of not more than two hundred voters each, with competent police for a thousand voters, including name, age, residence, birthplace, personal appearance, and whatever is necessary for identification—there goes the vote from sunrise to noon or one o'clock, and canvass before sunset. Some such system as this is indispensable. It can be altered, improved, or any plan for every purpose may be. But is there then no choice of methods? Is therefore every plan for purpose equally good? Because we can not abolish disease, shall we observe no sanitary laws? No plan to secure pure polls will make voters honest; but some plan will save us from their dishonesty much more surely than others.

If the latent portion of the party which now has the majority in the Legislature really wish to purify the polls in this city, they will adopt some such method as has been indicated. But if they do not—if they merely wish to eat their cake and to have it—if they desire only to give their party the credit of trying to secure honesty while it retains the advantage of fraud, they will refuse to adopt a plan palpably fair and practicable, and prefer one which is not secure. Meanwhile we can spare the balderdash about broken Rings and honesty triumphant until we see some evidence of such honorable facts. A Legislature which refers MR. FREAR's alleged offenses to MR. FREAR's committee for investigation, is hardly to be considered a Legislature in which the power of the Tammany clique is imperiled; and those who expect MR. CAGGER to introduce a bill to destroy the Democratic majority in this neighborhood would be reduced, will probably also expect that Speaker HITCHMAN to advocate a repeal of last year's bill establishing the new Board of Education.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

THE most striking and unpleasant point in the long Cuban discussion, upon the part of those who have from the first demanded that belligerent rights should be conceded to the Cubans, is what must be called their unfairness. We are all fond of saying, and, we hope, of thinking, that it is an American instinct to sympathize with any oppressed people striving to break the power of the oppressor. But we hope, also, it is not less an American instinct to be just to our own honest laws, and our own honorable traditions. Yet it is constantly charged that the United States have been neutral to the Cuban struggle, but have favored Spain at the expense of the colony. They denounce the fact that we did not send our fleet to stray the expedition to aid Cuba, while they suffer the Spanish gun-boats to sail. We already in this point last week. We repeat it. It is put forth in the address of the friends of Cuba. It has constantly appeared in the papers that call for investigation. It is one of the unfairest charges that could be made.

And it is so for reasons that we have already stated, but which ought to be constantly and they are understood. Under the law of nations, and under our own law, the war ships of a foreign friendly power may only enter our ports, and contracts may be made for the building of others, even when they are intended for hostilities against a part of the subjects of the power whom we have not yet acknowledged as belligerents. We say, under our own law. But it is sometimes supposed that the law of 1818, forbidding the equipping of ships to be used against "any colony, district, or people" with whom we are at peace, would have detained the gun-boats. But evidently these words do not bear this construction. If to-morrow an insurrection should break out in Kent, it would require the law of 1818 require us to refuse assistance to English ships of war in our ports, unless it should be proved that they were not to be used against that "district," or those "people," with whom our peaceful relations were undisturbed? The words of the law would thus be, if interpreted, are made utterly unmeaning. If the act means to say that no friendly power shall use our ports for equipment against any other friendly power, nor against any other collection of persons engaged in hostilities, but with whom we are not fighting, it leaves them to every power the moment war begins. Obviously this is not the meaning of the law; and, therefore, to say that the United States have not been neutral, because they have obeyed their own laws and treaties, is suspiciously unfair.

The only way in which, under the law of nations and our own law, we could be neutral in the sense demanded is by declaring the belligerency of the Cubans; and that could not be done until we were satisfied that there was a government which could properly maintain the rights of the flag that we should recognize. If, however, this is not considered a course worthy of Americans, who owe their political independence to successful revolution, there is another course. We can announce that the first movement of insurrection against European power upon this continent will be recognized by us with all the rights of belligerency. We may go further. We can declare that the moment any insurrection breaks out any where in the world against a government not republican we will remember our own origin, and the assistance of France, and fly to the rescue.

It seems to be thought by some persons that, after the Cuban troubles had continued for some months, the United States should have said: "The horrible oppression of Cuba by Spain is notorious. The Cubans have asserted their independence, and are trying to maintain it. We are the official organ of revolution. We sympathize with their efforts. *Therefore*, we concede them belligerent rights, or recognize their independence." The feeling is natural, but the logic. The folly is in taking that international law and precedents and neutrality. It is very well, and may be very noble, for the United States to say to the Cubans, "You have had a hard time under Spain, and you are having a hard struggle to throw her off, and we grant you all belligerent rights." But it would be extremely foolish if the United States should add that they did this upon recognized principles of international law. The principle would be simply, "We choose to do it, and we take the consequences." It is indeed true that every nation decides for itself when to grant the rights of belligerency. But it is none the less true that it does so under certain conditions.

If those conditions now exist in Cuba, let belligerent rights be conceded. Or if we choose to concede them even without the existence of those conditions, let us do that. But don't let us pretend that the conditions do exist if they do not. There are not now and never have been ten men in this country opposed to the recognition of Cuban belligerent rights or of Cuban independence upon grounds that would justify that policy in any other similar struggle. It is the special pleading, the attempted sneaking evasion of our plain law, the plain course that we should do the work of the revolution, the bribe offered to public opinion of inevitable annexation, the assumption that our refusing Cuban belligerence at once was to be in collusion with slaveholders, to lie prostrate at the bloated and bloody feet of Spain, and to be recreant to our own principles and traditions—it is all the flapdoodle and Buncombe that have been lavished upon the discussion of the subject. If they were the sole arguments, which have alienated the confidence and sympathy of the American people, who love liberty more than party, and who would gladly aid in every honorable and lawful way any people any where struggling with oppression.

THE BLESSINGS OF PATRONAGE.

HOW entirely the patronage of the Government is considered for the private purposes of Senators was recently curiously illustrated by a little event in the Senate. The President nominated a Collector of Customs for Tennessee. The Senate was constitutionally and honorably bound not to consider whether he were agreeable to Senator Booth or Jones, but whether he were in character and capacity a proper officer. It appears that it had virtually decided that he was, when Senator PATTERSON of Tennessee claimed the right which the courtesy of the Senate accords to every Senator of resisting the appointment of any person in the place of his residence who is not agreeable to him. The Senate yielded. And thus a person whom the President had decided to nominate, and whom the Senate were willing to approve, was rejected because Senator FOWLER did not like him. Nothing could more clearly, if any proof were needed, that the Senate has quite abdicated its constitutional function of advising the President, than the exercised the patronage for its own advantage.

Some time since a gentleman wrote to a Senator from another State, and asked him, for reasons which he mentioned and which seemed to him conclusive, to support the nomination of a certain other gentleman. The Senator replied that he had no doubt of the merits of the case as presented by his correspondent, but that he should be governed in voting by the Senators from his friend's State. The great principle of mutual tickling was fully comprehended by that Senator.

Another instance was that of a little country post-office, for which, upon the resignation of the incumbent, the neighbors of a certain man recommended a very competent person. There was a mysterious delay, and it presently appeared that a Senator of the State had a candidate for the office. Upon reflecting, however, that if he persisted in thwarting the wishes of the neighborhood he would hardly advance his own interests, the Senator yielded, and the other candidate was appointed.

Our whole civil service system is a vast circumlocution office. Officers are appointed by the favor of certain politicians known only to their own ends, as the nobility placed their dependents and cadets in the government service in England. And the hostility to any reform of

the service proceeds, of course, from the class of trading and ambitious politicians. The chief distinction of his office to many a member of Congress is the sense of power derived from his share of the patronage. There are men in high position whose success is explained wholly by a skillful use of patronage, and not in the least by any intellectual capacity or moral power. It is a strong side-light upon our system. It shows that an election by no means necessarily represents the choice of the people, but the shrewd management of certain leaders. The people cast the spring stains the stream. Whoever controls the caucus writes the ballots at the polls.

Of this practical view of popular government nothing is a surer ally than our present civil service system. Patronage is administered almost entirely for personal objects. "I have *no effect to his prejudice*; but it is expected that he will not attempt to influence the votes of others, nor to take any part in the business of electioneering—that being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and his duties to it." Those are the words in which the greatest party leaders who have ever lived in the country. But we have changed all that. The very indictment of votes and the vehement electioneering which JEFFERSON condemned are the conditions of appointment under a system of patronage.

"THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS."

It is just ten years ago that JEFFERSON DAVIS, then a Senator from Mississippi, proposed in the Senate a series of resolutions which were passed by a strict party vote of the Democratic majority in that body, excepting Mr. PUGH of Ohio. The resolutions were elaborately and ingeniously drawn. Their intention was, first, to brand Mr. DOUGLAS'S squatter sovereignty as a party heresy; and second, to nationalize human slavery. The Democratic majority was thereby ruled by Mr. DAVIS and his friends, did not hesitate. One Senator ventured to move that it was not meant that Congress should provide a complete system of laws for slavery. But Mr. DAVIS looked at him, and the poor Senator—it was Mr. CLINGMAN—had the supporting Democratic vote but the same Mr. PUGH. So vast was the crime against human nature and American liberty proclaimed by the Democratic party.

A year from that time, on the 21st of January, 1861, JEFFERSON DAVIS, still a Senator and his conspiracy being ripe, gravely argued, in the highest legislative body of this government, the right of a few citizens, at their pleasure, to destroy a nation; in the Senate that grew out of the Declaration of Independence asserted that the Declaration was alleged that *all* men were created equal, meant *some* men; and after a little rhetoric about solemn separation, departed to do his part to destroy the American Union, and perpetuate African slavery upon the American continent. At the end of nine months the American Union is unpregnable; African slavery is abolished; and a Senator from Mississippi rises in the place of JEFFERSON DAVIS to address the people, and that Senator, intelligent and self-possessed, is one of the enslaved race.

No wonder that a paper which represents the ridiculous theory that the glory of the country departed when JEFFERSON DAVIS and his accomplices left the Capitol and ceased to address speech (see the New York *World*): "To-day's session of the Senate was signalized..... by the first speech ever delivered by the black descendant of an orang-outang in Congress....." During the morning hour..... REVELS himself sat at his desk, tranquilly gazing at his white vis-ge and beard with hands resembling claws, and eying the assemblage aloft with a greasy and complacent smile. In the Middle Ages the Senate sat to-day SUMNER, WILSON, and the other Radicals who helped to bring on a bloodier revolution than the French, still on a par with the vindictive spirit of the conflict and its issues that it seemed to them a fine thing to foist this African into their equality with themselves and their betters, among American statesmen to raise this mulatto idol, stuffed with vapid argumentation and sentimental logic." It is the very comedy of impotent hate.

THE MINISTER TO SPAIN.

THE Republican Senate of the United States, which did not think Attorney-General HOAR to be a proper person for an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, believes General SICKLES to be a proper person to present to Europe, at the side of LOTHROP MOTLEY, JOHN JAY, GEORGE P. MARSH, ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, and GEORGE BANCROFT, on whom he will seem to delight to honor. We have steadily protested against this serious WRONG, this fatal blunder, and we shall not suffer its consummation to pass unobserved. The Republican party is strong in its party character. No one knows this better than the chairman of the Foreign Committee of the Senate; and when Mr. SUMNER gives his name to this appointment he deals himself and his party a blow a hundredfold more injurious than that party received from the votes against the confirmation of ANDREW JOHNSON. Moral influences are secret and silent, but they are sure; and the power of every Republican Senator who voted for this appointment is henceforth diminished.

We protest against the shameless sophistry which has been the staple of the Republican support of this appointment. The duty of the Republican press every where in the country is now to have what would have been said that he had made a serious mistake, and by the energy and unanimity of its expression to have caused the withdrawal of the nomination. The press treated it merely as a party matter, and the Senate, seeing no vehement opposition, has at last, as a party matter, confirmed it.

General SICKLES is not an old man, and should his name be hereafter offered to the national party councils, or to the people, every objection would be triumphantly overruled by the assertion that the Senate of the United States, upon the recommendation of GRANT, had declared him to be a fit recipient of the most conspicuous national honors.

MORE LIGHT.

THE Hon. W. D. KELLEY, who has most faithfully and ably represented the leading district for five terms, naturally wished to withdraw, but has received a letter signed by thousands of his constituents, and by many of the chief citizens of Philadelphia, asking him to consent to serve again. In his admirable reply Mr. KELLEY agrees to consider reasonable, my constituents, and to a considerable extent the public mind, the duty of a representative to the duties of a Representative the impossible one of finding places for all the gentlemen who have claims known to them, and promotion for all ambitious or meritorious employés of the government. There was much of this during the war; but the government then needed the service of every able-bodied man to some department, and it was quite reasonable that one might serve it and the appetient both, by giving him a note to the head of a department. But, as that is not the case now, and the practice of sending personally to Washington for appointment to employment has become so common as to be insufferable, Mr. KELLEY proposes to test the question. He will, in case

THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.—[FROM A PAINTING BY E. ARMITAGE, A.R.A.]

THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

OUR engraving on this page is taken from a painting by Mr. E. ARMITAGE, A.R.A., an English artist of high reputation. It is founded on the following passage from the Gospel of St. Matthew (chap. xxvii., vers. 3, 4): "Then JUDAS which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that." In the original picture the figures are considerably above life-size, and the subject is treated with intense dramatic force, and the power of modelling, chiar-oscuro, and color for which Mr. ARMITAGE holds very high rank among modern English artists. The introduction of a vulture—bird of ill omen—is the most faulty point in the picture.

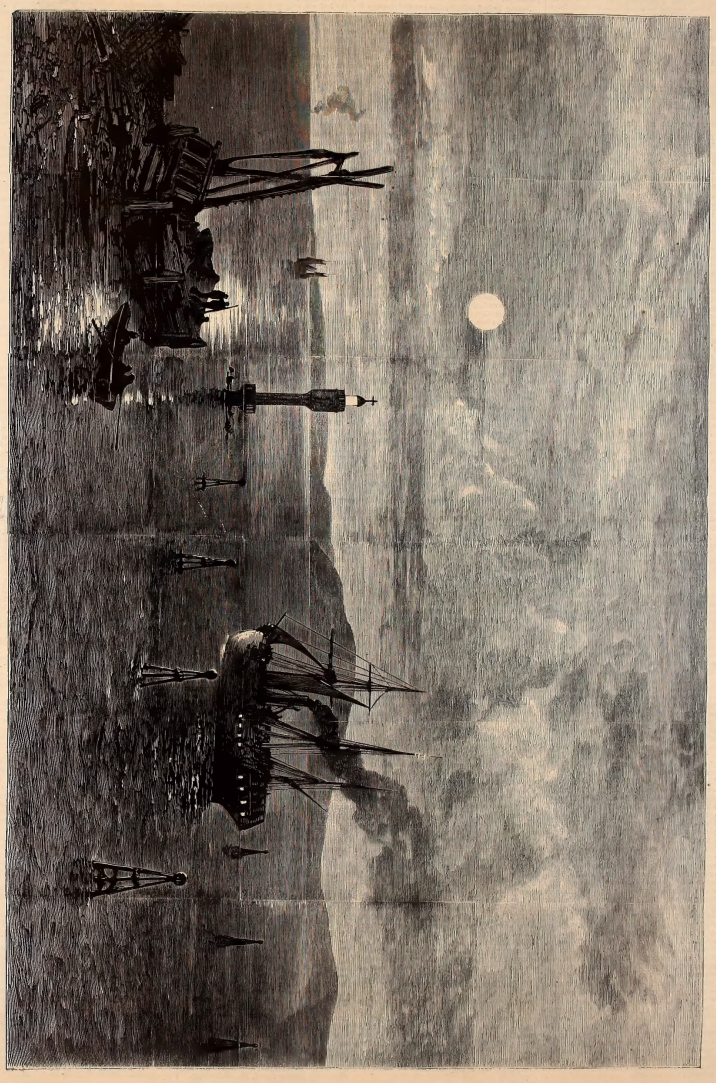

THE BITTER LAKES, SUEZ CANAL.—[See Page 215.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (SECOND SOWING).

AND what did the visitors say of the Swans?

They said, "Oh, what a number of them!"—which was all that was to be said by persons ignorant of the natural history of aquatic birds.

And what did the visitors say of the lake?

Some of them said, "How solemn!" Some of them said, "How romantic!" Some of them said nothing—but privately thought it a dismal scene.

Here again the popular sentiment struck the right note at once. The lake was hidden in the centre of a fir wood. Except in the middle, where the sunlight reached them, the waters lay black under the sombre shadow of the trees. The one break in the plantation was at the farther end of the lake. The one sign of movement and life to be seen was the ghostly gliding of the swans on the dead-still surface of the water. A solemn scene—as they said; it was romantic—as they said. It was dismal—as they thought. Pages of description could produce no more. Let pages of description be absent, therefore, in this place.

Having satiated itself with the swans, having exhausted the lake, the general curiosity reverted to the boat on the trees at the farther end—remarked a startlingly-artificial object, intruding itself on the scene, in the shape of a large red curtain, hanging between two of the tallest firs, and closed the prospect beyond from view—repeated an explanation of the motive which Julius Delamayn—and received for answer that the mystery should be revealed on the return of the visitors to the lawn—remainder of the guests who had loitered about the house.

On the appearance of Mrs. Delamayn and the stragglers, the united party constat the shore of the lake, and stood assembled in front of the curtain. Pointing to the silken screen, the latest elder side of it, Julius Delamayn picked out two little gold ribbons of his well-fitting vest, and sent them to the cords, with instructions to pull, and see what happened. The nieces of Julius pulled with the eager hands of children in the presence of a mystery—the curtains parted in the middle, and a general universal sentiment and delight saluted the scene revealed to view.

At the end of a broad avenue of firs a cool green glade opened its grassy expanse in the midst of the surrounding plantation. The ground at the farther end of the glade rose in terraces, with lower slopes, a bright little spring of water bubbled out between gray old granite rocks. Along the high-land edge of the turf ran a row of tables, arrayed in spotless white, and covered with refreshments waiting for the arrival. On the opposite side was a band of music, which burst into harmony at the moment when the curtains were drawn. Looking back through the avenue, the eye caught a distant glimpse of the lake, where the sunlight played on the water, and the plumage of the gliding swans flashed softly in brilliant white. Such was the charming surprise which Julius Delamayn had arranged for his friends.

The band played. The guests moved about in groups, or sat down in chairs placed in the shade of the trees. The two nieces of Julius Delamayn—young ladies of fifteen and sixteen—had the honor of serving the refreshments. Mrs. Delamayn and Mrs. Glenarm—the two married sisters—were left to entertain the host. And here, on the other, is Mrs. Glenarm—a young widow. Jet as the side of the carriage, she sits, in her glossy mass of the young widow. And both mysteriously absent at the same time. Is it not the best opportunity for Mr. Dale, mayn't I guess wrong, if I guessed that you will have a marriage in the family, too, before long?

Mrs. Delamayn looked a little annoyed. She was accustomed to be consulted on every delicacy for making a match between Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm. But she was not prepared for Julius. The lady's fruitful in this line of all attempts to conceal it from discovery) made the conspicuous discovery that Julius was "in love."

"I am not in the secrets of the lady and gentleman whom you mention," she replied, dryly.

"Ah, I see! You're sly on your appointments, and slow to abandon movement, when once accomplished," Julius continued to remark, being essentially heavy, followed the same rule. She still persisted in being as lively as ever.

"Oh, what a charming evening!" exclaimed her ladyship. "I think I can interpret it, though. At all events, a little bird has told me that one is Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn in London, next season. And I, for one, shall not be surprised to hear of approaching Mrs. Glenarm."

"If you persist in letting your imagination run away with you," said Julius, "I really can't help it. I can only request permission to keep the bridle on mine."

This time, Lady Lundie understood that it would be wise to say no more. She smiled and nodded, in token of her appreciation of Julius's extraordinary cleverness. If she had been asked at that moment who was the most brilliant Englishwoman living, she would have answered, Herself on herself—and would have seen, as in a glass brightly, Lady Lundie, in her Sphynxes.

From the moment when the talk in her side interest on the subject of Geoffrey Delamayn and Mrs. Glenarm commenced, to the end of the refreshing which it remained occupied with that topic—Blanche became conscious of a strong sense of some injurious figure, vaguely down on her, as she fancied, from behind and from above. The figure was Mrs. Delamayn's mother-in-law. She looked round to see whether any special manifestations of grief was proceeding inexplicably at the back of her chair. The result proved to be none. In her head, her attention was claimed by a pair of tremulous gloves, with fingers like long fat green pie, profusely sprinkled with fruffles.

"Eh, my bonny Miss!" whispered a persuasive voice at her ear, "you're staiving in a hot house. Eh? Tak' my advice, and ye'll tak' the best thing at tabble—grosee-pye, and fruffle-lers."

Blanche looked up.

There he was in the man of the canny eye, the fatherly manner, and the mighty nose—Bishopsgrass—engaged in service and ministering at the festival at Swanhaven Lodge!

Blanche had only seen him for a moment on the memorable night when she arrived, and was surprised Anne at the inn. But instants passed in the hotel-yard by Sir Patrick's carriage and hours spent in the company of inferior men. Blanche instantly recognized him; instantly decided to make Sarah's conviction that he was in possession of Anne's lost letter; instantly rushed to the conclusion that, in discovering Bishopsrigs, she had discovered a chance of tracing Anne. Her first impulse was to claim acquaintance with him on the spot. But the eyes of her neighbors were on her, warning her to wait. She took a bite of the pie, and looked hard at Bishopsrigs. That discreet man, showing no sign of recognition on his side, bowed respectfully, and went on round the table.

"I wonder whether he has got the letter about him?" thought Blanche.

He had not only got the letter about him—but, more than that, he was actually then on the look-out for the means of turning the letter to profitable pecuniary account.

The temporary establishment of Swanhaven Lodge included no formidable army of servants. When Mrs. Delamayn gave a large party, she suspended for each additional assistance as was needful partly on the contributions of her friends, partly on the resources of the principal inn at Kirkandrew. Mr. Bishopsrigs, serving at the latter (in the absence of any town employment), as a supernumerary at the inn, made one among the waiters who could be spared to assist at the garden-party. In the case of the gentleman by whom he was to be employed for the day had struck him, when he first heard it, as having a promising air. He had made his inquiries; and had then betaken himself, for additional information, to the person who he had picked out from the parlor floor at Craig Ferine.

The sheet of note-paper, lost by Anne, contained, Mr. Bishopsrigs discovered, two letters—one signed by herself; the other signed by Geoffrey Delamayn, referring, to a stranger's eye, of relations between the writers which they were interested in concealing from the public world.

Thinking it just possible that Mr. Dale might care well open at Swanhaven—that he might improve his interest with a marketable commodity of the stolen correspondence, Mr. Bishopsrigs had put the letter in his pocket when he left Craig Ferine. He had recognized Blanche, as a friend of the lady at the inn—and as a person who might perhaps be willing to open on that capacity. And he had, moreover, heard every word of the conversation between Lady Lundie and Mrs. Glenarm on the subject of Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm. There were hours to be passed before the guests would retire, and Blanche would be disengaged. The conviction was strong in the mind of Mr. Bishopsrigs that he would find an opportunity yet for compelling him himself on the chance which had associated him with the festivities of Swanhaven Lodge.

It was early in the afternoon when the gayety at the dinner-table began, in certain quarters, to show signs of flagging.

The younger members of the party—especially the ladies—grew restless with the appearance of the table-cloth. One after another they looked longingly at the smooth level of elastic turf in the middle of the glade. One after another they cast stealthy looks with their fingers to the waltz which the musicians happened to be playing at the moment. Noticing these symptoms, Julius Delamayn set the example of rising; and he was followed, in a few minutes more, by ten minutes more the first quadrille was in progress on the grass; the spectators were picturesquely grouped about the dancing ones; and the servants and waiters, no longer wanted, had retired out of sight, to a distance of their own.

The last person to leave the deserted tables was the venerable Bishopsrigs. He alone, of the men in attendance, had continued to command the confident appearance of waiting on the company with a clandestine attention to his personal interests. Instead of hurrying away to the servants' dinner with the rest, he made the round of the tables, quietly clearing away the cold dishes—actually, emptying the wine-glasses. Immersed in this occupation, he was startled by a lady's voice behind him, and, turning as quickly as he could, found himself face to face with Miss Lundie.

"I want some cold water," said Blanche. "Be so good as to get me some from the spring."

She pointed to the babbling rivulet at the farther end of the glade.

Bishopsrigs looked unaffectedly shocked.

"Lord's sake, miss," he exclaimed, "d'ye reely mean to offer your stomach wi' cauld water when there's wine to be had for the asking?"

Blanche gave him a look. Skewdom's perception was not on the list of the failings of Bishopsrigs. He took up a tumbler, winked with his eye, and departed, and left the lady to the rivulet. There was nothing remarkable in the spectacle of a young lady fetching water from the spring-water—or of a waiter who was getting it for her. Nobody was surprised; and (with the usual playing cards) he could by no possibility hear what might be said at the spring-side.

"Do you remember me at the inn on the night of the storm?" said Blanche.

Mr. Bishopsrigs had his reasons (carefully inclosed in his pocket-book) for not being disposed to commit himself with Blanche at starting.

"I'm no' saying I canna remember ye, miss. What's the matter, mon? mak' sic an answer as that to a bonny young lady like ye!"

By way of assisting his memory Blanche took out her purse. Bishopsrigs became absorbed in the scenery. He looked at the running water of the glade—of a man who thoroughly appreciated it, viewed as a beverage.

"There is a gold seal, addressing himself to the rivulet, "bubbin' to yer sin anihilation in the loch yonder! It's little I know that's gude about ye, in a professional point o' view. Ye're no' human life, they say. I tak' up my testimony against that. Ye're no' Bishopsrigs's gude. Ye're heated wi' fire, and sweetened wi' sugar, and strengthened wi' whisky; and then ye're a drop o' gude—and human life's a' green! Is ye got something to say to ye in that capacity?"

"I have heard more about you, since I was at the inn," proceeded Blanche, "than you may suppose." (She opened her purse: Mr. Bishopsrigs became the picture of attention.) "You were very, very kind to a lady who was staying at Craig Ferine. You went on, yesterday, to know that you have lost your place at the inn, because you gave all your attention to that lady. She is my dearest friend, Mr. Bishopsrigs. I want to thank you. I do thank you. Please accept what I have got here!"

All the gold's heart was in her eyes and in her voice as she emptied her purse into the gouty (and greedy) old hand of Bishopsrigs.

A young lady with a well-filled purse (no matter how rich the young lady may be) is a combination not often witnessed in any country on the face of the earth. Whether the money be always spent, or the money has been, forgotten on the toilet-table, the young lady's purse contained a sovereign and some six or seven shillings in silver. As pocket-money for an heiress it was contemptible. But as a present to Bishopsrigs it was magnificent. The old rascal put the money into his pocket with a long look, and closed away his senses of sensibility, which he had not shed, with the other.

"Ye got bread on the waters," cried Mr. Bishopsrigs, with his one eye raised devotionally to the sky, "and ye shall find it again devisedly to the sky, "and ye shall find it again deviously to the sky, "and ye shall find it again deviously to the sky, "and ye shall find it again deviously

There's a chiel wi' a lang head on his shoulders, if ever there was one yet! What might Sir Patrick's lad said?"

Blanche noticed a change in his tone. Blanche was rigidly careful (when it was too late) to answer him in guarded terms.

"Sir Patrick thought you might have found me better," she said, "and might also have remembered about it again until after you had left the inn."

Bishopriggs looked back into his own personal experience of his old master—and drew the correct conclusion that Sir Patrick's memory of his connection with the disappearance of the letter was not the purely unsuspicious view reported by Blanche. "The dear auld deevil," he thought to himself, "knows me better than *that!*"

"Well?" asked Blanche, impatiently. "Is Sir Patrick right?"

"Richt?" rejoined Bishopriggs, briskly. "He's far away from the truth—as John o' Groat's House is from Jericho."

"You know nothing of the letter?"

"Deil a bit I know o' the letter. The first I ha' heard o' it is what I hear noo."

Blanche's heart sank within her. Had she defeated her own object, and cut the ground from under Sir Patrick's *feet, for the second time?* Surely not! There was unquestionably a chance, on this occasion, that the man might be prevailed upon to place the trust in her which he was too cautious to confide to a stranger like herself. The one wise thing to do now was to save the way for the second visit of Sir Patrick's agent with influence, and Sir Patrick's superior skill. She resumed the conversation with that object in view.

"I am sorry to hear that Sir Patrick has guessed wrong," she resumed. "My friend was anxious to recover the letter when I left town, and I hoped to hear news of it from you. However, right or wrong, Sir Patrick has some reasons for wishing to see you—and I take the opportunity of telling you so. He has left a letter to wait for you at the Craig Ellachie inn."

"I'm thinking the letter will ha' lang enough to wait, if it was till I gae back for it to the hottle," remarked Bishopriggs.

"In that case," said Blanche, promptly, "you had better give me an address at which Sir Patrick can write to you. You wouldn't, I suppose, wish me to say that I had seen you here, and that you refused to communicate with Sir Patrick?"

"Never think it!" cried Bishopriggs, fervently. "If there's ain thing that mair mischief than I'm careful to preserve intact, it's joost the respectful attention that I owe to Sir Patrick. I'll mak' my bield, min, as he conseeders best at that bit stand. I'm no' seetled in ony place yet ('cause the gift o' the time o' life's to Sir Patrick may hear o' me, when Sir Patrick hir sees' o' me, there." He handed a dirty little card to Blanche containing the name and address of a butcher in Edinburgh. "Sawmuel Bishopriggs," he went on, glibly. "Ane o' Slevin's Devie Dow, flesher; Cowgate; Embro. My Fatmos ist hir condeemess, miss, for the time being."

Blanche received the address with a sense of unspeakable relief. If she had once more ventured on advising Sir Patrick's place, and once more failed in justifying her motives to his satisfaction, she had at least gained some strong advantages, after all, by opening a means of communication between her uncle and Bishopriggs. "You will hear from Sir Patrick," she said, and nodded kindly, and returned to the company with the guests.

"I'm sent for Sir Patrick, wull I?" repeated Bishopriggs, when he was left by himself. "Sir Patrick will wark naething less than a meesrable he finds Sawmuel Bishopriggs at Slevin's Cowgate, Embro!"

He laughed softly over his own cleverness, and withdrew to a lonely place in the plantation, in which he could consult the stolen correspondence without fear of being observed by any living creature. Once more the truth had tried to struggle into light, but the day of the mastrings, and once more Blanche had innocently helped the darkness to keep it from view.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (WEIRD SOWING).

After a new and attentive reading of Anne's letter to Geoffrey, and of Geoffrey's letter to Anne, Bishopriggs laid down comfortably under a tree, and left behind the task of setting his opinion plainly as it was at that moment.

The profitable plunder of the correspondence to Blanche was no longer among the possibilities involved in the case. As for treating with Sir Patrick, Bishopriggs determined to keep equally clear of the Cowgate, Edinburgh, and of Mrs. Inchbare's inn. As long as there was the faintest chance of his pushing his own interests in any other quarter. No person living would be capable of so seriously estranging his employer from him, on such ridiculously cheap terms, as his old master. "I'll no' put myself under Sir Patrick's thumb," thought Bishopriggs, "if I'ye ane my ain rounds among the lave o' them first."

Rendered into intelligible English, this resolution pledged him still to communication with Sir Patrick—until he had first visited his accuser in negotiating with other persons, who might be equally interested in getting possession of the correspondence, and more liberal in giving hush-money to the thief who had stolen it.

Who were the "other persons" at his disposal, under these circumstances?

He had only to recall the conversation which he had overheard between Lady Lundie and Mrs. Delamayn to arrive at the discovery of one person, to begin with, who was extremely interested in getting possession of his own letter. Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn was in the habit of being married to a lady named Mrs. Glenarm. And here was this same Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn in matrimonial correspondence, little more than a fortnight since, with another lady—who signed herself "Anne Silvester."

Whatever his position between the two women might be, his interest in possessing himself of the correspondence was plain beyond all doubt. It was equally clear that the first thing to be done by Bishopriggs was to find the means of opening a personal interview with him. The interview led to something else, it would decide one important question which still remained to be settled. The lady whom Bishopriggs had waited on at Craig Ellachie might, will be, "Anne Silvester." Was Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, in that case, the gentleman who had passed as her husband at the inn?

Bishopriggs rose to his gouty feet with all possible alacrity, and hobbled away to make the necessary inquiries, addressing himself, not to the gentlemen at the dinner-table, who would be sure to insist on his joining them, but to the women-servants left in charge of the empty house.

He easily obtained the necessary directions for finding the cottage. But he was warned that Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn's trainer allowed nobody to see his patron at exercise, and that he would certainly be ordered off again the moment he appeared on the scene.

Bearing this caution in mind, Bishopriggs made a circuit, on reaching the open ground, so as to approach the cottage as far as possible from the line of the tree behind it. One look at Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn was all that he wanted in the first instance. They were welcome to order him off again, as long as he obtained that.

He was still hesitating at the outer line of the trees, when he heard a loud, imperative voice, calling from within the cottage, "Now, Mr. Geoffrey! Time's up!" Another voice answered, "All right!" and, after an interval, Geoffrey Delamayn appeared on the scene, immediately proceeding to the point from which he was accustomed to walk his race-course.

Advancing a few steps to look at his man more closely, Bishopriggs was instantly detected by the trainer—who called out, "Now, Geoffrey! Parry, 'what do you want here?' Bishopriggs opened his lips to make an excuse. "Who the devil are you?" roared Geoffrey. Bishopriggs answered the question out of the resources of his own experience. "I'm Sir Sylvester's agent," he said, pointedly.

Geoffrey lifted his mighty fist, and sprang forward a step. Parry held his patron back. "No, no! Let me!" he said. "The man's too old. No fear of his turning up again, when I've spoken to him." Mr. Parry's statement was strictly true. The terror of Bishopriggs at the sight of Geoffrey's fist restored to the first by the activity of his youth, was the best time for twenty years; and only stopped to remember his dignity and his gout when his breath, when he was out of sight of the cottage, among the trees.

He sat down to rest and recover himself, with the comforting inner conviction that, in one respect at least, he had gained his point. The furious savage, with the eyes that darted fire, and the fist that threatened destruction, was a total stranger to him. In other words, he was not the man who had passed as the lady's husband at the inn.

As the question now it was equally certain that he was the man invited by the correspondence which Bishopriggs possessed. The husband—if a husband existed—who received the letter was entirely incompatible (after the characteristic reception of his fist) with the strong regard which Bishopriggs felt for his own personal security. There was no alternative now but to open negotiations with the lady who was more concerned in the matter (fortunately, on this occasion, a person of the gentler sex), who was sensibly within reach. Mrs. Glenarm was at Knowstonbaven. She had a direct interest in clearing up the question of a wife's empire over her husband. Delamayn on the part of another woman. And she could only do that by getting the correspondence into her own hands.

"Praise Providence for a' its mercies!" said Bishopriggs, getting on his feet once more. "

THE MISSING STEAMER.—[See First Page.]

GOING ALOFT.—[SEE PAGE 221.]

LAST HEART-BEATS.

Save me—but a rose-leaf—yet a token
To tell me what your life kept unspoken,
That you are sorry that my heart is broken,
Before I die.

For soon your silence will no more perplex me,
And soon your coldness will have ceased to vex me,
Although I cling unto the rock that wrecks me
Until I die.

And presently my hand will cease its grasping,
And presently my breath will cease its gasping,
And I shall sink beyond your tardy clasping,
For I shall die.

Ah! you have left me, who would never leave you,
And you have taken me, who did never grieve you
But I—at least, at least, I love you
Before I die.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. FLEW.

"An illustrious house, Sir!" the vicar was saying, as Maud entered. "A family renowned in the history of their country. My wife was a scion of a subordinate stock than many landless squires and squiresses who patronized and looked down upon the vicar's lady!"

Mr. Flew was unusually with his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other, beside the fire-place, and evidently in the vicar's chair. Maud had already seen him several times; but looking at him now, with the governess's words ringing in her ears, her opinion was not to be altered. There was the impress of care and suffering on his pale face. Mr. Flew was, on the whole, a rather ridiculous-looking little man. His insignificant features and light blue eyes were by no means prepossessing, and were quite common. He had, too, a provincial twang in his speech, and his tones were rather coarse and loud, and certain mastery over the letter h. Nevertheless, more intrinsically ignoble individuals than Benjamin Flew have been placed in less onerous position of fatness both in fact and fiction.

"How do you do, Miss Beaufoy?" was all he said.

Maud gave him her hand. His was ungloved, and its touch was cold as ice. The vicar had abruptly ceased speaking when Maud came into the room. But after a short pause he resumed what he had been saying, with a coarser and less show of not having been in the least disconcerted by her entrance.

"The last Lord Lovel—the late baronet have thrown themselves entirely willing to receive her with every respect. Sir Michael seems quite fond of her, and so forth. But she will have no need of people of that stamp. 'The prince's position is in all respects very different to that of us mere nervens."

Mr. Flew stood bravely to listen, though with a dolorous visage. Maud was silent. The vicar's tone pained her inexpressibly. It was overbearing, triumphant, and yet, somehow, not like the tone of a man who is contradicting his better self.

"If," said Mr. Flew, without raising his eyes from the ground—"if Miss Le—if Veronica is happy and contented, and has put right with the world, we shall all have reason to be truly thankful. She must have gone through a great deal of suffering."

"She gone through a great deal of suffering!" cried the vicar, with a strident note of mood. "And what do you suppose her suffering has been to compare with mine, Sir? We shall all have reason to be thankful if Miss Le—Veronica that no one can associate himself with my feelings in this matter; no one! I do not think can put his feelings in comparison with mine!"

Maud glanced up quickly at Mr. Flew, fearing that he might resent this insult; but he had soon showed neither surprise nor anger. He passed his hand over his face once or twice, and forehead like a man in pain, but he said no word. The vicar proceeded for some time in the same strain. His daughter was ever ungrateful to him as he had suffered? He, a gentleman by birth, and breeding—a man of extraordinary talent—he blemished honor! Had not his life, passed among stupid peasants and uncultivated country squires, been cheery enough all these years, but for misery and disgrace must come to crush him utterly? Maud was speaking, and discerned his mood measure. Mr. Flew remained passive. Presently the vicar, who had been walking about the room, stopped suddenly before Maud, and, self into a chair, he covered his eyes with his hands.

Then Mr. Flew turned to Maud, and said, "Miss Desmond, I am glad you came in before I went away, for I should like to say to you, to have a message to deliver to you from my mother."

He spoke quite quietly, only his face betrayed the agitation and pain which the vicar's tirade had caused him.

"A message from Mrs. Flew? What is it?" said Maud, trying to echo his calm tone.

"My mother hopes you will excuse the liberty she takes in asking you, but she is almost entirely unable to go out now. Very often she can't get as far as the church for weeks together. As she can not go to see you, will you come to see her, Miss Desmond? It will be a charitable action."

"Surely I will, if she wishes it."

"She does wish it. Poor soul! she has not many pleasures, and makes, of course, no new friends. The sight of your kind face would do her good."

"When shall I come?"

"Would you drink tea with her this evening? I will see you safe home."

"I don't know whether—" Maud was beginning hesitatingly, when the vicar interposed.

"Go, go, Maudie," he said. "I see that you are hesitating on my account. But I would rather that you went, my child. I shall be busy this evening."

Thus urged, Maud consented, promising to be at Mr. Flew's cottage by six o'clock. And then the surgeon took his leave. Maud was surprised to see the vicar shake hands with him, and bid him, as usually, an unceremonious and rather harsh or unpleasant word had passed his lips. But as she walked to Mr. Flew's cottage that evening with Joanna, Maud learned from the lips of the old servant that it was no new thing for her gentleman to be "mortal civil" to "master" with Mr. Flew.

"Lord bless you, Miss Maudie, don't I know, now? I see it all, think ye? I'm old enough to be your grandmother, Miss Maudie, my dear. And you mark my words, that little man, for all his soft ways, and bein' in some respects but a poor creeter, he's gone through a deal for the sake of his own troubles, has Mr. Flew, Miss, and it isn't for me to say any thing about *them*. But I do declare he never saw any mortal man talk with another as he bears with the vicar, except it was a woman, of course, you know, Miss Maudie. A woman'll do as much for them as she's fond of. But to see his patience, and the way he goes through with his ministering between his sick folk could spare him, and talk, or be talked to, and never say a word about himself, but go on helping the vicar with his work in the worst used and hatefu' put upon mortal in the world—which I'm sure you must have seen with half a mind of pride in it, if you can make that out, Miss Maudie. Lord bless you, my dear, it was all to be seen, and like a wonder. For a man in general won't have the sense to *pretend* a bit, you see, if he loves a body."

Mrs. Flew received Maud with many demonstrations of gratification at her visit, and many apologies for leaving her alone. She was propped round a deal evening with a lonely old woman. But Mrs. Flew's guest was not a person, mild-eyed, fair, and small. She was somewhat of an invalid, and sat all day long, sewing or knitting, in her big chair, and seemed to have spent eye over the household operations of the little orphan from the work-house, who was her slave and drudge. She went to church twice, and frill framing her face all round, and a "front" of false hair, and was very particular about her cap, both in color and texture, as the outside fibres of a cocoa-nut. Maud could scarcely repress a smile as she looked at Mrs. Flew's head-gear her, and recalled Miss Turtle's grandiloquent comparison. Mrs. Flew received Maud with a kind home for tea. His portion of home-made cake, and a small pot of strawberry-jam, were got ready for him on a table by himself, and covered with a snow-white cloth. The little servant was instructed to wait on Maud on the grand; but to that when her master should return a cup of hot, fragrant tea should be prepared for him without delay.

"There," said Mrs. Flew, contemplating these arrangements, "I do like to see things tidy. It takes strawberry-jam better than any thing you could give him. I always have some in the house."

Maud felt that it was somehow right and characteristic that Mrs. Flew should have kept strawberry jam, although she would have been puzzled to say why. Then the old woman sat down with a great sigh of satisfaction, and, folding her hands, and began to talk. Her talk was all of her son. "Poor Benjy" was the theme she thought furnished an inexhaustible source of interest to her life.

"Ah, I wish I'd known more of you in days past, Miss Desmond, love," which Mrs. Flew invariably pronounced *leave*. "Well, well, bygones will be bygones, and talking mournful don't. Mrs. Flew passed, heaved a deep sigh, and proceeded.

"To-day Benjy went to the vicarage to ask you here, and, when he came back, I saw in his face that matter had been ill. Has he been in the wrong wrong at Shipley Vicarage, Benjy? I said, Mrs. Mother, love, for I'm a bit free with him. With that he went up stairs into his own room. I heard his step on the boards overhead; and then I looked and saw a light in the window. Soon after that he came down and stood, with his hat in his hands, as if he was at the door of the parlor. And he said, 'There's good news for Mr. Lavincourt, mother. And then he told me—what I have no need to tell you, Miss, for you know it already. And as soon as he'd told it he went out. And he came home for his dinner, but for all he kept his face in shadow, and spoke quite cheerful, I could see that he'd—he'd been touching here. He had been sad love"

"Oh, Mrs. Flew!"

"Ay, it is dreadful to think of a grown man crying, my dear. But it was so. Though I never set up to be a clever woman, there's no need to stirp a man's heart to know what ails him. If ever you're a mother yourself, you'll understand that, my dear. But I was not mistaken after he was gone. And I thought to myself, 'well now this one thing is certain: *she's* far and away out of his mind. And I grieved for him, now, perhaps, that things have turned out so, that there's no need for any one to fret and pine about what's to become of her, it may be that Benjy will put his mind at rest, and pluck up a spirit, and think of doing what I've so long wanted him to do."

Maud knew not what to say. She felt ashamed for Veronica before this man's mother, as she had not yet felt ashamed for her. At length she faltered out, "What is it you wish your son to do, Mrs. Flew?"

"Why, to marry, my dear young lady: I don't one of those mothers that wants their children to care for nobody but them. It isn't natural nor right. If my Benjy could but have a good wife, to take care of him when I am gone, I should be quite happy."

The recollection of Miss Turtle came into Maud's mind, and she said, impulsively (thinking violently that the woman had spoken out), "I saw Mrs. Meggitt's governess this afternoon."

Mrs. Flew had put on her spectacles to see her knitting, and she glanced over them at Maud with her pale blue eyes, half surprised, half displeased.

"To be sure: Miss Turtle. She's a very good young woman, is Miss Turtle. I'm sure she has been very kind and attentive to me, and we don't make any bones about it. For a young person won't have the sense to *pretend* a bit, you see, my dear."

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"Miss Turtle seems very fond of one—who," said Maud, involuntarily recalling the "Mother of the Gratchy."

"Why, I do believe she likes me, poor little thing! She talks a bit of nonsense now and again about my being so noble-minded and devoted to my mother, and one she said, that if she was in my place she was sure that she could never have the heart to give up her son to her affections to another woman, be she ten times his wife."

"The—the what virtue?"

"Sparkling. I think she said. But my hearing is a trouble sometimes. But, be, no matter, that's only her flummery. She means no harm. And she's good-tempered, and healthy, and industrious, and—and—there, Miss Desmond, love," continued the old woman, laying her withered hand on Maud's arm, and lowering her voice mysteriously: "you have heard Miss Turtie talk. Any one can see with half an eye how fond she is of Benjy. She makes no secret of it. Now, if whenever you've a chance to speak to Benjy—I know he goes to the vicarage pretty well every day—you would just say a word to put a flea in his ear, and try to advise him like—"

"Oh, Mrs. Flew, how could I?" cried Maud. "I am not old enough, nor wise enough, to take the liberty of offering my advice to Mr. Flew, especially on such a subject."

"But I don't want you to say it plain right out, you know. Just drop a word here and a word there, now and again, in favor of Miss Turtle. Won't you, now? Benjy thinks a deal of your opinion."

Thus the old woman prattled on. By-and-by Mr. Flew's step was heard on the gravel path outside. And his mother hastily whispered to Maud a prayer that she would not say a word to Benjy about the confidence she had been making. Then the surgeon came in, and had his tea at the side-table. And they all sat and chatted very softly in the twilight. It was such a peaceful scene; the little parlor was so clean and fragrant with the smell of dried lavender; the cosy, old-fashioned furniture shone with such a spotless polish; the clear evening sky was seen through window-panes as bright as crystal, and the little surgeon and his mother looked the embodiment of cosy domestic comfort. How strange it was, Maud thought, to consider Mr. Flew in the light of an object of romantic attachment! Strange, that Miss Turtle was having a victim to hopeless love! He at his strawberry-jam with as quiet a relish as though the beautiful Veronica Lavincourt had never dazzled his eyes, or made his pulse beat quickly. Surely it would be good for him to have a little wife to take care of him!

When she was walking home through the Shipley lanes with Mr. Flew, Maud endeavored to lead the conversation on to the subject of Miss Turtle's love for him. Mr. Flew, however, replied absently and monosyllabically to her shyly adventured remarks. At length, as they neared the vicarage, Mr. Flew stood still. He took off his hat so as to let the evening air blow on his forehead, and looked up at the transparent sky where in a few stars twinkled faintly.

"Miss Desmond," he said, "I have not had an opportunity of saying a word to you since this morning. I should not have mentioned *her* to you had not the vicar told me that you were to see her in London. It was very good of you to do so. Good-by, for now, Miss Desmond."

This was so unexpected that Maud could find no word to say in reply.

"You are going to-day? Is she changed?"

"Very little changed, I think; certainly not less beautiful."

"And did you see—the—the—man she is going to marry?"

"No."

"Did she speak of him to you? Look here, Miss Desmond, you need not be afraid to talk to me of Veronica freely and openly. I understand your kindness and delicacy. You think, perhaps, that I might pain me to hear certain things. But, indeed, to think that she will be happy, gives me great comfort. I am not selfish, Miss Desmond."

"I think that you are most unselfish, most generous, and it only pains me very much to think of your goodness being unappreciated."

Maud spoke with warmth, and a tear came into her eye. She was remembering the vicar's harsh, unfeeling behavior in the morning.

"Oh, you pain me a great deal too highly," said Mr. Flew, looking at her with some surprise. "The fact is that I always knew Veronica to be far above me. I never had any real hope, though I—I— Sometimes she liked to talk to me, and I was fool enough to fancy for a moment— But that was not her fault, you know. She was not to be held responsible for my vanity. When she went away," he pursued, in a low voice, almost like one talking to himself, "I thought at first that I had got a dead relief. For weeks I believe I did not rightly know what I was myself doing. I suppose there was some kind of instinct in me that kept me from doing any thing wild or outrageous enough to get me locked up, half surprised, half at the worst, my grief was more for her than myself; for it was not to God's credit that I am not a fierce man by nature, but if I could have got hold of—of that villain, I would have killed him with no more remorse or compunction than I'd crush a viper. But we man that marries her and treats her well, there's nothing I wouldn't do to serve him—nothing! All love is over for me. I know my own shortcomings, and I blame no one. But she was the first and the last. I know my poor mother wants me to marry. But it can't be, miss Desmond. I'm sorry for her disappointment—poor soul! I try to be good to her. She has been a very good mother to me, bless her! But if it had been possible for Veronica to come back for me, and to have held out her hand to me, I couldn't have taken it. She could never be the same woman to me. I loved any more. But neither can I love any other. I dare say you don't understand the feeling. I can not explain it to myself. Only I know it is so, and must be so, for as long as I have to live." Then suddenly breaking off, and looking earnestly at Maud, he said, "Oh, forgive me, Miss Desmond! I shouldn't not have spoken to you as I have here I am wearying you with talk about myself. I hope you'll excuse it. The truth is, I have no one that I can speak to about her. I will not say to the vicar what I have said to you. And of course I don't mind because my trouble can be no much of his own to bear. I was led on to talk almost unawares. You listen so patiently and kindly. Here we are at the garden gate. Shall I come up the pathway? There is Joanna at the door. Good-night, Miss Desmond."

Maud's own eyes so blurred with tears that she did not at first perceive that old Joanna had hastened to the door in order to be the first to give her a letter which she now held up triumphantly as Maud entered.

"A letter, Miss Maudie! One as you'll be glad to have!"

It was from Hugh. Maud took it, and ran to her own room to enjoy her treasure.

After a few fond lover's words of greeting, the first thing that met eye lighted on was, "I have had a long interview with Lady Gale."

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

"I HAVE had a long interview with Lady Gale.

It was a minute or so before Maud recollected Veronica's unannounced intention of receiving a marriage portion on her, and of speaking to Hugh on the subject. Then Maud had warned her not to expect that Hugh would yield, and yet Veronica had persisted in her intention. It was, doubtless, in order to effect it that she had sought Hugh. The further perusal of her letter confirmed this supposition. Maud might, of course, have satisfied her mind at once as to the correctness of her guess; but, instead of doing so, she had sat for a minute or two, her face in hand, vaguely wondering and supposing—a wayward reminiscence of what most people have occasionally experienced under similar circumstances.

"I told her that it could not be," wrote Hugh; "that I knew you had already answered for yourself, and that I must entirely approve and confirm your answer. Was I not right, dearest? She tried, when her first attempt had failed, to take a different tone, and to plead for me. I was *right* and just that you should have a portion of the wealth left by Sir John Gale. She even said a word about the duty of carrying out her late husband's intentions! Think of that, Maudie! But I told her that I knew you better than to think that if *that* were her object, she must make over every farthing to you without loss of time, since it was clear that Sir John Gale had never intended that any portion of his wealth should be spared for *her*. I don't think she liked to such plain speaking, and she looked mightily astonished."

That was all in the letter relating to Veronica, except a word at the end. "I forgot to say that her Ladyship did me the honor to make me a confidence. She informed me that she was to be married to Prince Barletti almost immediately. For obvious reasons the announcement is to be quite quiet. I saw the said prince; not an ill-looking fellow, although there is something queer about his eyes. Veronica told me that Sir Matthew Gale had consented to remain in town in order to give away! I had a strong impression that she was telling me all this in order that it might be communicated to you, and by you to Miss Lavincourt. Oh, my own, my great, Maudie, what a perfume of goodness seems to surround you! Only to think of you, after being with that woman, refreshing one's very soul."

Maud ran down stairs, after reading her letter through, to communicate to the vicar that part of it which related to his daughter. But Mr. Lavincourt was not within. It was past nine o'clock, yet Joanna said that it was very likely her master would not be at home for another hour or more.

"Do you know where he is?" asked Maud.

"I don't know for certain, Miss Maudie," said the old woman, dryly; "but I'll lay a wager he's

at Meggit's. He hasn't been there yet since you've come back. But, for better than three months before, he's been there constant, evening after evening. They're no fit company for such a gentleman as master, farmer folks like them. I wonder what he can find in them! But they flatter him and butter him up. And Mrs. Meggit, she goes boasting all over Shipley how thick her and hers is with the vicar. Good Lord! if men ben't fools in some things!"

"Hush, Jane; you must not speak so. The vicar knows better than you or I either where is his power and fit for him to go."

But although she thus rebuked the old servant, Maud did not, in her heart, like this new intimacy. It was part of the general lowering she had already noticed in the vicar's character. She sat down alone in the room to re-read her dear letter. There was but little news in it. Hugh was well; was working hard; and although he had not yet succeeded in finding the necessary money for the purchase of the business in Lowmore, he by no means despaired of doing so. His mother sent her fond love to Maud, and missed her sadly. The remainder of the epistle was full of words of the fondest and most tender affection. They were very precious and interesting to Maud, but would scarcely be deemed so by the reader.

It may as well be mentioned here that Maud was in ignorance of Mr. Proud's offer to Hugh. He had debated with himself whether he should or should not make her acquainted with it; and he had decided in the negative, reasoning that it would be impossible to do so without revealing his mother's story, and that he received it had no right to do without her permission.

Maud sat and read, and re-read her letter. And then she took out the little Italian writing-desk she had used as a child, and set herself to begin an answer to it. More than one hour had passed thus. It was half past ten o'clock, and still no vicar!

Maud at last began to think that Mr. Levincourt might prefer not to find her sitting up on his return. She had an instinctive feeling that he would a little shrink from saying to her that he had been passing his evening at Farmer Meggit's. At last, however, it occurred to her that she alluded to the growth of his intimacy with the farmer's family. With this feeling in her mind, she resolved to write on the words she had written, Jack's marriage, stating that she copied them from Hugh's letter, and so lay the paper over them, so that the vicar could not fail to see it when he should come in. Just as she had finished her task he returned.

"You up still, Maud?" said he. "Why did you not go to bed?" He spoke with a kind of querulous tone, very unusual with him when addressing his ward, and made no allusion as to where he had been. Maud was glad that she had written what the vicar had to learn. She slipped the paper into his hand, kissed his forehead, and ran quickly up to bed.

The next morning the vicar was as bland as usual, perhaps a trifle more bland than he had been for a long time. He asked Maud how she had passed the evening at Mr. Hugh's, and seemed quite amused by her account of Mrs. Flew's anxiety that her son should marry.

"That little Miss Turtle, hey? Ha, ha, ha! How absurd it seems to look upon Flew in the light of an object of hopeless attachment! There is an incongruity about it that is quite ludicrously ridiculous."

"I think," said Maud, rather gravely, "that Mr. Flew well deserves to be loved. He is very kind and unselfish."

"Oh yes, child. That' of course. That is all very true. There is a great deal of homespun, simple goodness of heart about Flew. But that does not prevent his being extremely comic when considered in a romantic point of view. But you are a wee bit matter-of-fact, Maudie. You don't quite perceive the humor of the thing. Which of our modern poets is it that observes that women very rarely have a sense of humor? Well, why in the world don't Flew marry little Miss Turtle? Upon my word I should say it would do admirably!"

"I'm afraid, sir, that Mr. Flew is not in love with Miss Turtle, Uncle Charles."

"My dear Maudie! How can you be so intensely—what shall I say?—naïve? Is the idea of a 'grande passion' between a Flew and a Turtle is too funny?"

"I think, Uncle Charles," said Maud, resolutely, and not without a thrill of indignation in her voice, "I do believe that, strange as the word seem, Mr. Flew has felt a true and great passion; that he feels it still; and that he will never overcome it so long as he lives."

For one brief instant the vicar's face was clouded over by a deep, dark frown; a frown not at all much of anger as of pain. But almost immediately he laughed it off, stroking Maud's bright hair as he had been used to do when she was a child, and saying, "Pooh, pooh, little Maudie! Little soft-hearted, silly Maudie thinks that because she has a true lover all the rest of the world must be in love too! Set your mind at rest, little Goldilocks. And—go whenever you can to that poor old woman. It will be but charitable. Don't think of us. Your meditations, and duties, and—besides, I must learn to do without your constant companionship, Maudie. I can not have you always with me. Don't mope here on my account, my dear child. And to visit the sick and aged is an act, positively, of Christian duty."

Again Maud had the painful perception of something hollow in all this; and the sense of being ashamed of the perception. The suspicion would force itself on her mind that the vicar purposely shut his eyes to the truth of what she had said of Mr. Flew; and, moreover, that in urging her not to stay at home on his account, the old man was providing against her being a check on his full liberty to pass his own time how and with whom he pleased. Mr. Levincourt said no word about the contents of the written paper Maud had given him. And at the close of the above-recorded conversation he rose and took his hat, as though about to go out according to his custom after breakfast.

"Uncle Charles!" cried Maud, in a low, pleading voice, "you have not said any thing—did you read the paper I gave you last night?"

"Yes, oh yes, I read it, my child, you, my dear child. I—I was not wholly unprepared to hear that the mistress of Lowmore was dead. I—I—my daughter's letter to me—she said—justly enough—that there was no real reason for a very long delay."

Then the vicar sauntered out of the house, and Maud saw him, presently, walk with unconcerned air as he could assume.

"He seems not to care," thought Maud, "more favorable than I dared to hope. There is much less than he did about every thing."

"Oh, Jane," said Maud, that night, Miss Maudie," said Joanna, as she cleared away the breakfast things. This was not her usual task. Catherine and another village maid generally performed it; and, indeed, Joanna very seldom now left her own domain of the kitchen. But it seemed that on this occasion she had come up stairs purposely to say those words to Maud. "Oh, Jane, I'm afraid master's unhappy, once," asked at Maud's silence, and changing the form of her affirmation as though she conceived emphasis to be an interrogative.

"Well, Joanna?"

"Oh, you know, of course, Miss Maudie! It's all right enough, I dare say. Bless your sweet face!" added the old woman, with sudden compunction that she was ill-using her favorite—thankful as you'll have a good husband to take care of you and a home of your own, my dear."

Maud was pained and shocked at the way in which she did so.

She was, of course, not positively unhappy, unconsciously cut short by Joanna, who demanded to know what she meant by positively unhappy, and before her betters. She was further informed that some excuse might be made for her ignorance, since having had the misfortune to be connected with "country families" not but what she might have picked up a little information, such as she did a real gentleman like the vicar, and a real, right-down, thorough-bred lady like Miss Maudie!—And we have seen that Maud was somewhat indignant and very much astonished.

Maud was pained and shocked at the way in which her mind dwelt more and more on the change she observed in her guardian. There was only one person (always excepting her cousin Hugh) But then Hugh was far away. And, besides, her affection was of quite a static character. He was cheerful, and not to add to his cares)—there was but one to whom she could venture to hint at this source of trouble.

The friend in whom she could unhesitatingly confide was Mr. Sheardown; and Maud longed for an opportunity of talking with her. But here, again, things had become different during her most short twelve months' residence at Shipley. The vicar had withdrawn himself from the Sheardowns, as he had withdrawn himself from other friends and acquaintances. Maud's certain and his wife still came to St. Gildas, but the latter, now, however, she reported to have for the sweetness of Nelly Sheardown's womanly sympathy, and the support of Nelly Sheardown's womanly arm, that she could not bear to be left in her House, asking what day she might go over there as usual, and begging to see and talk with her master and mistress. A reply came back as quickly as it was possible for it to come. This was the answer:

"DARLING MAUD,—How sweet of you not to mistrust us! We have not been to see you, dear girl, but the wherefores (various) must be explained when we meet. We are not ill, thank God, sleep. We will bring you back when we drive in to church next Sunday. Meanwhile, my love to Jack and Bobby send you their best (Bobby amends my phrase. He insists on very best) love. Present our respects to the vicar.

"Ever, dear Maud,

"Your loving friend, N. S."

This was on Monday. Maud easily obtained the vicar's permission to spend Sunday with her down's invitation.

"Oh, certainly," he said. "Go by all means. It would be hard to expect you to give up your friends and share the loneliness of my life."

The fact was that the vicar's life was not lonely. Maud, as she thought of the companions he chose, and the society he had voluntarily abandoned, felt that a lonely life would have been better for her guardian than that which he led. However, she looked forward eagerly to the visit to Lowater.

But before the appointed Saturday arrived an event happened which put every thing else out of Maud's mind for a while. She had been out one morning, visiting some poor sick people in the village, and her way homeward lying in the neighborhood of Mrs. Flew's cottage, she had called there, to have a chat with the old lady. It was rather later than she had intended when she left Mrs. Flew's; and she hastened home, fearing to be late for the two o'clock dinner. When she reached the vicarage, the house door stood ajar. That was no new thing. Maud entered quietly and looked into the dining-room. There was no one there, nor in the study. As her guardian had not yet come in, then. The house was very silent. She called Joanna. No one answered, and there was no sound of voices in the kitchen. Maud ran down stairs, and found the kitchen empty; but through the latticed window she saw Joanna, Catherine, and Joe Downes, the groom, gravel-walk, with an unconcerned air as he could assume.

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TO SHARPEN PEN ANYTHING.—Swallow a whetstone, or eat a dollar's worth in New York restaurants.

If you want to get a sure crop and a big yield, sow wild oats.

A printer's devil wanting to kiss his sweet-heart, addressed her as a "type of beauty." Miss Lucy, is there the pleasure of placing my 'imprint' upon your bill?"

A Nevada editor returns thanks to his friends for the Christmas present of a pair of boots, a bottle of whisky. He says he has pierced the latter with the boots and subdued the former with the bottle.

Did any body ever see a "train of thought" on a railway?

A candidate for medical honors having thrown himself into a fever from his incapacity to answer the questions asked: "Give me a recipe for a fever person for the rheumatism?" He replied: "I would put him into the Examining Board."

WORDLY OBLIGATIONS.—The dever of the earth.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of the auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom he spoke, "it was a very good sermon, but he stole it." This was repeated to the preacher, who replied, "I do not think it any plagiarism to retort. "I will," replied the aggressor. "I said you had written a sermon." "No," said he, "I meant for on referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found there."

Elevated railways will be a good field for highwaymen.

A little fellow has just been going to the public schools. His mother is very desirable him to attend to her business and wish to have him learn to be a carpenter and study hard, you may some day become President of the United States." "Oh, mother, Washington. Who knows?"

"I don't like to be called being President?" explained he: "every body's going to be President. When we go to school, the first day we are asked to tell what we want to be, and every boy said—Secretary. At what time would it be agreeable to you to be hanged, Mr. Green?"

A SAVAGE TAR.—Tartar.

"Well, Patrick, what have you to say about stealing the pig?" "Why, your honor, I only took the pig. Pig took upon him to sleep in my bit of a garden of three nights, yer Honor, and I just seized him four the tin!"

CHANGE IN THE MONEY MARKET.—Silver.

With regard to articles of merchandise, we find that in the 13th, 14th, and 15th years of the reign of Philip, Chloroform is still a drug in the market, and millionaires are difficult to meet. Gunpowder tea were opened quietly, and ultimately went down still lower. Lead is rather dear, but tin is cheap. Specimens of prospects has been issued of a new Agamim Company, and the Bank of Elegance is quite cold water upon it. The Tobacco Leaf still remains popular, borrowers of cigars hardly ever refused.

COURTSHIP.

Glass, I love thee and thine eyes
(Thus sighed the tender youth);
Oh, how they, like, ogle me!
With trembling lips, in earnest tone;
Indeed I speak the truth.

He paused—the blush o'erspread her cheek,
She let him draw her near;
Scarce two minutes could she speak,
Yet all that could be said,
Was, such he had a year!

Where would you look for a coarse race of men?—In a rural county.

A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated until they overshadow our eyebrows."

THE MISER'S DISEASE.—Money-mania.

A soldier was wounded by a shell from Fort Wagner. He was going to the rear. "Wounded by a shell?" some one asked. "Yes," he quickly answered. "I was right under the darned thing when the bottom dropped out."

A WOMAN OF METAL.—A belle.

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A magazine that closes its eyes to the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.

INITIATION OF A BENEDICTINE MONK.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

HOLY-WATER FONT IN SAINT PETER'S CATHEDRAL, ROME.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

THE MORDAUNT SCANDAL.

THIS painful domestic scandal, which for some weeks past has filled the English newspapers, derives its principal interest from the fact that it involved the character of a Prince of the Blood and several persons of high rank. The details of the trial, as given in the English press, are so grossly indecent that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, after publishing the whole, makes a humble confession of its crime against society and morals, but endeavors to excuse its course on the ground that but for the "dread of public scandal—that potent dread—it is by no means improbable that in a few years what Lady MORDAUNT is said to have alleged in excuse would really have truth and validity: these crimes would only be what "every body" permitted themselves to enjoy in gay society now and then. Lord PENZANCE himself seems to have hinted some such opinion, and it is one which we certainly hold." "For it is no doubt true, adds the *Gazette*, "that for offenses such as are implied in this trial, especially when they are committed among such great people, or what is called 'society,' publicity is the direst punishment, and the surest warning and safeguard." This is not a very flattering picture of the condition of English society.

Without going into these details, the main facts of the case are as follows: In 1866 Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT married a daughter of Sir THOMAS MONCREIFFE. The marriage proved an unhappy one; and several months ago Sir CHARLES commenced a suit for divorce, charging his wife with criminal familiarity with the Prince of Wales, Viscount COLE, and Sir FREDERICK JOHNSTONE. The defense was, that Lady MORDAUNT was insane, and unable to instruct her attorneys; and her mental condition was the issue before the court. It was given to the jury after a long and painful trial, and the verdict was that the lady was insane. The question of her guilt was not touched, and the jury were instructed that their finding in the present issue need not affect the main question of Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT proceeding with his suit for a divorce. If the lady was out of her mind now, and in the course of one, two, three, four, or five years she regained her reason, Sir CHARLES would have as good a right to sue for a divorce as if his wife had remained sane.

The great sensation of the trial was the appearance of the Prince of Wales in the witness-box, to answer the serious charges made against him. In the most solemn manner he asserted his innocence of all complicity in this miserable business; and his exculpation was received with great satisfaction by the English public. It is said that his mother wrote him a most affectionate letter of congratulation immediately after his examination, and invited him to call upon her with the Princess.

In connection with this outline of the most painful scandal that has occupied the English courts for many years, we give a portrait of the Prince of Wales as he appeared in the witness-box, and one of Lady MORDAUNT. We also give an illustration of Walton Hall, Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT'S seat in Warwickshire. Walton Hall is a large, spacious building, designed by the celebrated architect Mr. GILBERT SCOTT, and constructed at a cost of £60,000. The Hall is beautifully situated; the grounds are splendid and well kept; and the surrounding neighborhood is exceedingly picturesque.

LADY MORDAUNT.

GOING ALOFT.

(See Illustration on Page 217.)

ONE evening a party of old ship-masters met at a social supper. After the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate freely, some of the older captains commenced spinning yarns about their own adventures at sea. Among the number was Captain Suttee, as fine a man and good a sailor as ever trod a deck. It was observed that he drank nothing but water; and when it became his turn to entertain the company with a story, he began as follows:

Well, shipmates, to show you why I don't and can't drink with you, so that you won't take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect, I will give you a chapter from the story of my early sailor life. It is a very important chapter, too; for on the incident I am about to relate the whole of my subsequent manhood was built.

I was very young when I first went to sea, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indiaman for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old *Lady Isadore*—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being forty-two, all told. We "boys," as we were called, messed together, and in all other respects were separate from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. Our captain was a noble-hearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict.

Now we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailors. When we could get on shore we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off in a state any thing but sober. I said "we," but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of any thing intoxicating. His name was John Small.

New Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He grew that job up, however; for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack favors which he did not show to us. He would often take him on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. That wasn't all. He learned faster than we did—he was a better sailor and had learned more of navigation. It got so at length that Jack was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy; and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eyesore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't

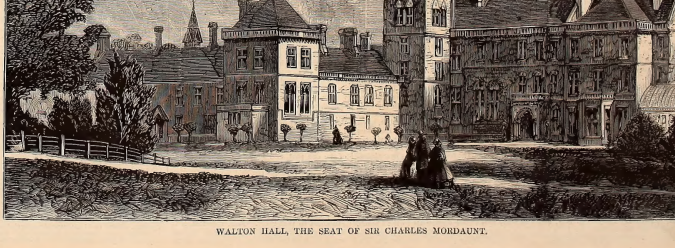

WALTON HALL, THE SEAT OF SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT.

open our eyes. We were envious of his every fortune, as we called it, and so seized on every opportunity to tease him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while.

At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We thought that sooner or later in the mess, when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination we each one treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. We were on many occasions in Singapore, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant evening we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and in consequence we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and he proposed to us to come with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him safe. We also planned that after dinner was eaten we would have some light, sweet wine brought on, and that we would endeavor to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him; for nothing on earth would please us more than to get Jack "half-seas over," and very low in hand in that condition. Then we fancied the captain's favorites would be at an end, and the poor boy would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves.

Dinner-time was at length. It was a capital dinner, and we came to it with sharpened appetites. But the wine was not forthcoming. Jack not only refused to taste it, but declined to remain in our company. We cried out against him as a mean, stingy fellow, who thought himself too good to associate with us, and accused him, at last, of being a favorite and spoiled child of the ship, and all the unpleasant things we could think of to make the poor fellow unhappy.

But he seemed to be inclined for no such return to this ship alone; but suddenly, in a quiet tone, he said, "Shipmates, there is a row in a tavern. Since matters have come to this pass I have resolved to tell you something which I never meant to reveal. My story is a short one. From my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. I can remember no father and I once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a beast of him. I can remember my poor cold and cheerless the winter used to be. We had no fire—no food—no clothes—only no one thing—nothing but misery. Oh! how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just speak, learned to pray too.

"When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. I was ragged and barefoot. I walked through the deep snow, with my clothes in rags, torn and freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age, well-dressed and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along toward school. The sweet boys had mothers, and I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once: for my mother had told me how noble my father could be if rum were not in his way.

"Time passed on and I was eight years old, and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God may never again experience. At length, one cold morning, in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half way when I met a man something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. It was that. In it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father, and he was dead and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the corpse home of my father home. Oh, shipmates, I can not tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She shook upon her knees and prayed that the corpse to her heart, as though she would have given it life from the warmth of her own bosom. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all-powerful now. The two men soon went and left the dead body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. She prayed, she said to me, and the big tears were yet rolling down her cheeks, 'you know what has caused all this.' And so I was once said and hoped true and true as man can be, but oh! see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, and promise, here, before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, never touch a drop of that fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery!'

"Shipmates, I did promise all my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has been kept. Soon after the boxes, we buried, and some good kind neighbors helped me through the winter. When the next spring come I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship; and every time I go home I have some money for my mother. Not for the wealth of the whole world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves as you will, for I believe that you will again urge me to drink."

As Jack thus spoke he turned toward the door, but one of us stopped him.

"Hold on, Jack," said he, wiping his eyes. "You shan't go alone. I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine; for I swear that she shall never touch a drink here on. I'll drink no more."

"Nor I, nor your hand, old fellow!" exclaimed the rest of us in chorus, starting from our seats; and before many minutes we all agreed to imitate our more resolute brother. We called for pen, ink, and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge to which we all signed our noble names, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine on the table was not touched, and the hope we had drank during the forenoon was now not such as its effects.

Toward evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he did not know anyto use come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we all came on board, and ranged ourselves to him his countenance lighted up. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his senses.

"Boys," said he, "what does this mean?"

"Show him the pledge, Jack," whispered we.

Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his eyes grew moist. He seemed several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"Boys," said he, "I am glad of this, very glad. "let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."

We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I know that the circumstance made him happy. From that moment the whole ship's company, Jack Small no more had our envy; for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were happy as kings. On the next voyage we all initiated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left our noble-hearted shipmate ashore and he left to become officers on board other ships.

Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe that not three of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we met in a whale ship, six of us, at dinner again, and not one of us had broken that pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio. We had all been to the sea, and were then captains-masters of good ships.

That is my story, and now you know why I can't drink with you, and, as I s ll at first, will not take my refusal as a mark disrespect or want of good-fellowship.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

"One word, Sir, with regard to the manner in which the minority report got into the secular press. Having presented and considered their report, and it had been rejected, they held a meeting and resolved that it should be read over before the public through the secular press, but through the first occurring Annual Conference. Next morning, Dr. Lanahan came out of my room into the study of Mr. Daniel Drew, with whom I happened to be boarding near the New York *Tribune*, saying: 'Here is the report of the majority of the Committee. I thought it was no time, Sir, to waste matters when the majority could not wait even for the official paper, and I sent out to Bedford-Corwin, the Secretary, who had the minority report, that I might send given it at once to the secular press. 'Will you take the responsibility?' I asked him, to whom I spoke. I answered: 'Yes, Sir; these gentlemen are in the hot haste to employ the secular press against the majority, and they shall have their ill of it.' If there is any thing wrong, then, in the publication of the report in the New York secular press, just put it on my head; I can stand it. Never in my life, Sir, did I stop to ask: 'What is popular?' I ask, 'What is right?' and when I see the right I will do it, though the heavens fall. I felt that the time had arrived when a bold countenance to act, in the firm conviction that the Church will demand that these wrongs be righted.

"I found myself compelled, Mr. Chairman, to be in favor of the report of the Committee against my judgment, to renew an investigation over which two weeks had been spent last November, at the request of the Bishops and great inconvenience to the work. I was there representing the Methodist Episcopal Church from the Delaware line to the coast of Florida, and bound to maintain the rights of this district. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Crane and Lanahan, representing Episcopal districts, thought it our conscientious duty to present the minority what we had said in November, and not to submit *ex-parte* before the Church and the American people.

"The book Committee, through Dr. Lanahan to make his communications in writing, and although Dr. Lanahan complied, the Senior Agent, Dr. Carlton, although required to do the same, never furnished an item, but, when the investigation was closed, Dr. Lanahan was read, got up and said he had no written statement, and could refute the statement of his colleague. The truth is, he was not compelled, as were the members of the Committee, by the startling facts presented and the evidence sustaining them.

"Now, Sir, what do we see? The editor of an official paper throwing his iron flail at one of the publishers of the paper, and attempting to put down the minority of the Committee, to honestly spoke their sentiments to the Church. It is about time that the editors were taught that they are not the *proprietors* of the several Conference papers, but simply the servants of the Church. They are subject, as you know, Sir, to the authority of the same Book Committee, who, in the absence of the General Conference, have the power to suspend them.

"It is represented to the country that the Book Committee accepted the report of the minority, which is contrary to the truth; for they rejected it by a vote of 8 to 5, and afterward, when they proposed to reconsider it, I just reached my hand to the Secretary's table and put it in my breast-pocket, where it was in a tiny, Mr. Chairman,' says one, 'I move a reconsideration of the vote by which the document sealed and sent with the rest of the papers and forward to the General Conference.' I saw then that they intended to go by the *law of judgment*, and, whether they had shown their hands, I got up and said: 'Mr. Chairman, Sir, is it not the right way, for brethren to spend their time in reconsidering what is not before them. You had a paper before you, and you have voted it out; and now I give you notice that you will meet it at the Annual Conference.' Some member said, 'I am surprised that my venerable friend should clutch a paper that belongs to the Committee;' to which I replied, 'I regret to say I know I am not supposed to clutch any thing that does not belong to me.'

"Now him, Sir, is whispered in this way, to get in the minority report, and said: 'You will certainly, as Christian gentlemen, extend the same courtesy to the majority report which you intended to a minority of that body.' But I had not yet spoken, and in a whirlwind or tubal of a tornado. The minority were treated in this unfair manner all through the examination; but, as I had given them my word my wishes, I determined to stay and see the end, regardless of the wrongs I suffered. And now, Sir, I do not hesitate to say that if you fail to put the mark of this Conference upon the proceedings in this case, and to censure the editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, no man who goes hereafter to that Book Concern from this Episcopal district will ever be responsible for the amount of defalcation that may occur, though it be as black as night. If you do not censure, and stand by a Conference member in this affair, you need not expect that any man will have back-bone enough in the responsible position of Book Agent to reveal any amount of wickedness and wrong that may come to his knowledge.

"Why, Sir, after the adoption of this majority report, this Committee did solemnly, upon the election of their members, adopt a resolution by the same vote that passed this majority report, declaring that neither no investigation should be permitted which extended beyond December 1, 1869; so that what they did see they glossed over, and what they did not see they covered up. What does such action mean?"

Speech by Rev. B. P. Brown: "Was there a single member of the Committee representing the minority placed upon the sub-committee to audit the books?" Answer: "No one."

Question: "Not one; nor on the Committee to report to General Conference either. The members were treated as if they had no rights in the Committee. When the Lawyer was called, Brother Price, of New Hampshire Conference, and myself, entered a written protest against his coming; but it proceeded to no effect. The Book Committee seemed more anxious to get the Assistant Agent out of the way than any thing else. They were to investigate the facts which he had before them. I hope never to witness the repetition of the scenes enacted in Committee."—*Extract from a Speech made by Rev. H. Slicer, D.D., before the Baltimore Conference, Tuesday, March 8.*

TAKING A WIFE ON LEASE.

A young and sprightly widow once appeared at a Bath masquerade with a paper pinned to her bosom bearing these lines:

To be let on lease, the charms of my life,
I, Sylvia J——, in the shape of a wife:
Not to dislike, and husbanding, good-natured,
though thin.
For further particulars pray inquire within.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, the taking a lady on lease is treated as a sober reality in a Birmingham settlement of Mr. Urwin's writing: "Since my residing in this town, I have met with a case which is a method of obtaining a wife's sister upon lease. I never could learn the method to be taken to get a wife upon lease, or whether such conditions are sanctioned by law. But there is an eminent manufacturer in this place who has had the sole management of his wife's sister upon lease for ninety years and upward; and I know she went by his name, enjoyed all his privileges, and received all the honors due to the respectable name of wife. Nevertheless, I suppose to have a specialty for extraordinary contracts of this nature. In 1858, a woman who succeeded her husband of establishing him in business before the execution of the contracts of that town, said she was not living with the officers, but was married to another woman. For the satisfaction of the bench the agreement was produced; it ran thus: 'Memorandum, that I, Samuel Clarke, have agreed on this second day of October, in the year of our Lord 1751, with William Charles Capes, of Charles-Henry Street, in the borough of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, carpenter, that I, the said Emily Hickson, of Bristol, in the Street, Birmingham, aforesaid, spinster, of the other part. Whereas the said William Charles Capes and Emily Hickson have mutually agreed with each other to live and reside together, and to mutually assist in supporting and maintaining each other during the remainder of their lives, and also for the agreement hereinafter contained to that effect. Now, therefore, it is hereby mutually agreed upon, by and between the said William Charles Capes and Emily Hickson, that they shall live and reside together during the remainder of their lives, and that they shall mutually exert themselves by work and labor, and by following all their business pursuits to the best of their abilities, skill, and understanding, and by advising and assisting each other, for their mutual benefit and advantage, and also to provide for themselves and each other the best and proper supports and comforts of life which their means and income may afford. And for the true and faithful performance of this agreement, each of the said parties binds himself and herself into the other finally by this memorandum, as witness their hands and seals the day and year above written." For this precious document five-and-thirty shillings had been paid to some unscrupulous limb of the law. It may be hoped it is unique; but one must allow for the appearance, so far as it is not a first one, and is just such a deed as may be expected to be drawn up between man and wife in the happy coming age, when the almost-as-peculiars of the equality of both sexes of man shall have almost the love of liberty common to the utmost of their desires, and established conjubiality upon a proper commercial basis.

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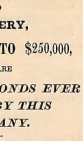

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Come, lave that hash,
And gird upon me
Me sword and sash!
Me noble war-horse
Neighs at the door;
(Sure, 'twas a car-horse
The day before!)

Biddy.
Och, sure, you'll lak splinded
In all thim things!
Sure, you're descinded
From tin Irish kings!

Pat.
Hurry, me Darlin!
Sure, be the powers,
One day in the year, at laste,
New York is ours:
We'll block the streets,
Kape the cars back,
And all we meets
Must clear the track.

Och, sure, whin the Irish
Has all their own way,
'Twull be still better
Nor 'tis to-day:
We'll have no policemen
To make us quail,
No more o' thim schools,
And divil a jail.
We'll let 'em see,
Be all the powers,
What New York 'll be
The day it is ours!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 693.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

BISHOP THOMPSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MES. U. C. GOES.]

MR. W. W. CORNELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BISHOP THOMPSON.

DR. EDWARD THOMPSON, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose portrait is given on this page, died March 22, at Wheeling, Virginia. Doctor THOMPSON was born near Portsmouth, England, in 1810. His parents belonged to the wealthier middle class, and the circumstances of his family secured him the advantages of an early education. While he was still very young, his father emigrated to this country, and settled at Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio. He received the best mental training the schools of the new country could afford, and ranked as an excellent Latinist. He studied medicine at Philadelphia, and commenced practice in the village where his parents resided. At this time he was a skeptic in religion, and with several other young men of similar convictions he formed an Infidel Club, to meet weekly and to seriously read and refute the Bible. The experiment resulted in THOMPSON'S conviction of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and resulted in his embracing the faith which he had rejected. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1833, at the age of twenty-three, began work as a minister in what was then the Ohio Conference. From this time forward he was closely identified with the history of the Methodist Church in this country. In 1845 he was elected first President of the newly-founded Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, the first Methodist College in the State. He remained there fifteen years, [illegible] institution to the leading position in the education of the West. In ceded DR. ABEL STEVENS, the [illegible]hurch historian, in the editorship [illegible]es Advocate, in New York. The [illegible]ergence of 1864 elected DR. THOMP[illegible]piscopacy. He had been a mem[illegible]General Conference since 1840, and [illegible]doctorate of divinity from Augusta [illegible]ucky, in 1844, and that of Iowa [illegible]eleyan University, Connecticut, in man ever elected to the Methodist brought to his place a higher reputer for learning or eloquence. His n this position was a voyage around n a visit to the Methodist missions y, Bulgaria, India, and China. On se passed in review the work of the alifornia, Oregon, and the new Territ published volumes of DR. THOMPSON ks.: "Educational Essays," "Moral ous Essays," "Biographical and Inketches," and "Letters from Eu-

MR. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MR. W. W. CORNELL.

THIS gentleman, a "self-made man," and well known and esteemed for his Christian liberality and influence, died at Fort Washington, on the 17th of March, at the age of forty-seven. He was born on Long Island, January 1, 1823, and came to New York city when only twelve years old. His first employment here was as a blacksmith's apprentice. Fortunately for his future welfare his master was a religious man, and took him to the Jane Street Sunday-school, where he became a convert and joined the church with which the school was connected, of which in after-life he became the Superintendent. When still quite young, he established, with his brother, the iron-foundry in Centre Street which bears his name. With his increase of wealth his liberality kept pace; and he regularly bestowed a certain portion of his annual income in religious charities. He was also especially known to be the friend of struggling poor young men, remembering that he was like them once. His connection with the Sunday-school and Missionary Society of this city is well known to most of our readers, as its President and liberal benefactor. Ten years ago he joined the Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave a large sum of money to its Sunday-school, of which he was Superintendent until a year ago, when he resigned the office. His liberality was bounded only by the limits of his means. On one occasion he purchased a lot, built a neat brick church in West Thirty-fifth Street, near Ninth Avenue, and on the day of dedication handed the deeds of the whole to the trustees. Another time he presented $2000 to the East Eleventh Street Church; and most of the benevolent enterprises of the Methodist Episcopal Church have received material aid from him. MR. CORNELL'S income amounted to about $215,000 a year. He had a fine horse, No. 41 Grove Street, and his residence at Fort Washington, which he recently purchased.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

We give on this page the portrait of the late GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, whose death, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, was mentioned in our issue of last week. A descendant of one of the old Dutch families that originally settled Manhattan Island, he was born in New York city in August, 1786. He graduated from Columbia College in 1801, studied law, and, after being admitted to practice, passed several years in Europe. On his return to this country he was elected to the State Legislature, and took active

part in the exciting political discussions of the time. His powerful pamphlets, directed against DE WITT CLINTON and his friends, attracted general attention. He was again a member of the State Legislature in 1820. In the following year he was elected to the chair of the "Evidences of Christianity" in the General Protestant Episcopal Seminary of this city. Soon after he published essays on the "Nature and Uses of the various Evidences of Revealed Religion," and in 1825 a work on the "Doctrine of Contracts." The same year he was elected a Member of Congress, and held that position eight years. He was an earnest advocate of the extension of the term of copyright from twenty-eight to fifty years—a measure which was passed in 1831. His most important literary work was the large edition of SHAKSPEARE, the first volume of which appeared in 1844, and the last in 1847. After the close of his Congressional career Mr. MCFARLANE held several important offices of trust in this State. He was President of the Board of Emigration Commissioners from the time of its organization in 1847, and one of the Governors of the New York Hospital. The Century Club of this city counted him among its founders and most efficient supporters. His last literary appearance was on the 4th of July, 1868, when he delivered the oration on the dedication of the new Tammany Hall in Fourteenth Street. As decided and earnest Democrat, Mr. VERPLANCK never descended to the arts of the small politician. He never sought office; and, when office was conferred upon him, it was always done in view of his acknowledged ability and unquestioned integrity. A genuine Knickerbocker—a gentleman in the true sense of that much-abused word—his memory will be pleasantly cherished by all with whom he came in personal contact.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

THE NEW FACE OF AN OLD PARTY.

IT is sometimes naked why, of all the religious sects in this country, the Roman Catholics excite the most hostility, and are oftenest most severely denounced. How they are to be asked, exactly the same rights as all other sects? Certainly they have; but the difficulty is that the Roman clergymen are not content with it. They are determined to be a political party also. Indeed, not only have all the sects equal rights before the law, but the uniform action of the press—except, of course, the religious press, which naturally advocates its various theological views—is equal and impartial in its communions. Neither the Methodists, nor the Baptists, nor the Presbyterians, nor the Unitarians, nor the Episcopalians, nor the Congregationalists, nor the Roman Catholics, nor the Quakers, can justly complain that, as sects, they are treated with the utmost fairness and impartiality and respect in all newspaper discussions. What is called the attack upon the Roman Catholics is only the attack of the Roman Catholic clergymen upon an integral part of our political system. The government absolutely severs itself from State connection, and body in dealing with the State leaves his sectarian views behind him, except the Roman priest. The rest of us are not Presbyterians and Baptists and Methodists when we take part in politics; we are American citizens only. But the Roman priest insists that he and his sect shall be regarded by the State as Romanists. It is the instinctive opposition to that claim which is called the attack upon the Roman Catholics.

The Roman Church, which for so long a time constituted the chief government of the world, has never relinquished the theory that the ecclesiastical, or what it preferred to call the religious, authority was necessarily superior to the temporal. Hence the Pope claimed the right to dethrone kings and release subjects from their allegiance. This was the doctrine and the practice of GREGORY VII. CLEMENT VII. absolved the subjects of HENRY VIII. from their duty, as LINCOLN'T II. has absolved those of King JOHN. Thus the Roman Catholic leaders have always chosen to be a political party, while they have claimed the sanctimony of a religious sect. It was this fatal folly that led to the execution of CAMPIAN and the Sacramentaries in England under Queen ELIZABETH. The country was full of the emissaries of PHILIP II. and the Pope, stirring up conspiracy against the Government. It was simply a question of life and death. CAMPIAN would not say that he believed the Pope could not absolve the political allegiance of the subject. That was the notorious doctrine of his Church; and, therefore, in those ones exclaimed, "In your Catholicism all treason is contained!" he expressed a very general feeling. CAMPIAN declared that he was executed for being a Roman Catholic. The truth is that he was punished for inculcating, at a most critical moment, the doctrine that a Roman Bishop was the political superior of the English Queen—a doctrine which, at the time and under the circumstances, was intolerable.

When the English Roman Catholics sought release from their political disabilities a century ago they repudiated this doctrine, and the "seminaries" upon the Continent also expressly denied it. But the Pope now reasserts it, and unquestionably with great logical force. The clergy of his Church in this country support his position by demanding that one of the fundamental conditions of this government—namely, the total separation of Church and State—shall be abolished. They deny, indeed, that they demand it. Rev. Mr. FERRESTON says, in urging a division of the school fund: "The State has nothing to do with religion; it only recognizes it as it does the right to marry children who belong to a particular communion, and gives to them their proportion of the fund." But what Mr. FERRESTON does not say is that the State does this it recognizes sects, while nonrecognition of sects is the very essential point. When the State recognizes what he regards, it educates the children not as citizens but as Methodists, Baptists, and Romanists. And precisely because separation is taught by people the deplorable consequences of doing this very thing did they prohibit the State from knowing who belonged to one "particular communion" and who to another. The people have imperatively declared that neither pope, cardinal, archbishop, bishop, priest, nor deacon shall or next, nor any person whatever in a sectarian capacity, shall meddle with politics.

Do we therefore deny the right of Roman Catholic priests, as American citizens, to do what they can to persuade the people to change the law, and to establish the State become sectarian? Not at all. They may and they do argue for it, precisely as we argue against it. But while they are doing this they are trying to talk about persecution and religious liberty and the rights of conscience. The State now offers secular education, shall be freely provided for all children. The Roman Catholic priests say that they think secular education is irreligious, and claim to have a certain share of the money raised, or to be released from taxation. The latter request that it is impossible, for it is without failing into insuperable difficulties; but, of course, it does not oppose any kind of religious instruction under proper regulations. It simply declines to give it. It can not abandon its system of free and unsectarian schools because of a few Roman Catholic priests who think irreligious, any more than it can abandon its laws against bigamy, and the taxation that enforces them, because of a few Mormons who assert which holds polygamy to be a part of its religion. The State will interfere with no such religion. They were just such pleas as this class of citizens may raise a point of conscience against the teaching of this branch of knowledge, singular as it may be. But the universal sense of all shows that as all must be educated, and can best be educated at the common expense, the only practicable way in which this method is tf provide an elementary secular education for all, and to leave religious instruction to the direction of the parents. This is what the Roman priests as politicians oppose, and insist that not to yield to them is to coerce their consciences. They have just such a right used to urge that to forbid slavery in the Territories was to deny equal rights and to withhold Christianity. They were just such a plea the new party will discover that it is mistaken also.

AN UNKIND BLOW.

ECONOMY is a good thing, but gratitude is a better. If there is any class of faithful servants of this country who do their duty well and silently, and if there ever was a Government, it is the military and naval officers. Of none are more serious sacrifices required. None, as a rule, are more cheerfully paid. And none bear with more uncomplaining fortitude the blows that are aimed at them. A few weeks since we called attention to the fact that officers while retired army officers to be detailed for certain duties for which they were especially qualified—a prohibition which deprived them of part of their incomes, and in announcing which General SHERMAN could not help expressing his sympathy and regret. It was a law which said to not more than a hundred men who had given their lives to the honorable defense of the flag, and who had no other possible resource: "If you want to save a few thousand dollars, and you may go to—gutters. There was not one officer unconscientiously grudged the saving by that law who would not be justified in regretting that he had ever entered the service of the United States.

But, as if this were not enough, the 11th section of General LOGAN'S Army bill, which passed the House unanimously the previous week, strikes this class of officers another blow. This section forbids such officers to accept any civil office, under penalty of vacating their commissions. We are very glad to see that General SHERMAN, in a letter to Mr. WILSON, the Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, protests earnestly against this further outrage. It has been uniformly the custom for such officers to fill certain civil offices, for which their personal disability was no disqualification, and for which their exact habits and training peculiarly fitted them. Nor has their discharge of such duties been discreditable to them or injurious to the country. Indeed, as General SHERMAN says, any other countries rather seek out those officers who have been honorably retired, to elevate them to civil posts of profit and honor. The other day it was proposed in Portland to nominate General FESSENDEN, who lost his leg in battle, and is retired, as Mayor. Had this been done, and had General LOGAN'S bill become the law, General FESSENDEN, whose misfortune is the monument of his patriotic service, and who has been disabled and impoverished under the law of which we spoke the other day, must have declined, or resigned his commission.

When such objections were made in the course of the debate upon the Army bill, some Representative Mr. FRENCH rose don't like the law, let them resign their commissions." We do not like to characterize such a remark as it deserves. It is not fair officers only who dislike such a law. The people will not like it when they know it; for it is a harsh and unkind law. Anxious for economy as it is not by paring the lean salaries of a few faithful officers, partially disabled in the service of the country, that the people wish to save money. We have learned in desperate extremity the value of trained and devoted officers. When they are old and can not change their profession, let us not accept how we may reduce their means and their opportunities. Let us rather be careful to show that we gratefully remember their services and their long fidelity.

AN "AMERICAN CHURCHMAN."

THE *American Churchman* is the organ of the Episcopal Church established in Chicago and Milwaukee. It is what is called a "religious" newspaper; and as such commends itself to Christian generosity and charity, and the love of truth, by unclean aspersion upon a neighbor's good name, what dirty work is left for an American Church?

The *American Churchman*, under the head of "Fame for Sale," alludes to a portrait of the editor of the *Times*, the low which was recently published in this paper, and then says:

"Now, the newspapers inform us, the proprietor of the World paid Mr. DANA for so unusual and fine from him for their publication of his picture and his life!

"So it turns out that these flattering estimates of character and genius which are printed under the name of their subjects are advertisements paid for by the gentlemen interested, as other people pay for their advertisements of dry-goods."

The story which the *American Churchman* thus adopts, and the conclusions to which it jubilantly springs, are equally false. And the next time the *American Churchman* sees a suspicious calumny in a newspaper, instead of snatching it up as a delicious morsel for Sunday reading in religious families, suppose it should borrow a little Christianity, and reflect that a story is not necessarily true because it is injurious.

THE MILLENNIUM POSTPONED.

THE comedy of expecting a real reform and purification of the government of the city of New York from the "honest Democracy" is only surpassed by the farce of their total discomfiture. And thus it was. A dozen years ago the police was appointed by the Mayor, and the consequences of the system were so disastrous and menacing that citizens of all parties demanded a new system, and the Metropolitan Police was established. It has been one of the most admirable and efficient bodies for its purpose ever known in the country; and its service in the most perilous moments of the history of the city—the riots of 1863—is a subject of the justest pride. Every good citizen has but to reflect what would have been the situation of affairs at that time under FERNANDO WOOD'S police.

It has been a favorite theory of the party to which we owe those riots that the Metropolitan Police was inconsistent with "local self-government, and they have sometimes said that when they obtained power they would restore to the opposed city the right of choosing its own police. They obtained power by fraud, and instantly it appeared that it was divided into two factions—those who "managed matters" reaped the profits of power, and those who did not but who wished to. The latter made the air resound with omnious cries. They would destroy the thing that would wage war to the knife, and so on. They were the "Young Democracy"—the "honest Democracy"—and their organ affected surprise that those who were perfectly familiar with these gentlemen did not take their word that they were very much honester than other people. Politics were to be purified. Elections were to be honest. The city was to govern itself. The police were to be the creature of the voters. Rings were to be broken.

Those who believed the Millennium to be at hand avowed themselves in robes of expectation and went out upon the house-tops. Those of less faith looked quietly on, heard the vociferations of honesty and reform, saw the suspicious communications between the camps of the factions, and finally beheld, as the method of political purification and annihilation of corruption offered by the "honest Democracy," a proposition that FERNANDO WOOD'S police system should be restored! At that revelation the expectants of the Millennium removed their robes and descended. It was then that the single question whether honest Mr. O'BRIEN or honest Mr. SWEENY should control the plunder of the city; and when the issue was made that Mr. O'BRIEN had the worst of it. For one day his organ was speechless; the next it waved its hat and shouted. "This is honest work!" So thought Mr. SWEENY. Both were apparently satisfied. And as the Metropolitan Police, the only security for order in the city, remains undoubtedly think all good citizens.

Of course so violent a party tempest will have various consequences. The success of Mr. SWEENY and his friends indeed has been so signally demonstrated that, for the nonce, some kind of truce will probably be made, and the factions will continue. Mr. TWEED has been thrust out of the office of those who he holds, and will certainly be reengaged. The honest Mr. TWEED will fight, and the "honest Democracy" will fight. They will be in the party until the dominant faction is overthrown. Meanwhile it is in vain to seek for any principle in the contest, for there is none. Mr. O'BRIEN is of the same school of political morality with Mr. SWEENY. Tammany Hall, with the honest Mr. O'BRIEN, or one of his friends, as chairman, would be precisely Tammany Hall with the honest Mr. TWEED, or one of his friends, as chairman. Both are the professional party managers who have devoted themselves to the character of their party; and their party is not one that demands honest elections nor a pure administration.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DANGERS TO NEW YORK

THE common school system of the State of New York is so extensive and so excellent, and it is of such primary importance to the welfare of the State, that we wish, for the information of the whole country, as well as of New York, the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction might be more widely and more generally universally diffused. As it will probably, however, share the fate of most legislative documents, and disappear from the shelves of libraries for possible future consultation, we will rescue a few of its figures and facts for the reflection of our readers. Mr. WEAVER presents clearly the exact situation. He tells us that the whole amount spent during the past year for the support of the schools—academies, including, besides the expenses of the common schools, the State appropriations for academies, teachers' institutes, normal schools, colleges, the Cornell University, the Board of Regents, the current expenses of the Department of Education, the Agricultural College, and excluding the appropriations for charitable institutions with schools, was $10,107,289 35. Of this sum $4,092,103 79 were applied for teachers' wages, and $2,455,455 01 for schoolhouses, sites, furniture, repairs, etc.

Mr. WEAVER further tells us that the whole number of persons in the State between five and twenty-one years of age is 1,463,239, and the whole number who were taught and boarded the public and private schools and academies for some time during the year is $1,160,766; so that there are between two and three hundred who attend no school whatever. We have yet something to learn of the Old World; for in several of the German States it is very difficult to find any person of either sex who can not read. The German children are compelled to go to school, and they do go to school. Of the whole number who have been to school for some time during the year, 998,664 were to the public schools; but the average daily attendance was only 468,421. The number that have been at private schools, colleges, etc., is 162,102. The whole number of teachers in the public schools was 28,310, of which 22,080 were women, and 6230 men. The average salary of these teachers is $33 monthly pittance. In the cities the average weekly wages of the teachers was $15 16; in the country, $7 86; average in the State, $10 06. These figures are startling, as we wish he had, whether the women are paid equal wages for equal time and labor with the men.

The Superintendent's views, which are very forcibly stated, upon the question of a change in the organization of the common schools, provision of education, and his remarks upon the proposed abolition of the Board of Regents of the University, will be considered next week. To the citizens of this State, and indeed of the country, the grave fact mentioned in the report is that, with a generous school system wisely administered, there are three hundred thousand children in the State of New York who are growing up without any school instruction whatever. Other education, and of the most dangerous kind to the public order, they are of course constantly acquiring. And if any young political

aspirant in the State is looking for an object of vital importance, let him devote himself to getting those three hundred thousand children into school.

The Superintendent does not speak directly of the Bible question. But he says, with great truth, "The strength of the system consists in the general conviction of its necessity, and in the unoffending fairness with which its advantages are dispensed. Nothing is taught by authority in the public schools except plain elementary truths and principles, which it is good for all to know, and which, if the State has any right to educate, may properly be inculcated. Whenever an attempt may be made to introduce exercises which are objectionable, either because they are intrinsically bad or because they are foreign to the true purpose of the schools, the power to restrain and correct the irregularity is ample and convenient." This is remarkably well said; and the State is fortunate in having so sagacious an officer at the head of one of its most important departments.

TRADE.

A COMMISSION house would sell the extra-super carpets of a manufacturer on Long Island, and informed the latter a few days ago that, owing to the fall in gold and the corresponding decline in the price of foreign carpets, his make could be sold at not exceeding one dollar per yard, two off for cash in ten days, which was a fall of about seventeen cents per yard within the last six months. His reply was: As soon as my looms are emptied—which is done when the respective pieces are completed—I shall hand off, so there is no necessity for business at any price. At Kensington, which is the principal seat of the manufacture of ingrain carpets, nearly one-half of the establishments, large and small, have either stopped their looms or diminished their production. The larger establishments for the manufacture of carpets in the Eastern States still go on; they are have the financial strength which permits it, and in time the stoppage of other mills accrues to their benefit.

The Kensington carpet weavers, in the latter part of 1869, refused to take more than half of the manufacturers were willing to pay, and struck for a higher rate. After a long-continued contest the weavers submitted to the terms of the manufacturers, owing to the price of wool, the fall in gold, and the inability to dispose of their products, could not furnish employment. The weavers have been great sufferers, but have saved many losses the very heavy losses which would have been made had the production continued at its former height.

Flour is as low now as in *ante bellum* times. Petroleum, of which we exported in 1869 over [illegible]'s millions of gallons, is down for refined who[illegible]o about 26½ cents per gallon; and cotton, which at this time last year was selling at 29 cents for middling, sells now at 22½. It is almost useless to say that, with these serious causes at work, trade is very much disturbed in all quarters of the Union.

There are many in the receipt of fixed compensation who congratulate themselves that a large portion of the articles of consumption and wear are reduced in price to their advantage. This view is unsound, inasmuch as the present state of trade reaches those who, like the carpet weavers, produce neither food nor clothing. It is always to the true interest of producers and consumers that their relations to each other should be beneficial to both.

The grain producer of the vast Northwest has been unable for several months to sell his wheat at a profit; and what is the consequence? If he holds on to his crop, or sells it at a loss, in other case his bills to the store-keeper are unpaid. At the present moment there is universal complaint of trade from that quarter. The retail merchant of the West says that his fall stock has been so badly and unprofitably sold that he cannot pay for purchases that he made in the [illegible]s, therefore, to supply only immediate wants. The effect of this on the laborer appears in the fact stated in Western newspapers, that farm hands have been discharged in unusual quantities. No class in the United States can felicitate itself at this condition of affairs. The farmer, however, who obtains our great exports of cotton, grain, and petroleum at low prices, has a greater advantage than direct consumers in the depression here which produces this

because his customers embrace all commercial nations; and our wealthy farmer is consequently less appreciated, although vastly affects him.

question is one of great interest when pression will terminate and trade shall ed. There are few subjects on which ach diversity of opinion; but whatever are any signs of real improvement we ment them with great satisfaction.

ly individuals suppose that we are now road to specie payments; and they cordially agree that, until that position is ed, and its full effects felt and overcome, will be no improvement in trade. And a still more extensive and more sagacious suppose that gold will not fall much, if any, y its present price; that it will remain n only temporarily; that its fall to nearly a level with legal tenders has been discounted in the price of many commodities; and they have acted on this view, and given partial activity to trade during the past week.

If we shall resch specie payments by any process now on foot, the former class will come out right; if not, then the latter class will become the wiser. It is material, therefore, to know precisely how the case stands.

Mr. SECRETARY BOUTWELL, in his December report, made to Congress, stated that it will not be wise to resume specie payments while so large a part of the interest-bearing debt of the country shall be represented by five-twenty bonds, and held by European merchants, bankers, and manufacturers. He asked authority from Congress to be permitted to redeem the legal-tender currency at the rate of two millions of dollars per month, in order to bring us gradually and safely to resumption, on a condition when the resumption of specie payments will be easy, if not unavoidable." It can scarcely be supposed, therefore, when the Treasury Department, in its recent policy of putting down the price of gold, intends to reach specie payments without delay, what was deemed necessary in December. The Funding bill contains some provisions which look to this end; but the opinion widely prevails that it will not be adopted by the House of Representatives. It is safe, therefore, to conclude that to reach specie payments during the present administration is not only not expected, but impossible. The apprehension that we are going there stands in the way of trade; its removal must have the effect to promote activity.

The circumstances favorable to some activity seem to consume, while there is that apprehension as a low, with the exception, perhaps, of cotton, as they are likely to be; thus no advantage will be derived from a delay in resumption, that Europe will be obliged to take our surplus of grain and petroleum at improved prices, and could not do exactly the proper conclusion and that the supply of our forty millions of population is an immense affair, although their consumption is not at the highest standard.

A conversation with a distinguished merchant from Berlin, who arrived only a few days ago, he said, "Gold is ordinarily down to par here, owing to the harvest of last year, and the very cold and changeable weather of the winter, we shall need from you." This is the opinion and the cereal markets for grain have stiffened; and it is clear that there will be a still larger improvement in the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, has been reached, and that the better part of the country, and that the present, has been reached, and that the better not let the occasion pass without stating that the condition of affairs is not satisfactory.

AN INSTANT DUTY.

THE case of Mr. Consul PHILLIPS, at Santiago de Cuba, as stated in a letter to the *Tribune*, is one that requires the active interference of the Government. Mr. PHILLIPS appears to have done the State Department expressing views which were distasteful to some persons in Santiago. Those persons, through the Spanish Consul, if not to assassinate him. He applied to the Governor for protection, and the Governor told him that he had no authority, and that, as he could not protect him. Thereupon the American Consul, under protection of the English Consul, went on board a French steamer and departed.

If this story be true it is inexpressibly humiliating. And there is no doubt that it is true. Nothing is thus done a serious injury to the Cuban cause. But assuming it to be true, the Government should at once relieve the Governor-General of Cuba that as his subordinates are unable to protect American citizens and officers, that more competent persons should be sent. If this story be true, would an apology be a sufficient atonement. The circumstances show that it is an offense which will not be permitted upon the first occasion; and, therefore, the United States should require the punishment of those whose conduct drove the Consul to find safety in flight. If civilized government has disappeared in Cuba we certainly need no longer consult it. It has ceased to exist by its responsibility. The stories of the ferocity of the Spanish volunteers are not new. It is not for the Government that they have to be masters of the Governor-General; and it is very important that we should sift such reports when we receive apparently reliable.

No better opportunity can offer than this. Let the Government show that it will not tolerate the slightest disregard by Spanish officials of an indifference to the smallest right, not only of the representatives of the country, but of the most private and friendless American citizen. And while it is inquiring let the Government also investigate the statement from Cape Haytien that an officer of the United States steamer SCORN boarded by force a Danish schooner in that port, under pretense that the republic of San Domingo is under the protection of the United States, and that the Danish vessel was carrying contraband of war. While we take care that our citizens are not oppressed, let us see also that they do not oppress. The remembrance of the affair at Greytown is by no means a proud one.

NOTES.

THE *Christian Union* is correct. Technically the United States have not been neutral between Spain and Cuba. Our laws, as we have continually stated, permit Spain advantages in our ports which they deny to Cuba, because Cuba is not an independent Power nor a recognized belligerent. But money has been remitted, in such amount as we have shown no hostility to either party, and has simply existed upon a faithful observance of our own laws.

SENATOR CREAMER, a Democratic politician in the city of New York, whose sources of income are unknown, and who is ample, said the other day in the New York Legislature, "I trust that all other legislation will in a manner cease until we have passed a bill that will protect the people in ballot-box, and give the people of New York in fact what they have not only in name—a republican form of government ——. What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate as representatives of a republican government, when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!" Last September the *World* said that its editor "saw by what shameless and cunning frauds the corrupt politicians of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and GARET HALL cut down below its level the rightful majority of the election of GEORGE SEYMOUR. Yet Mr. CREAMER and the *World* now claim to be "honest" Democrats because they have voted with that gave the name "GARET HALL" the appointments of Police Commissioners.

CONGRESS has decided, and wisely, not to pursue polygamy with fire and sword. There are always against bigamy, and if these can not be enforced in a polygamous community the consequences of defying them by the secret police will be disastrous. There is no proof that the Mormons are seeking to defy the subject; and it is probably clear that the resistless Westward roll of civilization, and time, which will presently remove Brigham Young, will also peacefully dispose of this "twin relic of barbarism."

THE editor of a certain Magazine in Philadelphia (not *Lippincott's*) read an anonymous remark in the *Galaxy*, that Thompson Chapel was the known literary gentlemen, by name, as the writer, and a quantity of gross plagiarism. He proceeded to lecture him upon "copying blunders" and "stolen apples." The gentleman in question, and a gentleman of wholesome views. What right, he demands of the editor, had you "to suppose" in such a matter? We think that to be treated as a criminal impersonality, and to make a supposition the ground of a public accusation of literary dishonesty is the most unwarrantable. The castigator chooses his words, and each one rings and tells. The offense which he punishes, as he justly says, "casts a taint on professional feeling." Let us who are of the literary profession in the least respect our calling, if we can not shine in it.

THE *College Review* reported a speech of the Rev. MR. FROTHINGHAM'S at the dinner of the Harvard Club, and was promptly denounced by him certain views in regard to the Indians. The error was pointed out to the editor, and he corrected it with an apology. Mr. FROTHINGHAM he had added that MR. FROTHINGHAM held peculiar views on "certain social topics," which, had it been true, could has been mentioned for no other purpose than to excite prejudice against MR. FROTHINGHAM. The editor's explanation, being drawn to this point, he says that, as he "unequivocally condemned" the sentiments attributed to Balaam, he was "surely justified" in alluding to the newspaper reports of the speaker's views upon other subjects! Let us suppose that a newspaper, hating B's views upon the tariff, should consider himself justified in remarking that B was popularly supposed to be inclined to stealing, or we "justified" in repeating scandal about persons whose supposed views we do not like?

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN of Maine lately returned a bill to the Legislature prohibiting the sale of liquors, which he says seemed to him in its provisions "extraordinary and tinged with grave doubts" even in his mind; but as the bill had passed both Houses without opposition, he had signed it. Now it seems to us that this was precisely the case for which the veto power is provided. The intention of that power is not to defeat, but to perfect legislation. If, therefore, serious objections occur to the Governor which, presumably, have not occurred to the Legislature, he returns the bill with the objections. If the Legislature is of opinion that they are valid, it does not pass the vote. If not, it would—in this case—affirm its previous opinion, and the law be enacted. The veto power is because the objections would have been weighed. It is urged in defense of GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S signature of the Erie bill in the State, that he had received very little opposition in the Legislature; but that was a fact which, under the circumstances, should have made it still more suspicious to the Governor.

A VERY striking complement to SENATOR REVELS'S statement of the Southern condition of affairs during the war is furnished by MR. EDWARD A. POLLARD in an article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. MR. POLLARD was one of the most thorough of rebels; but he says of the freedman, that he shows "a capacity for education that has astonished none more than his former masters; that he has given proofs of good citizenship which are constantly increasing; that his development since emancipation is a standing surprise to candid observers among the Southern whites themselves; that his condition since then has been, on the whole, that of progress, and in the face of difficulties that would soon have tested and broken down that progress had it been factitious or dishonest; and that, so far from being a stationary barbarian or a hopeless retrograde, the formerly despised black man promises to become the foremost follower of the highest civilization, a new object of interest to the world, and an exemplary creation of the Almighty."

THE great popularity of Paris with Americans who visit the continent of Europe, and make that magnificent capital their head-quarters while abroad, has drawn to it quite a large colony of American bankers, whose houses offer not only the necessary financial facilities to our traveling countrymen, but furnish pleasant reading rooms, where the principal American newspapers and magazines may be found, and information afforded for receiving and writing letters, social intercourse, etc. Among the houses recently established in Paris is that of DREXEL & CO., Philadelphia banking firm of DREXEL & CO. Their Paris office is situated in the Rue Scribe, where they propose to transact all kinds of banking business, with special reference to the wants of the traveling public. They also take charge of correspondence or papers directed to their care, and of sundry baggage, specie, and other valuables that may be deposited with them. Travellers who intrust their affairs to them will find them fulfilled in other dealings, and in every way worthy of confidence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 21.—In the Senate, the greater part of the day was taken up in debate on the Georgia bill, the question being upon MR. DRAKE'S amendment, admitting the State only on condition that any section of the State represented to be in insurrection, should have been taken.——In the House, a large number of new bills were introduced, among them several to aid the Pacific railroads, and one to repeal the act of 1862 and 1867, and one for the protection of commerce and amity with Mexico, by encouraging our own citizens to aid the Juarez party.——Adjourned to Monday.

March 22.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to promote the civilization of Indians, and to prepare them for the rights and duties of citizenship. In the case of General ARMY, as Senator ELLIOT from Mississippi, was elected in January, but whose seat was not admitting to discuss treaties in open session was rejected.——In the House, a bill to aid the Pacific railroads, which was discussed at length, but not acted on.

March 23.—In the House, a bill to the Senate, and very little to the House, and numerous petitions received. Resolutions offered in reference to the decline of American commerce, and to the Cuban question, but not on the Speaker's table. The consideration of the Utah Territorial bill was resumed, and after brief discussion the bill was passed by a vote of 94 to 52.

March 24.—The Senate spent the session on the San Domingo treaty.——The principal business in the House was the bill to amend the Internal Revenue laws on the sale of cadetships, the substance of which was that there would be no sale of cadetships.——The Committee reported a bill requiring cadets to reside one year in the district.

March 28.—Among the bills introduced in the Senate was one to provide for the reduction of the army.——A large number of petitions were received by the House, but provides further for reducing the number of the army to 25,000.——Among the bills reported was one to increase the mail steamship service between this country and Brazil and Japan.——In the House, the debate on the Tariff was resumed, and occupied the principal part of the day.

March 30.—The Senate was not in session.——The House gave the whole day to debate on the Tariff bill.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The only business of general importance in the New York Legislature, since our last issue, was done on Thursday, March 24, when the Metropolitan Police Act of New York city and county was repealed, and the Governor's bill, which was in a third reading in Committee of the Whole, was passed by a majority of 16.——Another measure of importance was the House to reconsult the Police bill, with instructions to strike out the enacting clause. The question was divided, and the enacting clause was stricken out by a vote of 73 to 56, an effort to reconsider the vote failed. The Supervisors bill and the new Charter were passed the same day, enacting clauses being stricken out by a vote of 67 to 48. A motion to reconsider the vote was lost by 70 to 48 and on the Supervisors bill was refused. These results will have very important consequences, and are followed by a combination of Democrats and Republicans to defeat measures which the Governor was freely said to influence for the benefit of the Democratic party, and at one time a serious division in their ranks was imminent.

General Pleasonton has been confirmed as Collector of Internal Revenue for the New York district, in place of Bailey, removed.

Pierre Soulé died at New Orleans March 26, aged sixty-nine.

The mine which broke out in the Gold Hill mines, Nevada, a year ago, is said to be still smouldering among the timbers, 700 feet below the surface.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Emperor of France has written a letter to M. Ollivier, suggesting a number of important civil reforms, decidedly liberal, and therefore distasteful to France. They relate mainly to the division of legislative power between the Chambers. The Ministers, it is said, indorse the plan, and one of the opposition journals declares it to be "the complete of the parliamentary regime," while another terms it "an act of abdication of the Emperor's power."

The trial of PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE, for the murder of VICTOR NOIR, before the Peers, the jury returning a verdict of not guilty in the absence of malice, held in custody under a demand for damages amounting to 100,000 francs, which he is unable to command. The news of his acquittal was received in Paris and elsewhere with much excitement.

Another strike among the workmen at La Creuzot, France, has occurred, and the Government have a political tendency.

The cause of persons accused of conspiracy in the recent plot against the life of Napoleon are to be brought before the court now in session at Tours.

In the British House of Commons a bill for the suppression of disorders in Ireland has been under discussion. A stringent clause, providing for the prosecution of the press of that country, has been adopted by a majority of 35.

The Irish Church Convention at Dublin has decided to invest a portion of their funds in American securities.

In Belgium, Count Theodul Meeüs has instructed the Catholic General to order elections for Deputies from Ghent to the Senate, should the condition of affairs in the island permit.

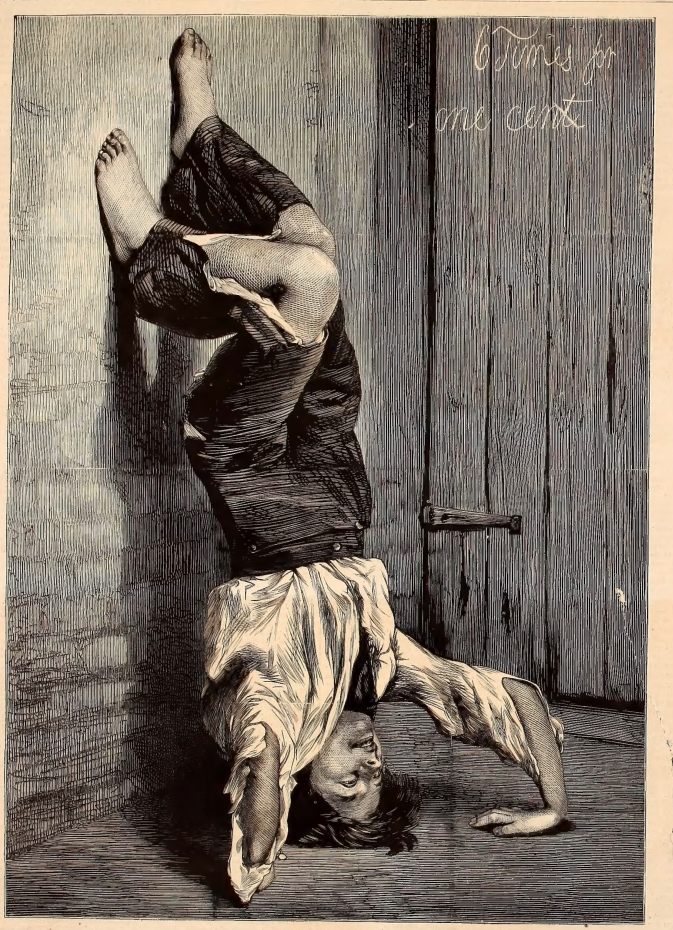

SIX TIMES FOR ONE CENT.

MODERN ART.

IF the Arts are to flourish among us, says John Ruskin in one of his Oxford lectures, we must recover for the mass of the nation three requisites which they at present want: 1. Wholesomeness of food. We must no longer allow them to eat and drink poison instead of food; every thing provided for their daily sustenance must be good and pure as well as plentiful. 2. Wholesomeness and decency in dress. It must be such as becomes their rank—serviceable and good, and, at the same time, becoming and in good taste. 3. We must improve their lodgings. All ecclesiastical architecture is developed for civil and domestic building, and its highest achievement may be said to be a "glorified roof." Now in this our modern architects are strangely at fault; they seem hardly to know what to do with a roof. Roofs ought never to be built of iron, but always of wood or stone. And we must remember that the little roofs must be built before the large ones. We must see that the poor have houses suited to them, built as strongly as possible, and daintily decorated.

All arts are founded on agriculture by the hand, and on the feeding, dressing, and lodging of the people. Christian Art was only possible where kings and knights were compelled to care for their people, and it disappeared when kings became tyrants, devourers of the people. The health of Art depends on its reference to industrial use. It is from this use that it first arises. In order to eat and drink, we must have the cup and platter, and especially the cup. In order that we may use this cup conveniently, it must have a handle. To fill the cup, we must have a pitcher of some sort; this pitcher, if it is to be carried safely, must have two handles. Now in these same articles of use have been developed the most beautiful lines and types of severe composition that have ever been attained to in Art.

We can not have any right architectural Art, or morality, or happiness in cities such as now deface our country. They are not built, they are rather dotted and congealed in shapeless, hideous blotches over the land which they consume. We must, if we would have Art, have beautiful cities, not overgrown in size, encircled with gardens and shaded with trees: we must banish far from us all the manufactures which need the aid of huge furnaces of fire; or at least we must reduce them to the smallest possible limit. At present England triumphs in her commerce: she is deaf with spinning-wheels, yet her children have not clothes to wear; she is black with fuel, yet they cry aloud for food; she has sold her soul for gold, yet they die of hunger.

Religious Art can not be used unless if we remember that God inhabits cottages as well as churches, and that in the former as well as in the latter He ought to be well lodged. Put the Arts to universal use, and we shall find in them a universal inspiration and benediction; let every thing be equally sacred, equally divine—Art will be divine wherever it is truly fair and serviceable. God has made every thing beautiful in its kind

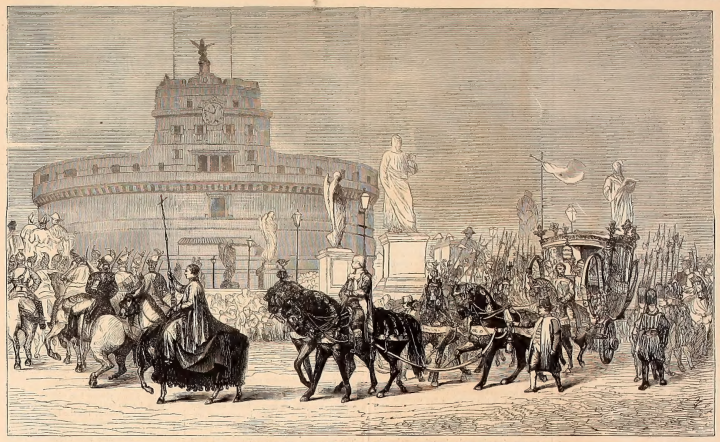

GRAND PONTIFICAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CASTLE OF SAINT ANGELO.

and in its proper place; His will is that all His creatures should be happy. His Spirit teaches the ant her path and the bird its flight, and men whatever noble Art is possible for them. It dwells in light and in strength; in the possession of It is all your peace and all your power. But there exists also an evil spirit, whose dominion is in blindness and cowardice; which tells us that evil things are pardonable, and that we shall not die for them; and that good things are impossible, and that you can not live for them. Good things are impossible only to those who listen to this evil spirit, and so despair of attaining to what is good. Remember always that all things lovely and righteous are possible, if only you believe in their possibility, and manfully set to work to promote them with your very heart and soul.

SCENES IN ROME.

THE first of our illustrations on this page represents a grand pontifical procession, on the fête day of the Madonna, passing the bridge of the Castle of St. Angelo. It shows the state carriage of the Sovereign Pontiff, preceded by his cross-bearer mounted on a richly-caparisoned mule.

The second illustration represents the Pope in the act of saluting the foot of the celebrated statue of St. Peter, which stands in the great cathedral that bears his name. A metallic halo surrounds the head of the statue, and in his right hand is grasped the emblematic key. In all the great pageants which occur within the cathedral this colossal statue rises conspicuous above the heads of the crowd, like the presiding genius of the place. There is a dispute among antiquarians whether this is an authentic statue of the Apostle, or one adapted to the purpose from among the heathen relics of Rome; but the faithful, ignorant of the controversy, pay their unquestioning devotions at the foot of the statue, and signify their reverence by devoutly kissing the projecting toe of the left foot. Before applying his lips the votary wipes the toe with his cuff, by way of preparation, and the effect of this contact, incessantly repeated through many ages, is visible in the very sensible diminution and the polished smoothness of its extremity.

ADORATION OF THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

HOME.

HOMEWARD from my work returning,
Lo! a lamp with steady ray,
In my distant window burning,
Welcomed me at close of day;
O'er the darkening fields it gleamed,
And of rest the symbol seemed.

Thankfully I saw that token—
Shining on me from afar—
Of domestic peace unbroken;
And I hailed it as the star
Which through all my life had shed
Cheering radiance on my head.

Oh! the joy of *fireside* blessings,
Children's voices, smile of wife—
Bliss of infantile caressings,
Heart-refreshing wine of life—
Purple glow of off-to-the-duties
Lingering still about our skies.

On the wall the fire-light dances,
As joy dances in our hearts;
Interchange of kindly glances
Mutual happiness imparts:
Heavenly watchers from above
Hover o'er that scene of love.

Now the long day's labor ending,
Under our own roof are we,
And the brow of Care unbending
By Love's hand is smoothed and blest:
One such hour may well repay
Hardest toil of longest day.

Blessed be the God of Heaven,
God of all earth's families,
Who to weary men has given
Homes of comfort—sweet ones,
Wells and palm-trees, smile and song—
As to Heaven they match along.

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MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Continued.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE. (THIRD SOWING.)

The dance had reached its climax of animation when Blanche reappeared in the scene of its duties; and the ranks of the company had been recruited, in his absence, by the last person whom it was now his foremost object to approach.

Receiving, with supple submission, a reproof for his prolonged absence from the child of the servants, Bishopriggs—keeping his one observant eye carefully on the look-out—busied himself in promoting the circulation of ices and cool drinks.

While he was thus occupied, his attention was attracted by two persons who, in very different ways, stood out prominently as marked characters among the rank and file of the guests.

The first person was a vivacious, irascible old gentleman, who persisted in treating the undeniable fact of his age on the footing of a scandalous false report set afloat by Time. He was unmistakably proud and padded. His hair, his teeth, and his complexion were triumphs of artificial youth. When he was not occupied among the youngest women present—which was very seldom—he attached himself exclusively to the youngest men. He insisted on joining every dance. Twice he measured his length upon the grass; but nothing daunted him. He was whizzing again, with another young woman, at the next dance, as if nothing had happened. Inquiry revealed the effervescent old gentleman might be, Bishopriggs discovered that he was a retired officer in the navy; and, consequently (among his relations) was "The Tartar;" more formally described in society as Captain Newcombe, the last male representative of one of the oldest families in England.

The second person, who appeared to occupy a position of distinction at the dance in the glade, was a lady.

To the eye of Bishopriggs, she was a miracle of beauty, with a small fortune for a poor man, carried about her in silk, lace, and jewels. The woman present was the object of such special attention among the men as this fascinating and priceless creature. She sat fanning herself with a matchless work of art (supposed to be a handkerchief) representing an infant Bacchus in the midst of an ocean of lace. She was surrounded by a little court of admirers, who fetched and carried at her slightest nod, like well-trained dogs. Sometimes they brought refreshments, which she had asked for; only to refuse taking them when they came. Sometimes they brought information of what was going on among the dancers, which the lady had been eager to receive when they went away, and in which she had ceased to feel the smallest interest when they came back. Every body busy but one ejaculation of distress when she was asked to undertake the chief direction from the dinner, and answered, "My poor nerves." Every body said, "What should we have done without you?"—when she doubted if she had done wisely in joining the party at all. Inquiring who this favored lady might be, Bishopriggs discovered that she was the niece of the indomitable old gentleman who *would* dance—or, more plainly still, no less a person than his contemplated customer, Mrs. Glenarm.

With all his enormous assurance Bishopriggs was daunted when he found himself facing the question of what he was to do next.

To open negotiations with Mrs. Glenarm, under present circumstances, was for a man in his position, simply impossible. But, apart from this, the prospect of profitably addressing himself to that lady in the future, was by no means free of it, beset with difficulties of no common kind.

Supposing the chance of disclosing Geoffrey's position to her to be found—what would she do when she received her warning? She would in all probability apply to one of two formidable men, both of whom were interested in the matter. If she went straight to the man accused of attempting to destroy her, at a time when he was already engaged to another woman—Bishopriggs would find himself confronted with a witness on that terrible fist, which had justly terrified him even on a distant and cursory view. If, on the other hand, she placed her interests in the care of her uncle—Bishopriggs had only to look at the captain, and to calculate his chances of exposing terms on a man who owed Life a bill of more than sixty years' date, and who openly defied time to recover the debt.

With these serious obstacles standing in the way, what was Bishopriggs to do? Any alternative left was to approach Mrs. Glenarm under shelter of the dark.

Reaching this conclusion, Bishopriggs decided to ascertain from the servants what the lady's future movements might be; and, thus prepared, to startle her by anonymous warnings, conveyed through the post, and claiming their answer through the advertising column of a newspaper. Here was the certainty of alarming her, coupled with the certainty of not compromising himself. Until Mrs. Glenarm drawn, when she capriciously stopped a servant going by with some glasses of lemonade, that the wretched old creature who offered the tray contemplated corresponding with her leader in any way—or with any body—was the letter of her "Well-Wisher" and her "True Friend."

The evening advanced. The shadows lengthened. The waters of the lake grew pitchy black. The gliding of the ghostly swans was less easy. The gilding of the flowers of the party thought of the drive home. The juniors (excepting Captain Newcombe) began to flag on the dance. Little by little the comfortable attractions of the house—tea, coffee, and candle-light in snug rooms—recovered their influence. The guests abandoned the glade; and the fingers and lungs of the musicians were relieved at last.

Lady Lundie and her party were the first to send for the carriage and my farewell: the breaking up of the household at Windygates on the next day, and the journey south, being sufficient apology for our early departure. Before half an hour more the only visitors left were the guests staying at Swanhaven Lodge.

The carriages from the neighborhood of Kirkandrew were paid and dismissed.

"I've got my six concerns to think of," was the reply returned to the servant who had enumerated and addressed to him. The "concerns" alluded to, comprehended, among other matters, the return of the guests from Kirkandrew the next day—with a reference, in case of inquiries, to his convenient friend at the Kirkandrew Arms. As for the actual destination—to be kept a secret from every body —was Perth. The neighborhood of this town, dependent on the safety of her own maid—was the part of Scotland to which the rich widow contemplated retiring, when the London season was in two days' time. At Perth, Bishopriggs knew of more than one place in which he could get private information—and at Perth he determined to make his first anonymous advances to Mrs. Glenarm.

The remainder of the evening passed quietly enough at the Lodge.

Lady Lundie, sleepy and dull after the excitement of the day. Mrs. Glenarm retired early to Perry's room—the professional duty of only person left up in the house. He was understood to be in his study, preparing an address to the electors—and at Perth he remained to make his first anonymous advances to Mrs. Glenarm.

The remin

"Who is he?"

"Your friend, Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn."

Arnold sprang to his feet in ungovernable surprise.

"I appear to astonish you," remarked Sir Patrick.

Arnold sat down again, and waited, ir speechless suspense, to hear what was coming next.

"I have reason to know," said Sir Patrick, "that Mr. Delamayn is thoroughly well acquainted with the nature of Miss Silvester's present troubles. What his actual connection is with them, and how he came into possession of his information, I have not found out. My discovery begins and ends with the simple fact that he has the information."

"May I ask one question, Sir Patrick?"

"What is it?"

"How did you find out about Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"It would occupy a long time," answered Sir Patrick, "to tell you how—and it is not at all necessary to our purpose that you should know. My present obligation merely binds me to tell you—in strict confidence, mind!—that Miss Silvester's secrets are no secrets to Mr. Delamayn. I leave to your discretion the use you may make of that information. You are now entirely on a par with me in relation to your knowledge of the case of Miss Silvester. Let us return to the question which I asked you when we first came into the room. Do you see the connection, now, between that question, and what I have just said since?"

Arnold was slow to see the connection. His mind was running on Sir Patrick's discovery. Little dreaming that he was indebted to Mrs. Inchbare's incomplete description of him for his own escape from detection, he was wondering how it had happened that he had escaped unsuspected, while Geoffrey's position had been (in part at least) revealed to view.

"I asked you," resumed Sir Patrick, attempting to help him, "why the mere report that your friend was likely to marry Mrs. Glenarm roused your indignation, and you hesitated at giving an answer. Do you hesitate still?"

"It's not easy to give an answer, Sir Patrick."

"Let us put it in another way. I assume that your view of the report takes its rise in your knowledge, on your part, of Mr. Delamayn's private affairs. Am I on the rent of us don't possess—Is that conclusion correct?"

"Quite correct."

"In what you know about Mr. Delamayn connected with any thing that you know about Miss Silvester?"

If Arnold had felt himself at liberty to answer that question, Sir Patrick's suspicions would have been satisfied, but Sir Patrick's resolution would have forced a full disclosure from him before he left the house.

It was getting on to midnight. The first hour of the wedding-day was at hand, as the Truth made the last effort to struggle into light. The dark Phantoms of Trouble and Terror to come were waiting near them both at that moment. Arnold hesitated again—hesitated until Sir Patrick paused for his answer. The clock in the hall struck the quarter to twelve.

"I can't tell you!" said Arnold.

"Is it a secret?"

"Yes."

"Committed to your honor?"

"Doubly committed to my honor."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Geoffrey and I have quarrelled since he took me into his confidence. I am doubly bound to respect his confidence after that."

"Is the cause of your quarrel a secret also?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick looked Arnold steadily in the face.

"I have felt an inveterate distrust of Mr. Delamayn from the first," he said. "Answer me this. Have you any reason to think—when we first talked about your friend in the summer-house at Inglegrave—that your opinion of him might have been the right one after all?"

"He has bitterly disappointed me," answered Arnold. "I can say no more."

"You have had very little experience of the world," remarked Sir Patrick, "or you must have just acknowledged that you have had reason to distrust your experience of your friend. Are you quite sure that you are acting wisely in keeping his secret from me? Are you quite sure that you will not repent the course you are taking to-night?" He laid a marked emphasis on those last words. "Think, Arnold," he added, kindly. "Think before you answer."

"I feel bound in honor to keep his secret," said Arnold. "No thinking can alter that."

Sir Patrick rose, and brought the interview to an end.

"There is nothing more to be said." With those words he gave Arnold his hand, and, pressing it cordially, wished him good-night.

Going out into the hall, Arnold found Blanche alone, looking at the barometer.

"The glass is at Set Fair, my darling," he whispered. "Good-night for the last time!"

He took her in his arms, and kissed her. At the moment when he released her Blanche slipped a little note into his hand.

"Read it," she whispered, "when you are alone at the inn."

So they parted on the eve of their wedding-day.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

THE DAY.

The promise of the weather-glass was fulfilled. The sun shone on Blanche's marriage.

At nine in the morning the first of the proceedings of the day began. It was essentially of a clandestine nature. The bride and bridegroom evaded the restraints of lawful authority, and presumed to meet together privately, before they were married, in the conservatory at Hum Farm.

"You have read my letter, Arnold?"

"I have come here to answer it, Blanche. But why not have told me? Why write?"

"Because I put off telling you so long; and because I didn't know how you might take it; and for fifty other reasons. Never mind! I've made my confession. I haven't a single secret now which is not your secret too. There's time to say No, Arnold, if you think I ought to have my room in the house for you to-day. Say No, uncle tells me I am obstinate and wrong in refusing to have you here. Say No, and leave him, say the word, dear, before you make me your wife."

"Shall I tell you what I said to Sir Patrick last night?"

"About this?"

"Yes. The confession (as you call it) which you make in your pretty note, is the very thing that I myself should have come to tell you, in this room before I went away. He told me your heart was set on having me here. And he asked me what I meant to do about it when we were married."

"And you said—?"

Arnold repeated his answer to Sir Patrick, with fervid embellishments of the original language, suitable to the occasion. Blanche's delight expressed itself in the form of two unlooked-for interruptions, two unexpected disclosure succession. She threw her arms round Arnold's neck; and she actually kissed him, there in broad daylight, in presence of the old Church sanctioned her in taking that proceeding. But a woman's privilege is not blame her. These are the consequences of free institutions.

"Now," said Arnold, "it's my turn to take you to task. I have a letter to show you before we are married as well as you. Only there's this difference between us—I want you to help me."

"Who are you going to write to?"

"To my friend in Edinburgh. There will be no time unless I do it now. We start for Switzerland this afternoon—don't we?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I want to relieve your mind, my darling, before we go. Some one has got to know—while we are away—that the right person is on the look-out for Miss Silvester? Sir Patrick has told me of the fix she is in, and she has been traced to—and my lawyer will set to work to-morrow. Can you suggest how to put it in the proper language, and the whole thing will be in train."

"Why, Arnold, can I ever love you enough to reward you for this?"

"We shall see, Blanche—in Switzerland."

They audaciously penetrated, arm in arm, into Sir Patrick's own study—entirely at their disposal for the hour, at the request of the host himself. With Sir Patrick's pens and Sir Patrick's paper they composed the letter of instructions, deliberately reopening the investigation which Sir Patrick's superior wisdom had closed. Neither pains nor money were to be spared, it was directed in at once taking measures (beginning at Glasgow) to find the lost girl. A report of the result was to be addressed to Arnold, under cover to Sir Patrick at Ham Farm. By the time the letter was complete had decided it was nearly ten to ten o'clock. Blanche left Arnold to array herself in her bridal splendor—after another outrage on propriety, and many consequences, I fear, to institutions.

The next proceedings were of a public and avowable nature, and strictly followed the customary precedents on such occasions.

Village children strewed flowers on the path to the church door (and sent in the bill the same day). Village women dropped curtsies (and got drunk on their money the same evening). There was the proper and awful pause while the bride's name was being written in the vestry. There was the proper and pitiless staring of all the female spectators when the bride came out of the altar. There was the clergyman's preliminary look at the license—which meant official caution. And there was the fee, duly handed over to the bridegroom—which meant official fees. All the women cried (except the bride's aunt and agent); and all the men appeared to be out of it.

Then the service began—rightly-considered, the most solemn and beautiful of ceremonies—the service which binds two human beings who know nothing of each other's natures, to risk the tremendous responsibility of living together till death parts them—the service which says, in solemn truth, Take your leap in the dark: we sanctify, but we don't insure, it!

The ceremony went on, without the slightest obstacle to man its effect. There were no unforeseen interruptions. There were no ominous mistakes.

The last words were spoken, and the book was closed. They signed their names in the register; the husband was congratulated; the bride was embraced; they received the guests at the house, with more flowers strewn at their feet. The wedding-breakfast was hurried; the wedding-cake was cut; the bride's aunt was seen to be wasted, if the young couple were to catch the tidal train.

In an hour more the carriage had whirled them away to the station, and the guests had given them the farewell cheer from the steps of the house. Young, happy, fondly attached to each other, raised securely above all the sordid cares of life, what a golden future was theirs! Married with the sanction of the Family and the blessing of the Church—who could suppose that the time was coming, nevertheless, when the lighting quietness would fall on them, in the spring-time of their love: Are you Man and Wife?

TEETH AND THE TOOTHACHE.

MOST of us are concerned at the loss of teeth which we fain would preserve, and we dread the remedy—artificial teeth. The immense number of dentists, and the importance to which the science of dentistry has attained, are very strong arguments in support of the theory that our teeth are deteriorating. That the dental profession must be a profitable one needs no argument beyond a glance at the fancy flowery advertisements which crowd our papers, arguing very numerous and well wadded purses. No one who has been compelled to wear false teeth can understand to what an extent they are at once a comfort and a nuisance. The improvement in appearance, in articulation, and the great advantage of better mastication, are benefits evident to require further mention. These benefits, of course, depend very much on the fitness of the material employed, a point on which ingenuity has proved to find the best-looking and hardest substances for teeth; I have known at least two persons who patronized no invention whatever. One gentleman had a very fine molar drawn, in consequence of aching unendurably; but when next he looked as white and sound as a tooth could look; so, with great presence of mind, my friend stopped the dentist as he was about to close the forceps, and asked him to reinsert the tooth. After a little manœuvre, this operation was accomplished. The tooth did service beautifully, and I have it still a dozen years afterward as useful and tightly-fitting a molar as any in the whole set. But this is much exceeded in the case of a gentleman very well known to me, who, having suffered a great deal from toothache, and had, at intervals, several teeth extracted, resolved to be preserved, and, at last, being forced to revisit the dentist, and finding that it was necessary for him to lose two more, he heroically determined on the loss of the whole left row. He had them with these, and the teeth already "in stock," so that in a very capital set fitted, which he wore for many years.

The extraction of so many teeth at once seems a great trial to nerve; but some persons have such a horror of toothache that nothing causes more terror in their estimation; and, not very many years ago, a young fellow in the neighborhood of London hanged himself in sheer despair at the continual pain he suffered—pain which is, I must be excused for here depressing, intolerable to restless, than any other I have known.

It must be admitted that our dumb animals suffer from toothache. Every one has read how Jumbo, the elephant at the old Exeter Change, went mad from it; and it is popularly supposed that it is often a cause of madness in dogs, and I really think it very probable. Then, how many seek the sympathy and aid of their masters; for I have known a poor old cat come moaning time after time to me for attention to her teeth—a surgeon who was visiting at the house first suggested cod-liver oil as the means of dissolution of one person, more skilled then the others, possibly, in the management of our dumb companions, had the animal held, and rather heavily too, and relieved the poor creature. I once knew a man who was noted as the terror of a pack of hounds, as he was the head of a very different cat—the patient being a fine leopard in the Regent's Park Gardens. An advertisement in the papers of the time, I think, I may be excused from any lengthy detail. When the animal was secured, and the mouth of course, which ailed the animal, they had a small but very strong sack made, and with this, after much trouble, succeeded in bagging the leopard. His mouth, of course, was left out, the sack being drawn tightly round his neck. The operation was attended with complete success by the dentist; his tooth was drawn, and he recovered; but, unhappily, he died a few days after, having got plunge he burnt the sack, and, thrusting his head through the opening, drove his talons deep into the arm of a keeper, tearing and lacerating the man fearfully.

I have seen this subject without advising my readers that the following recipe, for which I am indebted to the *Lancet*, and which ought to be made as widely known as possible, will really cure the most maddening toothache: One drachm of chloroform added to two drachms of Calvert's carbolic acid; a gelatinous mass is precipitated, a small portion of which inserted in the cavity of a decaying tooth invariably gives immediate relief. Observe, this is for the teeth only, not the gums.

The worst of a slight flaw in the tooth is that the tongue will never leave it alone; but, although it will not benefit *itself* by the practice, it will sit on poking away at it until more and more mischief is the consequence. It is impossible to say to unresponsible to some persons, that they employ artificial means to excite it. A frequent picking of the tooth is very common and very dangerous way; but in the case of a musician I was once acquainted with, and a great deal with dangerous and lunatic-like plaything in his mouth. For thirty years he persisted in the practice, picking the pin every few weeks, by which time it would have become almost black. Over and over again was he remonstrated with, but in vain; and at last one pin slipped down his throat, and he was found dead in his bed.

This anecdote recalls the fact that false teeth are not all comfort, and some little care must be taken to prevent such a catastrophe as that just alluded to; for instances have occurred of suffocation where the teeth have been pulled out by the food; soft food, such as batter-pudding or mashed potatoes, is what should be chiefly guarded against. It is impossible to avoid, in describing accidents of this kind, a certain ludicrous quality, however opposite the sentiment ought to be the person concerned; thus, when I mention that I have known a dog run away with two most expensive teeth, which had been detached by the adhesive qualities of some soft pudding, I know the reader will smile, although at the moment the incident was most alarming, and the teeth were only coughed up in time to save their owner from suffocation. Such is a gentleman very well known, and ranking very high as a tutor and a conductor of aspirants successfully through those examinations which are such barriers to the ambitious; he will remember, if he sees these lines, that I was staying at a strange house he left his teeth on his dressing-table, and how the house-maid threw them away, so that he had to be fed and sought after all over the dustbin.

Most wearers of false teeth take them out on going to bed, but some are obliged to remove them whenever they eat. This latter being the most spontaneous course, of course, would, I thought, their removal seems absurd—but it is true in many cases. Under the mouths of some persons are more difficult to clean than those of others I can not say; but it is certain that many who have lost their teeth go to a never-ending expense in trying to supply the loss, and in vain, while others are content to let existing substitutes as useful as it is possible for circumstances to be without delay or any but the first outlay. As my easily can imagined, this is the most economical of the pagliats, were frequent wearers of false teeth, that their finances allowed the outlay, and the contrast between those supplied with the borrowed incisors and the same man when they were out was often very whimsical—the most unlikely set of ten years would be made to his age by their absence. It is on record that in the middle of a "round" one of a gladiator contests lost his fictitious teeth, and so, with a word of apology to his adversary, who was engaged, he ran to a pal, who second and deposited in his care the costly invisories.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irishman was seen at the trenches before Sebastopol, and asked what was the matter with him. His captain asked: "What are you doing out in Fatigue Party?" "Faith, captain, I gets out every night of the week, I'st sea feelin' for a furlough, sure." "Just there's no furloughs to-night," said the captain, as he briskly drawing it down, and grasping it with the other hand by the middle of the blood, a quiet exclamation of pain and humor passed over his face as he exclaimed, "An' faith, it's a double one!"

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Old Master Brown brought his favorite down,
His fine new Spitz dog, to the town;
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there
Among the ladies," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away and sat all day
By the side of the ladies, as he was told.

ASSESSOR. "How is it, miss, that you are year age to the Register as only twenty-two? I was born in the same year myself, and, being thirty-nine, it must be—"

MISS. "Yes, sir." "Ah! but you see, Mr. Assessor, you have lived much faster than I."

A lawyer at Saco, Maine, is addressing a jury recently. Speaking of the patient way in which they divided his property among his two sons and then said: "Gentlemen, to-day is your birthday. You are, said, I go, but didn't: the other refused, and afterward changed his mind." The counsel on the other side and jury convinced the advocate that quoting Scripture was not his forte.

PARLOR SEWS—Chairs.

A WOMAN'S rights advocate insists that divorced women have a right to vote under the Fifteenth Amendment. She kindly provides that a bill of refuge shall not be denied or abridged on account of the color, or previous condition of servitude.

"Look here, captain," said an old Hooker Democrat addressing a colored brother the other day, "I don't want no Republicans." "Can't help dat, sir; de darkey can read."

A young man up a Western youth, who had been wheedled into a marriage which his subsequent judgment did not approve, consulted a sage for divorce. When the wife heard of it she was naturally indignant, and hastily provided herself with counsel to assign a reasonable cause for his proceedings. "You have married her," he said. "You know that before we were married," was the indignant answer. "Then," said the lawyer, "you have no case." "Why not?" "Because," said he, "you knew it."

"What time is it, Sambo?" "Good hair, sirree, and waterfall more than real hair, sir." "Why, you black rascal, I don't want to know what time it is, but what is the time of day?" "Oh, dat's what you call it, is it? Well, I'm sure I don't know, for I never wear one myself, and the youth were all dat I ever see."

HIGH WORDS—Dialogue in a balloon.

A YANKEE one day asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. "You can not do it with safety," was the answer. "But I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle in her hand. Then mount behind her, and you are safe, for one runs away with you." The next day the lawyer's client left with his own daughter who had run away with his client.

A person desiring a situation as teacher in Norwich advertised that he had "a large family." "I'll inform myself to you for that piece to the bound which I am well satisfied for any salary of most pleasing dualities, &c.

A YANKEE is said to have obtained a patent for a new safe. N.B.—It locks up the cashier as well as the cash.

A newly-married lady in Chicago complained to her me that on her reception-day her card-basket was overrun with visitors. "Why, my dear, misunderstanding terms for divorce. "So absurd, you know, me, to buy our house ready to live in." "True, dear," replied me (who had been twice divorced), "but I'd put them in a safe place: you may find them very useful in a year or two."

ADVICE TO A TOPER—Don't let your spirits go down.

FRENCHMAN. "Madame, you charge ver much too much for one fat room."

LANDLADY. "Oh, you know we at the watering-place must make hay while the sun shines."

FRENCHMAN (*indignant*). "Madame, you shall never make no hay of me. You must not shine, because all flesh is grass and you can make hay of me."

"TIME WORKS WONDERS."

IAGO. (JEFF DAVIS.) "FOR THAT I DO SUSPECT THE LUSTY MOOR
HATH LEAP'D INTO MY SEAT: THE THOUGHT WHEREOF
DOTH LIKE A POISONOUS MINERAL GNAW MY INWARDS?" — OTHELLO.

MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

OUR illustration on this page is taken from a very beautiful painting by the late CLARKSON STANFIELD, who stood among the foremost of the great marine painters of England. The scene is supposed to be near the mouth of the Thames, looking out to sea. The oblique line of the bows shows that the anchored ship, which forms the most prominent object in the composition, is not

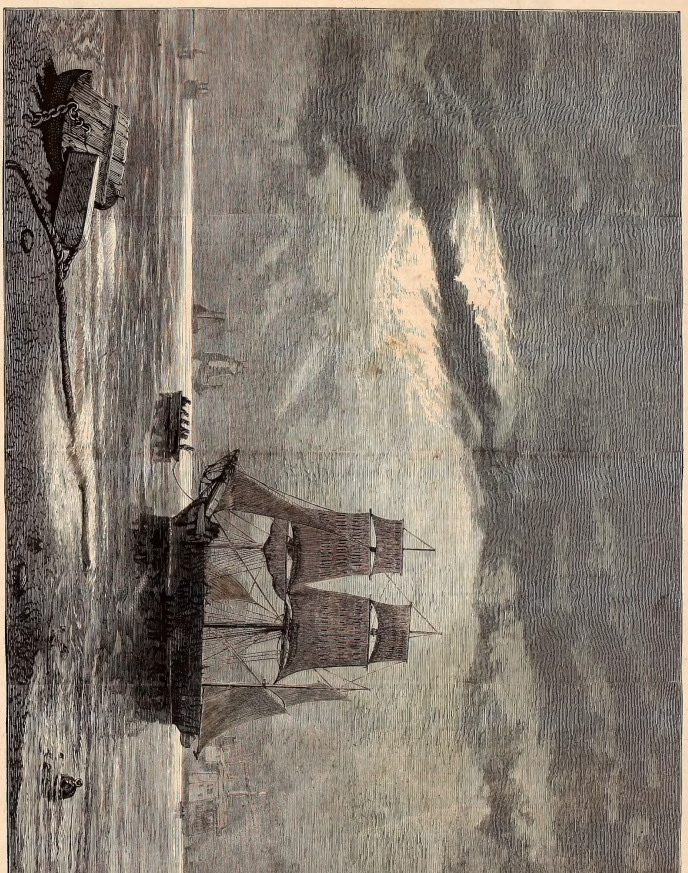

MOONLIGHT AT SEA.—[FROM A PAINTING BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.]

of modern build. She is evidently a trader, also, and has dropped down the stream preparatory to going out to sea. The details of the composition are executed with that minute attention to correctness of drawing that characterized all of STANFIELD'S work; and the gray, quiet, and tranquil tone that pervades every part throws the spirit of true poetry over sea and sky, which may also be taken as the presage of a happy and prosperous voyage.

PARISIAN FENCING-SCHOOLS.

THERE are few places which would afford more amusement to the thinking foreigner, who prefers to study men rather than stone, and qualities rather than peristyles, than the Paris fencing-schools. Here you meet the men of fashion, the men of the boulevards, downy-lipped aspirants for army commissions, students from the Latin quarter, but above all, ambitious journalists. Access as a spectator is easily obtained, and you may go far and hunt a great deal before finding an exhibition which lets you so far into French characteristics. There are many fencing-schools of all grades of fame, price, and accommodation. These are little rooms in darksome quarters where you may learn, after a fashion, for a trifling fee; and there are spacious, elegant saloons, kept by celebrated masters of the art, where the prices are relatively as high as are those of Sardou's comedies. The maitres d'armes, the awe of youthful beginners, and the admiration of the aptest of their scholars, betray in every look and motion their pride and conceit in their art, and seem to exhibit a sort of independence and bluffness arising from a consciousness that they can maintain their ground against all comers. They are the champion knights of the modern chivalry, and stride about their domain with much the same hauteur of physical prowess which of Victor Hugo for his novels, or of Gustave Doré for his illustrations. These saloons are decorated in a fashion appropriate to their use. They have suits of armor along the walls, elaborate collections of rapiers, swords, and sabres crossed athwart each other, pictures of tournaments, duels, and battles. But curious above all are the specimens of human nature which you see there. A fencing-saloon is a little theatre where there are quite as many originals as in the best of the knights of old used to show. Still, their amour-propre is not unamiable: they are burly, gay, "good fellows and brave fellows," devoted heart and soul to their pupils, and especially proud of those who have pinked their man in the wood of Vincennes. They are loquacious, and if you happen to go in when half a dozen of the scholars are preparing for their lesson, you will hear the maitre regaling them with wonderful stories, in which he is always the hero; nor

er flaying, if you will believe him, been hit with rapier or foil. It is odd to watch the countenances of the pupils as they parry and thrust with monsieur the maitre.

The best masters use the foils without buttons after the pupil has reached a certain stage of proficiency. Then it is that you may judge of the real quality and "grit" of the man. Pretending is out of the question when one has the naked foil in his hand. Hypocrisy abandons the

coolest. The polite and polished man of the world dissolves before your eyes into the true man of nature, cool or rash, timid or bold, cunning or frank, sincere or subtle. A gentleman well known as skilled in the art relates that one day he fenced with what he regarded as good results to himself. He tells us that he had a bout with a very extensive agent of wines and liqueurs, who, previous to the sport, had offered to furnish him with some excellent wine, which our academician had most gratefully accepted. Moreover, the narrator went to the matire, and said to him, "I will buy the Champagne of you, my gentleman." "Why?" "His wine must be adulterated; he denies that he was struck!" He applies the principle to prospective son-in-law. "When a pretender-to your daughter's hand presents himself, don't worry yourself about asking yourself of him, information of this sort being often unreliable: say simply to your future son-in-law, 'Will you have a bout?' At the end of a quarter of an hour you will know more of his character than after six weeks of intimate acquaintance." The art of fencing, as it is in France, has its antagonistic schools, as well as the arts of painting and letters. Those who practise the art as it was practised half a century ago are called the "old school;" who declare that the system of the "reformers" of fencing, Roussil and Lozès, pride themselves on being the "new school." The admirer of the old system thinks they see in it a revival or reform analogous to that which took place at about the same period in music, painting, and literature. What Rossini and Meyerbeer were in opera, Hugo and Scribe were in letters, and De la Rochefort and Contemporaries in painting, Roussel and Lozès were in fencing—founders of a new school. "Fencing," he had, says a French writer, "its romanticism and its contests of schools." The "old school" of fencing was in harmony with the old manners, the old order of society and régime. Elegance and grace were the requirements and distinguishes. It was an ornamental and polite art. Did your life hang in the balance, you must not be awkward.

To be "risked" was a slight offense compared to falling out of the line of harmony. Awkwardness was worse than death. The very language of the old fencing-schools hinted their ideal: to be shined as "Academe." "Let a man can went to take lessons, he went to the "academy." A fencer could not be formerly met in a thrashing, nor dew back the hand in thrusting, nor seek, nor bend over, nor engage body with body, nor "take a stroke in order." That is, at the time of the "old school," it was in verity an art, having as its object the harmonious and elegant. The "new school" is a science, whose object is to produce a practical effect than an artistic one. To hit is its great purpose. The means were all in all in the old; they are insignificant in the new. The new proposes a real combat rather than a gentlemanly exercise, and even assaults-at-arms is not tabooed. It permits lying down, putting the head behind the knee, thumping or parrying with the sword, taking aim at the belly, giving strokes beneath; it reduces the whole art to one sole position—the lunge. The "old school" is still professed by many distinguished amateurs of fencing, and still holds to the use of the most aristocratic and "gentlemanly" method. The "new school" is resorted to by "young France," and by the professional dentist, who usually either hears, or would have it appear that he means, business. Between these two schools is a third, which aims at a compromise, and at uniting the excellences of both. Of this school, the most celebrated living fencing-teachers-masters, Bertrand, was the inventor. He introduced a system of fencing at once regular and rapid, elegant and effective.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In The Home Monthly.—Book V.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

At the Crown Inn in Shipley Magna there was intense excitement. Nothing like it had been known there within the memory of man, for, although the house boasted a tradition that a royal and gallant son of England had once passed a night beneath its roof, no one living in the old inn at the period of our story could remember that glorious occasion. Now there occupied the best rooms a foreign prince and princess! And there was the princess's maid, and the prince's valet; who were extremely superior, and troublesome, and discontented. And there had arrived a pair of horses, and a gorgeous carriage, and a London coachman, who was not quite so discontented as the maid and the valet, but fully as imposing and aristocratic in his own line. And as if these circumstances were not sufficiently interesting and stirring, there was added to them the crowning fact that the princess's name was Blanche Lady, born and bred in the neighborhood, and that the scandal of her elopement was the chief topic of conversation—was yet fresh and green in the chronicles of Shipley Magna. What had they come for? The hunting season was over; and the hunting was the only rational and legitimate reason why a stranger should ever come to Shipley Magna at all. At least, so opined the united conclave of stable-yard and kitchen who sat in permanent judgment on the actions of their social superiors.

"Mayhap she have come to see her father," hazarded an apple-cheeked young scullery-maid, timidly. But this suggestion was scouted as highly improbable. Father, indeed! What did such as her care for fathers? She wouldn't ha' gone off and left him the way she did if so be she'd had much feeling for her father. She'd a pretty good check to come back there at all after the way she'd disgraced herself. And this here prince—if so be he were a prince—must feel pretty uncomfortable when he thought about it. It 'ud be to see how a Lunnun, and, so, much in the way of mortal indignation couldn't be expected from him. And then, you know, the mother was a foreigner. Certainly Mrs. Levincourt had never been nothing saint, so for the united establishment of the Crown, "it were to come out in the daughter. Once a foreigner always a foreigner," was the general verdict of all.

Nevertheless, in spite of the opinion of that critical and fallible pet audience that contemplates the performances of the stable-yard, the horses and hermes who strut and fret their hour on the boards, the Crown Inn establishment dispatched in a fly to Shipley-in-the-Wold, on the first morning after the arrival of the Prince and Princess, a man-servant. This personage was the bearer of a note addressed to the Reverend Charles Levincourt, Shipley Vicarage. The mysterious words that induced Veronica to revisit Damshire were not entirely clear to herself. It was a mystery, she said. And they were a secret that she ought to try to see her father. Unless she made the first advance, he probably would not see her more. He would not make the advance. That she felt the advance easier to make, considering the peculiar ground of property she did not utter aloud.

Then there was in Veronica's heart an unexpressed longing to startle, to surprise, to overwhelm her old acquaintances with her new grandeur. She knew, she said, that even the old county magnates as Lady Alicia Renwick would receive her with the consideration due to a Princess de Barletti. Lady Alicia was capable of motives for her visit to Shipley Magna most far from the desire for a visit of charity and friendly excitement. She had been married to Count Barletti for days, and was bored to death. As to Prince Louis Barletti, he was the man among all Veronica thought it good to go. He would fain have entered society on the grandest of the London season that was just beginning, and have recompensed himself for his enforced dullness during the first weeks of his union by a bit of gaiety. But he yielded readily to his bride's desire to go to Shipley Magna, and to the unyielding that it would be but decent and becoming on her part to present herself to her father.

Veronica, reclining on a lounge-chair, having sat full length on a broad squab sofa in the best sitting-room that the Crown could boast. Her husband sat opposite to her, half buried in an easy-chair, whence he rose occasionally to look out of the window. At his feet on a small Spitz dog that lay curled up on a cushion on the broad window-sill. Veronica gave a quick, impatient sigh, and turned restlessly.

"Anima mia," said Cesare. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing! Faugh! How stuffy the room is!"

"Shall I open the window?"

"Nonsense! Open the window with an east wind blowing! Are you trying to kill me then? You don't know the Shipley climate as well as I do!"

"How delicious it must be at Naples now!" observed Cesare, wistfully.

"I hope I may never see Naples again! I hate it!"

"Oibò! Never see Naples again? You don't mean it!"

"What a time that man is gone to Shipley!"

"Is it far to your father's?"

"I told you. Five English miles. It is no distance. I could have walked there and back in the time.

"It is a pity, cara mia, that you did not take my advice and go yourself. I should have been delighted to accompany you. It would have been more becoming toward your father."

"No, Cesare, it is not. I have told you do not understand."

"I can, in truth, see no reason why a daughter should not pay her father the respect of going to him in person. Especially after such a reconciliation."

"I tell you, simpleton, that papa would rather himself go to the option of coming here if he prefers it instead of my walking to the vicarage unexpectedly, and causing a fuss and an excitement, and—who knows," she added, more gloomily, "whether he will choose to see me at all?"

"See you at all! Why should he not? He—he will not be displeased at your marriage with a prince?"

"No—no. I do not fancy he will be displeased at *that*!" returned Veronica, with a half-compassionate glance at her husband. In truth Cesare was very far from having any idea of the real reason of his wife's visit to Damshire. He was a poor devil; she a wealthy widow. Per Bacco! How many of his countrymen would jump at such a chance! It was no mention that the lady was a young and beautiful Englishwoman, and a Protestant to boot.

"Very well then, mio tesoro adorato, then I maintain that it behooved us to go to your father. As it is, he will, of course, believe that we made some agreeable excitement in seeing you once more in your own home!" said Cesare, to whose imagination a "fuss" that involved no personal exertion on his own part was by no means a terrible prospect. After a moment's silence, broken only by the ill-tempered "yap" of the sleepy little Spitz dog, whose ears he was pulling, Cesare returned: "What did you say to your father, Veronica mia? You would not let me see the note. You have told me that it was expressive of my respect and desire to see him."

"That doesn't matter. You can say all your pretty speeches viva voce."

The truth was that Veronica would have been most unwilling that Cesare should see her letter to her father. It was couched in terms more like those of an enemy tired of hostilities, and willing to make peace, than such as would have become a daughter and affectionate daughter. But it was not ill calculated to produce the effect she desired on the vicar. She had kept well before him the facts of her princess-ship, of her wealth, and of the brilliant social position which she was prepared to take amounting to. The original son, who should have returned in rags and disgrace, had been handed to the house-door, would have had a much worse chance with Mr. Levincourt than one who should have appeared in her own person with the respectful homage of every jackey in his father's hall. People have widely different conceptions of what is dignified. Then, too, Veronica had clearly conveyed in her note that if her father would come to see her he would be welcome as a visitor." No existent demands should be made on his emotions. A combination of circumstances favored the reception of her letter by the vicar. He was alone in his garden when the fly drove up to the gate. The maid was absent. There was even a servant's eye upon him, under whose inspection he might have deemed it necessary to assume a rigid and dignified mien. He ceased to feel. That was the carriage waiting to take him back at once if he wished to. He felt that if he did not seize this opportunity, he might never see his daughter more. After scarcely a minute's hesitation, he opened the house door, called to the man that he was going to Shipley Magna, and mounted the box-seat beside the coachman. A reader is aware, that his servants knew as well as he did who it was that awaited him at Shipley Magna. But the fervent had not been the libid bond hostler of the Crown Inn, at Sack's Farm, that morning, and the arrival of the prince and princess had been fully discussed between them. But of this the vicar was in happy ignorance. He was driven along the winding road across "the hills" to Shipley.

"Have you ever seen a prince before?" exclaimed Barletti, suddenly, as from his post at the window he perceived the fly jingling up the High Street. "No, I see. I recognize the knee by fatness. Somani dei, is he fat, that animal! And what a figure some one inside the carriage. Ah—yes! It is, it must be your father!"

Veronica sprang from the sofa, and ran to the window with a cry of delighted recognition.

"Stay, dearest; that is not the way!" cried Cesare. "Come, here is the door of the corridor, come, we will go down and meet him together."

But that had been by no means Veronica's intention. In the first agitation of learning her father's approach she had started up with simply an instinctive, unreasoning impulse to run to him. At Cesare's words she strove to command herself, and sank down again in a sitting posture on the sofa.

"No—no, Cesare," she said, in a low breathless voice. "I—I was crazy to think of such a thing! It would never do to meet papa in the inn yard before all those people. He would not like it. Stay with me, Cesare."

She took his hand in hers, and held it with an almost convulsive grasp. Thus they remained silently, hand in hand. Her emotion had increased. Cesare, who had turned quite pale, it was probably not more than three minutes from the moment of Cesare's first seeing the fly that they waited for, that it seemed to Veronica as though a long period had elapsed between that moment and the opening of the sitting-room door.

"The vicar of Shipley," announced the prince's valet, who had been commanded to act on occasion as groom of the chambers.

"Papa!"

"My dear child! My dear Veronica!"

It was over. The meeting looked forward to with such fearful feelings had taken place, almost without a tear being shed. The vicar's eyes were moistened a little. Veronica did not cry at all, but she took the false color on her cheeks would let her be, and she trembled, and her hand shook, and she knew it, and she did, and she strove to hide it. She had put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him, and he had held her for a moment in his embrace. Then they sat down side by side on the sofa. Both had been perceived, for the first time, that Prince Cesare de Barletti, who had retired to the window, was crying in a quite unconcealed manner, and noisily using a large white pocket-handkerchief, which filled the whole room with an odor of a perfumer's shop.

"Cesare," called Veronica, "come hither. Let me present you to my father."

Cesare knew that the odoriferous handkerchief into his pocket, and advanced with extended hands to the vicar. He would have embraced him, but he conceived that this would have been a solecism in English manners; and he was sufficiently aware that although his knowledge of the language was yet imperfect, he had very happily acquired the outward bearing of an Englishman.

"It is a moment I have long desired," said he, shaking the vicar's hand, and then between both his. "The father of my beloved wife may be assured of my truest respect and affection."

There was a real charm and grace in the way in which Cesare said these words. It was entirely free from awkwardness or constraint; and uttered in his native Italian, the words themselves appeared thoroughly simple and natural.

Mr. Levincourt was favorably impressed by his son-in-law at once. He warmly returned the grasp of Cesare's hand, and said to his daughter, "Tell Prince Barletti that, although my Italian has grown rusty on my tongue, I fully understand what he says, and thank him for it."

"Oh, Cesare speaks a little English," returned Veronica, smiling. She was growing more at her ease every moment. The reaction from her brief trepidation and depression sent her spirits up rapidly. She recovered herself sufficiently to observe her father's face closely, and to think, "Papa is really a very handsome man still. I wonder if Cesare expected to see a person of such distinguished appearance." Then in the next instant she noticed that the vicar's dress was decidedly shabby, very careful but worn and she perceived in his bearing—in the negligence of his attitude—more traces of habitual personal deterioration which it had so pained Maud to discover. But she was seeing him under a better aspect than any Maud had ever contrived since her return to Shipley. The vicar was not so far changed from his former self as to be indifferent to the impression he was making on Prince Barletti. They all three sat and talked much as they might have done had Veronica paid from her father to go on a wedding-tour with her bridegroom, and was meeting him for the first time after a happy honeymoon. They sat and talked almost as though such a being as Sir John Gale had never crossed the threshold of Shipley vicarage. In Cesare this came about naturally enough. But Veronica, despite her languid princess air, was ceaselessly on the watch to turn his indiscreet tongue from dangerous topics.

And so things went on with delightful smoothness. The vicar, being pressed, consented to remain and dine with his daughter and son-in-law, and to sleep in the home by him in the evening. Down stairs the united conclaves were greatly interested in the new set of the drama, and criticised the performers in it with considerable vivacity.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

"Ah how long do you purpose remaining here?" asked Cesare, next afternoon, of his son-in-law, as they sat at table. "I presume this is a visit merely by way to some other place. Do you go northward? It is too early for the Lakes, and still more so for the Highlands."

Veronica looked at his wife.

"Well, how long we remain will depend on several things," she answered, slowly. "We were not en route for any special destination. I did not know that Shipley Magna could be en route for any place. No; we came down here to see you, papa."

"Yet you have had no change since down, you say?"

"Ah, yes; an 'ones," put in Cesare; "I-a, wen-t, a-n-d, s-a-w."

"Don't be alarmed, papa. Cesare is not going to drive us this evening. We have a pretty good team at home, I believe."

"Then you *had* some intention of making a stay here?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But really I don't think I ever have what you would call an intention. I have always such a vague appreciation of the mind. We shall stay if it suits us. If we don't, I suppose we shall go."

"Is she not strong?" said the vicar. "She used to be very healthy."

"Oh, I am well, papa. Only I get *so* tired," drawled out the princess.

Her husband looked at her more attentively. Her skin was so artificially colored that there was small indication of the real state of her health. Nevertheless, he said, "But she looks round her eyes were naturally. Her figure was also somewhat slimmer, but that seemed wasted, and there was a slight puffy fullness about her cheeks and jaw.

"She does not look very strong," said the vicar; "and—I have observed that she eats nothing."

"No! Is it not true? I have told her so, have I not, mia cara? You are right, Signor Vicario: she eats nothing. Nothing, capisce? Don't take it. Who knows what stuff it is made of?"

"Cesare, I beg you will not be absurd," returned Veronica, with a frown, and an angry flash of her eyes. "It keeps me in a state of nervous stimulants. Don't you remember the doctor had a required stimulants?"

"A propos of doctors," said the vicar, with an amused smile, "you have not asked after little Sally."

"Oh, poor little Elve! What is he doing?" asked Veronica, with a subdued sigh into her nonchalant air, temporarily interrupted by the flash of temper, and asked after Mr. Flow and the considerable consequence of a superior being.

"What - a - Phoo?" demanded the prince.

The vicar explained. And, being cheered by a good dinner and a glass of very fair sherry (he had prudently eschewed the Crown Champagne) into something as near jollity as he ever approached—for the vicar was a man who could smile, but rarely laughed—he treated them to a burlesque account of Miss Turtle's passion.

"How immensely comic!" said Veronica, slowly. She had reached such a point of princess-ship that she could barely take the trouble

to part her red lips in a smile at the expense of those lower creatures. Nevertheless there was in her heart a movement of very vulgar and plebeian jealousy. Jealousy! Jealousy of Mr. Flew? Jealousy of power; jealousy of admiration; jealousy of the hold she had over this man; jealousy, yes, jealousy of the possibility of the village surgeon coming here to her drawing-room with any other woman, and giving to that other something that, with all his flattery of old days, she felt he had never given to her—sincere and manly respect. She would not have him feel for any woman what he seemed to feel for his honest wife.

"I suppose," she said, after a pause, "that poor little Flew will marry her."

"Oh, I suppose so," returned the vicar, carelessly. "If would do very well. Maud thinks he will not; but that's nonsense. Flew is not very enterprising or ardent, and if the lady will but persevere he'll yield: not a doubt of it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, toying with her bracelet, and looking as though she were not wholly weary of the whole subject. In that moment she was foreseeing a glance of wished-for excitement in Shipley.

After dinner—which had been expressly ordered a couple of hours earlier than usual—Maud all drove along the winding turf-bordered road toward Shipley-in-the-Wold. It was a clear spring evening. The distant hills appeared cut away into faint blues and grays. A shower had hung bright drops on the budding hawthorn hedges. The air blew sweet and fresh across the rolling wold. Not one of the three persons who occupied Prince Cesare Borgia's handsome carriage was specially previous to the influences of such a scene and hour. Jael sat stiff, from whatsoever motive, kept silence for a time. Bartleti enjoyed the smooth easy motion of the well-hung vehicle, but he thought of other matters around him very dull. And, besides, he was the victim of an inordinate ambition to appear at the high box and drive. He was speculating on the chances of Veronica's permitting him to do so as they drove back from the vicarage, and then, even if she consented, what was to become of Dickinson, his man, who was seated beside the coachman? He could not be put into the carriage with his mistress, that was clear. To be sure the distance was not great, but he might—he might perhaps walk back! But even as this idea had passed through Cesare's mind he dismissed it as knowing to appertain to the category of day-dreams. Dickinson was a very opportune person in his gravity, severity, and machine-like impertinability kept poor Cesare in subjection. Not that Cesare had not a sufficient strain of the aristocrat in him to have asserted his own will and pleasure, with perfect disregard to the opinions of any servant of his own nation, but he relied on Dickinson to assist him in his endeavor to acquire the tone of English manners.

His first rebuff from Dickinson had been in the matter of a set of drab gaiters which the prince had bought on his own responsibility. These he had put on to sally forth in at St. Leonard's, when he had gone out alone, and immediately on his marriage; and Dickinson in conjunction with a tactful look-out, bestowed by a gold key in the head with garnet eyes, they had given him, he flattered himself, the air of a distinguished member of the Jockey Club. At the same time Dickinson's disapproval of the gaiters was, however, so pronounced, that Cesare reluctantly abandoned them. And from that hour his valet's dominion rule over his wardrobe was established.

On these and such-like weighty matters was Prince Barletti pondering as he rolled along in his carriage. Veronica leaned back in an elaborately easy attitude, and while apparently occupied in elegant languor, was keeping a sharp look-out in case her exercise of marking a distant face of acquaintance on the road should chance to be fulfilled. The vicar was busy with his own private thoughts and specifications. His mother was to be deserted until they neared the village of Shipley. Then the noise of the passing carriage would cause one or two faces to the cottage windows, and a dog or two barked violently at the heels of the horses. Only of the denizens of Shipley was Prince Barletti's equipage stared at it until it was out of sight. It was all so big and grand—coach and brand-new. Very different from the solid, well-preserved vehicles in which most of the neighboring gentry were seen to drive about the country. There was a great blazon of arms on the shining panels. The coachman's wig was one of outlandish gorgeousness, and the harness glittered with silver. A vivid recollection darted into Veronica's mind, as the carriage dashed through the village street, of that moonlit night when the English flag from the Crown Inn, which she and her father occupied, had refused aside to let Dr. Beghie's carriage pass, as they drove home from the dinner-party at Lavender House.

"Who is that respectable signora?" asked Cesare of his wife, at the same moment giving his hat and executing a bow with much suavity.

"Eh? Where? What respectable signora?"

"There—that rotund, blooming English matron. What a freshness on her cheeks!"

It was Mrs. Meggitt to whom Barletti alluded. The worthy woman's cheeks were indeed ad nglow with excitement. She stood by the wicket side, nodding and smiling to the vicar, who slightly—one might almost say furtively—returned her salute. From behind the ample shelter of Mrs. Meggitt's shoulder appeared the pale, pinched countenance of Miss Turtle. Her eyes saw nothing but Veronica. Their wide, steady stare took in every detail of the beauty's rich garments; the delicate, costly little bonnet sitting so lightly on a coquettish crown of jetty coils and plaits; the gleam of a chain around her neck; the perfection of her gray gloves; the low, elaborate waves of hair on her forehead; and so sure that Miss Turtle did not fail to observe that the prisoner was painted!

"Cesare! Per carità! What are you doing? Sit down, be quiet!" exclaimed Veronica, quickly, as she saw her lord about to pull off his hat once more.

"Ma come? Cosa c'è? Why may I not bow to the respectable matron?"

"Nonsense; be quiet! She is a farmer's wife. And I must say, I never saw a more presumptuous manner of saluting her clergyman. What has come to the peasantry? She is nodding and grinning like a ridiculous old china image!"

"She did not nod and grin at *you*, Veronica," returned the vicar, with unexpected heat, and in a flurried, quick way. "I—I bowed, Cesare, and—and—respect—a great respect—for Mrs. Meggitt. I have received kindness and comfort from her and hers in the days when I was alone. Yes, quite lonely and miserable. And let me tell you that you would have done you no harm to return her salute. If you expect Shipley people to ko-tow to you, you are mistaken. Your husband, who was to be their master, understands how to play prince a great deal better than you have yet learned to play your part."

Veronica was too genuinely surprised to utter a word. But silence was in keeping with the tone of disciplined nonchalance she had lately chosen to assume, and eked out by a slight waving of the head and a slow and scornful shrug of the shoulders, it was sufficiently expressive.

Cesare did not understand all that had passed between the husband and wife; but he knew he had paid but slight attention to it, being occupied with going over his own affairs. And he was lighted with the good lady's appearance, as approaching more nearly than any thing he had yet seen to his ideal of the English, and that size of a thorough-bred, average Anglishwoman.

He had not got over his fit of admiration when the carriage arrived at the corner of Shipley Lane, which, as the reader knows, was skirted on one side by the vicar's own premises. The coachman pulled up his horses, and Dickinson, but in hand, looked down into the carriage for directions.

"Which way is he to take, your 'ighness?" demanded Dickinson.

Suddenly it rushed upon Veronica that she could not bear to be driven up Bassett's Lane to the bedside of Mrs. Bassett. That, in the emotion, or scarcely any, so far, on receiving the old house, she would not be able to control. Her many glooming were so indissolubly associated in her memory with that one special spot that she shuddered in prospect of it. The thought was an instantly present to her mind—the chill murky light, the long dead floor, the sick face looking the trembling horse, and on the ground Joe Dorsett, with that unconscious, scarlet-coated, mudbespattered figure in his midst.

She sank back shivering into a corner of the carriage, and spoke in a voice little louder than a whisper, "Not that way, papa!" Her husband partly understood her feeling. But he could not understand why she should feel it, that alone of all the numerous places and persons connected with the past she had hitherto seen, should be there. She bent forward, and motioned why; but it indubitably was so.

Cesare waved his hand, giving face and voice. He leaned forward and took her hand. "Cara mia diletta," he murmured, "you are child! Your delicacy of sense is too fine. Do I saw you shiver! Did not your maid put a shawl into the carriage? Let me wrap you more warmly."

Veronica accepted his assumption, and suffered herself to be enfolded in the shawl. And in the meanwhile explained to Dickinson the road which he was commanded to approach the vicarage by the side of St. Gildas.

"You will see a specimen of our ancient church architecture," said the vicar, politely to his son-in-law, in labored and highly uncollocial Italian.

Cesare professed himself much interested. But when his eyes lighted on the squat tower of St. Gildas, and on the ruins of the minor graveyard, he stared around him as though he had in some very singular way lost his wits. He was bidden to look at, and as though *that* could be surely be the specimen of ancient church architecture.

"Ah, Veronica!" he cried, in a loud voice for me," said the vicar. "How surprised she will be! And who is that with her? Is Edwin at it?" "Yes, positively it is Mr. Flew!"

THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

THE large number of eminent descendants from illustrious men must not be looked upon as expressing the results of their marriage with mediocre women. For the vivacious habits of the wives of such men is above mediocrity, contrary to the commonly supposed opinion that great men marry silly women. It is not easy to prove my point without a considerable mass of quotations to show the manner in which the wives of a large body of illustrious men were held by their contemporaries, but a few striking facts or guments are not without weight. First, the lady whom a man marries is very commonly one whom he has met at the houses of one of his friends, and therefore not likely to be a silly woman. She is also usually related to some of them, and therefore has a probability of being hereditarily gifted. Secondly, as a matter of fact, a large number of eminent men marry eminent women. Philip II. of Macedon and Olympias; Cosmo de Medici and Contessina; Shakespeare and his most able wife; Helvetius married a charming lady, whose hand was also sought by both Franklin and Turgot; Wilhelm von Schlegel was heart and soul devoted to Madame De Staël; Necker's wife was a blue-stocking of the purest hue; Robert Stephens, the learned printer, had Petronella for his wife; the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon and the great Lord Burleigh married two of the highly accomplished daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke. All these names are those of decidedly eminent women. They establish the existence of a tendency of "like to like" among intellectual men and women. On the other hand, there is no evidence of a strongly marked antagonistic course of those men liking really half-witted women. A man may be interested in their defects in his character, and select a wife to supplement what he wants, as a why man may be attracted by a woman who has no other merits than those of a talker and manager. Also, a young awkward schoolboy may accredit the first girl who cares to show an interest in him with greater intelligence than she possesses. But these are exceptional matters, and by no means to be taken alone. Men take pleasure in the society of intelligent women, and, if they can find such as would in other respects be suitable, they will marry them in preference to mediocrities.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE readers of Miss Dodge Cook's charming "Cord and Creese" will be glad to learn that a new story, "THE CROTTONDALE," by the author of those popular works, will be commenced in the next number of *Harper's Bazar*. This story is one of great dramatic power and thrilling interest, and we would call the attention of the public to its opening chapters.

"Hope defeared maketh the heart sick," seems a problem both as serious days and weeks are concerned, by, and no wew has come of the misting steamer *City of Boston*, "the latest bable a melancholy record of wrecked ocean steamers. Though the total disappearance of a vessel, with the loss of all on board, is a rare occurrence. The steamship *City of Boston*, Liverpool to Halifax, and an invaluable book of reference, contains long list, as to the number of steamers, of casualties, wrecks. Some, which have occurred within the last fifteen years, that only promises to be the dismal catalogue. The *President* sailed from New York, March 11, 1841, with many passengers. Two days after she encountered a terrible storm, and was never heard of afterward. In September, 1854, the United States Mail steamship *Arctic*, Capt. Luce, left Cape Veals, a French steamer, off Newfoundland, and over 300 lives were lost. The *City of Glasgow* left with 480 persons on board, disappeared in November of the same year. The *Pacific*, Collins steamer, left Liverpool for New York, January 23, 1856, and was never heard of afterward, and is supposed to have struck an iceberg; 186 persons were on board. The *Lyonnais*, *Tweed*, with 191 persons and a valuable cargo on board, was wrecked near Sydney, August, 1857. Only one escaped to tell the tale—he was rescued after having been many days on the wreck. The *Central America* foundered at sea, September 12, 1857, and of the 476 on board only 152 were saved. The *Austria*, a steam emigrant ship, was burned at sea, September 13, 1858, and of the 538 on board but 67 escaped. Steamer *Lyonnais* foundered on her way Liverpool to New York, with 410 on board, was wrecked on April, 1860, only 9 lives were saved. The same year 345 lives were lost by the wreck of the *Royal Charter*. In September, 1865, the steamer *Evening Star* foundered at the sinking of the *Lady Elgin*, by collision, on Lake Michigan. The *Evening Star* was wrecked in 1865, and the *Londres* in 1866, by which disasters many hundred lives were lost. Such are some of the red records of the past. The record of wrecks occurring every year is far greater than is generally supposed.

At the recent sale of the Rice Library in this city an illuminated copy of Dibdin's "Bibliographia Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany," in 4 volumes, brought the remarkable price of $1920. The finest known copy of Elliot's Indian Bible, published in 1663, was sold for $1850—a fifty years' rise. It is finished in a book which only one man in the American continent can read.

We understand that Governor Hoffman has signed the bill empowering the city of New York to build a bridge between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets to the Battery of Central Park, the purpose of erecting a great founding hospital thereon.

The Bombay *Gazette* tells a little anecdote of the Duke of Edinburgh. "At Agra he inquired whether there was a Masonic temple. On being informed that such an institution would be of no utility in the place, he promptly inquired if he was hidden in it, wherever there was one they invariably took him in one, and he never found the word 'welcome' in large letters over the entrance."

The first edition of Charles Dickens's new novel will consist of 70,000 copies.—It has been reported that Pere Hyacinthe is about to marry in Paris. A "Paris statement is now contradicted; but it is said that he will satisfy the curiosity which is soon to exist in Europe in connection with several ecclesiastical and literary figures.—Count Piper, the Governor-General of Finland, is to be published in six magnificent volumes.—"Feathers and Arrows" is the name of a new volume of Dr. Holmes's poems, now in press.—A new publication bindly spoken of by the English papers is *Mexico, Illustrated in Photography of the Country and its People*, illustrated with photographs printed in permanent pigments.—Dudley Buck is reported to be about to make an artistic tour through the United States.

The West Side Elevated Railway is now completed to the Harlem River Depot on Seventh Street, and will soon be opened to the public. The road commences at the lower end of Greenwich Street, running along its west side to Vesey Avenue, where it curves and continues on the west side of the Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street. It is supported by iron columns strongly bolted together. The engines are situated at Cortlandt, Franklin, and Twenty-second streets. The cars are similar to those on the ordinary street railroads.

Not many months ago a peasant woman ordered a church near Tivoli, in Italy, and standing before an altar dedicated to St. Antony of Padua, addressed the following prayer, uttered excited sensations: "Dear saint, a cheat," she exclaimed; "a thief, a villain! I have bread and candles, I have grain and oil and wine, and yet thou hast permitted my child, the son of a widow, to die. Thou art a villainous cheat." An English visitor in the church, concerned for the safety of the woman, applied to a priest who was praying from his breviary. "Sir," replied the priest, "I will pray for you that the peasant woman is right in acting as she does, but she is not entirely in the wrong. She really has made St. Antony a number of presents, at some personal inconvenience to herself, for the service to poor, and yet the saint has done nothing for her—her child is dead. What more can any other woman to speak her mind freely, for her complaints are just."

AN Cambridge (Mass.) scholars worse than the general run of mankind. On a basis of a deficiency of moral power among the teachers, that is the natural tendency to restrain the discipline of the rod? Report says that the old policy, somewhat modified, is to be readopted.

Death at a gaming-table! What scene could be more fearful? A gentleman of Kentucky once was entered the gaming-saloon at Keethen, in the principality of Anhalt. He sat down at a table and soon won one thousand ducats. The bank-keeper passed over to him, but he did not take it up. Presently some one touched him on the shoulder, which he at first wished to continue. The men continued immovable, and it was observed that he was dead! The man in charge of the tables then raked up the gold, saying that it belonged to the bank, as no stipulation could have been entered into with a corpse. The heirs of the deceased are not content with the soundness of this reasoning, and they have commenced an action for the recovery of the sum.

It is talented to erect a suitable monument to Lieutenant Hinsdale, who died in the town where he is buried. It is hoped it will be completed before November 15, 1888, the four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformer's birth.

The increase of pauperism in London is spoken of as "alarming." A generation to nearly one hundred thousand poor who are in receipt of relief, and there are nearly as many more "casuals"—persons who spend the day in lodgings.

Rev. Ariel Backus, the first President of Hamilton College, was well known as a wit in his earlier days; and while connected with the college in various stages were a constant source of amusement. Once, on being asked his opinion of a brilliant but rambling and incoherent sermon, he extinguished at once by the young preacher who had delivered it in the college-pulpit, by the reply, "I am unable to say that an think of the text and the sermon simultaneously. They were so far apart that I could not find the text the small-jest, the sermon would never have caught it."

A fund, likewise, who believed in the immortal ness, sent his son to President Backus with a letter, in which he stated that while he has boy would seem to be a little backward and slow, and not pecuniarly fitted for the freshman class; but he trusted the President would not refuse to receive him, for finding a talent or two hid away in the napkin. When the slow freshman presented for his examination he carried to his father a written assurance from the President that he had "always found his boy in the corners, without seeing the first sign of a hidden talent."

There are in the city of New York no less than seven thousand saloons whose exclusive business is to serve up to their customers the vilest kind of wines, ales, roads, bools, or sears. Every body eats oysters at one time and another, and regrets when he is not, for twelve. The richest oyster-beds are found along the inbrated coast of the Atlantic States. In the vicinity of New York they are abundant. It would be a most important service to the public interest to societies that are brought to market, although a few favorite kinds are most in demand. Not less than ten thousand persons are employed in the oyster business in New York; and thousands of bushels are annually sold in Europe.

Many persons believe that various little personal peculiarities are strongly indicative of character. The Phrenologs, Dr. Redfield, has made the style of lounging in an index of character; that "He, he, leans the laugher to be frank, fickle, noisy, and nervous. He, he, he" is the index of a phlegmatic or lymphatic person, or of one timid and irresolute. "Ho, ho" betokens a man of strong passions and feelings, and "ha, ha" a man who is over-sensitive, hypocritical, and take to deceit.

Coarse black hair and dark skin are said to denote great force of character; fine black hair indicates not only strength of character, but also delicate and goodness. Stiff black hair indicates a coarse, strong, rigid character; soft black hair is indicative of gentleness and harshness. Coarse red hair indicates powerful animal passions, with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair, with florid countenance, denotes a sanguine temperament, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth, glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and firmness of character. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament. Crisp, curly hair denotes a warm, impulsive, sensitive character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent temperament. Premature whitening or changing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which naturally gives hair color often denotes premature age. This is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very little is evident with regard to pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are sometimes unevenly associated.

The gait is sometimes regarded as an index of character. Generally persons are said to move slowly. Careful people lift their feet high and place them down with great care. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined. Thoughtful persons step lightly for fear of being observed. The timid often step off the sidewalk on meeting another, and always go around a person instead of passing over it. Bashful persons have a long swing to their arms, while they shake their shoulders considerably. Awkward persons stumble along their toes. The lazy scrape about loosely with their heels. Very strong-minded persons have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns.

Concerning eyes, it has been said that "a woman with a hazel eye never sleeps from her husband, never chats around, never ramifies her husband's comfort for her own, never talks too much or too little, and is always sympathetic, sweet, and a good conversationalist."—Doubtless—but we know women with blue, black, brown, and gray eyes of whom as much good may be truly said.

STEERAGE BUNKS.

STEERAGE BUNKS.

THE discomforts of a long ocean voyage are sufficiently trying to the nerves, even when alleviated by all the luxuries and comforts of the first-cabin. To be sure, the first-cabin, or saloon, as it is now generally called, is small and cramped, and the state-rooms are narrow, dark, and close; but these accommodations are palatial in comparison with the steerage—the quarters where the poor emigrants are huddled together like beasts in pens. Their Atlantic voyage is any thing but a holiday trip. They are literally packed together in a dark, cavernous part of the vessel; they have their food doled out to them in rations; they have but little space among the ropes and beams of the forward decks wherein to "take the air;" and they must live during the voyage in an atmosphere which is close at best, and is too often tainted with disease. See, in the picture, how they are crowded up together, and how rude are their berths and surroundings! The poor ill woman in the corner has scarcely space to move; one man's berth is so narrow that his feet project over it. Still, the emigrants make the best of things. Some one has given the shaggy-haired little girl a toy, which she exultingly displays to her sea-sick mother; another little girl is unraveling a string puzzle; and the interested faces of the two women who are watching her show that even in this dark hole there are cheerful, contented souls. On calm nights, when the sea is still, and the steamer rolls steadily and gently across the waves, you may hear songs rising from the steerage, and see the emigrants standing in groups on the forward deck, the men smoking and chewing, and the women, their arms burdened with infants, chatting together and watching the spray and the surging sea.

SHEEP IN WINTER-TIME.

THE pretty winter pastoral on page 237, engraved from a drawing by Mr. HARRISON WEIR, is thoroughly English in general character and detail. Few American farms present the picturesque material to be found on those of England; the graceful rows of hedges, the cottages and outbuildings, with their thatched roofs and projecting eaves, offer a striking contrast to the angularly fences and the prim, unromantic country architecture in which American farmers delight. It is to be hoped the time may come here when these simple but enjoyable elements of beauty will not be considered incompatible with thrift and enterprise.

SUBTRACTION.

THE illustration with the above heading, on page 237, engraved from a clever drawing by Mr. J. MAHONY, a young English artist of considerable promise, hardly requires explanation. The two boys are evidently on their way to school, sauntering slowly along through the snow, and making up for lost time on their arithmetic lesson, which, as the title suggests, involves the mysteries of subtraction. The younger boy appears to be the quicker at figures; and his duller or lazier companion quietly "subtracts" the results of his calculations while looking over his shoulder.

THE KING OF SIAM.

THE KING OF SIAM.

SOMDETCH-PHRA-PARAMENDZ-MAHA-CHULALOK-KORN, the reigning King of Siam, whose portrait is given on this page, is only seventeen years old. He is the fifth sovereign of the dynasty of which he is the representative. From his European education, the young King is well calculated to carry on the enlightened progress made in that strange Oriental monarchy under the auspices of his father; but the Regent is still more advanced than was his late master. This Regent, chosen to the post for his eminent qualities, is CHOW-PHYA-SRI-SURY-WONGSE, close friend and companion of the late King, and Minister of War, in which capacity he is in direct communication with, and has enormous influence over, the council of mandarins. It is of this celebrated Siamese statesman that Sir JOHN BOWRING gives so complimentary an account in his work on Siam, where he says that in all his conversations with the "Kalahome" he found in him great judgment, and profound experience in men and things.

SUBTRACTION.—(SEE PAGE 236.)

SHEEP IN WINTER-TIME.—FROM A DRAWING BY HARRISON WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 236.]

"OUT OF THE DARK."

A—"John Anderson, my Jo."

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

John Alcohol, my Jo John,
When we were first acquain',
My eyes were bright with health, John,
My heart was free from taint;
But soon my eyes were bleared, John,
My face was full of woe,
And all because I stuck to you,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo John,
My sky was very clear
Until I met with you, John,
Then it was black and drear;
But now the pledge is mine, John,
And I am safe I know—
I'm fairly raised "out of the dark,"
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
My wife and children dear
Are glad to meet me, now, John,
Whenever I appear.
But while I kept with you, John,
Alas, it was not so,
They ran and hid away from me,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

John Alcohol, my Jo, John,
Let all your cronies mark
And inwardly digest, John,
The tale "Out of the Dark,"
'Tis in the New York Weekly,
And all will wiser grow
Who heed the lessons taught by it,
John Alcohol, my Jo.

NED BUNTLINE'S

GREAT PRIZE TEMPERANCE STORY.

Out of the Dark.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

By NED BUNTLINE
(E. Z. C. JUDSON).

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, could caress slab him to perdition, I would rather one or every breath. The heart of one and the of a beggar is to applaud me in my love, attain the fortune which should have been mine—took down on her. It drives me mad to think of it."

"What is the matter, Mr. Nevitt? What are you raising about? Were not your face so white, I would fancy you had been drinking, even at this ambitiously early hour."

And Mr. Selden, the princely gambler of — Square, approached a young man, fashionably dressed, who, in a state of great agitation, had just entered the back parlor of the establishment.

"Matter! Look there, Selden, read *that*, and then wonder why I do not look on my own brain, or kill somebody else!"

The young man thrust a crumpled note into the hands of the genteel gambler.

"Why, it is only an invitation to a wedding. One Eugene Westcott is to be married to Miss Florence Pendleton—secretary at the house of Mr. Pendleton."

"Do you know who she is?"

"The daughter of Mr. Pendleton, I suppose."

"Yes: but more, she is the girl, the only girl I ever loved. My marriage with her would have reconciled my father to me, made him willing to pay my debts and set me up in any business that I desired. He told me so much. Yesterday, on my knees, I poured out my passionate declaration of love—pleaded for her hand—but never was pleaded before.

"She was too. I wept hot, scalding tears. She smiled sweetly and said that I could get an engagement at Wallack's, I did it so naturally. I grew desperate and vowed I would blow out my brains. She suggested that it would be a pity to disgrace such a fine head of hair.

"I swore I would drink myself to death.

"She said that was the most fashionable mode of suicide, she was sure, but hoped I would not commence until after receiving a new set of jewelry she placed in my hands to-day. I began to hope that she had been merely flirting with me, and waited. Then the note—an invitation to her marriage with Eugene Westcott, his son of a man who implored me to handle by drink. Westcott has come up, step by step, in Pendleton's employment, until he is the cashier, and now, marrying his daughter, will undoubtedly become a partner. Oh, it is not enough to make one crazy—to be supplanted by an upstart like him. I will be revenged, if it costs me my life. I would rather die than drink, and I'll shoot him down in his tracks."

"No: you'll not commit any such folly. You'll want—you'll be patient: and if you want revenge, you'll make it sure, and not lay yourself liable to swing from the gallows. This father and son shall both be can be dragged down. He has won her hand, or will have it, and must help her to it. He can be robbed of both."

"How, Selden, how? Oh, if that could be so!"

"Contrive to get me invited to that wedding, and I'll enable you to have your revenge."

* * * * * * *

The wedding-day came. It had dawned without a cloud. And all day there was a busy hum of preparation until the hour of four in the afternoon arrived.

Then carriage after carriage drew up before the grand mansion, and people from the fifth avenue and the city began to crowd into the parlors.

At five the company invited were all present, and the minister, one of the most noted and eloquent in the city, stood ready to perform the ceremony.

They came—preceded by Mrs. Westcott on the arm of Mr. Pendleton.

In a moment, while a deep solemn silence fell over all in the room, the lovely bride stood side by side with the man of her heart's choice.

So far left, May Westcott, as beautiful as a poet's dream, stood without a tremor or a blush, fair as the fairest, pure as the purest.

On his right, the hero Colonel D——.

The ceremony, brief but affecting, went on and was concluded.

Then friends pressed forward to offer their congratulations. Eugene among the young men who did no was Alfred Nevitt. He disguised his envy and his hate, and appeared earnest and sincere when he wished the happy couple many blessings.

And now servants hurried forward, bearing cake and wine on silver salvers.

First to the minister, then to the bride and groom, the wine was tendered.

Alas, for one of his high calling and his position, that minister was one who did not think total abstinence among his list of virtues. Eugene Westcott died and revered him. He had been a guide and counsel to raise his glass, and drink to the health of the bride.

"I hope that he is as fanatical as to forget that there was wine at the marriage feast of Cana, when Christ was present, and approved," he said. "But perhaps you belong to the Good Templars, or Sons, or Rechabites?"

"No sir; I belong to no society. But I have lived for three years without wine, and do not see the need of taking any now to add to the joy which fills my heart," replied Mr. Westcott.

"Eugene, my boy, and you, my sweet daughter, I drink your health and happiness as a mother. Our friends right to refuse to take this glass, and to drink it. I here with to pledge you in their good wishes would be give place to cold water, if they chose."

But not a single friend refuse the father of her husband, and he had no obligation to decline drinking that one glass! Oh, had he but belonged to some order, and could he have said:

"I can not, sir, even for your sake, break my solemn pledge!

Then he might have been saved from—a future, oh, so dark!

"For your father, Florence, my new son-in-law, and for no other reason, I drink this wine," said the minister, as he handed the first glass and took the second.

But the smile which passed over her face when all the friends took up their full glasses, and the bride and groom took up their full glasses, and the bride and groom took up their full glasses, and the bride and groom filled up to all around the room.

"Alas!" the minister were two who did not, would not touch the tempting glass.

Mrs. Westcott, pale, cold and suffered too much in the long years which had linked her with a drunken husband, and a son, while a young daughter died a deadly poison. May had heard too much from her mother's lips, not to have imbibed a horror of the cold, and hunger, and suffering which those had to bear, brought about by the drunkard's hard days, not to dread and turn from the seeming cup.

Eugene Selden stood by the brimming glass, and as the bride and groom left the room with a party of friends around, and it seemed as if he was translated into a realm of ecstasy.

Strangely did one pair of eyes glitter when they noticed the effect of a single glass of wine upon Eugene Westcott.

"I have him—I have him. The milk-sop, in spite of his stingy years of temperance, likes drink. Selden and his other friends—surmised Alfred Nevitt—do not know where his weak spot is, but I do. I never drank, or would have done so till after I left college, never do."

The next hour was enjoyed by the company invited, with wine passing to the lip, and then the bride and pair went down to the carriage which awaited them to take them to the depot.

The pre-matrimonial remained, for the old merchant had a banquet, prepared in honor of the occasion, worthy of the host, and to the daughter whose hand he had given away, the one who had come onto him.

Feasting and wine-drinking went on late into night, and while the happy wedded ones were speeding off to view the grandeurs of the far West, and the Pacific cities of the fairest, richest land on earth—dear California—the festivities and harmonious song made the old mansion ring with joy and melody.

* * * * * * *

"What makes you look so gay to-night, Neville? Your face is flushed, your eyes bright, as if aroused to two, to enable you to do better or worse?"

It was Eugene Selden who asked the first question of Alfred Neville, as the latter entered the parlor of the gambler's princely establishment on 5th or "Shoo Fly."

"Why, I have had a glass of wine with Westcott, Eugene Westcott has come back from California with his daughter-in-law, Lady she elected to remain with much as she did, and he blooms a good deal more, or has been doing so since he left."

"What, does he drink already?"

"Not to excess, I suppose, yet, but I think he goes in heavy on that. He says he has ten cases with him, and has given away some to friends, but reserves a yard, all for his own use."

"Ah, indeed! Well, I will tell him to drop in here with you some night. I have California wine, too, and I will be glad to see what these glasses will set him up till he thinks of his own home. Come, Neville, let us have a game of billiards. Fisk, and Stewart on one check. Let him be invited to play a little for a while, and then drain him. You shall go me halves."

"I will, with pleasure, Selden, for remaining but revenge on him and her. And I'll have it, if I have to kill him. I will not be balked in my purpose, and he is to be fell."

"Count on your head, my boy. I like a good hater. You must see to an idea. Where does he stay—a hotel?"

"No, he is to remain with his son-in-law, Eugene, for a time, and make him a full partner, and I guess things will rattle before Eugene Westcott leaves the city."

"Then I must see what his way mean him off from it."

"A child that has an appetite for milk will take it as soon as it can obtain meat to satisfy it, and so with drink—I think it was born in him, for his father was a confirmed drunkard, and I believe that from birth the appetite can be inherited.

"I have seen the nurse which had drinkers throw out, but it is only an excuse. *I don't* believe a word of it, and it will only be a matter of time, I think, until you indulge to-night?"

"I will not say. I feel so happy since I've seen and talked to Eugene Westcott—so confident that I shall win my suit, that I may drink. I thought, when I saw his eyes glisten at the sight of delicious wine, that I had found the appetite can be inherited.

"I will not promise what I am hard

Nurses falling teeth nor the peeping wrinkles of time so forcibly tell of advancing years as your gray hair. Ayer's Vigor restores its color and makes your appearance more agreeable to others as well as yourself. With fresh, luxuriant hair, the infirmities of age are far less noticeable.—[Com.]

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 694.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

GENERAL PRIM

GENERAL PRIM.

GENERAL PRIM, who has occupied the foremost place in Spain since the expulsion of Queen ISABELLA, was born in December, 1814, and is consequently now in his fifty-sixth year. His romantic and adventurous career commenced when he was a little more than eighteen years of age, with active service in the civil war which followed the succession of ISABELLA II. Throwing himself heartily into the arms of the CHRISTINA party, he rapidly made his way through the inferior grades, and at the age of twenty-three was already a full Colonel. On the flight of MARIA CHRISTINA, PRIM became one of the leaders of the Progressista party, vehemently opposing ESPARTERO, by whom he was at length expelled the country in 1842. Escaping to France, he again renewed his allegiance to MARIA CHRISTINA, and returning to Spain in the following year, on his election to the Cortes by the city of Barcelona, effected a coalition between the Christinos and the Progresistas; and after a struggle of varying fortune, in the course of which he more than once narrowly escaped capture, succeeded in upsetting his great rival ESPARTERO, and was rewarded by CHRISTINA with the Governorship of Madrid. His triumph, however, like most modern *coups de Espose*, did not last long. Moved partly by PRIM'S own injudicious action, and partly by the ceaseless machinations of the host of intriguers by whom what in Spain passes for politics is carried on, the Queen herself was soon turned against him; and for some years the name of PRIM seemed almost to have dropped out of the history of Europe. The Crimean War, however, at length drew him from his retirement; and at Silistria and elsewhere he gave good proof of the talent and courage which six years later reflected so much credit on the Spanish arms in the highly successful war with Morocco. His next command, though somewhat less glorious, can hardly be considered less successful. Intrusted with the leadership of the Spanish contingent associa-

ted with France and England in the ill-fated expedition to Mexico, PRIM was one of the first to recognize the error that had been made, and to execute a wise, if not perhaps a very chivalrous retreat. Of this the country no doubt reaped the benefit, but PRIM's own star appeared for some time after to be somewhat under a cloud. Three years of incessant intrigue and agitation culminated in 1866 in an abortive insurrection, followed the year after by a failure, if possible, even more complete; and the conqueror of Morocco found himself once more in exile, in London, damaged in credit, and almost bankrupt in pocket. In this connection he remained for nearly two years, till another turn of Fortune's wheel placed him once more at the head of affairs, apparently, at least, the arbiter of the future destinies of Spain.

In the course of his eventful life General PRIM has come in for a full share of honors. Twice he has sat in the Cortes for the important town of Barcelona—a manufacturing community in which and he has been made at different stages of his career Count de Reus, his native place, and Marquis de Castillejos and Grandee of Spain, these latter titles being conferred in recognition of his distinguished services in Morocco. In person he is about the middle height, grave, reticent, and reserved, and, notwithstanding his numerous exiles, speaking but little French, and no English. His favorite amusement, like that of most Spaniards, is gambling, of which he is passionately fond.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

THE NEW NATION.

THE last few years of our national history have been so full of astonishing events, all tending to one end, that the formal completion of the cycle is saluted not with excitement, but with tranquil gratitude and satisfaction. The President has most wisely chosen to signalize the occasion by a special message, and thus to record, by the hand of the chief executive officer, the nation's sense of the significance and grandeur of the event. With simple impressiveness, conscious that the plainest statement of the fact is the most eloquent, he says:

"A measure which makes a nation of millions of people voters who were heretofore declared by the highest tribunal in the land not citizens of the United States nor eligible to become such, with the assertion that at the time of the Declaration of Independence the opinion was fixed and universal—in the civilized portion of the white race regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics—that 'black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect,' is indeed a measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind from the foundation of our free government to the present time."

It is most fit that in announcing this great act of the people the chief Executive should recall that most false and odious decision of the Supreme Court which was intended to wither the hopes of a race, and to commit a government founded upon equal rights to a policy of the foulest injustice and the most cruel oppression. How gloriously vindicated is the faith of those who in the darkest days of the supremacy of slavery never faltered, and who, although unable to see the way of deliverance, were unalterably convinced that an intelligent, moral, united people, loving liberty, and taught liberty from the cradle, and teaching liberty, and trained by liberty, however for a time temporarily and confused by sophistry and apparent interest, would at last emerge from the clouds, and behold the truth like the sun in the heavens! It is the truth to which we are pledged is equal rights—fair play for all men. And if at this moment half of the land is scarred with the terrible wounds of war—if one part of the nation has been fiercely alienated from another—if in a myriad homes and hearts the light has gone out forever—it will bear the heavy burden of enormous debt—it is because those who denied equal rights and refused fair play to every man as a human soiled the government, and fixed their grasp so firmly that it could be relaxed only with infinite suffering and blood.

"And when he came to himself," says the parable, "he arose and went to his father." The act which the President solemnly commemorates shows that, after the lapse almost of a century, those country has come to itself; to its great principle; to its true idea. That great birth it remains for us, as the President suggests, to study the conditions which will alone enable us to continue to be masters of ourselves. Intelligence and honesty, these are the charmed lance and shield. Without these there may be a vast nation, but only with these can there be a free and progressive people.

ST. DOMINGO AND ST. THOMAS.

WE presume that the obligation which makes the executive debate upon the St. Domingo treaty secret will be removed, and that the speeches will be published. The annexation of foreign territory, with an alien population, a debt, and a civil war, is a subject of sufficient importance to be very fully presented and considered. As we write, it is understood that the treaty will not be ratified by the necessary two-thirds vote of the Senate. We hope so. But as we have now apparently entered upon our era of West Indian acquisition, or propositions of acquisition, it is most desirable that the country should become familiar with the advantages and disadvantages of territorial expansion in that direction; and with the extent and character of the "rings" and "pools" that have been formed in expectation of favorable action, and to compel it. St. Domingo contains about 140,000 inhabitants. General TATE writes that, even if the debt of the country were 30,000,000, it would be a fair bargain. Senator MORTON says that he thinks the expense of the purchase would not be more than $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. An entertaining picture of two or three millions of natives in earlier days basking in the genial sun of the island, and reposing without labor on the rich fruits that "spontaneous grew there," as in the pleasant groves of Blarney.

Now, fortify yourself. Conclusiveness alone are not conclusive reasons for buying more territory and adding to our population than of St. Domingo. We have said that the most productive territory already, waiting only for our own sparse population to develop. There is also foreign influence and movement of various kinds in our population, and there is no imperative necessity of increasing it. There must be some particular and powerful reason for annexing the United States in extending themselves into the Gulf. Is there any such reason, and if so, what is it? The reason alleged is the necessity of a naval station in the West Indies. This was the ground of the negotiations opened by Mr. SEWARD with Denmark for St. Thomas, and it is understood that a naval station is very desirable. But the arguments that prove the desirability of obtaining the island—and they are so prodigious as that which is involved in absorbing St. Domingo are yet to be made public. Certainly, a naval station in the Mediterranean sea from a naval station can overcome the disadvantages of the acquisition.

Besides, there is the climate. We need not repeat what has been said upon that subject in these columns and elsewhere. It is enough that the fevers of Africa again and again smite Denmark, and that Denmark, with the full information, but, as appears, mistaken, understanding that it was exempt by the treaty of cession, ced the question of separation to the inhabitants of St. Thomas, who decided that they would be transferred. But the loyalty to Denmark and most friendly power assented only upon the extreme pressure of our Foreign Secretary, has been regarded with the utmost suspicion by the Senate. The extension of the term of ratification expires on the 18th of April, and the treaty will probably fail. Meantime the executive will be very difficult for any foreign power to satisfy itself that our negotiators have any authority whatever, or that the work of the Executive Department of the United States—one of the ablest that the country has known; and we shall be in the situation of an offended suitor who spurns but honest and faithful friend. When the St. Thomas treaty is rejected, it will be only proper that Congress shall fully discuss the whole matter after to initiate negotiations of such a character.

Meanwhile, having refused to buy St. Thomas, for which we have made an offer, we await the reasons for buying St. Domingo, at an incalculably higher price, if we consider the probable debt, the jobs, the foreign complications, to Hayti, the domestic troubles, the ignorant, superstitious, and utterly alien people.

DEFENDING THE CITADEL.

THE meeting at the Cooper Institute to protest against the diversion of the public school money of New York to sectarian purposes, was the stream of petitions against the same abuse which pours into the Legislature, show that the public mind is fully conscious of the danger. It is not a subject upon which any citizen can afford to be silent. The influences which press for this violation of the fundamental political principles of the government are both subtle and powerful. The purpose will not be relaxed. It is founded in the conviction of the Roman Catholic clergy that an absolute separation of church and state is not favorable to the increase of their authority. Experience has told that they are tenacious and skillful; and every body should remember that the great securities of our government do not defend themselves, and that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

There has recently been an immense increase of voters in this country and among the most ignorant classes. At the same time there is a pressure, which is likely to grow rather than diminish, for NET Indian annexation, and a consequent further increase of ignorance in the population. Meanwhile the extent of corruption, of a kind which especially depends upon ignorance, corruption upon a scale which menaces the whole American system, becomes one of the gravest subjects of apprehension. For these difficulties there is one practicable remedy, and that is education. Intelligence is the primary condition of a permanent and peaceful popular government, and therefore the common school is the citadel of America. It is the consciousness of this fact which leads Congress to propose the continuance of the educational department of the Freedmen's Bureau, and which inspires the timely words of the President in announcing the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is the same consciousness which brings the country to its feet when it hears the report of the first faint shot at the common school system.

But if the common school system is to be a blessing and not a curse, it must be a united and unsectarian system. The separation between church and state, which is observed in every other department of the government, must be rigorously maintained here. It would be clearly most unjust if schools are established for the public welfare, and that, in a community of countless sects, it is impossible that the public welfare can be considered if the schools undertake to teach sectarian views. If, therefore, any sect declares that it will not send its children to schools where its particular tenets are not taught, we must say to it that, as all sects are taxed for the schools, the peculiar tenets of no sect can be inculcated in them. If the sect declares that the tenets of certain sects are now taught in the schools, and can establish the truth of such a charge, it will be an imperative duty to reform such an abuse. But it is not enough to establish the charge to protest that not to teach its own views is to teach other views.

The hostility of the Roman Catholic clergy to our public school system is not founded upon the fact that the Bible is read in them, but that religion is not taught in them. The very existence of the schools—for every object that was most strenuously sought and achieved by them—is made the ground of opposition. It is not the fact that the schools are godless which is the cause of the religious education of their youth. When, therefore, the Roman Catholic clergy say that, if religion is not taught in the schools, it is an injustice to tax Roman Catholics for their support, they advocate the overthrow of the whole system, which, as we said last week, while they may do this as citizens just as they may advocate the establishment of a church and an ecclesiastical worship of the press, their assertion that they are persecuted as a religious sect, if their political opinions do not prevail, is the merest folly.

If there be one just pride and glory of the American government greater than another, it is that it has never, in the least degree, persecuted any religious sect. Its impartiality has been absolute and austere. Its popular elections, indeed, have proved to religious sects sometimes been made, as when Mr. JEFFERSON was denounced as a French infidel, and a DAVY-NOLDING by those who opposed the elected against Mr. FREMONT as a Roman Catholic. But the government itself has been untainted by this spirit. It has known neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian. And he who, in the ghastly history of belief or persecution, and other times, is familiar with the tragical consequences of the opposite policy, will need no other exhortation to be vigilant and strenuous to oppose the least attempt to change the wise and beneficent practice of our own government.

POLITICS UPON THE BENCH.

ELSEWHERE we consider the general question of reopening the late legal-tender decision. It is a warm subject by those who oppose the proposition that it is to be deplored as a political movement, and that the Supreme Court should not always display supreme and serene wisdom, doubtlessly it should. But is it not a painful truth that, when Mr. LINCOLN nominated Mr. CHASE for Chief Justice, he unwittingly made politics upon the Supreme Bench? It was supposed that he chief of the Judiciary Department, and that, having accepted it, he would be expectation? Alas! the Chief Justiceship has been infatuated with the Presidential fever, and not the touch of the softest ermine can assuage that fire.

The evening of two years ago are not forgotten. They were incredible, but they were true. He would be a bold man who should deny that, when Mr. SEYMOUR accepted the nomination at Tammany Hall, he had in his pocket the speech with which he meant to urge the nomination of Mr. CHASE, with the express consent of that gentleman. The Chief Justice of the United States, theoretically superior to the turmoil of politics, was in communication with those who sat in convention with WADE HAMPTON and his fellows, ignoring that they were unchanged, and was arranging with them the terms upon which he would be a candidate against the party that had successfully ended the war and emancipated the slaves. It was the most disastrous illustration of the demoralization produced by Presidential ambition which can be found in our history. We doubt if any equally conspicuous man ever so suddenly forfeited the confidence of the best part of a nation.

Perhaps a man who has once become the victim of this Presidential poison ought not to be considered responsible. Certainly all those who with us had so long respected and trusted the Chief Justice would gladly think so.

Whether it was after or before this communication with his political opponents we do not now recall, nor is it of any importance, but Mr. CHASE announced that he had withdrawn from politics. But if the Democratic Convention of 1872 should nominate him for President, would he decline? Does any one familiar with his career believe he would decline? The peculiar impropriety that the Chief Justice should negotiate for a nomination must have been, of course, as evident to him in 1868 as it will be in 1872. The prospect of the Presidency itself would certainly not be less alluring. It is not probable that a public man who has been always aiming at the Presidency would refuse the chance when at last it came; and we must, therefore, believe that the Democratic nomination in 1872 would be at least extremely agreeable to the Chief Justice. He waves a purely decorative hand indeed; but Mr. SEYMOUR also took great pains to announce that he could not and would not be a candidate. But when the Convention met, and its love, the gentle HORATIO blushed, and faintly whispering, he would as'er consent—consented.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court must be considered still a candidate for the Presidency. We do not say, therefore, that he should resign from the bench, nor consent to one of the legality of which, we have not pretended. But unquestionably, when a decision is announced in consonance with party decisions in lower courts as that upon the Legal Tender act, and so agreeable to those who declared the conduct of the war to be unconstitutional in some most vital points, it is not unnatural to seem to the country a decision superior to political feelings and influences, when it is known to have been adopted by a majority of one, and when the political situation is what it is to-day, and the Chief Justice is mentioned as a probable candidate for the Presidency. It is of this is—as undoubtedly it is—a general feeling, it is the fault of no country, which has always wished to believe the Court beyond Presidential ambition, or of the Chief Justice who negotiated for a nomination.

We said at the time that the precedent was deplorable; and one of the chief reasons that we urged was that the confidence of the country in the Court would necessarily be shaken if it were not kept absolutely free from suspicion of personal political aspiration. The decision that is sought to be reversed is not free from that suspicion; and surely it is not necessarily, in an open case, a political movement which seeks to set aside such a decision, when it declares, as the Attorney-General says, that it is "unconstitutional to have a rebellion beyond a certain magnitude."

THE RING-BREAKERS.

IT would be difficult to mention a more illustrative contest than the political crisis of the past month in New York and Albany. The discussions which always attend a party in unprecedented supremacy have been unknown to the Democratic party in this city, whose government is the perpetual monument of the party principle and character. A certain clique, called the Ring, turned the Democratic ascendency to its own peculiar advantage. Other members of the party rebuked at this monopoly of power and plunder. Suddenly war was loudly declared by the chief Democratic paper in the city upon the Ring. It alleged that "bandicapped" with the Ring the Democratic party could no more succeed at the next election than in 1864 with the Chicago platform and letters, or in 1868 with the Tammany repudiation and broad platform. But the party was to be saved by the Ring must be destroyed. Simultaneously in the Legislature hostilities began. It was announced that it was the enthusiasm of the movement that Messrs. SWEENY and TWEED, the representatives of the Ring, were sinking into the undistinguished minority, and soon disappear. The reply went up from the party paper

"No quarter; the black flag; war to the knife!"

The Ring-breakers at last displayed their plan of campaign, which had evidently been modified by the Ring, showing that the Ring was, after all, master of the situation. But, as if to prove it by covering the self-glorifying assailants with utter contempt, the Ring mercilessly defeated the bills which had been changed to suit its pleasure. Then followed heroics of every kind, and an appeal was made to the Tammany Committee. Mr. TWEED, the Ring-

master, should be hurled from the chairmanship of the Committee, and conspicuously disgraced. The King-breakers assembled their hosts, counted a majority, and, forecasting their triumph, proceeded to Tammany Hall. It was dark. It was silent. The police forbade them to enter. The trustees of the Hall had refused to allow the meeting. Leaving a note, it was a dank movement of the King-master so ingenious and dashing that the King-breakers, conscious that they were ludicrously outwitted, disappeared, and the next day, arriving exhausted in Albany, discovered that the indefatigable King-master had taken them over their own bank also, and had made his own bill the special order for the next day.

The next day came. The bill was called up. There was a little more guscoonade from the King-breakers in the Assembly, like the sputter of expiring candles; and then the victorious squad of reformers and saviors of the Democratic party from being handicapped by the King, the heroes of the war to the knife and the knife to the hilt, supported the King-master's bill, and with a rapidity and a ridicule unparalleled in our political annals the luminous King-breakers were summarily broken. It cannot be said that it was the least wool ever known for so great a cry for there was no cry, or visible shred left. The bill for which the King-breakers voted confirms and extends the power of the King; and the vote itself is the most extraordinary evidence of its present power. The action of the King-breakers in the Assembly spiked all the guns of the paper which had been constantly declaring that the supremacy of the King was due to a coalition with the worst Republicans for with two or three exceptions the whole body of its own party in the Assembly voted for the King. And now that the force is ended, the body, probably, is very seriously disappointed nor surprised. The hostility, as was said last week, will smoulder, and there will be many opennesses hereafter. But the judicious Young Democrat who hopes for preferment will be chary of his boasts of breaking the King.

LEGAL TENDER.

In 1866, during the Presidential term of ANDREW JOHNSON, Congress passed an act that no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States should be filled by appointment until the number of Associate Justices had been reduced to six, and that thereafter the Court should consist of a Chief Justice and six Associates, any four of whom should constitute a quorum.

At the time of the passing of this act the Court was composed of eight Associate Justices, in addition to Chief Justice CHASE, viz.: JAMES WAYNE, SAMUEL CLIFFORD, NATHAN CLIFFORD, STEPHEN SWAYNE, MILLER, and FIELD; and it was generally supposed, as three of the Court were of great age—WAYNE, CLIFFORD, and NELSON—that vacancies were likely to happen within the term of the then incumbent of the Presidency, and that they would be filled temporarily by appointees in harmony with him. It was deemed expedient to provide against this contingency by declaring that, if the vacancies did occur, by death, they should not be filled. JUSTICE WAYNE, who had been assigned to a Southern Circuit, died in 1867, and in February of that year Justice GRIER resigned.

After the elevation of General GRANT to the Chief Magistracy the power to fill vacancies up to the original number was restored, and nominations and appointments for this purpose were made of Judges STRONG and BRADLEY, who have entered upon the discharge of their duties. During the pendency of these nominations the legal-tender case was argued, Justices CLIFFORD, NELSON, and FIELD uniting with the Chief Justice against Justices DAVIS, SWAYNE, and MILLER.

As this case involved the right to exercise a power in war which Congress can not in time of peace initiate but declares to be essential to success, it would seem that it ought to have been reserved until the Court was full. So far as concerns Chief Justice CHASE, who had urged Congress with great earnestness to pass the bill, there were strong reasons for delay as now he could not be required to declare as void an act which he, as the chief financial officer at the time, had induced Congress to pass. The opinion would have been regarded as painful by those who wished to avoid the suspicion of extraordinary motives.

The relations of the Court to Congress, as prescribed in the Constitution, constitutes a powerful reason for the utmost delicacy in the treatment of questions of Congressional power. The authority to adjudicate upon them belongs to its appellate jurisdiction which gives the power to "have," "with such *exceptions* and under such *regulations* as the Congress shall make." The Court itself, when presided over by Chief Justice MARSHALL, decided, in the familiar case reported in 3d Cranch, that although the Constitution specifies the subjects of its jurisdiction, yet when Congress, in an affirmative enumeration of the matters upon which the Court might act on appeals, specified some of those mentioned in the Constitution and omitted others, it amounted to a *regulation* imperative in the exclusion of those omitted.

Far be it from us to wish to limit in any degree the perfect independence of the judiciary, as we regard this freedom as the sheet-anchor of our safety; but prudence requires that a tribunal subjected so materially to the power of Congress by the fundamental law should continue to use the same delicacy in questions affecting Congressional power which governed the Court when MARSHALL presided over its deliberations. Its dignity and influence will always be promoted by extreme caution. The exhibition of this care will command public confidence, and prevent embarrassment in providing for the *regulations* which Congress is empowered to make.

We wish that the Attorney-General could have been saved the necessity of a motion to open one of its decisions, on the ground that the Court were not full when it was made. The attention of partisans is warmly directed to the contest, and even the foreign press has spoken of the tribunal as unused and indifferent. But as the decision involves the very essence of the war power, and subjects the country to peril in case of any temporary suspension of operation, so that it may be considered by the full Court, is required for public security.

The statement of the Attorney-General against the Legal-Tender act, in its application to pre-existing debts, is supported by many on the ground that it is a mere question of specie payments. In nearly every loyal State the act was declared legal, by the highest State courts, in the application to debts, upon the ground that Congress had power to determine what *means*, which promoted the end in view, were "necessary and proper" for conducting war, and that it was for courts to consider the question of necessity and propriety as settled if it was a means, and was not prohibited.

In the argument of the case at Washington, the action of the British Parliament in creating a precedent in this legislation was entirely overlooked. The act of 1797, which legalized the refusal of the Bank of England to pay its bills in coin, and prevented a number of debtors who could show that they had tendered them, was followed, in 1814, by another act making it a misdemeanor to issue notes of less than their nominal value, or gold for more.

This act also provided that, in case of distraint for rent, after the 24th of June then ensuing, the goods seized upon should be returned, but the law left the creditor to his other remedies.

These statutes, in the main, were because they applied to pre-existing debts of the most sacred character, and produced a forced circulation of the bills of the Bank of England, to the utter exclusion of gold and silver for a period of over twenty years. The policy of the act controlling the issue of coin was not involved.

The Parliament of Great Britain passed the act, and ultimately provided for its repeal. Each of these legislative departments said in a great error to suppose that we can with safety rely upon a court to employ a legislative function and restore the country to specie payments.

We are the firm advocates of a return to specie payments as soon as it can be accomplished with advantage. This is a duty which Congress ought not to omit; but its omission does not justify the charge that it is corrupt and polishing the object. If we can not secure a repeal of the law in the mode prescribed by the Constitution, the inflictive law must be borne, as in that case it is the will of the people.

THE BOARD OF REGENTS.

THERE has been a great deal of satirical fun leveled at the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. The functions of the body are by very little understood, and they have been often represented as a close corporation of useless old fogies. The Constitutional Convention was besieged with petitions for the abolition of the Board; and it debated the proposition of a State Board of Education, to combine the duties of the Regents and of the Department of Public Instruction. The Regents are a body of great dignity, for they are elected by the United States Senators, and by the Assembly, and they are certainly an inexpensive body, for the members are paid nothing but their actual expenses. Some of the most distinguished citizens of the State have been members of the Board, and Mr. VERPLANCK, who recently died in his honors and years, was the Vice-Chancellor.

Last year the attempt to abolish the Board was renewed, but the Superintendent of Public Instruction was instructed to report upon the expediency of such action. In his report he takes the following facts the subject at some length. In brief, the facts are these. There are two systems of education connected with the State: one consists of the public schools, the other of the chartered academies and colleges. The Department of Public Instruction manages the relations of the State to the first, the Board of Regents to the second. The Regents are authorized by the Legislature to grant charters both to colleges and academies, and to distribute money among the latter upon certain conditions. They may grant honorary degrees, and are required to visit and inspect the colleges and academies annually, reporting upon their condition to the Legislature. They have also charge of the State Library and State Cabinet of Natural History, and of the State Normal School at Albany. These are their duties, and the question is whether the discharge of that all the schools of every kind with which the State has relations should be under the control of one body, or whether it is wise to maintain the present separate supervision.

The Superintendent states that the powers of the Regents are very limited, and that practically they can do nothing but visit and report. If greater efficiency is sought in the academic system greater power must be given to the Board. But the Superintendent is of opinion that the time has not come for making the academies more efficient. In other words, he thinks what is called higher education in the public school system; and that to unite free schools with chartered academies charging fees for tuition would make a very incongruous system. He thinks, therefore, that the principle of the present system of a dual supervision should be maintained; but he sees no reason that the Board which has the care of the academies should be at all concerned with matters appertaining to the Legislature. He would have unity of control of all the schools of every kind that depend for their progress upon the State, and to this end there should be a single Department of Education. He consequently recommends that the Regents be made a mere visitors of that Department, charged with their present duties, and that their report be made to the Head of the Department, to be incorporated in the annual report, so that one document may show the operation of the entire system of State relations to education. And he also recommends that the Regents be therefore elected for a limited term.

The Superintendent does not enter upon the question—for it was not submitted to him—whether the State should give any aid whatever to private institutions. There are many in the State of New York twenty-two colleges, about two hundred academies, and eighty Union free schools, which receive a contribution in excess of the districts, of the academy and the common school. There have been altogether forty colleges and two hundred and twenty academies chartered, but many have become dormant or are relinquished. Others undoubtedly would languish, but do not, for the want of aid. Upon the whole, however, it is wisely given. The public money that helps to support an academy is in the districts where otherwise there would be none is probably well spent.

That the changes proposed by the Superintendent would tend to make the management of the relation of the academies to the State more efficient is not very clear. It subordinates the Regents to the Head of the Department of Education, and limiting their term, their dignity is somewhat diminished. And although it is the dignity which is the object of much irreverent satire, to which HALLECK contributed, yet to reduce the dignity of an unpaid body of honorable officers does not seem to be a policy likely to increase their zeal or efficiency. The Superintendent argues forcibly and well in favor of maintaining the substance of the present system; and with great deference for the opinion of an officer of experience and sagacity, it seems to us that, if the system is to continue, the changes proposed would be disadvantageous.

THE PUBLIC MONEY AND THE SECTS.

In the minority report of the Committee on Public Education made to the Assembly and signed by the Chairman, Mr. FRANCIS and three associates, it is asserted that the subject of the diversion of the public money to sectarian purposes has been either misunderstood or misrepresented; and this paper is charged with publishing "vulgar and blasphemous pictures" to arouse the prejudice of the community against a wrong which exists only in its imagination. The report states that the law of last year by which power was given to sectarian schools does not involve any money received for the common school tax; and, consequently, that it will be time enough to defend the school moneys when they are attacked.

Of course the Committee are aware that this is the merest quibble. The act complained of is the tenth section of the New York county tax levy for 1869, which divides as "amount appropriated by county act, on the excise moneys received for said city in 1868" among certain schools. This is not money raised for the common schools, which the constitution secures to the support of common schools; *but it is money paid out of the common money levy for the support of sectarian schools*, and that is the very point of the opposition. It is public money paid for sectarian education—a measure wholly at war with one of the fundamental principles of the government. And, however earnestly the minority of the Committee may insist that the school moneys have not been touched, they know, as well as the rest of us, the claim now made is that those moneys shall be divided proportionally among the sects. It seems to us unworthy of the accomplished chairman of the Committee on Education publicly to disfigure a quibble as a reply to the demand that the State shall not provide sectarian instruction; and the report merely shows how utterly unjustifiable and dangerous is the act of last year, under which it is done.

THOMAS R. GLEN

ONE of the most faithful friends of the readers of this paper, and one to whom they are greatly indebted for the accuracy and neatness of its engraved "cuts" and type, has, for some months even was unknown to them, has recently died, after a wasting illness of some months; and nowhere more properly than here could the name of THOMAS R. GLEN be mentioned, and with the sincerest kindness and regard. He was born in Scotland, and came to this country in 1840. After some years passed he was in the employment of HARPER & BROTHERS, with whom he continued for twenty-eight years, until his death on Thursday, March 29, at the age of fifty-four. During much of that time he was foreman of the composing-room of the *Magazine*, *Weekly*, and *Bazar*; and no man could be more devoted and able in the discharge of his important responsibility. Indeed his unconquerable fidelity was such that, despite the most friendly remonstrance, he was anxious to assume every burden, and seemed to feel it a reproach rather as a fault of his own. MR. GLEN had all the proverbial sagacity of his nation. Intelligent, perceptive, interested in every generous and humane effort, modest and gentle in manner, an efficient and admirable friend in every relation, he invokes professional devotion, his singularly upright and simple character has left behind him a host always be not only kindly, but gratefully, remembered by those who were his daily companions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 28.—Nothing of importance was done in the Senate.—In the House, the whole day was devoted to the debate on the Tariff bill.

March 29.—In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported a joint resolution for the joint commission regarding the census tax, which provides for the taxing of incomes received during the present year. The bill was then established, and thereafter at three per cent. The Texas bill was then taken up, and Mr. Sherman spoke in favor of it. Mr. Sumner opposed the constitutional amendment upon which the State was annexed and admitted, was passed.—In the House, the Tariff bill occupied the whole day.

March 30.—In the Senate, the day was mostly devoted to executive session.—In the House the Delinoge treaty: no action was taken.—In the House, the Senate concurrent bill for the relief of the war, after some discussion, concurred in by a party vote.

March 31.—In the Senate, the credentials of Messrs. Hamilton and Flanigan, Senators elect from Texas, were presented. Mr. Sumner presented a bill to admit Georgia to representation.—In the House, the whole day was occupied in the discussion of the Tariff bill.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

A meeting of the Democratic General Committee was held in the Tammany Hall, on the 5th ult., on the 26th ult., for the purpose of investigating the action of Mr. FIELD, Chairman, and the Democratic General Committee, who was freely charged by numerous Democrats with having acted in bad faith with the party in procuring the defeat of the Mozart for New York. On assembling in answer to the call, the members of the Committee found the Mozart and "Wigwam" closed by order of the Sachems. The reason now assigned for the course was that vacancies had existed which were filled; but the "Young Democracy" assert that the "Tweed" party are afraid of being voted out of the membership if be permitted the meeting to be held. Since the 26th ult. it is reported that efforts to secure final reductions appears to have subsided, and on the 30th ult. another district Court was to have been opened by the assembly with scarcely any opposition.

On the 30th ult. the Governors of both Houses of the Legislature of Georgia communicated the fact of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, whereupon they voted the closing also the official proclamation of the event.

The Fourth Ward, Chicago, was partially freighted on the 9d inst. by a severe earthquake shock, which lasted about a minute. The rocking of the buildings sent the whole population into the streets, and for a little while his excitement was intense.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE project of a Senates Constitution, drawn up by M. Olivier, in accordance with the Plebiscite of May last, has been presented to the French Senate. It makes some important changes in the existing Constitution. It divides between the Emperor, Corps Legislatif, and Senate the power now held by the latter body alone. It takes from the Chamber of Deputies and former attributes giving the Government greater facilities for arrest. No change can henceforth be made in the Constitution except by the voice of the people on the proposal of the Emperor. The Emperor decreed a vote of the people on this project.

Pierre Bonaparte has been sentenced to pay the family of VICTOR NOIR 60,000 francs, and to suffer a year of the civil cost.

A very serious strike exists among the iron workers at La Creusot, in France, and the ballots have been called out to preserve order.

Discontent in Ireland is on the increase, and many evictions against landlords and property are reported. In consequence of the passage of the Irish Force bill by the British Parliament the tide of emigration has greatly increased.

A general movement of Spanish troops against the Cubanesurgents of the Central Department is in full sol. Strong columns left Puerto Principe on the 1st inst., and Las Tunas on the 2d inst., to drive the insurgents from the district. General Goyeneche is the commander. The Cuban Government has issued a decree declaring the capture of Puerto Principe. Five hundred Spanish troops arrived at Havana on the 3d instant.

WATCHING FOR THE MISSING.

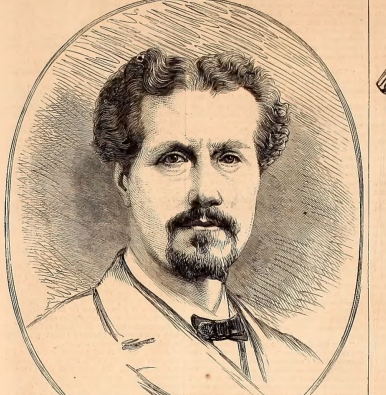

PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

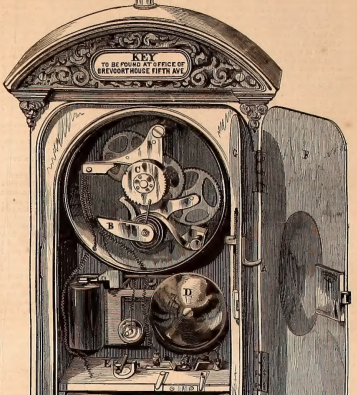

THE NEW FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH—SIGNAL-BOX.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Two days after the marriage—on Wednesday, the ninth of September—a packet of letters, received at Windygates, was forwarded by Lady Lundie's steward to Ham Farm.

With one exception, the letters were all addressed either to Sir Patrick or to his sister-in-law. The one exception was directed to "Arnold Brinkworth, Esq., care of Lady Lundie, Windygates House, Perthshire"—and the envelope was specially protected by a seal.

Noticing that the post-mark was "Glasgow," Sir Patrick (to whom the letter had been delivered) looked with a certain distrust at the handwriting on the address. It was not known to him—but it was obviously the handwriting of a woman. Lady Lundie was sitting opposite to him at the table. He said, carelessly, "A letter for Arnold"—and pushed it across to her. Her ladyship took up the letter, and dropped it, the instant she looked at the handwriting, as if it had burned her fingers.

"The Person again!" exclaimed Lady Lundie. "The Person, presuming to address Arnold Brinkworth, at My house!"

"Miss Silvester?" asked Sir Patrick.

"No," said her ladyship, shutting her teeth with a snap. "The Person may insult me by addressing a letter to my cow. But the Person's name shall not pollute my lips. Not even in your house, Sir Patrick. Not even to please you."

Sir Patrick was sufficiently answered. After all that had happened—after her farewell letter to Blanche—here was Miss Silvester writing to Blanche's husband, of her own accord! It was unaccountable, to say the least of it. He took the letter back, and looked at it again. Lady Lundie's steward was a methodical man. He had indorsed each letter received at Windygates with the date of its delivery. The letter addressed to Arnold had been delivered on Monday, the seventh of September—on Arnold's wedding-day.

What did it mean?

It was pure waste of time to inquire. Sir Patrick rose to lock the letter up in one of the drawers of the writing-table behind him. Lady Lundie interfered (in the interest of morality).

"Sir Patrick!"

"Yes?"

"Don't you consider it your duty to open that letter?"

"My dear lady! what can you possibly be thinking of?"

The most virtuous of living women had her answer ready on the spot.

"I am thinking," said Lady Lundie, "of Arnold's moral welfare."

Sir Patrick smiled. On the long list of those respectable disguises under which we assert our own importance, or gratify our own love of meddling in our neighbor's affairs, a moral regard for the welfare of others figures in the foremost place, and stands deservedly as number one.

"We shall probably hear from Arnold in a day or two," said Sir Patrick, locking the letter up in the drawer. "He shall have it as soon as I know where to send it to him."

The next morning brought news of the bride and bridegroom.

They reported themselves to be too supremely happy to care where they lived, so long as they lived together. Every question but the question of Love was left in the competent hands of their courier. This sensible and trust-worthy man had decided that Paris was not to be thought of as a place of residence, by any sane human being, in the month of September. He had arranged that they were to leave for Baden—on their way to Switzerland—on the tenth. Letters were accordingly to be addressed to that place, until further notice. If the courier liked Baden, they would probably stay there for some time. If the courier took a fancy for the mountains, they would in that case go on to Switzerland. In the mean while nothing mattered to Arnold but Blanche—and nothing mattered to Blanche but Arnold.

Sir Patrick re-directed Anne Silvester's letter to Arnold, at the Poste Restante, Baden. A second letter, which had arrived that morning (addressed to Arnold in a legal handwriting, and bearing the post-mark of Edinburgh), was forwarded in the same way, and at the same time.

Two days later Ham Farm was deserted by the guests. Lady Lundie had gone back to Windygates. The rest had separated in their different directions. Sir Patrick, who also contemplated returning to Scotland, remained behind for a week—a solitary prisoner in his own country house. Accumulated arrears of business, with which it was impossible for his steward to deal single-handed, obliged him to remain at his estates in Kent for that time. To a man without a taste for partridge-shooting the ordeal was a trying one. Sir Patrick got through the day with the help of his business and his books. In the evening the rector of a neighboring parish drove over to dinner, and engaged his host at the noble but obsolete game of Piquet. They arranged to meet at each other's houses on alternate days. The rector was an admirable player; and Sir Patrick, though a born Presbyterian, blessed the Church of England from the bottom of his heart.

Three more days passed. Business at Ham Farm began to draw to an end. The time for Sir Patrick's journey to Scotland came nearer. The two partners at Piquet agreed to meet for a final game, on the next night, at the rector's house. But (let us take comfort in remembering it) our superiors in Church and State are as completely at the mercy of circumstances as the humblest and the poorest of us. That last game of Piquet between the baronet and the parson was never to be played.

On the afternoon of the fourth day Sir Patrick came in from a drive, and found a letter from Arnold waiting for him, which had been delivered by the second post.

Judged by externals only, it was a letter of an unusually perplexing—possibly also of an unusually interesting—kind. Arnold was one of the last persons in the world whom any of his friends would have suspected of being a lengthy correspondent. Here, nevertheless, was a letter from him, of three times the customary bulk and weight—and, apparently, of more than common importance, in the matter of news, besides. At the top the envelope was marked "*Immediate.*" And at one side (also underlined) was the ominous word, "*Private.*"

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" thought Sir Patrick.

He opened the envelope.

Two inclosures fell out on the table. He looked at them for a moment. They were the two letters which he had forwarded to Baden. The third letter remaining in his hand, and occupying a double sheet, was from Arnold himself. Sir Patrick read Arnold's letter first. It was dated "Baden," and it began as follows:

"My Dear Sir Patrick,—Don't be alarmed, if you can possibly help it. I am in a terrible mess."

Sir Patrick looked up for a moment from the letter. Given a young man who dines from "Baden," and declares himself to be in "a terrible mess," as representing the circumstances of the case—what is the interpretation to be placed on them? Sir Patrick drew the inevitable conclusion. Arnold had been gambling.

He shook his head, and went on with the letter.

"I must say, dreadful as it is, that I am not to blame—nor she either, poor thing."

Sir Patrick paused again. "She?" Blanche had apparently been gambling too? Nothing was wanting to complete the picture but an announcement in the next sentence, presenting the courier as carried away, in his turn, by the insane passion for play. Sir Patrick resumed:

"You can not, I am sure, expect me to have known the law. And as for poor Miss Silvester—"

"Miss Silvester?" What had Miss Silvester to do with it? And what could be the meaning of the reference to "the law?"

Sir Patrick had read the letter, thus far, standing up. A vague disquiet stole over him at the appearance of Miss Silvester's name in connection with the letter which had preceded it. He felt nothing approaching to a clear prevision of what was to come. Some indescribable influence was at work in him, which shook his nerves, and made him feel the infirmities of his age (as it seemed) on a sudden. It went no further than that. He was obliged to sit down: he was obliged to wait a moment before he went on.

The letter proceeded, in these words:

"And, as for poor Miss Silvester, though she felt, as she reminds me, some misgivings—still, she never could have foreseen, being no lawyer either, how it was to end. I hardly know the best way to break it to you. I can't, and won't, believe it myself. But even if it should be true, I am quite sure you will find a way out of it for us. I will stick at nothing, and Miss Silvester (as you will see by her letter) will stick at no-

"I MUST LEAVE OFF, AND REST A LITTLE"

thing either, to set things right. Of course, I have not said one word to my darling Blanche, who is quite happy, and suspects nothing. All this, dear Sir Patrick, is very badly written, I am afraid, but it is meant to prepare you, and to put the best side on matters at starting. However, the truth must be told—and shame on the Scotch law is what I say. This it is, in short: Geoffrey Delamayn is even a greater scoundrel than you think him; and I bitterly repent (as things have turned out) having held my tongue that night when you and I had our supper alone at Ham Farm. You will think I am mixing two things up together. But I am not. Please to keep this subject from Geoffrey in your mind, pet is together with what I have next to say. The worst is still to come. Miss Silvester's letter (inclosed) tells me this terrible thing. You must know that I went to her privately, as Geoffrey's manager, on the day of the boat-race at Wivelygates. Well—how it could have happened, Heaven only knows—but there is some fear that I married her, without being aware of it myself, in August last, at the Craig Fernie inn."

The letter dropped from Sir Patrick's hand. He sank back in the chair, stunned for the moment, under the shock that had fallen on him.

He rallied, and rose bewildered to his feet. He took a turn in the room. He stopped, and rummaged his will, and steadied himself by main force. He picked up the letter, and read the last sentence again. The face flushed red, as it did on the point of yielding himself to a useless outburst of anger against Arnold, when his better sense checked him for the last moment. "The fool in the family is enough," he said. "*My* business in this deadful emergency is to keep my head clear for Blanche's sake."

He waited once more, to make sure of his own composure, and turned again to the letter to see what the writer had to say for himself, in the way of explanation and excuse.

Arnold had plenty to say—with the drawback of not knowing how to say it. It was hard to decide which quality in his letter was the most marked —the total absence of arrangement, or the total absence of reserve. Without beginning, middle, or end, he told the story of his fatal connection with the troubles of Anne Silvester, from the memorable day when she first found her way to him to Craig Fernie, to the equally memorable night when Sir Patrick had tried vainly to make him open his lips at Ham Farm.

"I own I have behaved like a fool," the letter concluded, "in keeping Geoffrey Delamayn's secret for him—as things have turned out. But how could I tell that he would submit compromising Miss Silvester? Read her letter, and you will see what she says, and how generously she releases me, in the event of saying [am] myself, more cautious. The mischief is done: I'll stick to nothing—as I have said before—to undo it. Only tell me what is the first step I am to take, and, as long as it don't part me from Blanche, rely on my taking it. Meanwhile, I am to you, I remain, dear Sir Patrick, yours in great perplexity, Arnold Brinkworth."

Sir Patrick folded the letter, and looked at the two enclosure lying on the table. His eye was hard, his brow was frowning, as he put out his hand to take up Anne's letter. The letter from Arnold's agent in Edinburgh lay nearer to him. As it happened, he took that first.

It was short enough, and clearly enough written, to invite a reading from the end of it to the again. The lawyer reported that he had made the necessary inquiries at Glasgow, with this result. Anne had been traced to The Northern Hend Hotel. She had left there utterly helpless, four weeks, until the beginning of September. She had been advertised, without result, in the Glasgow newspapers. On the 5th of September she had sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the hotel. She had been seen at the railway station on the same day, and from that point all trace of her had been lost once more. The lawyer had accordingly stopped the proceedings, and now waited further instructions from his client.

This letter was not without its effect in encouraging Sir Patrick to suspend the harsh and hasty judgment of Anne, which any man, placed in his position, situation, must have been inclined to form. After illness chained its small share of sympathy. Her friendless position, poor child, and so sadly revealed by the advertising in the newspapers—pleaded for merciful construction of faults committed, if faults they were, in folly, but not angrily, Sir Patrick opened her letter —the letter that cast a shoal on his niece's marriage.

Thus Anne Silvester wrote:—

"GLASGOW, September 5.

"DEAR MR. BRINKWORTH,—Only within the last weeks since I attempted to write to you from this place. I was seized by sudden illness while I was engaged over my letter; and I owe my time to this I have laid helpless in bed—very near, as they tell me, to death. I am strong enough to be dressed, and to sit up for a little while yesterday and the day before. To-day, I have made a better advance than either of those. I can hold my pen and control my thoughts. The first use to which I put this improvement is to write these lines.

"I am going (so far as I know) to surprise—possibly to alarm—you. You will see my name from it, for you or for me: it must be done.

"Thinking of how best to introduce what I am now obliged to say, I can find no better way than this. I must ask you to take your memory back to a day which we have both bitter reason to regret—the day when Geoffrey Delamayn sent you to see me at the inn at Craig Fernie.

"You may possibly not remember—it unhappily produced no impression on you at the time —that I felt, and expressed, more than once on that occasion, a very great dislike to your pausing me off on the people of the inn as your wife. It was necessary to my being permitted to remain at Craig Fernie that you should do so. I knew this; but still I shrank from it. It was impossible for me to contradict you, without involving you in the painful consequences, and running the risk of making a scandal which might lead its way to Blanche's ears. I knew this also; but still my conscience reproached me. It was a vague feeling. I was quite unaware of the actual danger in which you were placing yourself, and I would have given—no matter what—to undo it. I had what is called a presentiment that you were not acting discreetly—nothing more. I had not the slightest suspicion—perhaps—of a trust in the mercy of God—this is the truth.

"You left me on the next morning, and we have not met since.

"A few days after you went away in my case, letter gave me more than I could bear alone. I went secretly to Wivelygates, and had an interview with Miss Silvester.

"She was absent for a few minutes from the room in which we had met. In that interval I (as Geoffrey Delamayn) was a stranger to her since I had left him at Lady Lundie's lawn-party. He trusted me—and I was a stranger. He told me that he had found out all that had passed between us at the inn.

"He said he had taken a lawyer's opinion. Oh, Sir Patrick, how can I break it to you? how can I write the words which he spoke to me? I must and will. It must be done. Cruel as it is, it must be done. He refused to my face to marry me. He said I was married already. And I am!

"Now you know why I have referred you to me. I had no other means of bringing you and were together at Craig Fernie. If you think hard thoughts, and say hard words of me, I can claim no right to complain. I am a stranger—and yet it is my fault.

"My head aches, and the foolish tears are rising in spite of me. I must leave off, and rest a little.

"I have been sitting at the window, and watching the people in the street as they go by. They are all strangers. But, somehow, the sight of them seems to rest my mind. The hum of the great city is very soothing, and helps me to go on.

"I can not trust myself to write of the man who has betrayed us both. Disgraced and broken as I am, there is something still left in me which tells me above *him*. He cannot repent, at this moment, and offered me all that rank and wealth and worldly consideration can give. I would rather be—as I am—your friend and his wife.

"Let me speak of you; and (for Blanche's sake) let me speak of myself.

"I ought, no doubt, to have written at once to you at Wivelygates, and to have told you at once what had happened. But I was weak and ill; and the idea of writing to you, and of writing so bravely on me that I fainted. After I came to myself I was so horrified, when I thought of you and Blanche, that I could not compose myself to write. I had but one idea—the idea of running away and hiding myself.

"My mind got clearer and quieter on the way to this place; and, arrived here, I did what I ought and believe was the best thing I could do. I consulted two lawyers. They differed in opinion as to whether we were married or not, according to the law which decides on such things in Scotland. The first said Yes. The second said No—but they both agreed that I ought to tell you the position in which you stood. I attempted to write the same day, and fell ill as you know.

"Thank God, the delay that has happened is of no consequence. I am writing before the letgates, when you were to be married—and that will not occur before the autumn, I suppose, only the fifth of September now. You have plenty of time before you. For all our sakes, make good use of it.

"What are you to do?

"Go at once to Sir Patrick Lundie, and show him this letter. Follow his advice—no matter how it may affect me. I should ill requite your kindness, I should be false indeed to the debt I bear to Blanche, if I hesitated to brave any exposure that may now be necessary in your interests and in hers. You may trust me to be generous, all that is delicate, all that is kind in my letter. I am writing to you in the sincerity of a creet—I am quite sure of it—with the fidelity of an honorable man who has had a woman's reputation placed in his charge. And I repeat, on my whole heart, dear Mr. Brinkworth, from your bridge, I solemnly on my knees, to comfort yourself free to reveal the truth. I will make any acknowledgment, on my side, that is needful under the circumstances—to anybody—to public it may be. Release yourself at any price; and then, and then only, go with Blanche's mother to the miserable women who has laden you with the burden of her sorrow, and darkened your life in a moment—and tell them, if you can!

"Pray don't think th re is any painful sacrifice involved in this. The memory of my own mind is involved in it—and that is all.

"What has life left for me? Nothing but the barren necessities of duty. When I think of my future now, my mind passes over the years that may be left to me in this world. Sometimes I dare to hope that the Divine Mercy of Christ—which once pleaded on earth for a woman like me—may plead, when death has taken me, for my spirit in Heaven. Sometimes I dare to hope that I may see my mother, and Blanche's mother, in the better world. Their hearts were bound together as the hearts of sisters while they were here; and they left to their children the legacy of their love. Oh, help me to say, if we meet again, that not in vain I promised to be a sister to Blanche! The debt I owe to her is the hereditary debt of my mother's gratitude. And what am I now? A obstacle in the way of the happiness of her life. Sacrifice me to that happiness, for God's sake! It is the one thing I have left to live for. Again and again I say it—I care nothing for myself. I have no right to be considered. I have no wish to be considered. Tell the whole truth about me, and call me to bear witness to it as publicly as you please!

"I have waited a little, once more, trying to think, before I close my letter, what there may be still left to write.

"I can not think of any thing left out, the want of information in my mother's letter to you, if you wish to write—or if it is thought necessary that we should correspond.

"One word before I tell you this.

"It is impossible for me to guess what you will do, or what you will be advised to do by others, when you get my letter. I don't even know that you will be able to form a board of what your position is from Geoffrey Delamayn himself. In this event, or in the event of your thinking it necessary to take Blanche into your confidence, I venture to suggest that you should request some person whom you can trust to see me on your behalf—or, if you can not do this, that you should see me in the presence of a third person. The man who has betrayed me has, by my to both, will not hesitate to misrepresent us in the vilest way, if he can do it with impunity. For your own sake, let us be careful to give lying tongues no opportunity of assailing your place in Blanche's estimation. I don't set so far as to risk putting yourself in a false position *against* Don't let it be possible for him to say that you would have should be roused in the loving and generous nature of your future wife!

"This writing is may now tell you how to communicate with me after I have left this house.

"You will find on the slip of paper inclosed the name and address of the second of the two lawyers whom I consulted at Glasgow. It is arranged between us that I am to inform him, by letter, of the next place to which I remove, and that he is to communicate the information either to you or to Sir Patrick Lundie, on your applying for it personally or by writing. I don't you know myself where I may find refuge. Nothing is certain but that I can not, in my present state of weakness, travel far.

"If you wonder why I move at all until I am stronger, I can only give a reason which may appear fanciful and overstrained.

"I have been informed that I was advertised in the Glasgow newspapers during the time when I lay at this hotel, a stranger at the point of death. Probable this was made me mortified by curiosities. I am afraid of what may happen if I stay here, after my place of residence has been made publicly known. So, as soon as I can, I move. I go away in secret. It will be enough for me, if I can find some quiet little inn in some quiet place in the country round Glasgow. You need have no anxiety about my means of living. I have money enough for the present. I need not say I get well again, I know how to earn my bread.

"I send this message to Blanche—I dare not till this is over. It is to your future wife; and then give her a kiss, and say it comes from Anne.

"Try and forgive me, dear Mr. Brinkworth. I have said all. Yours gratefully,

"ANNE SILVESTER."

Sir Patrick put the letter down with undisguised respect for the woman who had written it.

Something of the personal influence which Anne exercised over her own set in the room with whom she came in contact seemed to communicate itself to the lawyer through the medium of her letter. His thoughts perversely wandered away from the serious and pressing question of Anne's position into a region of purely speculative inquiry relating to Anne. What unfortunate weak element in the best placed that noble creature at the mercy of such a man as Geoffrey Delamayn?

We have no time or inclination in our lives, been perplexed as Sir Patrick was perplexed at present.

If we know any thing by experience, we know that women cast themselves away impulsively on unworthy men, and that men ruin themselves bending for unworthy women. The average of human failure is about equally distributed among us, existing mainly because the two sexes are apt to persist in placing themselves in these anomalous relations toward each other. And yet, at every fresh instance which comes before us, we persist in being astonished and shocked that the man and the woman have not chosen each other on rational and producible grounds! We expect human passion to act on logical principles!—and human philosophy—with love for its guide—to be above all danger of making a mistake! Ask the wisest among Anne Silvester's sex what they see in their husbands—they cannot explain. Ask the wisest among their husbands what they see in their wives—they cannot explain. Look into your own experience, and say frankly, Could you justify your own prudent choice at the time when you irrevocably made it? Could you have put your reasons on paper when you first owned to yourself that you loved him? And would the reasons have borne critical inspection if you had?

Sir Patrick gave it up in despair. The interests of his niece were at stake. He wisely determined to rouse his mind by occupying himself with the practical necessities of the moment. It was essential to send an apology to the rector, in the first place, so as to leave no opportunity at his disposal for considering what preliminary course of conduct he should advise Arnold to pursue.

After writing a few lines of apology to his partner at Epsett—assigning a domestic affair as the excuse for breaking his engagement—Sir Patrick rang the bell. The faithful Duncan appeared, and saw at once in his master's face that something had happened.

"Send a man with this to the Rectory," said Sir Patrick. "I can't dine out to-day. I must have a chop at home."

"I am afraid, Sir Patrick—if I may be excused for remarking it—you have had some bad news?"

"The worst possible news, Duncan. I can't tell you about it now. Wait within hearing of the bell. If the man means to wait, tell him to trot me. If the steward himself comes I can't see him."

After thinking it over carefully, Sir Patrick decided that there was no alternative but to send for Arnold and Blanche, without recommending them back to England in the first place. The necessity of understanding Arnold, in the minutest detail, as to every thing that had happened between Anne Silvester and himself at the Craig Fernie inn, was the first and most pressing necessity of the case.

At the same time it appeared to be desirable, for Blanche's sake, to keep her in ignorance, for the present at least, of what had happened. Sir Patrick saw the difficulty with characteristic ingenuity and readiness of resource.

He wrote a telegram to Arnold, expressed in the following terms:

"Your letter and inclosures received. Return to Ham Farm as soon as you conveniently can. Keep the thing still a secret from Blanche. Tell her, as the excuse for coming back, that the last trace of Anne Silvester has been recovered, and that there may be reasons for her returning to England before the autumn. Further news to-day."

Duncan having been dispatched to the station with this message, Duncan's master proceeded to calculate the question of time.

Arnold would in all probability receive the telegram at Malton, on the next day, September the seventeenth. In three days more he and Blanche might be expected to reach Ham Farm, supposing the journey thus planned for disposed Sir Patrick would have ample time in which to receive Arnold, and to settle on the way to acting for the best in the alarming emergency that now confronted him.

On the nineteenth Sir Patrick received a telegram informing him that he might expect to see the young couple late in the evening on the twentieth.

Late in the evening the sound of carriage-wheels was audible on the drive; and Sir Patrick, opening the door of his room, heard the familiar voices in the hall.

"Well!" cried Blanche, catching sight of him at the door, "I've got Ham Farm!"

"Not just yet, my dear."

"Is there news of her?"

"Yes."

"Am I in time to be of use?"

"In excellent time. You shall hear all about it to-morrow. Go and take off your traveling-things, and come down again to supper as soon as you can."

Blanche kissed him, and went on up stairs. She had, as her uncle thought in the glimpse he had caught of her, been improved by her marriage. It had quieted and steadied her. They were grown to be the most matured which Sir Patrick had not noticed before. Arnold, on his side, appeared to less advantage. He was restless and anxious; his position with Miss Silvester seemed to be preying on his mind. As soon as his young wife's back was turned, he appealed to Sir Patrick in an eager whisper.

"I hardly dare ask you what I have got it on my mind to say," he began. "I must bear it, if you are angry with me, Sir Patrick. But—may I tell my darling I have a way out of it for us? Have you thought of that?"

"I can not trust myself to speak of it clearly and composedly to-night," said Sir Patrick. "In satisfied if I tell you that I have thought it all out—and provided for the rest till to-morrow."

Other persons concerned in the coming drama had had difficulties to think out, and future movements to arrange. Meanwhile, Arnold received, by Arnold and Blanche on their return journey to England. Between the nineteenth and the twentieth of September Geoffrey Delamayn left Swithamley, on the way to his new training quarters in the neighborhood in which the Foot-Race at Fulham was to be ran. Between the same dates also, Captain Brinkworth had taken the opportunity, while passing through London on his way south, to consult his solicitors. The object of the consultance was to find means of discovering an anonymous letter-writer in Scotland, who had presumed to cause serious annoyance to Mrs. Glenarm.

Thus, by ones and twos, converging from widely distant points, they were busily preparing to draw together, in the near neighborhood of the great city which was soon destined to assemble them all, for the first and the last time in this world, face to face.

THROUGH THE BARS OF A CELL.

COURTEOUS READER,—I am the inmate of a State Prison. I have been accused by my friend, at being addressed by such a being. I can assure you I am a special convict, and, perhaps, some of these days when I am free, you may encounter my veritable self in the bosom of your social circle. If your curiosity is awakened, I will breathe to you through the gratings of my cell my eventful history. It is a strange one, respected friend. Indeed I make bold to say that a stranger one was never breathed into you rear. I had an only brother. We had been brought

up in a distant village in the State of Pennsylvania. Our father died when my younger brother was born, leaving my mother very poor. She brought us up bravely, however. I being the eldest, was sent off at an early age to fight the battle of life, and, while helping myself, to do something toward helping others. With this noble purpose in my mind I made rapid progress, and finally had the hardihood to set off to New York, rightly imagining that there there were the greatest prizes for an ambitious youth. Full of this most ardent affection for my mother, I tried to make every thing turn to my own advancement. I felt as though every act of my life had an effect upon their happiness. That feeling so inspired me that self-denial was not only easy, but delightful. Feeling as I did, that all my savings benefited them so greatly, how could I do otherwise than save?

I was extremely fortunate in New York. My last employers in the country gave me letters to one of the chief merchants in that city. He received me kindly. Finding out my motives and saving habits, he speedily promoted me. Year by year he added to my salary. At length, after years of labor, I found myself, at the age of twenty-five, the confidential clerk of my employer, with a huge salary, and the control of millions.

Some years before I had conceived the idea of giving my brother a good education. My brother was to me more like a son than any thing else. His nature was widely different from mine. I was bold, resolute, daring; he was gentle, poetical, and full of sentiment. I was stern, practical, and independent; he was quiet, reliant, and meditative. I was fond of a life of warfare and action; he for a life of study and meditation.

He went to college. His progress was remarkable; he was at the head in every thing; he graduated with the highest honors, knew him at the bar, which exhibition were obtained in degree. I admired and applauded more than any one else my young brother. In truth, as he stood there with his fragile form, his pale face, his eye beaming with the light of genius, he was worthy of all the admiration I bestowed. Now, I have his portrait now with me. It resembles the poet Shelley more than any face that I have ever seen.

My brother went home, and, as I supposed, studied for his profession. I corresponded always with my mother. My brother was always irregular in letter-writing, and I never thought much of not hearing from him. I was sometimes troubled, however, at learning that he was unwell. I recommended a trip across the ocean and a tour through Europe, and offered to pay his expenses. After this offer I waited anxiously for tears the effect. I did not hear from him for nearly a month. I grew very anxious, and thought seriously of paying them a visit. Since my departure, fifteen years before, I had never been home, and had only met my relatives on their visits to me at New York.

One day on going to the office I found a telegraphic dispatch. The words of that dispatch have burned themselves into my memory:

"Your brother is dying! Come home!" It was a stranger's name. Great God! my brother is dying! A stranger, too, telegraphing to me! What meant all this? Was my mother also dying?

I never closed my eyes for three days and three nights, nor did I eat a morsel until I came in sight of my native town in Pennsylvania. I waited for two hours trying to overcome my agitation created by fasting and want of sleep. Ordinarily nothing ruffled me; but now I was as weak as a child. I walked up the main street. I came within sight of the old family mansion. The blinds were all down. Great Heaven! I was not prepared for such a blow. I dreaded the worst. The worst had come. A stranger opened the door—a stranger stared at me. I recognized much of the old furniture still in use. My mother would not part. I saw my brother's portrait hanging in the hall.

"Are they in?" I gasped out, not knowing what I said.

No one recognized me. I did not wish to be recognized. Fearful of being an object of vulgar pity, I had determined to see my mother alone. As with all the calmness that I could muster, I asked after my mother by name. Then the blow fell. The woman at the door spoke solemnly:

"She's dead, Sir."

"Hadn't she a son?" I asked, with a frightful attempt at insolference.

"Yes, Sir—his death broke her down. She died next day."

"Unfortunate people!"

"Ah yes, Sir." There's never been a death in the village so unfortunate. Especially poor Henry, Sir. He was a great favorite."

"I used to know a brother of his in New York. Does he know about this?"

"Ah, Sir, I don't know. It 'll be a sad blow for him."

"How did it happen?"

"Won't you walk in, Sir? and I'll tell you."

"No, thank you. It's so close. I'm hot; I'll sit here."

I sank into a seat by the cottage door. The woman told me all. Her story was simply this:

When Henry came home from college he was the pride and boast of the village. People sought his acquaintance who before had overlooked him, and his learning and genius won the regards and admiration of all. Among the young ladies of the place there was one from Philadelphia who appeared to be greatly struck by my brother. She belonged to one of the first families in that city, and was exceedingly beautiful. Her beauty, however, was only in appearance. Stunge to say, with the utmost loveliness of form and features, she combined a hardness of heart and a selfishness of nature frightful to contemplate. She only sought my brother for the sake of making a conquest of the talented young villager. As to love or marriage, she would have laughed at the idea. Her aspirations were far higher than that. By the utmost artfulness, and by the exceeding charm which she was capable of displaying, she completely overcame my brother. With all his intoxication of passion he surrendered himself to her power. With him to love was to give up his soul, his life, his all. It was no light or transitory matter. He was not one to toss thing on earth. As to her, he never doubted her sincerity.

At last he woke from his dream, and only awoke to die. He spoke to her once about his feelings. She treated him coldly. Not sure of his affections she began to try to torture him by jealousy. In this remonstrating, she turned him away forever with a withering scorn. He was stunned at first, but afterward thought it was mistake. He sought her out, and implored her to let him trifle. This time her calm contempt was overwhelming. He saw her as she was. Had he possessed my strong nature, he would have survived this shock. The woman does not live who could kill an iron determinent. But my brother was a gentle soul. When his heart broke, he died. And so he yielded to this blow.

All can be told in a few words. My mother, heart-stricken, overwhelmed, died. The most unlooked-for calamity, and gentle in nature like my brother, sank like him under the sudden stroke.

"And now," concluded the woman, "there both lie side by side beside her husband."

All the time she spoke I did not utter a word.

As she ceased I rose slowly, murmured "Thank you," and staggered away. I proceeded at once hastened to the burying-ground. I knew well where they lay. I soon stood before their newly-made grave—two twin mounds contained all that I cared for on earth—the treasured objects of a lifetime's labor—the ones for whom my success I had been a slave! And they had come to this!

For a time I was frantic. I brooded over plans of vengeance. If they were crimes, I had a deep, I rose under mine and heard their cry for vengeance coming from the tomb. I heard my dead woman's name. She had, under the outward beauty of her fiendish soul, killed my mother and brother. She should suffer! But, then, how? It was the meditation of the night. I took long strides up and down as I paced. I shook the graves, and before the dawn I had decided.

My scheme was one of grandeur. You seldom hear of a man's having the means and find it difficult to take revenge because they are too anxious to take care of themselves. Such I feared nothing for myself. My sole desire was for vengeance. For that desire I was ready to sacrifice every thing.

I started for New York immediately, and arrived there as soon as possible. The head of our house was living at that time in Philadelphia. He left every thing to me. My measures were all taken. I wrote to him that business called me back, and then left the office. But I did not go to Pittsburgh. I calmly returned to my own lodgings, where I wrote some letters. These were letters of introduction to the chief people in the United States and to the chief ministers of Great Britain. With these I knew I could have the entree of any society. Then I went to Philadelphia, and put up at the first hotel in the place. I lavished my money with a liberal hand, ordered the servants attendance, and lived in the style of a centrie nobleman. On the books of the hotel I wrote the name, "Henry Lord Arlington."

On my card there was the same name, and over it a neatly-engraved crest. This nobleman of the Arlington family returned to my own city, where I wrote some letters. These were letters of introduction to the chief people in the United States and to the chief ministers of Great Britain. With these I knew I could have the entree of any society. On the following day I left Philadelphia, and put up at the first hotel in the place. I lavished my money with a liberal hand, ordered the servants attendance, and lived in the style of a centrie nobleman. On the books of the hotel I wrote the name, "Henry Lord Arlington."

On my card there was the same name, and over it a neatly-engraved crest. This nobleman of the Arlington family returned to my own city, where I wrote some letters. These were letters of introduction to the chief people in the United States and to the chief ministers of Great Britain. With these I knew I could have the entree of any society. On the following day I saw the following in the principal paper:

"DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.—Yesterday a distinguished stranger arrived in this city. He is Henry Lord Arlington, and is related to the leading families of England. He comes to this country to visit our institutions, and see the wonders of nature in the United States. He is the guest of Mr. ——, of Sunderland, to which he is heir. When we state that this nobleman is the owner of the elaborate scheme of a rear, and is a gay young bachelor of twenty-five, we have said enough to excite the interest of all the young ladies in the city."

I was soon called on by the chief in the city. I bore letters of introduction to him, and met with an eager welcome. My stately appearance, my calmness, and self-reliance won me respect. I was shortly the lion of the city. I was encountered my victim.

Isabel Nevers, for this was her name, was the daughter of one of the old families. Her father was a man of self-importance, pomposity and conceit. He prided himself on being the son of a Revolutionary officer, and cultivated his lofty feeling of arrogance as a relentless enemy. His daughter was worthy of him. Hard, cold, and selfish. She was only attracted by wealth and distinction. The feeling of ambition and self-importance overrules all other sentiments. Love she could not feel. Marriage she looked upon as a speculation. She sought a husband only for the sake of the position and influence. Wealth and Position were her gods.

Of such exaltation how readily she fell into the snare I had spread for her. No sooner had she seen me than she exerted all her arts to win me. And I—never did any lover appear half so infatuated as I. The reader can foresee the end. The newspapers announced it:

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—It is stated that Lord Arlington is about to lead to the Hymeneal alter the daughter of one of our most distinguished citizens. If this be so, we venture to say that the Court of St. James will have no brighter ornament than Miss Nevers."

All this transpired in about a fortnight. The marriage was settled upon. I showed to old Nevers my banker's authority to draw on England for millions. I made deeds of settlement to my bride of estates and lands. I lavished my wealth with a liberal hand. She held instruments with my signature to the extent of millions.

On the evening before our marriage I wrote off to my old employer, anonymously:

"SIR,—The young man in whom you place confidence is a scoundrel. He is now not in Europe but Philadelphia, where he utters bogus checks on the Bank of Arlington. Do not despise this, but come yourself to Philadelphia. Learn all, and save yourself from ruin."

We were married. It was the most magnificent wedding ever known in Philadelphia. All the *élite* of the city were present. Such splendor as that I had displayed I never before saw.

Three days passed. One morning a loud and peremptory knock was heard at the door. I had been living with my wife at Mr. Nevers's. In confusion, preparatory to taking her to the aristocratic contemporaries of her husband. The crisis approached. Well, I had nerve for any thing. The servant opened the door. Loud voices sounded in the hall. My wife stepped to the door and hurried back. She was white as a sheet.

"His, ha!" she exclaimed, nervously; "they want Lord Arlington. They say he's an *impostor*, Sir."

"An imposter! Well, that is good!" I cried, gayly.

"I must see him," cried a loud voice.

"Well, it's getting better and better!" I exclaimed, loud, responding, as I went to the door. I saw my late employer. He started back.

"Why, what's this, sir? What can I do for you?" My calmness, my manner, my impudence, were beyond description.

"Are you Lord Arlington?" he has it come to this? Confess all, and I'll forgive you."

Had not my self-control been beyond the reach of pity his tones would have melted me. But I calmly gazed at him.

"My dear Sir, you are laboring under some strange delusion," I said. "Do I resemble any one you know?"

"You will not confess, then?" he exclaimed, sternly confronting me. "Then, officer, I leave him to you."

He turned away. I felt myself seized by officers, with a warrant, and carried away. My employer was so much to be blamed that he had proofs against me too strong to slight, and he held me to bail. He assured me that bail I could not get bonds. I had to go to prison.

On the following day the papers were full of it. To add to the excitement, I was the confession of my misdeeds, which was circulated every where. It was a terrific blow to the Nevers and my wife.

I sent for my employer. I told him all, I handed him the bank draft for millions. I had only used it to show. The money I had spent was all my private savings of years. None of it had gone to my wife, however. I had made her presents of jewels, but they all turned out to be paste. My wife was ruined, but I had not lost a cent through me. He shook hands warmly.

"God bless you, my poor boy!" he cried. "Your desire for revenge has misled you. May you be happy yet. I forgive you!"

He exerted himself for me, but could do nothing. My offense had been too great. I was sentenced to five years' solitary confinement.

Here I am now. My wife has never been near me. My father and her father went to California. Perhaps she has married again. If so, I wish her joy. But I feel also, when I get out of prison I'll track her and take her gay life with a strong hand up again.

Courage and order, through the bars of his cell a felon wishes you adieu.

PRINCE HENRI DE BOURBON.

On page 245 we give the portrait of this unfortunate Prince, who was recently killed in a duel with the Duke De Montpensier. The tragic affair has put the finishing touch to the unfortunate career of the elaborate scheme of LOUIS PHILIPPE, generally called the Spanish Marriages. Conceived in selfishness and carried out in cowardice, that iniquitous conspiracy has been the cause of manifold misfortunes during the last twenty years. Its authors and accomplices conceived, and has at last given rise to a fatal encounter between two princes. The unfortunate Prince Henri has now fallen, and has sinned very freely in his political conduct, but he has, at all events, sincerely atoned against himself. He might have been the husband of ISABELLA, if the ambition of the Orleans family had not stood in the way, and condemned him to the happy Queen to the marriage she was actually forced to contract. Had she been permitted to marry Prince HENRI, whom she loved and wished to marry, she might have spent a happy life with a husband who would have transmitted her crown tranquilly to her children. But it was to the interest of the Orleanists that her sister's husband or his children should inherit her sceptre, and measures were taken accordingly to secure that end. In such a way that all the scandal of a direct succession seemed to be obviated. The Queen was hurried into a deplorable career, and Don HENRI subsided into that favorite refuge for dispossessed princes, Democracy. In the quarrel which cost him his life he was unquestionably in fault. He wrote the Duke a letter, full of insults, which, to a Spaniard or Frenchman, could only be atoned for by blood; and it must be said of him that he met his fate with as much courage and indifference as he had courted it.

NEW FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

We give on page 245 an engraving of the new fire-alarm boxes, now ready in all that part of New York city lying south of Fourteenth Street. Every officer and member of the Fire Department, every officer and member of the Police Department, and every officer of the Fire Insurance Patrol, is furnished with a key which will open all the boxes. A key is also deposited with the occupant of a building near each alarm-box, the nearest to which will be given to him. The door, G, is kept closed. To give an alarm, open the outer door, F, draw down the catch, A, which winds up a spring, by means of the lever, B, which sets in motion the wheel, C, and registers the number of the box on the gong, D, and on the instrument at the Fire Department headquarters. To give a second or third alarm the lever, G, is pressed, and the wheel, C, is struck ten times. The Fire Department has issued the following directions to be observed when a fire is discovered:

1. Go to the nearest box and open the door, pull the hook down as far as you can comfortably extend the arm, and let it slide back. Remove the key and close the door.

2. If you do not immediately hear the number of the box struck upon the bell which is above the box, repeat the operation. Do not leave the box until you hear the number struck upon the bell, and then repeat the operation.

3. If upon going to a box you find an alarm, and the small bell inside ringing (which is an indication that an alarm is being sent from the Central Police Office), do not open the box until it has done ringing. In such cases count the number of times sounded, and be certain that it is not for the same box.

Key-holders are also cautioned not to open the box except in case of fire; not to give an alarm until certain of a fire; not to give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance; not to pull down the hook more than once in giving an alarm; to be sure, after giving an alarm, that the door is securely closed; not to leave the box; and not to let the key go out of their possession, except when demanded by proper authority. The proper observance of these directions will tend increased efficiency to the Fire Department, and add greatly to the security of property against destruction by fire.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT a trial in an Alabama town, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of seventy-five years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the distance between two houses. "I can't say exactly," said he. "Yes," was answered. "How will you get an idea of it?" continued the lawyer. "Why," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro nor Indian, for a gentleman." The answer brought down the house and silenced the counsel.

The Dutch woman kept a tobacco. One forgot day a traveler asked her, "How far is it to Utrecht?" "Why, mynheer," answered she, "I can't tell, but how far?" again asks the traveler. "Should say, two—three—eight—eightabilly," was the answer, "two, *three, four, or five miles?*" The good woman imagined *eight* regular, and *abilly* irregular.

"What do people mean," said a French lady, "by saying that Rome is not a free city? Why, you may write your letters in the street—the drawing-room window and nobody will prevent you."

The Rev. Mr. Thom, minister of the parish of Govan, had just risen to begin the service, when the congregation in a body arose and left the church. One of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe off the tears his terror had called forth, and a pack of cards was grasped up in it, the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the preacher. "Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was engaged. "Ah, my friends, my friends! surely your pulpit-book has been awful ill bound."

THE MITTEN.

THE bull-dog took the left leg of the bill,
And the lambs are skipping in glee;
But the wolf has the mitten to-day,
My gal gave the mitten to me.

Ah, where is the heart of the cold man who'd
I feel like a crazy bum-bee;
By thunder! I'll die for my boy
That says the word mitten to me!

The rustic was dagged if I ain't!
I swear I will kill him,
I'll slather and slash, I'll murder that gal—
By thunder! she shall be mine!

No, I won't do that—I'll spite her—I will
I'll beat myself to death,
And then she will cry—she'll die in remorse
For giving the mitten to me.

BEST CLIMATE FOR A TOOTH—The temperate zone.

Why do young ladies whiten their faces?—Because they think the powder will make them go off.

THE Sandwich Islands are the coral districts west to Des Moines to see the grapes. In the seventeenth century Sandwich Islands were the fashion, and every "Sir," replied she, "I don't want any of your impertinence."

ACADEMY OF DESIGN—A young ladies' boarding-school.

"Why do you wail, Bob, when you've got a donkey-ride?" "Cos I'm a-feelin' sentimental to-day." Shave, was walking by the side of the donkey.

THE Sunday-school is the week-day Jail's nursery.

"Certainly, Sir; I do not want it, I am sure."

A fashionable clergyman in Chicago warns the sinners of his congregation that if they don't repent they will go to the "place of eternal uneasiness," Certainly a mild way of putting it.

LIGHT TIDINGS—Sunbeams.

A poor man being ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, replied, "No, I can't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of physic."

The petroleum men are great bores, but they mean well.

After the principal thing is the interest.

THE CREEK SLAVE.

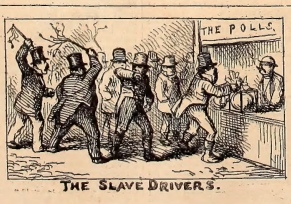

THE SLAVE DRIVERS.

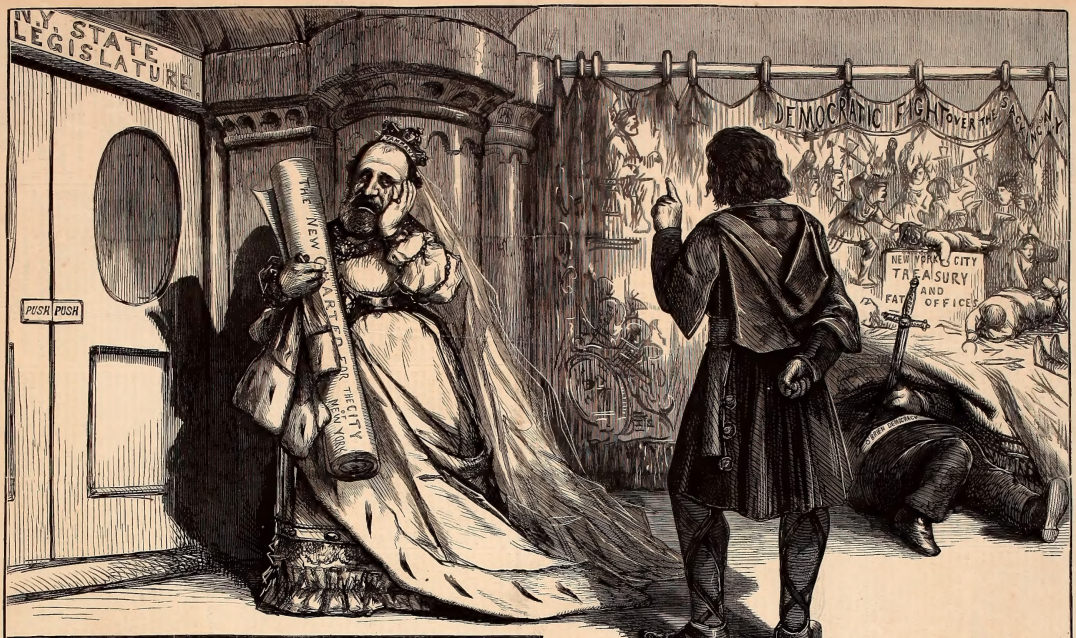

SENATOR TWEED IN A NEW RÔLE.

THE SILENT BATTLE.

THE war that Spring and Winter wage
Once on a silence, day by day;
Strong youth against decrepid age,
New growth opposed to dark decay:

The strife of hope against despair,
Life against death: and, morn by morn,
A tenderer warmth in in the air,
And fresher blades with brighter green.

And lo, on every side appears
The hurrying host of Spring's advance—
The crowding grass, with bristling spears,
The brook-side rushes' ready lance,

The javelins of daring reeds,
The iris-sprout's keen bayonet-thrust,
With mark and file of sturdy weeds
Rising exultant from the dust.

Each day a fresher guidon flaunts,
Marking the ground's progression by hunts;
The arrow-heads of water-plants,
The hard-clenched fists of valiant ferns.

The willow's pennons, brave and fair,
The white-bug's sharp and slender blades
With every force of earth and air,
Join boldly in the glad crusade,

Till Winter's sullen struggles cease,
And cold and darkness full and flee,
And all the hills are fair with peace,
And green with pulses of victory.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In the Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. FLEW SPEAKS HER MIND.

MAUD'S visit to Lowater took place as arranged. Only instead of remaining merely a day with the Sheardowns she stayed in their house a week. Mrs. Sheardown had strongly urged, almost insisted on, this.

"You have not now the plea that you can not leave the vicar to be lonely," she said. "The vicar has no lack of society and excitement at present. As for you, I don't think you desire to share in either the society or the excitement. Do you think you could like that poor man should Stay with us. I shall tell Hugh that I have taken good care of his treasure, and he will be grateful to me."

As to Veronica's presence in Shipley Magna, Mrs. Sheardown did not trust herself to say very much on that score to Maud. She did say a few words useful, but sternly, disapproving of the proceeding. And Maud was unable to gainsay her. But in speaking to her husband, Nelly Sheardown grew courageous to her disgust and indignation quite vehemently.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing, Tom? Did any one ever hear of such a thing? That woman must have lost all sense of decency!"

"Why, Nelly," retorted the curate, "have I not heard you say more than once that if that misguided girl had but to return you would not turn your back on her, but would hold out a helping hand to her in any way that you could? Have I mistaken you, or did I dream it?"

"You know that you have heard me say it. And I do not repent of having said it. But you are not speaking fairly. You know very well, Tom, that my 'helping hand' was to be contingent on a very different state of things from that which actually exists. If she had shown any repentance or remorse for the misery she caused, any consideration for others, I would have done what I could for her: more, I confess, for Maud's sake and the vicar's than for her. But to come back here under the present circumstances: not letting even the decency elapse to soften the memory of her disgrace, flaunting her ill-gotten riches and her contempt-ible husband in the face of every body who has known her from childhood—"

"Veronica was married!" Why, my dear little wife, you know nothing about this at all events!"

"Do I not know the circumstances under which his marriage was made?"

"Certainly not."

"I know, at least, so much of them as suffices to prove that he must be a man without any sense of honor, or dignity, or even decency! That he is, in short, as I said—contemptible!"

The captain had thought it necessary to endeavor to stem his warm-hearted wife's vehemence with a little show of that judicial impartiality which has become a man, and which he is usually so ready to display for the edification of the weaker sex in cases that do not touch his own passions or prejudices. But in his heart Captain Sheardown was little less shocked and disgusted at Veronica's conduct than his wife was, and he warmly concurred with her in declaring that Maud must be removed from under the vicar's daughter. There were other reasons also, why the Sheardowns considered the vicarage to be no longer a pleasant or desirable home for Maud Desmond. But of these they did not speak to her fully.

"Perhaps it may be all idle gossip and rumor," said Captain Sheardown, half interrogatively, to his wife.

"*Perhaps* it may," she returned, with an expressive shake of the head.

"At all events, there is no need to vex Maud with what may turn out to be all false, vulgar scandal."

"No need at all, dear. But it is not very easy to me to dissemble. Once or twice lately Maud has spoken with some anxiety of the vicar, and I assure you it has been on the tip of my tongue to tell her the report we had heard."

"Only it down again, like a brave little woman."

Meanwhile the reappearance of Veronica in her new character of Princess de' Barletti was the theme of discussion and animadversion in half the houses in the county. Mrs. Begbie had nearly fainted when she heard it. She had said to her maid, and had repeated the same information to her, "No, Tomlins. I can not believe you. I will not, I must not, think so evil of my own son." Subsequently, however, the unwelcome fact had been confirmed, Mrs. Begbie had been thrown into quite a new, nervous state by it. The sight of her innocent Emmie, and the recollection that that pure scion of the united houses of Gaffer and Begbie had been in the same room with, had actually breathed the same air with the *creature*, was too much for her. But finally Mrs. Begbie had found strength to rouse herself enough to take a stand against the barefaced audacity of continued corruption, as she characterized the visit of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti to the Crown Inn at Shipley Magna. Such, at least, was Mrs. Begbie's own account of the various phases of feeling she had gone through. Lady Alicia Brooke, who was Emmie's godmother on the occasion, Disapproving Veronica's proceeding quite as strongly as Mrs. Begbie disapproved of her ladyship could not resist the pleasure of metaphorically digging her sharp look into the self-satisfied complacency of Miss Emma.

"Ay," she said, dryly. "It's a curious social fact that you brazen fist, without the aid of a trochar, as we say in the north, should have got two husbands. Is she very handsome, this second husband, one a baronet and the other a prince, no less—and the young fellow really and truly sold Lord Barletti's coronet at auction? A rivious line—that that good-for-nothing hussy, I say, should have had wits enough to be attracted by the world but her handsome face, while so many of our virtuous young virgins can't manage to get a husband for the life of them. I always knows it isn't for want of energy in trying, as far as my observation goes."

"Lady Alicia," said Mrs. Begbie, with dignity, "no well brought-up girl would put forth her beauty as a lure to attract a husband. It is to have seen exercised by that—*creature*! Men have indeed reason to be weak enough to be attracted by that sort of thing."

"Oh, men are fools enough for any thing, I grant you, my dear. But I am thankful to say that I male sex en masse with the greatest liberality.

"They are, indeed," said Mrs. Begbie, who, despite her virtuous indignation, seemed unable to quit the discussion of Veronica's altered fortunes, "that this creature should have had the carriage and horses—splendid horses!—and a suit of servants with her to the Crown Inn. And her dress on Sunday morning was the extreme of audacious. She makes three toilets a day—"

"Three toilets a day!" echoed Mrs. Begbie.

"Emmie! I beseech you not to enter into this topic. Indeed, I regret that it has ever been mentioned before you, my child."

"Oh, I don't think it will do Miss Emmie any harm," Lady Alicia, with an inscrutable face.

"No, Lady Alicia. You are right. I feel obliged to you for judging me child so correctly. But still it is a pity that the bloom of youthful innocence should be rubbed off even by the acquaintance with the wickedness of the world!"

"And they say she paints awfully!" observed Miss Begbie, in whom envy slightly touched her pale—especially to people with daughters—to see that sort of thing rewarding and prospering.

"Vice, Lady Alicia, never prospers in the long run."

"Oh, of course not. To be sure not. We have high authority for that, Mrs. Begbie. But then you see it takes such a very long run."

The above conversation is a pretty fair specimen of the light in which the Princess de' Barletti's appearance at Shipley was looked on by the Danebiire society.

Could Veronica have overheard one evening's chat in any dressing-room or boudoir whose inmates' favor or countenance she desired, she would have seen a very curious sight—a group of her footing as a member of the "county" circles. It may seem strange that she had ever for a moment conceived the hope that the majority of the neighborhood would receive her. But she had an exaggerated idea of the power of her beauty. And she thought that the bright refulgence of her new rank would drive the world from a too close inspection of old blots and spots on her fame. And then it had all been vague in her mind. Direct intercourse with the people in question had not made the world from a too close inspection of old blots and spots on her fame. And then it had all been vague in her mind. Direct intercourse with the people in question had not made her realize the fact that the Danebiire society was entirely unnoticed except by one person.

This solitary exception served but to emphasize more strongly the marked neglect of the rest. Lord George Seagrave called on her. Lord George had taken Hammick Lodge for a term of years. He had never been down there at that time of year before. But his health wouldn't stand a London season: getting old, you know; and that sort of thing. So, as he had to pay for the place, he had come down to the Lodge to spend a month or two. It should be time to go to Schwalbach. And he hoped that Prince Barletti would soon be subscribed on the list. And out of perfectly remembering as Miss Levincourt—were at the Crown. So he had called, and had sent off cards. And he should be uncommonly charmed if the prince would come and have with him some day. The same week Lady Hammick Lodge very soon. This promise he kept, having had a sudden determination to keep his future wife apart from her, that Veronica had chosen not to risk a refusal by asking Maud to accompany her. Maud had not been at her promises on the evening when Veronica had driven up to the door in the vicarage. Veronica had not alighted. She had looked at her old home across the drear little grave-yard, and had turned away from it. She had driven away. But on that same occasion she had seen Mr. Plew. Veronica needed for a small share of feminine acuteness to read in the captain's face the intense and painful emotions which the sight of her former presence in the old life of Plew must evoke in him. She could still play with idle, careless, capricious fingers on his heart-strings if she liked. But she did not intend to play with a heart.

But what she could not see, and had not nebleness enough even to guess at, was the intense pity, the passion of sorrow over the tarnished brightness of her beauty, that had swelled her lover's heart almost to breaking. She had never possessed that power of soul to impose the best reverence that a man can give to a woman. And it may be that in the little surgeon's inmost consciousness he had never been some unacknowledged sense of this. But he had looked upon her with such a blended admiration; he had been so unselfishly content to worship from a humble distance, he had so associated her beauty and brightness with very different and far nobler and beautiful in his life, that her degradation had wounded him with a sense of loss. He had never been to him as other mortals, who must strive and struggle in the evil and weakness. He had not even thought of her as a woman who had clinging to some rock of truth in the great ocean of existence, and supplying her own feebleness by its steady strength. She had been to his fancy a creature to whom it was simply natural and inevitable to be brilliant and stainless as the star on her brow. And now she was smirched and fallen. After the first paroxysms of impotent rage against the man who had taken her from him, the bitterest reflection of all was the reflection how base a bait had tempted her.

When her carriage stopped at the gate of Sir Gildas's church-yard, and he advanced, hat in hand, and Veronica very slightly touched her proffered hand, and stammered a few incoherent words of going in to say, awkwardly, and perished manner, Veronica thought, "He is welcome at seeing me again, and seeing me in the pomp! And this is all." He might be not a bad fellow; and I she'll forget the good turn he had done about my marriage, after. Her gratitude did not by any means go to the extent of relinquishing her power to torture his feelings. But the truth was she have read it in his heart was, that he was crushed by the humiliation of his connection with her, and yet he loved her still. A more perfect being would doubtless have ceased to love that which his moral sense told him ought to be entirely unloved. But Mr. Plew was a very far from perfect being; and from the moment that he saw, and the nature of the man, theve was mingled with his love an almost feminine passion of pity which rendered it indestructible.

You used to have patients in Shipley Magna, Mr. Plew," said Veronica, "princes' had said, graciously.

"Wherever your professional duties bring you there, mind you come and see us!"

But two days after she passed, and Mr. Plew did not appear at the Crown Inn. Veronica, on her security that he would come, given orders that he should be admitted at any hour. Still, he did not appear. Then came Lord George Seagrave's invitation to Cesare. Veronica told him by all means to go, and told herself that it was a relief to get rid of him for a day. Poor Cesare very fond of her; almost too fond of her. It became a bore to have his constant presence. And he was so jealous and suspicious when he was left alone with no companion but her maid, and no resource but the inspection of her jewel-box, she began to feel depressed.

"I'm going into a horrible habit of being low-spirited," she thought. "It is habit, I suppose. I want keeping up. This leaden weight is intolerable. Bah! I won't stay in this odious hole! I always hated it. I don't know whether one always comes back to one's old loves, but I do believe one comes unfailingly to one's old hates. I will go away. But where? Die mio!

Any where! back to town. But meanwhile it positively am not well. I ought to see some one. I'll send for little Flew!"

Miss Turtle happened to be spending the afternoon with old Mrs. Flew, when the Princess de' Barletti's pair, perfumed note was brought into the cottage by a servant from the Crown Inn. Mr. Flew was not at home. He was expected back in the course of an hour or so. Very good, the man said. He would put up his horse and gig in the village, and return in the course of an hour to see if the doctor (as Mrs. Flew was always styled in Shipley parlance) had come in. He had orders to wait, and drive him back to Shipley Magna. Was any thing the matter? Any one ill? Not that he knew, special. The Lady was only called Barley-sowed a bit out or sorts. But he couldn't say much about it. In the moment that the groom's back was turned, the two women pounced upon the note. They felt it, they smelt it, they turned it this way and that.

"It is a lady," said Miss Turtle, reading the monogram. "And a crown above. The paper's all the world like satin. And *how* it is perfumed!"

"Ah! It smells to me like them yellow lozenges they sell at sweet," said Mrs. Flew, pushing the note away from her with a little dissatisfied gesture.

"What a bold handwriting!" exclaimed Miss Turtle. "Quite the aristocrat. Oh, dear me! I suppose Mr. Benjamin will be taken up with high society now."

The tip of the poor governess's little nose became suddenly red as her eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Flew grasped her wooden knitting-needles more firmly than ever. Tears are catching, and shook her head with the tremulous movement of age.

"If you could but have seen the carriage she was in," whispered Miss Turtle, plaintively. She was by nature and habit so humble-minded that the mere contemplation of herself with Veronica had only resulted in her crushing sense of the latter's overwhelming superiority in all points.

"And the dress! describe it to you, didn't I? And the silver on the horses' harness? Mrs. Meggitt thinks a deal by Benjamin, but he'll. Mrs. Flew, I tell you Mrs. Meggitt's spoons would be but a drop in the ocean if you were to melt them down to make harness for that pair. And the footman she had on. And leaning back with such an elegant kind of a fall against the cushions. She was painted," said poor Miss Turtle, making a faint little protest on behalf of her own self-respect that the fact was never pointed. She also added almost immediately, with a profound sigh, "I had been told they all do it in high life."

Still old Mrs. Flew kept her lips closed, and her head shook tremulously. In a few minutes the governess said, "I must run home and tell my mother as though expecting her to speak of the note from Shipley Magna. But the old woman was not to be drawn.

"There's a—a—note for you, Mr. Benjamin," said Miss Turtle, timidly: and the sound of the stanit his eye lighted on it as it lay on the table. He took it up quickly, and walked to the window to read it in the best light. He was a better judge than any of his back on the two women.

"Ah! it is from Veronica!" he asked, looking round. "There is mention here of a man and gig waiting to take me back."

"Yes, sir," said he'd been again in an hour, Mr. Benjamin. We thought—that is, your mother expected you back by 4 hour."

"I must wait for him then, I suppose," said Mr. Plew, pulling out his watch, and beginning to walk softly up and down the room. "It's a —a—patient. The Princess Barletti, in fact. She is not very well, and wishes to see me. It really is very good of you, Mrs. Flew, to offer me so much of your company, Miss Turtle."

Mrs. Flew unlocked her lips and spake.

"Benjy, love, don't you go."

"Mother!"

"Benjy, darling, don't you go."

"Not go to see a patient when I am sent for!"

"Benjy, darling, I don't believe she is a lot more than you are. Nor so bad either, if feelings could count. And if she's bad let her send for Doctor Brown. Every body's good enough for them that she's treated so heartless, and cruel, and—abandoned."

Mr. Plew had turned ashy pale, and was standing quite still, staring at his mother. The little governess had dropped her head and parted lips, glancing nervously from one to the other. She was not disinclined at first to be scandalized at the boldness and eloquence. The wooden needles clicked and rattled in the old woman's trembling hands. A dull red spot burned on each withered cheek; and she went on in a strained voice unlike her natural accents.

"Shameful, and cruel, and heartless she's treated one that she's not worthy to tie his shoestrings! Let her send for Doctor Brown. He's not ears to break an honest man's heart! A man that might have had a good home here, and good loving children at his knee but for her. Benjy! Why there's women in the world, common, plain-looking women with common names, respected as their backs, that to my eyes seem as beautiful as the saints in the church bow-in! She's had, and wicked, and wotnn't have had, a painted—"

She stopped suddenly with the opprobrious word on her lips. Her son, without uttering a syllable, had dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. The governess cowered, awe-stricken, and trembling like a frightened bird. The knitting fell from the old woman's hands. She sat as still as though she had been turned to stone for a minute or so, looking at her son. Then all at once she got up, went to him, and put her hand on his bowed head.

"Benjy," she said, "my own dear boy, forgive your poor old mother! And may God forgive her for saying a word to hurt the best son that ever mortal woman bore into this world!

I don't know what came over me, Benjy. I couldn't help it. 'Twas so! If Iain must speak, I'll not say another word, love; not another word. Oh, my boy, don't be angry with your poor mother. A shot's to be here to trouble you long! And—Benjy—was only because I love you so, my own dear darling." Mr. Plew removed one hand from his face, and put it out to take his mother's. She raised it to her lips and kissed it. "Thank you, my boy," she said, with pathetic humility. And then—with all the agony flesh gone from her face, and only a soul streaming down it—she feebly tottered out of the room. Miss Turtle rose and followed her to the door. When she turned, and said, in a low, quiet, placid, almost cheerful, tone, "You needn't be anxious about your mother, Mr. Benjamin. I'll stay with her, and look after her whilst you're gone. Your mother's used to me. And for me it's a real pleasure to do any little thing for her. I is indeed!"

"God bless you for your kindness. I shall always be grateful to you, and be your friend with all my heart—if you will let me be so," answered the surgeon.

Within a quarter of an hour he was on his way to Shipley Magna.

GREAT EATERS.

BADHAM, in his "Prose Halieutics," tells us that, "among immortal gluttons, Heraclus the beef-eater was the chief; he would eat up the grilled carcass of a cow at a meal, with all the olive coals attached to it. The audacity of Ulysses in comparison is attested in the Odyssey, which carried an ox round the stadium in his arms, and then with as little difficulty in his inside."

If it be alleged that these three ancient worthies never lived except in the pages of mythology, there is no difficulty in finding real ones that will serve the purpose. Lucullus had a room in his house for every kind of supper, each at a particular cost; and even his breakfast alone was worth a moderate fortune. Apicius killed himself when he had only eight hundred pounds sterling left, fearing that he would die of starvation. One picture had sauce for a pair of partridges prepared from them; another, the supplies legs of nation cut up to supply one choice plateful of special delicacy; and a dish prepared at endless cost from peacocks' brains.

Boehmer, a German writer, described something of this sort in a sum which appeared to him for a wager, would eat a whole sheep, or a whole pig, or a bushel of cherries, including the stones. His strength of teeth and jaws and of stomach enabled him to masticate, or at least to munch into small pieces, bones, shells, stones, and flints. He preferred birds, mice, and caterpillars; but when he could not get these delicacies he put up with mineral substances. He has devoured pen, ink, and sand-pounce, and seemed half inclined to feed in the same way on the husband itself. He made money by exhibiting his powers in this way until about sixty years of age, after which he lived upon his savings-years in a more rational way. Although a Latin treatise was published in elucidation of his marvelous powers, it may not be uncharitable to suppose that there was a little chicanery in the matter, as in the case of the fire-eaters and others we are familiar at the fairs and in the streets, and who display to us upon occasion a wonderful diet when not engaged in money-making exhibitions. A story is told of General Kowigsmark, an officer engaged in the wars of many years waged in by-gone times by Swedes against Poland and Bohemia, which illustrates both the big-eating attribute and the fear which the achievement may possibly produce in the minds of others. A peasant came to the General in Sweden's tent during the siege of Prague, and offered to devour a large hog for the amusement of his Majesty. The general, standing by, told him the fellow ought to be burned as a sorcerer. Nettled and irritated by this, the peasant exclaimed, "If your Majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the hog." The notion of buying this offer with a vast expansion of mouth and jaws. Brave as he was in fighting battles, mark could not stand this; he beat a hasty retreat from the tent, and hurried to his own quarters.

In the time of Charles the First, Taylor, the water poet, gave an account of one Edward Wood, a Kentish man, who had a power of stowing away a marvelous quantity of food at a meal. He was credited with having on one occasion devoured a whole raw sheep; on another, three dozen pigeons; on a third, seventy rabbits; on a fourth, eighteen yards of black pudding; while on two other occasions the quantities set down were sixty pounds of cherries and a bushel of damsons. But it will be better to dishelieve these statements, and attend to the more moderate though still startling account given by Taylor, that "Two loynes of mutton and one loyne of veal were but as three spoils to him." Also that Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach as that he ate as much as would have served thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-men hindered it by locking it and anointed his paunch with grease and butter to make it stretch and hold; and moreover, being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while, which when the knight understood he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had lain bedded with eating." In the time of George the First there was a man who, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, tried to maintain a Lenten fast of forty days and forty nights. Breaking down in this resolution after a few days, he took revenge on himself by becoming an enormous eater, devouring large quantities of raw flesh with much avidity. Somewhat over a century ago, a Polish soldier, presented to the court of Saxony as a marvel of voracity, one day ate twenty pounds of beef and half of a roasted calf. About the same time a youth of seventeen, apprentice to a Thames waterman, ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of pease pudding in two minutes. An achievement of about equal gluttony was that of a brewer's man, who, at an inn in Aldersgate Street, demolished a roast goose of six pounds' weight, a quarter loaf, and three quarts of porter in an incredibly short space of time. Early in the reign of George the Third a watch-maker's apprentice, nineteen years of age, ate three-quarters of an ox, roasted whole, a porkwighing six pounds, and a proportionate quantity of bread, in a public-house, and then concludes with a pint of brandy taken off in two draughts. A few years afterward there was the beggar of Gottingen at the fair, who on one occasion ate twelve pounds of meat at a meal. After his dinner-bath, his stomach was very large, was found to contain numerous bits of flint and other odds and ends, which Nature very properly refused to digest, and to feed on. In a setting aside altogether the real or alleged eating of dogs, cats, rats, and mice, the instances are very numerous in which a joint sufficient for a large family has disappeared at a meal within the short-worthy range of one man.

It is clearly evident that many of toe records of voracious eating point to a morbid craving which the person suffers, and which is as much a disease as the opposite extreme—loss of appetite—which being still more common, is more Medical men have at hand a stock of learned Greek names to apply to various manifestations of the disease. Dr. Cooper, for instance, one which came under his professional notice. There were two children possessing remarkable appetites, of which the youngest, seven years old, was the worst. "The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Every day but one she made a hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon and devoured. Besides this, there was a cooked rabbit, half a pound of candles, and some butter were taken at one time. The mother declared that little girl, as she was styled, was a good health otherwise, took more food, if she could obtain it, than would be the diet of a family, consisting of six besides herself." Such extreme manifestations of the disease are of course very rare.

As to fire-eaters, they have always been exhibitors rather than persons possessing a real liking for this peculiar food. One of the first, if not was one Powell, very eminent in this line of business, brought to Rome by Sir Horace Mann. It used to be jocularly said of him, that "his common food is brimstone and fire, which he picks up as dainty as a hungry schoolboy does a mess of pottage; and such is his passion for this favorite element, that he wears a waistcoat made into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef." Some of the former pages have given the most certain incidental notices of persons swallowing material substances which, during the course of years that medical men recognize a disease called lithophagy, or stone-eating. Persons have been known to devour mortar, not merely sand and flints, beads and serpents, and other living creatures—not merely cotton, hair, paper, and wool, but feathers, sand, of sticks, fire-wood, glass, pebbles, stone, musket-bullets, and earthen-ware. One man could swallow bilbloid knives and gold and silver watches. There is an accredited case in the medical journals of New York for 1822, of a man who could eat daily, for several days in succession; but on one day he overshot the mark by swallowing fourteen: it killed him. If we should go into the particulars of all these kinds of voracity, we should have to establish three grades—digesting what mankind can, vomiting without digesting; and simply swallowing without digesting or vomiting. Physiology and pathology can trace this matter for himself. As to earthenware, the young women of certain lands are said to eat clay, and to improve their looks and complexions.

Pleas have been known in which the limitation to the quantity of food taken at once is brought about rather by the effects of fumes and vapors upon the brain than by any distension of the deglutitory powers of the eater. One of those persons to whom a whole joint is a mere trifle was compelled to employ a vapor bath, because he could not take three slabbings worth of bread and ale at one time. The man who laid the wager provided twelve new hot penny loaves, and steeped them in several quarts of ale. The effect of the fumes upon the brain of the bold trencher-man is to send off the glutton into a drowsy helplessness long before he had come to the end of his voracious task, and he was greatly mortified afterward at having lost the wager.

If the gourmet be really due to an abnormal condition of the system, a morbid craving which the physiologist may trace to errors in the organic source, the person is no more to blame than other patients suffering under maladies. But if the boasts of the gourmands and makes them the subject of bets, we can have no difficulty in ascribing the degree of responsibility to him. About forty years ago there was an inscription on the window of a small road-side inn, between Exeter and Plymouth, recording such a boast; whether railways and other novelties have swept it away, we can not tell, but Hone described it thus:

March 16, 1816,
Thomas Mount Joint died here.
Sat six pounds of bacon, drank nineteen pots of beer.

It is nonsense, and a libel upon the four-footed races, to call such exhibitions of gluttony brutal or beastly; seeing that real brutes and beasts eat only when they are hungry, and leave off when they have had enough.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LOVE in the temperate zone is not without its trials as to think the English, in view of the unusual severity of the past winter with them. For eight or ten days all traffic on the Thames was suspended, and when the ice broke up, one night have imagined himself on the banks of some river of the frigid zone: for the flooding for some hours presented the appearance of irregular masses. In Paris the weather seems to have been equally severe. The Seine has been full of masses of floating ice. Rome and Florence have been, according to one account, "almost buried in snowstorms," though the statement is doubtless rather exaggerated. In Danzig the cold has been so excessive that thermometers at an inn, a restaurant, the Baltic was covered with ice, and some adventurous skaters crossed to Hennigdorf, a distance of several miles.

On the 11th of March the case of the ill-fated *City of Boston* was brought before the House of Commons. Among other facts respecting the disaster of the sea, it was stated that up to that time, since the first of January, nine steamships had been lost, which, with which foundered at sea with great loss of life; and that most of these casualties were due to the want of proper bulk-heads, and a proper check upon overcrowding.

The "Old Fashioned Girl," Miss L. M. Alcott's last work, was published with an edition of 15,000 copies. The authoress is now on her way to Italy, with Miss May Alcott, the artist by whom "Little Women" was illustrated.

A magnificent ball has been given at Paris by Sultan, a Parisian, which cost more than 100,000 francs. His lounges were covered with cashmere embroidered in gold, which he gave away to his guests as souvenirs. Each lady had carring for cashmere, took away a Persian carpet. Supper was served under a gilded trellis, bearing ripe grapes, peaches, and cherries.

For fifteen years Mr. Charles Dickens has been a public character of splendid audiences. Beneath he gave a farewell reading at St. James's Hall, London. He remarked in the course of his address: "I have formly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous support, and the most stimulating sympathy. Nevertheless, I have thought it well, at the full flood-tide of your favor, to retire upon those other associations and duties in which the calmer hours farther back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art to which these made way for me."

Dr. Osgood, in a recently published letter concerning "Americans in Europe," remarks that tisted people speak in each other's presence in a way that only when presenting distinguished persons to others to the full title given. "I think," he says, "that it is gentle-breeding in England to address a distinguished person once by his title, and afterward to say you or 'Sir.' For instance, the philosopher Faraday, when the Prince of Wales at a public meeting, and after calling him 'Your Royal Highness' once or twice, he spoke to him simply as 'Sir;' which I thought was a style of the truest and best breed-manner, and so assured that it was proper even to speak to the Queen as 'Madame,' after addressing her as 'Your Majesty.' These are little matters, but they are sometimes more important as the best-bred people in Europe and America are coming together, and we wish to be naturally agreeable."

Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, whose death has recently taken place in Vienna, was, for years of eighteen, with an affection of the spine, which caused severe torture and partial paralysis, and finally culminated in loss of sight. Notwithstanding all of this, he maintained a wonderful cheerfulness, and continued to retain an unclouded interest in his wife's affairs. All the journals of the day were read to him; his memory was singularly retentive, and his judgment acute. His opinion in matters of politics and finance was highly valued, and his magnificent charities in Vienna the constant resort of the political and literary celebrities of France and Germany.

Bleeding from the nose is always regarded as an unwelcome event, but in the opinion of Dr. Hall, it always is beneficial, preventing headache or more serious illness, and sometimes averting apoplexy and sudden death. Therefore it should not be immediately arrested. A wise plan is to permit it to flow excessively, it can sometimes be arrested by putting the feet in hot water, or by applying a mustard plaster between the shoulders.

The eagerness of the freedmen for learning is equalled only by their eagerness for food; and they are pushing forward in their brotherly gratitude to help needy Christian teachers whose families have paid for their noble labors. During the last year the Methodists have sent Negroes, and a greater number have put up houses and churches. In the $12,000,000 which the freedmen's banks have taken at least one-half has been saved for actual investment. It is drawn out mainly to buy homes.

Report tells of some barbarism in a west-of-England town, who deserve expulsion from civilized society. During recent electioning a large crowd brought the ice, and a statesman in attendance pulled her half out; but finding that she would not or could not give him any thing if he rescued her, pushed her in again. When, finally, she was rescued by others, a cabman charged her double fare for getting home.

At a criminal trial in France not long ago a witness refused to take the oath, from religious scruples, declaring that he was a Quaker. As no such sect is unknown in France, no provision appears to have been made for such an exceptional case; and, in consequence, had to deliberate on the point, and at length decided—with the consent of the public prosecutor, the jury, and the advocates—to allow him to receive the testimony of the witness as simple information, but not as legal evidence.

The genuine asphalt roads of Paris are admirable, and the material of which they are made possesses points of great interest. The French asphalt is a carbonate of lime or chalk, naturally impregnated with bituminous matter. Extensive beds of this deposit are found at Seyssel and Pyrimont, on the right bank of the Rhone, between the French frontier and Lake Bourget, in the county of Culoz. Large amounts of the rock are quarried and sent to the French capital, where it is used in making the beautiful pavements which now adorn some of the streets of that city. In heating asphalt rock to about 212° it disintegrates, and by the softening of the bitumen it turns into a sort of a brown dust. If in that state, while the dust is yet hot, it is compressed in a mould, the particles will stick together, and the matter will resume again, in cooling, its general appearance, hardness, and all the properties of primitive rock, while it retains the shape of the mould. At the present time the whole surface of Paris asphalt streets comprises about 133,333 square yards.

The day of women's rights and minors' privileges is dawning in Connecticut. At a recent meeting of the Legislature of that organization a church in Norwich, for the purpose of electing deacons, it was contested by some of the brethren and members of churches of the church, were entitled to vote for officers. After quite a stirring debate this question was decided affirmatively were disposed to grant the privilege of ecclesiastical suffrage to any claimants, and a resolution to that effect was passed.

An English earl's daughter has raised a new scandal by eloping with the organist of a Catholic chapel. The organist is a Mr. Bellasis, a gentleman-like boy of twenty-three, and an Irishman. The Lady Blanche is twenty-six, and the marriage has not been celebrated in legal form, causing strange stories to be circulated in the upper circles.

The new fire-alarm boxes have confused the ideas of some unsophisticated country people. The other day a verdant-looking individual was seen attempting to insert a letter in one of the fire-alarm boxes. A policeman, thinking he was on evil bent, valiantly interposed with the remark that at his depot uninjured when explanation was made.

There is very good philosophy in what a poor man once said: "I always endeavor to treat my wife comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he loves, and she will probably cast and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to my admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them, I say, fret away."

A little fellow of three years was taken to church for the first time. On his return home his father said, "Well, Charley, how did you like church?" "Not very well," replied the child. "Didn't you? Why not?" "Because," he spoke so loud I couldn't hear him," said Charlie, with a grave face. "Why, my child, you now how difficult it is for a young child to understand the sacred truths of religion, and that it may be unable, or even to get any correct ideas from words that are sinmade so by the whole. Another little boy said you remember the text exactly, but thought it was "something about a fool and a number of persons." It was, "Why hait ye between two opinions?"

At the present time, when disasters at sea are awakening so much painful interest, a recently-invented life-boat seems to deserve favorable notice. The invention consists in so constructing a part or the whole of the boat's bottom that it may be readily detached from the vessel if she should sink; and, being buoyant, will serve as a raft, on which the passengers may take refuge. The hurricane-deck is constructed with double-top, and the space between may be air-tight, may be placed to increase the buoyancy of the raft, and it is so secured to the vessel that it may be instantaneously cut loose. A simple contrivance of provisions, and other things necessary, should be constantly kept in wells in the deck. This invention was patented November, 1869.

An exchange says that a great economy in the manufacture of bread is secured by the following process: Gluten to the amount of ten or twelve per cent. is extracted by boiling water from bran, and the flour is kneaded with this infusion, which, when dried by a thirty per cent. more bread is obtained. The bread, moreover, is said to be better, as that of fine quality, but is much more nutritious.

The walls of Schutzpol have now been completely restored, and the ruins of three houses and a house built in place of those ruined by the bombardment. A new church, in the form of a Greek cross, has also been erected in the church-yard of the town. The funds for the construction of this building were raised by a public subscription in the town of Strasbourg. The chief of the subscribers was the Princess Wasiltchi, who, after the siege, gave the whole profits of her year's pension, amounting to 16,000 rubles. A sum of 100,000 francs in all was expended on the building. The principal monument in the church-yard is that of Prince Hohenlohe, who died in 1815, on the following inscription: "Here lie, among warriors, the mortal remains of the man who prevented the enemies of our country from penetrating to the heart." The tombstones of the men are all alike in shape and size, and those of them bears this inscription: "Grave of our brothers."

His Holiness the Pope remarked the other day, referring to the loss of the Pope's temporal power: "In their eagerness to make me infallible they will make me fall!" The bishops cost the Pope somewhere about 30,000 francs (£1200) each, and he has had to pay for two months' barren discussion the pretty sum of 2,000,000 francs.

The Empress's Grand Prize of 10,000 francs, given this year for the first time by the French Geographical Society, was to be awarded on the 15th of March. On receiving the medal which accompanies the prize, M. De Lesseps announced that he would devote the sum of money to the expedition which the Society is about to undertake into Central Africa.

The following anecdote is told of Charles Dickens, who was once asked by a friend whether there a young writer inveighed against the world generally, in a very "gentlemanly" manner. The writer's pause in the philippic against the human race, Dickens said to his friend: "Let me tell you the most remarkable instance: "I say, ——, what a lucky thing it is you and I don't belong to it!" It reminded the novelist of a number of Pickwick, "of two men who on a raised scaffold were swelling the final delicate attention of the hangman: the notice of one was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily engaged in tossing one here and another there; whereupon he said to the other, 'I say, Bill, how lucky it is for us that we are up here!'"

All Pasha Mosbarek, the Minister of the Khedive of Egypt, has purchased 30,000 volumes in London and Paris, to found a public library at Cairo, the only one of the kind in Egypt.

STEAMSHIP LIFE—TAKING IT EASY.

STEAMSHIP LIFE—OILING THE BINNACLE.

STEAMSHIP LIFE.

WE gave last week an illustration of the miseries and discomforts attendant upon a steerage passage across the Atlantic in one of the large steamers that ply between Europe and this country; this week we give several sketches of other scenes to be witnessed on every voyage. The first represents a group of passengers endeavoring to while away the tedious time by sleeping. Protected from the sharp ocean air by heavy shawls and wrappers, the family is huddled together on a bench on deck. They have no sentiment for the poetry of the "dark blue ocean;" and if they sporutophized the waves at all, it would not be to bid them "roll on." Another sketch shows some of the more interested passengers eagerly watching the oiling of the binnacle, while the mate supervises, with a critical eye, the delicate operation.

None of those on board enjoy a warm and sunny day more than the poor steerage passengers, who come up from their close quarters and crowd the forward part of the ship to obtain a breath of pure air and a pleasant outlook upon the sea. Hundreds of them may be seen, on such a day, grouped about on the little prow deck, gazing delightedly on the prospect, sewing, or singing, or smoking, or holding up their children so that they too may have a look over the high steamer's side, and watch the spray, the sea-gulls flapping and cawing about the prow, and the great fish which now and then leap in the broad path of the ship. Some of the faces in the picture are unmistakably German, others as clearly Hibernian: the old man with the little girl is contented, patient, interested, and the German emigrants all seem quiet and hopeful. The Irish in the back-ground are chattering after the custom of their race, not quite so neat as their German companions, but far more boisterous and lively. The group in the centre is evidently composed of disappointed Feninns returning to this country.

A WOUNDED DANISH SOLDIER.

THE picture from which our illustration with the above title is engraved is a reminiscence of the campaign in Holstein, and will remind our readers of many similar episodes of our own recent war. It was painted by Madame JEANCHAU, wife of the eminent Danish sculptor, and is considered one of the most meritorious of the works that have placed her in the foremost rank of female artists. The circumstances of the Prussian war against Denmark are not yet forgotten. Whatever may have been the merits of Prussia's claim to the territory in dispute, it was pressed with an overbearing insolence which no nation retaining its self-respect could admit, except on compulsion; and we all recollect the brave stand made by the little Danish army against the overwhelming odds brought by its gigantic neighbor. But when, in addition to this, we reflect how peaceful, industrious, and virtuous is the modern Dane, yet losing none of his ancient courage—how thoroughly domestic in his habits, yet ever ready to obey when patriotism calls him from the happy contentment of home, we shall then better appreciate the touching story suggested by this picture. We need not stop to point out the true womanly refinement shown in the artist's treatment of her theme. The life of the wounded man, perhaps, still hangs in the balance; but, if he recovers, he will surely owe more to the soothing, gentle nursing of that true-hearted girl now reading to him from the Book of Life than to the surgeon's skill. We may, however, in illustration of the picture, remind the reader that generally on the Continent of Europe the act of betrothal is regarded far more seriously than our American "engagement" between lovers.

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

IT appears to be very important to success in science that a man should have an able mother. I believe the reason to be, that a child so circumstanced has the good fortune to be delivered from the ordinary narrowing, partisan influences of home education. Our race is essentially slavish; it is the nature of all of us to believe blindly in what we love, rather than in that which we think most wise. We are indignant when others pry into our idols, and criticise them with impunity, just as a savage flies to arms when a missionary picks his fetich to pieces. Women are far more strongly influenced by these feelings than men; they are blinder partisans and more servile followers of custom. Happy are they whose mothers did not intensify their naturally slavish dispositions in childhood, by the frequent use of phrases such as, "Do not ask questions about this or that, for it is wrong to doubt;" but who showed them, by practice and teaching, that inquiry may be absolutely free without being irreverent, that reverence for truth is the parent of free inquiry, and that indifference or insincerity in the search after truth is one of the most degrading of sins. It is clear that a child brought up under the influences I have described is far more likely to succeed as a scientific man than one who was reared under the curb of dogmatic authority. Of two men with equal abilities, the one who had a truth-loving mother would be the more likely to follow the career of science; while the other, if bred up under extremely narrowing circumstances, would become as the gifted children in China, nothing better than a student and professor of some dead literature.

STEAMSHIP LIFE—STEERAGE PASSENGERS.

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

On the 29th of March the sorrowful intelligence was communicated to us of the death of Major-General GEORGE H. THOMAS. He died at eight o'clock on the 28th, from a stroke of apoplexy, at SAN FRANCISCO, his post of duty.

General THOMAS was born on July 31, 1816, in the county of Southampton, Virginia. In his early boyhood he accepted a subordinate position under his uncle, the clerk of the county, and at the same time commenced the study of law. It is worthy of notice that he was a native of Virginia, belonging, as did General ROBERT E. LEE, to a wealthy and respectable family of that State. Like General LEE, also, he was sent from Virginia to West Point, where he graduated June 30, 1840, ranking twelfth in a class of forty-two.

His military career previous to our Civil War is soon told. Immediately after his graduation at West Point he took part in the Indian campaign in Florida, serving as Lieutenant. He took a prominent part in the Mexican War, and for gallant conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1846, was brevetted Captain. February 23, 1847, he was brevetted Major "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista."

November, 1860, found THOMAS in Texas. General TWIGGS had surrendered, and Major THOMAS at Carlisle Barracks took command of the Sixth Cavalry, and entered into the great conflict for the preservation of the Union. We do not purpose in this brief sketch to follow his military career during the Civil War in all its details. Unlike General LEE, he did not consider it his duty to sacrifice his allegiance to the nation to that which he owed to Virginia. On MAY 3, 1861, we find him Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry (the old Second), in the place of General LEE, who had resigned. He commanded the first brigade of General PATTERSON'S army of Northern Virginia until August 26, 1861, when he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was ordered to Kentucky. Thenceforth his career was eminently successful, and in many respects more remarkable than that of any other Federal general during the war.

General THOMAS was never defeated. After his victory over General ZOLLICOFFER at Mill Spring, in January, 1862, he moved forward and, after the fall of Fort Donelson, occupied Nashville. On the second day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing he commanded the reserve of the Union army. He was made a Major-General April 25, 1862, and at the close of the year we find him in command of a corps under ROSECRANS'S command. In the official report of the battle of Stone River General ROSECRANS alluded to General THOMAS as "true and prudent, distinguished in counsel and on many battle-fields for his courage."

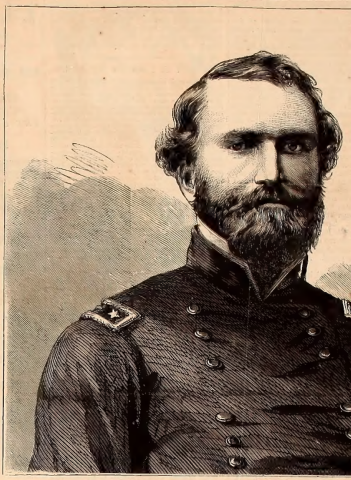

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

In the summer and autumn of 1863 General THOMAS especially distinguished himself in the Chattanooga campaign. But for his wise precautions ROSECRANS could never have concentrated his army at Chickamauga, and must have been overcome in detail by BRAGG. ROSECRANS would have it that BRAGG was retreating in confusion into Georgia. But THOMAS knew better. When the army was finally concentrated at Chickamauga General THOMAS commanded the left wing, which he held in position on the 19th of September, retrieving the battle which ROSECRANS had already given up as lost. In October THOMAS was assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, succeeding ROSECRANS.

In the Atlanta campaign, early in 1864, THOMAS took a prominent part. After its successful completion General SHERMAN, setting out for his March to the Sea, sent THOMAS back to Nashville to attend to HOOD, who had succeeded General BRAGG. HOOD's design was to compel SHERMAN'S retreat by a bold march northward, looking to the occupation of Nashville.

The result of the battle of Nashville, near the close of 1864, gave General THOMAS his most characteristic distinction. He will ever be known as "the hero of Nashville." His patience before the battle, when the wiseacres at Washington were clamoring for an immediate advance on his part, was not less remarkable than his tactics on the battle-field after that he had mustered all his forces and entered upon the conflict. His victory over HOOD was the most complete victory of the war. HOOD's forces were utterly demoralized, and the rebel power in the Southwest never recovered from the blow. For this THOMAS was made a Major-General in the regular army.

Since the close of the war General THOMAS has been assigned to department duty in Tennessee and Kentucky, and latterly in California. During the few weeks preceding his death he enjoyed remarkably good health; but on the 28th, at half past five o'clock, P.M., he was seized with a fit of apoplexy while attending to business in his office. In less than three hours after the attack he died. His death is truly a national calamity. As a man and as a soldier his character is unreproached and irreproachable.

A WOUNDED DANISH SOLDIER.—FROM A PAINTING BY MADAME JERICHAU.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

INFALLIBLE RELICS.

ALL men are more or less fond of relics. Do not most of us look with interest on the garments of distinguished people who lived before us? No wonder that the Romish Church, speculating on all emotions and weaknesses of the human mind, should have availed itself of this predilection.

The old Romans and Greeks had their holy relics, and some were almost Roman Catholic: for instance, the egg of Leda. The Indians carried on lucrative traffic with the enormous mammoth tooth of Buddha. The Mohammedans preserve the standard, arms, clothes, beard, and two teeth of their prophet. In the Christian church, however, we find no trace of this relic-culture before the Emperor Constantine. According to the legend, he saw a cross with a victory-promising inscription in the sky, and adopted it as a standard. It conquered, and became the Cross Station. From that time the cross became the symbol of the Christians.

The mother of the Emperor, Helena, discovered the true cross; so, at least, we are told by late papal authors. Contemporary historians, however, do not say one word about this remarkable discovery. According to the legend, not only was the true cross discovered, but also the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with our Saviour. They were all found together; but as the inscription affixed by Pilate was not forthcoming, the finders were at a loss how to discover the true cross. The priests, however, found a way to solve this difficulty. They laid a sick man on one of the crosses, and, behold! he became worse; from which they concluded that they had struck on the real cross, and thief who taunted Christ. When the sick man was laid on another of the crosses, he became much better; but when he was laid on the third, he jumped up quite well. Then the matter could not be any doubt of which was the true cross and which the thieves'.

The graves of the Apostles were likewise discovered, and the bodies of some of them too. Very pious people were successful in entering into direct communication with the saints. A woman at St. Maurin, for instance, who had chosen St. John the Baptist for her great patron, yoked him for three years every day: imploring him to let her have only a little bit of the water for which he had no further use. The saint would not listen to her prayers. At last the woman got impatient—as even pious women do sometimes, if they can not have their own way—and vowed that she would not feed her ox unless the saint fulfilled her prayer. She kept her vow for seven days, and was nearly at her last gasp, when she found an ale the thirsty ox and the saint: Three bishops wrapped this holy relic very reverentially in three silver drops of blood fell from it—one drop per bishop.

Some saints have had several skeletons. That of St. Denis, for instance, exists in duplicate at the present time; besides a third head in Prague, and a fourth in Munich, where the Munich can boast of a hand of his. This remarkable saint, therefore, had two perfect bodies, four heads, and five hands; if one of them be only be otherwise; for each of these relics has to show the same miraculous movement of authenticity from an infallible Pope.

Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Regensburg, devoted a great deal of learning to researches about the bodily appearance of the Holy Virgin, and to trying to find out the color of her eyes and hair she had. As the present compiler does not feel inclined to read the eight hundred books left by us of this gentleman's writings, he does not know the result of his researches; but, according to the specimens of her hair, inscribed by Popes as genuine, it must have been pinkish; for the infallible relics of it are fair, red, brown, and black.

The most ponderous relic left of the Virgin Mary is her house, now in Loretto. This house stood once, of course, in Palestine; but, according to the legend, angels carried it to Italy. They placed it first at Tersato, in Dalmatia, but in the year 1297 they transported it to Loretto. It is a wonderful circumstance that the houses of Palestine of the time of our Saviour should have so exactly resembled the peasants' houses in the neighborhood of Loretto. It is enshrined now in a magnificent church, and thousands and thousands of pilgrims are there, to stir their rosaries in the tung of the infant Christ, and to depose a more or less considerable sum on the altar.

The credulity of people in the matter of relics really surpasses belief. One monk, by name Eisolin, traveled in 1500 in Westphalia, exhibiting to the faithful a pinion of the wing of the Archangel Gabriel. Who knows what a discourse paid for it) could not be seized by the plague. When saying to the people how at Aldingen this precious relic was stolen from him. Eisolin, however, was not at a loss; before the very eyes of his hearers he took the empty casket with hay, and exhibited it as hay from the manger in Bethlehem. All the faithful thronged to kiss it, and the honest monk then; so that the monk whispered, full of astonishment, to his lay: "Even you, sweetheart?"

At the time of the Crusades the world was overflowed with relics. Whenever a town of the Holy Land was conquered, the crusaders looked first for relics, as more precious than jewels or gems. Lewis the Saint made two unfortunate crusades, but he comforted himself with the relics he brought home. These were: some spinters from the cross, a few nails, the sponge, the purple coat which the mocking soldiers threw over the shoulders of Christ, and the thorn crown. Three holy things he acquired for immense sums. When they arrived he paid his whole court went out barefoot as far as Vincennes to meet them.

Henry the Lion brought many relics to Brunswick: among them the thumb of St. Mark, for which the Venetians offered in vain one hundred thousand ducats.

The whole wardrobe of our Saviour, of the Holy Virgin, of St. Joseph, and of many saints turned up, certified by Infallibility. The holy lance was found, with which the Roman knight Longinus wounded the body of our Redeemer-chief of St. Veronica, which she handed to Christ to wipe his face when he was on his way to Golgotha, and on which he left the impression of his features. This handkerchief must have been at least fifty yards long, as according to the pieces (always certified by Infallibility) which are shown at different places. The dish of emerald was found, which the angels had given present to the Queen of Sheba, and from which Christ ate the Easter lamb in the water-pots were found from the wedding at Cana, and they were still filled with wine. There exist so many splinters of the cross, and so many nails may that there are supposed a man-of-war does not contain more wood and iron. Pictures from the life were likewise in great quantity, and some of them bled every holy Friday. The cup from which Christ drank when he instituted the Lord's Supper was discovered, together with some of the bread left from that repast. The silver dishes which were used for casting lots for the garments were also found, and likewise the unsoaned tunic. There existed tunics of Joseph, Aegrippina, Hagar, Rebecca, and many other places. All have a certificate about Infallibility.

There were also found infallible shirts of the Virgin, as large as carriers' frocks. Her very precious wedding-ring was shown at Perugia, together with a pair of very neat slippers, and a skirt of very large and mighty dimensions, when paying a visit to St. Elizabeth. Milk of Mary was discovered in great abundance, and Divine Mother possesses in single churches fifty times bottled. There exist also the infallible swaddling-clothes, many small caps and bonnets, breeches of St. Joseph, and his carpenter's tools. One of the thirty silver pieces, the price of the sacrificed Redeemer, has also been piously preserved, together with the rope—twelve feet long and rather too thin—by which the traitor hanged himself: also, his very small empty purse. Even the perch turned up on which the cock crew which startled Saint Peter was found in Prince Palaces: even the stone with which the evil one tempted our Lord in the desert; even the basin in which Pilate washed his hands; even the sword of Judas, as on which the entry into Jerusalem was made. There were even pieces of the burning bush of Testament which had lain safely hidden vast numbers of years. For instance: the staff with which Moses, at the head of his people, went to the desert; the beard of Noah; a piece of the rock from which Moses struck water.

The belief of the benighted people in these relics was so strong that the priests could even venture to show, not merely the sacred objects, but manifestly impossible relics; there once were an exhibition, for instance, of the sacred instruments, such relics as the dagger and buckles of the Archangel Michael; something of the breath of our Saviour, preserved in a box; a piece of Egyptian darkness; something of the sound of the Holy Ghost when it descended; the shadow or breath of the Virgin Mary, which she breathed forth when he had to place very knotty words; the thorn in the flesh which so greatly troubled St. Paul.

In German Palace there were nearly one hundred wonder-working images of the Virgin, but the most celebrated is that at Loretto, in the house already mentioned. It is inscribed by St. Luke, and is most carefully cut out of cedar wood, and is dyed black by the smoke of many millions of wax-candles burned before her. Enigma. The next celebrated image is at St. Jago de Compostella, where you might have seen, but a few years ago, thirty thousand pilgrims at once; none of whom dared to approach it empty-handed.

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EATING AT A LUNCHEON BAR.

THERE are some persons who enter a luncheon bar with a knowingness and a deliberation which indicate that they are about to lay out the limited space of time available for the luncheon bar to the greatest possible advantage. They select the best bar, and the best bar they select the best things. With a cool, critical eye they run down the bill of fare, and with instinctive judgment make a selection of the dishes most to their taste. But if a man is exceedingly busy, or very much pressed for time, he is not to blame for this. He has perhaps staid at his post until faintness, or the gnawing tooth of hunger, has insolently driven him from his work to the luncheon bar; and thus he has a wandering eye and a preoccupied mind. He has been driven to eat what he is eating, whether roast or boiled, joint or entrée. He satisfies a brute, canine instinct, and retires. He has been driven to come to a luncheon bar with a pen behind his ear, both in one hand, and a bill-head, some memoranda, or a pocketful of letters with him. Such a one has a business friend with him; and they will continue their discussion or negotiation in the brief allotment of time apportioned to refection. Then comes the hasty, unwholesome-looking men, with bodily disorganization, and short setting in, chiefly because they bolt their food whole, and allow no time for digestion. I know of an invalid of this sort, who, in solemn repentance for his ill-advised alacrity in feeding, has stuck up all over his house inscriptions in large letters, "Masticate, masticate, masticate!" A judicious man, who knows that he has a great deal of important work to do, and wishes to do it in a high state of bodily efficiency, generally confines himself to a mutton chop and a glass of sherry, which he transacts leisurely. If there be lunch-room, really requiring mastication, a man is very careful in his diet. You can not be lording two great organs with work at the same time without impeding and impairing their action. This is a most elementary physiological truth.

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THE FUNERAL OF GEN. THOMAS.

On the 8th inst. the remains of Major-General GEORGE H. THOMAS, the hero of Mill Spring and Nashville, were buried with appropriate civil and military honors in Oakwood Cemetery, at Troy. The occasion drew together a vast concourse of people desirous of paying the last tribute of respect to one whose services to the Union will ever cause his memory to be held in the highest veneration by his countrymen. The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Church, which was appropriately draped for the occasion. The remains of the lamented soldier, in a metallic burial casket, were deposited on a dais in front of the chancel. A ribbon of immortelles and wreaths of ivy were twined around the edge of the casket in California, and were deposited with it in the grave. As it lay in the chancel an elegant crown of evergreens and roses, surmounted by a cross of immortelles, was placed at the head, and a wreath of japonicas and lilies at the foot of the casket. A plain silver plate bore the simple inscription: "Gen. GEORGE HENRY THOMAS, U. S. Army. Born July 31, 1816. Died March 28, 1870." President GRANT, General SHERMAN, General HOOKER, and many other distinguished men were present to do honor to his memory.

The sketch underneath represents the scene in the cemetery at the moment of depositing the remains in the vault belonging to the family of the deceased soldier's wife. The burial service was read by Bishop DOANE, after which the customary burial salute was fired by the United States Infantry, and the procession left the cemetery, each portion of it wheeling out of line on the return, as it reached its appropriate place. In the evening a funeral oration was delivered, in Dr. BALDWIN'S church, by General STEWART L. WOODFORD, on the life, character, and services of the late General, there having been, at the special request of MRS. THOMAS, no panegyric or eulogy pronounced over the remains.

After a rapid sketch of his military career the orator gave some interesting personal reminiscences of the General, which served to illustrate his character and show the estimate in which he was held by his soldiers. Silent, sedate, never familiar, though always kind, he had none of the petty arts and practiced none of the stage devices that sometimes attract a short-lived popularity. His men had always known him to be thoughtful of their wants and considerate of their comforts. He had never exacted from them useless work. He had never tolerated the slightest evasion of duty, from his brigadiers down to his orderlies. Always, when possible opportunity was afforded, he had visited the regimental hospitals and looked himself after the condition of the sick. Many a hospital steward and company cook in the old Cumberland Army remember the unexpected and personal inspection which the sick-quarters and the company kitchen received from the Major-General himself. And not soon will they forget how once his face hardened into a white heat of passion when he found that a drunken commissary had neglected to provide sufficient food, and how, taking out his penknife, he ripped off the fellow's shoulder-straps, and simply said, "Go home, Sir, by the next train. You may do to feed cattle; you shall not feed my soldiers." His soldiers called him "Old Pap THOMAS." The name was not over-respectful, perhaps; but it fitly expressed the love and fealty of the brave men who followed him from victory to victory. Our hardy volunteers, while as obedient to discipline as they were steady in fight, when off duty and around the camp-fires, retained their democratic habits and their stately personal independence of thought and language. They picked off the shoulder-straps and dissected the uniforms, and looked down below the commission and into the man, and measured his real worth and work with unerring instinct. The judgments they formed of their leaders, expressed in quaint and familiar epithets, have undoubtedly anticipated the graver verdict of the historian.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL THOMAS—DEPOSITING THE REMAINS IN OAKWOOD CEMETERY, TROY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

DICKENS SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER & BROTHERS intend to issue with the present number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and with the next Number, a SUPPLEMENT containing the FIRST MONTHLY PART COMPLETE of

CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW STORY,

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

WITH

PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This Supplement is furnished Gratuitously to the Purchasers of Harper's Weekly.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

IF it is pleasant to contemplate the simple, steady, upright character of the late General THOMAS—his silent devotion to duty, his sagacity, his modesty, his tenacity—it is not agreeable to observe the profound and sincere appreciation of that character upon the part of the country. We are a great deal given to rhetoric and extravagant expression, and public men who choose the "sensational" style do not want great applause and troops of admirers. But here was one of the least rhetorical of Americans, and no man could be more truly admired nor more universally honored. Every body felt that the country was stronger because of General THOMAS. The quality that held him "grounding away" at Chickamauga when the rest of the army was in retreat, and the day was supposed to be lost, was precisely the quality which commands the utmost public confidence. Indomitable bravery and good sense, a storm of pretense and bluster, a character steadfast as a rock—these steadied the whole country when it thought of him.

There is this lesson for public men in the career of General THOMAS, and the universal respect and tenderness with which his countrymen have laid him in the grave—that public admiration is surely won by solid and modest merit as by posturing and shouting. He did nothing for effect. He had no newspaper at hand to catch every attitude and every word. He had evidently an antique, soldierly disdain of intriguing for notoriety either in his profession or out of it; and he could hardly have despised any thing more heartily than the conduct of some excellent gentlemen during the war, who did not remain with the staff of newspaper correspondents, and who kept a newspaper reporter always at hand to transmit the heroic and witty remarks at headquarters to an admiring public. Without these appliances and contrivances, without blowing his own trumpet or caring for his reputation, but intent only upon his highest and truest honor, General THOMAS was always at the front of duty; and whether supported or alone, whether the lines advanced or retreated, he stood fast and "pounded away" at the enemy. He was a soldier, indeed; but if some civilians would meditate his career and do likewise, they might be sure of the same respect and regard, if they did their work as he did his.

And the national feeling for General THOMAS has this further and kindred lesson. The conspicuous men, that it shows how catholic the public regard is. It does not require that one man shall deplore another, but only that he shall honestly himself. PLUTARCH says that the young THEMISTOCLES exclaimed that the trophies of MILTIADES would not suffer him to sleep. Many of his had, therefore, aimed to become MILTIADES instead of THEMISTOCLES, PLUTARCH would never have told his story. The public heart is large enough for every kind of excellence. It admires WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN; but the young statesman does not therefore try to model himself upon those men. They did not model themselves upon each other. If the young statesman devotes his powers to the questions of his time with fidelity and industry and the highest purpose, he does all that any statesman can do; and in the degree that those powers are great and well used, not in the degree that they resemble somebody's else, is the measure of public recognition. General THOMAS's career, and the regard of the country for him, are the fullest vindication of the old proverb, often obscure, often unfairly interpreted, but profoundly true, Honesty is the best policy.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE results of the late political crisis in this State must have been rather inexplicable to the country at large. A body of politicians who were believed to have corrupted the government of the city, and to have grown rich by plundering the people, to whom the frauds in naturalization and the repeating and cheating at the polls were popularly ascribed, who were supposed to scruple at no measure necessary to carry their purpose, and whose name of the "Ring" implied all that is really worst in political management, proposed to the Legislature a charter for the city, for which all its furious opponents within its own party—with one or two exceptions—and all the Republican members, voted. The alleged coalition of ADAMS and CLAY was nothing to this. Every body declared that there was some mysterious "bargain," some profound party finesse, some complicated system of hidden wires, that could alone explain such a result.

The Republicans in the Legislature insist that it was a fair move in the game of politics to offer for a Ring charter for the city, and they justify it in this way. The Democratic party, they say, is the control of the Legislature, and is responsible for legislation. But they were divided into two factions, and it was lawful for us to make the most of the quarrel. Both sides were different to us, and we therefore supported that side whose success would help us most. If we voted with the Ring-wing we should support a new ring, and turned out all our friends, and helped the Democratic party to a victory in the autumn. If we voted with the Reform party—an admirable election law, we abolished the Board of Supervisors, we obtained quiet Sunday, and we virtually abolished the Metropolitan Commission, which is one of the greatest benefits that the party has ever conferred upon the State. Besides this, we accomplished what we separated the division in the enemy's ranks, because the hostility of the "honest" Democracy will be pacified by nothing but the defeat of the Ring. The Republican members, as parties, therefore consider that they have turned the crisis to the utmost advantage for their own friends and principles.

The argument is ingenious, but it is sophistry. It is true that a legislature may do the best he can, but the best he can is always to oppose what he actively disapproves. The Republicans voted against the Ring-Democratic charter, and it was defeated. Had they voted against the Ring charter it could not have been carried. It was, indeed, pointed out that the factions would then unite, but it was not probable. The "honest" Democrats would have felt themselves to be as strong as the Ring. But if there has been a bargain can not be doubted. But in political bargains there is usually a losing side, and it is the side that has the best cause. Moreover, to bargain with the enemy is necessarily to demoralize the spirit of the party. The Republicans have heretofore complain if its principles and candidates of the party are sold by bargains in the city and State. That is why, it is argued, and truly, that the policy of bargaining has the approval of the representatives of the party.

"I must do the best I can," is a phrase which will cover any weakness or treachery. It has never been more widely and unscrupulously made effect than by MR. SEWARD in the Senate when he made his long-expected speech during the secession winter. It was, "I must follow JEFFERSON," said MR. SEWARD, "that in political affairs we can not always do what seems to us absolutely best." It is plausible, but it can be truer. But words are truly interpreted by the circumstances under which they are spoken; and from the moment he said that phrase MR. SEWARD began to lose the sympathy of his own party. It was not, we repeat, because the words were not true, but because they were thought to be uttered at that moment to excuse a weak, halting, unheroic, and therefore fatal policy.

In the present case the Republicans should have kept aloof from both the factions. If what they had always said of the Ring was true, they should not have voted to confirm and extend its power. Neither could they support their opponents, believing that they were not to higher principle, and knowing that the declared object of their movement was the overthrow of the Republican party. "I am between the devil the Frenchman, as he watched the charge of the Light Brigade, "but it is not war." It was not war, they say, of the Republican action, but it was not statesmanship.

A NEW SLAVE-TRADE.

NOTHING has been lately heard of the enterprising MR. KOOPMANSCHOOP—if that was his excellent name—who was busy over here all over the country proposing to open a kind of Chinese slave-trade, against which, of course, we shall presently hear that hopeful proselyte, MR. FERNANDO WOOD, vigorously protesting. MR. KOOPMANSCHOOP—always supposing that to be his name—was for a time the subject of much general subject in the newspapers, and MR. KOOPMANSCHOOP made speeches and was "interviewed," and his opinions were duly published. But we have not heard of any large contracts made with him, nor has the cooly importation to this country yet begun. The Chinese immigrants who arrive in California are not supposed to have suffered much on the voyage. But as the current continues, and as the KOOPMANSCHOOP project may be at any moment ascertained, it is worth while to remark that the cooly trade is but a form of the slave-trade.

The English colonial experience upon this subject should be a warning to us; and we will mention a few facts which it will be worth while to remember whenever the Chinese immigration is mentioned. The cooly trade has been carried on for more than twenty years in the English and other Gulf colonies, and the facts which have been disclosed in regard to it are most melancholy. Rules of many kinds have been laid down by the British Government for the regulation of the traffic. Agents have been appointed to prevent abuses. Abuses have occasionly been drawn to the facts to arouse public interest and indignation. But the great atrocities of the system have not been relieved. Kidnapping and fraud precede embarkation, as in the old Guinea slave-trade, and the horrors of the middle passage, which CLARKSON so forcibly portrayed, seem to be renewed in the suffering of the coolies. This very last winter the *Daily Street Sheet* arrives with 464 coolies, from Demerara, and arrived with only 364 still living.

The Rev. HENRY CLARKE, who has lived in Jamaica for twenty years, presented a paper two years ago to the Anti-Slavery Conference held in Paris, in which he said: "I know of no cooly immigration to be the most atrocious and cruel form of the slave-trade and slavery that has ever existed, since it is now sought to lure people by fraud than by force, and a slave for life is in a far better position than a slave for a short period, because in the one case it is the owner's interest to care for him when sick, in the other to let him die as soon as possible. No negroes however say that the slaves were ever treated as badly as the coolies."

In Cuba, where negro slavery has existed in its worst forms, the coolies have long been bought and sold like cattle in the open market, and the investigations of those who are peculiarly interested in the subject show that they have been treated accordingly. A Parliamentary Blue-book, published a year or two ago, states that 96,581 Chinese had been imported into Cuba within a period of one year and eight months. And it appears that, of this number, more than 100,000 coolies imported within twenty years, less than 10,000 are now living, and that not more than 100 have returned to their native land.

Of course it is not practicable to obtain exact statistics in such cases; but the general information and tendency may easily be ascertained. In the nature of the case, even with a Kooranschoop, as the importer, the enormous mortality and immense suffering are unavoidable in the transfer across the sea under contract of great numbers of the poorest inhabitants of an overpeopled country, to do the hardest work of another country. And we may well be warned, by no needful use any warning, by the experience of the cooly traffic in the Gulf that the millennium has not arrived, and that care and thought will not be lost if devoted to the possibility or probability of a cooly trade to the United States. Immigration upon fair and just principles is one of the great sources of the prosperity of this country. But a cooly trade, an importation upon the great scale of laborers by contract into a country in half of which slavery has recently been the universal system of labor, should be plainly seen to be a very grave peril.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF PUNISHMENT.

WHILE the law requires that murderers shall be hung, there was no reason that REYNOLDS should escape his doom. His crime was a wanton, cold, homicidal, without the pretense of any kind of extenuation. And yet there is undoubtedly a very general feeling that the object of punishment has not been attained in his case. REYNOLDS was a man utterly friendless and forlorn. He committed a great crime, and the extreme penalty of the law was swiftly followed. Has that fact helped to persuade other men who may be meditating crimes that they will suffer likewise? If not, his execution was a mistake. It has merely shown that where there is no influence, there is no evasion of the law; and the quickness to persecute which is blunted by an act which apparently satisfies the law.

In the long debate upon the reform of the criminal law in England, SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY and his associates made it clear that certainty, not severity, of punishment is the real safety of society. When a score of criminals were "left for execution" by the judge at the assizes—when a desperate girl was hung for stealing a sixpenny loaf to feed her starving children, after the law had impressed her husband into the navy—when the law made almost no distinction in the penalty between the most atrocious crimes and the most excusable offences, the ratio of crimes was steadily increasing. "Strike harder!" cried the dull, indolent public opinion of the time. "Strike wisely," replied ROMILLY and his friends.

There are many murders in New York every year; but it is long since a man was hung for murder until the execution of REYNOLDS. Public morality and order would gain infinitely more if every murderer were punished, even if he were not hung, than if he be tried and convicted and finally escapes. It was found, upon investigation, in England that juries would not convict upon the plainest testimony when they thought the penalty disproportioned to the offense. Consequently not only did laws fall into disrespect, but evidence was deliberately disregarded. And when it is plain, from whatever reason, that the penalty is not enforced even when the crime is proved, the result is the same. There is felt to be an uncertainty in the operations of law which is demoralizing.

There are general truths to which the execution of this hapless man ought to call public attention. There are convicts now lying under sentence, but for some reason execution is delayed. We do not ask for execution, for there may be good reasons for delay; but we do ask for consideration of the fact. If there be reluctance because the punishment is felt even by the Judges and the Executive to be extreme, it is a most significant fact. If there be delay because of "influence," it is still to be considered whether under the same circumstances "influences" could cause punishment if it were less severe and irrevocable. The public demand for the punishment of REAL, for instance, is doubtful and hesitating, because the penalty is the extreme one. If it were something different a pressure might be brought to bear which is now impossible. Such considerations and such facts necessarily suggest the question whether the general feeling in favor of the death-penalty is not such as seriously to imperil public security by making the legal punishment for murder the most uncertain of all.

THE POTOMAC GENERALS.

THE meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac in the Philadelphia Academy of Music was one of the finest and most memorable events of the year. GRANT was there, and SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN, and HOOKER, and BURNSIDE, and a score or scores of others well known and beloved. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and was but a faint type of the deep, hearty gratitude of the American people to the Generals who led their armies to victory, and who did all that brave and sagacious men can do. Of course there was an oration and a poem; and of course a banquet, with speeches. How pleasant it would be, after reading SHERMAN, if we could only enjoy ourselves and not make speeches! But there is no unalloyed pleasure, as the old saw has it, and we are warned. The American, like the Englishman, can celebrate his great events only by eating and talking, and he has the sublimest pity for the nations that do otherwise.

The address in the Academy was delivered by General HALLECK, and the poem by MR. BOKER. We merely criticised. The *Tribune* correspondent said that it was much too long; and certain resolutions, aimed at the author of this article, were laid upon the table by the Society. Indeed it is very hard for an orator to satisfy both his own requirements and those of his hearers upon such an occasion. Its significance seems to him so great that he must not treat it cursorily. It demands careful and elaborate preparation. MR. LINCOLN'S immortal speech at Gettysburg is always compared with the oration by MR. EVERETT, and to his eminent disadvantage of the latter. But if MR. EVERETT had spoken for ten minutes and then sat down, the transatlantic world have been overwhelming. He would have been accused of insulting the country and of desecrating the occasion. If, indeed, he had spoken as MR. LINCOLN spoke, he might wisely have risked the consequences of speaking briefly. But if orators, upon great occasions, are to be limited to fifteen minutes, let it be also understood that they are to speak as MR. LINCOLN spoke.

The resolutions, however, were aimed at the orator not because of the time that he occupied, but of the sentiments that he expressed. They impudently blamed MR. BOKER, the poet, and they pointedly omitted thanking General MARCENDALE, the orator, but requested future orators to avoid politics. Let them talk of the war, said the resolutions, in effect. Let them describe the parade and review and battle. Let them allude cautiously, perhaps, to the Union. But if any orator speaks of the causes of the war, nor applauds and sings the campaign to say that it preserved our glorious Union, let him be ——, or words to that effect. All this is well meant enough, but it is absurd. Suppose there had been a meeting of the Generals of the Army of the Revolution addressed by an orator under injunction to depict the battle of Bunker Hill and the surrender at Yorktown in the most glowing rhetoric he could command, but not to allude to the political doctrine that taxation without representation is tyranny, and not to speak of the independence which the war had achieved. How the country would have rocked and rung with laughter!

The causes and results of the war for the Union are the very legitimate theme of the orator of the Army of the Potomac. He must treat them with common-sense, of course. He must bring to his duty the tact which is always and every where imperative upon those who ad-

dress others. He must not needlessly offend, nor generally vituperate. But what is his great inspiration but the universal liberty and political equality which the war accomplished, and which have gloriously obliterated the appalling blot that has stained our history from the beginning? Suppose that the war had issued, as possibly the supporters of the resolutions wished, in maintaining the Union with slavery untouched, what kind of oration might we have expected then? Mr. Voorhees, or Mr. Vallandigham, or Mr. Pendleton, or Mr. Wood, might have been the orators. But what generous American heart, even among the officers who would not thank General McClellan, would have burned and thrilled with enthusiasm over a victory that cured slavery more firmly than ever?

It is the misfortune of certain officers that they served in a war which they did not approve. It would not, probably, be difficult to mention several conspicuous military gentlemen who would have marched with great gusto against a rebellion of Yankee abolitionists, but who moved with secret reluctance against a rebellion of slaveholding Southern gentlemen. They know, as well as the rest of us, that halfhearted service is not efficient service. They know also, probably, that politics, of which they complain, were never so influential in the Army of the Potomac, and were never so exacting to the country, as when General M'Clellan was in command. There was a time when it was doubtful whether he would not be made a tyrant by politicians, and his letter from Harrison's Landing was, in every point of view, unpardonable. Surely these gentlemen ought to see that they are not in harmony with the country nor with history. They see that the American Union is now the great source of American liberty. They may regret it. But something must be pardoned to a soldier who has contributed to that result, if he congratulates the fellow-soldiers even with enthusiasm and at some length.

Mr. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

The details of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Force bill painfully recall the old English system for Ireland, which was the worst in the world, and the measure seems to postpone indefinitely the fulfilment of the hope that Ireland might at least see the beginning of pacification under a liberal ministry in England — a ministry of which John Bright is part. The difficulty is indeed immense. It is very easy to insist upon a conciliatory policy, and for people to write in newspapers and are active and intelligent, such a policy is most advisable even under adverse circumstances. But what are you to do in dealing with savages? and there seems to be a large savage element in the Irish population. What are you to do with those who not only will not forcibly hit a hard wherever they see it? In Indianapolis it is the utmost necessity that the land be well tilled, and a good system of drainage secured upon it. Individual security is therefore indispensable. It is the first condition. And how can you get peace to begin with among such a distempered people but by the strong hand?

Tide is the reasoning of the English papers. But the difficulty is that this has always been their reasoning, and upon this reasoning the Irish policy has been founded, and the Irish policy has made the Ireland that we know. The progress of civilization, indeed, works vast changes. We do not anticipate under the Force bill of Mr. Gladstone the Irish reign of terror of '94 and '98. But look at the Irish trial before Irishmen of that time truly says that the suspension of the *habeas corpus* "unlocked the whole people of the kingdom." Mr. Gladstone does not shrink from a similar measure. Under the authority to search for concealed arms the most wanton and unprovoked atrocities were committed—and Mr. Gladstone grants that authority. The press was of course silenced, and the people of course were struck dumb. They could not protest against their oppression. They could not appeal to the conscience and judgment of mankind. They were at once tortured and gagged —and Mr. Gladstone lays his hand upon the press.

Louis Blanc, who is one of the truest friends of liberal England, and one of the shrewdest observers and critics of current affairs, says that the Force bill places Ireland in a state of siege. But it also puts Mr. Gladstone's Government in the same position. The liberal sympathies of the world besieges him. It asks him, "Why is it that with all experience teaching one lesson—why, with Ireland itself the most melancholy monument of the result, do you renew, even in a modified form, the terrible code of '94?" Such a system is a confession of incapacity. What more or worse could the most malignant Tory Government have devised? Indeed what recent Tory Government has for a moment thought of adopting such measures?

It is surprising that there has been no vigorous exposure and denunciation of this bill in Parliament. The occasion was worthy of Disraeli's most fiery invective, and it is hardly possible that even one strong speech recalling and vividly portraying the infamies of the code that made the Irish reign of terror would not have aroused a public feeling that would have affected Parliament. But England seems to be insane whenever Ireland is to be treated, as this country used to be whenever it treated slavery. Nevertheless slavery was our touchstone, as Ireland is England's; and Mr. Gladstone's Government is undergoing its crucial experiment.

PROVING TOO MUCH.

We observe that in the opening argument in defense of M'Farland, his counsel, Mr. Spencer, said that the plea of insanity would be urged. Presently he said substantially that if he had been situated as M'Farland was he should have done the same thing. We do not understand him to mean that if he had been in the same situation he would have been crazed, but that the offense deserved the retribution it received. M'Farland's crime was applauded by the audience; and it is the applause which makes it significant. That an advocate should urge in a jury, in defense of a man charged with murder, that he would be a murderer too under similar circumstances, is not important. It is a kind of plea not unknown. But that the audience should applaud, shows that it is a general feeling.

If it be so, it will be henceforth unnecessary to urge insanity in defense of this kind of homicide. It will be important upon the counsel of the accused only to show the circumstances, and the verdict will necessarily follow. As we write the first trial proceeding, and the argument of the counsel for the Government has yet to be made. But it was hardly well considered in the defense to urge present insanity as an excuse for what, in the judgment of the counsel, was the apology. A crazy man may do any thing. He has drifted beyond reason and conscience. It consequently he may embrace the person whose conduct is alleged to have deranged his intellects as well as broke him. The policy rests on evidence of insanity; and why attempt to show that it is the result of insanity, when, upon the theory, the same result is, and the counsel has just wrath, the more surely he will deal the blow.

In this particular case there has been immense injustice shown by part of the press toward persons who have been associated with the unfortunate man. The public prints, for instance, expressed a hope that the person who really knew most of the facts—that is, the late wife of the prisoner—would tell what she knew; and the paper was immediately branded by another as an apologist for adultery. The trial had not begun; public opinion was already had been proved; but nothing would serve but that the most unhappy of women should be significantly told that she knew what M'Farland did. Mr. Beecher and Mr. Frothingham were assailed as if they had been scoundrels seeking to destroy the reputation of a pure woman. In every word, every act, was tortured into the worst significance. Even the Recorder, in charging the Grand Jury, said that the circumstances of little cheap applause by his covert allusions to Mr. Beecher at a moment when public opinion seemed to condemn him.

We express no opinion, while the trial is yet pending, upon the fact of the homicide. The real question now is whether the evidence than any that will be submitted to the jury. Meanwhile the verdict is undoubtedly anticipated. But let us be just. It shall be decided not that the defendant was insane, which settles nothing except his condition, but if it shall be decided that a man may justifiably do under such circumstances as those alleged, that the counsel may urge insanity, and the jury, in the case of a man charged with murder, that he would be a murderer too under similar circumstances, is not important. It is a kind of plea not unknown. But that the audience should applaud, shows that it is a general feeling.

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IRISH TURF-CARRIERS.

A few years ago it was discovered by some profound English statesman that the true solution of the Irish question was to be found in the peat-bogs of the Green Isle. They were to become mines of wealth, and work the regeneration of that unhappy country. But, though bogs are plentiful, and stacks of peat stand by every cottage door, the desired regeneration is still far out of sight; and the famous cartoon in *Punch*, representing a jovial well-clad Irishman shoveling peat in at one side of a kiln, while on the other his buxom partner received in her apron a shower of good things in the shape of joints of meat, potatoes, quartern loaves, and candles, remains an unsubstantial dream. There is good stock in the Irish peasantry, which requires only the operation of just laws and the influence of education to give the people the sobriety and industrial thrift which are essential to good order and prosperity. The turf-carriers in the engraving on this page are characteristic types of Irish peasant girls, as well as of that unthrifty sort of industry that always prevails in a country where the working-classes have no hope of ever bettering their condition.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

THE Duke De Montpensier, the youngest son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and a claimant to the Spanish throne, his wife the Infanta LOUISA FERNANDA being sister to the ex-QUEEN ISABELLA, has sprung into an unenviable notoriety by his fatal encounter with his cousin, HENRI DE BOURBON, Infanta of Spain, Duke of Seville, and brother to DON FRANCISCO DE ASSIS, the ex-Queen's consort. For some time before the duel Prince HENRI, a thorough Republican, did every thing in his power publicly to insult and ridicule the Duke, and wrote letters and pamphlets containing such outrageous expressions as are rarely used by a gentleman, even to his most bitter political opponent. The Duke hitherto had apparently disregarded these attacks, although he had several times manifested a desire to fight their author, but had been dissuaded from this by his nephew, the Comte De Paris.

On the 7th of March Don HENRI published in the Madrid journals an article entitled "AUX Montpensieristes," more abusive than any he had yet written. This time the provocation was so great that a challenge was immediately sent, and at once accepted. The seconds of the Duke were Generals CORDOVA and ALAMINOS and Colonel SOLIS. Two Republican Deputies, RUBIO and SANTA MARIA, and an agent of the Bourse, M. ORTIZ, acted for the other side. The preliminaries were easily arranged, the arm chosen being the pistol; the place the little village of ABARCON, a great resort of Spanish duelists. The details and the result of the duel are well known to our readers. If it was fatal to the life of Prince HENRI, it may also be fatal to the pretensions of the Duke, the general opinion in Spain being that he has forfeited every chance of ascending the throne of that country.

THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THE Prince Imperial of France, now in his fifteenth year, has put off the knickerbockers and small jacket of his childhood, and assumed the black frock-coat and long trousers and the close shirt-collar of an adult modern gentleman. Rumor speaks well of the youthful Prince, as inheriting the gentleness of his mother, the Empress EUGENIE, with the thoughtfulness of the Emperor, his father. He is said, however, to be more reserved in disposition than most lads of his years. He is fonder of study than of games and exercises in the open air; but he has learned to ride skillfully and boldly. The engraving we present this week, on page 264, shows him mounted on horseback, at the door of that side of the Tuileries where are situated the apartments reserved for his use. He is accompanied by Gen-

IRISH TURF-CARRIERS.

eral FROSSARD, his governor, who has the superintendence of his daily life and habits, while another tutor is charged with his literary and scientific instruction.

THE M'FARLAND TRIAL.

It is many years since a trial in this city has excited such deep and general interest as that of DANIEL M'FARLAND on the charge of having murdered ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, which commenced before Recorder HACKETT on the 6th instant. All the circumstances of the case tended to excite the deepest public interest in the approaching trial. The prisoner's counsel kept their line of defense a profound secret until the trial was actually begun; but it was suspected that the defense would be momentary insanity.

The story of this terrible domestic tragedy is briefly as follows:

DANIEL M'FARLAND was born in Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. Left an orphan at the age of twelve to fight his own way, he rose, by industry and perseverance, to be a member of the bar and a professor in Brandywine College in Delaware. In 1852 he made the acquaintance of the lady who subsequently became his wife. She was young, the daughter of a poor weaver. They were married in 1857, and for some years the course of their domestic life ran smoothly. He had been successful in business, and had acquired considerable property in the West and in this city. But at length affairs took another turn. He became unfortunate, lost his property, and took a position in the Revenue Department.

While on a visit to her early home in New Hampshire, in the summer of 1866, Mrs. M'FARLAND first made the acquaintance of Mr. RICHARDSON, and the acquaintance soon ripened into intimate friendship; and when shortly afterward, for the purpose of earning her own support, she proposed to go upon the stage, Mr. RICHARDSON assisted her in obtaining an engagement at the Winter Garden theatre, where she made her *début as Norissa* in "The Merchant of Venice." It is alleged by the defense that during this time an unlawful intimacy existed between Mrs. M'FARLAND and Mr. RICHARDSON; that he managed to procure rooms in the house where she and her husband were boarding with their children; that their intimacy was suspected and finally discovered by Mr. M'FARLAND; and that Mr. RICHARDSON persuaded her to leave her husband.

On the 21st of February, 1867, she left home, taking with her their children, who were soon afterward sent to Massachusetts. Mr. M'FARLAND made efforts to discover her and recover the children, without success. He was in the habit of visiting the *Tribune* office, and one day, while sitting there, a letter was given to him which proved to be from Mr. RICHARDSON to Mrs. M'FARLAND. It is too long to quote entire, and we give only the close:

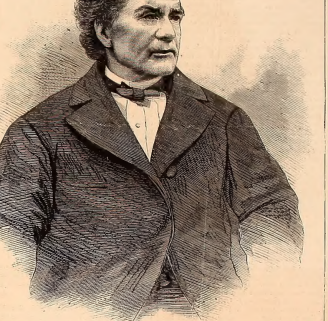

DANIEL M'FARLAND.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.)

"I never seek my pillow without wanting to fold you in my arms for a good-night kiss and blessing; and the few months before you can openly be mine will be long enough at best. No grass shall grow under my feet: but I never let public opinion bully me a bit, and never mean to. So, sunbeam, I shall come whenever I can, and stay as long as business will permit. I will decide about the summer just as soon as I can, darling; can probably surmise by Monday or Tuesday.

"Darling, I should be *afraid* if you had fascinated me in a day or week. The trees which grow in an hour have no deep root. Ours I believe to be no love of an hour or a year, but for all time. Only *one* love ever grew so slowly into my heart as yours has, and that was so tender and blessed that Heaven needed and took it.

"My darling, you are all I would have you—exactly what I would have you in mind, body, and estate; and my tired heart finds in you infinite rest and riches and sweetness. Good-night, my love, my own, my wife!

"Burn this, will you not?"

Mr. M'FARLAND, convinced that his wife had left him forever, again sought to recover the custody of his children, but succeeded only in the case of his son PERCY. He afterward heard that a divorce had been procured in Indiana, and that Mr. RICHARDSON was about to marry her.

In a condition of mind which his counsel represent as bordering on insanity, he entered the *Tribune* office on the afternoon of the 25th of November, and went behind the counter, as he had been in the habit of doing. A short time afterward Mr. RICHARDSON entered, and went up to the counter to receive his mail, directly opposite the place where Mr. M'FARLAND stood, but apparently without perceiving him. The distance between the two men was about four feet. Mr. M'FARLAND, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, thrust out a pistol and fired at Mr. RICHARDSON; and then, in the confusion that ensued, left the office. He was arrested in the course of the evening, confronted with the wounded man, and identified by him as the one who had shot him.

Mr. RICHARDSON was taken to a room in the Astor House, who e he lingered several days, attended by skillful physicians and carefully nursed by friends, among whom was Mrs. M'FARLAND. When it was no longer doubtful that death would be the result of the wound he had received, he was married, at his own request, to that lady, the ceremony being conducted by Mr. BEECHER and Mr. FROTHINGHAM. A few hours later he died.

Mr. M'FARLAND was formally indicted for murder, and confined in the Tombs to await trial. As the day approached it was evident that great difficulty would be experienced in obtaining a jury, and the number of jurors summoned was unusually large. Three days were consumed in selecting the jury, the defense using the right of challenge very freely. The jury was finally obtained and sworn. The prosecution undertook to prove the killing of Mr. RICHARDSON in the manner narrated above, and there rested its case. On the fourth day Mr. C. S. SPENCER opened for the defense, taking the ground, as above stated, that the act was committed in a moment of temporary insanity.

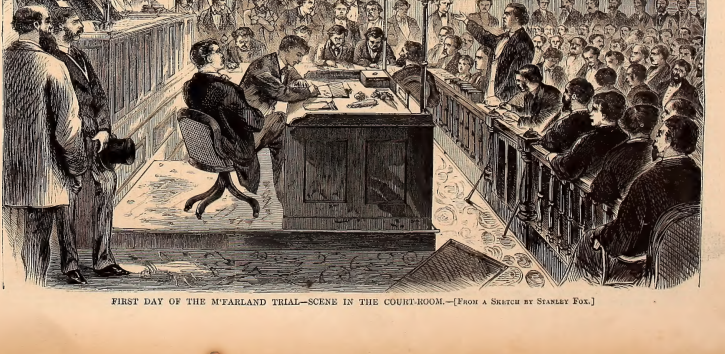

FIRST DAY OF THE M'FARLAND TRIAL.—SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

† Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

THE WAY OUT.

BENEATH was just over. Blanche, seeing a pleasantly-idle morning before her, proposed to Arnold to take a stroll in the grounds.

The garden was bright with sunshine, and the bride was bright with good-humor. She caught her uncle's eye, looking at her admiringly, and paid him a little compliment in return. "You have no idea," she said, "how nice it is to be back at Ham Farm!"

"I am to understand then," rejoined Sir Patrick, "that I am forgiven for interrupting the honey-moon?"

"You are more than forgiven for interrupting it," said Blanche—"you are thanked. As a married woman," she proceeded, with the air of a matron of at least twenty years' standing, "I have been thinking the subject over, and I have arrived at the conclusion that a honey-moon which takes the form of a tour on the Continent, is one of our national abuses which stands in need of reform. When you are in love with each other (I consider a marriage without love to be no marriage at all), what do you want with the excitements of seeing strange places? Isn't it excitement enough, and isn't it strange enough, to a newly-married woman to see such a total novelty as a husband? What is the use of interesting object on the face of creation to a man in Arnold's position? The Alps? Nonsense, my dear! The most interesting object is the wife. And the proper time for a bridal tour is the time—say ten or a dozen years later—when you are beginning (not to get tired of each other; that's out of the question) but to get a little used and used to each other. Then take your tour to Switzerland—and you give the Alps a chance. A succession of honey-moon trips, in the course of married life—there is my proposal for an improvement on the present state of things! Look into the garden, Arnold; and let us calculate how long it will be before we get weary of each other, and want the beauties of nature for our only company."

Arnold looked appealingly to Sir Patrick. Not a word had passed between them, as yet, on the serious subject of Anne Silvester's letter. Sir Patrick understood the reproachful look, declining the necessary excuses to Blanche.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, "if I ask leave to interfere with your monopoly of Arnold for a little while. I have something to say to him about his property in Scotland. Will you take him with me, if I promise to release him as soon as possible?"

Blanche smiled graciously. "You shall have him as long as you like, uncle. There's your hat," she added, tossing it to her husband. "And I brought it in for you when I got my own. You will find me in the lawn."

She nodded, and went out.

"Let me hear the worst at once, Sir Patrick," Arnold began. "Is it serious? Do you think I am to blame?"

"I will answer your last question first," said Sir Patrick. "Do I think you are to blame? Yes—in this way. You committed an act of unpardonable rashness when you consented to go, as Geoffrey Delamayn's messenger, to Miss Silvester at the inn. Having once placed yourself in that false position, you could hardly have acted, afterward, otherwise than you did. You could not be expected to know the truth—"

"And, as an honorable man, you were bound to keep a secret confided to you, in which the reputation of a woman was concerned. Right. The last and last error in this matter, was the fatal error of involving yourself in responsibilities to which he kneeled exclusively to another man."

"The man had saved my life," pleaded Arnold—"and I believed I was giving service for service to my dearest friend."

"As to your other question," proceeded Sir Patrick. "Do I consider your position to be a serious one? Most assuredly, I do! So long as we are not absolutely certain that Blanche is your lawful wife, the position is more than serious: it is unendurable. I maintain (in my opinion), mind, out of which (thanks to your honorable silence) that unconverted Delamayn contrived to cheat me. I told him, what I now tell you, that your sayings and doings at Craig Ferrie, do not constitute a marriage, according to Scottish law. But," pursued Sir Patrick, holding up a warning forefinger at Arnold, "you have read it in Miss Silvester's letter, and you may now take it from me as a result of my experience, that no individual opinion, in a matter of this kind, is to be trusted to. Of two lawyers, consulted by Miss Silvester at Glasgow, one draws a directly opposite conclusion to mine, and decides that you and she are married. I believe him to be wrong; but, in our situation, we have no other choice than to boldly encounter the view of the case which he represents. In plain English, we must begin by looking the worst in the face."

Arnold twisted the traveling hat which Blanche had thrown to him, nervously, in both hands. "Supposing the worst comes to the worst," he asked, "what will happen?"

Sir Patrick shook his head.

"It is not easy to tell you," he said, "without entering into the legal aspect of the case. I shall only puzzle you if I do that. Suppose we look at the matter in its social bearings—I mean, as it may possibly affect you and Blanche, and your unborn children?"

Arnold gave the hat a further twist with his fingers. "I never thought of the children," he said, with a look of consternation.

"The children may present themselves," returned Sir Patrick, dryly, "for all that. Now listen. It may have occurred to your mind that the plain result of your present position is for you and Miss Silvester, respectively, to affirm what we know to be the truth—namely, that you never had the slightest intention of marrying each other. Beware of founding any hopes on any such remedy as that! If you resolve on it, you reckon without Geoffrey Delamayn. He is interested, remember, in proving you and Miss Silvester to be man and wife. The circumstances may arise—I won't waste time in guessing at them—in which he will be able to produce the person to produce the landlady and the waiter at Craig Ferrie in evidence against you—and to assert that your declaration and Miss Silvester's declaration are the result of collusion between you two. Don't start! Such things have happened before now. Miss Silvester is poor; and Blanche is rich. You may be made to stand in the awkward position of a man who is buying his marriage with a poor woman, in order to establish his marriage with his mistress. Any harvester presumably aiding the fraud, with two strong interests of her own as inducements—the interest of securing the claim to be the wife of a man of rank, and the interest of earning her reward in money for services rendered to him. There is a case which a scoundrel might set up—and with some appearance of truth too—in a court of justice!"

"Surely, the law wouldn't allow him to do that?"

"The law will argue any thing, with any body who will pay the law for the use of its brains and its time. Let the case of Miss Silvester alone now. Delamayn can set the case going, if he likes, without any evidence in the world to back him. He has only to cause a report to reach Blanche's ears which publicly asserts that she is only her brother's wife, and the scandal will do the rest

"And she must tell Lady Lundie we have come back."

"I don't deny it."

"Then what is the objection to her writing?"

Sir Patrick took a pinch of snuff—and pointed with his ivory cane to the bees humming busily about the flower-beds in the sunshine on the autumn morning.

"I'll show you the objection," he said. "Suppose Blanche told one of those inveterately-inquisitive insects that the honey in the flowers happens, through an unexpected accident, to have come to an end—do you think he would take the statement for granted? No. He would plunge head-foremost into the nearest flower, and investigate it for himself."

"Well?" said Arnold.

"Well—there is Blanche in the breakfast-room telling Lady Lundie that the bridal tour happens, through an unexpected accident, to have come to an end. Do you think Lady Lundie is the sort of person to take her statement for granted? Nothing of the sort! Lady Lundie, like the bee, will insist on investigating for herself. How it will end, if she discovers the truth—and what new complications she may not introduce into a matter which, Heaven knows, is complicated enough already—I leave you to imagine. My poor powers of prevision are not equal to it."

Before Arnold could answer, Blanche joined them from the breakfast-room.

"I've done it," she said. "It was an awkward letter to write—and it's a comfort to have it over."

"You have done it, my dear," remarked Sir Patrick, quietly. "And it may be a comfort. But it's not over."

"What do you mean?"

"I think, Blanche, we shall hear from your step-mother by return of post."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

THE NEWS FROM GLASGOW.

This letters to Lady Lundie and to Mr. Crum having been dispatched on Monday, the return of the post might be looked for on Wednesday afternoon at Hom Farm.

Sir Patrick and Arnold held more than one private consultation, during the interval, on the delicate and difficult subject of imparting Blanche to a knowledge of what had happened. The two elder advised; and the inexperienced junior listened. "I trust it," said Sir Patrick, "I could do it." And Arnold thought of it—and left it undone.

Let those who feel inclined to blame him remember that he had only been married a fortnight. It is hard, surely, after that short possession of your wife, to appear before her in the character of an offender on trial—and to find that an angel of retribution has been sent to make the bargain by the liberal destiny which bestowed on you the woman whom you adored.

They were all three at home on the Wednesday afternoon, looking out for the postman.

The correspondence delivered that day exactly as Sir Patrick had foreseen) a letter from Lady Lundie. Further investigations, on the part of interesting subject of the expected news from Glasgow, revealed—nothing. The lawyer had not answered Sir Patrick's inquiry by return of post.

"Is that a bad sign?" asked Blanche.

"It is a sign that something has happened," answered her uncle. "Mr. Crum is possibly expecting to receive some report from Glasgow and is waiting on the chance of being able to communicate it. We must hope, my dear, to-morrow's post."

"Open Lady Lundie's letter in the mean time," said Blanche. "Are you not sure to be you—and not her or?"

There was no doubt about it. Her ladyship's reply was ominously addressed to her ladyship's brother-in-law. "I know what that means," said Blanche, eying her uncle anxiously as he was reading the letter. "If you mention Anne's name you insult my step-mother. I have threatened it freely. Lady Lundie is mortally offended with me."

Rash judgment of youth! A lady who takes a dignified attitude, in a family emergency, is never mortally offended—in a worldly point of view. Lady Lundie took a dignified attitude. "I will know," wrote this estimable and Christian woman, "if I have been all but publicly insulted in the light of an intruder by the family connections of my late beloved husband. But I will gratify prepared to find myself entirely shut out from all domestic confidence, at a time when some serious domestic catastrophe has, it is evidently taken place. I have no desire, dear Sir Patrick, to intrude. Kindly favor me with a line by return of post."

Sir Patrick looked at Arnold; the idea instantly flashing on him that this was the news which Anne had sent.

Sir Patrick gave him a warning look, and picked up the newspaper from the floor.

"I may at least hear the news," said Blanche, and make quite sure that you have missed nothing," she said.

The report to which Blanche had referred was among the paragraphs arranged under the heading of "Fashionable Intelligence." "The fashionable alliance' (the Glasgow journal announced) 'that is pending between Mr. Delamayn, heir of Grey Delamayn and the lovely and accomplished relict of the late Mathew Glenarm, Esq., formerly of this Metropolis.' Mr. Delamayn, we learn, on all probability," he solemnized in Scotland, before the end of the month, and proceeds to the wedding-breakfast, it was intended, "would collect a large and fashionable party at Swanhaven, Cumberland."

Sir Patrick handed the newspaper silently to Arnold. It was plain to any one who knew Anne Silvester's story that those were the words which had found their fatal way to her in her place of rest. The influence that followed seemed to be hardly less clear. But one intelligible object, in the opinion of Sir Patrick, could be at the end of her journey to the north. The deserted woman had rallied the last relics of her old energy—and had started on the journey with the purpose of stopping the marriage of Mrs. Glenarm.

countering a sneer—that the prayers of a lonely woman are offered for the welfare of all?

"Well?" said Blanche.

Sir Patrick folded up the letter, and put it in his pocket.

"You have your step-mother's best wishes, my dear." Having answered in those terms, he bowed to his niece with his best grace, and walked out of the room.

"Do I think it decent," he repeated to himself, as he closed the door, "to leave the widow of the late Mr. Glenarm in the dark? Yes. When a lady's temper is a little ruffled, I think a little more than decent—I think it absolutely desirable, to let that lady have the last word." He went into the library, and dropped his sister-in-law's remonstrance into a box, labeled "Unanswered Letters." Having got rid of it in that way, he hummed his favorite little Scotch air—and put on his hat, and went out to see Arnold in the garden.

Meanwhile, Blanche was not quite satisfied with Sir Patrick's reply. She appealed to her husband. "There is something wrong," she said—"and my uncle believes that I know it."

Arnold could have desired no better opportunity than she had offered him, for making up her mind to the dreaded disclosure to her of the truth. He lifted his eyes to Blanche's face. By an unhappy fatality it was looking charmingly that morning. How would she look if he told her the story of the hiding at the inn? Arnold was still in love with her—and Arnold said nothing.

The next day's post brought not only the anticipated letter from Mr. Crum, but an unexpected Glasgow newspaper as well.

This time Blanche had no reason to complain that her uncle left her in unnecessary ignorance of what was going on. After reading the lawyer's letter, with an interest and agitation of manner which made the contents had taken him by surprise, he handed it to Arnold and his niece. "Bad news," he said. "We must share it together."

After acknowledging the receipt of Sir Patrick's letter of inquiry, Mr. Crum began by stating all that he knew of Miss Silvester's movements—dating from the time when she had left Mrs. Glenarm's Hotel. About a month previously he had received a letter from her informing him that she had found a suitable place of residence in a village near Glasgow—and desiring a strong interest in Miss Silvester, Mr. Crum had visited her some few days afterward. He had satisfied himself that she was lodging with respectable people, and was as comfortably situated as circumstances would permit. For a few weeks he had heard nothing from the lady. At the expiration of that time he had received a letter from her, telling him that she had read something in a Glasgow newspaper, of that day's date, which seriously concerned her. Acting a strong interest in Miss Silvester, Mr. Crum had visited her some few days afterward. He had satisfied himself that she was lodging with respectable people, and was as comfortably situated as circumstances would permit. For a few weeks he had heard nothing from the lady. At the expiration of that time he had received a letter from her, telling him that she had read something in a Glasgow newspaper, of that day's date, which seriously concerned her. Acting on a strong impulse she had resolved to leave her present residence by the next train, and to proceed to Glasgow. She was not sure that she would be able to write again before her arrival. She begged Mr. Crum to take care of any letters or messages which might be left for her. Since the receipt of this communication the lawyer had heard nothing further. He had waited for the morning's post to-day before he could decide what course he had received some further intelligence. The hope had not been realized. He had now stated all that he knew—and there the matter rested. He forwarded a copy of the newspaper alluded to by Miss Silvester, in the chance that the communication of it by Sir Patrick might possibly lead to further discoveries. In conclusion, he pledged himself to write again the moment he had any information to send.

Blanche silently read the newspaper, and opened it. "Let me look!" she said. "I can find what Anne saw here if any body can."

She ran her eye down the proper column after column and page after page—and dropped the newspaper on her lap with a gesture of despair.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed. "Nothing my where, that I can see, to interest Anne. Nothing but an item relating to Mrs. Glenarm's wedding," she went on, brushing the newspaper off her lap to the ground, "and the fashionable party at Swaahaven. Geoffrey Delamayn is going to marry Mrs. Glenarm."

"Have you read Arnold; the idea instantly flashing on him that this was the news which Anne had seen.

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THE BRETON BLUE-BEARD.

In the ancient Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys, in Brittany, may be seen a rude colored print relative to the legend of Comorre, or Conor, the Breton "Blue-beard," in which St. Gildas plays a conspicuous part. The story, as told by Emile Souvestre, is this: Guerech, Count of Vannes, the country of white corn, had a daughter, Triphyna, whom he tenderly loved. One day ambassadors arrived from Comore, a prince of Cornouaille, to demand the hand of Triphyna, demanding her in marriage. Now this caused great distress; for Comore was a giant, and was one of the wickedest of men, held in awe by every one for his cruelty. As a boy, when he went out, his mother used to ring a bell to warn people of his approach. He shot a child in order to prove his gun; and, when unsuccessful in the chase, would let his dogs on the nearest boy to tear them in pieces. But most horrible of all, he had had four wives, and killed them all, each the other, under suspicion of having been killed by either the knife, fire, water, or poison. The Count of Vannes, therefore, refused the ambassadors, and advanced to meet Comore, who was approaching with a powerful army; but he, Gildas went into her oratory, and begged Triphyna would save bloodshed, and consent to the marriage. He gave her a silver ring, which would warn her of any intended evil by turning, in the supreme moment, from white to a leaden hue. The marriage took place with great rejoicings. The first day six thousand guests were invited; on the second as many poor were fed, the bride and the bridegroom serving at table, a page-boy under them. For some time they lived quietly on well. Comorre's nature seemed changed, his prisons were empty, his gibbets untenanted; but Triphyna felt no confidence, and every day went to pray at the tombs of his four wives. At this time there was a great assembly at Nemes of all Breton princes, which Comorre was obliged to attend. Before his departure he gave Triphyna the keys, desiring her to amuse herself in his absence. After five months he unexpectedly returned, and found her occupied in trimming an infant's cap with gold-lace. On seeing her cap Comorre turned pale; and when Triphyna playfully answered, that for the five months he would be a father, he drew back in a rage and rushed out of the room. Triphyna now saw that her ring had turned black, which showed her danger, she knew not why. She descended into the chapel to pray. When she arose she perceived it was midnight, and she saw the four tombs of Comorre's wives open and the dead all standing forth in their winding-sheets. Half dead with fear, Triphyna tried to escape; but the specters cried, "Triphyna, you have lost one hour more to kill you." "I'll save the Countess!" what you will soon become a mother!" "You have told you will soon become a mother!" and, through the Spirit of Evil, he knows that his child will kill him; and so he will kill it." Triphyna, for when we told him what he has just learned from you," "But hope, then, of escape remains for me?" cried Triphyna. "Go back to your chamber," answered the phantoms. "But how escape when Comorre's dog guards the door?" "Give him this poison which killed me," said the first wife, "and you will see how cast a deceived high wall?" "By means of this cord which strangled me," answered the second wife. "But how will guards be overcome?" "By this fire which burned me," replied the third wife. "And how will I make so long a journey?" returned Triphyna. "Take this stick which broke my skull," returned the fourth spectre. Armed with these weapons, Triphyna saw no more of the dog, scales the wall, sees her way through the darkness, and proceeds on her road to Vannes. She swings most morning, Comorre's dog, who is wife fled, and pursues her on horseback. The poor fugitive, seeing he must overtake her, turned off the road and hid herself till night in the cabin of a shepherd, where was only an old negro in charge of the sheep. Comorre, finding her gone up the pursuit, was returning home that road, and he heard the negro engage trying to console her complaints, and calling out, "Poor Triphyna!" He therefore knew his wife had passed that way, and set his dog to follow her track. Meanwhile Triphyna fels she could proceed no further, and lay down on the ground, where she was found by the world a boy of marvelous beauty. As she clasped him to her arms, she saw over her head a golden rain in a silver cup, which she recognised as her father's. The bird came to her and gently sang in the warning tone of his call. She, she told it to fly with to her father. The bird obeyed, and flew with it the lightning to Nemes; but almost at the same instant Comorre arrived. Having parted with her warning ring, Triphyna, who had no means of his approach, had only time to conceal her babe in the cavity of a tree, when Comorre threw himself upon his wife, dragged her with one hand, and smote her head from her body. When the falcon arrived at Nemes, he found the King at council with St. Gildas. He let the ring fall into the silver cup of his master, who, recognizing it, exclaimed, "My daughter is in danger!" Saddle the horses, and let St. Gildas accompany us." Following out of them, they arrived at the cabin where Triphyna lay dead. After they had all knelt in prayer, St. Gildas said to the bird, "Fly, and bring me the head and fly child, and follow us." The dead body obeyed; the bewildered troop followed. But, gallop as fast as they could, the headless body was always in front, carrying the babe in her left hand, and her pale head in the right. In this manner they reached the castle of Comorre. "Count," says St. Gildas, "I bring back your wife such as your wickedness has made her, and thy child such as Heaven has given it thee. Will thou receive them?" Comorre was silent. The Saint three times repeated the question, but no voice returned an answer. Then St. Gildas took the new-born infant from its mother, and placed it on the ground. The child marched along to the edge of the moat, and picking up a handful of earth and throwing it against the castle, exclaimed, "Let the Trinity execute judgment!" At the same instant the towers shook and fell with a great crash; the walls yawned open and the castle sunk, burying Comorre and all his fellow-partners in crime. St. Gildas then replaced Triphyna's head upon her shoulders, laid his hands upon her, and restored her to life, to the great joy of her father.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TWO Scotchmen, turning the corner of a street very quickly, came into collision. The shock of the latter stunning to one of them. He pulled off his hat, and lying his hand upon his forehead, said: "I am sure my head's a'ringing again." "Nae wonder," said his companion, "I gied it a gude clout wi' my shin; that makes it ring. My head dinna ring a bit." "How could it ring, then, mon," seeing it is cracked?"

TWO Jews in Vienna recently passed an Austrian officer who strutted up and down the street in his uniform, with his sword by his side, swaggering as a peacock. "Ah, Moses," said Isaac, "that officer looks as proud as if he had lost the battle of Solferino all by himself."

A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "My lord, before the prisoner at the bar is heard the character of being a most consummate and unblushing villain, I shall immediately employ him in that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately called out: "But what a good man you ever tried who was not calumniated by many of his conscientious?"

"HOW TO PREPARE A GOOSE FOR THE TABLE.—Take your goose quickly by the throat with a sharp carver and kill it, and then break the neck to him as gently as you can. Then pull off his feathers and hair comes round you will find him fully prepared.

The following lines were taken from a young lady's brooch, in which she had engraved, with a diamond, left in church:

"I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear, dear, what shall I do?
I am left alone
Unless he listens too.
He might be here as well as not;
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll look for him
Or smoking a cigar."

Mr. Greeley will write your thoughts in a single book, or, if you do, be careful not to let them lie 'round loose.

SIGNS ENOUGH.—If you want a policeman, it's ten to one you won't find him; but if you don't want him, he is a handful to one he can't get rid of.

When is the wind like a certain fruit?—When it is coconut.

When is it like music?—When it whistles.

When is it like a baby?—When it is a squall.

When like a fruit tree?—When it blows.

When like a person in debt?—When it roams.

When like a newspaper?—When it puffs.

A man was indicted for felony. His innocence was proved, but contributions for his family could not be publicly. The Judge was shocked, and arose and said: "Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case you have proven." "Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime you charge him with, but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

A REAL TROPICAL CURIOSITY.—A pair of watermelons.

A young member of the Legislature, who rose to address his constituents on the subject of capital punishment, with a dignified severity of countenance, commenced thus: "Mr. Speaker, the subject of manhood in general are disposed to exercise oppression—to—to—to—(stammering and hesitating). Just at this point, one, who sat immediately behind him, pulled his hat coat tail, and said, in a low, sing, I say: you are coming out of the same hole you just went in at."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dare sons of the world." Boy hesitates, looks down, looks up, looks all round, but won't say. Gets worried. "I guess dare, we're the sons just to be the inventors of gunpowder." "Go to grass!"

They had female voters in Shakespeare's day. Thus:

"And the imperial votress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free."

NAT M——— was a queer genius. A neighbor found him one day at work at an enormous wood-pile, saw-ing away like a steam engine with an industrious pull saw. "Why don't you sharpen your saw, Nat?" asked the neighbor. "Sharpen my saw!" replied Nat, with great exasperation, "I should think I had work enough to do to saw my wood-pile without stopping to sharpen saws."

Boys are to be bad health; your face is spare," said a friend of ours on meeting an acquaintance. "Very true," was the reply, "for I have a fat family, you are double-faced, so that both of us have spare faces."

CITY RAILROAD CARS.

Never fall, never rise;
Move up, fat men; squeeze in, thin;
Trunks, valises, bundles,
Fill up pass as on sea tumbles.
Market baskets and bundles,
Owners carry, nod in slumber,
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen or more on either landing.
Old man lifts his signal flipper,
Car slacks up, but not a trigger,
Here jerked back, there pushed per shoulder,
Here jerked forward, there pushed per,
Bundles trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses rudely used, shins crushed.
Tobacco, garlic, cheese, and lager-beer
Perfume the whole compartment.
Old boots, pipes, leather, and tan,
And, if a woman, baby can.
Aren't we jolly? While I stand here
A horse-car hobby with such a dressing!

A member of the Wyoming Legislature, seeking to sustain a point of order, jerked his coat off, with "Mr. Speaker, if some reliable man will hold these duds, I'll teach him that he is out of order." The point was sustained.

"How much water do you put in your milk?" asked a fastidious man of a boy who delivers milk on one of the milk routes. "We don't put any water in it, sir," replied the boy. "What do you put in it, then?" "Ice!" said the candid youth.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.—[SEE PAGE 269.]

THE TEMPTATION.—From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.—[See Page 267.]

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

I DREAMED 'twas golden Summer's time,
Although the snow lay deep,
And howling winds and hurricanes
Did through the forests sweep.

The snow-clad plain appeared to me
A mirror clear and bright,
In which I saw the gladdened earth
In verdure's beauty dight.

Dread Frost, the torrent's tyrant king,
Relaxed his icy hold;
And with the stream which he had stilled
His melting sceptre rolled.

The softened sunbeams poured around
A radiance calm and pale;
The scented flowers that gemmed the fields
Breathed odors on the gale.

So in these winters of the soul,
O'erawed by tempests drear,
From Memory's sad and frozen clime
Bright sunny days appear.

Reviving Faith and Hope still show
The soul its living powers,
And how the winter snow conceals
The germs of summer flowers!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AWKWARD ITDEM.

"BUT, I assure you, I suffer unspeakably from nervous depression! You don't know how I sink down like a leaden weight directly the wine sometimes. It is the most dreadful feeling! And besides, I take scarcely any thing. A glass or two of Champagne at dinner is the only thing that keeps me up!"

"It seems to me that the reaction you complain of feeling ought to be sufficient to convince you that even the small quantity of wine you take is far too much harm instead of good."

"Ah, bah! I don't believe you understand the case."

Veronica threw herself back on her chair with the petulsh air of a spoiled child.

Mr. Flew sat opposite to her, very grave, very quiet. He had put aside all her gracious coquettries, and listened with her reason for sending for him in a manner so entirely unexpected by her that for some time she could not credit her senses, but for the opening the moment when he should go back to bring the Mr. Flew of old days. At last, when she found that he persisted in his serious demeanor, she lost her temper, and showed that she had lost it.

But not even this change of mood availed to shake Mr. Flew's steadiness. And gradually a vague fear crept over her. He looked at her so earnestly, with something so like compassion in his eyes! Good God, was she *really* very ill? Did his professional instinct discern some malady of which she was herself unconscious? Was the weakness and depression of soul from which she did in truth suffer but the precursor of bodily disease, perhaps even of—? She shuddered with a very unaffected terror, and her manner, and archings of the brow, and haughty carvings of the lip and pouty, false grimaces, dropped away from her face like a mask.

"Do you think I am ill?" she asked, with dilated eyes.

"Do not you think so, since you sent for me?"

"Yes, yes; but I mean *very* ill—seriously ill, you know! You look so strange!"

"I do not think you very well, madam."

"What—is—it?" she asked, faintly. "You must tell me the truth. But there won't be danger. Don't tell me if you think so! It would only frighten me. And of course I know it's all nonsense. I was only mad to see you. You won't you?"

Her self-possession was all gone. The unreasoning terror of disease and death, which she inherited from her mother, had taken hold upon her.

The egotism which enabled her so effectually to resist the sorrows and sufferings of others, beyond a mere transitory movement of dilettante sentiment, made her terribly, exquisitely sensitive to her own.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Flew, gently. "There is no need."

"Why do you look so, then? And speak so? I have never been ill since I was a child—not really ill. It would be too dreadful to be ill now!"

The tears were absolutely in her eyes as she spoke. In the presence of a stranger she might have succeeded in commanding herself more, but with Mr. Flew she did not even attempt to do so.

It pained him greatly to see her tears.

"There is really no cause for your distress," he said. "You are frightening yourself quite needlessly."

"You said I was not well," she answered, in a tone of peevish reproach.

"You have no ailment that a little care and common-sense will not cure. You do not live a healthy life. You do not take sufficient exercise. You were accustomed in your girlhood to walk, and to be out in the open air. There is something febrile and overstrained about you."

"I can't walk. You see that I am easily tired —that I want support. I have no appetite. I am not so strong as I was."

"You will never be stronger unless you shake off the habits of inertness and languor that have crept over you."

"I am not langaid when there is any thing to interest or excite me. But what am I to do when I feel bored to death?"

"Boredom" was not a disease with which Mr. Flew's village practice had made him familiar.

"If you were to get up at six o'clock, and take a walk before breakfast, I am sure you would feel the benefit of it," said he, very simply.

Veronica's pale face grew paler still. A disorder that could be alleviated by getting up and walking out at six o'clock in the morning was evidently, in her opinion, not of an alarming nature.

"My dear Mr. Flew," she said, with a little faint smile, "you are accustomed to prescribe for Shipley constitutions. Now, Shipley people, among other amusing qualities, are famous for robustness; if I were to say *rude* health, you would think I was malicious. As for me, my violent prostration is as you speak of would simply kill me. Can't you give me something to—keep me up a little? Some—some—what is the proper technicality?—some stimulants—isn't that the word?"

"Fresh air is an excellent stimulant—the best I know."

Veronica looked at his candid, simple face searchingly. She looked once, and withdrew her eyes. Then she looked again, and on the second time she read all hand the tragedy dimming something.

"Let us talk no more of my nonsensical ailments," she said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for having brought you here to listen to the recital of them."

"No, Veronica—I beg pardon. No; do not say that. I have simply pleased, as wherever you think I can be of use. It would be more to me than, perhaps, you can imagine, to know that I was of real use to you, and that you relied on me."

Her face brightened. This was more like the tone she had expected from her old adorer. Poor little Flew! Yes; she really did like him very much. Also, she was very fond of touching in his humble worship.

She made answer with a soft, liquid, beaming glance of her beautiful eyes: "My dear, good Mr. Flew—we always were good friends in the old days, were we not? Well, I will give you proof once upon a time that I relied on you. I have never had an opportunity of telling you how grateful I was, and am, and always shall be, for your forwarding that letter!"

She held out her perfumed hand to him as she spoke, with a gesture of irresistible grace and spontaneity. She had always had a way of being graceful. He took the slender white hand for an instant, looked at it as though it were some rare flower, and then let it fall, as one might touch might break or injure, and then gently let it go again.

He liked to hear her speak so, to hear her allude to the "old days," and acknowledge so candidly her obligations, regarded the letter he had sent to Maud (the outer cover, with its few words addressed to Lord Ravenscar, inclosed in a little rose-wood box, which was the only repository, except the chest in the surgery containing medicines, that Mr. Flew possessed), as allowed a heart still unspoiled, still capable of generous movements. But he said nothing.

Veronica saw the impression she had made. Without conscious and deliberate duplicity, her mind was always ready to adapt itself, and the tone most of all adapted to win the surgeon's admiration. He was not quite sure whether she was weak, not quite so easily dazzled by tinsel glories, as she had been wont to think him. She had made a mistake in the tone with which she met his princesse" and spoiled child.

Now she was all timid, all candor, all ingenuous confidence. She had suffered much, very much. She had too much pride to appeal to the surgeon's pity or to his regard. To a stranger she presented a front as cold and impassible as their own. She was not prepared for Veronica to be exempt from love of detraction. Her rank! Well, her husband was of her own kindred. Her mother had been a lady. The world knew that her her social elevation did not know that in actual birth she was far superior to many of her ancestors. But all that was of trifling consequence to her. She had married Cesare because he was always kind to her, because he was gracious and really—yes, really—attached to him. No one knew the real facts of her story. Those were between herself and one who was gone forever. If she revealed them the world would understand and believe that she had been cruelly, harshly. No matter. She was incapable of stooping to make a revelation which would place her heart did not value. With a true friend it was different. She had never yet spoken to any one but to this man who was dead to her.

He took his leave in a state of bewilderment, out of which the strongest impression remained, namely, that Veronica Levincourt had been more unhappy than culpable, that her beauty was the basis of her worst and most visible qualities, and that few of her sex would be capable of her magnanimous behavior.

As he stood for an instant, hat in hand, in the doorway, Veronica resolved to put the crowning touch to her endearments.

"Do you know what I mean to do, Mr. Flew?" said she, with a smile of mingled sweetness and melancholy. "I mean to drive over to-morrow afternoon and see your good mother. She must not think I have forgotten her."

Mr. Flew almost staggered. If a reservoir of ice-cold water had been opened above his head he could scarcely have been for the moment more disconcerted.

"Oh, no, no, you mustn't!" he exclaimed, with as hasty an impulse of fright and apprehension as though the Princess de' Barletti had been about to transport herself over his cottage that instant.

"Mustn't!" echoed Veronica, thinking he had misunderstood her. "I must not do what?"

"I don't mean 'must not,' of course. And it is very good and kind of you to think of it. But, I think—I believe—I should advise—in fact, you had better not."

"Why?" demanded Veronica, more puzzled than offended by the unceremonious rejection of her proffered condescension.

"Because—Well—my mother is a dear, good woman. No one ever had a better mother, and I love and respect her with all my heart. But—she is old; and old people are not easily persuaded. She has some notions and prejudices which can not be overcome; and I should be sorry to treat them roughly. I would it were otherwise, but—I think you had better not come to see us."

Veronica understood it all now.

"Poor dear old soul!" said she, with a compassionate smile. "I did not know she had grown too feeble to see people."

"She did not comprehend—she misunderstood my words," said mother," thought Mr. Flew, as he walked slowly and meditatively out of the inn-yard. "Perhaps it is all the better. I would rather she should not know the truth."

Meanwhile, the subject of his reflections was pondering on a sad brows, half-closed, and tightly-closed lips, on the incredible and infuriating circumstance that "that ignorant, lowborn, idiotic woman" should dare to refuse to receive the Princess Cesare de' Barletti!

When Cesare returned that evening from Hamwick Lodge, and gave his wife an account of Lord George's dinner-party, which he said had been unusually pleasant, he appealed to her for enlightenment as to an English phrase which had puzzled him.

"English!" said Veronica, conveying into her voice and manner a skillful mingling of insolence and indifference. "As if I knew whether an Englishman could be unspeakable, and she was by no means in an unspeakable rage. "You don't mean to say that you have spoken English?"

"Yes, I tried!" answered Cesare, simply. "But just now I am trying to learn it well, and so did some of the others. So I was not embarrassed to make myself understood. And, by the bye, Veronica—you, too, like to make progress in my English! Per Bacco, I shall soon be an accomplished Cockney!"

"An accomplished *what*?—Cockney? How intelligibly about you are, Cesare!"

"Then I will tell you. You spoil one with compliments! But listen: what do they mean when they say that a man was a tight coat?"

"How can I *guess* what you have in your head? Who says so? I suppose that if any one says so, he means only what the words convey."

"Niente! Not at all! There is another meaning. You shall judge. There was a young man at dinner named Soni. I remembered that I had seen him before. What a comical patronymic! Well, Signor Soni asked me if we had seen much of my friend Miss Dickinson since we had been in this place. He spoke in French. And I told him no; we had not had that pleasure, for she was gone to stay in the house of some friends. Then a man—a great hunter of the Dog, Longwood—he sat by me—he spoke to Soni in English, 'No, no. They took Miss Dickmond out of the way. They did not want her to be seen by me, nor to the princess.' And I—I, too—I can not remember the word, but I know its meaning—"

"Strait-laced?" suggested Veronica, with flashing eyes, and quickly-heaving bosom.

"Strait-laced! Yes. And now what did he mean by saying that the friends in question were tight-laced?"

"He meant—he meant to be insolent, ambitious, and insulting! How could Lord George Ravenscar have invited such a person to his presence?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Cesare, greatly amazed. "I had no idea! I thought it was a jest! Lorgiorgio called out to the man to take some more wine, and he refused. The others did not laugh, it is true," he added, reflectively. "And they looked shy at the word."

"I will not stay another day in this fearful barbarous, boorish den!" cried Veronica. And then she burst into a passion of angry tears.

"Diavolo!" muttered Cesare, staring at her in much consternation. "Explain to me, caramia, what is meant exactly, this accursed tightlacing!"

"I have told you enough," returned Veronica, through her tears. "I don't, for Heaven's sake, desire to tear you to pieces. I can not bear it."

"Listen, Veronica," said Cesare, stroking down his mustache with a quick, little movement which, in a man less strangely suggestive of cruelty, "you *must* answer me. Ladies do not understand how precious a thing is a good matched chaser of the fox permitted himself an impertinence in my presence at the expense of my wife, I must receive a lesson in good manners."

"Cesare! I hope you have no absurd notion in your head of challenging him!"

"No; I shall merely correct one."

"Cesare! Cesare! you surely are not indulging in any fit of jealousy! Oh, the thing is too ridiculous to be thought of. Entirely contrary to our modern manners and customs—"

"Giuro a Dio!" exclaimed her husband, seizing her wrist, "don't preach to me, but answer, do you hear?"

The sudden explosion of animal fury in his face and voice frightened her so thoroughly that she was for the moment incapable of obeying him.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Cesare! Don't look so! You—you startle me. What is it you want?

Oh my poor head, how it throbs! Wait an instant, Cesare. Will—the foolish word means—means —I hardly know what I'm saying—it means strict, proclish, collet-monté. What that man was saying—I dare say he was not quite sober —was that the Shardlowes were too prudish and particular to like Maud to associate with *me*. There, I have told you. And I'll never forgive you, Cesare, for behaving in this way to me, never!"

Cesare dropped her wrist. "Che, che!" he said. "I let me all? Diamine, it seems to me that the impertinence was to those others, not to you. Is not that the way of proclish and collet-monté? And you cry for *that*? Women, women, who can understand you?"

Veronica gathered her draperies together and swept out of the room with her face buried in her handkerchief. She told her maid that she had a violent headache. And her maid told Dickinson that she was sure "monsieur and madame" had been having a dreadful quarrel; with announcement Mr. Dickinson received with the profoundly philosophical remark: "Oh! Well, you know, they'll have had to begin *some* time or other."

And the prince lit a cigar, and leaned out of window to smoke it, partly penitent and partly cross. And as he smoked he could not help liking better very much pleasanter and jollier it had been at Hammick Lodge than it was in the lonely grandeur of the Crown; and how utterly impossible it was to calculate on the capricious and unreasonable temper of his wife.

SUMMER SEVEN.

NUMBER SEVEN is more favored in the world than any other digit. It is true that, in certain conventional sense, Number One is said to occupy more of such man's attention; but, this selfish aspect set aside, the palm must certainly be given in all other respects to Number Seven. In the formation of this number is various explained: Ingpen, in 1624, satisfied himself of the superiority of Seven by reasoning in the following ingenious way: "It is compounded of one and six, two and five, three and four. Now, one is the first being excellent in its perfections (as hath been demonstrated), how can this number be but excellent, since excellent, consisting of them all, and participating, as it were, of all their excellent virtues?" Number Seven was largely used by the Hebrew Biblical writers, as in the plain ordinary sense and in a typical or figurative sense. Seven days formed a week, and the week, there were Jewish feasts or festivals connected with a period of seven weeks; seven times seven years constituted a Jubilee year of rejoicing; the candlestick of Moses had seven branches, and Solomon's temple the usual passages relating in various ways, and at different eras in the Biblical narrative, to the Seven Churches of Asia, the Seven Vials, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Seventh Day of the Creation, the Seven Angels, the Seven Witnesses, etc. The Roman Catholic Church is rich in Sevenfold mysteries, in doctrine and in ritual. There are the Seven Deadly Sins, the Seven Sacraments, the Seven Canonical Hours, the Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary, and the Seven Penitential Psalms. The canonical hours were observed at certain fixed times for divine service in the churches; they divide the ecclesiastical day into seven parts; and, besides having a mystical reference to certain sacred occurrences, they are regarded as symbolizing the seven periods of creation, the seven ages of life in the past man falls, the seven graces of the Holy Spirit, the seven divisions of the Lord's Prayer, and the seven petitions of Seven Sorrows. There is in Lambeth Palace library a manuscript about four centuries old, in which the seven periods of man's life, as marked with the seven periods of nine's life, as follows: morning infancy; midmorning, childhood; midday, youth; mid-day, the haughty age; nones or high noon, the kingly age; midafternoon, elderly; evening, declining. In

than at present, a period of seven years' apprenticeship; and many a malefactor has had occasion to know that seven years was a frequent duration for a sentence of transportation. Some years ago there was a Septuagenarian Club proposed, in which every member was to be over times ten years old or upward: all young fellows between sixty-five and seventy entering it simply as cadets. Seven Oaks have, as we know, given a name to a pleasant place in Kent; and Jean Ingelow describes seven oaks growing in a line, at a particular spot in Palestine, associated in the minds of the natives with a very strange legend. When Cain (the legend says) killed his brother Abel, he was punished by being compelled to carry the dead body during the long period of five hundred years, and to bury it in this spot; he planted his staff to mark the spot, and out of this staff grew up the seven oaks.

Who can tell us any thing about the Seven Sisters—the name of seven elder sons of Agamemnon, which have also given their name to the road from thence to Upper Holloway? In Bedwell's "History of Tottenham," written about two hundred and forty years ago, he describes Page Green, by the side of the road from that village, and a group of seven elm-trees in a circle, with a walnut-tree in the centre. He says: "This tree hath this many years been decayed, and it is observed yearely to live and beare leaves, and yet to stand at a stay, that is, to growe neither greater nor higher. This people of the country tell the reason to bee, for that there was one burnt upon that place for the profession of the Gospell." There was also some connecting link between the walnut-tree and the Seven Sisters by which it was surrounded. These were seven elms planted by seven sisters, one by each. The tree planted by the most distinguished of the sisters was always irregular and low in its growth. But now comes another legend of the walnut-tree. There was an eighth sister, who planted an elm in the midst of the other seven; it withered and died when the died, and the walnut-tree grew in its place. But now the walnut-tree is gone, one of the elms is gone, and the others are gradually withering. In Enfield there is a legend connected with a lonely castle on the coast of Kerry, the ruins of which are called the sisters. The lord of the castle was a grim and cruel man, who had seven beautiful daughters. Seven brothers, belonging to a band of Northmen rovers, were cast on that coast, and fell desperately in love with the seven ladies. The romance escape was planned; this being discovered, the heartless parent threw all the seven lovely damsels down a chasm into the sea below the castle. Something more is known about the paradise of bird-cages, that engraving of the three bird-lime, that resort of bird-catchers and bird-buyers, Seven-dials. Evelyn, writing in 1694, said: "I went to see the beautiful Queen's-head, St. Giles's, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of the triangular area." This erection was said to be seven feet square at the top, had seven faces or sides, and seven sun-dials on those seven faces. The seven dials faced seven streets: Great Earl, Little Earl, Great St. Andrew's, Little St. Andrew's, Great White Lion, Little White Lion, and Queen streets. The pillar and its seven dials were removed about three-quarters of a century ago. Were they not taken to Walton-on-Thames, and are they in existence now?

Those friends of our boyish years, the "Seven Champions of Christendom," have been a subject for much learned discussion than boys—even old boys—would suppose. It would seem a daring question to ask whether Shakspere condescended to borrow any of his beautiful language, any of his rich imagery, from this book. Assuredly such a question has been asked. Albert Keightley, author of the "Fairy Mythology," started the subject a few years ago in *Notes and Queries*. It appears that Richard Johnson, the author of the "Seven Champions," was one of the contemporaries of Shakspere, and that his book was published at about the same time as many of the plays of our great poet. Let us cite three passages pointed out by Mr. Keightley. The Champions say: "As they passed along by the riverside, which, gently running, made a sweet music with the enamelled stones, and seemed to give a gentle kiss to every sedge he overtook in his watery pilgrimage." Compare this with a passage in the Second Act of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona:"

> The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
> But when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtakes in his pilgrimage.

The italicised words in the letter show how many are the points of resemblance in the imagery and language. A second passage runs thus: "Where they found the Black Ursin, Death's dun dog advanced in his cheeks." With this compare a passage in the Fifth Act of "Romeo and Juliet:"

> Brenty's eagles yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
> And *Death's pale flag* is not advanced there.

Once more: "It seemed indeed that the heavy waggel, as you may behold when Zephyrus with a gentle breath plays with them." Now turn to the Fourth Act of "Cymbeline:"

> As *Zephyrus*, blowing below the violet,
> Not wagging his sweet head.

We can not go into the critical questions of bibliography involved here; but may simply state that an opinion is held by commentators in favor of Johnson having had precedence of Shakspere in these passages. At any rate, Number Seven is very much honored by such comparisons.

Not the least curious among these associations of Number Seven is that with the seventh son. Whoever has the good fortune to be the father of seven boys, especially if no girl intervene to break the continuity of the series, is to be congratulated forthwith. Let him not talk about too many olive-branches in his garden, or too many arrows in his quiver, or too many little folks around his table: his seventh boy will be a wonder. In the district around Orleans, in France, a seventh son, without a daughter intervening, is called a marcou. His body is (or is supposed by the peasantry to be) marked in some part or other with the fleur-de-lis. If a patient suffering under king's-evil touch the fleur-de-lis, or if the marcou breathe upon him, the malady is cured. Or at least it ought to be cured, under fair faith that it *will* do so, that the country people will come flocking to him and wish to visit a marcou. About fifteen years ago there was one of these persons named Fouion, a cooper, at Orleans. He was greatly in request for his miraculous healing powers, especially in Holy-Week, and more especially on Good-Friday, when his patients crowded the number of fifty or sixty deep. As to the origin of the name king's-evil, some antiquaries allege the reason to be that kings tells us that "the kings of England and Frannce by a peculiar gift cure the king's-evil by touching them with their hands on the day of the seventh sonne." It is something to say that a seventh son, in Malta, is born to be not a king, but a knight. Mr. Keightley has found among the Welsh folk-lore an account of a family famous in its day. "Jones the Gelert" was said to have lived at a place called Mudcil. In them was said to have existed seven brothers, each with a seventh son, or Septimus, being born for the healing art; as for many generations seven sons were regularly born in the family. The seventh son, when he became the doctor, and wonderful in his proficiency." Steele speaks of his father as having had a half age, in sarcastic relation to another of the troubles with which men are occasionally afflicted: "Upstart, new-fashioned nobility is the cure the king's-evil, but his rascally descendants have it from heaven." Shakspere describes Edward as by a touch upon the shoulder give a man such an ill habit of body that he can never come within a tailor's hands.

But if there happen to be a seventh son of a seventh son, the circumstance is considered marvelous. Mr. Carleton, in his story of the Black Prophet, says that the Irish peasantry entertain a very unbelieving feeling for the luck of these powers. In Cornwall the belief is, in like manner, prevalent. Of the child being that the gifted person should then overlie newly born and affected, thrice blow on it, and repeat certain words. A Belgian record of a seventh son of a man was regularly called Dr. So-and-so, simply because he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and without relation to his name in baptism. Early in the present century a man perambulated the rural districts of Germany, and was known by the sick, and the lame. Numerous cures were attributed to him, and he had quite a large collection of crutches and walking-sticks, said to have been left by his patients who had no longer any need for them. Even in Russia the superstition of how much due to the implicit faith placed in him by the ignorant, it might have been difficult to decide; but he was held in great repute as a specialist on account of his claim to be the seventh son of a seventh son. Through, not very long ago, was to be seen this inscription on a board:

> A. SAPUNOFF,
> The third seventh daughter,
> Accoucheur.

A Yorkshire lad at a school was purposely intended to study afterward for the medical profession, because, as he said, he was a "seventh son." "The seventh of the seventh make the biggest o' fools." Another story is told of a lad in Kent who, as an errand-boy, was frequently censured for being late in his arrival, and dilatory when on his errands. His excuse was invariably that the following form: "I'm sure I wouldn't help it, Sir, I'm sure I wouldn't. I've only bin on an act o' mercy. Ye see, Sir, I'm a seventh of a seventh, an' I touches for sickness, Sir, an' I've got a midder thin message to-day, Sir, I have." It appeared that he had to touch fasting, in order that his wonderful powers might be called into exposed, and his palm was crossed by a piece of silver varying in value from a four-penny piece to half-a-crown, according to the social condition of his patients.

ARY SCHEFFER'S "TEMPTATION."

ARY SCHEFFER, of whose celebrated painting of the "Temptation" the poems of Goethe, Byron, and Dante, and SCHEFFER was at once the pupil and favorite of Queen Hortense, and of many of the most distinguished artists of Romantic School, and many of his earlier works were suggested by poems of Goethe, Byron, Uhland, and other German authors; but his greatest and most characteristic works are those devoted to religious subjects, or suggested by the poetry of DANTE. Among his religious pictures the most widely known are "Christ Consoling the Weary and Heavy-Laden" (*Christus Consolator*), the "Dead Christ," the "*Mater Dolorosa*," "The Temptation," and the "Three Marys." His picture of DANTE AND VIRGIL meeting with FRANCESCA DA RIMINI and her lover in hell is one of the most pathetic creations of the imagination ever painted. This picture, and his "Dante and Beatrice," and the illustrations to "Faust," are widely known by engravings. ARY SCHEFFER was at one time Instructor of the children of Louis Philippe. He died in Paris in the summer of 1858.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A BURMESE years hence somebody will offer a valuable relic of 1870 to our great-grandchildren! It is said that before the ink of the Fifteenth Amendment Proclamation was dry, General Grant received a note from a member of the press asking for the pen. It was sent immediately, and when the messenger left the autocrat he was offered fifty dollars for it.

The St. Louis *Times* reports that more than fifty of the workmen laboring in the caissons of the St. Louis bridge have been stricken with partial paralysis, and four have died, from the effect of the compressed air. This is an instance of paralysis which has attracted considerable inquiry among scientific men. Some suppose that the compressed air is to blame, others that it is occasioned by any one of strictly temperate habits who followed the sanitary regulations established by the engineer.

This is the way Kansas jories lunch. A farmer in that region, who sold a keg of butter to a store-keeper, happened to mention that he had a prime article. A lately send by the latter, who declared that the farmer's statement concerning the quality of the butter was incorrect. On the occasion of the trial the jury took their lunch (which was to court) then; when they went out to deliberate. Some crackers were procured, and the jury then ate, they all "pitched in," and after amply satisfying the wants of the inner man they returned to the court-room and rendered a verdict of no cause of action.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, having, in passages across the Atlantic, been impressed with the inadequate means of safety on our steamers, and with the decidedly suggested several points of reform in this matter, which it is hoped will lead to other suggestions, and result in some practical improvement. In view of the small supply of boats frequently carried, he suggests that they should be made in the long, in number instead of eight, these to be of different sizes, and of such shape and use which may suggest itself to each, but every ship carry at least two life-preservers which shall be of such construction that they can be carried, set a regulation number be carried in the steerage. Third, that every ship be provided with a few tubes about three inches in diameter, about three feet long, weighted with lead at the bottom sufficient to cause them to float upright in the water, corked. These should be painted bright red, so as to be easily seen by night. In case of accident, they should be cast inclined in them and thrown overboard, we might be the means of saving the lives of numerous passengers which "maketh the heart sick." Fourth, a few ordinary lifeboats are useful. Fifth, an improvement in passage would lengthen the voyage from twelve to twenty-four hours: but thereby fogs on the banks and ice would be avoided, and the worst of the gale would be the sea greatly lessened. Certainly, in view of a season like the present record of an unusual number of ocean disasters, it is doing that the public should awake to a sense of responsibility in this matter, and the necessity of ample precautions in every case.

The gate-keeper of one of the Paris cemeteries detected a young lady in attempting to enter the cemetery with a small basket on her arm. The gate-keeper pronounced it a case of infanticide, and the trembling culprit was marched off to the police-station. Another brace of policemen, who, on officially opening the basket, were astounded on finding that it contained the dead body of a sweet little Havana dog!

Some queer cases of smuggling are detected by the directors of customs at Cantz Garden, Java. One day a steerage passenger in one of the German steamers brought as baggage three large cases which he represented to contain specimens of natural history, minerals and other articles of no consequence. Upon opening one of the cases a fine stuffed ape was visible enough. At the bottom of this case was an immense Linlinger stone, and the contents of the case had been packed with bags of prime brandy, surrounded with prunes and dried figs. The second case was found to be similarly filled with grape-vines and peach and pear-tree scions. A woman who observed a sudden rather severely as she came from a steamer one day last week, and she was accordingly invited into the bonder of the Double Imperial. When the examination of her various pieces of clothing was made, it was found that the bonder's suspicions were correct. At the same time the passier of a woman was observed to be quite unusually stout. Upon a closer inspection the stoutness was found to be stuffed with fifty yards of costly silk. The woman was also confined in the same room, and found two whole pieces of silk, while in the legs of her pantaloons were stowed several yards of valuable ribbon.

A pretty cottage for President Grant is nearly stabled a Long Branch, and is already known as "The White House." It is situated on the ocean-front, and the Sixteen House to the new race-course, which is to be called President's Avenue.

Statistics show that in Europe frequency of suicide, in all countries, increases and decreases with the length of the days. In June and July there are more suicides than in any other months. So far as American statistics have been collected on this subject, it is generally supposed to agree with the European. It is thought from facts gathered that in New England suicides have been more frequent in cold weather. It is stated that in every country three-fourths of all the suicides are men, and that the disposition to commit suicide increases with years. The proportion of unmarried persons who kill themselves is decidedly greater than that of the married; the proportion of widowed persons is far larger still: but that of the divorced and separated is incomparably the largest of all, being uniformly five times as great as that of the married.

An exchange remarks: "Maple-sugar, you know, is made by grinding up maple-trees, and squeezing out the juice in a cheese press?"

No less than forty distinct plans of Broadway itself have been laid before the Legislature of New York. These are all varieties of three general kinds—surface, super-surface, and sub-surface.

Some very private details concerning a "private" ball in Paris have just come to light. There were, by-the-way, 11,000 persons invited to this ball, but only 9500 responded! But the "private" details relate to the costumes of the ladies—dresses, jewelry, coiffures, etc., worn on the occasion—the total amount being 1,114,732 francs. It was estimated that the false hair worn weighed thirteen hundred pounds, and that if each lady's length it would reach two and a half miles! These details of the private ball must of course be considered strictly "private."

The following anecdote is related concerning Richard Wagner, or perhaps, more strictly, concerning Offenbach. Wagner had read to Offenbach, who is of the Jewish persuasion, his work entitled "Le Rheingau des Juifs dans la Musique." In reply the latter wrote: "Dear Wagner, you will do better to write music." On receiving this letter the other forwarded the score of his "Meistersinger," which, when the first days, the following answer was returned: "Dear Wagner, on reflection, you will do better, I think, to continue writing books."

Nearly seven hundred citizens of New York were subpœnaed in order to find a jury of twelve men who had not formed a decided opinion in regard to the M'Farland case, and were of sufficient intelligence to render a verdict. It will be seen how exceedingly difficult to find men who do not read newspapers, or who are not conversant on the prevailing topics matters of general notoriety. And yet reading newspapers seems to be decreasing. Circulations are not at present writing books."

An "up-town" physician, who has been in the habit of writing his medical prescriptions in an unusual and blind manner, so that they could be read by no one excepting a particular druggist to whom he has got into difficulty. A man died the other day from the effect of an overdose of morphine taken by his order. When the narcotic began to produce alarming symptoms the physician called upon the man that was by the druggist who had put up the prescription, requesting to know what he had given the man to induce dotes to give. Druggist's clerk refused the copy until it was demanded by the police. Even then he refused to explain the blind writing, but brought told the man was dying. When at length the physician was seen by the druggist's clerk, called it was too late to save the man. Such was the consequences of writing prescriptions contrary to the usual and well-known nomenclature.

"Dickinson Hall" at Princeton, New Jersey, is now nearly locked, and will be ready for occupancy next college year. It will cost about $70,000, and is built mainly by the liberality of John C. Green, a retired merchant of New York. It has ample provision for recitation and lecture rooms. The present recitation rooms are widely inadequate and rudely finished. The new gymnasium is one of the finest in the country, and is to be fitted up by Dr. Dudley Sargent of Mr. Bonner of New York and Mr. Maguire of Philadelphia. Arrangements are being made to erect an elegant dormitory sufficient to accommodate about seventy students.

Ellis Burritt estimates the waste of peas, tea, paper, tobacco, and rice in the city of New York by the use of the letter "t" in words from the Latin—each a labour, favour—where it is not needed, at £10,000 a year.

The prohibitory liquor law of Michigan does not repeal alcoholic liquor as "poison," but it does sign a woman in that State received all the money her husband had spent at a saloon for six years, on the ground that the liquor was sold to the husband "without consideration." It is well for women to understand something of law.

A comic accident—which might have been a fearful one—is reported from Maine. A farmer, quietly crossing the railroad track near Portland, was startled suddenly by the appearance of a train, which quickly made splinters of the cart. The astonished farmer, recovering somewhat, stood gazing at the remnants of his vehicle, and wondering where the pieces of his horse had gone to, when the train came to a sudden standstill, when the engineer, looking out, saw the horse staring at him from the cow-catcher. The train was stopped, and it was found that the horse had been picked up by the cow-catcher and projected on the platform in front of the engine, where, too much stunned or frightened to move, he lay comparatively uninjured.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, whose fame as an artist is world-wide, was born at Bordeaux, March 21, 1823. She is therefore forty-eight years old. Her father was a painter of animals, and it was from her custom, both in France and in other countries, to visit the slaughter-houses and study the animals there with the decided character of her features, enables her perfectly to draw and paint them, and at a greater length than she could otherwise hope to do. An anecdote may be here be set down to the effect that she was put to the use of the many animals that she has always about her. She has always avowed her intention of never marrying, but to live entirely exclusively to art. Years ago, when she had few opportunities of studying the habits of animals she went to Paris, as her enthusiasm led her to walk the streets of Paris for hours to observe animals that had caught her eye. She even visited slaughter-houses in search of work for her pencil.

It is said to be the intention of Miss Mercedel to receive into the horticultural school at Brentwood, Long Island, lads from fourteen to eighteen years of age. These boys will share alike with the female pupils in the domestic duties of the establishment, and they will be carefully instructed in their out-of-door occupations.

M. Sollel, chief cashier of the Bank of France, and who in that capacity signed all its notes, has recently died.

A Western medical journal seems to intimate that the remedy, chloral hydrate, is nothing new, after all, but the very drug that Shakspere's Friar gave Juliet:

> Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
> And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
> When presently through all thy veins shall run
> A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
> Each vital spirit.
> And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
> Thou shalt remain *full two-and-forty hours*,
> *And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.*"

What will not yet be accomplished by electricity? A machine has been recently invented which, if it works as well on a large scale as it does as now applied, will enable steamships to ply the ocean by its propelling power. We understand that a machine of great capacity is being constructed, and will soon be put in operation in New York. The smaller size will be slightly enough to carry a Crusader to Liverpool, can be secured in a small trunk.

DRAWING FROM LIFE.—[See Page 269.]

FURNISHING VACCINE MATTER TO COUNTRY DOCTORS

especially among the ladies, a fact which he attributes to their vanity and fear of being disfigured! For though it is told of a beautiful Frenchwoman that hearing of the suicide of a gentleman whose suit had been rejected by a woman who was quite the reverse of beautiful, she exclaimed, "I am really jealous of a homely woman who can excite a passion like that!" it would not be safe to accept her word for truth in the guise of a jest. Young and old are vaccinated and re-vaccinated. The municipal authorities of Paris have granted a large sum for the purpose of organizing a bureau for gratuitous vaccination; and every day, from the 2d of March until every one has been attended to, thousands of arms are presented to the doctor's lance in every ward of the city. The utmost care is exercised in obtaining the vaccine matter from a heifer selected by the medical authorities, by whom it is distributed to country physicians.

Recently attempts have been made in England and this country to prove that, so far from being a benefit to the human race, vaccination has been a worse scourge than the plague it is intended to prevent, and that it has brought in its train the most terrible consequences, in the form of scrofula and other diseases; but the weight of evidence and medical authority is in favor of the means of prevention first brought to light by Dr. Jenner and the unknown pastor of Cévennes.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN WAITING TO BE VACCINATED.

DRAWING FROM LIFE.

This pleasant picture, which our readers will find on page 268, engraved from a painting by Mr. T. Hedderson, an English artist of considerable talent and well-founded reputation as a genre painter, tells its simple story in an appropriately unpretending way. The young artist appears to be pursuing his studies under very agreeable conditions. He has his cottage-studio all to himself; there are no rivals or competitors to distract him; his knees save him the embarrassment of an easel; his slate and pencil render him independent of the artists' colormen; above all, his model seems to be posed quite naturally, and to be displaying exemplary patience. Well may the embryo artist become wholly absorbed in his task under conditions such as these! And if the immediate result may not be commensurate with the effort—if the portrait of Grimalkin should not turn out to be a master-piece—still the art of even a Landseer must have had an equally humble beginning.

VACCINATION AT PARIS.

The ravages of that terrible scourge, the small-pox, date far back in the early history of the world. During the Middle Ages it slew more than the sword; and it was not until near the close of the eighteenth century that its virulence received a partial check through the discovery and general introduction of vaccination. The honor of this discovery is usually ascribed to Dr. Jenner, an English physician, by whom it was publicly made known in 1796; but the French claim it for one of their own countrymen, a simple Protestant clergyman of Cévennes, who, several years before Jenner's discovery was announced, practiced vaccination among the peasantry of that mountain district. While Jenner was rewarded by a national grant of £20,000, and after death was honored with a statue in the cathedral of Gloucester, the French pastor died in poverty and obscurity, and his very name is forgotten.

But whoever may claim the honor of the discovery, vaccination has unquestionably been of immense benefit to humanity. Since its general introduction the ravages of small-pox have sensibly diminished, and in cities where it once raged as a terrible epidemic, sweeping off hundreds and thousands of victims, it is now comparatively unknown. On the continent of Europe vaccination is made compulsory by law, and is far more rigidly enforced than in England or this country. Our illustrations on this page will give our readers an idea of the way in which it is managed in France. There, says a lively French journalist, it is all the rage,

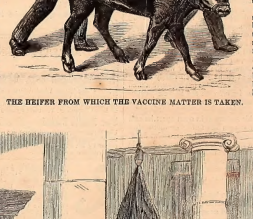

THE HEIFER FROM WHICH THE VACCINE MATTER IS TAKEN.

THE CARNEGIES.

The elder Carnegie was the porter of the Dennistown Bank; and as Dennistown was the county town, and this the only bank, it followed that Roderick Carnegie, having been porter for fifteen years, and always faithful to his duties, was considered to hold a rather responsible position, and was respected accordingly.

It was an old country bank, and the safe was an antiquated specimen of rusty iron-work; but, though all the farmers round about deposited their funds there after harvest, no one thought of questioning the safety of the bank, any more than they would have doubted the medical skill of old Doctor Hyslop, who doctored every body within a circuit of twenty miles, and whose gray pony and battered chaise were as familiarly known as the steeple of the Baptist church.

So when, one morning, the town was informed that the bank safe had been broken open and robbed of gold and silver and bank-notes to the amount of—well, the amount was not settled on for a week, and then turned out to be about twenty thousand dollars—the towns-people, and pretty soon the county farmers, thought the world must be coming to an end.

And so, when rumors began to be circulated—which they did—concerning some connection of Roderick Carnegie with the robbery, people were not so much horror-stricken as they should have been, because that they had exhausted all their capacity in that line on learning of the first catastrophe.

The story finally settled down to this statement: The paying-

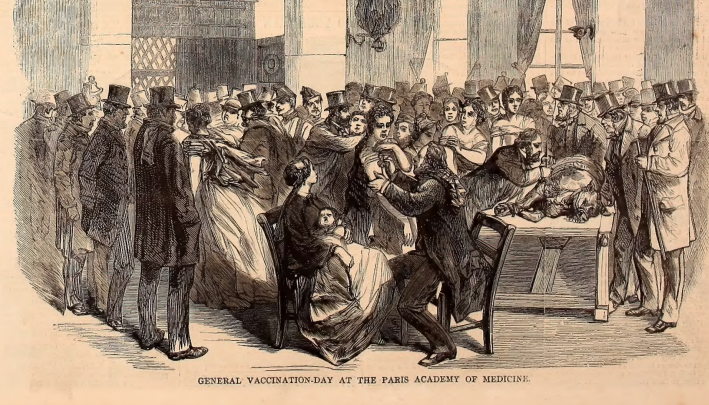

GENERAL VACCINATION-DAY AT THE PARIS ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

teller of the bank, who lived opposite, was called upon by Mrs. Carnegie at about nine o'clock on the night of the robbery, and informed by her—the being in great distress at the time—that her husband was either dead or in a fit, the safe open, and the side-door of the bank likewise open.

The teller repaired at once to the bank, and found things in precisely that condition, with the additional incident that the safe had evidently been despoiled of its entire contents, in so far as they included money.

Roderick Carnegie was found lying at the foot of the stairs, in the basement entry, near his own room—the Carnegie family occupied apartments in the basement of the bank. Beside him was a small empty bottle, and in his right hand he clutched a bag, containing a certain sum which had been deposited in the safe that afternoon by the teller.

Dr. Hyslop, being called in, made an examination of the prostrate porter, and announced that he was dead—drugged, and that a powerful one he had contained brandy. So Roderick Carnegie was lifted to the bed in his room, and there remained moaning and groaning, as it usual in such cases, until the next morning.

Then he awoke from his drugged, and looked about in a dazed sort of way, and finally, observing his wife, who sat near the head of his bed, some memory of the night's events, and of his muddled brains, and he buried his face in his pillow, and sobbed convulsively.

Mrs. Carnegie was a wise woman, and, refraining from any remarks on his condition or on the events of the night, she merely said, as if as she could, the unhappy man, and finally, when he became fitfully tranquil, helped him to get his clothe himself, that he might be prepared for the inquisition which she knew must shortly follow.

But even a woman's curiosity must be satisfied some time; and Mrs. Carnegie was only a woman, after all. So, when Roderick's toilet was over and shaved himself, and had swallowed his tea and taken a bite of something—though very little, for he evidently ate with the effort of without appetite, she said to him, "And now, Roderick, tell me all about it."

But to her utter astonishment Roderick replied, "Ask me no questions, wife, for I've nothing to tell—nothing for you or any one but myself—not if I swings for it!"

Here was a condition of things! Found drunk in the entry, with a bag of the bank's money in his hand, the safe broken open, and the rest of the money gone, nobody but he could have done, and he with "nothing to tell about it." She shouted her sense of injury.

But such was the fact, and the most stubborn of facts it proved to be: for when Roderick Carnegie was examined by the police officials he utterly refused to make any statement whatever, simply saying, "I know nothing about it—ye've known me here for fifteen year, an' I come to ye with a good recommend, an' if ye think I done it, why there's no help."

So, as nothing else could be wrung from him, either by coaxing or threatening, the bank officials had to yield to the natural clamor of the depositors, and Roderick Carnegie was duly arrested and imprisoned, charged with the crime.

He could not be tried for a month, as the county court would not sit until then, so there was ample time to canvass the matter in all its bearings. *Ins and outs*, as it was canvassed in every house in the county.

The most astonishing feature was that Roderick Carnegie, whose head was full of rum and stone, and who never took more than his drop of whisky-toddy before going to bed, should have been laid out by about a gill of brandy—which was all the little bottle would hold.

But that never been seen drunk during his residence in Dennistown; and as a hard-headed Scotchman, and canny withal, would have scouted the possibility.

That he must know the perpetrators of the crime was always yet what puzzled the reason could he have had for screening them at his own expense.

Finally, popular opinion reached the conclusion that the porter had committed the robbery, with the assistance of confederates; that he was somehow been overcome by the liquor he drank, and that they had left him to make good their own escape as well as he remained unconscious, in the belief that his previous good character and the want of proof would clear him, and he would still share the booty. So it was concluded that he was an unmitigated rascal after all, and every man's hand and every mouth was ever against him; and the women were the loudest and most violent of all, as is usually in such cases made and provided. All but Mrs. Carnegie; she, poor creature, stood by him, and trusted him to the last. She had troubles in and the little bag of gold clutched in his hand—and in the face too, of what was being said of him by the solute and unflinching determination of Roderick not to clear his confidence.

Roderick Carnegie's family comprised, besides his wife, two buxom daughters, respectively eighteen and twenty years of age, who had hitherto been made much of by the Dennistown people, as they were pretty, well-behaved, and intelligent girls, and decided accession to the parties, picnics, and other merry-makings of the neighborhood. But now they received the cold shoulder from all directions, and were completely cut by the "mere" gods and rigidly righteous" ones of Dennistown. This was a sad blow, and their father's moody reticence and the suspicion that clung about him like a winding-sheet still more bitter.

And so for this unhappy family the days were long and dreary that separated them from the trial, when, they fondly hoped, something might happen to change Roderick Carnegie's determination, or that *Providence* might interfere to restore them to their former position of acknowledged probity and worth. The day of the trial came, and every body in the county could possibly accomplish it was at the court-house.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty," which made the spectators laugh; and his lawyer—the court provided him with one—pleaded his previous good character, which made the spectators hiss, and caused the crier to shout "Silence!" in a loud voice; and then every body laughed again, because the crier was a bossing scalawag whom every body knew, and who was public game.

And after all was said and done, and the interpretation of counsel, and all the other trivialities of such trials had been duly accomplished, the jury—as a matter of course—went into secret consultation in whispers the foreman rose, and, pronouncing their verdict, they require to go out, presented the verdict of "*guilty.*"

It was silent enough then. The proverbial pin of a pin-dropped could have been heard in the raving rumuser.

Then, almost at that moment some more tender and compassionate impulse influenced that mass of beings, greed for the punishment of Roderick Carnegie, and they began to whisper, stolen their idol—their hard-earned money.

Perhaps women were the most merciful, for women are those who they saw the stricken wife and daughters as they bowed their heads, and some said as shame.

However this may be it was very still, until the solemn voice of the judge broke, and some that shouted out, "You fool! he's guilty, is he? Why, I lost the money, and knocked the old man down and robbed him myself, and he knows and he hung on to the other bag precious hard, I tell you, and I'm glad it was not taken from fools! What's the use of men being honest if that's all the confidence you have in 'em? Here, you crier, you go and tell the old man we've busted your old rusty money-box; and I wouldn't be likkers on your life, and I'm glad he's convicted would 'a got him off;" but you see he's my father an' I couldn't go back on the old man.

Then there was commotion and hubbub every where, and the judge and jury were surrounded by anxious and tender and *sympering* friends. They were glad, now, to be sympathetic.

They had heard of a brother, who had disgraced them, but was long since dead; but they had no sympathy.

Meanwhile the new prisoner had been handcuffed and locked in a cell under the court-house—every body looked for Roderick Carnegie; and they found him doubled up on the floor, just where he had dropped when he heard the son's voice, and where, in the intense excitement produced by the trial, he had left the new character in the drama, he had lain forgotten.

He was lifted up tenderly now, however, and kindly cared for by the jailer's wife.

Roderick Carnegie the younger was tried for the burglary of the safe to make up nearly all the money, and on account of his having surrendered himself, he was let off with the lightest punishment—imprisonment for a few months in the State prison.

In making his statement in open court he said that he had not seen his father or mother for twenty years, and that they believed him dead. He had been a sailor before the mast, a miner in Australia, a lumberman in Maine, and, finally, was traveling round the coast, and passing through Dennistown, when he encountered his father standing in the doorway of the bank, and had recognized him.

He had gone to the bank on the night of the robbery, and simply opened the door; and, being an expert burglar, had no trouble with the safe. That he had been surprised by his father, and had made himself known to him. That his father stowed away all the money except one bag of gold, which the old man grasped; but that under the pressure of the excitement, and the fear that he would be the cause of the discovery of his son, he had drained the liquor which poured the prepared liquor down his throat—this he always carried with him in case of accidents—and had then left him as he found him, safe, supposing he would find his way to his room when he had recovered from the effects of the drug, and that he would then disclose all. He had remained in the vicinity, however, and watched, and learning his father's condition, had eventually overcame him, and he attended the trial, determined that if the worst would not speak, he would; and so he did; and he concluded his statement by the remark, "And he's the gunnest old pop there ever was, and I want a-goin to send him up, nohow!"

And then it came after all of them—the son reformed and a respectable and hard-working man—were restored to favor; and to-day few families are more respected in the town of Dennistown than *the Carnegies.*

A CARD

FROM THE NATIONAL (ELGIN) WATCH CO.

OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
CHICAGO, *March*, 1870.

AN advertisement, replete with false statements, which has recently appeared in various newspapers in the guise of a communication over the signature of "HOWARD & CO.," a concern in New York, nominally engaged in selling watches "C. O. D.," would be passed unnoticed but for the fact that they are generally understood to be in the interest of, and their advertising bills paid for by a rival American Watch Company of respectable pretensions, for the purpose of injuring the reputation of the genuine Elgin watches.

In the recent injunction suit, decided against those parties in favor of the National (Elgin) Watch Company, by the name of VAN BUREN, in the *N. Y. Common Pleas, Special Term, March* 14, 1870, it appeared in evidence that said "HOWARD & CO." (nominally the agents of the Waltham watches) *never had in their possession but the exterior cases, watches*, ALL TOLD, and yet they had expended large sums of money in advertising "Elgin Watches" to be sent upon the "C. O. D." plan. (*Vide* reports of the case published.)

In view of these pertinent facts, and the odium attached to the "C. O. D." watch business, the public may safely be left to determine the character of such firms as HOWARD & CO. are engaged in, or whether they are the "agents" said *to do the work* of the Waltham Company, to degrade the standing of the genuine ELGIN WATCHES to the medium level of their own, or to the low standard of those offered at approximate prices.

The National Watch Co., of Elgin, Illinois, for the common protection of distant watch buyers, as well as themselves, *once more* caution the public against buying of but now nor ever have furnished watches to any party outside the regular authorized agencies.

Perhaps some one who has "C. O. D." plan, which has been made the medium of so much swindling, and which would naturally be made the medium for traffic in the worthless imitations of Elgin watches known to be in the market. Use pamphlet form for those desirous of purchasing the *genuine* Elgin watches is to apply to any respectable jeweler in your own locality in preference.

The real Elgin watches—elegant, accurate, and reliable—are known by the name of Elgin, each accompanied by the special warranty certificate of this Company, and usually, also, guaranteed by the jeweler from whom purchased. We had of most jewelers in all towns throughout the United States. Call and ask to see them. As an additional protection, look for "National Watch Co.," on the dial, and one of the following trade-marks: "*B. W. Raymond*," "*H. Z. Culver*," "*H. H. Taylor*," "*G. M. Wheeler*," "*A. T. Foreg*," "*Matt. Laflin*," "*J. C. Egerton*," "*John Elgin*," or "*Lucius Rubie*," together with the words "ELGIN, ILL.," engraved upon the gilt plate inside. These are the trade-marks to denote the various grades and styles; but as even these have been pirated, purchasers will do well to demand warranty certificate, duly signed by T. M. AVERY, the President of the Company, and countersigned to correspond with the watch.

THE NATIONAL WATCH CO.

Factory at Elgin, Ills.
Business Office, 159 Lake St., Chicago.
[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pimples on the Face.

For Comedones, Black-Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, Flesh-Worms, Blotches on the Face. Prof. Pe-ter's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Depot 49 Second Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, & Tan.

Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion." The only reliable remedy ever known to science. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N.Y. Sold by Druggists every where.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!

The reputation of the NOW ELITE JOB PRESS for STRENGTH, SIMPLICITY, and PERFECTION of all the requirements of a first-class press, with which it is "always printing," and as being the favorite press of the largest *bona fide* Printers. Many printers are using them as their second most suitable

adapted for job work. Many Publishers are using them, and the Proprietors of the Press which employs them, thereby materially adding to their profits. TEACHERS AND MANUFACTURERS are finding them great aids to their business. Principals of Schools and Academies, merchants, mechanics, and boys are finding them a never-failing source of instruction, pleasure, and profit. Most lists of fourtens, with one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of material, will more than pay for itself in the profits of the first father's business, and will be thereby worth many times its cost. Price, complete, $175; $30, $32, $50. *Send* for full descriptions, with printed circular, with testimonials from all parts of the country, and with specimens of the various kinds of work done on the press, and specimen sheets of types, cuts, etc., by the NOW YORK TYPOGRAPHIC COMPANY, 12 Spruce St., Nassau, Mass., dealer in every description of printing material, or by the manufacturers, GEO. C. CHIERSTON, No. 16 College Place, New York; KELLY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 317 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 66 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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Opening of the Season for Angling and Fish-Farming. To the end of obtaining information Scott's pamphlet on "Fishing in American Waters" will prove a readable success in every thing about angling and breeding fishes.

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Franklin Square, N. Y.

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What we Have Done, What we are Willing to Do.
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During the past ten years we have been extensively engaged in the Publishing business in the City of New York, principally in the publication of books; in the course of that experience the idea of facilitating the means with which to make business by supplying it in short form at greatly-reduced prices, so that the poorest man could purchase *for much of all*. Our undertakings has cost us a large amount of money and incessant labor, but we have persevered, and our labors have been successful. We have received written encouragement from thousands, and orders for our books come from thousands, until copies can be seen upon nearly every table in the cities, towns, and villages throughout. We now desire to have a lady or gentleman in every town in the United States, who will devote a part of their business to see that HITCHCOCK'S HALF-DIME SERIES, and other publications of ours, are kept constantly on sale. Persons can be employed for our publications, and their remuneration be the wages, or they can receive the supply for sale on commission according to their wishes. To enable agents to do this successfully, we have arranged a plan of business which we think will satisfy the most enterprising. A few cents will bring to you for a specimen copy of our Half-Dime Music, or a ten-cent stamp a specimen of our Dime Music. From which you can learn something useful, and hundreds of copies.

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No other publication has ever attained the rapidly gaining praise and commendation from the entire press of this country. Over 50,000 copies are already sold in United States printed upon so good paper, no better paper being used in any newer type used, no better plates and illustrations known in the production of any work, and when it is known that our Monthly Musical Magazine will be furnished at the low price of 15 cents per copy, the literary matter, illustrations, and the LARGE AMOUNT OF CHOICE PIANO MUSIC which accompany each number, it must be conceded to be unparalleled, for at all time. It is issued on the 20th of each month, dated for the following month. $1 50 per annum, or $2 in advance.

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As we contrival all others in the production of a Musical Magazine, so are we determined to excel all others in our circulation. To secure a still larger list of subscribers, we propose to offer the following premiums of advertising and the delay of awaiting returns by that channel. We propose to the agent who will advertising would rest in remunerating our agents, and we propose to offer the following premiums to those who will engage in procuring subscriptions for the HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

Read these Offers.

For One subscription and $1 50 by mail for one year, we will send by mail to the agent any 50 pieces of Dime Music, or any 50 pieces of Half-Dime Music or Catalogue.

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Any person who will send us $20 and will send the names of 100 subscribers for half or cent, worth at retail $35 00 dollars.

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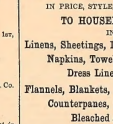

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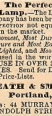

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 696.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE ACTOR'S LESSON.

THE most admired and idolized of all French living actors is Frédérick Lemaitre, often spoken of affectionately as plain Frédérick. He touches nothing that he does not adorn, even the strangest absurdities and incongruities; witness his performance of Père Gachette at the Folies-Dramatiques, in 1867. Such a drama would never enter your head—such a promising glut of crimes and corpses. It was a posthumous piece which would never have been played had its author, Paulin Deslandes, still survived; but there was his family to be assisted, and certainly it would have been a pity to lose one of Frédérick's most striking creations. Paulin Deslandes was a man of talent who, in the popular drama, more than once touched the right note. This "Père Gachette" was found in his drawer, and they determined to act it. They polished it up, remodeled the frame-work, and, in short, tried to render it passable, presentable—no very easy task. Luckily, a great actor was at their disposal, Frédérick Lemaitre, who weathered the storm. A man of genius, like him, fixes all our attention upon himself, and causes his surroundings to be forgotten. Frédérick is the soul of this crazy drama. In his hands impossibilities become probable, absurdities superb, and the ridiculous story haunts and worries you like an actual occurrence.

The great power of Frédérick lies in his continual and conscientious truthfulness—truth in his passion, truth both in his comic and his grander scenes. There is not one of those striking gestures, which surprise you by their emphasis, which has not been studied and copied from nature. He is a dramatic genius born, not full armed, like Minerva, from Jupiter's brain, but who has armed himself, little by little, with all the feverish sorrows in his own experience, and the dramas of real life that have fallen in his way. His only professor has been, in fact, life. His conservatoire is the street or the saloon, any place where the collisions of love and hate cause passion to flash out like lightning. It is said that one day Lafontaine, who had been playing with great success, called on the old hero and begged his counsels.

"What counsels would you have me give you?" Frédérick asked. "The first person you happen to meet, if joyful or sad, and revealed he manifest his sorrow or his joy, will give you more valuable hints than mine."

"Nevertheless—

"We artists find only one true teacher, and this is our own proper heart. Come," continued Frédérick, "you wish me to give you a lesson. So be it; you shall have your lesson. Very well. You are returning home in good spirits, satisfied with every thing, after a pleasant evening, a dinner with friends—never mind what. You mount the staircase, smiling, before you see her, at your wife, who is awaiting you with open arms, and ready to give the usual kiss. You open the door and enter; your wife is not there. You look about you, and find, on a table, a letter, in which she tells you that she has left you, that she will never return, and that it is useless to search after her retreat. Here is a situation. How will you render it? Try it. I am all attention."

Frédérick Lemaitre, quietly seated on his chair, regarded M. Lafontaine, who hesitated a little, feeling nervous in the great artist's presence. Perhaps he was also taken by surprise. Abrupt modes of teaching, like this, are unknown in the schools of declamation, where the professor lays the principal stress on the accent and the diction, implanting in his pupils a uniform mode of speech, which, in the end, becomes fatiguing to the hearer, and buoying himself with the gesture rather than the soul—with the style of walking more than the intensity of feeling. Lions only, like Frédérick, take the bull by the horns, or rather pin him by the nostrils.

Frédérick Lemaitre rose from his seat. "Look," he said to Lafontaine, "how I should do it!"

And then, as if in the course of conversation, with his hands in his pockets, and without any of the resources of the theatre, he acted before wondering Lafontaine one of the most astounding scenes it is possible to witness. At first he was the happy, confiding husband, stepping upstairs, humming a song. With a commonplace open countenance, and a half silly smile, he opens the door, draws a deep breath, rubs his hands. He is at home. He looks about him. Where is his wife? She has not sat up for him. Very extraordinary. Is she ill? Note that Frédérick did not utter a single word; all this was expressed by his unaided pantomime. He goes to the bed. Nobody! Has she gone out? He sits down; he will wait for her. He takes up a newspaper to while away the time.

But what is that letter on the side-table in the corner? A letter; and a letter from her! Why should she write? What need can she have to write? The husband changes countenance. He guesses some misfortune.

GRANDMAMMA.—(SEE POEM, PAGE 274.)

Yes; there is misfortune in that letter. He takes it, turns it about, does not open it. He reads it, and falls in a fainting fit.

"There, my good friend, are the only counsels I can give you," said Frederick, raising "Lay your hand on your heart, and listen to its beatings."

GRANDMAMMA.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

AH! 'twas very long ago,
That my grandmamm sat so
By the oriel that dreary morning with her head half turned to see,
What was grown the oaken door
Of the smilit corridor
Came a visitor, unconscious, singing a blithe and bonny glee.

That was grandpapa who came
He had only lured his mate,
He had her face commended, but had seen it not till then:
She was glowing with her ride.
He was blushing, half in pride,
Angry with himself for feeling shyest of all bashful men.

It was very long ago,
Yet I like to hear it so—
How they met that bright May morning in a summer long passed by.
Were her eyes not sunny brown?
Prithee, when you come next to town,
I will show you grandpapa, they've not left them—such a brow, and such an eye!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

THE REAL ENEMY.

THE late Convention in Albany to protest against any sectarian use of the State funds shows how deep the interest is, and how sensitive is the public mind upon the subject. The matter is, however, a great deal of cross-firing in the skirmish. The disposition to assault the Roman Catholics as such, for instance, is an illustration of the cross-firing. The question is not in the least theological; it is exclusively political. It is not whether Roman Catholics are more or less Christians than other sects; nor whether they have persecuted more or less than others; nor whether the theory of the Roman Catholic Church is not essentially hostile to the American political system; but simply and only whether Church and State shall be kept absolutely independent of each other. If the debate should degenerate into a squabble between sects, the Roman Catholics are not quite able to give blows, as well as to take them. American citizens may hold to what religious faith they will, and the American system will defend their equal rights with all others. But American citizens who, in the interest of a sect, attack one of the fundamental principles of the Government, must be met and exposed at the beginning of their enterprise.

It is this attack which is made by the demand for the sectarian division of the public money. And the plea upon which it was first urged is not valid. It was said by the Roman Catholic clergy that the schools as conducted were sectarian, and that it was plainly unfair to tax for sectarian schools. They therefore demanded a division of the public school money in proportion to the number of each sect. Now if what they alleged were true, the demand proposed was absurd. What was needed was not to destroy a vital principle of our polity, but to correct the abuse. If any public school was sectarian it violated the cardinal condition of the school system, and the necessary measure was obvious. It was simply to remove the cause of just complaint, not to abolish the system.

The plea by which the Roman clergy sought to sustain their wrong was that the Bible, as read in some of the schools, was, in their view, a sectarian book. Of course it is no answer to the plea for other sects, who may not be numerically in the majority, to reply that they don't think so. We must remember that to the American citizen who is a free Christianity itself is a mere sect, and the Jews have precisely the same rights as the rest of us. Ours is not a Protestant Christian government, nor a government it supports no religion, but equally protects the supporters of all religions. The Jew, the Mohammedan, the man who professes a general unbelief—so long as they all keep the peace and violate no law—stand in the regard of the government side by side with the Methodists, Romanists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Baptists, and the members of all other sects. The Jew, for example, does not believe that the New Testament is a divinely-inspired book. Can the majority rightfully compel him to support religion which, under pretense of secular instruction, this book is read to his children as of supernatural authority? Is this a point upon which the will of the mere majority ought to prevail?

If we establish secular schools, to be supported by a general tax, for the benefit of all, by what right do we obtrude into them the religious views of the majority? In every State in the country the cry is raised that the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Let us suppose that they agree to pay for a school for the secular instruction of all their children. But the Baptists are two to one in numbers. May they therefore introduce the reading of Baptist books as part of the system of instruction? Will not the Methodists very properly say, "If Baptist books are to be read on Monday, we insist that Methodist books shall be read on Tuesday, or we will withdraw from the agreement?" And is not the only rightful solution of the difficulty to resolve that the school is not intended to teach Baptist or Methodist views, and therefore no such books shall be read?

But when the good sense of the country met the plea of the Roman clergy by this simple statement of the case, the clergy immediately showed that their outcry against the Bible was a pretense only, by declaring that the removal of the Bible would not satisfy them. Their real objection, in the precise kind, "A Catholic Priest" wrote to the Boston *Advertiser* in November: "Catholics would not be satisfied with the public schools even if the Protestant Bible and every vestige of religious teaching were banished from them;" and he proceeded to say that Protestants ought to have their schools and Catholics theirs. The Rev. Thomas Preston, in his discourse upon the question, says: "The question of religious education does not render the common schools satisfactory to us: for this alone would not make them non-sectarian.....No schools will satisfy us but those in which we can teach our religion." Thus the point of the Roman Catholic assault is not the Bible in the schools, but the fact that the schools do not teach religion. And the question, therefore, is, shall the public schools teach religion?

Manifestly that is impossible. And so the next question is, what religion? And to that there will be as many answers as there are sects. To demand it, therefore, as to demand as the Roman priesthood does demand, that the school money be divided among the sects, and the American system be abandoned, is to be absurd. Now the State supports schools as a part of its police, and for no other reason. It leaves religious instruction entirely private, to the Church, and to the Sunday-school. To allege that the public school is "irreligious" because it does not teach religion is to misunderstand the whole subject. The Roman Catholic, for instance —is as laughable as to say that a public gymnasium or a public drill-ground is "irreligious" because the object of the gymnasium is muscular exercise, and that of the bath cleanliness, just as that of the public schools is elementary secular instruction, and that of a Sunday-school religious instruction. To abandon our present school system in order to ally Church with State by a sectarian division of the public money is to invite the fury of religious rancor and the contest of sectarian power which would sweep very much of its prosperity and intelligence to the vigorous separation of the two. Let each sect, with its own funds and at its own option, do what it lawfully chooses; but let all sects sternly insist that the State shall be non-sectarian.

CONSTITUTIONAL CÆSARISM.

IF a man has made up his mind that LOUIS NAPOLEON is base, he will have a very simple key to Bonaparte's character. On the other hand, he really believes that the French people intelligently and spontaneously elected LOUIS NAPOLEON President of the Republic, he readily explain all political events in France. The facts in the mean while seem to show that Napoleon is a man who has unscrupulously to an imperial throne, and whose word is nothing, of itself and unsustained by circumstances, be utterly trusted.

But it is very clear that, after a trial of eighteen years, he is convinced that the Empire, as we conceive of it, is not easy in practice; and an old-fashioned empire—is wholly impracticable. It is a cuckle after daybreak, neither thinks for any one else, nor permits others to think therefore, to save as much of an empire and of the imperial chances of his heirs as possible. He does like Napoleon I. to introduce a constitutional form. But to expect him to establish a Republic, in which he might not even be nominated President, is to expect the impossible.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is undoubtedly just as selfish, just as unscrupulous, and just as unversacious as ever. But his position is not the same. He has recently proposed may be trusted, because obviously they are for his interest. Discussion in France is dead, and certainly not unnatural. The glamour of the Empire has vanished. But sensible Frenchmen know and Louis Napoleon knows that a revolution is a movement of very uncertain issue. Such Frenchmen are loth to appeal to it. But they are aware of the necessity of change. He has therefore, proposes a compromise to retain their support and his own throne. This is the significance of his recent proposition. It is a liberal change of the Constitution. It makes the fundamental law accord still more with the forms of free governments. Under the recent system the Senate was the ruling power in the Legislature, and the Emperor controlled the Senate. Under the new proposes that the Lower House, to be elected by universal suffrage, shall originate laws and taxes; and the power of the Senate over the Lower House and the Constitution is abolished. The ministry is responsible, although the same section which declares this vaguely states that they depend solely upon the Emperor.

So far this is like other constitutional monarchical governments. But now comes the extraordinary provision which leaves the Emperor an indefinable power. "The Constitution can only be modified by the people on the proposition of the Emperor." This right of appeal is unconditional. The Emperor may propose the abolition of the Legislature and a return to absolute personal government, and his Ministers and the Legislature must be silent. But if it is not likely that he would make, that he the people would sustain, such a proposition, amendment of the Constitution is impossible except by his will. The Empire is made permanent until the Emperor proposes its dissolution, or until a revolution overthrows it. The wisest heads in France may see the vital necessity of constitutional change. They may persuade the Emperor; but until they can persuade the Emperor, the change can not be lawfully made. This is a vague and immense peril. In this country, if we had a similar provision, we might assume that the President, elected by a party, would propose no fundamental amendment that the party thought desirable. But the Emperor is not elected. He is hereditary. He is for life, and he is amenable to no one.

Under the ordinary constitutional form a popular government is more practicable even in a monarchy. If, for instance, there were to general suffrage in England as there is in this country, the Queen would be felt more immediately that it is here. But a Constitution which is changeable only upon the proposition of the monarch is not a popular Constitution, and progress is possible under it only as fast and as far as he chooses. This was well enough when the system was that of personal government, as it has been since the *coup d'état*. But it can not be satisfactory to intelligent Frenchmen who are wish evolution, but who do wish that the lawful steps of political progress shall not depend upon the whim of an Emperor.

The election of representatives to initiate laws and to lay the taxes, a ministry responsible to the majority of the Legislature, and the abolition of the power of the Senate—the creature of the Emperor—over the Lower House and the Constitution, are all great gains. But here the divergence begins. The Emperor considers himself. The opposition consider the people. The Emperor says: "I will change the Constitution as my conception of my own necessities and interest dictates." The opposition says: "The Constitution should have the power to change the fundamental law whenever their welfare requires." If the Emperor should concede this, he might reserve to him to retire to-morrow. But until he concedes this he is not, in the ordinary sense, a Constitutional Emperor.

REPEAL OF THE TAX ON STATE BANK CIRCULATION.

THERE is a combined effort on foot to repeal the tax imposed by the General Government which has not hitherto operated to destroy the vicious circulation of the old State bank system, but to give as one in its place of improved if not of infinite evil. The change should be firmly resisted by Congress and the people.

The right to impose this tax assumes the supremacy of the General Government in protecting a circulating medium. Although the States exercised this power for many years, recent events have shown that it was a clear violation of fundamental principles.

At the outset of the recent war the alternative presented to the nation was this: whether to rely on the State banks in the multitudinous financial operations that grew out of the contest, or to devise a national system. After the suspension of the banks on the 31st December, 1861, they undoubtedly aspired to become the fiscal agents of the Government. The Subtreasury act prevented any arrangement of this character without the action of Congress, but a proposition to repeal the Sub-treasury act and devolve the duties of a fiscal agent upon the banks was made at the time under imposing auspices. The Government would have involved the use by the Government of the irredeemable currency of State banks, largely augmented in volume to meet a vast expenditure. The institutions which aimed at occupying this confidential position were in no degree responsible to the Government for their conduct, but were created by States not all of them harmonious with the principal object, and in many of them there were persons who were quite willing to improve obstructions. The banks were under no obligations to accept the duty; and if accepted and neglected they could be reached by no process whatever, as it was foreign to the objects for which they had been created. Even if this duty had been imposed upon them by State laws, their refusal to perform it could be punished only by the slow process of legal proceedings.

The motives presented to the Treasury for an alliance with these institutions were these: that the war was on foot; that all the gold and silver which they could raise had been loaned; that it was dangerous in the face of the enemy to establish a new system; and that, as they were in operation, the increase of their irredeemable issues would create less of a shock than either to create national banks, which were to start on the same unsound basis, or to rely on Treasury notes.

The emergency was appalling, but the Government and the people felt that in fact there were no features in the organization of State banks which permitted this connection. It would have been as reasonable to commit important national duties connected with commerce or the coinage to them, as to have devolved upon them the control of the circulating medium. The next step to follow such a measure would have been to make their bills a legal tender. In no event it would have amounted to a surrender of an important national power into the control of the States.

Perhaps a greater portion of the misery of creating State banks could be afforded than results from their inadequacy in time of war to meet the necessities of the condition. Although those of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston loaned freely at the beginning of hostilities, yet it became manifest that as the war advanced and their character was anomalous, and that if we were to have a paper system, another and a different one must be created. The obligation to rely on the State banks was very much like that imposed by the articles of Confederation, which compelled the General Government to call upon the States for quotas of men and money.

In the distribution of power between the States and the General Government complete control over commerce and the coinage was devolved upon the United States. As money is an important instrument of commerce, its regulation is of national concern; but there was a constant tendency to transfer this power over to the States, as a part of their reserved rights. So far did this extend that the right to create a national bank was denied, and the authority to create State banks was practically rendered to the States. This was, in truth, a surrender of one of the attributes of sovereignty.

The prohibition in the National Constitution upon the States, forbidding them to issue bills of credit, or to make any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts—prohibitions not extended to the General Government—show that the States were neither to issue nor to authorize the issue of a paper money. The power to issue the bills a tender in great emergencies must appertain to the paper system, and as the States were stripped of it, it is not to be supposed that any power of regulation was intended to be conferred on them.

These conclusions have been held to be constitutional on the ground that they were incorporated by the States to exercise private rights, and that their bills were not issued on the faith of State credit, but only of corporate credit. The mischief intended to be remedied was the universal evil system of paper-money, and the mischief was in full operation when the Government, in 1861, was brought face to face with the dilemma of a paper circulation over the whole Union, as to which it had surrendered its control.

In the light derived from recent events it can scarcely be supposed that the right to issue circulating notes free of tax, or under any circumstances, was conferred by the two subjects—restriction upon State circulation, and against the States making paper a tender—are linked together in the same section. The obvious disappearances—the legal-tender decision having been opened—there is likely to be the same harmony in the decision of the Court that exists in constitutional provisions.

A POLITICAL CALM.

WITH the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment there is a striking lull in the interest of general politics. The Georgia debate in the Senate has been interminable, and to most persons incomprehensible; and it yet remains to be explained upon what ground Senators justify long speeches addressed to the empty seats of their colleagues. They can not even plead that they are means for Buncombe, for Buncombe does not read them. They are not reported, and in the *Globe*, and editors are supposed to read that paper. But editors are human, and they discriminate. It is, therefore, fair to say that the speeches upon the Georgia question, which have occupied precious days of the Senate, have been heard by nobody and read by nobody. The languor of public interest in the Congressional debates which were remarkable during the House the tariff discussion, confined to the details of taxation, has been really very im-

portant, but prodigiously uninteresting. It is fair to be no contest of principle, but a sharp fight of special interests. Indeed, the chief political excitement has been in the New York Legislature, and in that "honest" body the victory of the Ring has been so complete as to be amazing that there is no longer any sign of war.

If parties were wholly arbitrary organizations, or if they were formed merely to accomplish certain results, they would disappear when those results were attained. If the Republican party had been only a union for the overthrow of the ascendency of slavery in the national policy, the creation of the Fifteenth Amendment would be the signal of its dissolution. But as the Democratic party, which for a generation was merely a conspiracy to perpetuate and extend slavery, survives the extinction of slavery, so does the Republican party. Total defeat does not end the one, nor absolute victory the other. They each continue as representatives and organs of a certain general tendency or political development. A hearty faith in the great principles of popular government, a generous hospitality toward new views and economic progress, a practical perception of the close relation between morals and politics, a deep conviction of the vital necessity of intelligence to a true popular will, generally lead a man to act with the Republican party, while the policy of that party upon any specific question that may arise will naturally be determined by the same characteristics.

Upon such immediate topics of public discussion as general financial policy and the tariff, neither of the great parties is harmonious within its own ranks. There are tariff Democrats and free-trade Republicans; neither party, as a party, is directly committed to protection or to free trade. Meanwhile, the financial measures of the Secretary of the Treasury are severely criticised by many Republicans, while the Democrats have no other policy than increasing circulation that the last measure caused the heavy taxation, and that taxes ought to be reduced. Upon the foreign policy there is the same disagreement among parties. The Administration, during the Cuban troubles, has faithfully enforced the laws of 1818, while Administration measures and appointments are ruthlessly condemned its position, and Democratic journals have sustained its action. Upon the Alabama question little has been openly said. The Republicans are, however, generally united upon the truth of the statement made in Parliament by Mr. Cobden in May, 1862, that England carried on war from her shores with the United States, violated international law, and flagrantly disregarded her neutral duties. The Democrats would take still higher ground upon the same side, if necessary to conclude the Civil War on the Presidential election.

But in the political lull of which we speak there is no doubt of a very general and profound confidence in the sagacity and integrity of the Administration. It has had as little respect for the celebrated constituency of Buncombe as any administration that ever existed. If the St. Domingo crotchet were out of the way, and a few appointments had been different, there would be nothing left but praise for the general conduct of affairs. It is a quiet, steady, working Administration, which is precisely what the exigency following the war demands. In view of what the Democratic party offered at the election, the general situation of the country is such as to occasion the sincerest satisfaction and congratulation. The Union is about being fully restored, and with its restoration political disinfection of class and section. If the great party to which this inestimable consummation is due is as wise as it is powerful, it power will indefinitely endure.

THE END OF LOPEZ.

THERE seems to be little doubt that LOPEZ is killed, and his death will of course end the war in Paraguay. Under his absolute despotism Paraguay has had a plantocracy and the master being dead, by common consent the struggle is over. This fact alone should be enough to show those who have depended upon describing Paraguay as a republic how entirely mistaken they are. LOPEZ was an absolute dictator. Everything was left to him by his father, who took possession of it upon the death of his uncle, DR. FRANCIA. The Paraguayans or Guaranis Indians are as capable of conducting and maintaining a republic as Hottentots or Egyptians, but no more so; and nothing can be more absurd than to represent either of them as which they have fought as an intelligent and devoted patriotism. It is impossible to read the interesting articles which CHAMBERLAIN MOSS, the late Minister to Paraguay, has contributed to *Harper's Magazine*, without seeing that MR. SARMIENTO told the simple truth when he said that the Indian inhabitants of Paraguay "consider themselves the property of the LOPEZ family, and fight for them because these chiefs fight against the white men whom they hate, and of whose characters and civilized practices they know only what this LOPEZ family has allowed to enter the precincts of the country."

The death of LOPEZ opens Paraguay to the trade of the world and the chances of civilization. There is a provisional government at Assumption, the capital, friendly to the successful alliance; and the alliance by the treaty of the 1st of May, 1865, has bound itself to respect "the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity" of the country. To those who deplore what they call the overthrow of a republic by a slaveholding empire, let it be a consolation that the government of Paraguay was not a republic, but a more absolute despotism than that of BRAZIL, while slavery existed in Brazil and has ceased to exist in Brazil. If there had been more regard for things than for the name of things there would never have been any impression in the United States that the rule of LOPEZ was a republican form of government. It is hoped by many that the name of the dictator will only be honored among the great names of republicans or of patriots. He was a true despot upon an immense scale who tried to make his people wealthy, prosperous, and has lost his own with his life. And his loss is the gain of the people whom he ruled and of the world which he dicted.

THE LATEST WORD ABOUT THE "ALABAMA."

THE last contribution to the literature of the *Alabama* question is an edition of MR. SUMNER'S speech, with the map of Confederate cruises, and foreign publishing a corrected copy. This is prefaced with a very brief and forcible introduction by the author of the pamphlet. And is followed by a letter written in March, 1863, to that London correspondents, by a Boston house, sent by orders of the Alabama to address to an American merchant to some English members of the Society of Friends during the rebellion, urging them to do what they could to counteract the action of rebel cruisers in England, and the speeches of MR. COBDEN and of MR. THOMAS HARVEY favoring England of the neutrality obligations she was making. The pamphlet is handsomely printed, and is intended for English circulation, and to affect English opinion. In the editor's judgment it is of the utmost importance to England that the question be settled; and he believes that MR. SUMNER'S speech and the map are contribution toward a good understanding that has yet been made, and that he demands nothing which is not the true and the permanent fit of England and of the civilized world. He therefore hopes that the pamphlet will tend to renew the discussion.

A careful reader of the pamphlet, however, who does not believe that to grave a question can be properly settled without the use of reason, will find in it the utmost importance to England. It is the most conclusive argument to show that England was making her claims, and that she has no just ground for complaint. The introduction thinks that a more general and careful reading of MR. SUMNER'S whole speech in the Senate will make the impression made at Worcester, which is also included in the pamphlet, and designed to produce this result, and gives his reasons for so thinking; which reasons do not, however, appear to me conclusive.

It will be with him and with MR. SUMNER in the opinions they express of the conduct of the English Government during the rebellion, and of the claims; and I think MR. SUMNER'S speech a very able one up to the point where he begins to discuss the "extent of our losses." He then gets upon dangerous ground, if the statement he was attempting to establish by him that 'a lawyer in drawing up his indictment, or a skilful general in making his claims, would not present his case in all its possible magnitude,' a valid one. He was speaking to a lawyer or court of lawyers, but as Senator, and his words were liable to be interpreted as those of the Senate of the United States, and, in fact, were so considered and replied to. If we had been present at the case before referees in record might have passed, but would have been even then impolitic, I think. So long as he described the conduct of the rebels he was admirable. But when one of those very Englishmen who took an active part in compelling the war to continue for a year than MR. SEWARD does. But it is worthy of notice that one of the English writers who replied to him make no reply to that part of his speech. They ignored the magnitude and the wonderful skill of the poorest claims to stir up the ire and obstinacy of John Bull, and would not consent to the question. Whether may be divided, with reference to this question, into four classes.

"1st. The Government—whose members understood the case, but were afraid to state upon England, but not see how they can wipe it out; and are too proud to acknowledge it. They would consequently be better

BISHOP CALVIN KINGSLEY.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church of this country has of late suffered in a remarkable manner from the death of leading members. It is but a short time since we gave obituary notices of Bishop THOMPSON and Dr. M'CLINTOCK; and a few days since intelligence came from the Old World that Bishop CALVIN KINGSLEY had died of heart-disease at Beirut, Syria. This accomplished scholar and faithful minister was a native of this State, having been born at Amesville, Oneida County, September 8, 1812. He was the eldest of twelve children. While a youth his opportunities for study were limited; but his thirst for knowledge made him superior to circumstances, and he laid the foundation of his education in study by night, and in the intervals of leisure in his working hours. By teaching in country schools he saved enough to defray partially the expenses of a collegiate education; and in 1836 entered Allegheny College, Pennsylvania, whence he graduated with honor in 1841. The same year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in his *Alma Mater*. In 1843 the Pennsylvania Legislature withdrew the appropriation for State colleges, and Professor KINGSLEY was selected, in connection with others, for the task of raising funds for the endowment of his college, which was successfully prosecuted. In 1843 Professor KINGSLEY debated with LUTHER LEE the question of slavery and its connection with the Church, proving himself in the discussion an able argumentative speaker. His speeches upon the anti-slavery side of the question had great weight in the councils of the Church, and added much to his reputation.

In the years 1844 and 1845, while stationed as preacher at Erie, he reviewed, in two lectures, Professor BEMAN'S work on the Resurrection, and in 1846, returning to Meadville, resigned his Professorship, but on urgent solicitation retained it at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. At the session of the General Conference at Boston in the year 1852, he was at the head of his delegation, and made so favorable an impression, though a comparative stranger, that he received forty votes for Bishop. In 1853 he received the degree of D.D. from Genesee College. In 1856 he was a prominent member of the General Conference, and a member of the Committee on Slavery. At this Conference he was chosen editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, succeeding Dr. ELLIOTT in that position. Dr. KINGSLEY displayed much editorial ability in his connection with this paper, and it became a powerful influence in the West. In 1860 he was chairman of the Slavery Committee in the General Conference, and managed the discussion on that subject with great ability and tact. He was at that time re-elected editor of the *Advocate*, and at the breaking out of the war brought its whole support to the aid of the Government. In 1864

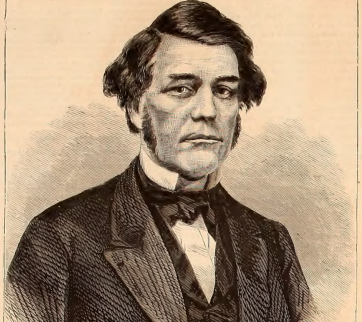

THE LATE BISHOP KINGSLEY.—[PHOT. BY S. J. & C. W. HALLETT, NEW YORK.]

Dr. KINGSLEY was elected Bishop at the General Conference. In the summer of 1869 he started upon an Episcopal tour around the world. He went by the way of Oregon and California; and, having visited many points in Asia, had in his progress homeward reached Beirut, where he died. He was a man of liberal views, a thorough scholar, an able and successful instructor; and the intelligence of his death was received with general regret throughout the country.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE name of this animal is derived from the Greek word which signifies *river-horse*; but it bears so small a resemblance to man's best servitor that African hunters, despising foreign roots, style them *sea-bulls* and *sea-cows*—names more apt, if not quite as euphonious.

It is generally believed that the behemoth of Scripture was a hippopotamus; at any rate, it is the only existing animal that would appear to answer the description of the sacred writer.

The name is significant of its amphibious nature, considerable diversity of opinion existing as to the length of time its structure admits of its remaining under water; probably ten minutes is the natural limit of endurance deprived of atmospheric air.

The hippopotamus, when on land, is at best no beauty; when full-grown, the male measures twelve feet in length, and as much in circumference, and its legs are so short that the belly nearly touches the ground; its body resembles in shape a hogshead placed lengthwise on four short sticks of timber. The nostrils and ears are placed nearly on the same plane; its eyes are large and prominent, its ears small, sharp, and stiff-looking, and surmounted by a few hairs; its hide rough but bare, an inch thick, and of a dark chocolate-color. The interior of the mouth is one of the most repulsive sights that can well be conceived, being like nothing in the world but a monstrous hole made with a jagged instrument in a mass of salmon's flesh. This unpleasant-looking mouth is garnished with four great tusks that protrude from between, and viciously curl up, the corners of his leathern lips. Ugly and dangerous as the tusks appear, that most vivacious and entertaining of modern travelers, DU CHAILLU, says, that after watching for a great many times the movements of the hippopotamus, he became assured that the huge crooked tusks are used and designed chiefly to hook up the long river grasses on which these animals feed. He has seen them descend to the bottom, remain a few minutes, and reappear with these tusks strung with grass, which was then leisurely chewed up. They make the whitest of all ivory, and on that account are in demand by dentists. It is not improbable, therefore, that some long since defunct sea-bull is yet aiding in the destruction of *pate de foie gras* and other dainties unknown to his own capacious stomach, the extent of which may be conceived when it is asserted that five to six bushels of half-masticated vegetables have been removed from the intestines of one of these animals.

One of the hippopotami in our engraving has had the honor of a biography by ALEXANDRE DUMAS the elder. He was secured in the waters of the Upper Nile, having been taken from his mother by the Cæsarean operation; he proved a troublesome infant, for his appetite was enor-

SPRING FARM WORK—GRAFTING.—[FROM A DRAWING BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

HIPPOPOTAMI IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES AT PARIS.

mous; when only fifteen days old he required daily the milk of fifteen goats or of six cows to satisfy him, which nourishment he obtained by sucking a goat-skin made into a nursing-bottle—but then he weighed at birth nearly two hundred pounds. His appetite grew with his growth; when a month old the yield of thirty goats or twelve cows barely sufficed to keep him alive; however, he reached Cairo and eventually France, where he received a not over-generous welcome, as a female, not male, was required and expected at the Jardin des Plantes.

The gentleman who had acted as his guardian for the first six months of his babyhood, having absented himself for some twelve weeks, paid his protégé a visit when he was nine months old, and attracted his attention by calling him by his Arabic name, when immediately he rose to the surface of the water-tank, exhibiting the most intense satisfaction at meeting his foster-father once more, giving vent to his joy in grunts resembling those of fifty porkers. So ALEXANDER DUMAS writes; but then DUMAS is a professed teller of stories.

The hippopotamus, as seen in captivity, although not beautiful, appears a quiet, inoffensive animal, and as such he was formerly described by naturalists; but modern travelers have many stories to relate of unprovoked attacks on men; and the natives of the country in which they are found certainly hold them in great dread.

Their jaws are extremely powerful, and, according to RAY, are long as are those of the crocodile, viz.: the upper jaw as well as the lower being movable.

They are very cunning and sagacious, and Providence has gifted them with eyes which can be protruded or withdrawn at the will of the animal, commanding a very wide area. PLINY tells us that "the cunning and dexterity of this beast is so great that he will walk backward in order to mislead his enemy." Of course this is not true; but they are wonderfully keen in scenting a trap, and will pause at the brink of the most naturally covered pit, grunt knowingly, and walk round it. The "spoor" of a man discovered in their regular paths is enough to rouse the suspicions of all the mother hippopotami of

the neighborhood, and, taking their young ones, they emigrate, several miles sometimes, to safer quarters.

The researches of geologists have proved that in the earlier ages the hippopotamus was common to Europe and Asia; it is now found only in Africa, and there not universally, as it inhabits no river falling into the Mediterranean, with the exception of the Nile.

Hippotami are commonly seen in families of from ten to thirty, and in certain districts, particularly Nubia, are a terrible plague to the native farmer, by nightly inroads through the grain fields, eating enormous quantities, and spoiling more by the tread of their great feet. These animals rarely take to the dry land in the day time, so the natives usually hunt them in what appears to be their most dangerous element, and kill them with a specially shaped harpoon; using an ingeniously constructed raft or floating *dâhâ* made of reeds, under cover of which they approach to within striking distance of the sly brutes. This manner of hunting is comparatively safe, for, on account of the great size, buoyancy, and elasticity of the raft, the animal, however wickedly inclined, can neither "kneel" nor capsize it; but when one pursues him, as is sometimes done, in a canoe, the peril is very considerable, the wounded animal sometimes attacking the frail craft, which is instantly upset, and seizing one or other of the crew with a terrible grasp of his horrid jaws, either terribly mutilates the poor fellow, or, it may be, cuts his body fairly in two.

White settlers and sportsmen usually shoot them from the shore: but this compensates, or indeed quite, safe plan is accompanied by the drawback that the hippotamus when killed outright usually sinks, and then the sportsman has watched for the carcass to reappear on the surface, which is not to be expected.

Various devices are resorted to by the natives of Southern Africa to destroy these animals. At times they set strong nets, despite of their unwieldiness, in pitfalls: but the most ingenious plan is by means of the downfall, a heavily weighted log or spoon, suspended over a frequented hippopotamus path or trail, which is so contrived that the legs of the animal coming in contact with a string instantly destroy the support of the cunningly poised instrument, which, descending, is driven deep into the back of the beast, who, wounded and bloody, rushes with pain and fury to the nearest water, where he soon dies.

The flesh of the hippopotamus is highly esteemed, and with reason, for it is very delicate. The tongue is reckoned a delicacy; the fat is very excellent, and forms a capital substitute for butter.

As civilization advances the hippotami recede before it, and in a century or two will cease to be extinct, known only to students of natural history, classed with the mastodons and megatheriums of by-gone ages.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

(Continued.)

THE NEWS FROM GLASGOW.

BLANCHE was the first to break the silence.

"It seems like a fatality," she said. "Perpetual failure! Perpetual disappointment! Ann, Anne and I doomed never to meet again?"

She looked at her aunt. Sir Patrick showed none of his customary cheerfulness in the face of disaster.

She has promised to write to Mr. Crum," he said. "And Mr. Crum has promised to let us know what he hears from her. That is the only prospect before us. We must accept it as resignedly as we can."

Blanche wandered out listlessly among the flowers in the conservatory. Sir Patrick made no secret of the impression produced upon him by Mr. Crum's letter, when he and Arnold were left alone.

"There is, perhaps," he said, "that matters have taken a very serious turn. My plans and calculations are all thrown out. It is impossible to foresee what new mischief may not come of it, if those two women meet; or what desperate act Delamayn may not commit, if he finds himself driven to the wall. As things are, I own frankly I don't know what to do next. A great friend of the Presbyterian Church," he added, with a momentary outbreak of his whimsical humor, "once laid down, in my hearing, the true doctrine of priming was nothing more or less than a proof of the intellectual activity of the clergy. Upon my honor, I feel for the first time in my life inclined to agree with him."

He meditatively took up the Glasgow journal, which Arnold had laid aside, while he spoke.

"What's this?" he resumed. "I see the same caught his eye in the first line of the newspaper at which he happened to look. "Mrs. Glenarm again! Are they turning the iron-master's wife into a public character?"

There the name of the widow was, unquestionably; figuring for the second time in type, in a letter of the gossiping sort, supplied by an "Occasional Correspondent," and addressed to Paris by the title of "Sayings and Doings in the North." After tattling pleasantly of the prospects of the shooting season, of the fishings from Paris, of an accident to a tourist, and of a scandal in the Scottish Kirk, the writer proceeded to the narrative of a case of interest, relating to a marriage in the sphere known (in the language of footmen) as the sphere of "high life."

Considerable sensation (the correspondent announced) had been caused in Perth and its neighborhood, by the exposure of an anonymous attempt at extortion, of which a lady of distinction in the county had been the object. As her name had already been publicly mentioned in an application to the magistrates, it appeared to be no impropriety in stating that the lady in question was Mrs. Glenarm—whose approaching union with the honorable Geoffrey Delamayn was heralded to in another column of the journal.

Mrs. Glenarm, it appeared, had received an anonymous letter, on the first day of her arrival as guest at the house of a friend, residing in the neighborhood of Perth. The letter warned her that there was an obstacle, of which she was herself probably unaware, in the way of her projected marriage with Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. That gentleman had seriously compromised himself with another lady: and the lady would expose his marriage to Mrs. Glenarm, with proof in writing to produce in support of her claim. The proof was contained in two letters exchanged between the parties, and signed by their names, and the correspondence was addressed to Mrs. Glenarm's disposal, on two conditions, as follows:

First, that she should offer a sufficient pecuniary price to induce the present possessor of the letters to part with them. Secondly, that she should consent to employ such a method of paying the money as should satisfy the person that he was in no danger of finding himself brought within reach of the law. The answer to these two proposals was directed to be made through the medium of an advertisement in the "Scotsman" newspaper, inscribed by this address, "To a Friend in the Dark."

Certain turns of expression, and one or two mistakes in spelling, pointed to this insolent letter as being, in all probability, the production of a Scotchman, in the lower ranks of life. Mrs. Glenarm had at once shown it to her second husband, Captain Newcombe. The captain had sought legal advice in Perth. It had been decided, after consultation, that no notice of the advertisement demanded, and to take measures to entrap the writer of the letter into revealing himself—without, in the mean time, informing the fellow really to profit by his attempted act of extortion.

The cunning of the "Friend in the Dark" (whoever he might be) had, on trying the proposed experiment, proved to be unexpectedly much for the lawyers. He had successfully eluded not only the snare first set for him, but those subsequently laid. A second, and a third, anonymous letter, one more impudent than the other, had been received by Mrs. Glenarm, assuming that lady and the friends who were acting for her, that they were only wasting time in withholding the price which would be asked for the correspondence, by the course they were taking. Captain Newcombe had, therefore, in addition to knowing what other course to pursue, appealed publicly to the city magistrates; and a reward had been offered, under the sanction of the municipal authorities, for the discovery of the man. This proceeding having proved entirely fruitless, it was understood that the captain had arranged, with the concurrence of his English solicitors, to place the matter in the hands of an experienced officer of the London police.

Here, so far as the newspaper correspondent was aware, the affair rested for the present.

It was only necessary to add, that Mrs. Glenarm had left the neighborhood of Perth, in order to escape further annoyance: and had placed herself under the protection of friends in another part of the county. Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, whose fair fame had been assailed (it was needless, the correspondent added, to say anonymously, to say knowingly), was understood to have expressed, since the investigation commenced under the circumstances, but also his extreme regret at not finding himself in a position to aid Captain Newcombe's efforts to bring the anonymous slanderer to justice. The honorable gentleman was, on the sporting pitch were well aware, then in the course of strict training for his forthcoming appearance at the Fulham Foot-Race. So important was it considered that he should not be harassed by annoyances, in his present responsible position, that his trainer and his principal backers had thought it desirable to hasten his removal to the neighborhood of Fulham—where the exercises which were to prepare him for the race were now being continued on the spot.

"The mystery seems to thicken," said Arnold, coldly.

"Quite the contrary," returned Sir Patrick, briskly. "The mystery is clearing up—thanks to the Glasgow newspaper. Miss Silvester has gone to Perth, to recover her correspondence with Geoffrey Delamayn."

"Do you think she would recognize it," said Arnold, pointing to the newspaper, "in the account given of it here?"

"Certainly! And she could hardly fail, in my opinion, to recognize the writer. Unless I am entirely mistaken, the authorship of the anonymous letters has not puzzled *her*."

"How could she guess at that?"

"In this way, as I think. Whatever she may have previously thought, she must suspect, by this time, that the missing correspondence has been stolen, and not lost. Now, there are only two persons whom she can think of, or possibly guilty of the theft—Mrs. Inchbare or Bishopriggs. The disadvantages against the writer of the anonymous letters declares it to be the style of a Scotchman in the lower ranks of life—in other words, points plainly to Bishopriggs. You see that? Very well. Now suppose she recovers the stolen property. What is likely to happen then? She will be more or less than woman if she doesn't make her way next, provided with her proofs in writing, to Mrs. Glenarm. She may innocently help, or she may innocently frustrate, the end we have in view—either way, our course is clear before us again. Our interest in communicating with Miss Silvester remains precisely the same interest that it was before we received the Glasgow newspaper. I propose to write to Mrs. Crum on the chance that Mr. Crum may write again. If we don't hear from him, I shall visit the Crums on Monday morning, and take my chance of finding my way to Miss Silvester, through Mrs. Glenarm."

"Leaving me behind?"

"Leaving you behind. Somebody must stay with Blanche. Mr. Crum having only been a Tory eight married, must I remind you of that?"

"Don't you think Mr. Crum will write before Monday?"

"It will be such a fortunate circumstance for us, if he does write, that I don't venture to anticipate it."

"You are down on our luck, Sir."

"I doubt it, Arnold—I do. But stung, I own, expresses my state of mind, in this instance, with an accuracy which almost reconciles me to the use of the word once in a way."

"Every body's luck turns sooner or later," persisted Arnold. "I feel it. Only thinking our luck is on the turn at last. Would you mind taking a bet, Sir Patrick?"

"Apply to Blanche. I leave betting, as I leave cleaning the horses, to my groom."

With this playful answer he closed the conversation for the day.

The hours passed, and time brought the post again in due course. Was there a letter from Arnold's favor? Sir Patrick's want of confidence in the turning current of Fortune was practically rebuked by the arrival of a second letter from the Glasgow lawyer on the next day.

"I have the pleasure to inform you" (Mr. Crum wrote) "that I have heard from Miss Silvester. She has left Perth by railway train after I had dispatched my letter to Ham Farm. She writes, very briefly, to inform me that she has decided on making her next stopping-place in London. The reason assigned for taking this step—which she certainly did not contemplate when I saw her—is, that she finds herself approaching the end of her pecuniary resources. Her object in going to Glasgow, as a means of living, the calling of a concert singer, she has arranged to place her interests in the hands of a friend of her late mother (who appears to have belonged also to the music profession), a professional musical agent long established in the metropolis, and well known to her as a trust-worthy and respectable man. She gives me the name and address of this person—a copy of which you will find on the inclosed slip of writing paper—if my having occasion to write to her, before she is settled in London. This is the whole substance of her letter. I have only to add, that it does not contain the slightest allusion to the nature of the errand on which she left Glasgow."

Sir Patrick happened to be alone when he opened Mr. Crum's letter.

His first proceeding, after reading it, was to consult the railway time-table hanging in the hall. Having done this, he returned to the library—wrote a short note of inquiry addressed to the master of Ham Farm—and rang the bell.

"Miss Silvester is expected in London, Duncan. I want a discreet person to communicate with her. You are the discreet person."

Duncan bowed. Sir Patrick handed him the note.

"If you start at once you will be in time to catch the train. Go to that address, and inquire for Mr. Dawkins. If he has arranged to give her my compliments, and say I will have the honor of calling on her in Mr. Dawkins's behalf at the earliest date which she may find it convenient to appoint. Be quick about it—and you will have time to get back before the last train. Have Mr. and Mrs. Brinkworth returned from their drive?"

"No, Sir Patrick."

Pending the return of Arnold and Blanche, Sir Patrick sent Mr. Crum's letter to the press.

He was not quite satisfied that the pecuniary motive was really the motive at the bottom of Anne's journey south. Remembering that Geoffrey's friends had returned to the neighborhood of London, he was inclined to doubt whether some serious quarrel had not taken place between Anne and Mrs. Glenarm—whether some direct appeal to Geoffrey himself might not be in contemplation on the part of the writer. Sir Patrick's advice and assistance would be placed, without scruple, at Miss Silvester's disposal. By inserting her claim, in opposition to the claim of Mrs. Glenarm, she was also asserting herself to be an unmarried woman, and was thus serving Blanche's interests as well as her own.

"I owe it to Blanche to help her," thought Sir Patrick, "and I owe it to myself to help Geoffrey Delamayn to a day of reckoning if I can."

The barking of the dogs in the yard announced the return of the carriage. Sir Patrick went out to meet Arnold and Blanche at the gate, and told them the news.

Punctual to the time at which he was expected, the discreet Duncan reappeared with a note from the messenger.

Miss Silvester had not yet reached London; but she expected to arrive at that later than Tuesday in the ensuing week. The agent had already been favored with her instructions to pay the strictest attention to any commands received from Sir Patrick's bundle. He would take care that Sir Patrick's message should be given to Miss Silvester as soon as she arrived.

At last, then, there was news to be relied on! At last there was a prospect of seeing her! Blanche was radiant with happiness. Arnold was in high spirits for the first time since his return from Baden.

Sir Patrick tried hard to catch the infection of gayety from his young friends; but, to his own surprise, not less than to theirs, the effort proved useless. With the tide of interest turning decidedly in his favor—relieved of the necessity of taking a doubtful journey to Scotland; assured of obtaining his interview with Anne in a few days' time—he was out of spirits all through the evening.

"Still down on our luck!" exclaimed Arnold, as he and Blanche had finished their first game at billiards, and parted for the night. "Surely, we couldn't wish for a more promising prospect than our prospect next week!"

Sir Patrick laid his hand on Arnold's shoulder.

"Let us look indulgently together," he said, in his whimsically-grave way, "at the bumblepuppy of human life. And mark it well, I feel, at this moment, Arnold, as if I would give every thing that I possess in the world to have passed over next week, and to be landed safely in the time beyond it."

"But why?"

"There is the folly! I can't tell why. With every reason to be in better spirits than usual, I am unaccountably, irrationally, invincibly depressed. What are we to conclude from this? Am I the object of a superstitious warning of misfortune to come? Or am I the object of a temporary derangement of the functions of the liver? That is the question. Who is to decide it? How contemptible is humanity, Arnold, when it is frightened! Give me my candle, and let's hope it's the liver."

EIGHTH SCENE.—THE LAWYER.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

ANNE WITH A VICTORY.

On a certain evening in the month of September (at that period of the month when Arnold and Blanche were traveling back from Baden to Perth), Mr. Bishopriggs—tall and spare, and blind, and one eye moist and merry—sat alone in the library of the Ham Farm, Perth, pounding the sugar softly in a glass of whisky-punch. He has hitherto been personally unknown to these pages. He was the professional father of Anne Silvester and the humble servant of Geoffrey Delamayn, on certain occasions. He now dawns on the view in amicable relations with a third lady—and assumes the mystic character of Mrs. Glenarm's "Friend in the Dark."

Arriving in Perth the day after the festivities at Ham Haven, Bishopriggs proceeded to the Harp of Scotland—at which establishment for the reception of travelers he possessed the advantage of being known to the landlord. At the barber's right-hand man, and of standing high on the head-waiter's list of odd and intimate friends.

Inquiring at the latter first for the home of Thomas (otherwise Tommy) Pennyquick, Bishopriggs was informed that during his own private interests by performing the part of Thomas Pennyquick's generous and devoted friend.

The friendship offered in this place, without taking the emoluments, of the invalided headwaiter—or the undertaking, either, as a matter of course, that the landlord consented to board and lodge him free of expense at the inn. The landlord having gratefully accepted the services of Thomas as Pennyquick retired to the bosom of his family. And there was Bishopriggs, doubly secured behind a respectable position and a virtuous action, against all likelihood of suspicion falling on him, as to the singular part which he was playing in correspondence with Mrs. Glenarm being made the object of legal investigation on the part of her friends!

Having opened the campaign in this masterly manner, Bishopriggs now signalized his victory by punished the operations of Bishopriggs throughout.

His correspondence with Mrs. Glenarm was invariably written with the left hand—the writing being disguised defying detection. So much as bearing no resemblance of character whatever to writing produced by persons who habitually use the other hand. So also Bishopriggs's cunning distinguished his proceedings in answering the anonymous letters which the lady inserted in the newspaper. He appointed hours at which he was employed on business-errands for the inn, and places which led his way to those errands, for his meetings with Mrs. Glenarm's "Friend in the Dark" to take place. He proceeded on, as usual in such cases, by exchanging which the persons concerned could discover each other. However carefully the lawyers might set the snare—whether they had their necessary "witness" disguised as an artist sketching in the neighborhood, or as an old woman selling fruit, or what not—the wary eye of Bishopriggs detected the trap, and the passe-avoid accepted. He went his way on his errand; he was followed on suspicion; he was discovered to be only "a respectable person," charged with a message by the landlord of the Harp of Scotland Inn!

To a man introbched behind such precautions as these, the chance of being detected might well be reckoned among the last of all the chances that could possibly happen.

Company was, nevertheless, advancing on Bishopriggs from a quarter which had not been included in his calculations. Anne Sylvester was in Perth; forewarned by the newspaper (as Sir Patrick had guessed) that the letters offered to Mrs. Glennarn were the letters sworn to Crosby and herself, which she had lost at Craig Ernie, and bent on clearing up the suspicion which pointed to Richmond as the person who was trying to turn the correspondence to pecuniary account. The inquiries made for him, at Anne's request, as soon as she arrived in the town, openly described his name, and his former position as headmaster at Craig Ernie—and led, not easily to the discovery of him, in his publicly avowed character of Thomas Pennycuick, retired friend. Toward evening, on the day after she reached Perth, the news came to Anne that Bishopriggs was in service at the inn known as the Harp of Scotland. The landlord of the hotel at which she was staying inquired whether he should send a message for her. She answered, "No; I will take my message myself. All I want is a gentleman to show me the way to the inn."

Secluded in the solitude of the head-waiter's pantry, Bishopriggs was generally nedring the sugar in his whisky-ganch.

It was the hour of the evening at which a period of tranquillity generally occurred before what was called "the night-business" of the house began. Bishopriggs was accustomed to drink and meditate daily in this interval of repose. He tasted the spirit, and smiled confidentially to the set down his glass. The prospect before him looked fairly enough. He had outwitted the lawyers in the preliminary negotiations for the All that was needful now to wait till the terror of a public scandal (caused by the publication of letters from her "Friend in the Dark") had had its due effect on Mrs. Glennarn, and hurried her into paying the purchase-money for the correspondence with her own hand. "Let it breed in the brain," he thought, "and the siller will soon come out o' the purse."

His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of a severely respectable man, with a handkerchief tied round her head, and an unclean sauce-pan in her hand.

"Eh, Maister Bishopriggs," cried the girl, "here's a braw young leedy speerin' for ye by yer ain name at the door."

"A leddy?" repeated Bishopriggs, with a look of virtuous disgust. "Ye dunnot ne-te-do-weed, do you come to a decent, spondulic house like this wi' sic a Cyprian overture as that? What d'ye mean, ye limmer? Is it money that's brought a leddy for love (the mair fule he!)? or Don Jovanny that coamed his conceptions by hundreds, like the blessed Shakespeare himself? Go to the yer pots and pans; and bid the wandering Venus that sent ye go spin."

Before the girl could answer she was gently pulled aside from the doorway, and Bishopriggs, thunder-struck, saw Anne Sylvester standing in her place.

"You had better tell the servant I am no stranger to you," said Anne, looking toward the kitchen-maid, who stood in the passage staring at her in stolid amazement.

"My ain sister's child!" cried Bishopriggs, lying with his customary readiness. "Go yer ways, Maggie. The lassy and I must talk this out and kin. The tongue o' scandal, I trow, has nothing to say against that, when I see my own guide us!" he added in another tone, as the girl closed the door on them, "what brings ye here?"

"I have something to say to you. I am very well; I must wait a little first. Give me a chair."

Bishopriggs obeyed in silence. His one available eye rested on Anne, as he produced the chair, with an uneasy and suspicious attention. "I'm wanting to know one thing," he said. "By what meerciculous means, young madam, do ye happen to be fund yer way to this house?"

Anne told him how her inquiries had been made, and what the result had been, plainly and frankly. The cloaked face of Bishopriggs began to clear again.

"Hech! hech!" he exclaimed, recovering all his native impudence, "I has had occasion to remark aiready, to author Mrs. Glennarn, that it's seemply marvelous hon a man's ain gude deeds find him out in this lower world o' ours. I has done a gude deed by puir Maister Pennycuick, and here's a Fairth ringing wi' the report o' it; and Sawnie Sylvester's niece (I was known that ony stranger has only to ask, and find him. Understand, I beseech ye, that it's no hand o' mine that gets this bee-line to the cage. As a guide Calvinist, my saul's clear o' the smallest figment o' belief in Works. I only look at my ain celebrity I joost ask, as the Psawmist asked before me, 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?' It seems ye've something to say to me," he added, suddenly reverting to the object of Anne's visit. "Is it humanly possible that ye can ha' come a' the way to Fairth for nothing but that?"

The expression of suspicion began to show itself again in his face. Concealing as she best might the disgust that he inspired in her, Anne stated her errand in the most direct manner, and in the fewest possible words.

"I have come here to ask you for something," she said.

"Ay? ay? What may it be ye're wanting of me?"

"I want the letter I lost at Craig Ernie."

Even the sedately-dignified self-possession of Bishopriggs himself was shaken by the startling directness of that answer on it. His right tongue was paralyzed for the moment. "I dinna ken what ye're drivin' at," he said, after an interval, with a sullen consciousness that he had been all but tricked into betraying himself.

The change in his manner convinced Anne that she had found in Bishopriggs the person of whom she was in search.

"You have got my letter," she said, sternly insisting on the truth. "And you are trying to turn it to a disgraceful use. I won't allow you to make a market of my private affairs. You have stolen a piece of mine for the value of my forgeter. I insist on your restoring it to me before I leave this room!"

Bishopriggs hesitated again. His first suspicion that Anne had been privately instructed by Mrs. Glennarn was succeeded to his mind as a suspicion confirmed. He felt the vast importance of making a cautious reply.

"I'll no' waste precious time," he said, after a moment's consideration with himself, "in thrashing out the question o' theft or scandal, when it passes my way. It blaws to nae purpose, that young leddy, when it blaws on an honest man like me. For forbye that ye're saying what ye've joost said—to me that was a father to ye at Craig Ernie!—Wha set ye on to it? Will it be Mrs. Glennarn that's amicca'd me behind my back?"

Anne took the Glasgow newspaper from the pocket of her traveling cloak, and placed it before him, open at the paragraph which described the Bishopriggs exposure among the Perthites.

"I have found there," she said, "all that I want to know."

"May a' the tribe o' editors, preenters, papermakers, news-venders, and the like, bizzen to the place they ca' Hell for it!" With this devout aspiration—internally felt, not openly uttered—Bishopriggs put the newspaper from him. The passage pointed out to him. "I see naething here touching the name o' Sawmuel Bishopriggs, but the name o' ony ferse to see in her life to, as had at Craig Fernie," he said, when he had done: still defending his position, with a resolution of passive resistance.

Anne's pride recoiled at the prospect of producing the forged letter herself. She rose to her feet, and said her last words.

"I have learned enough by this time," she answered, "to know that the one argument that prevails with you is the argument of money. Name the amount you require, and instruct me in disputing with you—poor as I am, money you shall have. Be silent, if you please. You are not interested in what I have to say about that."

She opened her purse, and took a five-pound note from it.

"If you choose to own the truth, and produce the letter," she resumed, "I will give you this, on your account. For fifteen pounds more I will do something that I had lost. If you persist in your present prevarication, you may think it worth the while to cheat a mere paper you have stolen from me nothing but waste paper in your hands. You have not understood Mrs. Glennarn's proposal to you. Suppose I go to Mrs. Glennarn? Suppose I enclose the letter of Mr. Delamere's in my possession, and produce them to speak for me? What has Mrs. Glennarn to purchase of you then? Answer me that!"

The color rose on her cheeks as she spoke. Her dim and weary eyes shone with a sudden light, her head rose with a proud and resolute bearing, her voice rang clear and firm. Bishopriggs looked at her, and was startled, with a burst of her old energy which revealed the fire and passion of the woman's nature, not yet exhausted in her.

If Bishopriggs had a merit, it was a rare merit, a merit which is not often met with in men. If he had an accomplishment, it was the accomplishment of retiring defeated, with all the honors of war.

"Mercy presairve us!" he exclaimed, in the most overwhelming manner, "I'm no' sure to be sat that wi'n the letter to the man ca'ed Jaffray Delamayn, and gat the wax bit mower in pencil, on the black seal. Bless me, Miss, in Heaven's name, was I to know *that* was the letter ye were after when ye com in here? I'm very well, but ye see I'm no' a mane bloodhoun' at the knife? Never mind. Was the puir feckless husband-creature ye had set up at the Craig Ernie Academy to be fleeced and mak' twa o' him, as my ain eyes ha' seen. Gi' ye back yer letter? Ye shall have it, and welcome. Ye'll excuse me? I'll gi' it back wi' a bit pleesure in life!"

He opened his pocket-book, and took it out, with an alacrity worthy of the honestest man in Christendom—and (more wonderful still) he looked with a perfectly assumed appearance of indifference at the five-pound note in Anne's hand.

"Hoot! toots! I'll no' be hard on ye. Ye're a' my mind that I'm free to tak' yer money. Eh, weel! weel! I'll ken receive it, if ye like, as a free gift atween friends. Ye're a' the mair free ama' service to ye at the bottle. Yell no' mind," he continued, producing the letter from his pocket-book, "if I joost ha' a bit drink-penny on me? I'm no' joost a-line in the way o' receipt, ye ken —to clear me o' ony future suspicion in the matter o' the letter."

Anne threw down the bank-note on the table near which she was standing, and snatched the letter from him.

"You need no receipt," she answered. "There is the only letter for which I have to account you!"

She lifted her other hand to tear it in pieces. Bishopriggs stopped her with both wrists, at the same moment, and held her fast.

"Bide a wee!" he said. "Ye don't get the letter, young madam, without the receipt. It may be a' the same to you, now ye've married the other man, whether Jaffray Delamayn once was accused o' murder in the by-gone time, or no. But, my certie! it's a matter o' some moment to me, that the accusation should be cleared off the score, and making a market o't, and Lord knows what beside. Ye'll no' get the letter, I tell ye, without ye've it in black and white. Gi' me my bit receipt —and een do as ye will with yer letter after that!"

Anne's hold of the letter relaxed. She let Bishopriggs repossess himself of it as it dropped on the floor between them, without making an effort to prevent him.

"It may be a' the same to you, now ye've married the other man, whether Jaffray Delamayn once promised ye fair in the by-gone time, or no. Those words repeated Anne's position before her in a light in which she had not seen it yet. She had married the man she loathed. Sir Geoffrey now inspired in her, when she had declared, in her letter to Arnold, that, even if he offered himself at the last moment for the part, she would rather be what she was than be his wife. She had never meant to be, until this moment, that others would misinterpret the miserable pride which had prompted the abandonment of her self-sacrifice to one who had ruined her. It had never been brought home to her until now, that if she left him contemptuously to go his own way, and sell himself to the first woman who had money enough to buy him, her conduct would sanction the false conclusion that she was powerless to interfere, because she was married already to another man. The color that had risen in her face, mounted to her brow, left it deadly pale again. She began to see that the purpose of her journey to the north was not completed yet.

"I will give you your receipt," she said. "Tell me what to write, and it shall be written."

Bishopriggs uttered the receipt. She wrote and signed it. He put it in his pocket-book with the five-pound note, and handed her the letter in exchange.

"Tear it if ye will," he said. "It matters nae mair to me."

For a moment she hesitated. A sudden shudder passed through her frame, at the recollection of the thing, it might be, of the influence which that letter, saved from destruction by a hair's-breadth, was destined to exercise over her life to come. She recovered herself, and folded her cloak closer to her, as if to keep out the infection.

"No," she said; "I will keep the letter."

She folded it and put it in the pocket of her dress. She turned to go—and stopped at the door.

"One thing more," she added. "Do you know Mrs. Glenarn's present address?"

"Ye're no' reely going to Mistress Glennarn?"

"That is my affair, and yours. You have given me my question or not, as you please."

"Eh, my leddy! yer tempers no' what it used to be in the auld times at the lonely. Aweel! aweel! ye ha gien me yer money, and I'll ken tell ye. Mrs. Glennarn is still—for the time—at Mistress Glenarn's awa' in private—ing, as they say—to Jaffray Delamayn's brither at Swanhaven, Lincolnshire. It may rely on the information, as it is no' that easy to come at either. They're keeping it a secret, now they think from a' the warld. Hech! hech! Tummy Pennycuick's youngest but twa is page-boy at the house where the leddy's been wanting to be—on the outskirts o' Lunnon. Keep a secret if ye can frae the pawky ears o' his discreet parents, my dear! Heh—heh—heh!"

Anne left the room, and walked rapidly out of the house, without referring grimly on her previous overthrow of the promising speculation on which he had embarked. "My certie! there was nothing left for't, when madam's fingers had gripit me, but to slip through them as cannily as I could. What's Jaffray's marrying, or no marrying, to do wi' *her?*" he wondered, reverting to the question which Anne had put to him before leaving. "And what's the news to me, raisd, if she's reely bent on finding her way to Mistress Glennarn?"

When Anne sat down at her errand night he, Anne's next proceeding proved that she was really bent on it. After resting two days at the Perth by the first train in the morning, for Swanhaven Lodge.

ANTIPATHIES.

SOME curious instances are on record of the antipathy displayed by individuals toward certain articles of food. Erasmus, himself a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that even the smell of it threw him into violent sickness. Scaliger and Peter Abano never could drink milk; and Cardan was particularly displeased at the sight of eggs. Philip II. of Spain gave a whimsical reason for his dislike of fish: "They are nothing but elements congealed, or a jelly of water."

Usually the colors of flowers are agreeable; but there are exceptions to this rule even in precise a totally different effect. The jonquil and the tuberose are inseparable to some; others again not bear the odor of a violet. Even roses, the last flowers to be suspected, have excited the greatest aversion. The Princess de Conti was brought on by the marsh-mallow; saffron has been known to produce swooning.

Fainting, there is an aversion to certain animals. Henry III. of France, though he had driven his enemies out of the kingdom, was overcome from head to foot at the sight of a cat. When a lure crossed the celebrated Duke d'Epernon's path his looser effects became the victim. Albert, a brave field-marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground on seeing a sucking-pig served up whole at his own table. Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who could never see an owl without fainting. There is an account of another person who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp. A French lady always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. M. De Lamet gives an account of a man who was so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that, when he pursued the imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal. The same author was familiar with a very brave officer who was so frightened at the sight of a mouse that he never dared to look at one unless he had a sword in his hand. The author of the "Turkish Spy" tells us that he would rather encounter a lion, provided he had but a weapon in his hand, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark.

Two English sailors, who had been left in charge of Dr. Livingstone's steamer at Tette, had a curious method of dealing with the travelers there. Having ascertained the market-price of provisions, they paid that and no more. If the natives refused to leave the steamer till the price was increased, a chameleon, of which the natives are very fearful dread, was placed under the cabin; and the moment the natives saw the creature they at once sprung overboard. The chameleon settled every dispute in a twinkling.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA.—Close all the outer doors of a four-story house, open the library doors, and then take a long switch, and chase a cat up and down until she sees streaks.

Charlie, a bright four-year-old, of Norwich, was in an unusually mood the other day, and his mother was furnished him to look pleasant. But his face continued to wrinkle, till she remarked: "Why, Charlie, I am afraid you will get your face so that you can't be smart!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted: "Why, I calculated to laugh, but, mamma, my face slipped."

A husband two years after marriage met an old friend who congratulated him upon his impressive personal appearance, but said, "I remember you a downy growth smaller." "No wonder," was the reply; "I never shed I saw you I have been coming down handsomely."

A smart old Western lady, being called into court as witness, after inquiries touching her residence, character, and told the judge that she would quit the stand, as he was "only one of the most inquisitive old gentlemen she ever seen."

A young gentleman, who has just married a little undersized lady, says she makes a capital wife, but she is made of such precious materials that Napoleon could not afford it.

A CHICAGO EXPERIENCE.—That of the railway station master.

A young lady in Galesburg, having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was heard to remark to a couple of her confidants, when one of them consoled her with the remark that "there were plenty more, there are no good fish in the sea as ever were caught." "Unlike known fish," replied her little brother; "but she wants a whale."

A young gentleman at Wapello, Iowa, sent seventeen cents to New York recently for a book on how to write without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: "Write with a pencil."

A blind mendicant who frequents the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, has the unenviable notoriety of being accused, "Behold the father of four children, the result of a terrible accident!"

PLEADING AT THE BAR.—Begging for a drink.

A lady conversing a room, letter B, at a hotel in New York, was asked on the slate what B was. "Make letter B set seven, and if letter B says, 'Let her be,' let her be; if letter B says, 'Let her alone,' let her alone; if letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to you. You will have to call at the office." Then the person, a much better boot-black than orthographist, affectedly rubbed out the slate, and did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," said the lecturer, by way of reverence to Shakspeare—very poor players, most of them.

A NATURAL COLOR.—The gray of the evening.

If a girl were to fall into the water, and were unable to stir, why would she partly change her sex?—Because she would be a boy (buoy) when afloat.

FRESH FROM SCHOOL.

EMILY (*little sister*). "What a large family the Spiderstern must be, Mary! I never heard before that some of them are going to be married."

MARY. "Emily, you are a little stupid! Don't you know what spinsters are?—Bachelor ladies, of course."

THE RUBBS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—A hoop-skirt.

"The following anecdote is told of the painter Barrett. He one day went to a friend's house to buy a puppy. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked him for what purpose he had made them. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out. 'Why,' replied his friend, 'you have only one cat.' 'Yes,' said Barrett, 'but you see I have only one hole.' 'Why can't the cat go through the same hole?' said his friend. 'Why, you fool,' said Barrett, 'could not the little one go through the big hole?' 'Why, to be sure,' said Barrett, he could; but I never thought of that."

THE TOPIC OF DAY.—A lady in the country, the clock having struck twelve, looked out of the window, and called the garden to see what time it was; when one of the boys replied that the clock had already struck three, but that he had not learned that the cook had left. Upon this the lady exclaimed, in an extreme rage, that the servants might tell the time themselves.

PLEASANT FUN TO SAY.—Those of your tailor.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, for he is always good-natured, and has a ready way to express. He was recently engaged in the sale of several beautiful horses, and Jones, a friend of Smith's, said to "going, going, and a half, going," when he saw a gentleman in the audience, an eccentric individual, bid at him. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse, and Smith, seeing that Jones was not to be bidded, and the man wished to purchase, cried out, "Going, going, gone!" Jones, whose object was gone, gave a sigh, and really like he was knocked down.

"To whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "To whom?" repeated Jones, "why, to—I don't know who." "Why, you, Sir," said Smith. "Who, me?" said the man on the bid, said Smith. "Yes!" Hang me if I did!" insisted the stranger. "Why, did you not wink, and keep winking?" said Smith. "Winking? Well, I did, and so did you at 'going, going, gone!'" "Yes," said Smith, "I saw you, and thought you was winking as much as to say, 'Good luck, and I'll stick somebody in the ear for it!'" and he added as much as to say, "I'll be hanged if you don't, mister?"

No matter how gold may get, it will never want friends.

The only bluestone from whom a brave man will take a blow is the sky.

AN AUCTION SALE.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

JACK IN THE BOX.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. H. COUDERT.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

A STOLEN VISIT.

When you are wrapt in happy sleep,
I walk about your house by night,
With many a wistful, stealthy peep
At what I've loved by morning light.

Your head is on the pillow laid,
My feet are where your footsteps were;
Your soul to other lands has strayed,
My heart can hear you breathe and stir.

I seat me in your wonted chair,
And ope your book a little space;
I touch the flowers that knew your care,
The mirror that reflects your face.

I kiss the pen that spoke your thought,
The spot whereon you knelt to pray,
The message with your wisdom fraught,
Writ down on paper yesterday,

The garment that you lately wore,
The threshold that your step has gone by,
The music that you fingered o'er,
The picture that contents your eye.

Yet when you wake from happy sleep,
And hear him, and my fancy, too,
You take your wonted morning peep
At what is good and wise in him,

"She has been here," you will not say,
My prying face you will not find;
You'll think, "She is a mile away"—
My love hath left no mark behind.

JACK IN THE BOX.

Our illustration on page 281 is engraved from a pleasant little picture by Mr. H. H. Courdery, a young English artist of great promise, which we shall compose and excellently drawn. Its chief merit, apart from the spirit and humor of handling exhibited in all the details of the picture, lies in the character the artist has thrown into the faces of those two attentive little Sicke'tenes. He has not only made himself acquainted with the droll mysteriously left open, and to which he refers us. Master "Jack" and his partner in mischief have rolled out and broken through a bandbox, and therefrom extracted a bonnet, the veil of which the latter is proceeding to tear: while Jack himself, feeling master of the situation, is content to plant his paws outside the box, and, with head slightly awry and twinkling eyes, to survey the wreck with a comical expression of triumph. As no less happily conceived touch is that of the peering kitten in the background, who, longing to share in the sport, is yet fearful of joining thirty rougher playmates.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER IX.

A RESOURCE.

The evening of Lord George Segrave's dinner-party was the first occasion on which Cesare de Barletti had given his wife a glimpse of the brute fury that was latent under that quiet, dry demeanor. They had had quarrels before: lovers' quarrels: in which Cesare had protested against Veronica's cruelty, and Veronica had played off her despotic airs, and they had both been vehement, and demonstrative, and childish. And the end of such quarrels had invariably been to bring back Cesare humbly imploring pardon at the feet of the triumphant beauty.

But never had his looks and tones been such as to make her astonished eyes and ears on that miserable evening.

And there was no deep repentance afterward, no humble sing for pardon on his part. He approached her the next morning with a smile and a kiss: and when he saw that the cloud, the storm, were not, he merely shrugged his shoulders, lit his cigar, and sauntered off into the stable-yard.

In truth Cesare considered himself to be the injured person. His will, by her inconceivably absurd temper, had led him into a scrape, which error had thrown him into a rage. That was no trifle. Cesare was always particularly careful not to fly into a passion if he could avoid it. And his temper was so indolently mild in general that he had no great difficulty in avoiding frequent ebullitions of anger.

To an unaccustomed English eye, indeed, he might have seemed to be in a continual fury on many occasions when his feelings were scarcely stirred. He had the southern characteristic of instantly translating slight and superficial emotions into very violent outward expression by means of voice, face, and gesture: and he was working off excitement at a cheap cost, if the phrase may pass.

But whenever angry motion went beyond the slight and superficial stage with him, it was apt to become very terribly intense indeed, and to assume the form of personal hatred, and a deadly desire of vengeance against the object of it.

To talk to Cesare Barletti about hating a sin but pardoning a sinner, or to use any phrase involving a similar idea, would have appeared to him very much like uttering meaningless jargon.

He never conceived or thought of *any thing* in an abstract form. The unseen—the intangible—had no power over his imagination. Hate a sin, indeed! Why, should he hate a sin? Che, che! But he could hate a sinner, or a saint either, if need were—with a relentless animosity of which it would be difficult to exaggerate the bitterness.

On the occasion in question, however, his anger had been merely evanescent. It was all an absurdity and a mistake. What if a man did express his opinion that such and such people were too rigid in their notions to desire to associate with them? Well, so much the worse for such and such people, as he had said to his wife. He had all his life heard about English prudery. There were young persons who pretended to play cards and to go to the opera. Was he to distress himself about this? Certainly not, was Princess Cesare de Barletti. That was sufficient with persons who knew the world. He would permit no man to insult the Princess Cesare de Barletti with impunity.

Cesare's quickness of perception was rapidly bringing him to the conclusion that it was a far finer thing to be a "prince" in England than in Naples. Veronica, in bantering her mother, had herself open him, had not then made an entirely one-sided bargain. The consideration was not an unpleasant one.

He drove over to Hamnicle Lodge more than once after the first visit to Lord George, and met several guests there, mostly bachelors, and, with few exceptions, active patrons of that noble institution—the Turf. Cesare found these gentlemen pleasant and unaffected; entirely devoid of the insufferable airs which he had been accustomed only looking for since his arrival in Great Britain, and had found up to the height of his expectation in only one individual—the accomplished Mr. Dickinson.

The "turf" gentlemen, on their part, found Barletti a charming fellow, and were delighted to make his acquaintance. But the "turf" gentlemen have learned to be very wary indeed about one singular blemish in Barletti's moral nature; the unaccountable "nervousness" on any betting event whatever, on the extraordinarily naive plea that he did not understand betting.

"Why, you see, my dear sir," said this gentleman, with a long, sharp chin and dull, fishy eyes, "it's as simple as A B C."

"Ah, gih!" returned the prince, with much suavity. "But A, B-a, C-a is not simple unless you have learned it."

Nevertheless, despite this deplorable lack of emergence on Cesare's part, he was very popular at Hamnick Lodge. He played at nothing remotely good game at écarté, a very fair one at whist, and that he was entirely free from the "nervousness" did not certainly operate against him in Lord George's good graces.

He had an formal reconciliation with his wife, but the coolness between them—which in fact was all centered on her side—passed away in a day or two.

Cesare never knew how much it cost Veronica to condescend to that kind of reconciliation. Expression of the deepest penitence on his part. And his generosity in the sacrifice her despotic spirit was forced to make rendered that sacrifice, perhaps, a little less difficult than it would otherwise have been. At least he could not detect any perception of what she deemed a bitter humiliation.

In her loneliness—and she was very lonely: but, as Cesare said, it was she who had deserted to come to Shipley, and could not come to people would not call on her?—she had recourse to the only human resource on whose presence decision she could rely. She took to writing letters to Mr. Plew.

Her letters at first were short; mere notes written with the excuse of asking his advice upon a point of that trifling point of regimen. She would follow his advice—or not, as it happened—being over it, and she really believed that exercise would be good for her. Could he not come to see her? Why had he not been? The first note brought, not Mr. Plew, but a brief professional communication of the gentle, fatherly kind from her consideration. In the second note, she asked the man why he had not come to see her. Of course, as had been whispered to her, that the attractions of a certain meek dove had succeeded in engrossing him altogether. Mr. Plew's reply she dispatched this note than she wished to read. It was a business-like bill of it. It was too familiar—too condescending.

The answer to it, however, contained no allusion to her hint; perhaps it was not understood. It merely stated that Mr. Plew would willingly call over to Shipley, but that he was not in the service to her; but that, unless she had need of his presence, he must refrain from doing so. His advice was at her command if he can give it: to mention he could give her.

This reply in the surgeon reached Veronica on a rainy afternoon. She was dull and dispirited. Her husband was at Hamnick. The usual scenes of quarrel and "make-up" had subsided in with Veronica's mood at the moment of receiving it. She sat with her elbows on her knees her cheeks as she sat with her head leaning on her hand, looking down on the note. She must open some topic with Mr. Plew: must originate some what of the weight of sadness that oppressed her must be relieved by another human heart a few, at least, of her sorrows.

She sat down to write to Mr. Plew. As she wrote on, the half revelations she had intended became whole revelations. She found a relief in the depiction of her loneliness and some of her faults. She would rather speak evil of herself than not speak of herself at all. She poured forth her complaints and her self-accusations without reserve.

Here was one who would listen patiently, who would sympathize sincerely, who would feel her sorrows as his own. Here was a heart that might be trusted to beat faithfully, let it ache as it would. His judgment might condemn her, but his feelings would take her part. He might preach, warn, reprove her even, but the reproof would have no sting. She could accept such reproof, she could embrace it, for she would know that it came out of the depth of a great love. He would ask nothing, he would expect nothing, he would resent nothing. He could thrust himself aside with a sublime magnanimity, and think only of her.

So she sent the letter.

"What do you mean so often to that man for, Cara Vorcica?" asked Cesare, unexpectedly, on the day following that on which her third letter had been dispatched.

"So—so often?" she stammered. The question took her by surprise, and she was startled by it.

"Yes; it is often, I think. Two letters in one week. This lying on the table"—and Cesare took up a pink envelope sealed and directed to "the surgeon"—"is the third."

"It is kind of you not to recollect that I told you I had consulted Mr. Plew about my nervous headache. I wrote to him partly about them and, besides, he is one of my oldest and most intimate friends. I have known him from a child."

"Ah, Benissimo!" replied Cesare, coolly. And that was all that he seemed to have forgotten the whole affair.

But when, in the course of two more days, a reply arrived from Mr. Plew, Cesare, playing with the Spitz dog in one corner of the sofa, watched to see how the letter was delivered to her—watched her while she opened it and began to read it, and finally asked, "Is the letter from our good friend, il reverendissimo Signor Vicario?"

"No; it is from Mr. Plew."

The instant directness of the answer seemed a little unexpected by him. He looked up at her with a face which then began to strike her as in a more caressing way than he had used before.

"Where are you going, dearest?" he asked, presently.

"To my own room."

"To read your letter in peace? May I see it?"

"See it? See this letter?"

"Yes: is it indiscreet?" he asked, showing his white teeth in a smile that flashed for a second and was gone.

For a scarcely perceptible space of time Veronica hesitated. Then she replied: "No," and tore it deliberately.

"You are as curious as a baby!" she said.

He took the letter and pored over it gravely. Then he brought it back to her and kissed her hand.

"I can't read it," he said. "What a devil of a writing!"

Veronica had fully reckoned on this inability of Cesare's. Between his imperfect knowledge of English and the cramped characters of Mr. Plew's handwriting, that looked as though it were expressly contrived and adapted for the purpose of strawing the hieroglyphics familiar to our eyes in doctors' prescriptions, she had been reasonably sure that Cesare would fail to gain much information from the letter, let it contain what it might.

"Why should Cesare have wanted to see that letter?" she asked herself when she was alone in her own room, and it must be from the mere suspicious dislike that any thing, however trifling, should pass between me and any one else with which he was not fully acquainted. I have noticed this trait in him lately—only lately. He did not use to be so Italy."

Veronica forgot that in Italy Cesare had been himself her sole possible confidant.

When the letter arrived Mr. Plew's letter she felt glad that Cesare had been unable to decipher it. Every word of it was from the heart—was made him justly discontented with Mr. Plew; but there were many words with which she could not have brought herself to write.

"The account of your unhappiness cuts me to the heart, but I write in one hope. "I can not at all skilfull with my pen, nor able to express what I feel. But I am so sure you are wrong in giving way to such melancholy thoughts, and yet I pity you so much for having them. I still hoped that you were at least happy and contented. God knows that there is nothing I would not give to see you so."

And again: "I can solemnly certain that your first duty now is to try to gain your husband's whole confidence and affection. Remember you have him freely, and he loves you: what he was no one else, whom you knew of, to love you."

And once more: "I wish I was clever and could write like you. But I can not. I can only beg and pray you to cast off gloomy and despising thoughts. There is one thing we can all do—try to be kind to others. Think of their sorrows more than your own. Even in my humble way I find that this soothes my pain of mind as nothing else does. And you, who are so rich, and so young, and so clever, might be a deal of good. You don't know the misery there is in the world that a few copper coins would lighten. I feel your confidence in writing to me very sacred. I will ask for your sake that you would have no secrets from your husband. You ask me to come and see you. I can not just at present. My mother is very ill; and there is an epidemic fever in the parish. My life is not always in bed of roses."

Within a week after the receipt of that letter Mrs. Plew was dead. And the Prince and Princess de Barletti had gone away to London in great haste; for a malignant form of typhus fever was raging in Shipley Magna.

CHAPTER X.

A FRIENDLY TEA-DRINKING.

It was near the end of a very sultry summer day in London—a day in the quite late summer. The people who were able to leave town next week pronounced that the season was over. The people whose business, or interest, or impecuniosity obliged them to linger a while longer, declared that there was so much going on still they positively didn't know how to keep all their engagements.

It was, however, near enough to the period styled by London redeemer "the end of the season" to bring it to pass that Miss Betsy Boyce had no dinner invitation for that day, and no invitation to any later assembly, and that she was consequently drinking tea at about half past five o'clock in Mr. Lovegrove's house in Bedford Square.

Betsy Boyce was quite free from any vulgar prejudice in favor of the cochineal-blushing or asphalte-blushing hours. She would drink tea at seven o'clock, or nine at night, or breakfast at one hour from nine a.m. to two p.m., with perfectly accommodating good-humor.

"It matters very little what you call a meal," she would say. "If you eat between eight and nine o'clock at night, and like to eat a good dinner, I'm quite content. If you have your real solid dinner at two or three, and your old-fashioned tea at five or six, and like to call that lunch, or kettle-drum, or any thing else, I'm equally content. Some people lives in the world more than do us in the world does the matters. I have heard papa say that when he was at Vienna, at the court of Prince Metternich, he has seen him often at a grand banquet, playing with a plateful of brown bread-and-butter, and tasting nothing else. And he ate his whitebait food at a wholesome hour, of course. But he never thought of changing people's manners and customs. "

Something of this kind she had said in answer to Mrs. Lovegrove's ostentatious little apology for inviting her to tea at seven o'clock.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that a kind of virtuous, self-denying severity that would have exasperated any one less genuinely tolerant and good-natured than Betsy Boyce—"I say," and I do not understand the usages of the circles in which you habitually move. I should be strange, head up as I was at our place in the country, among the élite of our country society—you won't think my words offensive, country society is a general rule, more exclusive and more rigid on the score of birth than the mixed and ever-varying circles of the metropolis—should be strange if I did not understand those usages.

"Oh be sure," said Miss Boyce, pleasantly. "What good cake this is! Thanks; I will have a piece more of it."

But when Mr. married Mr. Lovegrove I put all that aside at once and forever. I looked my position in the face, and accepted all its conditions.

"And a very comfortable position it is, too, Mrs. Lovegrove," she added, and acknowledged a good many ladies of my acquaintance would be to jump into and be thankful for."

It will be perceived that the acquaintance between Mrs. Lovegrove and Miss Boyce, begun in Mrs. Frost's drawing-room, had advanced now to something like intimacy.

Betsy Boyce was, as she herself declared, emphatically a social being. She was just as cheerful and content in the solicitor's house in Bedford Square as at my lord duke's in Carlton Gardens. And while she regaled the lawyer's wife with stories of the Olympian feasts she shared with the gods and goddesses, whose mythic glory carefully edited with a view to its meeting the public eye in connection with Bernard Bodgers' red volumes, she never offended her hosts by appearing to despise their earthlier hospitality.

Mr. Lovegrove considered Miss Boyce to possess extraordinary spirits and an immense fund of anecdote. Mrs. Lovegrove thought her a genuine pleasure in her conversation, as it reminded her of the old times passed at her papa's place in the country, a sagacious asked Betsy once upon tea as to the spread of High-Church doctrine among the country, and was answered with a certain illustrious person was going over to Rome? Altogether, she was a general favorite with the whole family.

One frequent topic of her conversations with Mrs. Lovegrove was the lamentable state of affairs in the household of the vicarage, as she designated Mr. Frost's residence. Things were going on there, it would seem, from bad to between husband and wife, she meant. Georgina was an old friend of hers, but she must say Georgina was to blame. She was not sufficient to Mr. Frost's comfort, so neglectful of his home, so careless of his ease, and so indifferent about displeasing him. She on her side complained of her husband's meanness and parsimony. He neglected her health, and declined to hear that. Which, said Miss Boyce, was certainly odd in a man who had always been so lavishly indulged a husband.

"Perhaps he has at last been able to discover a fool that woman has been making of herself by her extravagance, and is beginning to turn over a new leaf. I am sure I hope he has, and will try to hope so!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with all the fervor of charity.

"Georgina tells me," said Miss Boyce, "that there is at times something so strange about her husband, that he seems scarcely in his right mind. Something is preying on him, I fancy. It isn't business troubles, I suppose, eh?" It was forbidden to Miss Boyce to suppose that Mr. Boyce was good-natured, for she was rarely discreet, and not a little curious.

"What business troubles Mr. Frost may have on his private account I am unable to say," replied Mrs. Lovegrove. "But as to Frost and

Lovegrove, there is no cause for anxiety about them; of that you may be quite assured."

"Ah, then I dare say it is mostly, if not entirely, Georgina's fault. He is desperately fond of her, and she is as hard and cold to him as a block of ice."

"I consider Mrs. Frost's infatuated weakness for his wife to be positively culpable! But what, alas! can one expect from a man totally devoid of religious principles?"

In order to avert the stream of Mrs. Lovegrove's indignation from Sidney Frost—by whom the kindly old man had a real liking—Miss Boyce changed the subject of discourse.

"Ah, dear me!" she exclaimed, fanning herself, "it is a queer world! Talk of books! I know much stronger stories than ever I read in book yet. Have you ever known the Bartletts, for instance. What a career hers has been!"

"Oh, do tell me. Was she ever so favored in the highest society? I trust not, for the credit of our aristocracy."

"H'm!" Well, I don't know that one more or less would much affect the credit of our aristocracy."

"Eh?"

"However, that's neither here nor there. I believe the fact is she is not much remembered. She might have been taken up at one time by a certain set. But she is devoured by ambition. She wanted to be as great a lady as the greatest, and to play princess: and that wouldn't do."

"Ambition indeed! pretty matter of fact!"

"Yes; pretty ambition. But yet—it seems a strange thing to say; but I am not sure there is not a grain of perverted good in it."

"Good! How do you mean?"

"Well, I—I think a woman who would have been downright, frankly bad and unscrupulous, might have had a better chance."

"*My dear* Miss Boyce!"

"Yes: I know it sounds very horrible. But what I mean is this: that young woman can't be contented with the society of flashy folks of doubtful reputation. She might have got that, having money and beauty, and a taste for society. But—you may call it pride, or ambition, or whatever you like—she can't content herself. She knows there is something higher and better than that sort of thing, and that she aspires to it. She can't be at peace without the good opinion of persons she can respect, and—she will never get it."

"I should think not."

"She will never get it, because she has not strength to make any real sacrifice of her vanity and selfishness. And yet I believe she is eating her heart with misery and unavailing regret in the midst of all that she paid such a terrible price to gain!"

Mrs. Lovegrove stared at the speaker in surprise. She had never seen such a grave expression on Betsy Boyce's round, ruddy-cheeked visage. The kind old lady had always been inclined to a serious tone as she spoke, and when she ceased there was something like a tear in her eye.

Sarah Lovegrove's heart, although it did not beat with remarkable warmth, was better than her creed. But she repressed a sentimental movement of pity by way of asserting the stern purity of her principles, and replied, with elongated under lip and incisive brevity, "That is the natural result to which such iniquity leads, Miss Boyce."

"Dear me," said Miss Boyce, "I've been making quite a preachment! But it is not altogether my own wisdom that I have been uttering. The fact is that I was yesterday with that sweet creature, Maud Desmond, and she talked to me a little about the vicar's family, and when she was out of the room, Mrs. Shearsdown talked for a good deal, and, between the two, I got a pretty clear notion of the state of the case."

"You don't mean to say that Miss Desmond visits her?"

"No, no: their lives are apart altogether. But I don't believe that if Veronica needed any thing—if she were sick, for instance—Maud would go to her directly."

"Would Mr. Lockwood allow that?" asked Mrs. Lovegrove, with something like a sneer.

"Yes, I think he would. But I am very glad we'll take him for, if he would oppose it."

Mrs. Lovegrove had not yet forgiven Maud for preferring Hugh to her son. As Maud had not turned out to be an heiress, the thing was the less to be regretted. But to think that Veronica justice, she had been almost as willing to encourage Augustus's pretensions to one as to any idea of Maud's being wealthy as after. And her maternal vanity had been ruffled by the young lady's cold disparagement of her idol's charms.

Mrs. Lovegrove's character was not malicious at bottom, however, and, after a moment's pause, she said, "I do think Miss Desmond is a really good girl."

"Good? She's an angel! And so clever!"

"Indeed? I did not perceive much—a—much solidity of intellect in Miss Desmond. She—she—seems but she is very young still. However, it was a very proper attention on her part to call on us directly she came to town. I'm sure Augustus grove knew her mother well. He is, indeed, in some sort, the young lady's guardian, and he was gratified by her coming."

"Maud Desmond always does the right thing," said Miss Boyce, with a severe remembrance of Augustus's ill-starred wooing. "It was a good thing that the Shearsdowns brought her to town with them on a visit. Very nice people the Shearsdowns. I knew them at Shipley. I hear often from that neighborhood, and I fancy the vicarage was no fitting or pleasant place for the girl."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovegrove, with a strong gleam of curiosity in her gray eyes.

"Oh, I'm afraid not. Emma Hughes writes to me—there, I've let her name slip out. But you don't know her, and, probably, never will, so it don't much matter. Well, this young lady tells me that the vicar is going to the dogs—that isn't her phrase, but it is her meaning—as fast as he can. He has cut his old friends, and formed low connections. And he doesn't even attend to the duties of his church, but has got a wretched curate, at twopence a week, to do his duty for him, and, in fact, the whole thing is as bad as it can be. He's no fit guardian, and his house is no fit home, for a young girl."

"A—clergyman—of the—Church—of—England!" said Mrs. Lovegrove, with enormous slowness, nodding her head at each word.

"Oh dear, yes! There's no doubt in the world about *that*."

Then the tea-things were cleared away, and presently the Misses Bowles and Lucy and Dora Lovegrove made some music. And Augustus sang a Latin hymn, accompanying himself; and if the vocal qualities of the performer were the most insudible at the other end of the drawing-room, the piano-forte part was attacked with unsparing vigor. Then Miss Boyce, at her request, and she went home, having passed, as she protested, a very pleasant evening.

AUCTION SALES.

OUR illustration on page 280 will be recognized by every New Yorker as a truthful sketch of the scene presented by many of the auction-rooms of this metropolis at this season of the year, when families are breaking up for the customary summer residence in the country. The upsetting of "moving-day"—the grand annual nuisance to which our citizens are subjected. There is probably no city in the world where the rule of the landlord is more despotic, or more oppressively enforced than in New York. We have, comparatively, keep the same house two years in succession; and whatever the change, it generally entails changes of carpets, furniture, etc. If the family move into a more elegant or larger house than the one they have been occupying, a new set of furniture must be made to correspond; and, if, as is the case with hundreds this year, high rents compel them to take refuge in flats, where they have superfluous furniture to dispose of, at any rate, some of their superfluous goods fill the auction rooms, and give rise to many scenes like the one so faithfully depicted by our artist.

"THE RED PLANET MARS."

MASS stands prominent among the planets for the distinctness and variety of the markings on his disk exhibits. When a telescope of adequate power is turned upon this remarkable orb, what we see, struck, in the first place, by the singular brilliancy of the two white spots, which have long since been recognized as the snowy poles of moonless Mars." They stand out so conspicuously from the rest of the disk that often, when a mist passes over the surface of the planet, they may be distinctly recognized, like two faint stars, like all the rest of the fixed stars in the heavens, and forms a sort of frame, within which the true features of Mars's surface are seen to the best advantage. Their bonize is supposed to be due to light cumulus clouds in the Martial atmosphere. When closely observed in the case of our own orb, would only become perceptible to us where, through the effect of foreshortening near the edge of the disk, they were crowded together—in appearance—and thus concealed the true surface of the planet from view. Generally, however, they exhibit a greenish tint of exquisite delicacy.

But it is on the surface of Mars that the chief colors of Mars are to be seen. The body of the planet, or what may be assumed to be its true surface, is of a ruddy hue, which, in some parts, there somewhat yellowish. There are also to be seen occasionally spots of salmon-colored and brownish patches, and even black spots of small size. We may not unreasonably look upon all these portions of the planet as continents and oceanic substances, resembling those which constitute our own globe and continents. Next, covering a large extent of the disk very little less than that occupied by the ruddy regions, we have spaces which are commonly described as green, but which, to others they appear of an indigo-gray or neutral color. Like the red parts, the grayish or greenish spaces are variable in extent. In some places they are so faintly tinted as to appear almost white; in others they seem tinged with a purplish hue. We can not doubt that these portions are in reality seas, and not fresh-water seas, but seas like our own, which are the home of life as they contain. The varieties of color correspond, indeed, quite closely with the appearance of our own oceans, from the light green hues of the polar seas to that strange, deep hue which Homer has described as the wine-dark sea.

A French astronomer was led, by the singular appearance of two shadow on Mars, in 1862, to very strange theory respecting the physical conditions which prevail upon his surface. Noticing that the ruddy portions of the planet most clearly during the Martial summer, he came to the conclusion that vegetation upon the Continents of the Mars than on our own earth. In place of green leaves the trees on that distant world put forth red leaves, he argued, and the Martial landscape, in fields recover from the effects of the long Martial winter, but in place of what we term verdure they are clothed with ruberscence. If this theory be true, the Martial poets might say of spring, more truthfully than our own have do so, that

"She cometh, blushing like a maid."

But we have no great reason for supposing that this theory is correct. Certainly, vegetation does not appear green if her continents could be viewed from afar off, as we see Mars. Nay, even our forests, supposing them large enough to be separately visible, would scarcely exhibit a discernible green tint. A very eminent landscape-painter used to deride the notion that trees are green: "leaves are green, if you will," he used to say; "but trees—they are any color but green; black, white, yellow, red, but never green." And, making allowance for the requirements of prejudice, the assertion is not far from the truth. No one ever saw out of a picture-book, and that a bad one, a really green forest. And, by parity of reasoning, we may assume that if vegetation on Mars ever be, as it is, seen in large masses, the red tints would be lost.

The fact seems to be that we have a reasonable explanation of the ruddy tint of the Martial continents in the fact that the principal part of the soil of that planet resembles those red and ochreish soils which appear in various parts of our own world. A few years ago, Professor Way, will, that the Martialists are passing through the cold and nendstone period; and pos ibly some thousands of years hence observers of Mars may see with wonder the signs of a soil wholly different from that now visible to us.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMONG the independent newspapers in France express their astonishment at the result of the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte. The Siècle advises that the Emperor from his exile set the storm of indignation blown away. Yet he is not one who is likely to hide himself for any such reason. On the day of the acquittal an immense crowd had gathered outside of the courtroom, eager to hear the verdict. When the prisoner was expected to go to the Hôtel de l'Univers, society of sympathizers, who had long awaited his coming. The crowd was quiet, yet scattered all through it were the great Garnier, and a host of the municipal guards. Wonderfully patient were the people—never uttering a murmur during the day, until at last, about four o'clock, there was a cry of joy. A few carriages, with all the windows up, slowly forced its way through the multitude, the crowd never closing in its rear but along the way from the prison to the hotel. Some of the Siècle among the crowd, and tendered warm congratulations to him on the happy result of the trial. A great many people in Paris that France would soon also be requested by the Emperor to quit France for an indefinite period, and many of the newspapers gave the report full credit.

The University of Vienna has taken a progressive step in deciding to open its medical courses to women, and confer medical diplomas on them.

A singular story is told of a man in Fall River, Massachusetts, who in December last, while eating a piece of bread and butter, felt something sharp, which subsequently proved to be a needle, in his mouth. The needle could not be seen, and he knew to be seen. After three or four days it worked into the right side a number of times, causing the most painful abscess. A little above the abscess the needle was so near the surface that it caused the flesh to protrude like a pimple, but the physicians could not find it, especially as they had some doubt as to the cause. Two weeks ago the abscess broke spontaneously, and the needle was drawn out. The needle in the mean time worked back into the side of the throat, and then up under the tongue, causing great swelling and pain. A week or two ago it was discovered protruding under the tongue, and was extracted. The needle measured one and a quarter inches, and at times during the four months it has been in the body it has moved.

A report has recently been made by the French committee for encouraging hippophagy, which contains some startling facts. The first horse-flesh feast was opened July 9, 1866, and during the remainder of the year 869 steeds were cut up and sold for Paris dining-tables. This would be at the rate of 2,600 a year. In 1867 the whole number of victims was 2187; and in the following year it reached to 2811. The record for the last year has not yet appeared; but it is evident Parisians are not afraid of eating horse-flesh.

It is a dreadful state of affairs when members of the same family, especially when husband and wife, get so "out out" that they can't speak peaceably to one another. We have been led to the reflection of the Simeon Twist, if, as report says, they have not spoken to each other for a month, owing to a difficulty about receipts!

The French navy has adopted a novel arrangement by which all apprentice seamen are to hereafter to be taught on the ships as regular exercise.

During the recent Carnival festivities an amusing incident occurred in a city on the Rhine. The mayor of the city has a son, who had no person qualified in domino dress on the streets. The police had strict orders to arrest every one who broke the regulations; by the mayor's wife and one of her friends had not heard of the ordinance: they put on dominos, were arrested by the police, and were known to be police. station before they were released. The policeman who arrested them showed great zeal in the performance of his duty.

A little fellow, not ten years old, performed a noble and touching act, which deserves public record. One morning as the Pacific Express train, Pennsylvania Railroad, was rounding a curve on the mountain-side near Altoona at rapid rate, a deep precipice yawning on one hand and high rocks on the other, a small lad threw his arms around his big but and timid brother, his arms aloft. The train was stopped within a few feet of a mass of rock that had fallen upon the track, and to have thrown engine and passenger-cars over the precipice. The boy, whose name is Willie Calder, has been the fall and hastened to signal the approaching train.

The moths are busy these warm April days, and unless furs and woolen garments are carefully attended to they will be ruined. Every lady has her own special method of preventing such ravages, as she deems to be injured by these destructive creatures. Camphor, pepper, tobacco, and various such articles are ready powders, are used as preservatives. Some use linen wrappings, some merely newspapers. In every case the articles should be thoroughly beaten before being put away, so that if moth-eggs have been already deposited they may be dislodged.

One of Raphael's finest paintings is now on exhibition at the Louvre, and possibly may be purchased by the French government. It is the Virgin and Child, executed for the monastery of St. Anthony of Padua, at Perugia, in 1506. The picture is in an excellent state of preservation, and art critics in France are eager for its purchase; but the price demanded is no less than one hundred thousand francs.

The free use of tomatoes is condemned by Dr. Dio Lewis, as he is of opinion that they cause blocking of the gums, loosening of the teeth, and irritation of the membrane of the intestinal canal. The tomato is said to have a rank and specific action upon the liver: and as, by temperaments and habits, Americans are predisposed to biliousness, Dr. Lewis thinks a moderate sparingly—perhaps a medicine, is sensitive by very beautiful: but that it is not well to make a daily article of food.

A sudden lady of ninety-three recently appeared in a Massachusetts court to defend herself against an action brought for her to turn a dower widow's worth of labor which had been performed for her. When placed upon the stand she made a clear statement, and, aside from being deaf, seemed to possess all her faculties in a healthy condition, and to be good for many more years.

A man being brought into court on charges of larceny was asked if guilty of the crime. Turning to the judge, he innocently replied, "No, Sir, no yes!" "Prisoner," said the ruffled magistrate, "don't put on your airs with me, or I'll commit you for contempt of court. I ask you again, are you guilty or not? and tell you, no!" But this man says he detected you in the very act of larceny." "Yes, Sir, yes!" was the feeling bitter. "Feeling him! How do you make that out?" "I felt making believe, as you do sometimes," "Sir, what do you mean?" "Why, the other night, when you were counting the spoons in the kitchen, I thought you were tight, but I knew you were only making believe!" Prisoner discharged.

In one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris a great dry-goods establishment has opened a grand spring opening. The novelty of the occasion was the presentation of a beautiful bouquet of flowers with every purchase of not less than its cheapest bonnet ribbon. "Nothing like the deepest," \$5,000 bouquets had been sent from Nice for the purpose. Large bouquets of roses, camellias, and violets blossomed in the entrance; and over the whole establishment, outside beneath its gilded sign, on the pavement, down the street, poured and pushed a number of customers such as few shops have dreamed of in their most golden dreams.

The "Bazar Book of Decorum," which has just been issued in a tasteful form by the Messrs. Harper, says: "The functions of the natural eye and eye-glasses are much abused. It is quite clear that the whole world is not composed of a world of a wonderful or afflicted with short-sightedness as to render the use of artificial means for the relief universally necessary. Nineteenths of the people, male and female, who are constantly rubbing their eyes with eye-glasses through glass, require no other medium than the one provided by the Creator. Nothing can be more blind, and we assert it in the face of assenting Fashion, than ogling a stranger in the streets through an eyeglass—something him at the opera or the Jenny Brilliant, or surveying an opposite neighbor at the window with a double glass."

The other day a man applied to a New York physician to be vaccinated. On examining his arm the doctor found that the operation had been recently performed, and inquired of the man the reason why that he was vaccinated a few weeks ago in Chicago, but that he didn't suppose it was of any account in New York!

It is said that the Irish female domestics in New York city, having been annoyed to receive a mock cook toward building the Catholic Cathedral, they have, in turn, assessed the amount on their employers. Employers are very objective to paying, and hence there are a good many idle servants in interference offices, and a good many ladies in the kitchen.

About five miles from Yonkers, in a rude hut in a secluded nook, lives an old man, who for many years has supported himself by hoeing corn. About 1830 he was in his own account he was born in Strasbourg, in 1793. He was well educated, an artist by profession, and traveled extensively in Europe. Misfortunes, however, compelled him to join the army, and he served many years in the Napoleonic. But finally acquired he found his friends dead or scattered, and came to America, where for seven years preaching a church in Albany he accidentally lost his footing on the scaffold and fell to the floor, breaking his right leg and arm. He was laid up a long time, and when the wounds had healed had lost the use of his right arm and so engaged in his present humble occupation, became a beggar. Nine years ago he wandered to the present abode, where he lived ever since, earning a precarious livelihood by carving wooden canes and selling them to visitors.

The hermit occasionally makes excursions to Yonkers to dispose of his wares and replenish provisions. He is cheerful and talkative when treated with respect. He converses in French, German, and English with fluency.

Some gentle hints on manners are given by an exchange, from which we select a few:

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats in a railroad-car taken. As no one knows you new coming, of course they did not intend to insult you.

When a car is crowded don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not mines, even amidst the inconveniences of a crowded conveyance.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, don't shut it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Be careful how you "shed" such odors in any crowded assembly. Beecher says "there is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."

INDIANS SWAPPING WIVES.

OUR BARBARIAN BRETHREN.

OUR Indian fellow-citizens, it is well known, entertain very lax notions respecting the sanctity of the marriage tie—which, in fact, they consider any thing but a tie. The noble red man not only regards his wives as inferiors, but in the light of goods and chattels, and when tired of them trades them off in barter, or swaps them for another's. Our illustration on this page is an accurate sketch of the kind of trade that frequently takes place among them—an old, homely wife swapped for a young and pretty one, and a horse thrown in to boot. The women submit, knowing very well that they can't help themselves.

Our second illustration on this page records a very curious incident that took place recently at Fort Shaw, Montana. The Pegan Indians, being about to sue for peace, as a preliminary step, killed "PETE," one of the principal mur-

AN INDIAN PEACE-OFFERING.

derers of white settlers in that region, and brought his head to General DE TROBRIAND as a pledge of their sincerity. The face of the dead "brave," deeply pitted with small-pox and scarred with wounds, presented a ghastly spectacle when uncovered in the General's presence; but as a token of their desire to cultivate more friendly relations with the whites it was more eloquent than words.

and expediency of such institutions; and it may be that their work might be accomplished without an organization so closely resembling that of the "Sisters of Charity." However this may be, a great amount of real, hard, unobtrusive, self-denying, and beneficent work has been done by these Sisters, especially in the over-crowded population of England, in visiting and nursing the sick, reclaiming the unfortunate, tending and

devote themselves especially to this work. Except in a few extreme cases, the orphans are not usually received gratuitously, but the payment required is very small. Many a poor little fatherless and motherless child is thus "brought home," and finds a refuge and shelter under the fostering care and gentle guidance of these devoted women. And besides this systematic tending of orphans, many a sickly and neglected lit-

Charity," and their regulations do not demand the same seclusion from worldly society. The best known institution of the kind in this country is the "House of Mercy," in this city, where hundreds of unfortunate women, who in all probability could not have been reached in any other way, have been reclaimed through the agency of the sisterhood, and the means of earning an honest livelihood placed within their reach.

BROUGHT HOME.

BROUGHT HOME.

It is only within a few years that the people of England and this country have become familiar with the idea of Protestant sisterhoods, organized to enable charitable women to carry on their philanthropic work among the poor in a systematic and thorough manner. Grave doubts still exist in the public mind as to the necessity

educating orphan children. Our engraving on this page, from a picture by the English artist, Mr. A. ACKLAND HEYE, touchingly illustrates the latter department of their labors. To almost every sisterhood in England is attached an orphanage, in which orphan children (generally girls only) are fed, clothed, and taught under the superintendence of the Sisters, three being generally some one or more of their number who

die one of either sex is from time to time discovered and "brought home" by the Sisters, and taken care of by them till it has in some degree regained health and strength, or till the parents desire its restoration. Both in this country and in England, the "Sisters" adopt a simple costume, in harmony with the unostentatious and self-denying character of their work. Their vows are less rigid than those of the "Sisters of

POLEWARD *VIA* THE GULF STREAM.

THE proposition to equip a new American Arctic expedition is just now exciting a deep interest. The discovery of the North Pole is an object of geographical ambition, unrivaled in its claims of importance and in its charm of romance. For centuries this great pivot of the

globe has defied every effort to approach it; and it has seemed as if the energies of the Frost King had been all employed in building around it a wall of ice not less impassable and impregnable than a wall of fire.

Against this adamantine wall explorers have repeatedly knocked, knocked patiently, knocked violently, and often, to themselves, fatally. The forbidding parapets of this gigantic barrier have been scaled, but never dismantled or pierced by human means. Up to this day the wrecks of some proud old cruiser, against which the battle surged and raged till, nearly every vessel around this Polar cordon lie strewn the wrecks of the most sanguine expeditions; and the word "Arctic" instead of recalls a thousand cruel-winged horrors and casualties.

But, what the Russians could not carry by storm at Thermopylæ was won by art. Who that has read the thrilling stories of Arctic narrative but has wondered if this icicle-encrusted of the Pole is not at some point open? Is there, then, a gateway to the mysterious axis of this planet? is a question the solution of which engages to-day many minds; and it is in the interests of this problem that the scientific and cosmographical world hope to see the newly-proposed expedition to the Pole approved and equipped by the Government. Since the days of old Hendrick Hudson and his predecessors to within a few years, no geographer suggested any feasible or plausible method of finding such a gateway, if one existed. Explorers have gone with several years' provisions and stores, prepared and expecting to *winter* their way through the ice, and, after passing through the usual season of being "frozen in," having their ships dirted on "ice-islands," they were all driven with the "current," etc., they have returned home to enjoy their fame, and the applause of their friends. The cause of geographical science can not afford longer to submit to this heroic trifling. It has become manifest that, if no better route can be found than the one hitherto attempted by Franklin, Kane, and their successors, the time has arrived for all humane and scientific men to discountenance Arctic voyages, as the mariner would avoid a shoal or the soldier a masked battery.

Within a few years, and since the last Polar expedition from our shores returned to tell the old tale of failure and defeat, a new and more important theory for finding the Pole has been propounded by Captain Silas Hent, the experienced seaman and well-known Post-office Commodore Perry's Expedition in the waters of Japan. Captain Hent's theory is simple, but simplicity and force of reasoning, has shown that the Kuro Sivo, or Black Stream of Japan —the *Gulf Stream* of the Pacific Ocean—passing through Behring's Straits in majestic volume and with temperature sufficient to thaw the ice of the Polar ocean, and, in all probability, to open a navigable way into the very heart of the great geographical mystery. The Gulf Stream of the ocean, he has likewise shown, moves off the coast of Spitzbergen with a similar power to produce, in combination with the Kuro Sivo, that unfrozen sea observed by Dr. Kane in the second Grinnell Expedition. In Captain Hent's and theory of Captain Bent, based on the most authentic records of these two great currents, from the Coast Survey reports of Lieutenant Bache, Maury, and others, and from his own observations under Commodore Perry, has been subjected to the most rigid criticism and scrutiny, and to-day, at least, commends itself sensible and practical by the scientific men who have reviewed it. Captain Bent proposes the navigation of these Polar waters by the means of the isothermetrical indications—*i. e.*, following where the water temperature shows the sea to be warmest, and hence where the great tropical currents are moving toward the Pole. There is nothing simpler than this, and he believed that a proper treatment of the "Thermometric Gateway" theory, as the new proposal has been termed, can be made for less than one-half the cost of the half the time required for the old-fashioned journeys to the Arctic. If the thermometric theory can be demonstrated, it would possess great advantages over every other one attempted, because open to the summer in his and, and requiring only the fast-trawler capable of Herculean labor and endurance, and the great-ships-and-stores of these Arctic foot-paths and sledge-tracts is, that they sometimes move under the explorer's feet faster in one direction than he is able to travel in the contrary direction, as Parry found off the shores of Spitzbergen—in 1827, he was compelled to reach the Pole by a journey over the ice.

The proposition has been made by some of our explorers to make the experiment of the Kane through Smith's Sound, and to watch the ice in the narrow gorge until it was seen to be lodged and drift to the south, and then to attempt to find a way into the open sea to the north. Whether this plan be practicable or not it is, perhaps, impossible to say, as no one can judge of the freaks and whims of Polar ice. It may be so accommodating as to move out of the Sound, although the experience of those who have tried it is against such an abandonment of drift. If, however, it should, in any given year, break up in time for a vessel to pass into the sea, the return of the vessel would be very uncertain and precarious, especially should she tarry long enough at the Pole to survey its waters and to take scientific observations. The route, if successfully demonstrated through Smith's Sound once or twice or several times, could never become a navigable or commercial highway, and, in all probability, would prove little more than a trap for seamen and enterprising explorers. Such a route could never conduct a vessel from that long-promised passage to the Indies, so ardently hoped for by all the maritime nations of Europe, from the day of the commencement of the successful rounding of Cape Horn by the gallant Magellan.

Not to go into the argument for the new theory, or the Gulf Stream or Kuro Sivo, with the aid of the water-thermometer, it may be proper to state that, after mature reflection, Dr. Kane, to whom Captain Bent explained the theory, thought very highly of it, and, in his narratives of the second Grinnell Expedition, so declares himself. The German Expedition of last year found piles of drift-wood twenty feet high on the southern and eastern shore of Spitzbergen; and it has long been a common occurrence for mariners to find weeds and wood from the West Indies on the western coast of Europe. In 1823, General Sabine, while on a visit to the Danish Greenland coasts which lay to the northwest from the docks of a vessel known to have foundered off Cape Lopez, on the western coast of Africa. The cabin-boy of the steamer on the equatorial current of the Atlantic, which is the chief feeder of the Gulf Stream of the latter, had been transported into the polar basin. But one of the most important confirmations of the views of Captain Bent is found in the facts of the Dutch whole-fisheries in the seventeenth century. The right-whale, the object of commercial pursuit from 1600, was found in immense schools between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla and around Spitzbergen. The remains of them attracted and maintained, in the middle of the seventeenth century, more than 10,000 men, and employed more than 300 ships. Seventy Dutch fishermen, engaged in this northern business, perished in the terrible winter preserved in Holland, 17,461 voyages. The greed and rapacity of these sailors, early in the eighteenth century, began to destroy the whale-fishery on the whole into higher and less accessible latitudes, and at a greater distance from Holland, ness equaled its former figures, but has greatly decreased. In the Pacific Ocean, in our day, there has been a great falling off in the number of fishermen. The annual statistics prepared by Mark Collector of Customs, for the Treasury, show that the commerce of the islands has greatly suffered by this decrease. The number of whaling vessels engaged in the Pacific ocean for the year 1869 was only 46; while, in 1852, there were 329. The decrease in the whale-fishery has been brought about by the scarcity of the fish, captains sometimes being forced to go north of Behring's Straits before they can get a ton of their chief before they can obtain a cargo of oil.

The fact is well known that the whale can not live in the warm water of southern or tropical latitudes, and that it is the instinct of every species him to come to the surface every few minutes to breathe. Where, then, have the old tribes and families of the whale fled? Have they all been shoulder the Dutch once fattened and grew rich, and which, at one time, seemed to have fully satisfied the avarice of nearly three hundred whalers? That they have retreated into the circumpolar regions is probable. But it is also equally evident that, if this be so, those regions can not be reached and won.

But we did not undertake the task of arguing the theory; that has already been done.

The year 1870 opens with the splendid Norwegian steamer, the *Solid*, sail as far as the Sea of Kara, where, coasting along the Siberian shore, along the coast of Siberia as far as the neighborhood of the White Island, without perceiving the slightest trace of ice. Captain Wiggins, commanding her, was often in sight of land, which he describes as low immense acres of low-lying steppes of great extent, covered over with long wood and trees of stunted growth, the water near the shores of great depth, and free from shoals, rocks, and witnesses and seals every where abundant. The English ship *Samson*, Captain Pullen, also followed the coast-line on their way, giving a like testimony. After having entered the Sea of Kara, however, Captain Wiggins, in the latitude of seventy degrees around Nova Zembla, doubled it, and entered the Sea of Kara again by the Strait of Matotchkin, the very rolling mountains of Nova Zembla, *summer Zemo*, commanded and owned by M. Sawatier, Hydrographer of the Russian Navy, visited a few degrees to the northward and eastward of its most northern extremity, and reported open water in all directions. Captain Nordenskiold, who last year commanded the Swedish Expedition which penetrated to the farthest degree of north latitude, calculates that the sea will be open, at least for some months—from the end of January to the end of September—all along the whole Siberian coast and around the shores of Nova Zembla. In fact, there appears to be no reason for an immediate and vigorous prosecution of the great Polar enterprise, and especially along Behring's Straits, around Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, unless an attempt is to be made to find a northern route of the Kuro Sivo. Not to repeat what has been said of the old Dutch fishermen in the seventeenth century, a company of whalers sailed from the port of Hull in 1773, with the express purpose of comparing notes of their experience, to the best way of reaching the Pole. The deliberations of this congress were conducted by Captain Way, an officer of the British service, and resulted in the statement, the oldest commanders agreed that they would never reach the Pole to the west of Spitzbergen, but run out to the Greenland sea, westward of Nova Zembla, the route advocated by Captain Bent.

It is said that this route can be tested in a few weeks by thermometrical navigation at less hazard of life than by the old routes, and at less than half the expense of any other yet suggested. It seems to be the first proposal for finding the Pole sustained by scientific deduction. If every scheme, having this end in view, is promising, it is the new plan urged by Captain Bent, and it is to be hoped that Congress, in making any appropriation for the Polar Expedition, will provide for a fair and speedy consideration of the "*Thermometric Gateways.*"

THE MEMORY OF ANIMALS.

THAT the faculty of memory exists in animals, there are many proofs. Boss, according to Huber, who had been fed in the autumn with honey at a particular window, returned in expectant crowds to the same place in the spring, when the window, closed through the winter by an outer shutter, was reopened. The recognition of their own hives, out of a number of others, on returning from their excursions, would appear to be from a remembrance of the situation, rather than from any peculiarity about the individuality of Swallows, on returning from their winter-quarters in southern latitudes, resume possession of their former summer residence. A horse will almost always be found to preserve an acute recollection of any spot where he has received a fright, however many years may have since elapsed.

We can not just now call to mind where we met, long ago, with a very amusing example of memory in a horse-in-the charger of the commanding officer of an Indian regiment. He was in a mountainous region, and heavy, man, and horse, having a dislike to carrying such a burden, acquired the habit of lying down on the ground whenever the rider attempted to mount. This, as may be supposed, annoyed him, and, to avoid the ridicule of the soldiers, he punished with the animal, and procured another not so fastidious as to a few stones more or less. We believe is was a pair of stones—certainly some considerable time—after that colored, visiting another station, was there to receive the troops there, and a horse was placed at his service, which, on first attempting to mount, immediately lay down in full view of the assembled regiment. It turned out to be the identical dismissed charger, who had at once recognized his more objectionable rider.

A very interesting anecdote is related by Frederick Cuvier, recently dead, only great for his memory, but also strong attachment in an animal generally supposed to be destitute of all good qualities. While in Paris a gentleman had treated up one from infancy till he was as tractable as a dog, would follow him about wherever he went, and become quite low-spirited when he was absent. Being compelled to leave home, his master made him over to the Menagerie at Paris, where he at first drooped and refused to eat, but gradually became more reconciled to the situation. After the lapse of a year and a half his master returned home and paid him a visit. The wolf knew the voice the moment he spoke, and flew to him with every demonstration of delight and affection, planting his fore-feet on his shoulders and licking his face. The same scene occurred after a second separation of three years' duration. The wolf, as before, at once recognized his master's voice, and bounding toward him as soon as set at liberty by the keeper. A final meeting followed after the lapse of four years. The creature never appeared to regain his former spirits and vivacity, and died apparently of grief, betraying ominous signs of the ferocity inherent in his race.

Stories of elephantine intelligence are numerous, but most of them too well known to repeat. We have, however, heard by a traveller, in a paper contributed to a scientific journal, and which is vouched for from personal knowledge, is worth a brief notice. Captain Hall was on a journey and several elephants were engaged to carry his tent and baggage. One of them, euphoniously named Fatma Mungo, coming on the scent of a lion, was seized with a panic and ran off into the woods, the rest of the party, in the meantime, going to the branch of a tree and letting himself down. All attempts to recover the animal were fruitless, and the party proceeded on their way, giving up all idea of seeing him again. Among a herd of 300 elephants encountered eighteen months afterward was found the runaway, who at first was as apparitions and unmanageable as the rest; but on an old native owning him and calling out to him on a tone elephant, pulling him by the ear, and ordering him to kneel down, he immediately obeyed the familiar word of command and became perfectly tractable. This writer also mentions a female elephant which escaped from her owner and was at large for *fourteen years*. On being recognized she remembered her former driver, and instantly lay down at his order.

Locke adduces the learning of tunes at proof that it is not memory, but association. "Association," he says, "with any appearance of reason can be supposed—much less proved—that birds, without such a contrivance, can approximate notes nearer and nearer by degrees to a tune they never heard before, and that they get a part at in their memory, is nowhere, nor can be a pattern for them to imitate, or which any repeated hearers can help them to retain." Because there is no reason why the sound of a pipe should leave traces in the brain which look at first, but by their after-endeavors, should produce the like sounds; and why the sounds they make themselves should not make traces which they should follow as well as those of the pipe, is impossible to conceive."

There is no question that many animals understand the measurement of time. It is a well-known fact that the rabbit where the rivers are habitually shot at, the birds, instead of keeping to the water-courses, go on the days of the week, come close up to the farm-houses on Sundays, having somehow found out that the guns are then shelved.

Every one who has traveled much in Scotland, more especially in the Highland districts, must have remarked the large attendance of shepherds-dogs at church on Sundays. The peculiarity is very interesting to English tourists, one of whom states that he was told that many of the dogs were more constant than their masters. This gentleman mentions that, in one district, the animals, perhaps demoralized by a "black sheep" among their number, became so quarrelsome and unmannerly in their behavior that the minister requested all who had been in the habit of bringing their dogs to confine them to the house before leaving for church. This plan answered exceedingly well for the first Sunday, but, for the future, not a single shepherd or farmer could find his dog on a Sunday morning. They had no notion of being deprived of their accustomed liberty and, well knowing the hour of service, set off to church without their masters. An attempt was then made to compromise matters, by erecting a large kennel close to the church, where the dogs were imprisoned during public worship, but they kept up such a fearful howling that the congregation was seriously disturbed, and there was no help for it but to restore them to their former rights and privileges.

The Committee of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston upon Lamps and Gas have been on a visit to New York, at the Fifth Ave. Hotel, investigating the new process of lighting street lamps, as now adopted in this city by BARNET'S PATENT Instantaneous Gas Lighter, the Improved Key. We understand they were highly pleased with this new and simple method.—[Com.]

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A SONG.

ALBERT DURER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Albert Durer.—Rauch's Statue of Durer.—Durer's House.—View from Durer's Home.—Durer's Tomb.

THE SPOTS IN THE SUN.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sunaling the Glass.—Heliotscope.—General Appearance of the Spots.—The Planet Mercury.—Solar Spots.—Appearance indicating Cavities.—The Mottled Surface: The Willow Leaves: The Luminous Bridges.—Granulation.—Spot as seen October 18, 1858.—Spot as seen October 19, 1858.—Eclipse of 1860: Beginning of Totality.—Eclipse of 1860, End of Totality.—Eclipse of 1868 as observed in Siam Indies.

IN A COUNTRY STORE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Country Store.—Aunt Betsy.—Uncle Ephraim.—Cousin Boy.—Horace Harper.—The Darwinite.—The Wayfarer.—The Butter Buyer.—The Widow.—"Oh dear! what can I do?"

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—VI. Diplomatic Intrigues and Military Adventures.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Palace of the Emperor.—Map of Silesia.—The March into Silesia.—Battle-Scene.

AMONG THE HEMLOCKS.

HANDSOME JOHN GATSMER.

THE CHILDREN OF JUDAH.

A HOUSE TO LET.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 697.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD, whose portrait, taken in advanced years, we give on this page, was born in the town of Berlin, Connecticut, February 23, 1787. Her family, of Puritan stock, were among the earliest settlers in Connecticut. Her father was SAMUEL HART, a man of prominence in his day, both in Church and State, of extensive reading and information, and liberal views in politics and religion. From him his daughter inherited many of those intellectual qualities and traits that made her in after-life one of the most successful and popular of American female educators.

Her first experience in teaching was in 1804, when, at the age of seventeen, she took charge of a children's school in her native town. Her predecessor had been lax in discipline, and the children were accustomed to do just as they pleased. First she tried remonstrance and reasoning, telling them that she was there to do them good—to make them fine boys and girls—but all her pathetic appeals fell on listless ears. The rod was next tried, and before the day wore away the young teacher had nearly worn herself out in the punishment which she was compelled to bestow upon her scholars. But the lesson was well learned, and the whippings never had to be resorted to again. The school soon became a model one—its reputation extended, people came from a distance to inspect it, and by their commendation cheered the heart of the young teacher in what was to become the great work of her life.

The next two or three years of her life were spent in teaching and study. In 1807 she became assistant in the academy at Westfield, Massachusetts, and soon afterward took entire charge of a female seminary at Middlebury, Vermont. Here she was married to DR. JOHN WILLARD. The union proved a most fortunate and happy one. DR. WILLARD was a man of liberal education, and fully sympathized with his accomplished wife in her literary labors and scientific studies. His profession gave her facilities for the study of physiology; and

MRS. EMMA WILLARD.—[PHOT. BY SOUDONMAKER, TROY, NEW YORK.]

at one time she announced a scientific theory in regard to the circulation of the blood, which has received countenance from eminent members of the medical profession. In consequence of financial losses, MRS. WILLARD, with her husband's consent, opened a boarding-school in Middlebury, and in 1816 she published an address to the Legislature, proposing a plan for improving female education. In the spring of 1819 she removed her school to Waterford, and two years afterward again removed it, for the last time, and settled permanently in Troy. The Common Council of that city appropriated $4000 toward the expense of maintaining the school.

The career of this famous seminary need not be sketched here. It is well known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Nearly ten thousand young women have been educated within its walls. They came from every section of the country, North, South, East, and West; and, wherever they went, they always carried with them grateful remembrances of their friend and instructor. Her husband died only a short time after the establishment of the school at Troy, and from that time until 1846, when she relinquished the charge to her son and his accomplished wife, the entire responsibility of carrying on the business rested on herself. In the spring of the last-mentioned year she made the tour of the Western and Southern States, accompanied by a niece. Through her long journey of more than 8000 miles, embracing all the principal cities in the States west and south of New York except Florida and Texas, she was every where received by her former pupils with every mark of respect and affection. At seminaries for the education of girls she was welcomed as one of the pioneers in this department of literary training.

MRS. WILLARD was the author of many educational works, over a million copies of which have been circulated. She was fond of travel, and twice visited Europe—the second time in 1854, to attend the World Educational Convention in London. Her whole life was consecrated to the education and advancement of women, and her services will always be held in grate-

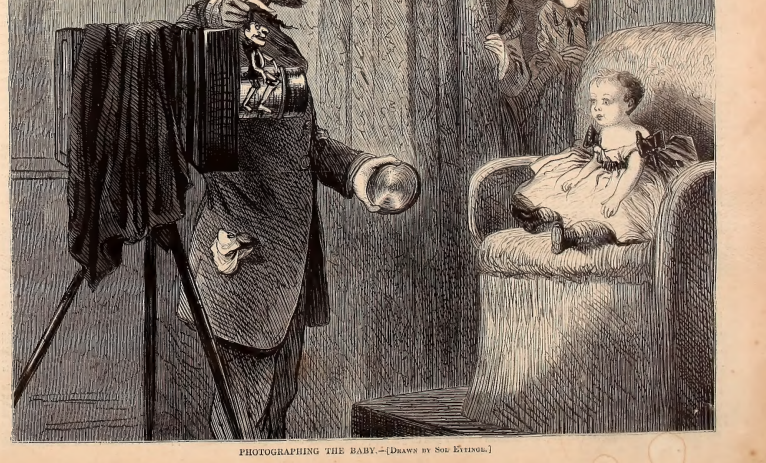

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE.]

fil remembrance. She lived to see the complete triumph of her views in regard to education, and passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-four, regretted by all who knew her.

[The following poem is not to be found in any edition of Leigh Hunt's works. I am indebted for the copy of it to Mr. Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, the author of a very valuable work entitled "List of the Works of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt." M. D. CONWAY.
London, April 25, 1870.]

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the cruel darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of softness joy or pain;
Never will his once-bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timid flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle;
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood
Save the childless one who wept
Over the grave where now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, May 7, 1870.

THE LIBERTINE PRESS.

THE conduct of the Prince of Wales has been very freely criticised by the press both in England and this country, and a suit for slander has now been brought in his name against a newspaper in Sheffield, which had stated that he would soon be implicated in another action for divorce. The fact called attention to the extreme freedom of personal comment by the press in both countries. It is a liberty which has become license. It has become so abused that nobody of experience or intelligence now believes any damaging personal comment in the newspapers without further proof. The rule of taking no notice of newspaper aspersions is a good one, and to very conspicuous persons it is an unavoidable one; but it is undeniable that the constant reiteration of a slander produces an effect. The pecuniary success of what may most fairly be called personal intelligence upon the best newspapers are another illustration of it. And the practice is now pushed to such an extreme that nobody can be sure that his most private letters and most unguarded words may not be served up for the public amusement.

The consequence of this practice is that the press becomes formidable not by reason, but by terror. It lives a universal blackmail upon society. A person appears as a reporter, and instantly a man who shrinks from notoriety, and with whom publicity has no necessary temptation to propitiate him by servility or to bribe him to silence. But as the most honorable of men will not serve as purveyor of scandal for the public, those who will serve have every body at their mercy. They may distort and invent at their pleasure; and he is a very foolish person who believes that people say what the interviewer ultimately reports them as having said. We have known a reporter to call upon a gentleman, who told him that he had nothing whatever to say upon the subject suggested, and wished not to be publicly mentioned in any manner. But the jackal, knowing that his lion, the public, was hungry, printed a story of the interview, with all the remarks that were not made. It is an illustration of what happens daily; and nothing is more truly edifying than to see such a newspaper pluming itself upon its defense of public morality. Indeed, the papers which endeavor to conduct as directed by terror, the ROBESPIERRES and MARATS of the press, imitate their prototypes. As MARAT called his sheet the *Friend of the People*, so these papers assume to be the especial guardians of public virtue.

The remedy for this primarily lies in the editorial profession, and not in the public. It is useless merely to denounce and decry the libertinism of the press as shameful. All sin is shameful; but many sins are profitable, and men love money. No editor or proprietor would publish a blackguard newspaper at a constant loss; any more than a man would keep a gambling-house or worse unless he made money by it. A quarter of a century ago there were periodical attacks in the other newspapers upon the New York *Herald*. It was decried as a disgrace to journalism, as a moral nuisance and pest. But the *Herald* kept on its course and flourished exceedingly, and has survived, apparently still prosperous, many of its warmest assailants. The bursts of moral indignation spent themselves without result. The truth is that the public wants entertainment in a newspaper. It is not news only that it seeks, nor didactic morality, and there is a large part of the public that delights in personal gossip. The same curiosity that carries old people to look at the dead body of a person whom they never knew, or that draws the crowds to crowd a church to see the marriage of those in whom they have no interest, wheels the spectator of thousands of readers for every day's gossip.

Now, if shrewd and honorable editors take an interesting paper without pandering to the blackguard taste of the public, they detach from the support of the blackguard papers those who buy them because they find them more entertaining than others; and thus the line will be drawn. The blackguard papers will not be ruined, indeed, for they can always count on a fellow-feeling in a certain part of the public. But honorable men who become journalists will prefer to make money honorably, and will decline the other kind of service. In this way the real glamour and evil of the press may be advanced, while just in the degree that the libertinism increases the character and civilizing power of the press will decline. The power of the libertine press soils every cause as it dishonors every person. Its advocacy is felt to be either venal or sensational. It is the friend not of the pirate and of the adventurer—to make money at any price, and to give its baseness the finest name. Among truly sagacious and self-respecting journals the libertine newspaper is what a sharper and a pander is among gentlemen. He affects to resemble them. He listens at keyholes. He cheats at cards. He lies and swears. He swaggers and cringes. He is a bully and a coward. Gentlemen avoid him, and do not name him.

It is in this way that the encroachments of the libertine press in this country are to be opposed. The active work must be done by the editors. If they denounce and then embrace, they must not be surprised if the public also embraces without denouncing. They must show that libertinism is not essential to the liveliest and the most attractive of newspapers, and then the blackguard journals will go to their own place and patrons.

CUBAN PROSPECTS.

THE chief Republican leader in Spain, CASTELLAR, has declared struggle for the continued union of Cuba with Spain, and the recent accounts from the island show that the struggle has begun there. GENERAL BANES evidently does not think the moment favorable for pressing the resolution in the House of Representatives, and he was wise enough not to appear at the late meeting in this city. It is not a subject upon which it is safe to speak with confidence; but the conditions of union proposed by Señor CASTELLAR, if adopted, would certainly remove all appearance of oppression upon the part of Spain. Señor CASTELLAR proposes that the slavery abolished; second, custom-houses abolished, to take from Cuba the chief cause of separation and from the United States the desire of annexation; third, the extension to the Cubans of all the rights of Spanish citizens; and fourth, local self-government. The present Spanish government involved the power of taxation and of general legislation, and to which Cuba should not be made tributary to Spain, it is not probable that serious resistance would continue upon the island.

Señor CASTELLAR and his friends naturally think that it was rather hard for the Cubans to select, at the moment of having swung against Spain, the very time at which they had risen against QUEEN ISABELLA and the régime that had made Spanish colonies in the Western Hemisphere, when fully established and organized, had refused justice to Cuba, an armed protest might have commanded the sympathy of the world. But that sympathy has never been given, because when the black roll of old Spanish oppression was recited, it was instantly answered that similar oppressions at home had also produced a revolution, the expulsion of that old Court, an appeal to the principles of republican influence in the Cortes. By what right, therefore, it was asked, do you plunge Cuba into all the inevitable horrors and wretchedness of war upon the plea of old oppressions, until you know that the new system will continue them? And to this question there was no answer.

The strenuous appeal for active sympathy with the insurgents in Cuba, by invoking all the revolution of the Spanish American colonies fifty years ago, has constantly failed for the same reason. If the Spain against which CASTELLAR rebelled still existed, the Cuban revolt might have been hailed by a very different feeling in this country. We may be very sure that JAMES OTIS and the fathers of our Revolution would have paused to await the issue if, just as they felt the armed struggle to be unavoidable, a victorious revolution against the tyranny of the British Government had taken place in England. They would have said, wisely, that revolution was not a good thing in itself, and that the appeal to arms can never be justified while there is yet a fair chance of peaceful remedy. And they would have insisted that the movement in the mother country offered the fairest possible chance for avoiding war. An oppressed people, indeed, is not likely to be prudent. But if its leaders are not prudent they betray their cause.

The truth was, that the Cuban revolution had been planned before that in Spain was known. It was to begin almost simultaneously. And when the news of the Spanish movement came it paralyzed, instead of wholly preventing, that in Cuba. From that paralysis it has never recovered. It may be the misfortune of brave and devoted men, but if the Cuban revolution has evidently never seemed to the American mind the heroic rising of an outraged people resolved to break the back of the old oppressor, and entitled to our national admiration and sympathy. It has seemed from the beginning a speculation. The real actors in it have been apparently a knot of persons in New York. There was talk of a government which has always been as shadowy as that of Barataria, and which, claiming to be that of an island, did not hold a single port. There were further talk of a war of emancipation—and the only visible head of the philanthropic crusade was General JORDAN, one of the late rebel generals in the country, urged to destroy our government because it would be made a mere conspiracy to extend slavery. General JORDAN was not a soldier who sells his sword and his service, and therefore not a person to be considered. But if that be so, doubts as to the honorable intentions of the Cuban war may at least be pardoned.

It is stoutly asserted, also, that if General WASHINGTON had left the President would long ago have virtually declared for Cuba. The influence of General RAWLINS upon the President may have been great, and he may have been especially well-informed upon Cuban affairs. Certainly he was a noble soldier and an honorable man, whose death the country sincerely deplored. But we see no reason in GENERAL GRANT'S character or career to suppose that he would have been eager in the case, or, willing to tarnish the fair renown of the United States by a policy of emotion rather than of principle. The end is not yet. Spain is far from tranquil; and the conscription seems, at this distance, to be ill-advised. But the great and well-established principles which have guided the public action of this country in Spanish affairs are not likely to be disregarded by this Administration. Cuba, surely, is not hostile to Spain, which has thrown off an intolerable government, and is trying to establish a better; nor is it hostile to the Cubans who are honestly striving for independence.

A FRIEND INSULTED.

THE contempt with which the Senate has treated DENMARK, a small but most friendly power, is a blot upon the national honor. Our own Foreign Secretary, with the concurrence of the President, urged a treaty upon Denmark for buying St. Thomas, and Brandenburg acted. The offer was persistently renewed, until Denmark was satisfied that it was made in good faith; and, after a long negotiation, earnestly pressed and urged by us, a convention agreeable to the wishes and proposals of the President and Secretary of State was signed by the accredited Minister of the United States, on the 24th of October, 1867. It was to have been ratified by the 24th of February, 1868. But the day passed without so much as a word from the Foreign Committee of the Senate. Eight months later, an additional convention was agreed upon by the Secretary of State and the Danish Minister, making a year from the date of the convention. That day passed without the slightest notice from the Senate. Under the new Administration the term was again extended until the 4th of April, 1870. That day passed also with the dissolutest silence of the Senate. The convention had, of course, at an end, and GENERAL RAASLOFF, the Danish Minister at War, one of the ablest of the Danish statesmen, and recently Minister of Denmark in this country, to whom the negotiation was chiefly supposed, who was necessarily trusted by his Government, and who was unwilling to believe that the United States would treat with contempt a friendly power which they had themselves solicited to negotiate, has offered his resignation to the King.

In the St. Thomas treaty there was no job, no plunder. It occurred to us as a most unfortunate and friendly popularism—perhaps the best in the Gulf—whose assent to the transfer was unanimous. If we have an ambition to rule in the Indies, there was none more desirable. It would have very slightly increased our population: it was involved in no debt and in no war. The proposal for its acquisition was the act of our Executive, and the contemptuous silence with which the Senate has treated the convention not only insults a power which has no remedy, and, therefore, puts us in the attitude of a bully, but it will necessarily incline every government in the world to listen with the utmost incredulity to every proposal of a negotiation with this country, and to deal to the constant mortification of our foreign ministers.

ARCADE RAILROAD.

THE annual gathering of the Legislature has come to be regarded with serious apprehension; and it is therefore an inexpressible relief to know that its hundred days have nearly expired. The presence of individual members among the people may be counteracted, as it is easier to deal with foul matter diffused than in accumulated masses. If the people are true to themselves, the position at home of those who as legislators have brought disgrace upon the system under which they assemble will be made to correspond with this formidable influence. The country's experience shows a decisive advance in corruption; but in the Arcade Railroad bill the policy of proceeding in that direction by unanimous steps has been abandoned, and at a single bound all prudence has been dismissed. The bill confers a right to take whole parcels of land from the rear of the gift to the incorporators, and subjects to their power hundreds of millions' worth of private property.

The corruption which is now so general in municipal and State legislation owes its origin and progress almost entirely to the Arcade bills. Prior to the grant to the Sixth and Eighth Avenue roads, made in the first instance by the Common Council, the city was generally governed; but the passage of these measures, and the action which followed, earned for the Common Council the title of the Board of the Forty Thieves. A grant of a Broadway Railroad was made at about the same time, and by the same authority, and when application will take the trouble to look over the names of grantees and officers of roads of that day will find among them all the leading and most conspicuous authors of the wide-spread corruption that prevails. It threatens to destroy every safeguard for public and private property. The power to establish these roads having been held not to be an incident of municipal authority, the scene of these measures was transferred to the State Legislature; and the result is that honest men, one after another, have been expelled from public life as the unavailing protest of this powerful interests. A majority has been established at Albany who legislate only for pecuniary rewards, and in the direction of selfish interests.

The constitutional restriction that private property shall not be taken for public use "without just compensation" is in fact neutralized by the provisions of this bill, which declares that in proceedings to ascertain the value of the property taken (usually for stations, depôts, etc.) "and the injury or damage sustained, the question of benefit shall be considered, and to the extent it shall appear by the construction of said road will enhance the value of *the property of the person* or party claiming damages to be sustained greater than the amount of the injury sustained, then and in that case the claimants shall not be entitled to recover more than nominal damages." If the road's benefits are less than the injury, the claimants shall only be entitled to recover the excess of such damage or injury.

This, which is a sample of the injustice of the whole bill, would entitle the company to take any property in Broadway, and pay for it by the supposed advantage which the construction of the road, in the view of friendly commissioners, would confer on the contiguous property of the owner in the upper part of the island. And of course, in taking land under this power the Company will be able to ascertain how much other property may belong to the owner over which they may distribute the value of what they take for stations, depôts, and other purposes.

The furthest extent hitherto reached in this line of plundering acquisition of property through a system of increased and increasing taxation. The tax enters, in carrying out this previous policy, to allow the assessment to the owner of a partial and somewhat prolonged enjoyment; but this bill is sudden and effective in its operation, and the benefit to unproductive property may be set off against the productive which the corporators move.

The owner is driven to the Supreme Court of the first judicial district of this State, and nor elsewhere," for his remedies to enjoin this iniquity; and the motion for that writ be made only at a special term, and after eight days' notice. Some of the press which affects to feel a great horror at the nomination of a new bench of the Supreme Court of the United States have been filled with judges of loyal antecedents, support the Arcade Railroad bill, and notwithstanding that it subjects the rights of individuals to the mercies of a tribunal selected in the interests of an adverse party. It is important that a fundamental principle incorporated in the Bill of Rights, established for public safety, is held in perfect contempt by the Legislature, as it is expected by them that it will be so held in the tribunal constructed for the purpose.

But on grounds of mere convenience the power over the business of the city which the bill confers will be considered one of its worst features. The travel and transportation conducted over Broadway are driven there because there is no other convenient avenue not occupied with railroads. The bill supposes that

these interests will for a reasonable time, to be judged of by the Company, be interrupted, and provision is made, as the construction of the road proceeds, only for public *travel*. The omission in the bill to require temporary bridges for the transportation of merchandise as well as travel is doubtless due to the desire to save the expense of a heavy structure, but it is at the sacrifice of the business of the city. By an amendment the Commissioner of Public Works of the City of New York may compel the erection of temporary bridges for such travel, and compel the execution of the work below Fourteenth Street in such manner as no to interfere with the passage of Broadway except under such conditions as he may prescribe. But what can be expected from this source?

No compensation is provided for the incidental loss to owners on Broadway in rents and profits which must inevitably follow. Their property may be indeed by execution and deprived of any revenue. The work may be delayed for a year and a half, and then five years may be consumed, not counting any time lost in litigation. But it will take infinitely longer to complete the road. By what right can property owners on this line be subjected to irreparable loss?

An examination of the provisions of the bill will show that it disregards the principle on which the right to take private property for public use is founded; that it subjects the business of the city to the control of speculators in public grants; that it exposes property owners to spoliation and exaction; that it closes the door of the ordinary tribunals of the State against them; and places our parks in the power of those who will not scruple to convert them into railroad property.

GLIMPSES OF "THE DEMOCRACY."

The four months' session of Governor HOFFMAN'S "honest" New York Legislature is drawing very reluctantly to an end. The Democratic party, which has had a majority in both branches, came into power last autumn with two promises upon its lips. One was to restore —in its phrase—to the city of New York the right of self-government; and the other, to secure a stricter economy in the public expenditure. It kept its first promise by forcing the appointment of every chief officer in the city of New York, for four years and more, to a Mayor elected last year. As for the economy, let us hear the words of an ardent Democrat, the special Albany correspondent of the *World*:

"I should have some patience with the huge tax if it were for the necessary expenditure of the needy life of a great State, but so much of it is so recklessly ordered: and even in a party sense so much of it to their party when they allow it to drift into a severity of taxation beyond former years.

* * *

"And so unnecessary appropriations are wrung out of a people just busily recovering from the effects of the war, and all this because so few men are found capable of perceiving and resisting the combinations that are formed. The legislature acts like men sitting round a common object of plunder, and extorts out of the State all that is possible.

* * *

"This session ought to end Saturday at noon of this week. If the people of the State knew how much they would be spared of reputation and treasure by such vacation of the Capitol, they would almost, globally, re-enact the ordinance framed by WELLINGTON and NAPOLEON thrust out the legislature by their day."

Nothing could be added to such statements as illustrative of the character and methods of the dominant party in the State.

But they will be of use if they remind those who are inclined to think that any change is for the better, that the Democratic party is one that does not and can not learn. Thus, one of its committees or associations in Philadelphia has been lately gravely discussing the question if Democratic party will or will not resist the recent Constitutional Amendments, and it issues "a declaration," which is an extraordinary political document. The "declaration" sets forth, among other great truths, that "the Democratic party was created to protect and defend this system of government." Considering that the rebellion to overthrow it by arms was waged by the most conspicuous Democratic leaders, and had some but Democratic support and sympathy; that the Democratic Convention of 1864 was pro-surrender to the rebellion; and that of 1868 favored the repudiation of the debt incurred in suppressing it—this point of the "declaration" is historically amusing.

The "declaration" proceeds to state that "the meaning of the Constitution was fixed in power since 1860, and that they have continually made mince-meat of it ever since—especially, probably, before the people and in simple-tree. They have been perpetrating acts of "fraud, force, and violence," of which the Philadelphia Committee "proclaims its abhorrence." The same virtue abhorred the malefactor LINCOLN and the butcher GRANT, and its "declaration" smacks dismally of a Mr. JACKSON, who does the Philadelphia Democratic thunder, or of the patriotic Mr. WILLIAM B. REED, who in 1860 availed with ineffable complacency the arrival of the Christian hero, General LEE, in the city of brotherly love, and was grievously disappointed that he did not come.

This is the kind of political insolence to which the Democratic party devotes itself when it is out of power, and how full it is of promise to the peace and good feeling of the country is evident to him who reads as he runs. Where the party is in power, as in New York, it does not fulminate against the enemies of the Constitution, but it is thrifty like the Tammany Ring. It cultivates abstractions, but of another kind than the Philadelphia "declaration" of. It wrings taxes out of the people, according to the Democratic witness we have quoted, it sits "round a common object of plunder, and extorts out of the State all that is possible." This is congenial and familiar work. I salute the New York Democracy as the party which has not the honesty of his party at the polls secured its ascendency; we shall now behold long-needed reforms. What a perceptive Governor it is!

THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

AMONG the bills passed by the lower branch of the New York Legislature is one which deserves attention, partially reorganizing the system of education of primary schools over the State. It is in accordance with the suggestions of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, by which we learn that the present bill constitutes a Board of Education, of which the Superintendent is the head, and in which the Board of Regents is merged and abolished. There are to be thirty-two Regents instead of nineteen as now. They are to be elected as now by joint ballot of the Senate and Assembly; but while the present members are to remain, as they were elected, for life, or at the pleasure of the people, the new ones appointed are to retire every ten years. The Regents are hereafter to report to the Superintendent, instead of to the Legislature as they do now. All their present duties are to continue, and they are still to be unpaid.

The Superintendent who have already stated we can not see that this change is thorough enough to be of any essential services. It goes just far enough to remove the objection that approves the Board of Regents of its independent dignity, and does nothing else. The Board, in obedience to the Superintendent's recommendation, just made a brief report to that body, showing that it has already every desirable power of a Board of Education, except that of legislation, and declaring that no change in its present organization would make it more efficient for that purpose. It is not easy to see why the trouble to see how the efficiency of this Board would be increased by requiring it to report to the Superintendent instead of to the Legislature, or by limiting the term of membership to ten years. Nor do we understand why an unpaid post for gentlemen who have a business like education should be considered more honorable case of citizenship; but, she says, "how long is this to continue?" It will be more soldiers to coming the Indians in a way very agreeable to them, are starved and maltreated than to keep them in subjection. On the other hand, if they are true that they can secure a permanent peace, and that the white neighbors can be prevented from encroaching, then, with proper teaching, I warmed in the savage, as he is called by day, will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence."

If prophecies, Mr. SWEARD could tell SARAH WINNEMUCCA, are dangerous. But it is surely worth while to make the effort to try an honest policy with the Indians. If there are savages who will not be tamed, at least there are a great multitude of Indians of whom what this letter says is true. Surely it shall turn out false as to SARAH WINNEMUCCA, and that no such letter was ever written, its statements will still remain as the plea and protest of thousands of the Indians.

NOTICES.

IN the artists who paint the portraits of famous men do a great service for the world, how great a service only those who have felt the history of good men's lives! When we read of a neighbor of whom we had never heard, and discover that his genuine and pure and devoted life, that his influence was as lofty and his character as good endowed and strengthened. Such a story is told in a little book called the "Way, Truth, and Life," by the author of "Ragged Homes," Brooklyn, written with singular grace and charm by his friend and successor, JOHN DEATHERN. It is a life without romance, but short, active, unselfish. But the character of Mr. MACKAY was so lovely, his spirit was so pure, his views of duty and of the religious nature and relations of men so lofty, that the little memoir, and the few extracts from his writings which accompany it, are an addition as modest as they are valuable to the list of good books.

A DELIGHTFUL book of travel is Professor JAMES DEMMOND'S "The Andes and the Amazon," just published by the HARPERS. Mr. ONTON landed at Guayaquil, crossed the shoulder of Chimborazo to Quito, made the tour of the mountains under the equator, then descended the long eastern slope of the continent, and by the river Napo reached the Amazon, down which he sailed to Para upon the Atlantic coast, and thence came home. His description of the incidents of travel is simple and very charming, and his account of the people, scenery, and natural history of the mountain and river region will be very much appreciated where he knows how to gratify the most intelligent curiosity. The book is not only pleasant and lively, but it is of permanent value.

IT is stated that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM authorizes the announcement that "under no circumstances" will he be a candidate for the House of Representatives at the next election. But, it is added, his friends propose that "he shall attend the Democratic Convention until the next Senatorial election." If friends always gave politicians such sound advice they would be invaluable. It is a pity, however, in this case, that the friends had not advised him to attend to his business after the Senatorial election also, for then will not in the least interfere with such attention. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM will never consent to any political honors again as when he was defeated for Governor by a hundred thousand majority.

We are glad to remark that the United States flag-ship SARATOGA has gone to Santiago de Cuba to inquire into the outrage, lately, as recently mentioned, upon Mr. PHILLIPS, the United States Consul at that port.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 18.—In the Senate, a resolution of inquiry was adopted as to alleged charges of an attempt to influence legislation in the veto of the Georgia Bill.—In the House, a bill was introduced, and passed to a third reading by 95, for the appointment of the next Congress, fixing the number of members at 278, apportioned to the several States of the United States.

April 19.—In the Senate, Mr. Chandler endeavored unsuccessfully to introduce a resolution looking to the annexation of the Winnipeg country to the United States.—In the House, nearly the whole day was taken up with the Tariff bill.

April 20.—The Civil Rights Bill was accomplished in the Senate; and in the House, the discussion of the day was on a resolution to unseat the Hon. JOHN M. HARLAN, representative for the First Congressional District of Louisiana. The resolution failed. That district was finally declared invalid.

April 21.—In the Senate, the principal business of the day was the Georgia Bill.—In the House, the Pacific Railway bill.—Nothing of any importance was accomplished in the House.

April 22.—In the Senate, a long debate occurred on the Amendment to the Georgia Bill, and on the annexation of the Winnipeg country as a Territory. In the House, nearly the whole day in Committee on Appropriations. Among other bills passed was one to repeal the act of 1848, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indian tribes. This is the last law on the statute-book of Congress.—April 23. In the Senate, the Tariff was the main topic of the day, the sections discussed being those relating to the duty on sugar.—In the House, the Senate bill to restore to New Pucblo the lands granted to the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company was passed.—April 25. In the House nothing was done. The Senate bill to restore to New Pueblo the lands granted to the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company was finally refused to concur, and also refused to ask for a committee of conference.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The lower house of the New York Legislature has passed a bill regulating the Excise Department of the State, except in the city of New York, and also to amend the Excise law so as to prohibit, except on the same lights as white voters—in accordance with the provisions of the Constitutional Amendment.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives, after a long debate, April 19, passed a resolution in favor of submission to the State Constitution enabling women to vote and hold office.

The Prince Edward Island Legislature has rejected, by a large majority, a resolution in favor of Confederation with Canada.

The Governor of the late Minister Burlingame, which arrived from Europe at San Francisco, April 19, were received with appropriate ceremonies, on April 20, by the Governor of California, Senator Booth.

The Fenian scare still continues in Canada, and every precaution has been taken to give the raiders a warm reception, should they venture across the border. A Police Force has been created in New York April 19, and continued in session several days. The Governor is empowered to call upon the General for the proposed division of Canada.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided the motion of the Attorney General for a mandamus to the Secretary of War, which was forwarded—inviting him to the exercise of his official duties, and requiring him to issue the message of the Legal-Tender act—on the ground that some of the judges who concurred in the decision desired a rehearing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported that the papal police in Rome are active in searching out and imprisoning persons against the dogma of Infallibility.

In the Tyrol, a strictly Catholic province of Austria, there is a wide-spread movement in favor of secession from the Empire. Resistance to the dogma of Infallibility is promulgated.

The Irish Church Bill is becoming troublesome in England. They have threatened to mob the editor of the London *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, and both establishments are guarded by the military.

Legal proceedings have been instituted against the Sheffield (Scotland) *Daily Telegraph* for libel, in consequence of the use of the word "Fenian" in the Divorce Court in the case of the Earl of St. Lawrence against his wife.

On the 5th of April the Emperor of France issued a proclamation in regard to the plebiscites, in which he swears to the maintenance of the laid down, and upon his supporters to ratify them, and by this means place order and peace on a firm basis, the effect of which will be stability of political institutions and the peaceful transmission of power to the heir to the throne.

The workmen in Paris are uneasy, and great numbers of them have struck for higher wages and industrial reforms.

Spanish Democracy is seriously ill at its country seat in Cadiz.

A party of travelers, including several persons of high rank, recently captured by Greek bandits near Athens, have been murdered by their captors.

The city of Lisbon, Portugal, suffered from a severe earthquake on the 16th inst. Several persons were killed, and a large number seriously injured, and great damage done to the buildings. Many vessels at sea or in the Tagus were wrecked.

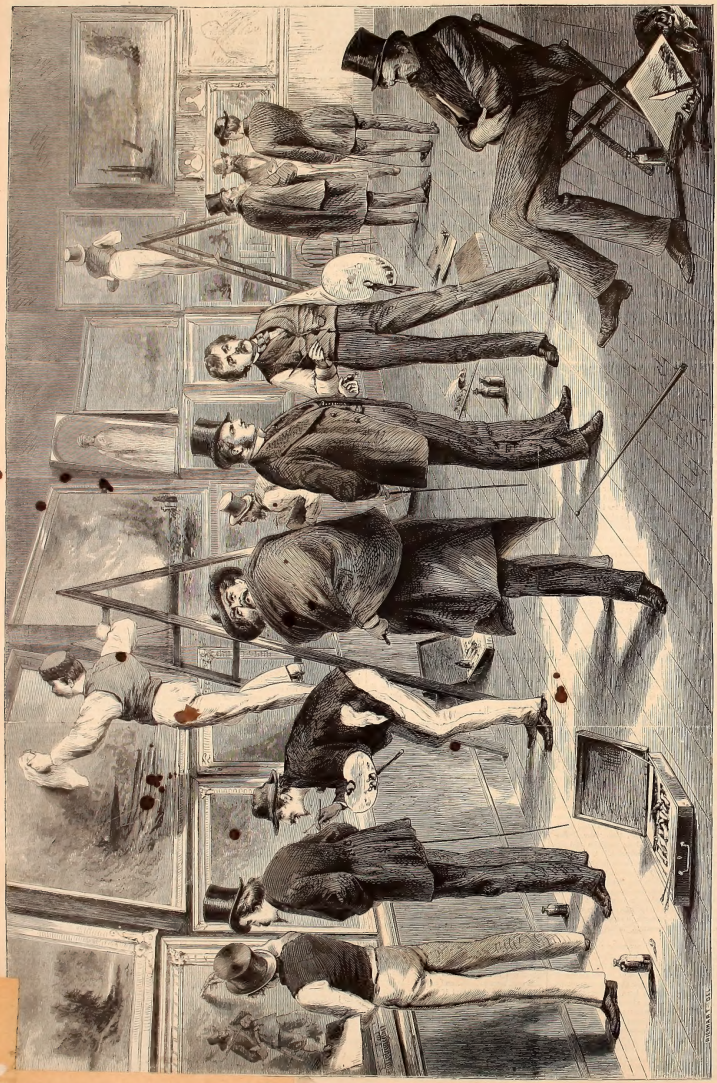

VARNISHING DAY AT THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

THE WAR IN CUBA—SURPRISE OF AN INSURGENT CAMP.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NINTH SCENE.—THE MUSIC-ROOM.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

JULIUS MAKES MISCHIEF.

JULIUS DARNAY was alone; idly smartening to and fro, with his violin in his hand, on the terrace at Swanhaven Lodge.

The first mellow light of evening was in the sky. It was the close of the day on which Anne Silvester had left Perth.

Some hours earlier, Julius had sacrificed himself to the duties of his political position—as made for him by his father. He had submitted to the dire necessity of delivering an oration to the electors, at a public meeting in the neighboring town of Kirkandrew. A detestable atmosphere to breathe; a disorderly audience to address; intervals of suspense to undergo; inquisitive inquiries to answer; brutish interruptions to endure; greedy politicians to pacify; and dirty hands to shake: these are the stages by which the aspiring English gentleman is compelled to travel on the journey which leads from the modest obscurity of private life to the glorious publicity of the House of Commons. Julius had the preliminary penalties of a political first appearance, as exacted by free institutions, with the necessary resources; and returned to the welcome shelter of home, more indifferent, if possible, to the attractions of Parliamentary distinction than he was before he set out. The discord of the roaring "people" (still echoing in his ears) had sharpened his customary sensibility to the poetry of sound, as composed by Mozart, and as interpreted by piano and violin. Possessing himself of his favorite instrument, he had gone out on the terrace to cool himself in the evening air, heeding the arrival of the servant with the mail summoned by the music-room bell. The mail appeared at the glass door which led into the room; and reported, in answer to his master's inquiry, that Mrs. Julius Delamayn was out paying visits, and was not expected to return for another hour at least.

Julius groaned in spirit. The finest music which Mozart has written for the violin associates that instrument with the piano. Without the wife by him, the husband was nothing. After an instant's consideration, Julius hit on an idea which promised, in some degree, to remedy the disaster of Mrs. Delamayn's absence from home.

"Has Mr. Glenarm gone out, too?" he asked.

"No, Sir."

"My compliments. If Mrs. Glenarm has nothing else to do, will she be so kind as to come to me in the music-room?"

The servant went away with his message. Julius seated himself on one of the terrace-benches, and begun to tune his violin.

Mrs. Glenarm, originally reported by Bishopriggs as having privately taken refuge from her obnoxious correspondent at Swanhaven Lodge —was, nevertheless, at home, and ready to efficient substitutes for Mrs. Delamayn. Julius possessed, in his wife, one of the few players on the piano-forte under whose subtle touch that shallow and soulless instrument becomes inspired with expression on its own, and produces music instead of noise. The fine organization which men work like miracle had not been bestowed on Mrs. Glenarm. She had been carefully taught; and she was to be trusted to play correctly—and was no more. Julius, hungry for music, and resigned to circumstances, asked for no more.

The servant returned with his message. Mrs. Glenarm would join Mr. Delamayn in the music-room in ten minutes' time.

Julius rose, relieved, and resumed his saunter ing walk: now playing little snatches of music, as they stopped or took air as the fiercer heat of the race, with an eye that enjoyed their beauty, and a hand that fondled them with caressing touch. If Imperial Parliament had seen him at that moment, Imperial Parliament must have given notice of a question to his illustrious father. Is it possible, my lord, that you can have begotten such a Member as this?

After stopping for a moment to tighten one of the strings of his violin, Julius, raising his head from the instrument, was surprised to see a man approaching him on the terrace. Advancing to meet her, and perceiving that she was a total stranger to him, he assumed that she was at the wrong door. Probability, a visitor to his wife.

"Have I the honor of speaking to a friend of Mrs. Delamayn's?" he asked. "My wife is not at home, I am sorry to say."

"I am a stranger to Mrs. Delamayn," the lady answered. "The servant informed me that she had gone out; and that I should find Mr. Delamayn here."

Julius bowed—and waited to hear more.

"I must beg you to forgive my intrusion," the stranger went on. "My object is to ask permission to see a lady who is, I have been informed, a guest in your house."

The extraordinary formality of the request further puzzled Julius.

"Do you mean Mrs. Glenarm?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Pray don't think any permission necessary. A friend of Mrs. Glenarm's may take her welcome for granted in this house."

"I am not a friend of Mrs. Glenarm. I am a total stranger to her."

This made the ceremonious request preferred by the lady a little more intelligible—but it left the lady's object in wishing to speak to Mrs. Glenarm still in the dark. Julius politely waited, until it pleased her to proceed further, and explain herself. No explanation did not appear to be an easy one to give. Her eyes dropped to the ground. She hesitated painfully.

"My name—if I mention it," she resumed, without looking up, "may possibly inform you." She paused. Her color rose slightly. She hesitated again: struggled with her agitation, and continued: "I am Anne Silvester." She said, suddenly raising her pale face, and suddenly steadying her trembling voice.

Julius listened, and looked at her in silent surprise.

The name was doubly known to him. Not long since, he had heard it from his father's lips, at his father's bedside. Lord Holchester had charged him, had earnestly charged him, to bear that name in mind, and to help the woman who bore it, if the occasion ever applied to him in time to come. Again, he had heard the name, more lately, associated scandalously with the name of his brother. On the receipt of a letter from the anonymous letters sent to her, Mrs. Glenarm had not only summoned Geoffrey Delamayn to receive the superior cast upon him, but had forwarded a private copy of the letter to his relatives at Swanhaven Lodge. Geoffrey's defense had been satisfied Julius that his brother was free from blame. But the name involved in the scandal, the doubt returned upon him strengthened—almost confirmed. Was this woman—so modest, so genuine, so singularly unconventional—the mysterious adventuress denounced by Geoffrey, as claiming him on the strength of a foolish flirtation during boyhood, at the time of his father's imprisoned to another man? Was this woman—with the voice of a lady—with the look and manner of a lady—in league (as Geoffrey had declared) with the illiterate vagabond who was attempting to extort money anonymously from Mrs. Glenarm? Impossible! Making every allowance for the proverbial deceitfulness of appearances, impossible!

"Your name has been mentioned to me," said Julius, speaking her first at last. Generosity pause. His instincts, as a gentleman, made him shrink from distressing the unprotected lady of her name with the name of his brother. "My father mentioned you," he added, considerately explaining his knowledge of her in that way, "when I last saw him in London."

"Your father!" She came a step nearer, with a look of distrust as well as a look of astonishment in her face. "Your father is Lord Holchester—is he not?"

"Yes."

"What made him speak of me?"

"He was ill at the time," Julius answered. "And he had been thinking of events in his past life with which you are evidently connected. He said he had known your father and mother. He desired me, if you were ever in want of any assistance, to place my services at your disposal. When he expressed that wish, he spoke very earnestly—as if he remembered that there was a feeling of regret associated with the recollections on which he had been dwelling."

Slowly, and in silence, Anne drew back to the low wall of the terrace close by. She rested one hand on it, and looked away from him. She had words of terrible import without a suspicion of what he had done. Never until now had Anne Silvester known that the man who had betrayed her was the son of that other man whose discovery of the fatal flaw in the iron cross was the betrayal of her mother before her. She felt the shock of the revelation with a chill of surprise, rather than with a pang. Was the mystery wound invisibly round her? Turn which way she might, was she still groping darkly on the track of her dead mother, to an appointed and hereditary doom? Present things passed from her view as in the awful distress that stunned her mind. She lived again for a moment in the time when she was a child. She saw the face of her mother once more, with the wan despair on it of the forgone days when the title of wife was denied her, and the sad secret was only whispered "Your invisibly round her? Turn which way she might, was she still groping darkly on the track of her dead mother, to an appointed and hereditary doom? Present things passed from her view as in the awful distress that stunned her mind. She lived again for a moment in the time when she was a child. She saw the face of her mother once more, with the wan despair on it of the forgone days when the title of wife was denied her, and the sad secret was only whispered "Your invisibly round her? Turn which way she might, was she still groping darkly on the track of her dead mother, to an appointed and hereditary doom? Present things passed from her view as in the awful distress that stunned her mind. She lived again for a moment in the time when she was a child. She saw the face of her mother once more, with the wan despair on it of the forgone days when the title of wife was denied her, and the sad secret was only whispered "Your invisibly round her? Turn which way she might, was she still groping darkly on the track of her dead mother, to an appointed and hereditary doom? Present things passed from her view as in the awful distress that stunned her mind. She lived again for a moment in the time when she was a child. She saw the face of her mother once more, with the wan despair on it of the forgone days when the title of wife was denied her, and the sad secret was only whispered "Your

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"Yes."

"What made him speak of me?"

"He was ill at the time," Julius answered. "And he had been thinking of events in his past life with which you are evidently connected. He said he had known your father and mother. He desired me, if you were ever in want of any assistance, to place my services at your disposal. When he expressed that wish, he spoke very earnestly—as if he remembered that there was a feeling of regret associated with the recollections on which he had been dwelling."

Slowly, and in silence, Anne drew back to the low wall of the terrace close by. She rested one hand on it, and looked away from him. She had words of terrible import without a suspicion of what he had done. Never until now had Anne Silvester known that the man who had betrayed her was the son of that other man whose discovery of the fatal flaw in the iron cross was the betrayal of her mother before her. She felt the shock of the revelation with a chill of surprise, rather than with a pang. Was the mystery wound invisibly round her? Turn which way she might, was she still groping darkly on the track of her dead mother, to an appointed and hereditary doom? Present things passed from her view as in the awful distress that stunned her mind. She lived again for a moment in the time when she was a child. She saw the face of her mother once more, with the wan despair on it of the forgone days when the title of wife was denied her, and the sad secret was only whispered "Your

Julius approached, and roused her.

"Can I do you any thing?" he asked. "You are looking very ill. I hope I have said nothing to distress you?"

The question failed to attract her attention. She put a question herself instead of answering it.

"Did you say you were quite ignorant of what your father was thinking of when he spoke to you about me?"

"Quite ignorant."

"Is your brother likely to know more about it than you do?"

"Certainly not."

She paused, absorbed once more in her own reflections. Julius, on his side, considered for a while whether they had first met, by Geoffrey's family name, she had put the question to him whether there had not been some acquaintance between their parents in the past time. Deceiving her in all else, he had not deceived in this. He had spoken in good faith, when he had declared that he had never heard her father or her mother mentioned at home.

The curiosity of Julius was aroused. He attempted to lead her to a second question.

"You appear to know what my father was thinking of when he spoke to me," he resumed. "May I ask—"

She interrupted him with a gesture of entreaty.

"Pray don't ask! It's past and over—it can have no interest for you—it has nothing to do with my errand here." She turned from him, even on, hurriedly, "to my object in trespassing on your kindness. Have you heard me mentioned,

Mr. Delamayn, by another member of your family besides your father?"

Julius had not anticipated that she would approach, of her own accord, the painful subject on which he had himself forborne to touch. He was a little disappointed. He had expected more delicacy of feeling from her than she had shown.

"It is necessary," he asked, coldly, "to enter on that?"

The blood rose again in Anne's cheeks.

"If it had not been necessary," she answered, "do you think I could have forced myself to mention it to you? Let me remind you that I am here on sufferance. If I don't speak plainly on matter at all, you have my own feelings, I make my situation more embarrassing than it is already. I have something to tell Mrs. Glenarm relating to the anonymous letters which she has lately received. And I have a word to say to you, first, about your contemplated marriage. Before you allow me to do this, you ought to know who I am. (I have owned it.) You ought to have heard the remarks that can be made of my conduct. (Your face tells me that you have heard the worst.) After the forbearance you have shown to me, as a perfect stranger, it will not commit the meanness of taking you by surprise. Geoffrey Delamayn, you understand, sees why I felt myself obliged to refer to your brother. Will you trust me with permission to speak to Mrs. Glenarm?"

It was simply and modestly said—with an unaffected sense of the extraordinary request of such a manner. Julius gave her back the respect and the sympathy which, for a moment, he had unjustly withheld from her.

"You have placed a confidence in me," he said, "which I shall respect as it deserves. You would have withheld. I feel bound, in return, to place confidence in you. I will take it for granted that your motive in this matter is one of which it is my duty to respect. It will be for Mrs. Glenarm to say whether she wishes to grant the interview to take place or not. All that I can do is to leave you free to propose it to her. You may rely on me."

As he spoke the sound of the piano reached them from the music-room. Julius pointed to the glass door which opened on to the terrace.

"You have only to go in by that door," he said, "and you will find Mrs. Glenarm alone."

Anne bowed, and left him. Arrived at the short flight of steps which led up to the door, she paused to collect her thoughts before she went in.

A sudden reluctance to go on and enter the room took possession of her, as she waited with her foot on the lower step. The prejudice of Mrs. Glenarm's contemplated marriage had produced no such effect on her as the fear which Julius supposed: it had found no love for Geoffrey left to wound, no latent jealousy only waiting to be inflamed. Her object in taking the journey to Perth was completed when her correspondence with Geoffrey was in her own hands. The sole change of purpose which had brought her to Swanhaven was due entirely to the new view which Bishopriggs had taken of Geoffrey's discourse common-sense of Bishopriggs had first suggested to her—the view of a conspiracy against Mrs. Glenarm's marriage, in the interests of the reparation which Geoffrey owed to her, her conviction of the innocence of Geoffrey's audacious assertion that she was a married woman already. Her error on each of these points might still have led to move in the matter. But Blanche's interests were concerned as well as her own; and, for Blanche's sake, she had resolved on making the journey to Swanhaven Lodge.

At the same time, feeling toward Geoffrey as she felt now—unconscious as she was of herself—desiring the reparation on which she was about to insist, as the only means of obtaining peace of her own self-respect that she should have some purpose in view which could justify her to her own conscience in undermining the influence of Mrs. Glenarm's rival.

She had come to this mind the critical situation of Blanche—and to see her purpose before her plainly. Assuming that she could open the coming interview by peaceably proving to Mrs. Glenarm the Geoffrey was beyond dispute, she might then, without any risk of misconception, take the tone of a friend instead of an enemy, and might, with the best grace, assure Mrs. Glenarm that she had no fear of herself, on the score of any confidence that she engaged to make Geoffrey repair the evil that he had done. "Marry him without a word against it to dread from me!" she might say, as he swings the words and unloses the deeds which have been a death on the marriage of Arnold and Blanche." If she could but bring the interview to this end—there was the way found of accomplishing, by her own exertions, from the false position in which she had placed herself toward Geoffrey.

Such was the object before her, as she now stood on the brink of her interview with Mrs. Glenarm.

Up to this moment, she had firmly believed in the sufficiency of her own visionary resources. It was only when she had her foot on the step that a doubt of the success of the coming experiment crossed her mind. For the first time, she saw the weak point in her own reasoning. For the first time, she felt how much she had blindly taken for granted, in assuming that Mrs. Glenarm would have sufficient sense of justice and sufficient command of temper to hear her patiently. All her hopes of success rested on her own favorable estimate of a woman who was a total stranger to her! What if the first words exchanged between them proved the estimate to be wrong?

It was too late to pause and reconsider the matter. Julius Delamayn had noticed her hesitation, and was advancing toward her from the end of the terrace. There was no help for it but to master her own irresolution, and to run the risk boldly. "Come what may, I have gone too far to stop now." With that desperate resolution to animate her, she opened the glass door at the top of the steps, and went into the room.

Mrs. Glenarm rose from the piano. The two women—one so richly, the other so plainly dressed; one with her beauty in its full bloom, the other worn and blighted; one with society at her feet, the other an outcast living under the bleak shadow of reproach—the two women stood face to face, and measured the cold encounter of salute between strangers, in silence.

The first to meet the rival necessities of the situation was Mrs. Glenarm. She good-humorously put an end to the embarrassment—which she saw nothing to share—by speaking first.

"I am afraid the servants have not told you?" she said. "Mrs. Delamayn has gone out."

"I beg your pardon—I have not called to see Mrs. Delamayn."

Mrs. Glenarm looked a little surprised. She went on, however, as amiably as before.

"Mr. Delamayn, perhaps?" she suggested. "I expect him here every moment."

Anne explained again. "I have just parted from Mr. Delamayn." Mrs. Glenarm opened her eyes in astonishment. Anne proceeded. "I have come here, if you will excuse the intrusion—"

She hesitated—at a loss how to end the sentence. Mrs. Glenarm, beginning by this time to feel a strong curiosity as to what might be the object of her visit, came to the rescue once more.

"Pray don't apologize," she said. "I think I understand that you are so good as to have come to see me. You look tired. Won't you take a chair?"

Anne seated stand no longer. She took the offered chair. Mrs. Glenarm resumed her place at the music-stool, and, as a matter of course, put the keys of the piano. "Where did you see Mr. Delamayn?" she went on. "The most irresponsible of men, except when he has got his fiddle in his hand! Is he coming in soon? Have we gone to have any music? Have you come to play with us?" Mr. Delamayn is a perfect fanatic in music, isn't he? Why isn't he here to introduce us? I suppose you like the classical style, too? Did you know that I was in the music-room? Might I ask your name?"

Previous to this, Mrs. Glenarm's questions were not without their use. They gave Anne time to master her embarrassment, and to feel the necessity of explaining herself.

"I am speaking, I believe, to Mrs. Glenarm?" she began.

The good-humored widow smiled and bowed graciously.

"I have come here, Mrs. Glenarm—by Mr. Delamayn's permission—to ask leave to speak to you on a matter in which you are deeply interested."

Mrs. Glenarm's many-ringed fingers passed over the keys of the piano. Mrs. Glenarm's plump face turned on the stranger with a dawning expression of surprise.

"Indeed? I am interested in so many matters. May I ask what *this* matter is?"

The flippant tone of the speaker jarred on Anne. The hesitation returned to her voice, as it appeared to be on the surface, there was little or no hope of any sympathy establishing itself between them.

"I wished to speak to you," she answered, "about something that happened while we were paying a visit in the neighborhood of Perth."

The slow attention in Mrs. Glenarm's face became intensified into an expression of distrust. Her hearty manner vanished under a veil of constrained civility, drawn over it suddenly. She looked at Anne. "Never at the best of times a beauty," she thought, "and terribly faded at health now. Dressed like a servant, and looking like a lady. What *does* it mean?"

The blank doubt was not to be borne in silence by a person of Mrs. Glenarm's temperament. She addressed herself to the solution of it with the most unblushing directness—instantly excused by the most winning frankness of manner.

"I don't understand it," she said. "My memory for faces is a bad one; and I don't think you heard me just now, when I asked for your name. May I ask you to repeat it?"

"Never."

"Not now, perhaps—but if I understand what you are referring to—you wish to speak to me about something which is only interesting to myself and my husband's family?"

"You understand me quite correctly," said Anne. "I wish to speak to you about some anonymous letters—"

"For the third time, will you permit me to ask for your name?"

"You shall hear it directly—if you will first allow me to explain what I wanted to say to you —if I can—to persuade you that I come here as a friend, before I mention my name. You will, I am sure, excuse me very much if I repeat you need dread no further annoyance—"

"Pardon me once more," said Mrs. Glenarm, interposing for the second time. "I am at a loss to know to what I can to attribute this kind interest in my welfare on the part of a total stranger."

This time, her tone was more than politely cold—it was politely impertinent. Mrs. Glenarm had lived all her life in good society, and was a perfect mistress of the subtleties of refined insolence in her intercourse with those who incurred her displeasure.

Anne's sensitive nature felt the wound—but Anne's patient courage submitted. She put away from her the insolence which had tried to sting, and went on, gently and firmly, as if nothing had happened.

"The person who wrote to you anonymously," she said, "alluded to a correspondence. I—is

no longer in possession of it. The correspondence has passed into hands which may be trusted to respect it. It will be put to no base use in the future which it has served.

"You answer for that?" repeated Mrs. Glenarm. She suddenly leaned forward over the piano, and fixed her eyes in unconcealed scrutiny on Anne's face. The violent temper, so often found in combination with the weak nature, began to show itself in her rising color, and her lowering brow. "How do you know what this person wrote?" she asked. "How do you know that the correspondence has passed into other hands? What do you?" But before Anne could answer her, she sprang to her feet, electrified by a new idea. "I see, I see—you mean to speak of something else besides a correspondence. He spoke of a woman. I have found you out!" she exclaimed, with a burst of passion. "You are the woman!"

Anne rose on her side, still in firm possession of her self-control.

"Mrs. Glenarm," she said, calmly, "I warn you, I entreat you—not to take that idea into me. Compose yourself; and I promise to satisfy you that you are more interested than you are willing to believe in what I have still to say. Pray hear with me for a little longer. I admit that you have guessed right. I am that I am the miserable woman who has been ruined and deserted by Geoffrey Delamyn."

"It's false!" cried Mrs. Glenarm. "You wretch! Do you come to me with your trumpery story? And does Julius Pilsner's name mean by exposing me to this?" Her indignation at finding herself in the same room with Anne, after its way brought, not the restraints only, but the common decencies of politeness. "I'll ring for the servants!" she said. "I'll have you turned out of the house."

She tried to cross the fire-place to ring the bell. Anne, who was standing nearest to it, stepped forward at the same moment. Without saying a word, she motioned with her hand to the other woman to stand back. There was no pause. The two waited, with their eyes steadily fixed on one another—each with the resolution laid bare to the other's view. In a moment more, the finer nature prevailed. Mrs. Glenarm drew back a step in silence.

"Listen to me," said Anne.

"Listen to you?" repeated Mrs. Glenarm. "You have no right to be in this house. You have no right to force yourself in here. Leave the room!"

Anne's patience—so firmly and admirably preserved thus far—began to fail her at last.

"Take care, Mrs. Glenarm!" she said, still struggling with herself. "You are not naturally a patient woman. Trouble has done much to tame my temper—but endurance has its limits. You have reached the limits of mine. I have a claim to be heard—and after what you have said to me, I will be heard!"

"You have no claim! You shameless woman, you are married already. I know the man's name. Arnold Brinkworth."

"Did Geoffrey Delamyn tell you that?"

"I decline to answer a woman who speaks of Mr. Geoffrey Delamyn in that familiar way."

Anne advanced a step nearer.

"Did Geoffrey Delamyn tell you that?" she repeated.

There was a light in her eyes, there was a ring in her voice, which showed that she was roused at last. Mrs. Glenarm answered her, this time.

"He did tell me."

"He lied!"

"He did not!" He knew. I believe him. Don't believe you."

"If he told you that I was any thing but a single woman—if he told you that Arnold Brinkworth was married to my friend Miss Lundie of Windygates—I say again he lied!"

"I say again—I believe him, and not you."

"You believe I am Arnold Brinkworth's wife?"

"I am certain of it."

"You tell me that to my face?"

"I tell you to your face—for the way have been Geoffrey Delamyn's mistress; you are Arnold Brinkworth's wife."

At those words the long-restrained anger leaped up in Anne—all the more hotly for having been hitherto so steadily controlled. In one breathless moment the wirlwind of her indignation swept away, not only all remembrance of the purpose which had brought her to the house, but all sense even of the unpardonable wrong which she had suffered at Geoffrey's hands. If he had been there, at that moment, and had offered to redeem his pledge, she would have consented to marry him, while Mrs. Glenarm's eyes was on her—no matter whether she destroyed herself in her first cool moment afterward or not. The small sting had planted itself in the last in the great nature. The noblest woman is only a woman, after all!

"I forbid your marriage to Geoffrey Delamyn! I insist on his performing the promise he gave me, to make me his wife! I have got it here in his own words, in his own writing. On his seal, he swears it to me—as he will confirm the pledge. His mistress, did you say? His wife, Mrs. Glenarm, before the week is out!"

In those wild words she cast back the taunt —with the letter held in triumph in her hand.

Daunted for the moment by the violence of her self-betrayal, Anne might really have the claim on Geoffrey which she advanced, Mrs. Glenarm answered nevertheless with the obstinacy of a woman brought to bay—with a resolution not to be convinced by conviction itself.

"I won't give him up!" she cried. "Your letter is a forgery. You have no proof. I won't, I won't, I won't give him up!" she repeated, with the impotent iteration of an angry child.

Anne pointed disdainfully to the letter that she held. "Here is his pledged and written word," she said. "While I live, you will never be his wife."

"I shall be his wife the day after the race. I am going to him in London—to warn him against You!"

"You will find me in London, before you—with this in my hand. Do you know his writing?"

She held up the letter, open. Mrs. Glenarm's eyes darted with abnormally rapidity to the gentleman's seal, to seize and destroy it. Quick as she was, her rival was quicker still. For an instant they faced each other breathless—then with the letter held behind her; one with her hand still stretched out.

At the same moment—before a word more had passed between them—the glass door opened and Julius Delamyn appeared on the lawn.

He addressed himself to Anne.

"I've disturbed you, my dear," he said, quietly, "I fear you should speak to Mrs. Glenarm, if Mrs. Glenarm wished it. Do you think it desirable that the interview should be continued any longer?"

Anne's hand dropped on her breast. The fiery anger in her was quenched in an instant.

"I have been cruelly provoked, Mr. Delamyn," she answered. But I have no right to plead that. She looked up at him for a moment. Then, with a sense of shame in her eyes, and fell slowly over her cheeks. She bent her head again, and hid them from him. "The interview I came here to ask for, is at an end," she said, in a low voice. "I have no more to say to your pardon, and to leave the house."

Julius, who turned away from her in delicate silence, Julius Delamyn paid her the trifling courtesy of opening it for her. She went out.

Mrs. Glenarm remained where she found the moment—transfixed itself to Julius.

"If I have been entrapped into seeing that woman, with your approval," she said, haughtily, "I owe it to myself, Mr. Delamyn, to follow her example, and leave the house."

"I authorized her to ask you for an interview, Mrs. Glenarm. If she has presumed on the permission that I gave her, I sincerely regret it, and I beg you to accept my apologies. At the same time, I may venture to add, in defense of my conduct, that I thought her—and think her still —a woman to be pitied more than to be blamed."

"To be pitied—after what she has said, Mrs. Glenarm, doubtful whether her ears had not deceived her.

"To be pitied," repeated Julius.

"You may find it convenient, Mr. Delamyn, to forget what your brother has told me about that person. I happen to remember it.

"So do I, Mrs. Glenarm. But, with my experience of Geoffrey—" He hesitated, and ran his fingers nervously over the strings of his violin.

"You don't believe him?" said Mrs. Glenarm.

Julius declined to admit that he doubted his brother's word, to the lady who wished to become his brother's wife.

"I don't, at the last length," he said. "I find it difficult to reconcile what Geoffrey has told us, with Miss Silvester's manner and appearance—"

"Her appearance!" cried Mrs. Glenarm, in a transport of astonishment and disgust. "Her appearance! Oh, the men! I beg your pardon—I ought to have remembered that there is no accounting for tastes. Is that the way you put it?"

"Shall we compose ourselves with a little music?" suggested Julius.

"I particularly request you will go on," answered Mrs. Glenarm, emphatically. "You find it impossible to reconcile—"

"I said 'difficult.'"

"Oh, very well. Difficult to reconcile what Geoffrey tells you, with Miss Silvester's manner and appearance. What next? What something else, pray, which I was so rude as to interrupt you. What was it?"

"Only this," said Julius. "I can find it easy to understand Sir Patrick Lundie's object in permitting Mr. Brinkworth to commit bigamy with his niece."

"Wait a minute! The marriage of that horrible woman to Mr. Brinkworth was a private marriage. Yes, of course, Sir Patrick knew nothing about it!"

Julius owned that this might be possible, and made a second attempt to lead the angry lady back to the piano. Useless, once more! Though she shrank from confessing it to herself, Mrs. Glenarm's belief in the genuineness of her lover's defense had been shaken. It brought on him all Julius—moderate as it was—revived the fiery startling suspicion of the credibility of Geoffrey's statement which Anne's appearance had confused had forced on Mrs. Glenarm. Brought into the nearest clear, and put her hand to her head, her eyes. "You are a hated poor Geoffrey," she said, with a burst of tears. "And now you've defended me to my face!"

Julius managed her admirably. On the point of answering her seriously, he checked himself. "I always hated poor Geoffrey," he repeated, with a smile. "You ought to be the last person to say that, Mrs. Glenarm." He moved him all the way from London express to introduce him to you."

"Then I wish you had left him in London!" retorted Mrs. Glenarm, shifting suddenly from tears to anger, and from anger to sudden before I met your brother. I can't give him up!" she burst out, shifting back again from temper to tears. "I don't care if he has deceived me. I won't let another woman have him! I will be his wife!" She threw herself hysterically on her knee before Julius. "Oh, do help me to find out the truth!" she said. "Oh, Julius, pity me! I am so sick of him!"

There was genuine distress in her face, there was true feeling in her voice. Who would have believed that there were reserves of merciless insolence and heartless cruelty in this woman—and that they had been lavishly poured out on a fellow-sister not five minutes since?

"I will do all I can," said Julius, raising her. "Let us talk of it when you are more composed. Will you sing me a song?" he repeated, "just to quiet your nerves."

"Would you like me to play?" asked Mrs. Glenarm, forcing a model of feminine docility at a moment's notice.

She played the Sonatas of Mozart, and shouldered his violin.

"Let's try the Fifteenth," he said, placing Mrs Glenarm's music on the piano. "We will begin with the Adagio. If ever there was divine music written by mortal man, there is it!"

They began. At the third bar Mrs. Glenarm dropped a note—and the bow of Julius paused shuddering on the strings.

"I can't play!" she said. "I am so agitated; I am so nervous. How can I find out whether that wretch is really married or not? Who can I ask? I can't go to Geoffrey in London—the mischief would be if I saw him. I can't appeal to Mr. Brinkworth himself—I am not even acquainted with him. Who else is there? Do think, and tell me!"

There was but one chance of making her return to the subject of music—the chance of a suggestion which would satisfy and quiet her. Julius laid his violin on the piano, and considered the question before him carefully.

"There are the witnesses," he said. "If Geoffrey's letter to Miss Silvester depended on, the landlady and the waiter at the inn can speak to the facts."

"Yes, yes!" objected Mrs. Glenarm. "People don't know. People will be ready to take advantage of my situation, and be insolent to me."

Julius considered once more; and made another suggestion. With the fatal ingenuity of innocence, he hit on the idea of sending Mrs. Glenarm to no less a person than Lady Lundie herself!

"There is our good friend at Windygates," he said. "Some whisper of the matter may have reached Lady Lundie's ears. She has a little awkward to call on her (if she has heard any thing) at the time of a serious family disorder, as we the last place in the world to go to. All I can do is to throw out the notion. Windygates isn't very far off. Shall I say something more of it. What do you think?"

Something might come of it! Let it be remembered that Lady Lundie had been left entirely in the dark—that she had written to Sir Patrick in a letter which plainly betrayed how her self-esteem was wounded and her suspicion roused —and that her first intimation of the serious dilemma in which Arnold Brinkworth and his new idiocy, thanks to Julius Delamyn, to reach her from the lips of the person concerned. Let this be remembered; and then let the estimate be formed of what might come of it—not at Windygates only, but at the Hall of Dunross.

"What do you think?" asked Julius.

"I think you're an angel!" she said, in very person to go to!" she said. "If I am not let in I can easily write—and explain my object as an apology. Lady Lundie is the very woman to sympathetic. If she sees no one else—I live only to confide my anxieties to her, and I am sure she will see me. You will lend me your ringe, won't you? I'll go to Windygates to-morrow."

Julius took his violin off the piano.

"I don't think me very troublesome," he said, cunningly. "I between you and Lady Lundie to have nothing to do. And it is such music, if you once get into the swing of it! Would you mind trying again?"

Mrs. Glenarm was willing to do any thing to prove her gratitude, with the single exception of which she had just received. At the second trial all the fair player's hand seemed to find perfect harmony. The lovely melody which the Adagio of Mozart's Fifteenth Sonata has given to violin and piano seemed to flow from them as if Julius Delamyn soared to the seventh heaven of musical delight.

The next day Mrs. Glenarm and Mrs. Delamayn went together to Windygates House.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HARVARD COLLEGE has received a valuable addition to its art collection in the bust of C. Ulisbie Macomber, graduate of Harvard in 1852, and exhibited in the Royal Museum at Portici. It was afterward purchased by an American at Rome, who presented it to Mr. B. Davis Washburn of Melrose, and by him it was donated to Harvard. The bust is a good study of preservation, and represents Macomber in the age of seventy, after he had retired from public affairs. Retreat was not unfavorable for the continuing and genius, and the personal friend of Virgil and Horace. He died in 8 B.C., in the seventh year of Augustus, and was buried in his own gardens, on the Esquiline Hill.

By the will of the late Lord Derby his personal property appears to have been about £200,000. The present Lord Derby will succeed to a considerable income, which he is not in the least likely to diminish. His habits are of the most economical kind, and I sedulous did not oblige otherwise, he would probably be known as the prodigy of modern times during a club. He does not inherit his father's fondness for horses, and is likely still to keep them.

"Association Hall" is a great improvement upon the old name, "Young Men's Christian Association Hall," which is too long for comfort. Can not the name of the building itself be abridged for common use?

If lovers quarrel, and with their love-letters returned, we warn them to deliver the important documents personally—it is not safe to trust expressed. At a recent auction sale of unclaimed express packages in Hartford a lot of love-letters were sold at. They were written by a young lady who, having got married, requested her old lover to return them. The purchaser, it is said, is heartlessly and dishonorably playing a scheme of creating readings from them at his boarding-houses.

It is rumored abroad that Father Hyacinthe has been converted to Protestantism by the pastor of the French Reformed Church, and that he is soon to be married.

Now that the ladies are having every thing their own ways, it is said that a great many of the blank forms are to be used by young ladies who have been married, or who propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and, of course, no sensible man can refuse signing them.

A second novel by Garibaldi has been published at Milan. It is called "Cantoni; or, The Volunteer." Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems will be entitled "Songs Before Sunrise." Mr. Goldwin Smith is preparing a "History of England for American Readers."

How very thoughtful and considerate some editors are to make such suggestions as these, in connection with the death of a young lady reported from the effects of light-lacing: "These corsets should be done away with, and with all the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would rather marry a girl with a big waist, without a cent," or pay, as a brevet corset, than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time."

A remarkable marriage recently took place at Galesburg, Illinois. The bridegroom and bride were aged respectively eighty-three and eighty-one years. When they were children they had always been very fond of each other, but broke their troth; and since then each has followed two companions to the grave. Late in life the early love was rekindled.

Not so very far out of the way was an English editor at Brussels, who emptied his pockets, containing his purse, before the open apron of a woman with a dirty starving children. The seller remarked to the astounded natives who witnessed the act: "I am a Christian, and must never drink! I am simply going to drink wine." A good many young men might be found to "go and do likewise."

There are at the present time quite a number of "Apartment Houses" being erected in different parts of our city. These houses will contain suits, each containing a room and sitter, bed room, bath room, kitchen, bath-room, and bedrooms. It is inclusive of the peculiar popularity of this style of building, that in one which is nearly finished on Eighteenth street, near Second avenue, the following notice has been was laid. Some very handsome "Apartment Houses" are already completed. Every one is congratulating over the weary of paying enormous rents, and welcome the prospect of cheaper and yet comfortable quarters.

Miss Mulock says to parents that the time must come to every human being when he must learn still to listen to think and act for themselves, and the parents' duty is to help to do it by every thing but by prejudicially to slacken authority, to sink "I command" into "I wish," and to grant large freedom of opinion, and to be appreciative of it.

During the recent spring freshets some of the rivers in New England rose higher than they have been known since the year 1817. Salt water was reported higher than ever before, and the Merrimac higher than known since 1818. Many of the rivers in the New Middle States immense damage was done. In many places the inhabitants were rescued in the night by boats of every description from their dwellings, and were obliged to flee for their lives. Bridges, dams, barns, and entire mills were destroyed; and in many places there has been a dismal repetition of the ruinous scenes of the memorable year 1817. Such a heavy rain is surprising enough to those who suffered so much damage from that last date.

Our Dumb Animals—a monthly journal published by the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—as a brief method of stating the purpose of the Society, says "Publishing the Gospel of Faith." Some of these are to prevent—the beating, overloading, overdriving, and torturing of animals; driving galled and disabled horses; tying calves' legs together; crowding or overloading cattle and overloading horse-cars; neglect of shelter for animals; plucking live fowls; dog-fights; to introduce—shelter for animals; water troughs; to secure the slaughtering and of horse-shoeing; improved cattle-cars; drinking-fountains for animals—children to be humane; teachers to teach kindness to animals; clergymen to preach it; cowards to write it; and brave men to be before the people; and generally to make men, women, and children better, because more merciful.

Reports come from Delaware that the peach-trees have been seriously injured in consequence of the warm weather in January and February, and that the crop is likely to be small. Berries, however, promise well, and it is expected that strawberries will be ready for market in about a month.

Professor Blot gives the following directions for frying potatoes: Cut them in whatever form you wish above a bowl of cold water, so that they will drop into it. Then wipe them dry and wipe them. This must be done quickly, so as not to allow the potatoes to turn reddish. Have a coarse towel at hand. Put them into potatoes into a colander, and immediately turn them into the towel, shake them in a little, and quickly drop them in hot fat. When done, turn them into a colander, sprinkle salt on them, and serve hot. If you wish them light or swelled, leave the potatoes in the colander only about half a minute, then put them back in cold water for a few minutes, and then drain, and put them again in the colander. If the fat is very hot, when dropped in, the potatoes will swell, and they will certainly swell. Bear in mind that fried potatoes must be eaten as soon as they are done, and are not at a time, as it takes three times as long to fry them when cut in pieces as when sliced.

Three or four years ago a colored woman from New Bedford graduated from the New England Medical College of Boston, and is now successfully practicing her profession. The New England Female Medical College was opened in 1856, and since then has graduated a number of females, many of whom are exceedingly useful in practice among women and children, and some have attained prominent positions in hospitals and educational institutions.

SAWING INTO LOGS.

BREAKING A JAM.

IN THE P

WINTER SCENES IN MINNESOTA.

We give on this double page a series of engravings, from some exceedingly fine photographs sent us by WHITNEY AND ZIMMERMANN, of St. Paul, Minnesota, illustrating winter life and scenery in that State. The sketches tell their own story as graphically, that but few words are necessary in the way of explanation. The uppermost line of pictures illustrates the manner of getting out lumber in the great pine forests of Minnesota—from the cutting down of the great trees, sawing them into lengths, hauling them out with ox-teams, and, finally, "landing" the logs on the surface of the frozen river or stream, in readiness for the spring freshet to sweep them down to a market. Though many of these streams are too shallow in summer to float an Indian in the lightest bark canoe, yet when swollen by spring freshets, each one becomes a wide and deep river. In some instances the pines grow near the streams, and the trouble of hauling the logs is very slight: but often they grow four or five miles away, and the distance becomes greater every year, as the forests are gradually cut down, and with it the expense of logging. The camp-follo Indians, who frequently stop at the camps to

Underneath these forest scenes we give se winter. "St. Anthony's Falls" and "Silver most beautiful appearance in their winter ga morning look more like a picture from Fairy photograph was taken from which our engra

LANDING LOGS.

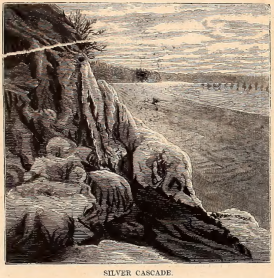

SILVER CASCADE.

FALLS OF MINNEHAHA

ICE FLOWS.

HAULING OUT THE ICE BLOCKS.

WINTER SCENES IN MINNESOTA.—[FROM PHOTOGR

FORESTS.

shown in one of our sketches are Chippewa
provisions and whisky.
views of the river scenery of Minnesota in
ands," within sight of each other, present a
ilds the falls of "Minnehaha" on a frosty
than an actual scene in nature. Since the
s made, a heavy freshet has destroyed sev-

UNLOADING LOGS.

eral mills at St. Anthony's Falls, and washed away a large portion of Hennepin Island, under which a tunnel had been excavated. Fears are entertained that this magnificent water-power may be permanently injured by this catastrophe.

The third series of sketches will give our readers an idea of the mode of gathering the ice-crop in Minnesota—a subject in which we are all interested this summer. The thickness of the ice is well indicated in the engraving, which shows the great, almost transparent blocks hauled out upon the bank, where they are chipped into shape for storage and transportation. As the thermometer sometimes indicates a temperature of 40 degrees below zero, the thickness of these blocks is not surprising. When the ice is of moderate thickness, it is cut by means of ice plows; but when very thick, saws are employed for this purpose. The people of this city, where ice is no longer a luxury but a common necessity, will be glad to have the ocular demonstration afforded by these sketches—which are as nearly fac-similes of the original photographs as could be made in wood-engraving—that in Minnesota, at any rate, the crop has been so abundant that ice-dealers will have no excuse for an exorbitant rise in the price of this commodity.

LOGGERS' CAMP.

FROSTY MORNING.

[DRAWN BY WHITNEY AND ZIMMERMANN, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.]

SAINT ANTHONY'S FALLS IN WINTER.

CAMP FOLLOWERS.

BLOCKS OF ICE.

HAULING ICE.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPEST.

THERE life in town, however it may have proved to be dust and ashes in Veronica's mouth, was mightily to the taste of her husband. One great drawback to his pleasure at first was Veronica's perverse determination to be discontented, as he deemed it. What could she desire that she had not? They were rich, young, fond of one another—he, at least, still loved her, although she seemed resolved to try to earn him of his fondness—and surrounded by companions who asked nothing better than to be merry and make merry selves. What though this dowager had declined to be introduced to her; or that dowdy countess refused her invitations; or that a third hitherto been impossible to find a lady to present her at court? There were the ladies whom she did know incomparably more lively and amusing than these dull persons? And was it not an incredible perversity in Veronica to long for those dull folk—it been offered to her—so to Cesare thought—she would have loathed it? The husband and wife had never a sharp discussion on this score.

When Veronica now told Cesare that he did not understand this or that he would have to appoint with vivacity. Indeed, but he did understand: quite as well as she did; perhaps somewhat better! She was but a woman. And if he were a foreigner in England, he yet knew the world—it might be that he even knew the English world—better than she or her cousin Dorothy than she thought. For His friend the marquis Gerard de Vere, Douglas De Raffville was one of the most fashionable women in London. Lord George, who had introduced her to him, said as much. She was at any rate, very handsome, very brilliant, and very good-natured: that they could see for themselves. For Bacon? These simpletons in her part were too amusing! Did she know the history of the celebrated little Duchess with the pearls, to whom she had been so civil at Naples? Then for a day, perhaps, Veronica would break out into wild gaiety. She would be excited, and with excitement, until even the rather noisy mirth of the society that surrounded her was drowned, dumb, and its members would stare at her uneasily, or indulge in expressive shrugs and grimaces to each other. Those fits of excitement were invariably followed by prolonged depression and gloom; sometimes even by sullenness that what obliged her to keep her bed for a day or so. But she would see no physician. Her husband, more and more separated from his wife's companionship, and absorbed in his own pursuits, gradually ceased to observe himself closely these daily fluctuations of health and spirits. There was no one at hand who cared for her. Her father wrote rarely and briefly. Maud was apparently happier as though the thickness of the globe were between them.

One afternoon Veronica was lying half asleep on a couch in her boudoir. Her Swiss maid Louise entered in the darkened room quietly, and stood listening.

"Is Madame la Princesse asleep?"

"Eh? What is it? My head aches," answered Veronica, in a drowsy voice.

"I should not have ventured to disturb Madame la Princesse, but the gentleman was so importunate that the footman begged me to come and speak with madame."

"A gentleman? I can't see the card by this light. Tell me the name."

"Mistare—Mistare Frost."

"Mr. Frost! Well—yes; let Mr. Frost come up stairs. Give me the sau de cologne. Draw that curtain a little more. Stay, Louise, how my head throbs! Ah, Dio buono, how my head throbs!"

In another minute Mr. Frost was ushered into the boudoir.

"Here I the honor of speaking to the Princess de' Barletti?" asked Mr. Frost, to whom the gloom of the chamber seemed at first almost pitch darkness.

Veronica groaned in answer to him where to find a seat. She half rose from her sofa, and sank back again with a murmur of pain.

"You are suffering? I grieve to intrude. But my business is of such importance—"

"Of such importance?"

"To me at the very deepest."

Veronica poured some eau de cologne on her hands, and passed them over her forehead. Then she looked steadily at Mr. Frost, and her eyes, more accustomed to the dimness than his, could perceive that he was changed; how pale, thin, and haggard. And that his restless hands wandered constantly to his mouth, and to his hair, and nails feverishly. He, for his part, could but just discern the outline of her face and figure.

"Madam," said Mr. Frost, "I will not waste your time or my own—minutes are very precious to me—in useless preamble. In preferring the request I am about to make, I know that I am doing an unusual—some might say unwarrantable thing. But I am bound myself temporarily, and temporarily. And I was to-day inspired suddenly with the hope that you might help me."

"In what way can it be in my power to help you?" said Veronica, in a strange, dreamy voice.

"Will you lend me some money?"

"Lend you some money? I thought you were very rich?"

"I shall be. I am, virtually. But there is a temporary pressure—a severe pressure." Mr. Frost put his hand to his head, as though the pressure he spoke of were there. "I will be frank with you. Women can be compassionate and generous sometimes. If you will lend me the sum I want you will save me from ruin."

"From ruin!" Veronica made an effort, and seemed to rouse herself from a lethargy that had apparently benumbed her faculties. Her voice was more like her own as she said, "But can I do this?"

"I think you can. The sum I need is a large one. But I know your means are large. I want two thousand pounds."

"It is indeed a large sum!"

"If I can have that sum by the end of this month the rest may go. I shall not care. That is—I mean I shall be safe."

"I should like to do good to somebody," murmured Veronica, half aloud.

"You can do good to more than one person. You know young Lockwood, who is engaged to marry Maud Desmond?"

"Yes; is *he* for *her*?"

"You love Maud Desmond, do you not? I have heard that you loved her so much as to offer her a part of your fortune."

"I do love her. But what—"

"I can not explain particulars. But I will swear to you by any solemn oath you choose, that in lending me this money you will be serving them. But I can not induce you to believe that—believe at least that, as I said, you will be saving me from ruin. God is my witness that that is true!"

The manner of the man—so different from the self-possessed, easy, dignified air she remembered in him—impressed her greatly.

"I should like," she said again, "to do good to somebody."

Mr. Frost gathered all his energies to plead his cause. His words were eloquent. He was eloquent to Veronica were his trembling lips, his panting breast, his eager and restless hands.

"If I can do this thing I will," she said, at length.

He sprang up and took her hand. "I can not thank you in words," he said. "It was a good inspiration that made me think of applying to you!"

"But—I shall need my husband's consent."

"Your husband's only?"

"Certainly. Whose else?"

"You have no marriage settlement? No trustees?"

This was the first time that the idea of having her money settled on herself had occurred to her. Her marriage had been hurried and private. There had been no one to watch her interests or advise her. And Mr. Frost's question implied that Cesare had purposely taken a dishonorable advantage of her confidence and obedience. It must be explained that marriage settlements are unknown in his country; and that he was too ignorant of English customs to be aware of their existence here.

"No," she answered, after a moment's pause. "I have no settlement; no trustees. I have no one but Cesare."

Indeed! said Mr. Frost, looking at her for an instant with his old searching keenness. "Fortunately for me," he added, "your influence over Cesare de Barletti is unbounded. I remember noting that."

"Do you?"

"Yes. If I have your promise, I am secure about the prince. But he may require more explanations than you have asked for. I have been generous in refraining from questioning me.

"And I shall not forget it," said Veronica, perhaps, 'Why did not this man apply elsewhere? to his partner, for example? to those connected with him by trade? It was clear that in certain circumstances to be seen to need help was a disgrace. The very sight of the man excites mistrust and apprehension. And the small sum which divides ruin from security can not be obtained, *because* it is essential to obtain it. But I will see the prince. I will speak with him. I will give him any guarantee my power. Only let me have your promise. That is sufficient. Can word more! I rely on your generosity. Your honor to your friend and to me!"

"If I can do this thing, I will," said Veronica once more.

Then Mr. Frost took his leave, scarcely daring to believe in his success; and yet feeling as though a mantle of lead, heavy as Atlas's, and certain wretched souls in purgatory, had been lifted from his head and shoulders since entering that room.

Cesare returned late in the afternoon from his ride. Contrary to his custom, he came into his driving, was yet not altogether satisfactory to calculate years. There was a wooden registry about his legs, and a general air of being out of sorts, to the possibility of his horse having the best of it in case of any difference of opinion arising between them inimical to grace. Veronica knew he had good horses, and was willing to lend one of them now and then to her friends; but sometimes panions content to join him in equestrian excursions to places in the neighborhood of London; or even—though of this his friends were unwitty—in a canter in the Row. On the present occasion he had been favored by the society of two ladies, in addition to that of his friend Count Polypodis, a Greek gentleman of very varied accomplishments, which were supposed, but only appreciated in his own country, but for the exception of which he would have been dull indeed. Seadon, after having exhausted Paris and Vienna. They had all been very merry, and Cesare entered in high good-humor.

"You were wrong not to come, ma belle princesse," said he, gayly. "It was very pleasant. We alighted at a village inn, and had beef, Figurati! And there was a garden to the inn, where there was a target. We shot at the target with bows and arrows. Nobody could hit the mark. It was immensely amusing."

Veronica's headache had apparently passed off. She was dressed with care and elegance. Her voice was gentle, and her manner conciliating, as she said to him,

"Come here and sit down by me, Cesare mio! I have a word to say to you."

"Must I not dress for dinner?"

"There is time enough. Come here for a moment."

He obeyed. Seating himself beside her, he pressed her hand to his lips. It was very thin, and burned with a feverish heat.

"Cara!" he said, touched with a vague pity as he looked at the transparent little fingers on which the sparkling rings sat so loosely. "If you would always be kind to me, I would rather stay here with you than leave myself with those others!"

"Ah, you would get tired of staying here with me, Cesare! and I do not wish you to do one. But I like to hear you say so. Do you really love me, Cesare?"

"Mia fe!"

"I had a visitor while you were out this afternoon; an unexpected visitor."

"Il Vicario? No? It was not that accursed doctor?"

"Oh, Cesare! Why should you speak so of poor Mr. Flew? What reason on earth have you to dislike him?"

"How can I tell? It is an antipathy, I suppose. With his insipid face, and his eyes like cover English sky, neither blue nor gray! He attacks my nerves. Well it was *not* he?"

Veronica made an effort to suppress an angry reply.

"It was Mr. Frost," she answered, shortly, not trusting her self-control to say more at that instant.

"Mr. Frost! Davvero!—Mr. Frost! Ah il povero Frost! He was trés bon enfant at Naples; and what was better, a very good lawyer?!"

"He is in great need at present."

"Si, eh?" said Cesare, whose interest in this announcement did not appear to be keen.

"And I have promised to help him."

"Oh! that was very kind of you," observed Cesare, with a tone of surprise, that was not lively enough to rouse him to any great demonstration of caring about what Veronica was saying.

"Yes; I have promised to lend him some money."

"*What?*" He was not indifferent now. "You are jesting! Lend Mr. Frost money!"

"I, too, was surprised at his request.

"What was it? How was it? Oh!" exclaimed Cesare, struck by a sudden idea, "perhaps he had forgotten his pocket-book, and sent to a few pounds. Were you able to give them to him?"

"Then you would not have objected to my doing so?"

"*To that case*, no."

"I am glad of that," said Veronica, ignoring the words in his face. At them he promised to assist him. It is a large sum he wants. But we can afford it, I suppose. I never enter into the details of business, but I make no doubt that it will not be difficult for us. In serving him, I shall be indirectly serving others in whom I am interested. I do not exactly understand how; but it you were to ask him he might tell you more easily. I was greatly struck by the change in Mr. Frost's appearance. He seems to have been harassed nearly to death. But if you had seen him you first came into his face when I said 'Yes!' It gave me quite a new sensation. I promised to lend him two thousand pounds!"

Cesare had sat silent, listening to his wife with growing amazement in his face. At these last words he jumped up and uttered a loud ejaculation. But in the next instant he burst into a mocking laugh:

"What a fool I am! You made me believe you were in earnest!"

But even as he said the words his angry face belied them.

"I am in earnest, Cesare."

For all reply he laughed again, and began to walk up and down the room, switching his riding-whip right and left with a sharp, vicious motion.

Veronica proceeded to recapitulate Mr. Frost's words as well as she could remember them. She spoke unsteadily and eagerly. At length, finding that she made no impression on her husband, she began to lose patience. "It would be something less grossly ill-bred and discourteous," she said, "if you were to favor me with your objections. If you do object, instead of sneering and strutting in that intolerable manner."

"My objections are that the whole idea is contrary to common-sense. Tu sei pazza—you are mad, mia cara."

"How contrary to common-sense? It is not think it at all contrary to common-sense.

"You do not see, for example, that this man must be in the last extremity before he would attempt such a desperate forlorn hope as this? That he must be as good as ruined already? Tu sei pazza!"

"But if we could save him—and others?"

"Pazza, pazza, pazza!"

"Cesare, I gave him my promise."

"You must have been bewitched, or—*drunk*—my when you did so."

"After all, the money is mine, and I choose to claim the disposal of it," she cried, her long-repressed resentment blazing out on her cheeks and in her eyes.

Cesare wheeled sharp round in his walk, and looked at her.

"Do you know," he said, slowly, "I begin to be afraid that you really are not in possession of your senses."

"I am in full possession of my senses. I desire your assent. I desire you; yes, I despise you! I will not forfeit my word to please your grudging, petty mennesses! The money is mine, I claim, I insist. And I *will* have some share in the disposal of it."

Then he let the demon of rage take full possession of him. From between his clenched teeth he hissed out such words as speedily made her quail and shudder and sink down, burying her head among the cushions of the couch. He had learned much during the past three months, both of her position and his own in the eyes of the world; and he spared her no detail of his knowledge. He knew his privileges; he knew that there was nothing in all the world which she could call her own; and he also knew that his nurse and title were looked on as more than equivalent for the surrender of herself and all she possessed. He had lately had increasing reason to be dissatisfied with her. But he had hitherto did not love her. They resented her pride, and ridiculed her pretensions. A hundred taunts which, but for the accidents arising of the long train of discussions, and spites, and sessions, might have remained forever unspoken, leaped from his tongue. His passion grew with speech, as a smouldering fire rushes into flame at the contact of the outer air. He turned and twisted the elastic riding-whip ferociously in his hands as though it were a living thing that he took pleasure in torturing. And at length, approaching nearer and nearer to Veronica as she cowered on the sofa, bending closer and closer over her, and hissing his fierce invectives into her ear, he suddenly let his hand upright, whirled that twisted whip with a crash into the midst of some porcelain toys that stood on a distant table, and dashed hershong from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

IN TIME.

MR. LOVEGROVE was very uneasy in his mind. His uneasiness was not the less irksome in that he confided it to no one. A small circumstance had given rise to a host of doubts and suspicions which had long been accumulating. It may be remembered that Mr. Lovegrove had expressed to his partner his desire to have a little confidential talk with him, and that his partner had expressed himself perfectly willing that the confidential talk should take place. It had not yet taken place, however. Mr. Frost always found some excuse for postponing it.

On the day on which Mr. Lovegrove had first spoken of this desire on his part it may also be remembered that a sum of money was received by the firm had been taken away by Mr. Frost, in bank, as he said. Mr. Lovegrove had asked him about it later, and Mr. Frost had answered, Oh yes; it was all right. And there the matter had dropped. But ever since then Mr. Frost's visit to the Princess de' Barletti Mr. Lovegrove made the very disagreeable discovery that the money in question had never been paid into the bank at all! The sum was an insignificant one, after all; and as he have looked upon the circumstance as a mere instance of carelessness and forgetfulness on the part of Mr. Frost had it been even irritated and annoyed by it, certainly, but he would have felt no more serious distress than those mistakes might create. But Mr. Frost, when questioned, had not clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed that the matter had slipped his memory: he had not even acknowledged that he had not yet paid the money, and remained dumb and confused and embarrassed. He had answered with composure that the matter was all right. Mr. Frost, then, had told his partner a lie. Mr. Lovegrove was terrified at this discovery than he would willingly have acknowledged. He had been a very strong attachment to his new Frost. He had the habit of looking up to his talents and character with much the same admiring deference with which an ingenuous little boy contemplates the cock of his school. Though at the same time Mr. Lovegrove understood very well what were the solid plodding qualities in which he himself excelled his partner, and which were especially valuable to secure to their joint affairs.

Mr. Lovegrove knew himself to be a plain man—plain in looks, plain in mind, and plain in manners.

But he had great pride and delight in Mr. Frost's brilliant superiority on all these points.

If one might dare to hint at the existence of a thing that is commonplace in the report of one middle-aged lawyer for another, it might almost be said that Mr. Lovegrove was proud of his friend was romantic. And be it understood that there was no human being on the face of the earth who would have more decisively scouted such an idea, could it have been broached to him, than Mr. Lovegrove himself. Mr. Lovegrove was to no one made the discovery above mentioned than he resolved with an inflexible resolution to lose no more time in speaking to an explicit with his partner. The discovery was made after office hours. But on the following day—it left Bedford Square. The junior partner debated with himself what measures he should take in order to avoid the pointing of the formal. Mr. Lovegrove having once formed a purpose, never permitted himself to discuss *whether or no* he should carry it out: he merely considered *how* he should fulfill it, which was one of the results of the timidness of his faculty of imagination—and also one of the secrets of his success in life.

"Sarah, my dear," said he to his wife, after tea, "I am going over to Bayswater this evening."

"To a party?" demanded Mrs. Lovegrove, with a rapid jealous notion that her long-nourished suspicions of Mrs. Frost's intention to insult her unmistakably had at length been confirmed.

"To a party! My dear Sarah, what are you dreaming of? Do I ever go to a party without you? I shall be back early. Shall you not invite me alone?"

Mrs. Lovegrove, a little ashamed of her too hasty conclusion, murmured something about

effect that there was no knowing what "that woman" might do next.

"But I am not going to see 'that woman;' I am going to see 'that man.' My visit is solely on business."

"It's a strange hour to have a business appointment, I think, Angelotas, that you might consecrate your evenings to domestic peace. I'm sure you work hard enough in the day, poor old Gus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

The lady's sudden descent from the regions of lofty severity to the unlightful and familiar position was due to the pressure of her husband's arm encircling her waist and the touch of her husband's lips on her forehead.

"You know I never want to leave you and the girls, Sally; but I want to speak to Frost particularly. I must speak with him. Give me a kiss, Sally. I don't go because I like going, and I shall n't spend a pleasant time, you may depend on it."

Mrs. Lovegrove was very sincerely fond of her husband; and she marked his fatigue and gauged the tone of his voice—every vibration of which had become known to her so thoroughly at those things are known which love teaches, behind the accuracy of whose instructions all other powers and passions merge at a long distance—we perceived that there was, as she phrased it, "something on his mind." And the refrained from saying another provoking word to add to the burden. Mr. Lovegrove walked part of the way toward Bayswater in returning to spend his journey from a certain point in the omnibus. But the night was fine, and the walk was agreeable to the lawyer after his day spent busily in a hot, close office; and he therefore strolled on and on, until he found that he might as well proceed to his destination on foot. Thus, as it turned out, it was close on two o'clock by the time he arrived at Mr. Frost's house in Bayswater. He had no need to knock or ring for admittance. The street door was open, and a couple of servants—a man and woman—were lounging on the steps enjoying the evening air.

"Is Mr. Frost in?" asked Lovegrove, almost fearing to be answered in the negative.

"*Mr.*—yes, *Mrs.?*" asked the man, who did not at first recognize Mr. Lovegrove. The visits of the latter to Bayswater were not frequent enough to render his face very familiar to the servants there.

"*Mr.* Frost. I wish to see your master if he is at home."

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove! I beg pardon, Sir; I did n't recognize your features in the dark. I suppose you know."

"Gone! Good Heavens! not dead?"

"Oh no, Sir; but she has left master, Sir. I shouldn't say any thing only you're of course so intimate, and such a friend.

"I had heard nothing! I had no idea! Perhaps you are mistaken. Mrs. Frost has merely gone on a visit for a time. Is she not?"

"Well, Sir, I'm afraid you'll find it is true. As for our knowing, sir, why, we couldn't help ourselves. The next-door neighbors might have known it—very likely they do." (The speaker had already detailed the affair in its minutest details with half the servants in the neighborhood.) "And I'm glad you've chanced to come up to-night, Sir, for master's in a awful state—indeed, I thought that was what you come for."

Mr. Lovegrove was in much confusion.

"Do you think I had better try to see him? he said, doubtfully.

The very fact of his asking the servant's opinion would have sufficed to prove to any one who knew Mr. Lovegrove the extraordinariness of action of his spirit.

"I think you had, Sir. *Some one* ought to see him. He's shut himself up in his study since six o'clock, and wouldn't take food nor do nothing. Half an hour ago he opened his door and called to us that we might go to bed, and shut up the house as soon as we liked. We haven't to go near him again. He wanted nothing."

"I will go in," said Mr. Lovegrove, with decision. "I don't mean you. I know my way."

The door of the little room behind the dining room, which Mr. Frost occupied as his study, was ajar. Mr. Lovegrove approached it and passed, hesitating whether or not he should knock for admittance. But after a moment he turned the handle and went in.

Frost was sitting at a table with writing materials upon it. A tumbler with some water in it stood by his right hand. On the other side was placed a small wooden box of peculiar shape. Before him lay two or three sheets of letter-paper closely covered with writing. At the opening of the door he looked up quietly, and tossed some papers over the box that stood on the table. He had expected no one, and was not startled. When he recognized Lovegrove his face changed, and he looked at him fixedly without speaking. Lovegrove had no need to ask a question. The haggard countenance that met his eye, with the light of the lamp falling full on it, was sufficiently strong proof to him that the servant had not exaggerated the state of matters.

"Frost!" he said, and held out his hand.

The other did not take it. "So you have heard!" he said, hoarsely.

"Only this instant. I was more overwhelmed—more amazed than I can say. I—I had some hope that the—my—your—misfortune was misstated in some way. But I fear— My dear Frost, I feel for you if ever one man felt for another. I do, upon my soul!"

"Why did you come here, then?" asked Mr. Frost, in the same monotonous hoarse voice.

"I came—no matter now for the business that brought me here. I can not harass you with it now. But, Frost, you must not break down in this way! For all sakes you must take courage."

"Break down!" echoed Frost, in precisely the same tone and manner as before; "no; I have not broken down."

"This," said Lovegrove, pointing to the bunch. "It is a bad comforter and a worse adviser. You should take food; and perhaps a glass of sherry when you have eaten. God bless my soul! I—feel like a man in a dreadful dream! When did it happen? I mean, when did—did she—"

"She went away this afternoon. She was gone when I came home from the office. She took her maid, and her jewels, and her clothes. She was very fond of her clothes. They were the only object she ever seemed to care for much. Sidney Frost laughed a short laugh as he said the last words: a laugh that made the man opposite to him start.

"For Heaven's sake, man, don't—don't laugh!—if that hideous sound can be termed a laugh. Then she—Mrs. Frost—did she go *alone?*"

"I tell you she was accompanied by all that she loved in the world! But you must also disclose? Did she leave me for a lover? Did she disgrace herself? Oh no! Oh no! I would have you to understand that Mrs. Frost is a woman of spotless virtue—spotless, spotless virtue! She only breaks her husband's heart. It is no more tarnishes his honor."

And again the horrible laugh sounded through the room.

"Here is her letter. She left a letter. That was very considerate, was it not? Did you like to read it?"

Frost tossed a letter across the table to his partner, and then, leaning his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands. Mr. Lovegrove read the letter with astonishment. A few days he had finished it he threw it down with an expression of disgust, and something like an oath rose to his lips.

"By G—! such heartlessness is incredible! Georgina Frost must be a fiend! She has her husband had said, taking with her her jewels and the greater part of her costly wardrobe. She wrote that she had long been miserable in her heart; that her husband was either a ruined man, or was growing rapidly to a ruinous maximum, which threatened to become a monomania.

In the first case he would be relieved by her absence; in the second she was a great deal to make herself a victim to his avarice and his temper. She was going to her mother and her mother's lover, who appreciated her. They would willingly receive her. Her mother's property would eventually be theirs, and she was going in accepting a home with her parent. If brighter days should come, they might meet again. But Sidney must be aware that the present need treasure during the past three months had been such as to threaten utterly to ruin her private estate. Indeed, there were moments when she had feared personal violence. He would scarcely be surprised—if Sidney were of *ordinary* mould—at the step she had taken. And she remained his affectionate and unhappy wife.

"Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove, laying his hand on the forsaken husband's arm, "you said something about business. You are going to be enough to break your heart for a woman who could write such a letter as that!"

Mr. Frost looked up at him with a ghastly face. His features writhed and worked convulsively, but he did not speak.

"What is the use of your talking?" he gasped out. "You did not love her. She was not your wife, your heart, your life. All these years that she lay in my bosom I loved her more and more day by day. I—I—I—" He could not finish for want of a wish that did not tend to her pleasure and comfort and happiness. I knew she did not love me as I loved her. But—but—I—I—I was the happiest woman have the strength to love as I loved her. But I thought she had no reason to be unkindness for me—some human pity. Not break my heart! It is broken, and crushed, and dead! My life has gone out with hers."

"Sidney Frost," exclaimed Lovegrove, suddenly springing up and laying his hand on the wooden box, the significance of which had at that moment flashed on his mind for the first time, "I thank God that I came! I am glad to have sight to save you from an awful crime. Give me the pistol-case. I will have it. Give it me, Sidney. Sir. Sit down. Sit down, and sit still. And listen to me!"

After a short and unavailing struggle—for his strength was worn out, and he was, although a powerfully built man, no match for the vigor of Lovegrove—Frost obeyed. He sank back into his chair, and a great burst of tears came to relieve his overcharged brain. Then Lovegrove talked to him gently and friendly. Mr. Lovegrove was not a man of commanding intellect; and he used the arguments at which Sidney had been accustomed to scoff, less from conviction than a sympathetic appreciation of mind, to which cynicism appeared a short and easy method of cutting sundry Gordian knots that could not be unravelled. But Lovegrove possessed the enormous advantages of thoroughly understanding his self, and of knowing with a heart-felt interest in the man he addressed. Gradually Frost grew calmer. He said nothing, but he listened and he thought. Lovegrove could not put out his hand, with his face turned away, and present the other man's face.

"You—you do not know all," he faltered at length, when Lovegrove paused.

"I know all that I need to know! Yet we have known each other many years. We have always been friends, have we not? Let us be one fully. You will not repent doing so."

"I had written to you—a farewell letter—a letter of explanation. I had thought it would meet no human eye until I should be out of reach of— Well, I had made a clean breast of it. You may see it if you will. It matters little. I am past caring for any thing, I think. But I have had a keen sense of honor, Lovegrove. Less grove. I *think* you are a good fellow."

Poor Mr. Lovegrove had little conception of the revelations that awaited him. His first act was to lock the pistol-case and a worse one. In the door of the room to prevent the man from entering it. When the servant appeared he bade him bring a tray with food: cold meat, or whatever could be had, he said, and a little wine and bread. This tray, when it was brought, he received at the door, and set before his partner with his own hands. Then he shut the door, and, standing over Frost, commanded him peremptorily to eat. Having seen the latter reluctantly swallow one or two mouthfuls, Mr. Lovegrove sat down, with the pistol-case under his elbow, to pursue the closest scrutiny into his partner's confessions. More than once, during the perusal, Mr. Lovegrove wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and twisted about, like a man undergoing severe bodily exertion. But he read on, with a steady, silent perseverance, little less than heroic. Frost watched him, but said, made a clean breast of it.

The reader is already acquainted with the main points of the confession. He acknowledged his fraud in depriving Hugh Lockwood of his rightful inheritance during so many years—merely suppressing, with a lingering trait of the generous boyhood, but not the generous spirit which he had forfeited for the wife who had deserted him, Zillah's part in the deception of her husband and Lovegrove. Then came a record of disastrous speculations, recklessly entered into, in the spirit of a man who gambles rather, who throws one stake to bring back another, and with the object of supplying the extravagant expenditure of his household. Debts pressed on every side. Latterly they had been the threat of disgrace and exposure should he fail to refund Hugh Lockwood's money. There had been a temporary gleam of hope when his attempt to borrow from Georgina Lovegrove had proved with success. The affairs of the wretched Parthenope Company had, for a time, put on a more hopeful and sunny brightness. But a few hours had wrested this last hope from him. He received from Cosens's note, couched in the most courteous and almost affectionate terms, regretting much that the Principess and been led by an impulse of sympathy to have expressed to her (Cosens's thoroughly shared) into promising that which it was out of their power to perform. Their expectations had been very heavy. And Mr. Frost was aware that the fortune inherited by Sir Lucius Gale's widow consisted only a comparatively small portion of the late baronet's wealth. All these years of deception had deeply affected: he could not lend Mr. Frost a guinea; and he trusted with all his heart that the latter would speedily take view more encouraging.

After getting this note Frost confessed that he had absented himself. There was but one motive left to induce him to struggle on—Georgina. He reached his home, and found that she had fled from him, and from shame. Her letter, written beyond all possibility of self-delusion that her husband was a ruined man, informed him that she broken down the last remnant of his courage, and he had resolved, as Lovegrove had divined, to put an end to his life. Lovegrove thought long and anxiously as to the course it behoved him to follow; and at length, after a conversation on which lasted far into the night, he made the following propositions to Mr. Frost. First, that he should give up whatever claim he possessed, owing up his share of the business to Augustus, who was now qualified to take it. For himself, Lovegrove would undertake as once to settle Hugh Lockwood's claim, and to make such arrangements as would be satisfactory hereafter. Secondly, Frost was to give his word that he would, as soon as his retirement from the firm was known, Lovegrove should be announced, call a meeting of his creditors, and lay his affairs candidly before them. If a composition was found to be impracticable, he was to announce a bankrupt: but in an open and upright manner, and to give up whatever property he had, without reserve.

Thus the disgrace of having the name of one of its members in the gazette would be averted from the firm, which point weighed a good deal with Mr. Lovegrove. Finally, Mr. Lovegrove would undertake to assist his former partner in any way that might seem, on due consideration, to be desirable, and within the limits of what he (Lovegrove) considered compatible with justice to his own family. All this Mr. Lovegrove put forth at length, and with a clearness of statement which, even in that depth of misery and despair in which he found himself, impressed Frost with the conviction that he had hitherto a much underestimated power of his partner's mind.

"I am not in the least a sentimental man, you know, Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove. "And I do not pretend that these arrangements I propose are I am not, as far as is fair and practicable, consulting my own interests."

Nevertheless the fact was that the junior partner was willing to make more than one sacrifice for the benefit of the man who was his friend. But Mr. Lovegrove would have been much angered had he been told so, and any such remark was a tender desire to spare Sidney Frost's feelings at the expense of solid advantage to himself. Frost was broken down in mind and body. He had no will to oppose to that of his friend. And he knew in his heart that the other was the only person in the position with forbearing kindness. He agreed to all.

Mr. Lovegrove deemed it his duty to admonish Mr. Frost once more with some sternness on the fatal intention he had entertained.

"Suicide," said he, "is not only criminal, but cowardly. A man of your sort has better things to do than die like a dog because he finds life hard."

He extorted from Frost a solemn promise that he would not make further attempt on his own life. And he did not leave him until he had seen him prepared for his night's rest.

"I think he will sleep," thought Mr. Lovegrove, "Nature is wonderful. And I believe there is no further fear of—that?"

Nevertheless, before quitting the house, Mr. Lovegrove took the precaution of plunging the loaded pistols into a basin of water, and then locking them up in the camp and dripping as they were.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A RIVER story is told of General S——, Secretary of the State of ——. The General has a country person, and knows it. Being at the depôt in Sandusky a short time ago, waiting the pleasure of the train's lieuu duster, he was rather lonely accosted by a friend, an old settler, shaking the dust of agriculture and the salutation, and remarked to a companion that he didn't believe there was the Secretary of Time, notes: "Hello, you," pelted the old codger to the General. "Say you're still a-runnin' things down to Washington? You still a-relegatin' individual affairs?" "Well, Sir," retorted the General, "I am in Washington." "Ye-es?" asked the Secretary of State. "Why, yere see, this 'ere fellow said yeon was the Secretary of Wind, and I told him I didn't believe it. I stuck to it that you was a hog driver." The conversation was abruptly broken at this point.

Old John Berry that used to live up Lake Champlain liked to tell a big story. One evening sitting in the village store he said he once drove a large seventy-two miles in one day on the ice, when the ice was so thin that the water spirted up through the holes cut through it by the horse's corks. One of the party remarked that must have been a very fast or a pretty good drive for one day. "Yes," said Uncle John, "it was a good drive for a horse."

There is a scene reported from the Paris Correctionnel Court, February, what were you doing on the Boulevard? "I was walking there." "How! at two o'clock in the morning?" "Yes, because it is the only 'code' which says I may not walk on the Boulevard at two o'clock in the morning." "Where do you live?" "I prefer not to answer that on account of my landlord." "Why?" "Because he is a Republican!" "That I have done nothing; if I have robbed or murdered any one, let it be proved, and let me be guillotined. Last night there were heaps of men in the streets, and I was obliged to walk about for a moment. I having no money, am a criminal. If I had money I should be in a cafe." "Where do you get your money?" he said to me. What could I say to such a question? Do they believe that I am wearing out the Boulevard for my amusement? That is my only offence." "One question more: what do you do for a living?" "I call second-hand clothes."

A few Jonathan who had been gazing at a garden in the vicinity of a city, in which were several nurlie trees, exclaimed, "Just see what a crop of pears. I have no less than six scarecrows in this little ten-foot patch, and only on ten would keep the crows from a one-acre lot."

WHERE TO FIND MILKMEN.—At the watering-places.

At a restaurant the other day the autics of a greenhorning customer, who was twisting up in his chair, and tearing round in all sorts of contortions, attracted the attention of a waiter, who, after the gentleman had once asked, he deep perplexity, "Is it a revolver?" "No, Sir," he replied, "that is the inventor of the patent tilting chair." "Curious!" exclaimed the growled the victim, with well-feigned anger; "I'm sure no one would think it." "Oh, Sir," said the waiter, look at your bill of fare." We throw our eyes over the bill, discovered some dozen good things to eat there, and at the bottom were printed in fair large type the words, "*For dessert, see over.*"

HOW TO MANAGE BACHELORS.—To mine-manage them.

A burly Teuton, whose taste for lager could not be disguised, entered a city car one day, with a huge meerschaum in his mouth, and, taking the only vacant seat, commenced puffing away in the most approved style. A gentleman sitting near him remonstrated with him and said: "No smoking allowed." The Teuton, taking the pipe from his mouth, and with a air of astonishment, true replied to the polite cautioner: "Vell, I don't see no sign on de outside."

A young lady, wishing to entangle a young man in the meshes of Cupid, sent him the following lavitation:

"Oh, will you come to tea with I,
And be my own sweet as curtain I?"

To which the young man, with corresponding ecstatic answer returned, replied:

"Another one's asked me to tea,
And I cannot go and see she."

LOOK FOR IT.—"Barber," said a former to his tonsorial artist, "how corn's cheap, you ought to shave for half price." "Why, Sir," replied the barber, "I am a poor man. I ought really to charge more, for when corn's dear farmers have a very long face that I have twice the ground to go over."

A young lady pupil in a Western female college thus describes a gentleman friend: "Really, I wonder that he here comes a-nigh, who parts his hair in the middle, and wears a moustache that prickles like fun."

New Orleans relates a case of absent-mindedness. A gentleman, writing a letter at his breakfast-table, found that he had put coffee and sugar on the paper. Noticing his mistake, he put a large lump of sugar in the cup, and then, with a look of disappointment, ate the contents of the letterhead into the coffee-cup to sweeten it.

A juryman was asked whether he had been charged by the judge. "Well," said he, "I don't know that he rely up in the pulpit and stares over the crowd gin us a charge, but I don't know whether he charges any thing or not."

HOW TO ACT IN EVENT OF BURGLARY.

1. Be very still, and draw the bed-clothes over your head.

2. Sit up and listen.

3. Pinch your wife, and tell her she ought to be awakened at once.

4. Tell her to go down stairs and see what's the matter.

5. Call your female servants to order the robbers off the premises.

6. The burglars still persist in their nefarious occupation, go on the landing, and ask them if they have any thing to say about.

7. If they don't desist now, make your wife tell them that if they don't explain they are worse than fiends.

8. If you have a great mind to be very angry.

9. Ask them to call again when you are more composed.

10. Beg them to leave quietly, and so obviate the necessity of a disturbance in the house.

11. Ask them if they would like some cold meat and pickles, and a glass of beer and a pipe.

12. Tell them to have what they like, do what they like, and give them a dollar each besides. When they've gone, bring out your pistols and send for a policeman.

13. Go to bed again, and say that the only reason you didn't do so before was because you thought they were friends.

14. Ask them to call again when convenient, and tell them that you'll want to discuss the arrangements.

IRISH SKETCHES—INTERIOR OF A MUD CABIN AT KILDARE.—[SEE PAGE 301.]

IRISH SKETCHES—COTTAGERS AT KILDARE.—[SEE PAGE 301.]

IN THE TOMBS.

ONE of the saddest sights that meet the eye of the visitor to the gloomy prison in Centre street, known as "The Tombs," is that so accurately and feelingly depicted in the first engraving on this page—a sight that may be witnessed every day. The artist has represented one of the long, narrow passages which lead between the rows of cells, against whose grated doors are kneeling grief-stricken women. Through the heavy bars may be caught a glimpse of some poor wretch who, perhaps, has just been arrested, and whose hand clasps that of his wife who has come to comfort him. By her side is her basket, which she has brought laden with better provisions than the jail rations, to which he would otherwise be subjected, while near by stands another woman, dressed in deep mourning—a sister, or perhaps the mother—and who seems overcome with her sorrow. Under certain restrictions, necessary to good order and discipline, these humane visitations are constantly permitted by the prison authorities, and are a grateful alleviation of the discomforts of close confinement behind the bars of a cell.

THE RAG-PICKER.

THE business of rag-picking, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, gives employment and a living to a very large number of men and women, sometimes estimated as high as fifteen hundred. It is not confined to the collection and sale of rags. The poor scavengers despise nothing that can be sold—bits of old iron, pieces of wire, old boots, shoes, scraps of leather, half-burned coal from the ash-barrel, broken glass, and every other sort of rubbish thrown out into the streets and alleys. Many of these poor creatures carry a separate bag, in which they put whatever they can pick up in the way of refuse eatables. A large proportion of the rag-pickers are foreigners, and mostly Germans, who sometimes make the trade very profitable in the end. With the patience characteristic of the race, they live for months and even years in the most wretched manner, lodging in the vilest cellars and garrets, and subsisting on refuse food. All this time they keep adding to their little hoard in the savings bank, until they have accumulated enough to move out West and buy a farm.

The rag-pickers sometimes present a decidedly picturesque appearance, with a barrel or bag strapped upon the back; others, a grade higher in the business, provide themselves with a dog-cart, like the one shown in the engraving. In this case the owner—an old German woman—has just started out in the early morning. Before noon it will be heaped to the very bells; and then she will make her way to the cellar where her load will be assorted for sale. The earnings of these rag-pickers vary from five to ten dollars per week, according to good luck and diligence.

IRISH COTTAGES.

WE give on the opposite page two engravings—one showing the interior of an Irish cottage, the other a too common street scene in an Irish village—from which our readers can form a very fair notion of the condition of the Irish peasantry at home. The sketches were made in the principal street of Kildare, and are accurate representations of the actual state of things in that town. A correspondent, writing from that place, says that in one cottage, which consists of a single room, eight feet by ten in size, lives a widow, with a grown-up son twenty years of age, another son of sixteen, and a daughter of ten years. They have no bedstead or bedding, but sleep in their clothes on the bare ground, with a few dirty rags over them. The only furniture is a rick-

VISITING PRISONERS IN THE TOMBS

THE RAG-PICKER.

ety table and a broken bench, with an iron pot and kettle and two or three jugs, except that it actually has a chimney and a comparatively leaky roof, blackened, however, by a century of smoke, and that it accommodates at night simply a donkey instead of the customary pig, this is about as bad a specimen of an Irish cabin as could be found in any village in the county. There are puddles of water in different places on the mud floor, and the planks of the door very nearly tumble apart every time it opens or shuts. The widow who occupies the cabin, although in rags, and with bare legs and feet, is a person of some intelligence, or has a good choice of language, and has taught her children to read, if not to write: her idea being "there's nothing like education to get on in the world."

To judge of the character of the poor people who live in these cabins, the reader must take a look at the group of peasants about the cottage door, every one being drawn from life. The old man seated on the bench, and resting both hands heavily on his staff, is upward of eighty years old. He was born on the property, and inquired bred the trade as they now are when a boy. His condition is, no doubt, a sufficiently forlorn one, as he describes himself as "only a lodger." The young man standing near him is in the eldest son of the widow already spoken of, and the other old man at the extreme right of the engraving is a poor debilitated looking creature, with hacking cough and watery eyes, and having death at no remote period plainly written in his countenance. The calico occupied by him contains two rooms: and, save this meagre accommodation, which is alike rude and unclean, is fully amply furnished of its kind.

These miserable cabins are the property of the Earl of Kildare, the largest landed proprietor, and reputed to be the best landlord in Ireland. For such a wretched shelter the tenant pays from ten to fifteen dollars per year at the rate of about forty dollars a year per acre for the patch of land on which he rears his little crop of potatoes.

PRINTERS AND POPES.

As the war between the Roman Catholic Church and the Bible has been transferred from Europe to America, it may be well to recall some of the earlier incidents of the struggle. For three centuries the popes have been endeavoring to crush the press, to prevent the publication of Bibles. Almost at the very invention the art of the printing-press had to their ears an ominous sound. Said an English vicar, in an early period of the contest: "I must destroy the printing-press or it will destroy us."

At Paris, where printing flourished with rare excellence in the dawn of the sixteenth century (1534), the popes and the Sorbonne were perfectly successful. Every printer detected in publishing a translation of the Bible was burned alive. A severer condemnation could not be delivered than the following from the pen of Luther's monk; a bookseller, for having sold them. Henry Stephens, the accomplished printer and bookseller of from Paris to avoid a similar fate. Amidst the general persecution none suffered more severely than the printers. At last, in 1535, the Sorbonne obtained an edict from the king suppressing printing altogether.

The printers, meantime, unterrified, had fled to Switzerland or Germany. At Geneva, Basle, and other cities, unmolested, had poured forth a full tide of Bibles and Protestant works. They were distributed over all France. Even the fanatical *colporteurs*, who, in the midst of danger, toil, and death, wandered through the by-ways of their native land selling their forbidden wares. The printers boldly defied the popes: the press overthrew the political power of Rome. In Germany, Antwerp, Amsterdam, and Amsterdam the heretical engine still kept up its incessant clamor. Of all Luther's catechisms one hundred thousand were sold, and his smallest tracts were eagerly seized upon by the booksellers as soon as they were yet wet from the press. From Antwerp, long the seat of a band of gifted printers, numerous editions of the Bible and the New Testament were issued, in defiance of the commands of the pope. But a dreadful punishment was in store upon the powerful city. It fell before the arms of Philip II., and its printing-presses and its printers perished with its industry and its commerce.

The popes now made reading or printing the Bible a political offense. Philip II. made war upon Holland chiefly to destroy its press. In 1559 Paul IV. issued an *Index Expurgatorius*, containing a list of books prohibited by the Roman Church. It embraced all Bibles printed in the modern languages, and sixty-one printers were expressly put under the ban. All works issued from their presses were condemned. Pius V., however, the printers began to win a series of victories over the popes. The whole north of Europe insisted upon reading the Bible freely. For three centuries the press has continued to assail its ancient adversary, until, in Protestant Italy and Spain have yielded to its assaults, and the printers and labors in Florence and Madrid. In Rome alone the Bible is excluded from the school and the family: and there, with the aid of French arms, the Holy Father is at last enabled to keep up a feeble warfare upon the active printers. Yet so rapid has been the increase that it is not many years since the prisons of Bologna, Faenza, and Naples were filled with political offenders, whose chief crime was that they were the advocates of a free press.

The attempt of the Roman Catholic Church, therefore, to exclude the Bible from the public schools of New York or Cincinnati is only a continuation of the policy that led the popes and their adherents to burn printers alive at Paris in the sixteenth century, or to throw them into the dungeons of Rome or Bologna in the nineteenth. The Roman Catholics can not complain of history. When they present themselves to the American public as a political party, asking for the overthrow of a system of education that has become a part of our institutions—the chief security of our government—they must expect to be judged by their reputation in the past. They invite criticism, they demand scrutiny. But the historical character of the Italian hierarchy of the Romish Church is so bad that their yoke has been thrown off in every Catholic country of Europe. And it is the Italian hierarchy, and nothing else, are now assisting the public school system of America. That system is opposed by Catholic Italy, Austria; they hope for success in the elections of New York.

In the Italian section in the Romish Church may be traced all those cruel acts that have covered with shame. Here are the orders of the vergo of reform the popes and the Italian bishops interfered and filled it with everything the Bible was made ready to condemn. Paul III. founded the Inquisition, and exterminated the Waldensian heretics. Here Alexander VI. and the Italian bishops forced upon reluctant Germany and France the policy of death to the reformers. Of their diabolism and their vices history records endless examples. Yet it is such a faction, covered with indelible infamy in the estimation of all, of which it still covertly boasts, that asks a free government to aid it in excluding the Bible from the schools, and which, in every way, is implacable.

It is quite likely that many liberal Catholics do not share in that dread of the Bible or of Protestant writers professed by their Italian rulers. Germany, and even France and England, have thinkers who are not afraid of a free press. But the Roman Catholic Church is now governed at present mainly in its assault upon the public schools. It has organized its whole power to carry it; prizes are offered for the best articles of the Bible. We may trust that all liberal Roman Catholics will shrink from the dangerous folly of their ultimate success, and from the fatal contest which must otherwise follow with the public sentiment of the country in which they have found a home.

VARNISHING DAY.

"VARNISHING DAY" at the National Academy of Design, on which we give a sketch on page 292—when those pictures whose pictures have been accepted by the Hanging Committee are permitted to touch up their work for the last time before the Exhibition opens—is the most trying period of the year to those who are thus honored. The artist has been informed of the acceptance of his picture, but not of its position on the walls—for the Hanging Committee keep their secrets well; and, if a young man, or one who has been unfortunate before, he enters the building on Varnishing Day in a perfect agony of disappointment in his heart, hoping against hope to find that his picture has been accepted and awarded a position appropriate to its merits. But the best places are few, and even very deserving ones in respect to which the Hanging are not as numerous as they ought to be; and out of these a fair number of exhibitors must be many disappointed ones. They generally take their revenge in hearty abuse of the luckless Hanging Committee, and in many cases this done the best they could under the circumstances, and who always endeavor to conceal the moral certainty of offending nine-tenths of the exhibitors. It is after all a charity to an artist to hang a picture in a bad position: it gives him a chance to complain that they have spoiled it in the hanging. Some of our wouldbe Pre-Raphaelites have hanged on their walls so long and so loudly that one year the Hanging Committee gave them all the benefit of the side galleries. The publics were no better satisfied than before, and the discomfited Pre-Raphaelites had nothing to say.

FIGHTING IN CUBA.

THE war in Cuba still continues, with varying success on either side. The conflict is not yet the true state of affairs in the island. One day we have the Spaniards claiming that the revolution is nearly if not actually crushed, that the armies disbanded, and their leaders escaping out of the country, and not a few of them taken. The sun sources, that the revolution is stronger than ever, that the Spaniards have been defeated and driven back at every point, that the insurgent has always a great advantage over the regular soldier. Such a battle as the one represented on page 293, though desperate and bloody, has no effect on the ultimate fortunes of the war. The insurgents may be driven from their camps, only to gather somewhere else; the Spaniards may be repulsed, only to fall back upon their own lines, where the poorly-armed and ill-disciplined insurgents can not follow them, and prepare for a renewal of the attack. This sort of warfare may go on for years.

NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

NICHOLAS I., as is well known, being but the third son of Paul I., seemed in early years to have no chance of the imperial succession. As Grand Duke, in the reign of his brother Alexander, he gave himself up entirely to the administration of the army and the study of military affairs. The *mauvaise sujet*, however, of the many Duke Constantine, the testament of Alexander I., and the formal renunciation of Constantine himself of the throne, combined to raise him to the imperial dignity. His character, nevertheless, was well known before he came to the throne. His admiration of Ivan the Terrible was not a secret, and those who remember Paul I. found in him, without the madness, something of the imperious tyrannical nature of the father. As Grand Duke, in the command of the crown, he convinced himself in an amphetic of terror. After he has dead his very portrait terrified those who well known him. Of his side-de-camp, two years after his death, at an evening party, during a discussion in which he wanted to take part, turned the face of his portrait to the wall, saying, "I had such fear of the original in my life, that the copy must leave, with its terrible eyes, embarrasses me."

His reputation fixity of the dull, cold, searching eyes of Nicholas was both terrible and strange; he counted upon it as a means of intimidation; and when he dealt with his subjects, they were so fascinated that they could withhold no secret, and were almost paralyzed with terror. Recollodings of the real nature of his character created conspiracies in the first days of his reign. In suppressing the first he showed that he had a most imperious to pity. Among the conspirators condemned to the gallows was Count Reileff: he was taken the first to the gibbet, the halter was placed round his neck, he was launched into eternity, the rope broke, and he fell upon the ground. "Nobody knows how to do any thing in Russia," he said, on getting up; "they can even make a rope!" In such a case it was thought pardon would have been granted to the poet; but such a mandate was dispatched to the place to ask for the Emperor's will. He heard the story. "Ah! the rope broke! Well, what effect did that content? Did it severely produce on the spirit of the rebel?" "He has a brave spirit, Sire." "What did he say?" "He said, with a frown, 'Curse!' He was told. "Let them prove to him, then, that we can make ropes in Russia." A great Polish nobleman was condemned, for the same conspiracy, to serve for life as a private in the army, and sent at once to the Caucasus. Nicholas wrote with his own hand on the sentence, "On foot."

One morning, as the Neva was breaking up, the Emperor perceived from one of the windows of the Winter Palace a crowd watching a man leaping across the masses of floating ice on the river toward the opposite bank. He called his side-de-camp. "Run after that man, and bring him to me." "Sire, I can only bring him to you in his dead body." "What did he say?" "He said, 'I will not be taken alive.'" "Let him prove to him, then, that we can make ropes in Russia." A great Polish nobleman was condemned, for the same conspiracy, to serve for life as a private in the army, and sent at once to the Caucasus. Nicholas wrote with his own hand on the sentence, "On foot."

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The willfulness of his despotic nature could not endure that even the theodolite and spirit-level should point to any conclusion but such as he chose to adopt. When the engineers had marked the plan for the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, they were laid before the Emperor, and he was asked which town he gave preference for the passage of the line. For reply he dipped one of his fingers in the inkstand, and drew a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg on the map of Russia. Engineers and mainists all exclaimed that the thing was impossible; that the railway would be taken through a desert. Nicholas smiled disdainfully, and answering in a courtier phrase, declared that his obsequiousness to the imperial will—asked he would undertake the task of carrying out his plans. A road was made accordingly in the trace of this ink-smudge of the Emperor. Engineers, officers, and other most intelligent places were left entirely out the line of route; the road was laid through forests and morasses and immense marshes: it cost Russia sixteen millions of English pounds sterling, or about £32,000 a mile.

Some weeks after the opening of the line, a new Turkish embassador came to St. Petersburg. Nicholas said to Prince Mentschikoff—who was noted for his wit and sarcasm, and who was accepted as a sort of licensed jester by the Emperor—"What can we show him to astonish him?" after the Turk had looked at every thing with frightful gravity of countenance, and without a sign of surprise. "The accounts of Kleinmichel," said Mentschikoff, "for the Moscow Railway."

The very balls of the palace were directed in military style and with military precision. At the one end of the great hall, on a throne, sat the Emperor, on foot and in a general's uniform, stood erect beneath the baldaquin, decorated with medals of the imperial orders, towering above the dignitaries of the court and the diplomatic corps arrayed in full dress. At a stroke of the baton by the chief of the orchestra, the dances were executed one after the other with military precision. Nicholas, though he did not dance balls, assisted at those of his court, which he wished to be as brilliant as possible, but it was with visible bad humor. His majesty sulked generally, and spoke no word; and as all the aristocracy, as a rule, fashioned its countenance after that of its sovereign, the gayety of these festivals was completely unimaginable. But nevertheless one must have the air of being amused at the same time; and such was the rule of the master. So, what with affected gayety and real en-

nui, these imperial balls were of an indescribable character.

A fault of etiquette was a crime, and if such was committed by one of his chamberlains, still deeper, of course, was its hue. The story of the punishment of one unfortunate chamberlain is still remembered at St. Petersburg.

The Emperor was talking with a foreign embassador, when a chamberlain approached, and invited the latter to "do her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg the honor of dancing with her in the next quadrille. The embassador regarded the Emperor with astonishment, who said, "Go and invite another gentleman; we will continue our conversation after the quadrille." At soon as the minister had turned his back, Nicholas entered the chamberlain by the arm, and said, "Animal! stay here." The unfortunate courtier was obliged then to stop as the Emperor went on: "Triple blockhead! In the first place, you might have chosen another moment for performing the mission of my daughter. In the second place, you gave her a wrong title. She is not her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg, but her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolowna. In the third place, it is the gentleman, forsooth, who does her partners the honor to dance with them." "Pardon, pardon, Sire!" cried the chamberlain, with a piteous mien. "No; I will be without pity for so gross a fault. Quick! Marche, chamberlain!" whirled by the arm. "These are my orders: after the lighter one, that you shall receive at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and keep on walking up and down the room, crying out, *Ich donnerk! Ich donnerk!* I am going to have a horse! I am a horse!" The unfortunate chamberlain carried out his punishment with the most religious scrupulousness; such was his terror of the slightest trouble of disobedience.

More fortunate was a guest of the palace, who, though a good dancer, had the misfortune to fall down as he danced with the Empress, and to draw her with him in his fall. As the unfortunate dancer took his place behind the chair of the Empress, Nicholas turned round with a nod to him with a severe face, and took him by the collar. The unhappy man wished the earth would open before him; but the Emperor, holding him off, he took him only, however, to a farther corner of the room, where stood a grenadier, one with powdered chalk at the bottom of it, in which Nicholas invited his terrified captive to rub his feet.

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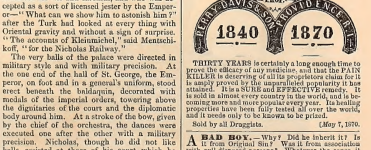

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 698.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE RICHMOND CALAMITY.

THE country was shocked last week by the news of a dreadful disaster, in which more than fifty people were instantly killed, and more than a hundred wounded, many of them so seriously that, even if their life should be spared, they will bear the effects of their injuries to the grave. The circumstances of this calamity remove it from the catalogue of ordinary disasters. We are so accustomed to railway accidents, by collision, by the breaking of rails, by the misplacement of switches—to boiler accidents in factories and on steamboats—to fires in hotels and tenement-houses, that we have come to regard these almost as visitations of Providence, or as the result of chances against which no foresight could provide. But the calamity at Richmond occurred in a public building, the Capitol of the State, where the Legislature met and several courts held their sessions. It was often densely crowded, and on these occasions the life and safety of hundreds of people depended on its strength.

On Wednesday, April 27, the court-room in the second story of the Capitol was packed with an immense audience to hear the decision of the Court of Appeals in the Mayoralty case. This room was constructed in a most extraordinary manner. A few years ago, when it became necessary to have additional offices in the Capitol, a floor was thrown across the very high hall in which the lower house of the Legislature met, thus making two stories instead of one. In doing this the architect, instead of inserting the floor-beams in the walls, rested them upon a slight ledge, or offset, projecting about four inches from the wall. This frail ledge was made to support timbers measuring two feet by ten inches, assisted by a row of pillars in the hall below. This arrangement was probably sufficient to resist ordinary pressure; but a few years ago, in order to improve the appearance of the Hall of Delegates, these pillars were removed, under the direction of an incompetent architect, leaving the beams without any central support whatever, and further weakened by the mortices in which the pillars had been fastened. The flooring immediately commenced sagging, and for several years, says a Richmond paper, it "had been conceive to an extent that was alarming: but familiarity had, as usual, removed the doubts of its safety."

In this frightful man-trap hundreds of people were packed on the occasion alluded to above. The bells had just struck the hour of eleven. The clerk of the court had just entered, and placed his books on the table. One judge was in his seat, his associates being still in the conference-room. The counsel, the reporters, were in their places, and the spectators were engaged in pleasant conversation. All at once, without a moment's warning, the large girder under the partition between the clerk's office and the court-room snapped in twain, and the floor, yielding to the pressure, began to bend downward, loosening the supports of the crowded gallery, which was wrenched away from the wall and precipitated into the centre of the court-room. The floor was crushed through as if it had been glass, and, with its mass of human beings, fell into the Hall of Delegates, a cloud of dust rising like smoke from the ruin. The scene was terrible. Through the cloud of dust and plaster that obscured the atmosphere, the horror-stricken survivors could discern nothing but a confused mass of dead and wounded flung together on the floor, while cries and groans arose that none who heard will ever forget.

The annexed diagram shows the interior of the court-room, and will aid materially in understanding the catastrophe.

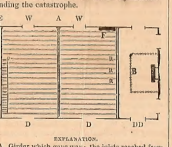

EXPLANATION.

A. Girder which gave way; the joists reached from this to the girders E, E, which stood. The joists were removed into the large girder A; and, of course, when that fell, the joists all pulled out right and left from the girders E, E, and the crowd was all thrown to the centre. The reporters and lawyers, who were seated close to the railing, just far enough to be clear of the safe point—say about B, B, B—and facing the railing, fell backward.

B. Railing around the judges' seat.

C. Steps leading to the gallery, the marks of which on the wall are shown in the large sketch on page 313. The gallery toppled over, and fell on the crowd below.

D. Doors.

DD. Door to conference-room.

F. Mantle-piece, to which a man clung for a long time before he could be rescued.

W, W. Windows. People also clung to these over the chasm.

Immediately after the catastrophe the survivors set about the work of rescuing those who were buried beneath the ruins, and whose groans and cries for help were painful to hear. The firemen were called out by the fire-alarm, and rendered most valuable assistance in this work. Ladders were raised to the windows of the Hall of Delegates, and, as fast as they were recovered, the bodies of the dead and wounded were passed out through the windows and brought down by the firemen, in the manner shown in our illustration on page 313.

Most of them were placed under the trees in the square for recognition or surgical attendance. The whole city wore an aspect of mourning, and business was every where suspended.

It was several hours before the number of dead and wounded could be ascertained; but at length the ruins were cleared away, and it was found that sixty persons were killed and nearly a hundred and twenty wounded. Providentially the Hall of Delegates was nearly empty, or the loss of life would have been much greater than it was. The greater number of those who were down with the floor were uninjured, most of the casualties having been among those who were caught by the falling gallery, and those who were in the hall below. It is sad to know that many who escaped death and even wounds by the falling timbers, were suffocated by the clouds of dust that rose from the crumbling plastering. When the dead bodies were brought out and exposed on the square, scarcely one of them could be recognized, so fearfully disfigured were they; and the broken-hearted wives, sisters, and mothers of several even failed, in some instances, to recognize the victims. The faces of all the dead were fearfully swollen and blackened, it is supposed from suffocation; and about the mouth and nose was a sort of congulated froth, tinctured

VIEW OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON AND CO., RICHMOND.]

with blood, which was hardened and stiffened with dust. In the case of Dr. J. H. Brock, reporter of the *Enquirer*, it is said his wife failed to recognize him; and a brother reporter only discovered his identity by searching his pockets.

Among the prominent persons killed were Maj. P. H. Aylett, an eminent member of the Richmond bar, and Assistant Attorney-General for the Confederate States until Lee's surrender; Maj. J. M. Schofield, a brother of Major-General Schofield, and an officer in the Union army during the war; Mr. J. W. D. Bland (colored), a member of the Virginia State Senate; General Thomas H. Wilcox, a Major-General in the Confederate army; and Dr. J. B. Brock, a reporter of the Richmond *Enquirer*. Among the seriously wounded was ex-Governor Wells.

Some very remarkable escapes are related of some of the survivors. Mr. D. B. White, a member of the Legislature, fell through the floor with the rest, and did not receive a scratch. He did not leave the spot, but, despite the suffocating dust, remained and worked vigorously to get out the wounded and dead. Mayor Kelly, of Fredericksburg, was conversing with Mr. Aylett when the crash began, and says Mr. Aylett was killed by a beam from the gallery. The larger number of deaths, as already stated, occurred among those persons who were standing under the gallery. Dr. Brock was just in front of it, sitting at his table writing, when the same beam that killed Mr. Aylett struck him. A member of the Legislature described the scene as follows:

"I heard a low rumbling sound, and felt myself sinking rapidly. I was facing the gallery, and saw it falling bodily in front. Fortunately I was not hurt. I saw the men scrambling over each other in the gallery, and heard what seemed to me unearthly shrieks of agony. Then came the crash, and I sank into darkness. I found myself under a mass of timbers with a dead body over me, a wounded man under me, and another at my side. The poor fellow under me said: 'Oh me! but if I could only fear God always as I do now! I have been wicked I have been wicked to my God, forgive me! Spare me, and I will be a true fellow-servant of my God.' The man at my side moaned: 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!' Then I heard the groans of the dying mingled with the agonizing shouts about their wives and children, while others were begging for air. I believe many of them died from suffocation; for, although little hurt myself, I should have died from suffocation if I had not been removed when I was."

On the day following the catastrophe many of the dead were buried, and the day was devoted by the whole city to mourning, humiliation, and prayer.

In the general view of the city of Richmond, the prominent object, the most conspicuous, is the capitol as seen. It is the large building a little to the left of the centre, with columns on the front.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

OUR BARBARISM.

THE sad tragedy at Richmond should impress upon us the fact of the wanton disregard of human life in most of our public halls. It is a singular streak of barbarism in our civilization, that we submit so patiently not only to the wholly unnecessary but the very serious insecurity and discomfort of our public rooms. We speak from personal knowledge of many of the halls in the older part of the country, in saying that there is scarcely one which would not prove to be a trap in an emergency. They are generally upon the second, some of the finest upon the third floor of the building. The access to them is by totally inadequate staircases and halls, and the buildings are in no proper sense fire-proof. The great Music Hall in Boston has two ranges of galleries, and the only passage from the hall is through a narrow corridor upon each end ending in narrow and winding stairways. The building is, however, used for so many purposes than those of the hall, and the exposure is necessarily less than when the lower stories are occupied by shops of various kinds.

Twedale Hall in Albany is upon the third floor of a building occupied by all kinds of offices and shops; and, should a panic occur, escape would be impossible. And it must not be forgotten that panic is due to the consciousness of the difficulty of egress. The handsome Corinthian Hall in Rochester is obnoxious to the same censure. Two narrow stairways bring the audience together in a small passage below, with yet another staircase before the street is reached. In New Haven the Music Hall, a brilliant and spacious room, is ingeniously perilous in the same way. It can hold, perhaps, two thousand or twenty-five hundred people upon the floor and in the galleries. They must all descend together to the end of a long narrow passage, at the other end of which are the stairs to the street. Irving Hall in Troy is perhaps the worst of all. There is a narrow stairway on each side of the hall, which would be hopelessly choked in case of alarm. We mention these halls as illustrations. What is true of them is true of most of the great halls in the country.

In Providence there was a spacious hall upon the third floor, in which lectures and concerts were given. It was reached in the usual way by two winding narrow stairways with a common landing. Upon the second floor, and directly under the hall, there was a furniture store-room! One night, after a lecture had been given to a crowded audience, the building took fire, and was consumed like pasteboard. It was rebuilt in the same way—and was again destroyed by fire. It was very natural for the good sense of Providence to ask what would happen if the fire broke out an hour or two earlier in the evening, when the hall was thronged? The consequence was, the erection of a building disconnected with others and open upon all sides, with a hall upon the ground-floor, in which the most unpractised escape would be practicable from doors and windows, while the chances of fire or other alarm, and of consequent panic, were virtually removed. It is neither a very handsome nor a very costly hall, but there is a sense of security in it which is not felt in a crowded hall in New England.

Public halls are not generally thought to be good investments of property, and they are therefore subordinated to other rooms in a building. But it would greatly increase the public comfort and security if they were erected with chief reference to the easy escape of an audience. They would not be expensive. There is many a town meditating a hall in which will not think of building until it can put up "an ornament to the place," and which will cost a cost which will compel the building of shops under it to insure a fair return for the outlay. If the town would but be content with a single spacious room upon the ground-floor, and be willing to allow the neat and fair proportions of the building to foreign the ornamental, there would be a great many better, handsomer, and safer halls in the country. It should be a principle upon which all public architecture should strenuously insist that no place of great public assembly, like a hall, a theatre, or a church, should be at any height above the easy and gentle emergency as most of our great halls now are. The power which the State justly exercises of supervising the erection of buildings for the safety of steamboats, might wisely embrace a severe censure of this subject.

The vast and costly accumulation in public rooms is another constant evidence of our barbaric skill. There is no perpetual occasion of any sensible skill. There is no perpetual occasion which is not a black hole. Within a few days the Recorder of New York, presiding at an important trial, was obliged to adjourn the court for want of room. In Trenton, New Jersey, Mr. Justice Field was prostrated in the same way. In both cases the public convenience was a serious tension. But what do we expect of judges but the intensest application? and for that very reason there should be every kind of attention provision made for them. What, also, is more preposterous than the necessity of issuing grave certificates by builders that there is every reason to believe that the houses just erected by them will not tumble down? And yet, what questions the necessity of such certificates but the sinking and falling of other houses? If there is no officer of authority sufficient for this purpose of the public safety, it is time to create by the terrible tragedy at Richmond of the necessity of placing somewhere the responsibility of the security of public buildings.

THE BENCH AND POLITICS.

In the Democratic Convention to nominate Judges for the New York Court of Appeals, Mr. Horace O'Gorman, leading the active Tammany leaders, said, in response to a suggestion that politics should not be made prominent in a Judiciary Convention, "I am not on the contrary, especially necessary to consider politics in the nominations. The *World* quotes Mr. O'Gorman as saying further: "The Democratic party is known as the party of the Constitution, and we want men on our bench who will fight the fight of the Democracy for the Constitution." The *Times* reports him as adding that "we had gone through, and might still have to go through, terrible struggles." The Convention applauded Mr. O'Gorman, and agreed with him that a politician ought to be considered, and consulted, as much as any gentleman whose reputation in the State is wholly political, and who, it is very well understood, if he had not been nominated for Judge himself, would have been the candidate of the "Cheese-boxes" Democracy for Governor against Mr. Hoffman, the unrivalled candidate of Tammany. The Ring have nominated Mr. Church, not because they like him, but because they feared him as the most personally and politically conspicuous and popular of the rural Democrats.

Mr. O'Gorman's amusing assertion that the Democratic party is known as the party of the Constitution, shows that he has forgotten a late unpleasantness in which the distinctive "fight of the Democracy for the Constitution" was led on by Mr. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Judah P. Benjamin. The Democratic doctrine of the Constitution was State sovereignty; and that doctrine is demolished. If Mr. O'Gorman thinks that a Democratic Court of Appeals in New York, even with Mr. Sanford E. Church at its head, would seriously bring this State into conflict with the National Government upon the question of equal suffrage, he is profoundly mistaken. The days are gone when Mr. Charles O'Conor, in the old Court of Appeals—Mr. O'Conor then the head of the New York bar—gravely demanded that New York should hunt slaves for Virginia. No more shameful claim was ever made, and it was one of those acts which aroused the perception and revolted the conscience of the people of New York, and swept them on to the magnificent Republican victories of 1860 and the war. And when those days ended, the possibility passed away of persuading the State to fight the United States for the purpose of oppressing negroes. That was the outrage undertaken by the Southern States, under the same pretense of vindicating the Constitution, and the success of the attempt will hardly induce a repetition of it elsewhere.

But the speech of Mr. O'Gorman will show the people of this State the spirit of the Tammany Ring which controls the Democratic party. If it were practicable, it would gladly undo all the great work of the last ten years; for the fundamental party know that its hopes of success fade with the increase of intelligence and with acquiescence in a policy of justice. Mr. O'Gorman was one of the most resolute of Copperheads during the war—and we use the word merely as a political definition—and he opposed with the whole pro-Fluidship declaration of which we spoke last week. can not forgive the triumph of liberty and union. And the new government of the United States, as administered by the party of the war, is a remorseless despotism. In their view it tramples upon all the most precious securities of freedom. To them there are no people in the South States but the ex-rebels, who are heroes, graced with the dignity of misfortune, the unstained soldiers of a lost but lovely cause. In their judgment the great and happy days of the republic were those when four millions of slaves were held in hopeless bondage; when the slave power absolutely controlled, in its own interests, the policy of the government, and filled every office, large and small, with its lackeys; when the slave hunter coursed freely for his prey all over the land, cheered by "full fellowship;" and when every honorable and proud American bowed down before the taunting subject of every European king who asked to him what he could not deny: "In all monarchies, Europe has taught us, there is no tyranny so base and inhuman as that which your republic cherishes!"

This is the ideal American epoch of those who think with Mr. O'Gorman. And when he says that it is necessary to put politicians upon the bench of our highest court, or not to forget politics in the nomination of Judges who must fight a party fight, it is with the vague hope that somehow the settlement of the war may be in fact completed, and the country of New York. For the war, never to be forgiven by weak pretenders as certainly ended without the settlement of the political rights of the people and the great Democratic policy of perpetuating human slavery. Meanwhile the collateral advantages of placing politicians upon the bench may be seen in the case of the Chief Justice of the United States. It is a painful illustration, and one which we have lately considered in these columns. That the practice is wholly repugnant to democratic needs not to be stated. It is a growth of the miserable system of elective judges; a system which gives us the spectacle we examine upon the New York city bench. And if the reputation of the Judiciary in that country at large should ever be like that of our own State judiciary, it might justly be expected to "fight the fight" of those who elected it.

FOR JUDGES OF APPEALS.

The Republicans in New York have never nominated better candidates for any office than the eight candidates whom they have selected for Judges of Appeals. They were not nominated, as we have elsewhere shown that the Democratic candidates were, to fight the fight of a party. They are nominated to administer justice under the laws. That they will do this, their whole history, their characters and careers are sufficient pledges.

Henry E. Selden is known to the whole State as one of the first of men—as a learned and sagacious lawyer, and a magistrate of experience. In politics he has never been a hot partisan; but his political principles are sound, and his character so upright, that his name always suggested when a great and responsible office is to be filled. Judge Charles Mason is not less favorably known to his profession, he has been conspicuous in politics. Judge Robert H. Hand, of Essex, has been with distinction in Congress; and his judicial learning, long experience, his ability and angelic honesty, qualify him for the highest bench.

Charles J. Folger is one of the ablest public men in the State. First, independent, and honorable, his career has most closely commended him to the respect of those who would especially the best men in the political and judicial service. In the Constitutional Convention Mr. Folger was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and its work had both his inspiration and his sanction. Upon the same Committee was Charles Andrews, who was one of the two candidates at once nominated by the Convention. Among the younger men in the State, Mr. Andrews is eminent for admirable professional accomplishments. For the highest intellectual ability, and for a certain weight of personal character, which have plainly marked him for high honors. Among his neighbors he has been always one of the strongest candidates for any position; and the unfailing courtesy with which he treats any difference of opinion secures for him the hearty respect and regard even of his political opponents.

We repeat that there was never a better ticket, for any purpose, presented to the voters of New York than the Republican nominations for Judges of Appeals.

THE ARCADE RAILROAD BILL.

As we supposed, this bill passed the Assembly as it had passed the Senate when we last went to press. It appears that the Governor, soon after the adjournment of the Legislature, assigned a day for hearing objections. It may be interesting to know in this manner the bill may be signed or vetoed; but its remarkable features ought to be clearly understood by the public.

1. It names fifty-seven persons, end constitutes them, in violation of all precedent, a complete incorporation, without any preliminary subscription of stock; and authorizes them to appoint thirteen directors out of their own number to manage its affairs. In creating corporations it is an invariable rule to authorize certain individuals to open books of subscription, and to distribute the stock pro rata, without favoritism; but in the present case the Company, after organizing, and during the process of executing its corporate powers, receives propositions on the condition that the subscribers shall pay to the treasurer of the Company ten per cent. of the amount subscribed, which permits favoritism, as a check would doubtless be accepted from those whose subscriptions were desired, and money would be refused from others. But the worst feature in its organization is the provision that the fifty-seven persons and their associates and successors receive, after the stock subscription, constitute the incorporation. These provisions make the Company a close corporation, and not such a corporation as the Constitution contemplates.

2. In advance of the stock subscription, and without capital or responsibility, the Company is authorized to commence operations below Wall Street; to take lands, by assessment, for depots and approaches; to open the Broadway under restrictions which may easily be avoided, from building to building, except under the sidewalks of Broadway (Court), and, to take up and remove to parallel streets the water and gas pipes and sewers, public and private, under restrictions that are nominal; without being required to make compensation for the damage inflicted by the loss of rents and business, and with a like rule of compensation for the lands and parks the Company may take for depôts and stations; that in valuing private lands the commissioners shall disregard the fact the award the benefit conferred on any other property of the owner by the construction of the road; and that for parks no compensation shall be demanded or awarded.

3. Under the bill, the fifty-seven persons named in it may, in advance of any stock subscription, take for depôts, stations, etc., without compensation, such portion of the Battery as not exceeding 200 feet in length by 100 feet in depth as any two of a board of commissioners, appointed, one by the Governor, one by the Mayor of the city, and one by the Commissioner of Public Works, may designate by metes and bounds. No record is required of the description; but, in advance of any stock subscription, the Company may excavate the Battery for its underground ways.

4. After the stock subscription of ten millions, and the payment thereon of two millions, the Company may proceed above Wall Street; but, without further compensation, the whole of any small parks they touch, and 500 feet by 100 on the City Hall Park, of Union Square, of Madison Square, of the Central Park, and, under the authority to extend their lines, the whole or the like quantity of other parks. They may also take, without land, the private lands deemed necessary for depôts and stations, in defiance of the owner, under the rule of compensation already mentioned, which will enable the Company to pay for the most valuable store or hotels by the advantage to other property of the owner, which, in the view of commissioners appointed by a selected court, the constructions of the road will confer. No affidavit or proof is required in the assessment of the two millions, which makes the provision worthless.

5. The 9th and 10th sections of the bill authorize the Company to stop, for a reasonable time, the supply of water and gas, and the operation of the sewerage in the streets; this is to be done by the Company, under the direction and superintendence of the board of commissioners described, no pecuniary means are provided to the commissioners to pay the expense of enforcing their directions, and, consequently, the most serious discomfort and danger may ensue.

6. The bill requires that all injunctions relating to the railway shall be applied for to the Supreme Court of the First Judicial District, and not elsewhere, at a special term to be held

at the court-house, on a notice of not less than eight days. The commissioners and individuals aggrieved would be obliged to submit to this tribunal. As it takes a summer recess, and may sojourn at its pleasure, this amounts to a practical denial of justice, the more flagrant considering the abuses which have lately prevailed.

7. The bill restricts the Company from excavating under the sidewalks and removing the vaults except with the consent of a majority of owners on the line. Inasmuch as the Erie Railway, after proceeding from the Battery up Broadway, divides at Union Square, one going up Fourth Avenue to the Harlem River, and the other up Broadway to the Central Park, and thence to the Hudson River Road with no defined route, the owners of valuable vaults on Broadway are subjected to the consent of property owners not interested in vaults such as appertain to all the stores on that street. The last proposition to assume roll is to govern in ascertaining the owners. For the purpose of giving a majority to the Company a single lot up town may be conveyed to its stockholders by name or to their friends, and thus enable the Company to overpower the substantial owners on Broadway.

8. The only safeguard provided in the bill against the interruption of business, travel, and transportation on Broadway, during the many years which the construction of the road will require, is the one that the Commissioner of Public Works of the city of New York shall compel the erection of temporary bridges for travel only, and supervise the construction of the new Fourteenth Street; but, as in the case of the commissioners mentioned, no fund is provided for the purposes, and no power or duties are placed at the disposal of this officer, who, as one of the board, is to receive from the Company a compensation of ten dollars per day. It is not to be supposed that any officer will be appointed to this post hereafter who will interpose any difficulties in the way of the Company, so that the enormous business of the city is placed largely under the control of the Company, if the bill now shall receive the bill.

9. The clause with respect to fares is so drawn that for the shortest ride ten cents may be charged, as the law that appears to be a restriction in the bill of fifteen cents for the whole length of road, applies only to through and express trains, and not to the local.

Stripped of its thin disguise, the bill amounts to an absolute grant of city property to the fifty-seven persons named in it, and is a precedent for reaching all property that remains undisposed of. The names of those who are expected to have each a thousand over our most vital interests are as follows:

Melville C. Smith, Origen Vanderbeck, N. B. Ira Bee, Edward M. Cyzner, John A. Griswold, Sidney W. Hopkins, W. C. Church, R. R. Hazard, Jas. Boorman, F. Dunning, Samuel G. Bigelow, Daniel D. Badger, George H. Simmons, Philip Carter, Jr., Jas. Richard D. M'Graw, Samuel Barton, James H. Ingersoll, Jacob R. Wetmore, Stephen Schell, John B. Ford, Francis Bates, Henry W. Perkins, James Crawford, Henry Raven, Nathaniel Currier, Jr., Henry Grinnell, Austin Myers, John P. Moore, Homer A. Nelson, Samuel F. Barger, John P. Nazro, John C. Green, William H. Ritz, Edward G. Eaton, Jeremiah Pighmie, Gilbert Coutant, Joseph G. Swengers, Jr., Jacob Sharp, George W. Carpenter, D. P. Dey, John H. Sanborn, William Tunstall, Luke D. Pittoni, Jacob D. Vermilye, George D. Lord, A. Ferris Smith, D. Ashley Dickinson, Hector M. Wilmot, Thos. F. Smith, Orrin K. Miller, C. Sibley Brown, Rodney M. Whipple, Charles H. Ferrier, Michael Nolan, Cornelius S. Lester, Edward L. Cumming, Theodore M. Pomeroy, Philo Remington, Norman B. Kingsley, Henry G. Coggeshall.

The authority to them and their assigns to take whatever private property along Broadway may be deemed necessary under proceedings undirected before the tribunal previously, on a rule of compensation which enables them to pay for it with the supposed benefits which the construction of the road confers on other property of the owner, is a clear violation of the fundamental provision contained in the Constitution, that no private property shall be taken for public use without *just* compensation."

A bill so sweeping in its powers, so reckless in withdrawal protection from the public, so monstrous in its provisions, could not have passed a Legislature which paid respect to the will of office, or was not steeped deeply in corruption.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

ALTHOUGH I have sent nothing to the Exhibition this year, it is probably the best that we have ever had, and I am therefore very glad to find that by some kindly coincidence Shull is among the pictures a work by Mr. MOSSE, who was, I believe, our first President. It is a portrait of the Rev. Dr. STANFORD, now of the Church triumphant, and formerly chaplain of the New York Almshouse. The picture recalls the traditions of STUART and SIR JOSHUA, and has a force and character and breadth which may be profitably studied by my fellow-artists. My own style, indeed, is formed, but I can still admire what is excellent in the other old masters, and give good advice to the young ones.

In looking at this portrait by Mr. MOSSE, I remember with pleasure that he is still living: that this is only the forty-fifth annual exhibition, so that any boy can remember when the Academy was founded; and that within that time the interest in art in this country, such as it is, has developed itself. And there is certainly a good deal of interest. Here, for instance, is our building, which cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and there are several very admirable private collections in the city. I do not say that the owners are sufficiently versed in art, but that they have galleries shows that public opinion expects rich men to appear, at least, to cultivate a taste for the fine arts. Had TRUMBULL foreseen this day he would hardly have advised our late admirable President HUNTINGTON to relinquish the Academy, nor would Mr. MOSSE, after one sore disappointment, have been ready to abandon his easel and try his fortune elsewhere in this place.

Above all, perhaps, the vital interest in the subject is shown by nothing more than our discussions in the Academy. Here we are divided into two parties, and we call ourselves, Heaven alone knows why, Radicals and Conservatives. Sometimes the discussion of the men, favoritism, narrowness, and indifference in the direction and management of art itself. The Conservatives reply that it is not worth while to have collected the Fellowship fund during the war, nor worth while to have placed the Academy in such a noble home. To this the Radicals again answer that the building is a folly that I am glad to have a concern upon the Academy, which is so poor in its splendid talents as the Italian nobleman who was obliged to pawn his last diamond to get his shirts washed. And the press has joined the cry. There has been a great deal of gibing latterly at the Academy, when criticism would have been more serviceable.

Perhaps the building, beautiful as it is, is a mistake. The Academy is not numerous nor rich sufficient for a palace. With a flowing treasury, which a judicious sale of the building and some compensation for water supply, there might be courses of lectures, and the most remarkably appointed schools in every art of design. And there would be room for a museum in it—I don't see any sufficient reason for the distinction between Associate and Academician, which, by the constitution of the Academy, those portraits in this exhibition are his credentials, and Mr. F. B. CARPENTER, he only Associate, has painted the most important and will find in the catalogue—National Academicians? I am sure that I don't know the reason. But I am not sure that it is not well executed, and blood will evidently be shed. I think it will flow freely at the annual election, in the 11th of May.

Meanwhile the public ought to be grateful to any association that will offer them so attractive an exhibition as that which is now open in building. There is no pleasanter resort in the city than the Academy rooms at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, which, and I remind readers beyond the city of that fact. Unluckily, in this space, I can not be a catalogue, but only a critic, and can not minutely name all the pictures that they will enjoy. But if they go straight up the grand staircase and enter the room before them they will find one of all see two pictures by Mr. WINSLOW HOMER, one of which represents girls bathing upon the beach at Marshfield, Massachusetts, and the other a girl upon a white horse, just reaching the top of Mount Washington. The pictures are not without merit, but they are not the best scene—like another which he has in the east room—is not quite refined. But the pictures have a fresh air, and are free from conventional conventions with spirit and vigor. So in Mr. HENNESSY'S pictures, among which that of Mr. BRYANT as the Poet of the Sea will have been even contemptuously criticised, there is a faithful study and careful rendering of the details of the landscape, which make the more essential elements in any good picture. If the critic must gibe, it should not be at such work, however faulty, but at the pictures of mere trick, and hurried commonplace of many of the pictures, which suggest nothing but that the painter was in a mere rule to make a picture. The engravings. In the works of Mr. HOMER and Mr. HENNESSY you are very sure that the painter has seen nature, and in the best sense, that tries to represent it. When he fails, it is therefore a hopeful failure.

In this room, also, is Mr. GIFFORD'S "San Giorgio at Venice," which seems to me one of the most pleasing of his pictures. A sagacious and cultivated observer told me that the bright sail ought not to be the central point, because it dulls the brilliancy of the buildings. As an artist I reserve my opinion; but I insist that the buildings are still brilliant, and the bright sail is very luminous, although its precise hue is perhaps not quite true to the fact. But the scene is that trance of noon—still, but, luminous—which is almost peculiar to the lagoons. From this exquisite repose let the rural friend, whom, with his kind permission, I am accompanying, now turn suddenly to Mr. THOMAS NAST'S "Department of the Seventh Regiment for the War," on the 19th of April, 1861. It is a large picture, almost without color, and often out of drawing, but its spirit, its vigor, its electric life, are delightful. It is Broadway, the regiment has reached Bell & Black's, and we look up the street. What a scene! It is crowded with figures—windows, balconies, roofs, pinnacles, are overflowing with the shouting, weeping, frantic throng. Every where the flag is flying and handkerchiefs are waving, and the interest is all in motion with the advancing soldiers, whose bayonets go glistening and bristling up the vista. The boldness, the freedom, the fervor of this picture, the evident fact that the artist deeply felt his subject, and that it is, therefore, a wholly sincere work, makes me wish all the more that I could praise the drawing and the color. But with all its defects it is the best war picture that I have seen. It shows a very great talent.

Mr. LOUIS TIFFANY'S "Fruit-Vender under the Sea-Wall at Nassau" is a bright, picturesque work, a bit of Naples astray near the Gulf. There is a great deal of poetic feeling in the picture; but the subject is not important enough for the size of the picture. In the next room Mr. PERRY'S "Holly," an illustration of LOWELL'S *Cuttin'* poesie, is charming. She sits by the fire piercing her ear for the first time, a sensibly lovely that 'Ziekel is entirely justified in flattening his nose, enamored, against the window-pane. It is a very great point gained in a picture of lovers if the affection is made, upon the face of it, to appear to be the most natural thing in the world. Mr. PERRY'S delight is admirably rendered, and the picture is so good that my rural friend and I agreed that we should expect pictures exhibited next year from the same hand. And what is this modest little canvas before which there is always a group of ladies intently gazing? Why, it is Mr. HUNTINGTON'S latest and lovely thing! Of course they do, for they re-cognize every "The Little Stranger." Mrs. Smith has painted the Colonel with Number Two, and there is a Number One sitting upon mamma's bed, who watches her fondly, while Mrs. Monthly Nurse declares that she is a little lady to hold baby so well; and Number One's dumpy little legs and feet stick straight out, and she holds the baby somewhat as if she were made of glass, while poor dolly lies prostrate and neglected, with her nose against the floor: and there is another doll upon the wall in a corner of Christ, saying, Suffer little children to come unto me. It is full of feeling and poetry, this little picture, and it is most carefully executed. The drawing is admirable. Every object is firm, clear, and natural. I heartily congratulate Mr. HUNTINGTON upon his performance. My only bouncer, considering that mamma does not nurse the baby, or only for a very short time, during the day; and as for dolly— It was fortunate that my fellow-artist did not hear the discussion that I heard upon it in a group of admiring spectators, whether dolly were not a living baby, with her wretched nose grinding the dust! The picture is worthy of the most earnest and enjoyment of the picture: but what idea must they have had of it! How entirely the sentiment was lost upon them, the devotion of dolly to baby, and the dimly suggested blessing! But the discussion strongly enforced the great truth that he who paints for the public must look to tongue, or pencil, or pen, must, first of all, speak with perfect distinctness. It seems to me that I have given my views in this picture; but, I suppose, the discussion shows that he has not.

It is very pleasant to observe the growth and activity which the Exhibition reveals; and I could wander up and down all these columns talking of the pictures. But I can not go further to-day. The chief defect which any careful spectator—who listens to me—will remark is the deficiency of the element of thoroughness; a rush to grasp the prize of success without the preparation. But, dear brethren, there are no short cuts in art. Genius may impress by a sudden sally; but genius holds its own only by patience and knowledge. As the *Nation* truly says, there are too many sketches in the exhibition. A painter's memoranda and notebooks are essential to his pictures; but they are not pictures. In order to become a master, it is interesting to know his methods. Mine, for instance, are very interesting. But in your own gentlemen, who are very true, the results, and not the processes, of your work alone interest us. If you object to this demand of thoroughness and concern that you are poor men, who must make a living, the court rules that you ought not to be able to make a living by painting pictures. And a sensational picture is a poor one. A sensational style palls in painting as well as in literature. The great names in both departments are not those of cold and grotesque men, but of those who were simple and healthful and intelligent.

NOTES.

THERE is a report in the papers that the Pacha of Egypt has offered a commission to General BEAUREGARD. We have heard also of the departure of other military gentlemen for the East, with the understanding that there is to be an Egyptian revolution and republic. To those who have been in that country, and who are familiar with its inhabitants, the prospects of a republic will not seem to be very promising. A revolution of the Pacha against the Sultan would not be very interesting, nor would its success offer any prospect of improvement; while a revolution of the Egyptians themselves is inconceivable.

WE are very sorry to see that Governor ALCORN has sent a message to the Mississippi Legislature recommending separate schools for white and colored children. The colored citizens do not wish their children to be taught in company with white children, or *vice versa*, it is a matter of taste which they should gratify at their own expense. But the State ought not to recognize either more than sect or race. It is a perilous discrimination which can have no other conceivable result than mischief; and we trust that the Legislature will have sagacity and humanity enough to refuse to follow the advice of the Governor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 25.—In the Senate, a bill was reported relative to the salaries of the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment and Congressional contested cases postponed on the 26th and 27th inst. Several bills—In the House, bills were introduced to increase the duties on tea and coffee, and to repeal the duties on certain articles; chartering the American and Holland Ocean Cable Company; regulating the time and commerce between the States; and changing the standard weights of coin. A resolution was adopted asking for a bill providing pensions for all surviving soldiers of the war of 1812.

April 26.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson reported his substitute for the Civil Rights Army bill, which, although similar to Mr. Logan's bill passed by the House, is here divided into three separate bills. It reduces the number of enlisted men in the army to 25,000 by July 1, 1871. A resolution was adopted for the final adjournment of the session of the present Congress on the 20th inst., for the purpose of establishing a general system of courts-martial. A Secretary's joint resolution in relation to the conduct of Spain in her treatment of the Cuban insurgents was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. In the House session was occupied with debate on the Tariff.

April 27.—In the Senate, a bill was reported to extradite the Territory of Oklahoma, and to consolidate the Indian tribes under a territorial form of government.—In the House, besides the debate on the Tariff bill, there was a long discussion in reference to the report of the Committee on Elections in the contested case of a sitting Texan member. It was called up by a bill, which was passed, ordering certain persons to Texas to testify in this case.

April 28.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced relative to the issuing, under the Secretary of War, to each mount, all persons, with certain exceptions, from pensioned disabilities. One of the exceptions being persons who left Congress and the army and navy to aid the Rebellion, and the bill was defeated.—In the House, the conventions which adopted ordinances of secession. The Home passed a bill to establish a Department of Justice.

April 29.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to provide for a new method of selecting military and naval cadets. The Committee Reports—A committee to investigate the Credit Mobilier. In the House, the Senate bill to repeal the commutation tax was considered. Mr. Garfield of Ohio opposed the measure, and the bill permitting retired officers to hold civil offices.

April 30.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced in the House most of the day was occupied with the discussion of private bills.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Legislature adjourned *sine die*, April 27, after passing the bills passed over the veto, and the session was the Arcade Railroad bill. The Pacific Railroad Company's bill was defeated.

The Attorney-General of this State has given an opinion that the new Civil Service act, in which he says that the only important change is in vesting the power in the Governor to appoint and to remove, instead of county authorities. There is, he then says, no conflict between the act of 1857 and 1870, and the date of Supreme on Sunday, or on election days, within a certain distance of the polls, is not to be prohibited by the law to-day.

A poor old crazy man, under the delusion that his life was threatened, left Seven New York to Long Island, and wandered into the village of Hempstead. Passing through the village on the road, he was set upon by a crowd of men and boys, who mistook him for a mad dog, and so severely used that he is not expected to survive.

Rumors have been in circulation for some time, and it is reported that several thousand warrants are circulating at different points on the frontier, for a campaign against the whites, of greater magnitude than that of 1868-69. Among the chiefs are Tall Bull, Medicine Calf, Little Robe, and Yellow Horse.

Fort Fetterman is a few days since, with three hundred Sioux warriors, for Powder River, to collect his bands.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from France is dispiriting. The discovery of a new plot against the life of the Emperor is reported. A man named Beauvy, recently arrived from England, was arrested in Paris on the 16th ult., charged with complicity in the plot. He was searched, and found to have in his pocket a letter from Rochefort, and papers in the "conspiracy." A part of the plot, it is said, was to blow up the Tuileries with the Palace Head-quarters, but this was subsequently denied. The existence of the plot was said to be known to the International Association of Workmen. Beauvy is an Italian refugee, and of science, and, it is stated, has confessed his intention to assassinate the Emperor. There is no doubt as to the existence of a very formidable conspiracy, and many arrests have been made by the police are incessantly in "turbulence." One has been arrested in Paris, and the Government has issued warrants for the arrest of others. The Emperor, despite left quietly, but expressed their disapprobation by hissing and hooting. Rochefort and others fled "Satisfaction." The prospect of impeachment was arrested by the adjournment.

Fresh outbreaks have occurred in various parts of Spain, but they were at once suppressed. At Santiago one hundred arrests were made. Three hundred refugees from Spain have arrived in France.

Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*, is making an effort to secure the restoration of his certificate.

Six hundred failures in the Circumcenal Council took up the Bill for the Abolition of Conscription.

There is very little news from Cuba. Spanish reports are given of a recent raise found April 12 the Macio mountains, in which the insurgents under Modesto Diaz were defeated. Three batalions of Spanish troops were engaged.

AN IRISH LANDLORD WALKING OUT, GUARDED BY POLICEMEN.

SCENE IN IRELAND.

THE severity of the act recently passed by the English Parliament for the suppression of disorders in Ireland, as might have been foreseen, has had just the contrary effect to that intended. Not only has it given a fresh impulse to emigration, but rendered life and property more insecure than ever. The illustration we give this week on this page is a sketch taken at Balrath, in the county of Meath, the residence of Mr. NICHOLSON, a large owner of land, who was fired at, near his own house, and his coachman killed by the assassin's bullet, intended for Mr. NICHOLSON, four or five months ago. Since that attempt upon his life Mr. NICHOLSON has had a force of armed police constantly stationed at his house. He seldom ventures beyond the limits of his own park; and whenever he takes a walk he carries a loaded rifle, and is protected by a constable on each side of him, with two more constables behind, all with their carbines at full cock. If he goes along the high-road he is followed by a party of armed policemen in a car, with a short

THE PASCHAL LAMBS.—[SEE PAGE 309.]

HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR.—[By LEONARDO DA VINCI.]

ladder, by which to scale any wall over which the assassins might escape pursuit. He never for a moment feels any security, and knows that any neglect of these precautions would probably cost him his life.

THE PASCHAL LAMBS.

THE two paschal lambs to be killed at Easter every year, for the Pope's table, are blessed on St. Agnes's Day, January 21, in the church of St. Agnes, outside the city walls of Rome, on the Tivoli Road. The engraving on page 308 shows the performance of this ceremony, by Cardinal BARELLI, in the present year. The animals, having been bandaged with red ribbons and placed on cushions, were brought into the church, and laid upon the altar. After the celebration of high-mass they were sprinkled with holy-water, and a formal sentence of benediction was pronounced over them. It is usual for the Pope at Easter to present one of them to some royal personage; a part of the other is served on his own table on Easter-Sunday, and part is given to the poor. The wool of these lambs is carefully preserved, spun into yarn by the nuns of St. Agnes, and woven into cloth for the sacred pallium. This vestment, having been blessed by the Pope, is laid upon the tomb of the Apostle, under the great dome of St. Peter's.

HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THE engraving on this page is taken from the greatest of LEONARDO DA VINCI'S greatest painting, "The Last Supper." This extraordinary work was painted near the close of the fifteenth century, for the end wall of the refectory of the Dominican Convent of Santa Maria della Grazie at Milan. From the beginning all went wrong with this picture, which seemed projected under evil stars. The convent was damp and ill built, the wall dangerously placed between the kitchen and the refectory. In 1500 an inundation laid the chamber under water for some time; and one who saw the picture in 1642 spoke of it as a thing of the past. In 1652 a door was broken through under the figure of our Saviour, which destroyed the feet. In 1726 a miserable bungler, as conceited as he was imbecile, painted it all over. In 1770 a fool named Mazza retouched all but three heads. Before this the unhappy picture had been whitewashed. In 1796 NAPOLEON gave express orders to respect the sacred room; but later generals turned it into a stable and hay depôt. Luckily the great man's sketches for these pictures are still extant; the head of the Saviour, from which our engraving is taken, is in the Gallery at Milan, on a soiled and creased bit of paper.

Of this great picture of "The Last Supper" there are several anecdotes extant. The Prior, it is said, complained to the Pope of LEONARDO'S delay in completing the work—especially the hands of our Saviour and of JUDAS. The painter, summoned to account for his tardiness, replied that he despaired of attaining his ideal of the tender beauty and dignity of our Saviour's face; but that the malice and greed of JUDAS he could take from the Prior; which indeed he is said to have done. DA VINCI in this picture has invested the Saviour's face with the blended attributes of divinity and humanity. The serene majesty of Deity is softened by a compassionate forgiveness, in which love and sorrow are touchingly united.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO, BY

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Take heed of this small child of earth:
He is great: he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light, bitter world of wrong
They come: God gives us them a while.
His speech is in their stammering tongues,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends or clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged lashes that weep!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

TENTH SCENE.—THE BEDROOM.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

LADY LUNDIE DOES HER DUTY.

THE scene opens on a bedroom—and discloses, in broad daylight, a lady in bed.

Farewell, with an irritable sense of propriety, whose self-appointed duty it is to be always crying out, and always to pause between the cry and the cause on this occasion. The lady now presented to view being no less a person than Lady Lundie herself, it follows, as a matter of course, that the utmost demands of propriety are, by the mere assertion of that fact, abundantly and indisputably satisfied. To say that any thing short of direct moral advantage could, by any possibility, accrue to any living creature by the presentation of her ladyship in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular position, is to assert that which is the question of posture, and that Respectability ceases to assert itself when it ceases to appear in morning or evening dress. Will Propriety be bold enough to say that? Let nobody cry out, then, on the present occasion.

Lady Lundie was in bed.

Her ladyship had received Blanche's written announcement of the sudden stoppage of the bridal tour; and had penned the answer to Mr. Patrick—the receipt of which at Hom Farm has been already described. This done, Lady Lundie felt it due to herself to take a decisive position in her own house, pending the possible arrival of Sir Patrick's reply. With a well-dried-up, right-minded woman do, when she has reason to believe that she is cruelly distrusted by the members of her own family? A right-minded woman feels it to acutely that she falls ill. Lady Lundie fell ill accordingly.

The case being a serious one, a medical practitioner of the highest grade in the profession was required to treat it. A physician from the neighboring town of Kirkandrew was called in.

The physician came in a carriage and pair, with the necessary bald head, and the indispensable white cravat. He felt her ladyship's pulse, and put a few gentle questions. He turned his back solemnly, as only a great doctor can, on his own positive interest connected with his patient had nothing whatever the matter with her. He said, with every appearance of believing in himself, "Nervous, Lady Lundie. Nervous, and essentially necessary. I will write a prescription." He prescribed, with perfect gravity: Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia—15 drops. Spirits of Red Lavender—10 drops. Syrup of Orange Peel—2 drops. Camphor Julep—1 ounce. When he had written, Mince fat Haustus (instead of Mix a Draught)—when he had ordered, Let Somendas (instead of To be taken Three times a day)—and when he had certified to his own Latin, by putting his initials at the end, he began only to make his bow; to slip two guineas into his pocket; and to go his way, with an unvarying professional conscience, in the character of a physician who had done his duty.

Lady Lundie was in bed. The visible part of her ladyship was perfectly attired, with a view to the occasion. A fillet of purple velvet encircled her head. She wore an adorable invalid jacket of white cambric, trimmed with lace and pink ribbons. The rest was—behind the bed, on a table at her side stood the Red Lavender Draught —in order soothing to the eye: in flavor not unpleasant to the taste. A book of devotional character was near it. The domestic ledgers, and the kitchen report for the day, were ranged modestly behind the devout book. (Not even her ladyship's nerves, observe, were permitted to interfere with her ladyship's duty.) A fan, a smelling-bottle, and a handkerchief lay within reach on the counterpane. The spacious room was partially darkened. One of the lower windows was open, affording the invalid the benefit of watery cubic supply of air. The late Sir Thomas looked at his widow, in effigy, from the wall opposite the end of the bed. Not a clear was out of its place; not a vestige of wearing apparel dared to show itself outside the sacred limits of the wardrobe and the drawers. The scarifying treasures of the toilet-table glittered in the dim distance. The jugs and basins were of a large and creamy white; spotless and beautiful to see. Look where you might, you saw a perfect room. Then look at the bed—and you saw a perfect woman, and completed the picture.

It was the day after Anne's appearance at Swanhaven—toward the end of the afternoon.

Lady Lundie's own maid opened the door noiselessly, and stole on tip-toe to the bedside. Her ladyship's eyes were closed. Her ladyship suddenly opened them.

"Not asleep, Hopkins. Suffering. What is it?"

Hopkins laid two cards on the counterpane.

"Mrs. Delamayn, my lady—and Mr. Glenarm."

"They can't both call, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lady. Mrs. Glenarm sent for me. She went down the library, and spoke there alone." Hopkins produced the note, neatly folded in three-cornered form.

"Have they gone?"

"No, my lady. Mrs. Glenarm told me Yes or No would do for answer, if you could only have the goodness to read this."

"Thoughtless of Mrs. Glenarm—at a time when the doctor insists on perfect repose," said Lady Lundie. "It doesn't matter. One necessary more or less is of very little consequence."

She fortified herself by an application of the smelling-bottle, and opened the note. It ran thus:

"So grieved, dear Lady Lundie, to hear that you are a prisoner in your room! I shall take the opportunity of calling with Mrs. Delamayn, in the hope that I might be able to ask you a question. Will your inexhaustible kindness forgive me if I ask it in writ ing? Have you had any unpreized news of Mr. Arnold Brinkworth of lately ? I mean, have you heard any thing about him, which has taken you very much by surprise? I have a serious reason for asking. I will tell you what it is, the moment you are able to see me. Until then, one word of answer is all I expect. Send word down—Yes, or No. A thousand apologies—and pray get better soon!"

The strange expression in which Mrs. Glenarm suggested one of two inferences to Lady Lundie's mind. Either Mrs. Glenarm had made a report of the unexpected return of the married couple to England—or she was in the far more interesting position of having no news to communicate. A clew to the secret of what was going on under the surface at Hom Farm—if it existed—lay in the latter. Had Mrs. Glenarm received a letter from Blanche?

Lady Lundie's face, in the first minute's reflection, betrayed a serious anxiety to know the truth. Above criticism in every respect? Yes—even when the critic was a woman.

"Show Mrs. Glenarm up here."

"In a minute, my lady," said the iron-master's *vis* *à* *fluttered* into the room—a little overdressed as usual; and a little profuse in expressions of gratitude for the kindness, the politeness, and the anxiety about her ladyship's health. Lady Lundie gave her time to get it over—and then stopped it with a gesture of polite remonstrance, and came to the point.

"Now, my dear creature, what is the question in your note? It is impossible you have heard already that Arnold Brinkworth and his wife appeared in the town from Baden?" Mrs. Glenarm opened her eyes in astonishment. Lady Lundie put it more plainly. "They were in a white inn-yard in Scotland, you know, for their wedding tour, and they suddenly altered their minds, and came back to England on Sunday last."

"Dear Lady Lundie, it's not that! Have you heard nothing about Mr. Brinkworth except what you have just told me?"

"Nothing."

There was a pause. Mrs. Glenarm toyed hesitatingly with her parasol. Lady Lundie leaned forward in the bed, and looked at her visitor keenly.

"What have you heard about him?" she asked.

Mrs. Glenarm was embarrassed. It's so difficult to say! she began.

"I can bear any thing but suspense," said Lady Lundie. "Pray use the word."

Mrs. Glenarm decided to risk it. "Have you never heard," she asked, "that Mr. Brinkworth might possibly have contracted a marriage with some other lady before he married Miss Lundie?"

Her ladyship first closed her eyes in horror, and then searched blindly on the counterpane for the smelling-bottle. Mrs. Glenarm gave it to her, and waited to see how the invalid bore it before she said any more.

"There are things one must hear," remarked Lady Lundie. "I see an act of duty involved in this. No words can describe how you astonish me. Who told you?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn told me."

Lady Lundie applied for the second time to the smelling-bottle. "Arnold Brinkworth's most intimate friend!" she exclaimed. "He ought to know if any body does. This is dreadful. Why should Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn tell you?"

"I am going to marry him," answered Mrs. Glenarm. "That is my excuse, dear Lady Lundie, for troubling you in this matter."

Lady Lundie mentally opened her eyes in a state of faint bewilderment. "I don't understand," she said. "For Heaven's sake explain yourself!"

"Haven't you heard about the anonymous letters?" asked Mrs. Glenarm, gently.

Yes, Lady Lundie had heard about the letters. But only what the public in general had heard. The name of the lady in the background not mentioned; and Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn assumed to be as innocent as the babe unborn. Any mistake in that assumption? "Give me your hand, my poor dear, and confide it all to me!"

"He is not quite innocent," said Mrs. Glenarm. "He was to a foolish flirtation—all but losing, no doubt. Of course, I insisted on a distinct explanation. Had she really'any claim on him? Had he the shadow of a claim. I felt that I only had his word for that—and I told him so. He said he could pledge—he said he knew her to be privately married already. Her husband had disowned and deserted her; she was at the end of her resources; she was desperate enough to attempt any thing. I thought all very suspicious—until Geoffrey mentioned the man's name. *That* certainly proved that he had cast off his wife; for I myself knew that his wife had refused to ring for him.

Lady Lundie suddenly started up from her pillow—loosely agitated; genuinely alarmed by this time.

"Mr. Delamayn told you the man's name?" she said, breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Do I know it?"

"Don't ask me!"

Lady Lundie fell back on the pillow.

Mrs. Glenarm rose to go. Before she could touch the bell, her ladyship had rallied again.

"Stop!" she cried. "I can confirm it! It's true, Mrs. Glenarm! it's true! Open the silver box on the toilet-table—you will find the key in it. Bring me the top letter. Here! Look at it. I got this from Blanche. Why have they returned to their bridal tour? Why has Blanche gone back to Sir Patrick at Hom Farm? Why have they come to me with an intimation of refuge to account for it? I felt sure something dreadful had happened. Now I know what it is! She said it again, with closed eyes, and repeated the words, in a fierce whisper, to herself—"That man!"

Mrs. Glenarm read the letter. The reason given for the suspiciously-sudden return of the bride and bridegroom was palpably a make-shift—and, more remarkable still, the name of Anne Silcworth was connected with it. Mrs. Glenarm became strongly agitated on her side.

"This is a confirmation," she said. "Mr. Brinkworth has been found out—the woman he married to him—Geoffrey is free. Oh, my dear friend, what a load of anxiety you have taken off my mind! That vile wretch—"

Lady Lundie suddenly opened her eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me," she interrupted, "that Anne Silcworth is the mischief?"

"Yes. I saw her yesterday. She forced herself in at Swanhaven. She called him Geoffrey Delamayn. She declared herself a single woman. She declared him before my face to be the most audacious manner. She shook my faith, Lady Lundie—she shook my faith in Geoffrey!"

"Who?" echoed Mrs. Glenarm. "Don't you even know that?" Why her name is repeated half a dozen times in this letter!"

Lady Lundie uttered a scream cut short through the fingers of her. Mrs. Glenarm stood to her feet. The maid appeared at the door in attend. Her lady motioned to the nurse not to withdraw again instantly, and then pointed to Mrs. Glenarm's chair.

"Sit down," she said. "Let me have a minute or two of quiet. I want nothing more."

The silence which followed was unbroken until Lady Lundie spoke again. She asked for Blanche's letter. After reading it carefully, she said it again, with a look for a white inn-yard—

"I have done Blanche an injustice!" she exclaimed. "My poor Blanche!"

"You think she knows nothing about it?"

"I am certain of it! You forget, Mrs. Glenarm, that this wicked woman exists a double on my step-daughter's marriage. Do you think, if she knew the truth, she would have married a man who has mortally injured her as she writes here? They have put her off with the excuse that she innocently made love to him. I see it plainly in the eye! Mr. Brinkworth and Sir Patrick are in league to keep us both in the dark. Poor child! I owe her an atonement. If nobody else opens her eyes, I will do it. Sir Patrick shall find that Blanche has a friend in Me!"

A smile—the dangerous smile of an inventive lady in search of a motive—thoroughly illustrated, showed itself with a furtive suddenness on her face. Mrs. Glenarm was a little startled. Lady Lundie had overlooked—as distinguished from Lady Lundie on the surface—was not a pleasant object to contemplate.

"Pray try to compose yourself," said Mrs. Glenarm. "Dear Lady Lundie, you frighten me!"

The bland surface of her ladyship appeared smoothly once more; drawn back, as it were, over the hidden inner self, which it hid left for the moment exposed to view.

"Forgive me for feeling it" she said, with the patient sweetness which so eminently distinguished her in hours of trial. "It falls a little heavily on a poor sick woman—innocent of all suspicion, and insulted by the most heartless neglect. Don't let me distress you. I shall rally, my dear; I shall rally! In this dreadful calamity—this abyss of crime and misfortune!—I have no one to depend on but myself. For Blanche's sake, the whole thing must be cleared up—probed, my dear, probed to the depths. Blanche must take a position that is worthy of her. Blanche must insist on her rights, under My protection. Never mind what I suffer, or what I sacrifice. There is a work of justice for poor weak Me to do. It shall be done!" said her ladyship, fanning herself with an aspect of illimitable resolution. "It shall be done!"

"But, Lady Lundie, what can you do? They are all away in the south. And as for that abominable woman—"

Lady Lundie touched Mrs. Glenarm on the shoulder with her fan.

"I have a surprise in store, dear friend, as well as you. That abominable woman was employed as Blanche's governess in this house. Wait! that is not all. She left us suddenly—ran away—on the pretense of being privately married. I know where she went. I know the exact place. I can find out who was with her. I can follow Mr. Brinkworth and his belongings, behind Mr. Brinkworth's back. I can search out the truth, without depending on people compromised in this black business, whether it is to deceive me. And I will do it to-day!" She closed the bell with a sharp jerk of triumph, and settled herself on the pillow in placid enjoyment of her dear friend's surprise.

Mrs. Glenarm drew confidentially closer to the bedside. "How can you manage it?" she asked, eagerly. "I don't think me curious. I have my interest, too, in getting at the truth. Don't leave me out of it, pray!"

"Can you come back to-morrow, at this time?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Come, then—and you shall know."

"Can I be of any use?"

"Not at present."

"Can my maid be of any use?"

"Do you know where to communicate with Captain Newendon?"

"Yes—he is staying with some friends in Sussex."

"We may possibly want his assistance. I can't tell yet. Don't keep Mrs. Delamayn waiting any longer, my dear. I shall expect you to-morrow."

They exchanged an affectionate embrace. Lady Lundie was left alone.

Her ladyship resigned herself to meditation, with frowning brow and close-shut lips. She nodded her head, now and then, and once, as she lay thinking, with her head on her hand, and her elbow on the pillow. After committing herself to the physician (and to the red lavender draught), the commonest regard for consistency made it necessary that she should keep to her bed for that day. And yet it was essential that the supposed invalid should be actively astir on foot. On the one hand, the problem was not an easy one to solve; on the other, her ladyship was not an easy one to beat. She turned for the landlady at Craig Fernie, without exciting any special suspicion or sensation—on the occasion before her. In less than five minutes she had looked back into her memory of current events at Windygates—and found it there.

Her first proceeding was to ring the bell for her maid.

"I am afraid I frightened you, Hopkins. The state of my nerves. Mrs. Glenarm was a little anxious with some news that surprised me. I am better now—and able to attend to the household matters. There is a mistake in the butcher's account. Send the cook here."

She took up the domestic ledger and the kitchen report, corrected the butcher's overcharged the cook; and disposed of all arrears of domestic business before Hopkins was summoned again. Having, in this way, dismissed, distracted the woman from connecting any thing that her mistress said or did with Mrs. Glenarm's departure, with any thing that might have passed during Mrs. Glenarm's visit, Lady Lundie felt herself at liberty to open the way for the investigation on which she was determined to enter before she left that night's pillow.

"So much for the indoor arrangements," she said. "You must be my prime minister, Hopkins, while I be helpless here. Have any thing wanted by the people out of doors? The coachman? The gardener?"

"I have just seen the gardener, my lady. He came with last week's accounts. I told him he couldn't see your ladyship to-day."

"Quite right. Had he any report to make?"

"No, my lady."

"Surely, there was something I wanted to say to him—or to somebody else? My memorandum-book, Hopkins. In the pocket, on this chair. Why wasn't the basket placed by my bedside?"

Hopkins brought the memorandum-book. Lady Lundie consulted it (without the slightest necessity), with the same masterly inactivity exhibited by the doctor when he wrote her prescription (without the slightest necessity also).

"Here it is," she said, recovering the lost remembrance. "Not the gardener, but the gardener's wife. A memorandum to speak to her about Mrs. Inchbare. Observe, Hopkins, the association of ideas. Mrs. Inchbare is associated with the poultry; the poultry are associated with the gardener's wife; the gardener's wife is associated with the gardener—and so the gardener gets into my head. Do you see it? I am always trying to improve your mind. You do see it? Very well. Now about Mrs. Inchbare? Has she been here again?"

"No, my lady."

"I am not at all sure, Hopkins, that I was right in allowing her to consider the message Mrs. Inchbare sent about the poultry. Why

shouldn't she offer to take any fowls that I can spare off my hands? She is a respectable woman; and it is important to me to live on good terms with all my neighbors, great and small. Has she got a poultry-yard of her own at Craig Fernie?"

"Yes, my lady. And beautifully kept, I am told."

"I really don't see—on reflection, Hopkins—why I should hesitate to deal with Mrs. Inchbare. (I don't think it beneath me to sell the game killed on my estate to the poulterer). What was it she wanted to buy of you? Some black Spanish fowls?"

"Yes, my lady. Your ladyship's black Spaniards are famous all round the neighborhood. Nobody has got the breed. And Mrs. Inchbare—"

"Wants to share the distinction of having the breed with me," said Lady Lundie, coldly. "I don't appear ungracious. I will see her myself, as soon as I am a little better, and tell her that I have changed my mind. Send one of the men to Craig Fernie with a message. I can't keep a trifling matter of this sort in my memory—attend him at once, or I may forget it. He is to say I am willing to see Mrs. Inchbare, about the fowls, the first time she finds it convenient to come this way."

"I am afraid, my lady—Mrs. Inchbare's heart is so set on the black Spaniards—she will find it convenient to come this way at once as fast as her feet can carry her."

"In that case, you must take her to the gardener's wife. Say she is to have some eggs—on condition, of course, of paying me money for them. If she does come, mind I hear of it."

Hopkins withdrew. Hopkins's manners reclined on their comfortable pillows, and fanned herself gently. The vindictive smile reappeared on her face. "I fancy I shall be well revenged to see Mrs. Inchbare," she thought to herself. "And it is just possible that my poultry-yard may get beyond the relative merits of her poultry-yard and mine."

A lapse of little more than two hours proved Hopkins's wisdom of the latent enthusiasm in Mrs. Inchbare's character to have been correctly formed. The eager landlady appeared at Windgates with the heels of the gardener's wife at her. Among the long list of human weaknesses, a passion for poultry seems to be one of those local advantages (in the shape of eggs) as compared with the more occult frenzies for collecting stuff-boots and cigar-holders, and amassing autographs and old postage-stamps. When the mistress of Craig Fernie was duly announced by the mistress of Windygates, Lady Lundie developed a sense of humor for the first time in her life. Her ladyship was thinking of the remark she had made on the exhilarating properties of the red Lavender draught in the subject of Mrs. Inchbare and the Spanish fowls.

"Most ridiculous, Hopkins! This poor woman must be suffering from a distressed passion for poultry to the brain. Ill as I am, I should have thought that nothing could amuse me. But, really, this good creature has stirred up my feeling here, as you say, as fast as her feet can carry her—it's impossible to resist it! I positively think I must see Mrs. Inchbare. With my active habits, this imprisonment to my room is dreadful. I can neither sleep nor read. Anything, Hopkins, to divert my mind from myself. It's easy to get rid of her if she is too much for me. Send her up."

Mrs. Inchbare made her appearance, courtesying deferentially, amazed at the magnificence which admitted her within the hallowed precincts of Lady Lundie's room.

"Take a chair," said her ladyship, graciously.

"I am suffering from illness, as you perceive."

"My cousin's sick or well, my lady, I'm brave sight to see!" renamed Mrs. Inchbare, profoundly impressed by the contrast presented, which illness assumes when illness appears in the regions of high life.

"I am far from being in a fit state to receive any body," proceeded Lady Lundie. "But I had a mother's wishing to speak to you about you next came to my house. I failed to treat a proposal you made to me, a short time since, in a friendly and neighborly way. I am given to understand that I regret having forgotten the consideration due from a person in my position to a person in yours. I am obliged to say this under very unusual circumstances," added her ladyship, with a glance round her magnificent bedroom, "through your unexpected promptitude in favoring me with a call. You have lost no time, Mrs. Inchbare, in profiting by the news which I had the pleasure of sending to you."

"Eh, my lady! I wasna' that clever (yer ladyship having once changed yer mind) but that ye might e'en change again if I failed to strike, as they say, while the iron's hot. I'm no' clever, I'm done, I'm sure, if I 'ha been ower hasty. The pride o' my hairt's in my poultry—and the black Spaniards' (as they ca' them) are a sair temptation. I couldna' to break the tenth commandment, sae long as they're in a' yer ladyship's possession, and nane o' them in mine."

"I am obliged to hear that I have been the innocent cause of your falling into temptation, Mrs. Inchbare. Make your proposal—and I shall be happy to meet it, if I can."

"I mean e'en be content wi' what yer ladyship will condescend on. A batch o' eggs if I can come by anything else."

"There is something else you would prefer to a batch of eggs?"

"I wad prefer," said Mrs. Inchbare, modestly, "a cock and two pullets."

"Open the case on the table behind you," said Lady Lundie, "and you will find some writing-paper inside. You are a shrewd woman. Help yourself out of the tray."

Eagerly watched by Mrs. Inchbare, she wrote an order to the poultry-woman, and held it out with a gracious smile.

"Take that to the gardener's wife. If you agree with her about the price, you can have the eggs; and the two pullets."

Mrs. Inchbare opened her lips—no doubt to express the utmost extremity of human gratitude. Before she had said three words, Lady Lundie's impatience to reach the end which she had kept in view from the time when Mrs. Gilmarn had left the house burst the bounds which had successfully restrained it thus far. Stopping the landlady without ceremony, she fairly forced the conversation to the subject of Anne Silvester's proceedings at the Craig Fernie inn.

"How are you getting on, my dear, Mrs. Inchbare? Plenty of tourists, I suppose, at this time of year?"

"Full, my leddy (praise Providence), frae the basement to the ceiling."

"You had a visitor, I think, some time since of whom I know something? A person—" She paused, and gave a strong emphasis to the word. "There was no alternative but to yield to the hard necessity of making her inquiry intelligible. "A lady," she added, "who came to you about the middle of last month."

"Could yer leddyship condescend on her name?"

Lady Lundie put a still stronger constraint on herself. "Silvester," she said, shortly.

"Preserve us a'!" cried Mrs. Inchbare. "I'll believe the same in time to come! I beg leave to herself—wi' a bit bug in her hand, and a bunbond left dwalling an hour or mair on the road behind her!"

"I have no doubt it is the same."

"Eh! I do know! and yer leddyship's 2? asked Mrs. Inchbare, feeling her ground cautiously.

"Certainly not!" said Lady Lundie. "I felt a passing curiosity about her—nothing more."

Mrs. Inchbare's face fell. "Then, to tell the truth, my leddy, there was nae love lost between us. She had a masterfu' tempe o' her ain—and I was weel pleased when I got the back of her.

"I can quite understand that, Mrs. Inchbare—I know something of her temper myself. Did I understand you to say that she came to your hotel alone, and that her husband followed shortly afterward?"

"Yes'am, yer leddyship. I was no' free to gi' her house-room in the bottle till her husband dadded in at her heels and answered for her?"

"I fancy I must have misunderstood you, Lady Lundie. "What sort of a man was he?"

Mrs. Inchbare replied in much the same words which she had used in answering the same question put by Sir Patrick.

"Eh! he was a clever young for the like o' *her*. A pratty man, my leddy—betwixt tall and short; wi' bonny brown eyes and cheeks, and fine coal-black hair. A nice doon-spoken body. I ha' nae mashing to say against him—except that he wan him into the wrong hoose. I was awa' to the next morning, and left mashan behind, a lead on my hands."

The answer produced precisely the same effect on Lady Lundie which it had produced on Sir Patrick. She, also, felt as if she had received a like too many young men of no uncommon humor and complexion to be relied on. But her ladyship possessed a resolution which was denied her brother-in-law in attempting to arrive at the truth. She resolved to get at it as quickly as possible, in her case, to assist Mrs. Inchbare's memory by hints contributed from her own superior resources of experience and observation.

"Had he any thing about him of the look and shape of a locket, she asked, "And did you notice, when you spoke to him, that he was in the habit of playing with a locket on his watch-chain?"

"There he is, my leddy!" cried Mrs. Inchbare. "Yer leddyship's weel acquented wi' him—there's nae doon o' that!"

I thought I had seen him," said Lady Lundie.

A modest, well-behaved young man, Mrs. Inchbare. As you say, he left me a day sooner than I longer from the poultry-yard. I am transgressing the doctor's orders in seeing any body. We are quite undressed each other's hands. I will be very glad to have sein you. Good-evening."

No sin distressed Mrs. Inchbare, when Mrs. Inchbare had served her purpose.

Most women, in her position, would have been content with the information which they had now obtained. But Lady Lundie—having a man like Sir Patrick to deal with—resolved to make doubly sure of her facts before she ventured on interfering at Ham Farm. She had learned from Mrs. Inchbare that the letter addressed to Anne Silvester had joined her at Craig Fernie on the day when she herself had left it, and had left her again the next morning. Anne had made her escape from Windygates on the occasion of the four-and-twenty hours' leave on the fourteenth of August. On the same day Arnold Brinkworth had taken his departure for the purpose of visiting the Scotch property left to him by his aunt. If Mrs. Inchbare was to be depended on, the men had met at the Craig Fernie instead of going to his appointed destination—and Mrs. Inchbare was to be depended on. Anne house and lands one day later than the day which he had originally set apart for that purpose. If the letter could be proved to be in the handwriting of a disinterested witness, the case against Arnold would be complete. Lady Lundie might act on her discovery with something like a certainty that her information was to be relied on.

After a little consideration she decided on sending a messenger with a note of inquiry addressed to Arnold's steward. The apology she invented to excuse and account for the strangeness of the proposed question, referred it to a little family discussion as to the exact date of Arnold's arrival at his estate, and to a friendly wager in which the difference of opinion had ended. If the steward could state whether his employer had arrived on the fourteenth or on the fifteenth of August, that was all that would be wanted to decide the question in dispute.

Having written in these terms, Lady Lundie gave the necessary directions for having the note delivered at the earliest possible hour on the next morning; the messenger being ordered to make his way back to Windygates by the first return train on the same day.

This arranged, her ladyship was free to refresh herself with another dose of the red lavender draught, and to step the sleep of the just, who close their eyes with the composing conviction that they have done their duty.

The events of the next day at Windygates succeeded each other in due course, as follows:

The post arrived, and brought no reply from Sir Patrick. Lady Lundie ensured that incident on her mental register of debts owed by her brother-in-law—to be paid, with interest, when the day of reckoning came.

Next in order occurred the return of the messenger, with Arnold's steward.

He had referred to his Diary; and he had discovered that Mr. Brinkworth had written beforehand to announce his arrival at his estate for the fourteenth of August—but that he had not actually appeared until the fifteenth. The one discovery needed to substantiate Mrs. Inchbare's evidence being made, Lady Lundie's possession, she decided to allow another day to pass—on the chance that Sir Patrick might alter his mind, and write to her. He was her nearest friend, and if nothing more was received from Blanche, she resolved to have Windygates by the next morning's train, and to try the bold experiment of personal interference at Ham Farm.

The third day's succession of events was the appearance of the doctor to pay his professional visit.

A severe shock awaited him. He found his patient cured by the draught! It was contrary to all rule and precedent; it savored of quackery—the red lavender had no business to do what the red lavender had done—but there she was, nevertheless, up and dressed, and contemplating a journey to London on the next day but one. "Business of duty, doctor, is involved in this—whatever the scirrhus, I must go!" No other explanation could be obtained. The patient was plainly determined—nothing remained for the physician but to retreat with uninspired dignity, and to feel his fee. He did it.

Left to herself, Lady Lundie in confidence, "I—nothing, after all, but a choice between alternatives. Either I must go—or not cured, as you think—but sustained by abnormal excitement. I have yet to ask which is the least of two evils—to risk letting you travel, or to irritate you by keeping you at home. With your constitution, a nice dose would settle the question. But how am I to get you to take it?"

Her ladyship's resolution was not to be shaken by the discovery—roused Mrs. Gilmarn's excitement to the highest pitch.

"I'll go to town on Saturday?' she said. "I will go with you. Ever since that woman declared she should be in London before me, I have been dying to see human my journey—and it is such an opportunity to go with you! I can easily manage it. My father and I are used to have met in London, early next week, for the footrace. I have only to write and tell him of my change of plan. Why-be-by, talking of my uncle, I have heard, since I saw you, from the lawyers at Perth."

"More anonymous letters?"

"One more—received by the lawyers this time. Mr. Inchbare's correspondent has written to them to withdraw his proposal, and to announce that he has left Perth. The lawyers recommended me to stop my uncle from spending money uselessly in employing the London police. I have received a clear letter to the Captain; and he will probably be in town to see his solicitors as soon as I get there with you. So much for what *I* have done in this matter. Dear Lady Lundie—when we are at our journey's end, what is to become of me?"

"My course is plain," answered her ladyship, calmly. "Sir Patrick will have room for me, on Sunday morning next, at Ham Farm."

"Telling him what you have found out?"

"Certainly not. I shall bring him that I find myself called to London by business, and that I propose paying him a short visit on Monday next."

"Of course, he must receive you?"

"I think there is no doubt of that. Even Sir Patrick's self-indulgence will scarcely allow him to do length—after leaving my letter unanswered—of closing the door against me next."

"How will you manage it when you get there?"

"When I get there, my dear, I shall be breathing an atmosphere of treachery and deceit; and, in my poor child's sake (abhorrence all dissimulation is to me), I must be careful what I do. Not a word will escape my lips until I have first seen Blanche in private. However painful it may be, I shall not shrink (from my duty, if my duty compels me to open her eyes to the truth.

Sir Patrick and Mr. Brinkworth will have somebody else besides an inexperienced young creature to deal with on Monday next. I shall be there."

With that formidable announcement, Lady Lundie closed the conversation; and Mrs. Gilmarn rose to take her leave.

"We meet at the Junction, dear Lady Lundie?"

"At the Junction, on Saturday."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As the members of the Massachusetts Legislature moved slowly down the aisle through New Bedford's streets, an old lady, attracted by their solemn and dignified appearance, stopped to get a nearer look at them. "Whose funeral is it?" inquired the shop-keeper replied, "Why, that's the Legislature." "Da it," said the old lady, and went back to her knitting.

A stranger in a printing-office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up no law on that subject," was the reply. "I put in a comma; when I spot I insert a semicolon; and when I want a clear of tobacco I make a paragraph."

To Cure Deafness.—Tell a man you've come to pay him money. It tests acoustic oil all believe.

Thin Side Dish.—We saw Jake sailing up a hot, dusty day, containing some article which is understood to soak up oysters. From the nature of the contents it was presuming that the box should not be covered on the passage, so we ventured the suggestion that it was the thin mock-shad—the skin, tail, etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we met Jake, and he said, "Say, you know your guess, Jake? Well, they got there safe!" "Every one broke?" replied we. "Not a bone broke," said Jake, "but the Fire-Commissioners broke, as he was carrying it, and he told you so!" "Yes, I did; and for fear you should not know it, the River, I put it on the bottom too—you found 'em?"

The first Step of Spring—"To Let."

A story is told of two men who traveled together three days in a stage-coach without a word or a syllable between them. On the fourth day one of them remarked that he was going to Buffalo to see a preaching. "And who said it weren't?" was the reply.

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter "J," and then pushed a hole through the paper.

Two rival sausage dealers in Paris have their shops adjoining. One of them has painted on his glass window, over a quantity of sausages, "Here is sense; a pound; to pay more is to be robbed;" while the other, not to be outdone, has written in letters above it, "At twelve cents a pound; to pay less is to be poisoned."

Switch-fiddles—Hair-pins.

Two twin brothers in New York are so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

"Oh that mice cowny had written a book?" said Jones, "Why," said Brown, "do you suppose she was going to write a book for?" a pugil was said to have acted "on the square," when he "hedged" his bet. Brown—"Why, my dear, Job wanted to review it, of course, and call it Job's."

When is a boot like a pile of snow?—When it is subtle.

The lady whose blood curdled in her veins, has gone to the nearest drug store for a bottle of ammonia.

A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows: "The doctor hitched feet on me, pulled the tent, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will make you forget me." "Never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

Mindful of the traditional relationship of dog to sausage, a waggish rhymer pens the following "ode" to his favorite puppy:

"Oh, the pup, the bounding pup!
Coming when you whistle up,
Gamboling playfully around,
Jumping on a bone, then biting a fen:
Jumping,
Running,
After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna."

An Unpopular "Inn" with Every Body—The Hospital.

A good story is told of a young man who applied to one of our hotels for a situation. The landlord informed him that there was but one vacancy, and that of limp-cleaner. The questioner accepted the position, and entered upon his duties forthwith. He was conscientious, however, as he soon found, in applying four different languages discretly, etc. "Oh! that's the reason you have so many customers," remarked he; "this business won't require you to speak but one language, and a mighty little of that."

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a day;
I frankly answer only once,
And mean just what I say.
You seem perhaps at first somewhat hurt;
But wait and hear the rhyme:
From you to one the pen has once
What one does all the time?

An exchange received the following advertisement in Pennsylvania: "Strayed away from the subscriber, Polly Jane has left my bed. Whoever will bring her back to my bed will be rewarded. Any one found harboring her in my Count's wont Pay Jones."

Arab Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire any body else to rob him at reasonable rates.

A Clock is like a Man.—It has two hands, a face, an inside, and an outside. Sometimes the hands point to the truth; and it is not unfrequently the case that when they don't. It is a useful bit of machinery—as long as it goes, it goes out of order—goes down. It is often wound up—is a man. It strikes—as does man. It is not always to be relied on—no more is man. It is hung up in the Tombs—so is man.

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

Soup for a Dear Friend.—"Come back to Erin."

A prodigal son writes from Omaha: "I have to write you this letter secretly for the dozen, for I is on many prices, and the smallest hole in it is the size I put my head through."

THE RICHMOND CALAMITY—INTERIOR OF HALL OF DELEGATES—GETTING OUT THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.
FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

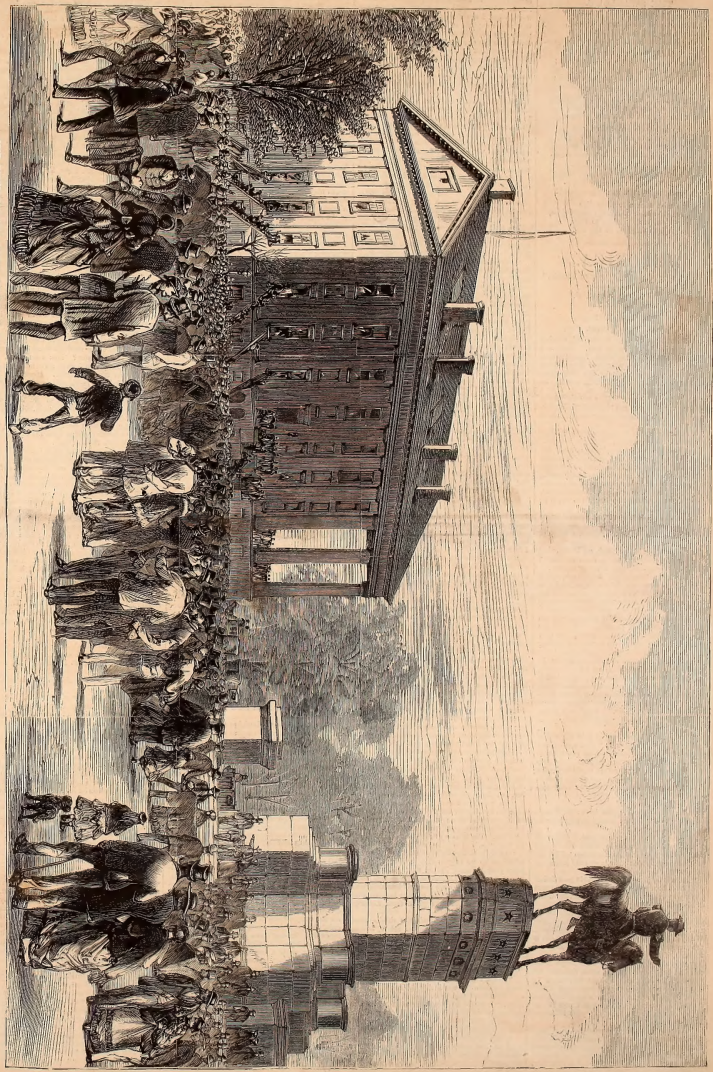

THE RICHMOND CALAMITY—REMOVING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE CAPITOL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY, 501 BROADWAY, N. Y.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE SWALLOWS.

WITH rapid shoot of purple wings,
Like crescent arrow-heads, they fly,
And cut the soft blue deeps as if
To them belonged the endless sky.

Now high and soaring near the dome
That spreads in azure down to earth;
Now low along the river wide
That mirrors all the Summer's mirth;

Now skimming over meadows rich
With waving crowds of golden flowers;
Now stooping close, a moment's rest,
On lichened rail in orchard bowers.

Then up and swift again they hunt
Through fragrance of the air and light,
Where blest space and yielding breath
Stretch wide around their utmost flight.

O who can e'er such gladness know
As that which fills the swallow's breast,
When all the land in morning lies,
And skies are new the hasty dressed!

Or who with such a reckless dive
The sea immense of Heaven would dare,
And such rich fleeting wine to taste
The glorious freedom of the air!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER XIII.

ZILLAH'S RESOLUTION.

"MORTIER!" cried Hugh Lockwood, coming hastily into the little parlor in Cowper Street, and taking his mother in his arms, "good news, mother! Let me see your dear face a little brighter than it has been for this long time. There is good news for you, little mother, do you hear?"

"Good news for me? *That* can only mean good news for you, my son!" replied Zillah, unconsciously overlooking all her widowed life in the sentence.

"Good? good for me, good for you, good for Maud. Darling Maud! Kiss me, mother."

Then he told her that Mr. Frost had that day informed him by letter that the sum of money borrowed from his late father—to the note was worded—with interest on the capital for nearly the last twenty-five years, was lying at his disposal at Mr. Lovegrove's office in Bedford Square, and that on the personal application it would be handed over to him.

"Why, mother, it is more than I hoped to get out of the five. Five per cent. for twenty-five years! It will more than double the original sum!"

"Oh, thank God! My Hugh, my Hugh, what a weight of oppression is taken from off my heart!" exclaimed his mother. "Very far from will he has done, neither. Five per cent. on the sum every year is the very least that could pretend to approach fair dealing—and, in fact, nothing can make the conduct out to be less. But he has done better than I expected; and I am very glad and thankful, and mean to think of nothing but the bright side of things, I assure you."

When Hugh went to receive his money he perceived that the brass plate on the outer door, which usually stood open during office hours, had been removed, and a man was painting out the black letters on a drab ground on the doorpost, which formed the words, "Messrs. Frost and Lovegrove, Solicitors." Hugh was shown into Mr. Lovegrove's office, and received by that gentleman in person.

"The last time we met in this office, Mr. Lockwood," said the lawyer, "your errand here was to receive from me a fortune. You come now to receive—well, not a fortune, perhaps, but a sum of money that is not to be sneezed at;" and he looked upon as affording a very pretty start in life. I am glad of it, and wish you every success."

"Thank you heartily."

"You know, I dare say,—you have Mr. Frost's acknowledgment for the money lent by your father, Mr. Lockwood?"

Hugh took from his pocket-book a yellow bit of paper writ some words in Sidney Frost's bold clear writing and said, "At one corner of my paper there was a green stain, and near it the impression of a thumb in red paint.

"Here it is, Mr. Lovegrove. My poor father must have been at work in his studio when that paper was written. It is marked with the mark of his calling."

"H'm!" said Mr. Lovegrove, examining the paper gravely. "A sadly informal document. His! well, here is the money, Mr. Lockwood. Will you be kind enough to count the notes in the presence of my clerk? Just step here for a moment, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Burgess."

"It is all quite right, Sir," said Hugh, when this had been done. "Then, when the clerk left the room, he said, with a slight hesitation, "I don't know how intimate your knowledge of Mr. Frost's private affairs may have been, but I can not help entertaining an idea that I owe the recovery of this money mainly to your influence, Mr. Lovegrove."

"As to my knowledge of the state of Mr. Frost's private fortune, it is now, I may say, *extremely* intimate. But I have only quite recently learned the existence of this debt to you. And—Mr. Lockwood, I make no excuses for my partner. But I—I will confess to you that it hurts me to hear any one hard upon him. And there were certain palliations—certain palliations. His domestic circumstances were unfortunate. Upon my word, when I see the quantity of mischief that women are capable of causing, I feel thankful, positively most truly thankful, that they don't exercise their power more ruthlessly than they do!"

Hugh smiled. "You have had a happy experience of the sex yourself, Sir," said he.

"Why, yes. My mother was an excellent woman, and my wife is an excellent woman, and my girls are excellent, sound-hearted girls as ever his any where, thank God! And I most firmly believe, Mr. Lockwood, that the young lady whom you are about to marry is an ornament to her sex. You love her and respect her very much now, I have not the least doubt. That was my word for it, that you will love her and respect her more when she has been your wife some dozen years. Of course, that is utterly impossible! Yes, yes, I know. I suppose you will be married very soon now?"

"At as soon as possible!" said Hugh, with much energy. "Oh, by-the-by, Mr. Lovegrove, I see they are painting out the name of Frost on the door-post. Are you going to make any change in the style and title of it?"

"Yes; a considerable change." Mr. Frost retires from the business altogether—he deeds were signed this morning—and I shall be henceforth be known as Lovegrove and Lovegrove."

"All success to it under its new name, say I. But I had not heard that this was in contemplation."

Mr. Lovegrove proceeded to narrate as briefly as might be the misfortunes that had, as he said, determined Mr. Frost to give up business—so much, that is, of his misfortunes as must inevitably become matter of public notoriety—he spared his old partner as much as possible in the narrative. But he did not for many months past had partner to whom indeed he was inclined to attribute every thing that had gone to even to the very worst—to whom he left the Parthenope Embellishment Company, which had become matter of public notoriety within the last week.

Hugh was much shocked. And his good opinion of Mr. Lovegrove was greatly enhanced by the feeling he evinced for his old friend.

"He is really a most superior man, Mr. Lockwood. I don't know a more superior man than Sidney Frost is—or was—was, alas! He is a weak sort, poor, but wonderfully clever. He is want to send him off to Cannes or Nice, or some of those places for the winter. He has given up his house in Bayswater, and has taken apartments—they have not behaved badly. They understood in a man whose door to do business—and I say any thing like that woman—— However, it is unavailing to dilate upon *that*. But when all is said, there will be a small—a very small—a remaining, which will suffice to maintain Frost in comfort as one of those unfortunate beings, the bless my soul, *white* a superior man he was when I first knew him!"

Mr. Lovegrove did not say that the "small remnant" was to come entirely out of his own pocket, and Hugh was much amused at the mysterious winges of conscience when he looked at his wife and children.

"I will, Mr. Lovegrove, I hope that one of the first transactions of the new firm will be to draw up my marriage settlement. And I shall ask you to continue to look after Maud's interests. Perhaps Captain Sheardown will be the other trustee."

"I shall be delighted. You intend to have Miss Dunwoodie a little bit of money settled entirely on herself?"

"To be sure I do! I won't detain you any longer. Your time is precious, I am aware; you can guess in which direction my steps are to be bent! I want to see Maud's face flush and brighten when I tell her my news. Good-by."

Maud's face did flush and brighten in a manner which may be supposed to have been satisfactory to her lover. But it also expressed much more for Mr. Frost when she heard his story.

Hugh merely informed her that Mr. Frost had at length paid an old debt that had been due to Hugh's father; and Maud, who had never known but slender hopes of ever receiving the money, was already much too sorry for poor Frost about it to let her, lest she might suffer disappointment.

"Oh, poor, poor man! How dreadful to be deserted by his own wife! How she must repent in all the world he might have looked up to for comfort and sympathy in his troubles. I have been there. She is very beautiful woman. But oh how cruel and heartless she must be!"

"Let it be enough for her that I suffer your affections to be engrossed by millinery, and to keep your business on the first place in your heart, Mrs. Hugh Lockwood."

The Sheardowns were scarcely less delighted than Hugh himself. They were pressed to think the wedding should take place from Lowther Arcade.

"But ought I not—don't you think—what will Uncle Charles say?" Maud asked, hesitating.

"Do you think, my dearest, that your guardian would be if you are not married from his roof?"

"I—I'm afraid so," said Maud.

"Well, I will write and ask him permission to let it be from Lowther," said the captain.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Sheardown, thoughtfully, "it would be best, after all, for Maud to be married in London, if she will, and go down to Shipley after the ceremony. Would you consent to that, Maudie?"

Maud thought she would consent to that.

If all had gone differently, she would have liked to be married in the ancient village church that also had worshiped in from childhood. But now there would be too many painful associations connected with St. Gildas! She would miss Veronica's face beaming out from its accustomed corner; she would miss Veronica's voice in the bridal hymn of the choir. It would call up in the vicar's mind all that was sad and terrible in his daughter's fate. No: it would be better to be married in town. And, after all, it mattered very little to herself. Hugh would be there. Hugh would take care of her. Hugh would love her. Could any thing matter very much as long as she had Hugh? Mrs. Sheardown took an opportunity of drawing Hugh aside and explaining to him her reasons for thinking that the vicar of Shipley-on-the-Wold would be rather relieved than offended by getting rid of the spectacle of his ward's wedding. Meanwhile Maud was much in the dark. A letter had to be written to the architect whose business Hugh intended to purchase. A friend in the neighborhood of Bedford Square was to be commissioned to look out for a house for the young couple. The house must have a garden, at any rate, and, if possible, a little stable for a pony and pony-carriage, which Hugh intended to purchase for the use of his wife. Though this latter desideratum, he observed smilingly, he could build for himself, should need arise, if there must be a cottage found in the neighborhood for Mrs. Lockwood.

But when he spoke of this to his mother, she met him with a protest that he would leave that part of his arrangements which concerned her in entire peace for a time.

"But, mother darling, why? Surely you mean to live near us, don't you?"

"Perhaps I may, Hugh. I don't ask me any more at present. I may have something to tell you by-and-by. I may need not look uneasy. It is nothing terrible. I will not deceive you—*again*."

At the end of a fortnight, and when the day fixed for the wedding was near at hand, Zillah received another letter—confidence she had announced to her son.

"Hugh," said she, "I have become a Roman Catholic."

"A Roman Catholic! Mother!"

"I am ready now to find peace and forgiveness in the bosom of the Church. I shall be at least be able to make some expiation, and to pray for those I have wronged. Rome does not reject the humble pious efforts after goodness of the faithful, as the more Calvinistic creed does. I always, when I was a girl in Paris, had a great admiration for the good religieuses, and was attracted by them. The seed of their blessed example has borne fruit in my soul. The price of my conversion which you refuse to accept for me, will suffice to gain me admission into a poor order whose members devote themselves to the sick poor. On the score of your marriage I shall assume a member—an unworthy and humble member—of a pious sisterhood in Belgium. The Church has been enlightening my dark mind with the comfortable truths of religion, will not be a bar to the arrangements for me. I shall pray fervently for you, my son, and for your sweet young wife. And all I ask of you, Hugh, is to make no one promise. I will prove that your heart drawn toward the ancient and holy Mother Church will not resist the impulse. It may be that it comes from Heaven, in answer to the petitions of the earthly mother who bore you."

Her could not be impudence or entreaties shake Zillah's determination. Hugh was greatly distressed by it. But wise, kind Lady Nell Shenstone consoled and comforted him.

"My dear Hugh," she said, "your mother will be happier in following this life than in any other which you could give her. I do not know Mrs. Lockwood's history; but she gives me the idea of a woman who has suffered much, and who is continually tormented by the recollection of some sin, or supposed sin

the whole contents of one at a draught. Mr. Plew laid down his knife and fork, aghast.

"Take care, Veronica! That is a dangerous experiment! You have eaten no food, I'll be sworn, since dinner. Are you sure the pie but little at dinner? Am I not right?"

"Quite right. I never eat now. I hate eating."

"Good God!"

"Well—not quite *never!* Don't look so. You make me laugh, in spite of every thing, to see your horror-stricken face!"

But Mr. Plew showed no symptom of joining in the laugh. Timid and self-distrustful in most things—on his own ground, in matters pertaining to his profession, he could be strong and decided and resolute enough. What had contributed to make him so had been that his practice lay hitherto among educated persons who could in some measure be trusted to understand his scientific maladies, nor among idle, fanciful, imaginary invalids, who took to being "delicate" as a way of amusement, and found life uninteresting until they could succeed in persuading themselves that they ran some risk of losing it: but among the lowest ranks of the ignorant poor, who had to be cured in spite of themselves.

"You don't know what you are doing," said Mr. Plew, gravely; and, without the least ceremony, he took the flask away from the neighborhood of Veronica's hand, and placed it near his own.

"Ha, mio povero Plew," she said, nodding her head at him, "you little know! This will have no effect upon me. I am past it."

"What do you mean, Veronica?" he said, sharply and angrily. "If you are thinking, the joke is a very bad one. I think you are talking without rightly weighing the meaning of what you say."

"Ah, per Bacco, it is likely enough. I often do! But, Plew, you don't care—you will not drink! Won't you try this wine? It isn't bad."

"What is it? I am not used to these costly vintages. I think I never tasted that kind of wine in my life before."

"That which I poured out is sparkling Moselle. The other is Hock. Which are you for?"

"Well—a little of this, I think," said Mr. Plew, filling a small wine-glass full of Hock.

"Oh, mamma, don't pour that thick into that thimble! The bigger glass—the green glass—is meant for the Hock!"

"Thank you, this will do," said Mr. Plew, sipping the wine gravely. "That effervescent stuff I should take to be very heating and unwholesome."

Veronica leaned back on her sofa cushions and looked at him. He was still, commonly looking, ill dressed, unpolished. His boots were thick and clumsy, his hands coarse and ungloved. She saw all this as keenly as he had ever seen it. But she saw also that he was good and generous and devoted. Without knowing it being, she told herself, who was true to her; the only one!

"I am so thankful you are come!" she exclaimed. The words broke from her almost involuntarily. Mr. Plew pushed his wine-glass aside. In spite of what he had said, he had scarcely touched the food they had set before him. Then he drew his chair so as to front her face to face, and with his knees a little apart, his body leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands loosely clasped together. It was a familiar attitude of his. Veronica had seen him sitting thus a hundred times in the room to see, in listening to her father, and looking at herself.

"Now," said he, "let us talk seriously."

"You must not oppose my wish! You *must* not! I tell you I can not go on living this life. I must get back to Cesare. *Io mi ne vo' da Cesare!* Why should he? He has the money!"

As he now saw her, looking at her intently and marking her face, her voice, her attitude, he perceived that she was greatly and deplorably changed. It cut him to the heart to see it.

Before we speak of that, Veronica, I had best tell you something which I have it in charge to tell you."

"*Io charge* to tell me? It is not about yourself, then? An unreasonable suspicion flashed through her mind that he was going to tell her he was married—or betrothed. She might have unlikely his very presence there rendered such a suspicion: she forgot his mother's recent death. She only thought, "I shall lose him! He will slip through my fingers!"

Poor, wearied, fevered, clinging fingers, grasping with desperate selfishness at the kind true hand which offered the only touch of sympathy, the only chance of safety that remained to her!

"No: it is not about myself. It is news that you will, I am afraid, be vexed to hear. Your father—is married."

"Married!"

"I feared it would be disagreeable to you."

"Married! But when? Whom has he married?"

"He was married the day before yesterday to Farmer Meggitt's youngest daughter."

"Cissy Meggitt! *Cissy Meggitt!* It is impossible! Why, in the first place, Cissy is a child."

"She is very young, certainly, for the vicar. But she is not exactly a child. She is turned seventeen."

"My father married to Cissy Meggitt!"

Veronica repeated the words as though they were unintelligible to her.

"You must not let it affect you too much. I am sorry for it, I confess. But you must hope for the best."

She remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, idly plucking at the lace around her sleeve.

"No," she said, at length. "I need not be afflicted. I don't know that it makes very much difference. In any case my father would not have been likely to do much to help me."

"Perhaps not. But I was not contemplating the event from that point of view. I was thinking, when I said I was sorry—of him," answered Mr. Plew, gently.

"Ah, yes—very true—of him. I suppose he will—it will be a bad thing for papa."

Mr. Plew had dreaded an explosion of wrath and mortification on Veronica's part when she should learn her father's marriage. He knew her pride, her sense of family dignity, and her father's superiority by birth and breeding to most of those with whom he was brought into contact at Shipley. Now that Shipley he vicar's marriage was looked upon as a terrible mésalliance. Every body was offended and disgusted: the gentry, that the vicar should have stooped so low; the farmers, that Cissy Meggitt should have been raised so high. Mrs. Scott made it a text for justifying her secession from orthodoxy, and for proclaiming the Pope Antichrist and all the Establishment. The men wondered what could have bewitched rosy-cheeked Cissy Meggitt, a mere child, as regarded her years and her place in the county, to go and tie herself up to an old man like that, and to her poor as a mate into the bargain. The women pitied the vicar, that they did. He was a fool, well and good, that they didn't grainsay. But Mrs. Meggitt's artfulness and cunning passed every thing. She'd wheedled the vicar till he didn't know which end of him was uppermost. They couldn't blame him, couldn't never come to good, having a governess, and a daughter like that to deal with. And now you saw, didn't you? If the height ('a mysterious and oft-recurring charge of Mrs. Meggitt had been unbearable before, what could you suppose it'd be now? Though what there was to be so high, they couldn't tell. She wasn't a lady, and wouldn't never be made into one, not if she married a dozen vicars.

Mr. Plew had been sent for by the vicar on the evening before the wedding, and had had a long and painful interview. The vicar, overwhelmed and tossed between haughty declamations that he owed an account of his conduct to no man, and that he only believed the step he was taking because he entirely for his happiness, and peevish lamentations over the unkindness of his children, who had left his home desolate and disgraced, and thus driven him to find sympathy and solace where he could be found, he could.

"Have you informed Ve— the Princess Barbelli," he had asked.

"Informed her! No, Sir, I have not informed her. I am not bound to ask my daughter's permission to what step I may take. I have no reason to confidence from me—none whatever!"

But presently Mr. Plew found the vicar very much desired that Mr. Plew should take upon himself the task of communicating the news to Veronica.

"I promised to wife to you," said Mr. Plew, finishing the sentence. Mr. Brown, of Shipley Rag, promised to look after my patients for a day or two. Shall—have—the—kindness—to—do—so?"

"Then," said Veronica, raising her eyes, and coming out of a black reverie in which Mr. Plew's words had had no meaning for her consciousness, "I am quite alone in the world now?"

"Don't say that! Don't say that, Veronica! Your husband—"

"My husband!"

The accent with which she uttered the words was so bitterly speaking in its utter hopeless bitterness, that Mr. Plew was startled and alarmed. What could be oppose to that despair? But he presently spoke the best words he could find.

"Yes, Veronica, your husband! If I cared less for you I should not have the courage to oppose you. But I *must* do it. I *must* plead with to consider well that your husband is your natural friend and protector. He is the natural link between you and him. It can not be that reconciliation between you is hopeless. You are both young. The love you—"

She burst out into a storm of passionate tears.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? No one will believe me! no one will understand! Did you read my letter? Did you read it? Did you? it? Gentle? yes, he is very gentle! Oh, very, very gentle! As velvet-footed as a tiger-cat! Would you like to see the mark of his claws?"

With a sudden fierce movement she tore open the long lace sleeve that she wore, and bared her arm to the shoulder. There were on the white, tender flesh two livid marks made by the brutal pressure of a clasping hand.

"Good God! you did not say—you did not tell me that he struck you!"

Mr. Plew's white face grew livid, and then turned crimson. He clenched his hand involuntarily.

"Oh, no! He did not strike me—he merely held me down in my chair with gentle violence, endeavoring to make me promise to remain a prisoner in the room to invite, and who had openly insulted me. I cried out with the pain, but I would not promise. I said he might kill me."

"Oh, my good Heavens, this is dreadful!"

"I should have come out, and up to the top, and perhaps I might have given way, for he hurt me, and I dread pain, I never could bear pain—and—and I am afraid of him. Oh, you don't know what deadly fear I am in sometimes! But a servant came into the room by chance, and I ran away and locked myself up.

"But—but he was sorry—he asked your pardon—he was almost crying! Oh, the fellow must be!" cried Mr. Plew, suddenly breaking down in his efforts to preach patience to Veronica.

"When I showed him the marks next day, he said I had provoked him by my obstinacy, and that if I had had an English husband he would have beaten me within an inch of my life for my disobedience."

Mr. Plew got up and walked about the room, wiping his hot forehead with his handkerchief.

Veronica came back to the sofa. His eyes were full of tears. He took her hand in one of his, and placed his other hand on her head.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor, unhappy child! Veronica, I would lay down my life to help you!"

As he so stood looking at her with a tender compassion that was almost sublime in its purity from any alloy of self, the door was opened quickly and quietly, and Cesare de' Barletti stood in the room.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BUSSIAN ROCK, the most dangerous obstruction in the harbor of San Francisco, was blown up on the 24th of April. The rock was submerged six feet below the surface at low tide, and has proved a great annoyance and danger to shipping. The difficulties to be encountered in an attempt to remove this huge mass were immense. Nevertheless, the work was undertaken about four years ago, with the utmost confidence of success. After laborious preliminary preparations of excavation in the rock commenced, and continued until a cavity was completed, large enough to by 50 feet. It is estimated that about 40,000 cubic feet of stone were removed in making it. Into this cavity about twenty-two tons of powder were placed, with the most perfect arrangements for expending the charge. It had been supposed by some that the explosion of such a quantity of powder, confined in the manner described, would produce terrifically grand. Between fifty and sixty thousand persons assembled to witness it; but the explosion was scarcely perceptible in the city: only a deep thud accompanied the blast. The water for, however, in a few minutes, was hundred feet in height, was thrown to a height of about one hundred feet, and the coarse being filled with rocks and stones. The success of this bold enterprise must certainly encourage engineers to the most expeditious measures to be taken in removing the obstructions at Hell Gate.

Last week a child of two years, while playing in front of a house with other children, ventured on the Harlem road track, and was run over, passing swiftly, knocked him down and passed over his body. Death ensued in a few minutes. This is by no means an uncommon incident—every few weeks some child is killed or injured by cars in the city. The fact calls for an increase of care on the part of car-drivers, and also on the part of parents who allow children of tender age to play in the streets.

The Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, an organization comprising the principal rowing clubs of the Hudson river, with the Atlantic, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Albany, as well as clubs of other localities on the Hudson River, have issued a challenge to the London Rowing Club to invite a six-oared crew to visit this city, and compete in a six-oared shell race with a crew composed of members of that association; the race to take place about the first day of October next. The course is to be three miles, with a turn, from buoy to buoy, boat and return, to be rowed over the Association course on the Hudson River, and it is to be understood with either crew to carry or dispense with a coxswain.

The Rothschilds of Paris have recently been robbed of about half a million of dollars by an employé named Tassilo. His position was that of manager of the banking department, and in that capacity he purchased immense quantities of bonds which were offered for sale. The discovery of his frauds was accidentally made, in consequence of the forwarding to a foreign bank of two English sovereigns, for which a customer had paid in gold. Tassilo, who had a fellow to reappear at the bank, his till and checks were searched, and it was discovered that nearly all the money received on the 10,000 francs were there. The police were immediately informed, and they succeeded in arresting Tassilo. A large part of the lost money was found among his effects, and also some correspondence which indicated that a certain physician was implicated with him in the frauds.

The proper names Mr. Dickens introduces into his novels are generally characteristic. Dickens-like, there is neither common nor pretty: Jasper and Tope are rare names; Rev. Septimus Crisparkle is odd enough: Mr. Grewgious, Mr. Tartar, Miss Twinkleton and Mrs. Tisher, will not be likely to be confounded with the great families of Smith and Jones.

The New York *impressario*, Mr. Max Maretzek, has gone to Vienna, to secure, so report says, the celebrated Strauss, with his band.

Not long ago the prima donna Nilsson witnessed a fatal accident in the streets of Paris, by which a young man on a velocipede was run down by a carriage and killed. The circumstance of her nervous terror and anxiety she lost her voice for a day or two, and the papers in which she had engaged to appear on the evening of the day of the disaster had to be postponed.

It is, or is not, true that in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island there is a large number of sane inmates, who are desirous of friends to secure their emancipation from the hospital? Such an assertion has been made by some persons officially connected with public charities. The matter should be promptly investigated; ascertain if the report is true; and if not true, the public should have the satisfaction of knowing it to be false.

The "oldest inhabitant" of New Jersey, Miss Sallie Jeff, recently died at her residence in her native city of Elizabeth, in the one hundred and fifth year of her age. She was about ten years of age when the Revolutionary struggle broke out, and up to the time of her death remembered this event distinctly. She was fond of telling about her interviews with Washington and Lafayette, and of various incidents connected with the war. Although Miss Jeff kept up her knowledge of the progress of civilization, she had never seen a locomotive or rode in a street car. Indeed, for the last half century she had never left her house.

From Washington comes a curious story, which is told about Colonel Cheney, a California politician, who went to hear the Georgia troupe perform "the Marriage of Figaro." Finding the lower part of the house crowded to suffocation, Cheney, rather than miss the music, went up into the unknown regions, and seated himself in that part of the gallery appropriated to the sons and daughters of Africa. Just as he was becoming engrossed by the sweet concord he felt a light tap on the shoulder, accompanied by "Dis am de colled gallery," from a sable attendant. "S—h! All right," said Cheney, blandly, and again directed his entire attention to the stage, where Paradise was singing like a robin. "But this am de colled gallery," interposed the black tormentor. "All right, I know it. I'll not make a noise, but remain and enjoy the placid Cheney." "But it am not all right. Dis am de colled gallery, and you can't stay here," persisted the attendant; and Cheney had to clamber around and take a back seat among the "white trash" on the other side.

The floral decorations in the Arlington Street Church, on the occasion of the funeral of the late Anson Burlingame, were the most magnificent ever witnessed in Boston. Some idea of its extent may be gained by the statement that the array contained 40,000 violets, 10,000 pinks, 300 dozen roses, 1000 camelias, and 1000 Lilies-of-the-valley.

A Massachusetts lady who has been suffering from an inflamed neck has been told by her physician that it is caused by horrid insects called borers, inhabiting the Boston town drinking of pure chicopee. She has cast the chicopee from her, and has had her head shaved as smooth as a billiard-ball, fearing that the vile insects had taken up their abode in her natural back hair.

We are not responsible for the report which comes from abroad that a young French lady, who was by accident vaccinated from the lymph taken from a Bovaux, has cut her niece, to the delight of her family, given herself up to smoking, fencing, shinnies, and riding, à la cavalier.

The Russian government having admitted women to medical schools and medical practice, a foreign journal gives the following singular origin of this concession:

"Formerly it was found that the Cossacks objected to having attended by male physicians. The consequence it was discovered that they held a superstition that the physician's touch caused disease, and that all remedial agents related to the incantations, charms, &c. The Czar Alexander, who had a Cossack for a wife, and who had a female physician; and the tradition was so strong that when the Czar Nicholas ascended the throne he was importuned for authority to the medical school of St. Petersburg, a few of those were established, so strong was the feeling against their practice among the Cossacks. It was evidently intended to supersede the Cossack, but this seems to have been followed by a larger concession."

About five months ago a man traveling on the New Jersey Railroad found out that his ticket when it was called for by the conductor. He asserted that he had bought one, but could not produce it, neither had he the money to purchase another. The conductor told him he must get off of the car; and though in earnest in what he said, was not so in the act. In the station next reached, no such consideration was shown to the poor man. The train was leaving the little seaside bridge, and though it was dark, he was forced to leave the car or be thrown off by the conductor. Soon steps when he fell through the bridge into the river. Passengers testified that he shouted for help, but the conductor refused to stop the train or even to slow it. Last week his body was found by two fishermen. The conductor at once held a coroner's jury on the body, but it is said that the conductor has fled to parts unknown.

A very good story is told of General Sheridan during the late gathering of the officers of the Army of the Potomac in Philadelphia. Invitations had been extended to the members of the Army of the Cumberland of "Sheridan's Ride" at the Academy of Fine Arts. Most of them soon found that the crowd of visitors before the celebrated picture; but Sheridan himself was not disposed to look at his own picture at all when hundreds of his fellow-countrymen were discussing both the picture and the man. He was very not leave the city without seeing the painting, and therefore went alone and early in the morning to see what Mr. Read's idea of the ride of his life would prove to be. On leaving the hall he stopped for a moment before the door of the painting. The young man in attendance, ever anxious to extend the interest of the picture, and to hear the comments being up from the book in which he was rapidly entering the names of visitors) if he would like to buy one of these pictures. "A capital likeness, Sir, of General Sheridan, I'm told," was the reply. Sheridan waved his hands in the pockets of his riding-coat, and quietly replied that he did not care particularly for a likeness of himself.

"But the horse, Sir," said the young man. "That is what holds the interest. There is not a portrait of him in existence."

"Oh!" said General Sheridan, "I own the horse."

At Oberstein, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse is carefully turned to good account by being made into marbles, which are sold, from one shilling per dozen upwards. In Saxony a hard calcareous stone is used, which is first roughly shaped by means of a mallet and then by a hammer. These are thrown by the hundred into a large wooden barrel, which is formed of a horizontally slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows on its face. A large stone wheel, of the same wood, of the same diameter size, is placed over the small stone and partly resting upon them. This block or log is kept revolving, while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are taken out, and thrown into a sieve, which finishes, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out full sixty thousand "marbles" in each week.

In Oregon, Washington Territory, and Alaska, there are 1,000,000 acres of salmon streams. The average certain reasons of the year are literally jammed with these fish. Contracts are frequently made with the Indians to catch and pack a barrel of salmon for \$1 50. The effects to export salmon in barrels have not been very successful. Being fat, they do not keep well, and, after a long voyage round the Horn, are not in good enough condition. In order to keep well during a long overland transportation they must be packed in ice. The process by artificial process, and as there are parties ready to freeze the salmon, and the Pacific Railroad will transport, Eastern markets may be furnished with the best fish in the world abundantly

NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRCASE.—[See Page 317.]

CONSECRATION OF A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

NEW SYNAGOGUE IN LONDON.

On this page we give an illustration of the consecration of the new Central Jewish Synagogue in London, which took place on the 7th of April. The building is a fine specimen of Moresque design, its thoroughly Oriental style being especially exemplified in the interior, with its tiers of columns decorated with Saracenic capitals, supporting the gallery, clear-story, and lofty vaulted roof. The ark, in which are placed the sacred scrolls of the law, is situated at the southeast end of the building, looking toward Jerusalem, and is covered by a heavy curtain, embroidered with gold. Immediately over it are the two tables of stone inscribed with the Ten Commandments; and above them, through a small circular window, shines the "perpetual light," which is never extinguished. The ark rests on a platform of white marble, raised several steps above the floor. The almemar, a large raised pew, where the readers, choristers, and harmonium are placed, stands conspicuously in the centre of the Synagogue, and is richly ornamented with gilt stanchions.

The ceremony chosen by the artist for illustration took place at the beginning of the service—bearing the scrolls of the law under a crimson canopy to their future resting-place in the ark, which was opened to receive them by Sir Moses Montefiore. These scrolls are wound round silver cylinders, decorated at the top with innumerable little bells, and are encased in gold-embroidered covers.

Before their deposition in the ark they were carried seven times round the almemar, the choir meanwhile singing dedicatory psalms. The leading members of the Jewish community were present at the ceremony, among others the ROTHSCHILD family, who contributed liberally toward the construction of the synagogue.

Some of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in this country are to be found in the religious edifices erected by our fellow-citizens of the Jewish faith, among which the splendid synagogue situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, in this city, built in the Moresque style, is one of the most celebrated. It will have a magnificent rival in the synagogue now in process of erection in Lexington Avenue, and Fifty-fifth Street, as well as by one in this city, for which land has been recently purchased at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The latter building will be constructed of freestone, at a cost of from $150,000 to $200,000.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Our illustration on page 316 may be taken as a companion picture to that entitled "Varnishing Day," published in our last Number. The Exhibition this spring is, to say the least, interesting. It contains fewer really bad pictures than any one we have had for years back, and gives a very fair impression of the condition of art in America at the present time, as well as encouraging promise for the future.

A SONG OF THE WIND.

SEE went across the autumn woods,
The noted beeches through;
And the rotted leaves clung to her feet,
And to her hair the dew.
"O wind!" she cried, "for the Spring's sake,
And the love beyond the sea,
O south wind! O tender wind!
Oh, blow him back to me."

She went across the winter fields,
The salt tears rising fast,
With her folded palms about her head,
Against the bitter blast.
"O north wind! O winter wind!
Because the sun is gone,
Oh, tell him thou art keen and cold,
And I am all alone."

The wind came over the fair fields,
And the wind came through the woods,
And strange feet crossed the pale spring grass,
And strange eyes saw the buds.
"O love!" he cried, "who called to me,
And I was slow to come;
The wall of the wind is in my heart,
But death is in my home."

GREEK BRIGANDS.

THE recent massacre of a party of travelers by Greek brigands, near Athens, will lend new interest to the following account of the system under which these highwaymen-patriots are conducting. It is taken from a curious pamphlet written last year by a certain Andrew Mousaios, a cavalry lieutenant in the Greek army. He states that after the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and the subjugation of Greece by the Turks, bands of patriots, particularly from among the tribes known as the Cleptis and the Armatoli, joined together to resist the tyrants, and, retreating to the mountains and fast-holds of nature, there set up a code of laws, and formed a small but independent government in the midst of the conquered country. Gradually, however, these heroes dwindled into robbers; and the warfare against tyranny became a spoiling of the weak. Their code of laws, as at present existing, is a strange mixture of barbarity and chivalry. It contains fifteen clauses, which are as follows:

1. All treachery to be punished by cutting off the extremities of the traitor, as an example to others.

2. On a second offense, the traitor to be killed and exposed.

3. The rich to be captured, and not allowed to depart till they have paid ransom, and sworn not to injure the brigands by a reladon of their adventures to the authorities.

4. The captives, if not ransomed, to be strangled.

5. If the ransom be short of the sum named, lots to be cast whether the captive shall live or live, having one ear cut off to show that the sum was deficient, or shall be killed.

6. Captives once ransomed must, if recaptured, pay a second time.

7. All soldiers to be killed.

8. The bearers of the ransom to be respected, and small money to be given them on their departure.

9. After the ransom is paid, before the captive is released, he is to be kept and entertained some few days, to see what manner of man he is; and before he goes his beard is to be shaved off.

10. All robbers plotting with government to be killed.

11. No one to be admitted into the band as a member who has not previously committed a criminal act.

12. Should a captive escape, his keeper is to be held responsible, and expelled from the band.

13. Never to steal the goats and sheep from the shepherds, but to pay for all taken.

14. To offer gifts at any monastery or hermitage, by way of expiation for sin.

15. Not to be cruel to captives; to go shares in every thing; and never to injure women.

It is the shepherds who support the brigands, and by whose means they are so well hid from the authorities. The shepherds supply them daily with bread, meat, and wine, serve them as guides in times of danger, and it is their children who are educated to be brigands, and who reinforce their ranks. Immense precautions are taken by the robbers against surprises. In the first instance they come down from their strong-holds among the rocks and evergreen olives to the more sheltered country, to retire again in the winter. They always travel by night, proceeding in file through the open country; never taking the narrow passes, for fear of ambushes. The smallest object, the faintest sound, startles them, and down they drop flat on their stomachs till their confidence is renewed. A tree waving in the breeze, or the rustle of dead leaves as they move over them shoulder for fear of noise, is often enough to cause one of these panics. Before starting on any of these journeys, they always appoint a rendezvous in case of separation. Their scouts go in front, driving flocks or cows, and halsted as drovers. Under their shelter follows the main body, peeping cautiously over the cattle to see if an enemy is approaching; and behind come the rear-guard, who, if any thing is amiss, whistle like a night-bird, and the band disperses.

It is said that the crows are the best detectives of the robbers. When the band are camping in a marsh, their clothes, owing to their uncleanly habits, emit so strong a smell, that the crows, imagining it to be carrion, collect in swarms, and hover above them, so that the soldiers are often guided to the spot by seeing the dark cloud in the air.

There is a regular system of treating for the ransom of the captives. A letter is first conveyed by the robbers from the captive to his friends. This generally contains a safe-conduct for the messenger who shall be chosen to go to the robber camp and treat, and a plan marking out certain places he must stop at. He travels by night, on a white horse, and carries a small bell, which he rings at certain convenient and solitary stations, where he is answered by a shrill whistle if all is well. When the whistle is heard he must not go on, and the whole plan is so arranged that the man himself does not know where he is till actually going to, so as to be impossible for the authorities to discover the brigands' haunts thereby. The ransom is delivered to their men him, and conduct him into the presence of the chief. Then a regular bargaining is commenced. The chief names a sum, which the messenger, if he is a man of determination, and represents well the insufficiency of means of captive, can often get reduced. When the bargain is finally struck, the messenger goes back for the money by a different road to that he came by, and returns with the same ceremonies and precautions. The ransom is delivered in the chief in presence of all the band, who light a taper and examine the coins to see if they are good. The captive is then brought forth from his cave or hiding-place, and, with a pistol to his head, is forced to take off his clothes, and put on those of the robber. Then a regular bargaining is commenced. The chief names a sum, which the messenger, if he is a man of determination, and represents well the insufficiency of means of captive, can often get reduced. When the bargain is finally struck, the messenger goes back for the money by a different road to that he came by, and returns with the same ceremonies and precautions. The ransom is delivered to

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SWALLOWS' NESTS.

For several centuries the common swallow has disputed itself in our crowded cities, and with its friendly masonry attached itself to our houses. The chimney swallow, still more familiar and audacious, often builds in the smoky shafts of our domiciles, or even in the noisiest factories, undisturbed by the din, or the fires, or the movement around them. Such habits must form a strong contrast with those of their predecessors in times long gone by. When our ancestors wandered untutored savages in the prehistoric times, or when, still later, they constructed lacustrine towns, or megalithic monuments, the habits of the birds can scarcely have been identical with those of to-day, for such human edifices afforded little security or shade. They must then have built among rocks. Nearly the same remarks apply to the storks, which have not remained stationary, but have preferred to their less commodious dwellings those offered to them by man. These changes in the industry or manners of birds are perhaps even more rapid than we might at first sight suppose: and notable improvements have been adopted by swallows in their modification during the first half of the present century. A distinguished French naturalist, having directed a number to be collected for the purpose of having drawings made from them, was astonished to find that they did not resemble those he had collected some forty years ago, and which were still preserved in the museum of Rouen. The swallows of the present generation have notably improved on the architecture of their forefathers, especially those still

A SPRING SCENE NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

building in the arches and against the pillars of the churches. Some, however, still adhere to the old methods, or such nests may possibly have been old ones which have undergone reconstruction. In the streets, on the other hand, all the nests appeared to be constructed on the new method. And now for the differences observed. The old nests show, and all ancient writers describe, the nest of the house swallow as globular, or as forming a segment of a spheroid with a very small rounded opening, scarcely exceeding the ingress and egress of the couple that inhabit it. The new nests, on the contrary, have the form of the segment of a hollow sphere with very elongated poles, and the three sectional surfaces of which adhere to the wall and ceiling throughout their whole extent, with the exception of the upper one, where the orifice of the nest is situated; and this is not in the centre of hole, but a very long transverse fissure formed below by an excavation of the border of the section, and above by the wall of the building to which the nest is attached. This opening has a length of more ten centimetres, and a height of two centimetres. This new form affords more room for the females, and especially for the young, which are not so crowded, while they can put out their heads for a mouthful of fresh air, and their presence does not interfere with the entrance and exit of the parents. Lastly, the new form protects the inhabitants of the nest better than the old one from rain, cold, and foreign enemies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

THE FOLLY OF POLITICAL DESPONDENCY.

POLITICAL events at Albany and at Washington, with reports of the venality of the Southern Legislatures, occasion a great deal of political despondency in the minds of certain persons, and the only remedy they can see is of the heroic kind. "There is no such thing as honor, left in politics," they exclaim; "Republicans don't hesitate to make bargains with the most notoriously corrupt Democrats. Corruption, indeed, is universal; and there is nothing for it but to let things drive to destruction as speedily as possible, and then we shall see daylight." But the policy of allowing things to become so bad as they can be, in the hope of thereby creating a revolution of some kind, is not the wisest policy. The tendency of "things" in the bad direction needs no encouragement, and in allowing them to thrive more, or in hastening them downward, the most tremendous risks are incurred, by subjecting the public mind to total demoralization.

What, for instance, would have been gained in 1868, if the Democrats had been allowed, through the indifference of good citizens, to elect Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. BLAIR, with Mr. WADE HAMPTON as the chief Southern friend of the Administration, and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON'S performances continued as its policy? The country has a great deal of corruption to encounter now; but in that event it would have been confronted with corruption and disaffection combined. Or what advantage would it have been in civilization if the anti-slavery reformers had said, forty years ago, that they would give slavery rope enough and let it hang itself? Is it not a little doubtful which would be now dangling, slavery or liberty? The only practicable and honorable method in a free government, conducted by parties, is to act with a party if you can, and if not, to protest against both parties in the interest of the country. But in both cases a man resists the "drifting" of affairs with all his power, and does what seems to him best to withstand a bad tendency. If he decides that his party can no longer be expected to benefit the country, he will withdraw from it; but he will hardly look on quietly and see the country imperiled as the result of disorganization. It is evident that for some time the political interests of the country will be done by these two parties; and the practical, patriotic question, therefore, is, whether to act with or out of them, or to withdraw, and, protesting against both, to begin the formation of a new party. For a Republican this is a very serious question, because his party is in power, and to desert it is to abandon the country to Democratic control. That this would be a serious disaster in every way can hardly be doubted.

We are just recovering from a terrible civil convulsion, the issues of which are in course of settlement according to the principles which have triumphed. It will not be questioned that the great mass of what are known as loyal men is to be found in the Republican party; nor will it be doubted that what is known as the more intelligent and moral part of the population is, as a rule—certainly not exclusively—friendly to the same party. On the other hand, the disaffected, the "irreconcilables," of all degrees, and the less intelligent, swell the ranks of the Democratic party. Corruption, despite the Honorable Mr. PETERS, is unhappily, to be found in both parties; but he would be more daring than well informed who should allege that the Democratic party is more honest than its opponent. Yet, because of corruption, ought a Republican, under these circumstances, to leave his party, or to remain in it and strive earnestly to purify it? Is the task so hopeless that the only wise course is to yield to the greater corruption of the Democracy?

If we look for the answer which we ought now to be desired, we find that they are, in the first place, economical administration. Now, with all the alleged extravagance, the debt has been reduced nearly ninety-eight millions of dollars during the last year. Would the Democratic party probably have done better? In the second place, we ought to wish an honorable maintenance of peace with other nations. Has the party in power failed in this duty, and is there any reason to suppose that the foreign policy of a party which contains the Fenian and filibuster elements would have been more conservative and wise? In the third place, we have a right to demand greater efficiency and purity in the civil service. And does not every effort to that end proceed from the Republican party? Even if we take the most disheartening view of we admit that under our present wretched system of patronage and the caucus, many of the most prominent members of Congress owe themselves into conspicuous positions, do the chief representatives of the Republican party compare disadvantageously with their opponents, and is there not always the saving consciousness of the general character of the party?

A wise man takes counsel, in every question, of his discretion, not of his disgust. If, in the conduct of our foreign affairs, a man sees the signs of impatience and disgust, he does not say that of Mr. MOTLEY and Mr. JAY, and the continuance of Mr. MARSH and Mr. BANCROFT-DAVIS in public affairs, but he says that Mr. BAILEY only, forgetting the host of honest officers—if, in reconstruction, he knows only some of the Bullock-Seggers, if, in the Indian service, he involved, nor the comparative pacification of a community so lately and so long fiercely convulsed, in this State, by the reconciliation even the Albany bargains, and not the tone and the nominations of the Judiciary Convention, for instance, he will not say that that is in any way of political hopelessness. But does he think the campaign and election of 1868 show it? Does he think the present and the last Legislature shows it? Does he not think that the nomination of a technically "respectable" man like Mr. HOFFMAN by the Democracy, that even the Tammany managers recognize a moral sentiment, to which they must at least seem to defer? The golden age of politics never will be the past. We praise the good old times; but we run away from them. LINCOLN will be as precious a name to the future as WASHINGTON; and the Fifteenth Amendment will be seen to be as great a step in human progress as the Declaration of Independence.

A GREAT REFORM POSTPONED.

WE feared, from his long silence, that Mr. JENCKES was in despair, and that he would not again present his Civil Service bill. But we are glad to have been mistaken, and every friend of this most desirable reform is indebted to him for more money summoning its opponents to expose the weakness of their opposition. The difficulty with the gentlemen who oppose it, is, that they can not urge the real reason of their hostility. They summon the spectre of a "privileged class" as a cry to defeat it; the truth being, that the bill is a blow at the privileged class of politicians. It virtually proposes to abolish patronage—the sole magic by which an unworthy husband of influence holds their places. That the civil service of the country is properly the spoils of victory is a principle so established that to question it is to confuse the voter. That one man is as good as another or he believes as an American. That, therefore, it is fitting for the dominant party not to reward its supporters, he believes as a politician. Consequently, every petty officer of the government, theoretically or practically, in his party, must pay a heavy tax out of his miserable salary for the party expenses, or be discharged. Every election is, therefore, not so much a question of political policy as of bread-and-butter to thousands and thousands of persons. What the result must be under such a system is easily imagined. What it is, is plainly seen.

Now the civil service reform proposes substantially this: that every person who wishes a government office shall undergo an examination of his general qualifications for capacity, and that the appointments shall be made from those who are proved to be competent and fit. The details of any bill, of course, may be modified. Mr. JENCKES proposes to apply the principle to the officers appointed by the heads of departments. Mr. SCHURZ would include all of the Presidential appointments except the highest: the Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the foreign Ministers, etc. But, whatever the details, the principle is the same.

It is objected that such a system can not ascertain business ability nor moral character. But certainly it will do more toward ascertaining them than a system of partisan appointment. No system is ideal, nor will obviate every objection. But if no man employs another to do any work without some inquiry into his capacity for it, it certainly can not be unwise in a state or a great political partnership to do the same thing.

It is objected that such a system is aristocratic, and removes the public service from the control of the people. But the people have tried their present system for forty years. They find that it is extravagant, corrupt, and nonsensical; that nothing does more to weaken the government and exasperate the chief peril of a republic, party spirit. It is therefore proposed that they try the old system, the system approved by experience and common-sense; and if that is equally unsatisfactory they can abolish it and try another. It is an argument against the President that the term is four years, and that during that time, except by impeachment, no change is beyond popular control? Suppose that the law makes the term of the civil offices eight years, as Senator SUMNER proposes, what would such a law be but the expression of the popular conviction that the public welfare would be promoted by that change? Moreover, if it be a principle that a man shall hold a minor office during a certain term, and while he is faithful and competent and honest, because every body else in the country has as sound a claim to it as he, the argument is equally applicable to the present system. Those who hold the offices for four years, or during an administration, are but a handful compared with those who want an office, and whom claims as citizens are just as strong. By a good civil service bill the country says merely that it wishes its routine business to be done in the most efficient and economical way. If a system of patronage is that way, very well. Let every politician take care of his supporters. But if political permanence should end in reason and experience, with ascertained capacity and character, is a better way, the country would be very deluded if it feared the result, in adopting it, it was establishing an aristocracy.

Nothing can be worse than our present system. Senators and Representatives, as Mr. FESSENDEN said, are chiefly office-brokers. Secretary COX and Professor, Mr. BROWNE, declare that some reform is imperative. Senator TRUMBULL would make it an offense in a Senator to vote for any Mr. BAILEY who would accept a renomination only upon the distinct understanding that he is not to be wholly given up to such duties. Mr. KELLEY heartily agrees to "almost any form" in which Mr. JENCKES might put his bill. The bill was reported unfavorably in a lot for the present. But Mr. JENCKES appeals, and justly, from the politicians to the people. The press is generally with him. Mr. GRESHAM pools-pools the press. But why should so experienced a politician man do so foolish a thing? Mr. BRESHAM knows that the press influences public opinion much more directly and powerfully than Congress—and that public opinion is the American LAW-GIVER. The civil service reform is really a fight between the politicians and the people. The politicians are very strong, and can do infinite mischief; but it is a lost fight for them, when they really move. We beg Mr. JENCKES to persevere. His action stimulates interest and discussion, and we are all that the friends of the reform need to secure their victory.

GENERAL JORDAN AND CUBA.

GENERAL JORDAN has arrived from Cuba, and tells the most cheering tale of the fertility and value of the island, and the invincible desire of the confident and hopeful inhabitants to be annexed to the United States—in order to avoid the fate of the South American republics. This is rather a dismal ending of the story. It is practically a confession that the inhabitants can not govern themselves; and what advantage to this country a large increase of that kind of population would be is not evident. The substance of General JORDAN'S statement is, that the Cuban insurrectionists are waging a guerrilla warfare, which, while they prefer, but that they are virtually without arms and ammunition, which he hopes to find means to supply. He thinks that, if the General does not like the guerrilla method, which is endless; and he thinks that, with a nucleus of hardy and disciplined American soldiers, he could gather an efficient army, which, properly armed, would "drive the Spaniards into the sea in ninety days." He says distinctly that in Camaguey, which is the most reactionary district and the seat of the republic, there is "a regular civil organization, including an efficient postal service and judiciary." He adds that the government is effectively organized in all its parts, "the civil power being, perhaps, invested with too much authority for the situation of the country."

But the implication of the General's account of the insurrection is, that it is a movement against an oppressive foreign government. Is that the fact? The old Spanish rule was undoubtedly tyrannical; but that rule has been thrown off in Spain, and there is no evidence that the new Spanish rule in Cuba would be harsh, nor that there would be any general wish to overthrow it. The denunciations of the insurrection are buried at a régime in Spain which has ceased to exist. The new régime found itself confronted with opponents in arms, and has done what every other government would in the same circumstances would do. The Cubans in arms owed to themselves, to Spain, and to the good opinion of mankind, which they invoke, to ascertain whether the Bourbon system in Cuba fell with the Bourbon monarchy in Spain. If it did, against what were they contending? And why could they ascertain while they persisted in war?

General JORDAN will find that this is one of the chief reasons of the widespread joy of the public mind in this country toward the situation in Cuba. Sympathy for suffering men, women, and children he will unquestionably find. But certainly he will have to try very hard before he discovers much faith in the revolution as the rising of an intolerably oppressed people against a cruel government. Yet had the movement in Cuba been stayed until it was evident that the new government of Spain designed to continue the Bourbon oppression, or that the "Volunteers" in Cuba truly represented the new Spanish spirit, it and had been broken out in a way which showed that it was not a job for annexation, the island might by this time have been independent. The sympathy for this country would have been active, not passive. General JORDAN is an American, and he ought to understand his own countrymen. If he think that even the city of New York can not be roused to excitement upon this subject, let him rather reflect upon the reason that denounce the fact.

THE SPRING TRADE.

THE trade of the country turns more upon the success of the planting and farming interest than upon any other, as the mass of those engaged in it, in the shape of owners, laborers, and families, constitutes six or seven tenths of the population of the United States. The country merchant is ordinarily keen to make his spring purchases a little in advance of the period of selling, so that he may be able to dispose of many of his goods in the interim after cold weather that precedes plowing and planting, for, when these duties commence, they are too engrossing to allow of cessation. The bottom merchant is earliest on the ground, and, as the season opens, each portion of the Union in its succession represented, until the extreme Northern line is reached. The soil is now being warmed up in the coldest latitudes, and the active portion of the spring trade is now nearly at an end. On the shelves of our importing and jobbing houses winter goods already appear, but this is to supply the establishments which make up clothing, who are the first to commence trade with spring and fall purchases, as their business involves the necessity of stocking their materials into a form convenient for use. The jobbing trade has arrived at when a correct view of the spring trade may be taken.

It may be said of it that it has been prosecuted under very serious disadvantages, and generally at a loss. We stated at the opening of the season that our crops of cotton and food of consumption and export were large—sufficient to afford a prosperous trade—and that in forcing down the price of gold the produce of the country would be exempted from it, and cause extensive depression. The sensitiveness of the market to this influence is now generally admitted. Cotton opened to a limited interest during the upward movement of gold, from 110 to say 115, which is about its present rate, and

at $1 2½. They are now selling at $1 15. Lace ingrains are now selling at 80 cents per yard, which is below the cost of production; and the consequence is, that those engaged in this industry are closing up work as fast as they can. Unless there shall be an advance in price, there will not be a sufficient supply to satisfy the wants of the country. A large number of carpet factories have already been closed, and particularly at Kensington, and hands are thrown out of employment. Many which still made cloths and cassimeres have also been compelled to stop work, with the same results. Those only go on which have large capitals, and expect ultimately to derive advantage from the inability of others to continue their production. What interests so important as these are crippled, so really active general and satisfactory trade can exist. Other manufactures in many sections have been more or less affected by the condition of affairs, but to a less serious extent than the woolen interest. A large hosiery establishment, whose manufactures three years ago reached seven hundred thousand dollars, and the next year about four, expects to limit its production this season to one hundred thousand, although it has capital and power sufficient to produce goods to the extent of a million in value in any one year. This must tell seriously upon our internal revenues, although, from the concurrence of extraordinary efforts in collection and economy in public expenditure, the amount received for such revenues furnishes to the public no indication of our largely diminished industry.

The circumstances favorable to a revival in this respect, and of trade generally, are these: that Congress is not expected to do anything further depression; that the cotton crop is expected to reach three million bales; that the price of what remains here can be controlled by the country; that we have tolerably large supplies of wheat; that its price has stiffened at London and Liverpool, and that our surplus of cotton and grain will be wanted abroad.

It is supposed that in California, from which State the largest receipts have usually been made —obtained there because it is flinty and dry, and suitable to mix with the grain of the moist climate of Illinois—the season is backward, and such is also the case in Great Britain. The grain dealers of London and Liverpool are therefore more than usually purchasers of what has been. Since January the consumption in England has been steadily gaining upon the large stock which had been accumulated in the beginning of the year, and there will undoubtedly be a necessity for taking a large portion of the surplus from this country. This will benefit the Northwest, which still holds a large amount of grain.

If it were not that our imports still continue to exceed our exports, and that we are still running heavily into debt to foreign people upon railroad securities, the prospect would be hopeful; but there seems to be no help for our imprudence except in the refusal of the other side to encourage it—a result greatly to be desired, and as to which, at some money centres in Europe, capitalists seem to be in action.

THE MASSACRE IN GREECE.

THE recent massacre of English travelers, by brigands in Greece, has naturally produced a great excitement in England. A party of eight persons left Athens on the 11th of April, in two carriages, under the escort of four gens d'armes for Marathon. Upon their return in the afternoon the party was fired upon by brigands, two of the escort were killed, and the travelers were made prisoners. The latter were sent to Athens, and the five gentlemen were allowed to send one of their number to negotiate in the city for a complete pardon, and a ransom of twenty-five thousand pounds. The ransom money was raised, but the amnesty was not promised, for the Government could not endure the humiliation of yielding to the demands of brigands. It dispatched troops in pursuit. The brigands retreating from the mountains toward the sea were unable to keep together, and, in revenge, murdered their fair captives, except Lord MUNCASTER, who had carried on the negotiation.

The event proves both the folly and the weakness of the Greek Government; and the London *Times* is of opinion that it will prove to be of great political importance. It is a matter in which Americans are not less concerned than the English, and it is absurd that the most interesting localities in the world should be inaccessible to scholars and travelers, because of the imbecility of the local authorities in a country which is under the protection of three great powers. The *Times* remarks that many millions of pounds were spent upon an expedition to Abyssinia to punish a much smaller provocation; and undoubtedly public opinion in England, which always resents an injury done to any traveling Englishman, will compel the Government to some decided action.

And apropos of injuries and insults, we hope that we have not heard the last of the indignity offered to the United States Consul in Santiago de Cuba. The United States man-of-war *Swatara* went "to inquire." What did she ascertain? Are our consuls to be protected only by the English flag? Has the outrage of which Mr. SCHERY received any explanation or apology from the Spanish authorities? And if not, why not?

MRS. LINCOLN'S PENSION.

THE Senate Committee on Pensions have decided that MRS. LINCOLN ought not to receive a pension. They have evidently examined the subject carefully, and their conclusions can not be hitly questioned. So long as it was generally supposed that MRS. LINCOLN was in straitened circumstances, the demand for a proper pension, and impatience at the delay in granting it, were but natural. MR. LINCOLN'S services had been so great that there seemed to be something unpleasantly pitiful in hesitating and hitching about the allowance for his widow. But it now appears that there has been a general misunderstanding of the facts. MRS. LINCOLN has a fortune of about sixty thousand dollars, and it is to be presumed that any person of taste requires more than the income of that sum. In her petition from Frankfort she states that she has been advised to try the mineral waters during the summer, and then to go to Italy. But she adds, "My financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I do so with any becoming the widow of the chief magistrate of a great nation, although I live as economically as I can."

Of course it is impossible to decide what style of living might be thought by MRS. LINCOLN becoming the position. But with the best feeling for her position, and the very proper desire that she should not suffer from poverty, the Committee are of opinion that neither sentiment nor duty requires the pension from the Treasury for her maintenance. It has been throughout a painful subject. Nothing could be more repugnant, we are sure, than the petitor EDMUNDS, the chairman of the Committee, and to the majority of the Senate, than to seem even to be reluctant to show any mark of respect for the great and good President. But they have no right to recommend generosity without justice, nor to establish a precedent which could very easily, and would very certainly, be disastrously abused. They have therefore honorably discharged a disagreeable duty in recommending the indefinite postponement of the bill.

THE FATE OF GOICOURIA.

WE invite the attention of MR. WOODWARD, of Pennsylvania, and the other gentlemen who are never weary of denouncing the malignant despotism of the United States Government in its treatment of rebels, to the brief dispatch which announced last Sunday that the Cuban General GOICOURIA arrived in Havana on the night of Friday, the 6th of April, under a strong guard; that he was instantly carried to the jail, where a court-martial was summoned without delay, which sentenced him to be shot at four o'clock on Saturday morning he was taken to the fort, and at eight o'clock was garroted. This is the usual manner in which treasonable rebels have been every where treated when they were captured. But when we compare the character and conduct of the rebellion in this country, and the conduct and provocation of its leaders, with those in Cuba or any where else, at any period of history, the folly of the Rebel States shines without parallel for clemency and wisdom. This Government is stained with the blood of no traitorous leaders for conscience. It has not even prosecuted rebel leaders incomparably more guilty than the Earl or the General. Its only vengeance has been to have been securing equal rights to all citizens. And whoever denounces such a Government as malignant, unprincipled, and unwisely unjust, only judges and condemns himself.

The folly of a ferocious policy will doubtless be made evident not only by a feeling of sympathy for the cause in which General GOICOURIA has suffered. The political scaffold is always a mistake. It is the last appeal to those who erect it. The Cuban insurrection has not gained a very firm hold upon the real sympathy of this country. But GOICOURIA, a resident of Havana, had been merely sent out of the country again, even that slight hold would have been relaxed at once,

POPULATION OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE MOVING.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 327.]

LUCRETIA MOTT.

MRS. MOTT is the daughter of THOMAS COFFIN, a Quaker of Nantucket; and upon that island she was born in 1793. In 1811 she married JAMES MOTT, of Philadelphia. Her Quaker education early turned her mind and heart to the question of slavery; and after the business reverses of her husband, following the war of 1812, Mrs. MOTT taught school, and in 1818 became a preacher in the Society of Friends. Like JOHN WOOLMAN, she traveled and preached against slavery, even in some of the border slave States, and received all Christian people to abstain from the use of products of slave labor. When the Friends, in 1827, separated into the Orthodox and Hicksite branches, Mrs. MOTT adhered to what she believed to be the simpler and more Christian part. Naturally, when the abolition movement began under Mr. GARRISON, she was fully ready. In 1833 she was among the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society. And when Pennsylvania Hall was destroyed by the mob in Philadelphia, because of the abolition meetings, Mrs. MOTT was present, sharing the peril and exhorting her friends steadily to bear their testimony whatever fire befell. In 1840 Mrs. MOTT was sent as a delegate to the World's Convention in London; and, although refused a seat as a delegate, she was most courteously and hospitably received as a guest. Her interest in the cause was unflagging to the end. Always present at the annual meetings, she was one of the most impressive and delightful of the speakers. Indeed, the loftiness, the purity, the tranquillity of her mien and manner will be always memorable to those who have heard her. The precision peculiar to her society of believers is in her only elegant repose and a simplicity as lovely as it is severe. In 1848 Mrs. MOTT was a leader in the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls; and her active interest in the subject is unabated. She recently came from Philadelphia to New York to join in an endeavor to unite the two national societies; and had it been a mere matter of will upon the part of the representatives, she would have ascended. Time seems not to have touched her intellectual vigor; and her clear and profound moral insight, the nobility of her nature, the inexpressible sweetness of her manner, the consecration of a spotless life to the welfare of the oppressed—a life showing that the most active interest and participation in the common interests of society may enhance the loveliest womanliness—all these inspire the most affectionate reverence for LUCRETIA MOTT.

LUCRETIA MOTT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. GARRISON was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 12th of December, 1804. At the age of ten he was placed with a Quaker in Lynn, to learn the mystery of shoemaking, but soon returned to Newburyport, where he went to school and helped to support himself. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker; but he did not like the business, and was soon after indentured to an editor in Newburyport, and so, to his great satisfaction, became a printer. When he was sixteen or seventeen he began to write upon subjects of public interest, sending his articles anonymously to his employer, and receiving from him thanks and requests to continue. He wrote also notable articles for other papers; and in 1826, when his apprenticeship ended, he began a paper of his own, which failed; and in the two following years was an editor in Boston, and Bennington in Vermont. In the latter town he aroused public opinion upon the subject of slavery; and in Boston he became acquainted with BENJAMIN LUNDY, the editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore.

On the 4th of July, 1829, Mr. GARRISON delivered an oration in Park Street Church in Boston, in which he vigorously denounced slavery. In the autumn he went to Baltimore with Mr. LUNDY, and, as joint editor of the *Emancipator*, he demanded immediate emancipation as the duty of the master and the right of the slave. Presently a Newburyport ship took a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana. Mr. GARRISON instantly denounced it as "domestic piracy," and declared that he would "cover thick with infamy" all who were engaged in the transaction. Baltimore, a chief seat of the domestic slave trade, hummed about his ears. He was convicted of "a gross and malicious libel" upon the captain of the ship and FRANCIS TODD the owner, and was imprisoned for forty-nine days, until the fine and costs were paid by ARTHUR TAPPAN, of New York. HENRY CLAY had been appealed to, and was about to pay the fine, and DANIEL WEBSTER spoke kindly and hopefully to the young man upon his release.

Mr. GARRISON had now seen the great enemy Slavery face to face. He instantly issued proposals for an anti-slavery paper, and delivered lectures in various cities to raise the money. He saw that the anti-slavery attack must be made upon public opinion in the Northern States, and on the 1st of January, 1831, he issued in Boston the first number of the *Liberator*. Its motto was, "My country is the world: my countrymen are all mankind." Its first words, addressed to a country curiously dull and indifferent to the subject of slavery, were: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." From that moment Mr. GARRISON'S history is really that of the country. When these words were written, slavery was established in half the Union. Its power was supreme. Society, politics, trade, literature, the church, all the great interests, were subservient to it or silent. If it was felt to be horrible, it was acknowledged to be hopeless. But the young man of twenty-seven, almost without capital, without promise of support, with nothing but his clear conscience, his uncompromising will, and his skill as a writer and printer to sustain him, closed in the deadly struggle with American slavery; and now, at the age of sixty-six, he sees it utterly swept away, and four millions of slaves freed and made equal citizens with himself.

The contest was as fierce as it was brief. Mr. GARRISON kept his word. He did not retreat a single inch, and he was heard. From the first he demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation, and a party of persons of similar conviction and resolution arose around him. They were almost universally denounced as fanatics, mischief-makers, and traitors. They were hated and ridiculed, reviled and mobbed. A price was set upon Mr. GARRISON'S head. The name Abolitionist—which should have been only another name for American—became the most odious of epithets. Yet Mr. GARRISON waged only a moral warfare. He would not vote, because voting would be a recognition of the Constitution, which he held to be, by its fugitive slave provision, a bond of slavery. He disapproved appeals to force, as a Christian disciple; and he was one of the most earnest advocates of non-resistance. Moreover, he claimed for women an equal liberty of choice and action with men; and refused to sit in the "World's Anti-Slavery Convention," in England, in 1840, because female delegates were excluded. In the same year the American Anti-Slavery Society divided upon the question of the participation of women, and the part that favored it became, under the name of Garrisonian Abolitionists, the chief and aggressive wing. In 1843 Mr. GARRISON was chosen President of the American Society, and held the office until the war ended and slavery was abolished.

During all this time his paper was published every week, and the pen and tongue of the editor were never idle. Mr. GARRISON'S style, both as writer and speaker, was clear, trenchant, and precise. Upon the platform he was always calm and deliberate, giving the impression of entire

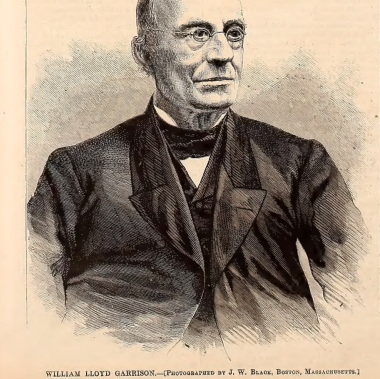

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLAGE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

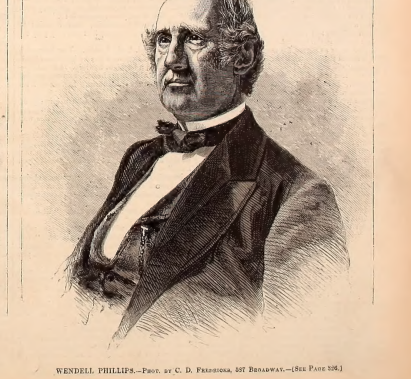

WENDELL PHILLIPS.—PHOT. BY C. D. FREDRICKS, 587 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

self-possession, of thorough knowledge of his subject, and of indomitable will. His strongest phrases were not the rhetorical bursts of excitement, but the careful statement of matured conviction. If he called the American church the bulwark of American slavery, or the Constitution a compact with death and a league with hell, he meant exactly what he said, and was ready to justify his words.

When the public mind had been thoroughly aroused by the incessant agitation of the Abolitionists, and by the aggressions of the slavery influence in the government, the anti-slavery movement passed into politics. The annexation of Texas and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise produced the Republican party. But Mr. GARRISON and the Abolitionists maintained their independence and their purity. They appeal, regarding the Republicans as men who saw the right but were timid in its support. The Republicans, on their part, found all their arguments and their array of facts already prepared for them by the Abolitionists. Indeed, however much better and the advanced Republicans there was only a difference of method. Mr. GARRISON always recognized the great purpose of the Republicans before the war, and when they proposed the great measures of the war and of reconstruction, they had no firmer friend and supporter than he. His late letter to the Union League Club in New York, upon the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, expresses his full appreciation of the patriotic work of the Republican party.

The United States have no patents of nobility for those who have best served their country. They make no flakes, they build no monuments, nor do they offer to them such a noble fortune as was justly given to RICHARD CARVEL by his admiring friends. But some of those who appreciated Mr. GARRISON'S immense service to his country and to civilization, and who knew that at sixty years of age he was as poor as when he began the struggle, quietly raised a modest sum, which has been invested for his benefit. Meanwhile his activity and zeal in all humane reforms is not decline. He has a residence upon Roxbury Heights, near Boston, interested in the movements for temperance, for peace, and especially for the equality of women.

Few men in history have ever devoted themselves more unreservedly than Mr. GARRISON to a great moral and social reform, and very few have ever lived to see so marvelous and beneficent a triumph.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The first number of the *Liberator* was issued, as we have said in speaking of Mr. GARRISON, on the 1st of January, 1831. The anti-slavery debate, unwittingly urged by the Abolitionists, provoked the intensest feeling, and on the afternoon of the 21st of October, 1835, a mob assailed the building in Boston in which the Female Anti-Slavery Society was to meet. The object of the mob, in which were many well-called respectable persons, was GEORGE THOMPSON, an eloquent English Abolitionist. But he had left the city, Mr. GARRISON, who was present, was their next prey. The mayor of the city had but a few constables at his command, and his only further authority under the law was to summon by-standers to his aid, and, if the riot became unmanageable, to appeal to the Governor of the State. Mr. GARRISON in leaving the building was seized by the mob, and was hurried along the street with a rope around his waist. He was finally rescued from the mob by the mayor, and to save his life was committed to the jail, where he passed the night. At the height of the tumult a young lawyer, twenty-seven years old, who had been admitted to the Boston bar a year before, after graduating at Cambridge in the brilliant class of the historian MOTLEY, CHARLES EAMES, WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, and others, stepped in the street and waved his hand. He had no sympathy with the Abolitionists, but he had a very clear perception of the rights of American citizens, and the distantly attempt to stifle free speech in the town of JAMES OTIS and SAMUEL ADAMS so stirred his manhood, that he investigated the question which Boston was afraid to hear discussed, and joined the Abolitionists. It was like one of the Medici entering the Lutheran. In college a chief among the chiefs, a favorite, a beauty, and a lover of horses, yet so given to chemistry and mechanics that he used their skill, when he became a lawyer, that a good carpenter was needed, already a graceful and persuasive orator, it was incredible that, with all the ordinary prizes of life within his grasp—position, ease, fame—he should surrender them, and turn away to join those odious fanatics, the Abolitionists. But there was no doubt of it when he rose so after the evening of the 8th of December, 1837. Upon that evening there was a meeting of the citizens of Boston, to express their sentiments upon the murder of E. P. LOVEJOY, on the 7th of November, at Alton, Illinois. Rising had spoken, and some resolutions becoming honorable men and honest Americans had been offered, when JAMES T. AUSTIN, then attorney-General of Massachusetts, vehemently justified the Alton murder, declaring that LOVEJOY died as the fool died. The excitement was intense, and the feeling of the audience was evidently strongly divided, when Mr. PHILLIPS, then twenty-six years old, appeared upon the platform, and in a brief speech, which recalled to Faneuil Hall its old glory of eloquence and patriotism and humanity, and seemed to be the living echo of the fiery tongues of the Revolution, recalled the audience to itself, and spoke for the heart and conscience of NEW England. The resolutions were adopted; and from that evening until the abolition of slavery Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS was the great orator of the cause and of the country. Like Mr. GARRISON'S, his life has been devoted to influencing public opinion upon the question of slavery. The two have been the representative Abolitionists. But those who for so many years heard Mr. PHILLIPS with a shudder as the arch-agitator, could not believe, when they saw a tranquil, manly, graceful, polished gentleman upon the platform, that it was WENDELL PHILLIPS. "A great orator," said one; "why, it is only a man pleasantly talking." An accomplished scholar, a gentleman of courtly demeanor, graced with all the orator's gifts, Mr. PHILLIPS, constantly speaking, has never lost his charm. His oratory is the perfection of art—simplicity of art. His rhetoric is faultless, his manner superb," said recently the most scholarly and eloquent of English critics, who yet thought him an advocate, and not quite fair. But we have no space to say more. In 1859 Mr. PHILLIPS renounced the profession, because he would not take an oath to support the Constitution. He began, in search of ample resources, he lives with Spartan simplicity, and with a boundless benevolence. He is the incessant friend of their sweetest use. When Mr. GARRISON retired from the presidency of the American Anti-Slavery Society, because it had ceased, in his opinion, to exist, WENDELL PHILLIPS, thinking that an outside organization was still necessary, and the Republicans its friends, was elected president. But upon the recent adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the Society was formally dissolved.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ELEVENTH SCENE.—SIR PATRICK'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

THE SMOKING-ROOM WINDOW.

"I CAN'T believe it! I won't believe it! You're trying to put me from my husband—to make me a stranger to my own reputation. It's infamous. It's horrible. What have I done to you?" she cried, my head! Are you trying to drive me mad?"

Pale and wild; her hands twisted in her hair; her feet beating her impatient will to do its will—so Blanche answered her step-mother, when the officer of Lady Lundie's household had been accomplished, and the cruel truth had been plainly told.

Her hardship sat, superbly composed, looking out through the window at the placid landscape of woods and fields that surrounded Ham Farm.

"I was prepared for this outbreak," she said, coldly. "Those wild words relieve your overwrought feelings. Be quiet, dear, and talk to me. Blanche—I can wait!"

Blanche stopped, and confronted Lady Lundie.

"You and your likes! liked each other," she said. "I wrote you a pet letter from this place. I have always called all my friends pets—you. I have shown you plainly—rudely, I dare say—that I was glad to be married and get away from you. I sent you my revenge, in that letter."

"Oh, Blanche, Blanche, what thoughts to think! what words to say! I can only pray for you."

"I am mad, Lady Lundie. You bear with mad people. Bear with me. I have been hardly more than a fortnight married. I love *him*—I love *him*—with all my heart and soul—and you have told me about them. Remember! remember! remember!"

She repeated the words with a low cry of pain. Her hands went up to her head again; and she returned restlessly to pacing this way and that in the room.

Lady Lundie tried the effect of a gentle remonstrance. "Of course, Blanche," she said, "I don't persist in estranging yourself from me. In this dreadful trial, I am the only friend you have."

Blanche came back to her step-mother's chair, and looked at her steadily. The face of Lady Lundie submitted to inspection—and bore it perfectly.

"Look into my heart," she said. "Blanche! it bleeds for you!"

Blanche heard, without heeding. Her mind was painfully intent on its own thoughts. "You are a religious woman," she said, abruptly. "Will you swear on your Bible, that you have told me is true?"

"*My Bible!*" repeated Lady Lundie with sorrowful emphasis. "Oh, my child! have you no part in the precious inheritance? Is it not *your* Bible, too?"

A momentary triumph showed itself in Blanche's face. "You daren't swear it!" she said. "That's enough for me!"

She turned away scornfully. Lady Lundie caught her by the hand, and drew her sharply back. The suffering spirit disappeared, and the woman who was no longer to be trifled with took her place.

"There must be an end to this," she said. "You don't believe what I have told you. Have you courage enough to put it to the test?"

Blanche started, and released her hand. She trembled a little. There was a horrible certainty of conviction expressed in Lady Lundie's sudden change of manner.

"How?" she asked.

"You shall see. Tell me the truth, on your side, first. Where is Sir Patrick? Is he really not, as his servant told me?"

"Yes. He is out with the farm bailiff. You have taken us all by surprise. You wrote that you were not to call on you by the next train."

"When does the next train arrive? It is seven o'clock now."

"Between one and two."

"Sir Patrick will not be back till then?"

"Not till then."

"Where is Mr. Brinkworth?"

"My husband is—"

"Your husband—if you like. Is he out, too?"

"He is in the smoking-room."

"Do you mean that long room, built out from the back of the house?"

"Yes."

"Come down stairs at once with me."

Blanche advanced a step—and drew back. "Why do you want me?" she asked, inspired by a sudden distrust.

Lady Lundie turned round, and looked at her impatiently.

"Can't you see yet," she said, sharply, "that your conduct in this matter is my interest in one? What have I told you?"

"Don't repeat it!"

"I must repeat it. If I have told you that Arnold Brinkworth was privately at Craig Fernie, on the 15th of May, he has acknowledged character of her husband—when we supposed him to be visiting the estate left him by his aunt. You refuse to believe it. I am about to put it to the proof. Is it your interest or is it not, to have Arnold Brinkworth shown to be what he is?"

Blanche trembled from head to foot, and made no reply.

"I am going into the garden, to speak to Mr. Brinkworth through the smoking-room window, pursued Lady Lundie. "Have you the courage to come with me? to wait behind out of sight; and to hear what he has to say with his own lips? I am not afraid of putting it to that test. Are you?"

The tone in which she asked the question roused Blanche's spirit.

"If I think you to be guilty," she said, resolutely, "I should *not* have the courage. I believe him to be innocent. Lead the way, Lady Lundie, in the name of God, please."

They left the room—Blanche's own room at Ham Farm—and descended to the hall. Lady Lundie opened and controlled the railway timetable hanging near the house-door.

"There is a train at Craig Fernie at a quarter to twelve," she said. "How long does it take to walk to the station?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You will soon know. Answer my question."

"It's a walk of twenty minutes to the station."

Lady Lundie referred to her watch. "There will be just time," she said.

"Time for what?"

"Come into the garden."

With that answer, she led the way out.

The smoking-room projected at right angles from the wall of the house, in an oblong form—with a bow window at the farther end, looking into the garden. Before she turned the corner, and showed herself within the range of view from the window, Lady Lundie looked back, and signed to Blanche to wait behind the angle of the wall. Blanche obeyed.

The next instant she heard the voices in conversation through the open window. Arnold's voice was the first to speak.

"Lady Lundie! Why, we didn't expect you this morning!"

Lady Lundie was ready with her answer.

"I was able to leave town earlier than I had anticipated. I want to cut your cigar; and don't move. I am not coming in."

She paused, in exchange of question and answer on; every word being audible in the perfect stillness of the place. Arnold was the next to speak.

"Have you seen Blanche?"

"Blanche is staying really to go out with me. We mean to have a walk together. I have many things to say to her. Before we go, I have something to say to *you*."

"Is it my thing very serious?"

"It is most serious."

"About me?"

"About you. I know where you went on the evening of the 15th of May—by Windygates—you went to Craig Fernie."

"Good Heavens! how did you find out?"

"I know where you went to meet—Miss Silvester. I know what is said of you and of her—you are man and wife."

"Hush! don't speak so loud. Somebody may hear you!"

"What does it matter if they do? I am the only person whom you have kept out of the secret. You see I know, you know it here."

"Nothing of the sort! Blanche doesn't know it."

"What! Neither you nor Sir Patrick has told Blanche of the situation you stand in at this moment?"

"Not yet. Sir Patrick leaves it to me. I haven't been able to bring myself to do it. Don't say a word, I entreat you! I don't know how Blanche may interpret it. Her friend is expected in London to-morrow. I want to wait till Sir Patrick can bring them together. Her friend will break it to her better than I can. It's my notion. Sir Patrick thinks it a good one. Stop! you're not going away already?"

"She will be here to look for me if I stay any longer."

"One word! I want to know—"

"You shall know, later in the day."

Her ladyship appeared again round the angle of the wall. The next words that passed were words spoken in a whisper.

"Are you satisfied now, Blanche?"

"Have you mercy enough left, Lady Lundie, to take me away from this house?"

"My dear child! Why else did I look at the time-table in the hall?"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

THE EXPLOSION.

ARNOLD'S mind was far from easy when he was left by himself again in the smoking-room. The words passing some time in vainly trying to guess at the source from which Lady Lundie had derived her information, had put on his hat, and took the direction which led to Blanche's favorite walk at Ham Farm. Without absolutely distrusting her friend's discretion, the idea had occurred to him that he would do well to join his wife and her step-mother. By making a third in the party, and overseen them, he might prevent the conversation from assuming a perilously confidential turn.

The search for the ladies proved useless. They had not taken the direction in which he supposed they had gone.

He returned to the smoking-room, and composed himself to wait for events as patiently as he might. In this passive position—with his thoughts still running on Lady Lundie—his meeting referred to a brief conversation between Sir Patrick and himself, occasioned, on the preceding day, by the latter. Sir Patrick's statement of her proposed visit to Ham Farm. Sir Patrick had at once expressed his conviction that his wife's object in the journey south had some acknowledged purpose at the bottom of it.

"I am not at all sure, Arnold" (he had said), "that I have done wisely in having her letter unanswered. And I am strongly disposed to make a clean breast of it, and to let you take him the secret when she comes to-morrow. We can't help the position in which we are placed. It was impossible (without submitting your wife to our confidence) to prevent Blanche from writing that unhappy letter to her—and, even if we had prevented it, she must have heard in other ways of your return to England. I don't doubt your discretion, so far; and I don't doubt the convenience of keeping her in the dark, as a means of getting rid of her, and settling in this business of yours, until I have had time to set it right. But she may, by some unlucky accident, find out the truth for herself—and, in that case, I strongly distrust the influence which she might attempt to exercise on Blanche's mind."

Those were the words—as Arnold had happened on the day after they had been spoken? Exactly. He had discovered that, and what she was, at that moment, alone somewhere with Blanche. Arnold took up his hat once more, and set forth on the search for them, in search of another direction.

The second expedition was as fruitless as the first. Nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard, of Lady Lundie and Blanche.

Arnold's mind told him that it was not far from the time when Sir Patrick might be expected to return. In all probability, while he had been looking for them, the ladies had gone back by some other way to the house. He entered the house on the ground floor, and after another. They were all empty. He went up stairs, and knocked at the door of Blanche's room. There was no answer. He opened the door and looked in. The room was empty, like the rooms below. He was just about to close entrance, there was a trifling circumstance to attract notice, in the shape of a note lying on the carpet. He picked it up, and saw that it was addressed to him in the handwriting of his wife. It was sealed. The note had been, without the usual form of address, in these words:

"I know the abominable secret that you and my worst enemy have hidden from me. I know your infamy, and *her* infamy, and the position in which, thanks to you both, I stand in the world. Reproaches would be wasted words, addressed to such a man as you are. I write these lines to tell you that I have placed myself under my step-mother's protection in London. It is useless to attempt to follow me. Sir Patrick will find out whether the ceremony of marriage which you went through with me is binding on you or not. For myself, I know already that it is. I have gone, never to come back, and never to let you see me again.—BLANCHE."

Hurrying headlong down the stairs with but one clear idea in his mind—the idea of instantly following her—Arnold encountered Sir Patrick, standing by a table in the hall, on which cards and notes left by visitors were usually placed, with an open letter in his hand. Struck in an instant what had happened, he threw one of his arms round Arnold, and stopped him at the house-door.

"You are a man," he said, firmly. "Bear it like a man."

Arnold's head fell on the shoulder of his kind old friend. He burst into tears.

Sir Patrick let the irrepressible outbreak of grief have its way. In those first moments, silence was mercy. He said nothing. The letter which he had been reading (from Lady Lundie, it is needless to say), dropped unheeded at his feet.

Arnold lifted his head, and dashed away the tears.

"I am ashamed of myself," he said. "Let me go."

"Wrong, my poor fellow—doubly wrong!"

returned Sir Patrick. "There is no shame in shedding such tears as those. And there is nothing to be done by leaving us."

"I must and will see her!"

"Read that," said Sir Patrick, pointing to the letter on the floor. "See your wife? Your wife is with the woman who has written those lines. Read them."

Arnold read them.

"DEAR SIR PATRICK,—If you had honored me with your confidence, I should have been happy to counsel you before I interfered to rescue Blanche from the position in which Mr. Brinkworth has placed her. As it is, your late brother-in-law's child is under my protection at my house in London. If you attempt to exercise your authority, it must be by main force—I will submit to nothing less. If Mr. Brinkworth attempts to exercise his authority, he shall establish his right to do so (if he can) in a police-court.

"Very truly yours, JULIA LUNDIE."

Arnold's resolution was not to be shaken even by this. "What do I care," he burst out, "about authority? whether I am dragged through the streets by the police or not! I *will* see my wife. I will clear myself of the horrible suspicion that rests about me. You have shown me your letter. Look at mine!"

Sir Patrick's clear sense saw the wild words that Blanche had written in their true light.

"Do you hold your wife responsible for that letter?" he asked. "I see her step-mother in every line of it. You descend to something worse than cruelty, if you seriously defend yourself against this? You can't see it? You persist in holding to your own view? Well, then, I can't get to her—your letter may. No! When you leave this house, you leave it with me. I have connected something, on my side, in allowing you to write. I insist on your conceding something, on your side, in return. Come into the library! I answer for setting things right between you and Blanche, if you will grant me the interests in the hands. Do you trust me or not?"

Arnold yielded. They went into the library together. Sir Patrick pointed to the writing-table. "Relieve your mind there," he said; "and let me find you a reasonable man again when I come back."

When he returned to the library the letter was written; and, could a mind was so far relieved —for the time at least.

"I shall take your letter to Blanche myself," said Sir Patrick, "by the train that leaves for London in half an hour's time."

"You will let me go with you?"

"Not to-day. I shall be back this evening to dinner. You shall hear all that has happened, and you shall accompany me to London to-morrow—if I find it necessary to make my lengthened stay there. Between this and then, I will do the shock to you that you have suffered, you will do well to be quiet here. Be satisfied with my assurance that Blanche shall have your letter. I will force my authority on her step-mother to that extent (if her step-mother resists) without scruple. The respect in which I hold your wife only lasts as long as she sex deserves it—and does *not* extend to Lady Lundie. There is no advantage that a man can take of a woman which I am not fully prepared to take of my sister-in-law."

With that characteristic farewell, he shook hands with Arnold, and departed for the station.

At seven o'clock the dinner was on the table. At seven o'clock Sir Patrick came down to eat it, as perfectly dressed as usual, and as composed as if nothing had happened.

"She has got your letter," he whispered, as he took Arnold's arm, and led him into the dining room.

"Did she say any thing?"

"Not a word."

"How did she look?"

"As she ought to look—sorry for what she has done."

The dinner began. As a matter of necessity, the subject of Sir Patrick's expedition was dropped while the servants were in the room—to be regularly taken up again by Arnold in the intervals between the courses. He began when the soup was taken away.

"I confess I had hoped that our Blanche would back with you" he said, sadly enough.

"In other words," returned Sir Patrick, "you expected me to bring wrong. Let her go with me and leave your letter to have its effect. The serious difficulties on our way back to your Blanche. Content yourself with knowing that."

The fish came in, and Arnold was silenced—until his next opportunity came round the next interval in the course of the dinner.

"What are the difficulties?" he asked.

"The difficulties are my difficulties and yours," answered Sir Patrick. "My difficulty is, that I can't assert my authority, as gentlemen do in the same my niece (as I do) to be a married woman. Your difficulty is, that you can't assert your authority as her husband, until it is distinctly proved that you and Miss Silvester are not man and wife. Lady Lundie acts perfectly naturally in taking your place us in that position, when she removed Blanche from this house. She has no authority, and Mrs. Inchbare; she has written to your steward for the date of your arrival as your estate; she has done every thing, calculated every thing, and foreseen every thing—except my excellent temper. The one mistake she has made, is in thinking she could get the better of *that*. No, my dear boy! My trump card is my temper. I keep it in my hand, Arnold—I keep it in my hand!"

The next course came in—and there was an end of the subject again. Sir Patrick enjoyed his mutton, and entered on a long and interesting narrative of the history of some rare white Burgundy on the table imported by himself. Arnold resolutely resumed the discussion with the departure of the mutton.

"It seems to be a dead lock," he said.

"No slang!" returned Sir Patrick.

"For Heaven's sake, Sir, consider my anxiety, and tell me what you propose to do!"

"I propose to take you to London with me in the morning, on this condition—that you promise me, on your word of honor, not to attempt to see your wife before Saturday next."

"I shall see her then?"

"If you give me your promise."

"I do, Sir."

The next course came in. Sir Patrick entered on the question of the merits of the partridge, viewed as an eatable bird. "By himself, Arnold—plainly roasted, and tested on his own merits—not stuffed with forcemeat. I am fond of shooting him in this country, we become too fond of eating him next. Properly understood, he is a welcome bird to the table—nothing more. Or no—that is hardly doing him justice. I am bound to add that he is honorably associated with the famous French receipt for cooking an olive. Do you know it?"

"Here we are at the end of the bird; there was an end of the jelly. Arnold got his next chance—and took it.

"What is to be done in London to-morrow?" he asked.

"To-morrow," answered Sir Patrick, "is a memorable day in our calendar. To-morrow is Tuesday—the day on which I am to see Miss Silvester."

Arnold set down the glass of wine which he was just raising to his lips.

"After what has happened," he said, "I can hardly bear to hear her name mentioned. Miss Silvester has ceased to be any thing to me."

"Miss Silvester may atone for that, Arnold by uttering you again."

"She has been the ruin of me so far."

"She may be the salvation of you yet."

The dinner came on. Sir Patrick returned to the Art of Cookery.

"You know the receipt for cooking an olive, Arnold?"

"No."

"What *does* the new generation know? It knows how to row, how to shoot, how to play at cricket, and how to bet—and that is to say, when it has grown old—what a generation it will be! I should hunter: I sha'n't live to see it. Are you listening, Arnold?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, to cook an olive: Put an olive into a lark; put a lark into a quail; put a quail into a pheasant; put a plover into a partridge; put a partridge into a pheasant; put a pheasant into a turkey. Good. First, partially roast; then stuff elaborately with the whole of the birds next to the olive. Good again. Next, open the window—throw out the whole of the contents of partridge, the plover, the quail, and the lark. *Then, eat the olive.* The dish is expensive, but the result is the highest attainable in the art of the sacrifice. The quintessence of the flavor of six birds concentrated in one olive. Arnold's toast! Try another glass of the white Burgundy, Arnold."

At last the servants left them—with the wine and dessert on the table.

"I have been at it as long as I can, Sir," said Arnold. "Add to all your kindness to me by telling me at once what happened at Lady Lundie's."

It was a chilly evening. A bright wood fire was burning in the room. Sir Patrick drew his chair to the fire.

"This is exactly what happened," he said. "I found company at Lady Lundie's when I got with. Two perfect strangers to me. Captain Newenden, and his niece, Mrs. Glenarm. Lady Lundie introduced me to see me a member of the two strangers offered to withdraw. I declined the proposal. First civility to Arnold, which Sibe has reckoned throughout, Arnold, on our being afraid to face public opinion. I showed her at starting that we were not afraid of it—as she was. 'I always accept what the French call accomplished facts,' I said. Next civility. I brought matters to a crisis, Lady Lundie. So let it be. I have a word to say to my niece (in confidence, Arnold!) and I have a word another word to say to you afterward—without presuming to disturb your guests. Civility to myself—and to Arnold (naturally devoured by curiosity). Could her lalyship decently refuse me an interview with my own niece? Not if the newspapers were looking on? Impossible. I saw Blanche in the inner room privately. It is needless to say I was back drawing-room. I gave her your letter; I said a good word for you, I was quite sure of your story; and I have come back —and that was enough. We went back into the front drawing-room. I was left to open on the question of the question before it appeared, to my astonishment and delight, that Captain Newenden was in the dilemma of the question that had brought me into the house—the question of you and Miss Silvester. Captain Newenden's guests of my niece, was to deny your marriage to the lady. His business, in the interests of his niece, was to compel the marriage to the lady. To the unutterable disgust of the two women, we joined issue, in the most friendly manner, on the spot. Charmed to have the pleasure of meeting you, Captain Newenden.'—Delighted to have the honor of making your acquaintance, Sir Patrick.'—I think we can settle this in two minutes.'—I think we can settle it in two minutes.' Upon your position, Captain.'—With the greatest pleasure. Here is my niece, Mrs. Glenarm, engaged to marry Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. All very well, but there happens to be an obstacle—in the shape of a lady. Do I put it plainly?'—'You put it admirably, Captain; but for the loss to the British navy, you ought to have been a lawyer. Pray, go on.'—'You are too good, Sir Patrick.' In course. Mr. Delamayn asserts that this person in the back-ground has no claim on him, and backs his assertion by declaring that she is married already to Mr. Arnold Brinkworth. Lady Lundie and my niece assure me, on evidence which, on this occasion, I see that the assertion is true. The evidence does not satisfy me. I hope, Sir Patrick, I don't strike you as being an excessively obstinate man?'—'My dear Sir, you impress me with the highest opinion of your capacity for sifting human testimony!' May I ask, next, what course you mean to take?'—'I am very sorry, I am going to return to my hotel.' This is my course. I refuse to sanction my niece's engagement to Mr. Delamayn, until Mr. Delamayn has publicly proved his statement by appeal to witnesses of the lady's marriage. He owes me or his own character, but decline witnesses at once in the matter for himself, on the ground that he is in training for a foot-race. I admit that that is a reason, and consent to wait either for bringing the two witnesses to London myself. By this post I have written to my agent here in Perth to look the witnesses up; to offer them the necessary terms (at Mr. Delamayn's expense) for the use of their time, and to produce them by the end of the week. The foot-race is on Thursday next. Mr. Delamayn will be on the ground after that, to establish his own assertion by his own witnesses. What do you say, Sir Patrick, to such a course?'—'I say you have my permission) in this room?'—There is the substance of the captain's statement. He is to wait all I am, and is devoted to look like thirty, but a very pleasant fellow for all that. I struck my sister-in-law very agreeably accepting the proposal without a moment's hesitation. Mrs. Glenarm and Lady Lundie looked at each other in mute amazement. There was a difference about which two women would have mortally quarreled; and here they were agreeing at once in the friendliest possible manner. I wish you had seen Lady Lundie's face, when I declared myself deeply indebted to her for having forestalled by reducing my prolonged interview with her lalyship quite unnecessary. 'Thanks to the captain,' I said to her, in the most cordial manner, 'we have absolutely nothing to discuss. I shall catch the evening train, and Arnold Brinkworth's affairs are quite at ease.' To come back to serious things, I have engaged to produce you, in the presence of every party now with us, at the appointed time. I put a bold face on it before the others. But I can tell you that it is by no means an easy to say—situated as we are now—what the result of Saturday's enquiry will be. Much, very much depends in the way of my interview with Miss Silvester to-morrow. It is no exaggeration to say, Arnold, that your life is in her hands.'

"I wish to heaven I had never set eyes on her!" said Arnold.

Sir Patrick took the right horse, returned Sir Patrick. "Wish you had never set eyes on Geoffrey Delamayn!"

Arnold hung his head. Sir Patrick's sharp tongue had got the better of him once more.

CHAPTER IV.

We can imagine no greater mistake in life than for a man or woman to preserve an apparent constancy in action after their affections have gone away from the person to whom they have pledged it. It is a mistake which is frequently committed, we know, but it is not less a mistake. It is a burlesque of honor, and a violation of truth, and yet it is the sacrifice which many an ardent lover demands. His sweet mistress promises to marry him, one quiet summer evening, when a sudden access of affection makes them picture their future as if it could only be a repetition of the present. It was a beautiful picture, doubtless, and in the fresh flush of youthful devotion they gave each other tender assurances of constancy, and swore to be husband and wife. Now some three years are over and gone, and the lover returns to claim the promised prize. During his absence the fickle jade has given to a woman, and she has acquired very different notions of the world. In spite of herself—in spite of all honor—she finds new tastes, and duties by which a woman may preserve the memory of a man—the old love has necessarily faded away. She regrets with dismay his return. Her first impulse is to meet him frankly, tell him the whole story, and bid him take back his vows, to release her from the engagement. Then, again, she shrinks from the pain she knows she will inflict upon him. She shrinks, also, from lowering herself in his opinion and the opinion of others. She will not sin, but she will be a heartless and faithless creature, unworthy of the patient devotion with which he has labored for her and thought of her during that long separation. Very probably some such motive as this will prompt her to act in a strange notion of duty will prompt her to act in direct violation of her pledge, which is now a mockery and a delusion. Even suppose she possesses sufficient courage to tell him, that during these years, she has come to think differently, and that she is afraid for affection to be extinguished between husband and wife, she is likely to overcome her scruples by his vehemence. Does she love somebody else? he demands. No. Has she any thing to find fault with in him? No. Then is not this strange notion merely a whim, a caprice? Will not use and wont revive the old love, even should it have been partially faded? Has he not sufficient love to make their union a happy one? And so forth, and so forth—all reasonable proposition, all false. From time immemorial, have uttered. Add to these his declaration that, if she does not marry him, she will break his heart and ruin his life; he will blow his brains out, or enlist as a soldier, or do something equally wild and unnecessary. Trembling, excited, and deeply commiserating her lover's plight, the girl receives to remain "constant." She meets him at the altar, and promises what she knows she can not perform. She enters her new sphere of life with little of hope, if not with downright aversion, and the consequences of that act may imbitter her whole life in misery. Yet she knows herself a miracle of constancy; and the world will applaud her good conduct.

INDIANS MOVING.

ON illustration on page 324 shows the manner in which the populaton of an Indian village make a journey from one place of encampment to another, taking their habitations with them. The long poles on which the tent-skins were stretched serve to form as a rude kind of sledge or drag, for the conveyance of such household goods as make the scanty furniture of an Indian lodge. Such a procession makes a very picturesque spectacle, moving leisure-ukelee over the plains, warriors, squaws, young ones, dogs, and ponies, all mingled together. Perhaps no sight is more grateful to the Western settler than that of these aborigines obeying the general law of "Westward ho!" The farther and quicker they go the better, as the extinction of the white intruders, until they meet the tide of white civilization advancing Eastward from the Western coast, when the northernmost Territories will be the only place of refuge for such as refuse to die or become civilized.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As Iowa girl wents to die, but she prefers to be remembered with a kiss.

"Dah," said an ancient legislator to his indulgent parent, who had gratified him with a visit to the gallery of the House, "say, de pros are always going on! I don't." "No," said the astonished father, "of course not. Why did you ask?" "Cause the man in the bag desk says 'the ayes have it?' and just as I was a-going to answer, I thought I'd have some fun down there somwen."

A Bibernian, entering a menagerie, was asked if he knew by what animal the lion's mane was made. "Ah, faith," said Pat, "I've seen many a one in swate Ireland an' not a two of them."

When the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry entered the town of Dawson, Georgia, on the march to the sea, a young secesh widow welcomed them was a negro woman. Her natural repugnance deserted her at once, and, moved by curiosity, one of "boys" rode up to her and inquired, "Aunty, what do you think of us?" "Oh, chile," she replied, "I don't 'nicity know nuffin' but I like you all de same as if you was white."

UNIVERSAL PROPOSITION.—A gold-cheer.

"Would ye plase, mum," said Bridget, the other evening, "an' I'd like ye to find me the loan of your husband's razor to a party." "Why, Bridget," replied she, for bortured clothes sizer fit me like me own."

CAN a cow cover the forehead be called, "Locke on the Understanding?"

An enthusiastic old lady, living near Detroit, whose husband had, but a few days previous, been attended to his last resting-place by the Masonic Fraternity, was very much elated with the obsequies. Narrating the particulars of the occasion to a neighbor, she would up by saying, "Oh, you ought to have been there—we had a splendid time!"

"Every man his own sauce," is the way the new flying-machine is announced in NEW YORK.

"What do you mean," inquired an inquisitive lady of a little boy, "by the term 'putting a leading question?'" "Why when I ask my teacher if I can go out," replied the learned gentleman, suiting the action to the word.

AN Sunday-school in Bijou's teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing wild oats" meant. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "it means the seat of his little trowsies around in front." "There's a letter for you in Detroit," said a friend to Mr. Bell.

Letters, like fashionable young ladies, must have the stamps before the mails (unless) will take them.

THREE things a lady can not do:

1. She can not pass a shoemaker's shop without stopping.

2. She can not see a piece of lace without asking the price.

3. She can not see a baby without kissing it.

A baby turns the table on the gentlemen, as follows: A gentleman goes to church with a baby.

1. He can not go through the house and shut the doors after him.

2. He can not have a shirt made to suit him.

3. He can not be saluted with the ladies' fashions.

CLERKS FOR RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES.—The "Smasher," the "Finisher," the "Crusher," the "Grinder," and the "All in at Death."

SCENE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

Said Master Beach to Willie Smith,
"Your head is very full of pith."
Said Willie Smith to Master Beech,
"Twill just do, Sir, I am thankful."

"And if I will answer just as well,
I'll never my hand to Lilly Bell."
Now know 'twon't hurt nor scar so bad,
And Lilly dear will be so glad."

The master looked as sweet
As if he'd just been kissed;
And with a mild expression
The school is now dismissed."

WYOMING nurses calm the rising generation by singing:

"Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
Cause mamma's gone to sit on the jury."

THE cat that serenaded a literary lady the other night has not been able to be out since; and the lady is minus one boot, one flower-pot, a patent inkstand, and a new chignon.

AN old soaker replied to a temperance lecturer by the following poser: "If water will make the stem of a tree wax, will it not make the stem of your stomach?"

COURT-PLASTERER.—Awards for damages.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

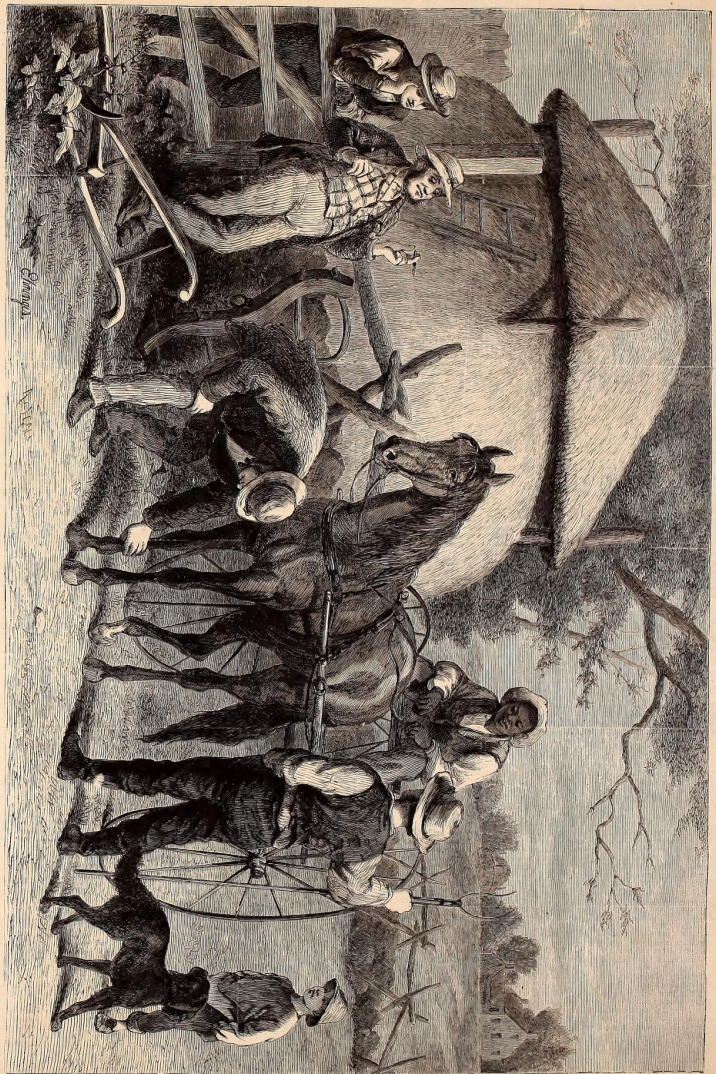

THE FOURSOME.—[DRAWN BY W. HAMILTON.]

REGRET.

My love is gone: the summer sea
Shall sing the rocks their roundelay;
But who will care to sing to me,
I am so full of misery?

My love is gone: in angry mood,
From my caprice and scorn, this day
He passed, and left me where I stood;
And I am full of misery.

My love is gone: the girdled bee
Shall kiss the bluebell day by day;
But who will care to comfort me,
I am so full of misery?

My love is gone: my aching breast
Shall wear cold sob, and weep away
Its grief; but it will never rest,
It is so full of misery.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XV.

EXPLICIT.

CESARE advanced into the room silently, with his eyes fixed on his wife. He was very pale, and his hand plucked at his mustache with the little, scrupulous motion of the fingers that was so suggestive of cruelty. Veronica, when she saw him, started violently, and dropped Pliny's hand. The surgeon stood firm and still, and looked at Cesare quietly, neither apprehensive nor defiant. For some seconds no one spoke. The room was as still as death. Cesare's eyes glittered like fire, and wandered round the boudoir, looking more than ever like the inscrutable eyes in a picture on which you can not get a good light. His glance took in every detail of the scene. The preparations for supper, the half-emptied flasks of wine; above all, his wife's torn sleeve, and the wasted arm with its livid bruises. Then he spoke.

"Mille scusi! I intrude. No wonder you preferred to stay at home, cara gioja! But why did you not tell me that you expected a guest? Ha! Quite a caravese—a banquet! Per Dio! It is diverting! Like a scene in a comedy. It is complete! Wife and Roussero—and the husband!"

He spoke in Italian, and with an insolent, mocking bitterness of irony, which perhaps only an Italian can attain. Veronica did not speak. She sat still, with parted lips and dilated eyes, and her heart beat with such suffocating rapidity that she could not breathe at the sound. Suddenly Berletti turned to Pliny, and addressed him in English, with a total change of tone.

"What is your fare?" he asked coldly.

"I came here, Prince Barletti, because—" He saw in Veronica's face a secret which revealed the fact that she had sent for him. "Because I happened to be in town, and thought that, for old acquaintance sake, I might venture to call on your wife. I am sorry to perceive by your manner, unnecessarily insulting though in courteous manner, you will allow me to say, toward one whom you consider your inferior—that my visit is distasteful to you."

"Distasteful! *Come?* How can you think it? *Come, cara?* How distasteful? Schiavo mio! I am your slave."

"I think, Cesare, you—might—be—decently civil—if not kind—to an old friend of mine—whom—I—so—value," gasped out Veronica, with her hand pressed to her side to restrain the painful tumult of her heart.

"Angelo mio diletto! I have a great defect. I confess it with much penance. I am not of those husbands—those amiable and dear husbands—who are kind to the old and valued friend of their wife. Ce sont! I am made so. *Son fatto così.*"

"You are mad, Cesare!"

"Not at all. Ah no! I have the disgrazia —the disgrace—to be in my sound mind. I have a memory—oh! good memory—and I tell you of my antipathy—another defect—I am full of them—for a certain person. And did I say that I like him not to come in my house?"

All this while Cesare was standing, with folded arms, on the opposite side of the table to his wife and Pliny. The latter left his position near Veronica, and advanced toward Barletti, still, however, keeping the table between them.

"I shall not trust myself to say what I think of your conduct," said the surgeon, quietly, "lest you trust ser matters little—"

"It matters nothing. You are right. It matters not that!" returned Barletti, snapping his fingers close to the surgeon's face. The latter stood like a rock.

"You had better take care," said he, quietly. "You might chance to touch me if you did that again."

"And if so? Even if so, eh? *Maledetto canaglia che tu sei?*"

Pliny did not understand the words, but the look and tone that accompanied them were intelligible enough. He colored high, but spoke still in the same quiet manner, that in its unaffected manliness had a certain dignity.

"You have told your wife in my presence that you had an antipathy to me—why, Heaven knows!—and that you had desired never to see me in your house. Even had I known this, I do not think it would have prevented me from coming—"

"Without doubt! Oh, without doubt! He is pleasant, this buffone!"

"But I did not know it. And my errand here to-night was—partly—to deliver a message to your wife from her father.

"You lie!" Cesare!! Per pieta!" cried Veronica, rising and holding up her hands as though to shut out the words from the surgeon's ears.

"Don't be afraid, Veronica," said Pliny, with a quivering lip, "I am not a child, to be carried away into passion by a vile, vulgar insult from one whom I despise."

"Be silent, then!" cried Cesare, turning on her with savage fury. He spoke now in his own language, and poured out a torrent of opprobrious taunts and invectives with the volubility of an angry lazzarone.

He was ignorant of Mr. Plew. Wild and incredible as the idea appeared to Veronica, it nevertheless was true. Some jocular disparagement of the vicar about Mr. Plew's old adoration for his daughter had first attracted his attention to the behavior of Veronica toward this man. He had been struck by the unexampled fact of her taking the trouble to write letters to him from Monte Magna. He had more than once told Veronica, as the reader knows, that the village surgeon was, as he phrased it, *sotto-prete di loro*. So all she persisted in communicating with him. Cesare had watched the posting of her letters. Why should she care to write to Mr. Plew? Friendship? Bah! He was not a fool. What friendship could there be between a man of brilliant young women like his wife and a man who, however unattractive he might be in Cesare's eyes, was still far from old, and, moreover, had loved Veronica in years gone by? Che, che! He did not love him, she declared. Then he must love to her. Cesare's jealousy was alert and furious at the thought. Then one night he comes home unexpectedly, and finds this man with his wife—with his wife, who had refused to go out with him in spite of his repeated requests to her to do so. She had been complaining of him, too, to this accursed doctor. Did he not see the torn sleeve, and the bruised arm? Assuredly he did. To preach that could lucrate a woman's feelings had he but heap on her the blame?

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" she cried, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples, "this is more than I can bear. Cesare, I implore you—I implore you—I implore you—I implore you, insanity—yes, insanity—is in your family—you will tell you now the truth. I can not remain with you. I have made up my mind to separate from you, and to live alone. You shall have the money—all the wicked, weary money: give me only enough to live on, and let me go. I am broken and crushed. I can bear no more."

"You hear the Signora Principessa?" said Cesare, pausing for a moment in his invectives.

"You hear her! Can not you, you valued friend, persuade her to be wise? I am her husband. Ah, I know your English law! I am master, she is slave. Can not you advise her? Eh? I fear you are disinclined to do so. I will give her wise. See, here is the fiasco nearly void. Do you not know that she has too great penchant for the wine, in these unfortunate days? Or did you perhaps teach her to love it, like the sister of the Signora?"

"You are more base and contemptible than I could have believed is possible for a man to be. I shall not remain longer in this house. Veronica! But I would have you know, and to understand, not to lay to my charge, that this visit was made by friends and protectors, and that the English law, which you profess to know so well, does not permit you to treat your wife with the brutality which I can bear witness."

"Ciuro a Dio!" cried Cesare, in a transport of fury. "This to me—to me! You are perhaps her protector—cane maledetto!"

"Don't go!" screamed Veronica, clinging to the surgeon's arm, and cowering away from her husband. "He will kill me when you are gone!"

With a tremendous effort Cesare seized a knife from the table, and made a thrust at the surgeon. Pliny caught the descending weapon, and, self between the two men, and the knife, glancing off Pliny's thick coat, was plunged into her side.

"O God! Veronica!" cried Pliny, instantly sorting her in his arms, and, as her weight sank, kneeling down upon the ground, and resting her head on his knee. "Oh, my beloved!"

Cesare stood transfixed and motionless, looking at the flowing blood. The long, black hair that covered the surgeon's knee, the white face that lay upon it.

"Get assistance! Call for help! You have murdered her. Veronica! Veronica!"

"I—is she dead?" said Cesare. Then, without waiting for a reply, he rushed out of the room with a long, tremendous step, descended the stairs with headlong vehemence, and was gone. The surgeon's cries presently brought up a crowd of startled servants, most of them beasts, and hurried with a revel they had been holding in their own domain, and which had been prolonged by hearing Cesare rush down the stairs and from the house. There was a chorus of exclamations—a confused Babel of voices. Then the old woman screamed murder.

"Silence, you fools!" she said. Help me to lay her on the couch."

He had snatched the blood as well as he could, and it still flowed, and as they lifted her to lay her on the couch it broke forth afresh, and left a ghastly path as it marked their path across the gayly-flowered carpet.

"Go for a doctor instantly! Go you!" said Mr. Plew, singling out one man who looked less scared and more self-possessed than the others. He was a groom, and had not long been in the prince's service.

"I am a medical man myself," said Mr. Plew, "but I must have assistance."

The man set off, promising to make good speed. Several doctors lived within a short distance of the house. He would not return without some one. Mr. Plew then asked for water and fresh linen, and, the servants all busy, he made two of the women assist him to do what could be done. They laid a white sheet over her, and put pillows and cushions beneath her head. In a few minutes, as he hung over her with an agonized face, she opened her eyes.

"Lord be merciful! She's alive!" cried one of the women.

Mr. Plew checked her by putting his hand over her mouth.

"Be quiet. It's a matter of life and death that you should be quiet. Veronica," he added, putting his lips close to her ear, and speaking very softly. "Do you know me?"

She formed the word "yes," with her colorless lips. Then her eyes languidly wandered about the room as though in search of some one. Then they met his face. She frowned. Cesare's absence. He had hitherto had eyes and ears only for her.

"Where is—your master?" he asked of one of the women, interpreting Veronica's look.

"Master? Master? I don't know! Did he come in?"

"Yes, yes; he was here. He was here just now."

"Then," cried one of the women, clasping her hands, "was it he that done it?"

Veronica made a violent effort to speak. "It was not all his fault," she gasped. "I—fell—on the knife."

The exertion was too great for her, and she drooped again. In a few moments the groom returned, bringing with him the doctor and a policeman.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END.

"THERE is not the least hope. You had better send for your friends at once. Are they in London? She can not last many hours."

The sickly gray dawn was creeping in at the windows of the room where Mr. Plew had watched all night by the side of the dying girl. Dying? Ay, ay, too surely. Both the surgeon's verdict had been uttered Mr. Plew had known full well, although he had striven against the knowledge, that it was beyond mortal skill to save her. The light of a shaded lamp struggled with the dawn, but he had not dared to remove Veronica from the couch on which she had been placed at first. The growing daylight gradually revealed more and more of the horrible aspect of the chamber. The contrast of its gaudy richness and bright gilding with the awful stains that ran along the floor, and with the ghastly whiteness of the covering that concealed the helpless form on the couch, and with the blanched and forlorn, disheveled hair tossed wildly around it, was horrible.

They had cut the hair off roughly here and there, in jagged owls, to keep it from distressing her by its weight and heat. Both the doctors had at first conceived in thinking that there might be some hope. When it was desired to take her dangerous, the medical men had said that to disturb her with questions would be at that moment cruelty. But she had lain in this quiet and patience, she might be able by-and-by to speak.

Meanwhile search was being made for her guilty husband, who, it was clear, had fled from the consequences of his crime. But, after two hours, a violent fever set in. From that moment Mr. Plew knew that she was doomed. She had been delirious all night, and had asked constantly for water, water, water. But she spoke chiefly in Italian. Her faithful, loving friend had watched by her through the long night of agony, such as breaks the heart and blanches the head. Then, with the first light of morning, came the words that head this chapter:

"There is no hope."

Her father had been telegraphed for, but it was scarcely possible that she should survive to see him, for illness was the utmost speed he could.

After the long night of pain, fever, and delirium, the first rays of morning found the sufferer sleeping. It seemed not, indeed, so much a sleep as a lethargy that weighed on her eyelids, surrounded by the violet circles that made the pallor of her cheeks and brow startling.

"Has any news been heard of the man—the Prince Cesare," asked the London physician, in a low voice, of Mr. Plew. The former had not raised the head supported by Veronica's couch, as her old friend had done. He had contented himself with sending a nurse, and promising to come again in the early morning. This promise he had kept. Mr. Plew shook his head in answer to the doctor's question.

"I hope they'll catch the villain," said the physician.

Mr. Plew at that moment had no thought or care for Cesare's punishment. His whole soul seemed to hang upon the prostrate form from which the life was ebbing away drop by drop.

"The magistrate will be here by-and-by," said the doctor.

"She must not be disturbed!" said Mr. Plew. "She must not be tortured."

The physician slightly shrugged his shoulders, and looked at the sleeper with a cool compassion in his face. "They must not delay very long, if they want to see her alive. The end is near," said he.

Mr. Plew remained perfectly still, watching her face, from which he did not withdraw his eyes for a moment, even in addressing the other man. His hands were folded together on his breast. In his heart he was praying that she might regain consciousness, and recognize him, before the end.

"O Lord, may this grace be vouchsafed to me!"

No ran his prayer.

Mr. Plew was not unskilled in his own science, and he did not pray for her recovery. That, he thought he, was to a miracle. A man can not hope for a miracle. It did not occur to him that any special answer to special prayer must be miraculous. The human heart is complex and illogical, and desires many contradictory influences from the simplest premise. Half an hour passed. Then there came a ring at the door, which sounded with painful metallic vibrations through the hushed house.

"I will go down and see them," said the physician, divining who the early visitors must be, and not sorry to leave a scene in which he could be of no use.

"But must she be disturbed," said Mr. Plew, still without moving or changing the fixed direction of his glance. The other nodded, and noiselessly left the room. The hired nurse sat, with closed eyes, in a chair in a distant corner of the room. She was not fully asleep; but she took a measure of repose in the half-waking fashion remembered by her avocations. There was a muffled sound of feet below; the closing of a door—then all was still.

Suddenly the surgeon's gaze, instead of looking on closed, violet-tinted eyelids, with their heavy black fringe, met a pair of wide-open, beguard eyes, that looked strange, but not wild: eyes without meaning.

"Mr. Plew!"

The whispered sound of his own name made him leap suddenly in his seat. All the night she had been calling on Cesare, begging him to save her from *him or other*; imploring him to give her a drink of water; appointing an hour for him to meet her in the Villa Resie: always associating him with some horror or trouble. And now she spoke in Italian; but her husband's name, and even his other words, had been heard to pass the watcher an idea of the images that filled her poor fevered brain.

"My dearest," he answered.

She feebly moved her hand, and he took it in his own. She looked her eyes full upward, as though to signify that that was what she had desired him to do.

Then she opened her eyes again, and looking at him with a terrible, wide stare, whispered, "Shall I die?"

His face was wrung with a bitter agony as he saw her plaintive, pleading face, full of the vague terror of a frightened child. He pressed her hand gently, and stroked the matted hair from her forehead. He tried to speak comfort to her. But it was in vain. *He had not lied* to her then.

"Don't let me die! I am very young. *Can't* I get better? Oh, can't I get better? I am so afraid! Keep me with you. Hold my hand. Don't let me go!"

"Veronica! My only love! Be calm! Have faith in me!"

"Oh, but I am afraid. It is so dreadful to—die!"

She hid her face against his hand, and moaned and murmured a little incoherently.

"Our Father, have mercy upon her!" sobbed the surgeon. But even as he sobbed he was careful to suppress the convulsive heaving of his chest, so far as it was in his power to command it, lest it should shake the hand she clung to.

Again she moved her head enough to enable her to look at him. "Are you there?" she said. "You can pray. God will hear you. Will he?—will he?—will he?" Oh, yes; yes! and Maud. You and Maud—you and— Do you see that tombstone in St. Giles's graveyard? I dreamed once that I was going to marry you, and *he* started out from behind the tombstone to forbid it. That was a dream. But the tombstone is there: white, all white on the turf. Don't you see it?"

"Veronica! Do you hear me?"

"Yes—Mr. Plew. Poor Mr. Plew! He loved me. Was it you?"

"I loved you. I love you. Listen! Do you think you can pray?"

"O-h-h-h! I am afraid! But if you say—if you say it—I will try."

He uttered a short prayer.

"Do you forgive all those who have done you wrong?"

"Forgive! I am very sorry. I am sorry. I hope they will forgive me. Yes: I forgive."

"My darling, let me kiss you. You are not in pain?"

"No. It is so dark now! That old yew-tree shadow that will grow too much. I wish I could go away where there is more light, shan't we? We won't stay here."

"We will go where there is more light, my treasure. Lean your dear head on my arm, beloved. You can not feel pain with me near."

"Not frightened now; tired—so tired! How dark the yew-tree makes the window! Ah!"

She gave a long, quivering sigh, and drooped her head quite down upon his hand.

* * * * * * *

When they came to see if the sufferer could be spoken to, they found him standing, rigid, with her fingers locked in his. He had his hand to warn them to be silent as they entered.

"She must not be disturbed!" he whispered.

Disturbed! echoed the physician, advancing hastily. "She will never be disturbed more. My dear Sir, you must compose yourself. I feel for your grief. You were evidently much attached to the unfortunate lady. But there is no more to be done—she is dead."

* * * * * * *

Several years later there arrived in Leghorn, from the United States, an Italian—a sicilian he called himself—who was supposed by those who understood such matters to be mixed up with certain political movements, of a republican tendency, in the South. He was an agent of Mazzini, said one. He was a rich adventurer, who had been a filibuster, said another. He was a mere adventurer of industrie, declared a third, and the speaker remembered his face in more than one capital of Europe. Doubtless he had been attracted to the neighborhood of Florence by its

recent elevation to the rank of a metropolis. Or it might be that he had made New York too hot to hold him.

One night there was a disturbance at a low café in Leghorn, near the port, frequented chiefly by Greek sailors. A man was stabbed to the heart, and his assassin, a certain Greek of infamous character, named Polypopulo, was condemned to the galleys for life.

Of the murdered man little was known. The landlord of the café deposed that he had entered his house together with the Greek, the latter seeming more lavishly provided with ready cash than was his wont; that he (the landlord), perceiving that the stranger was of a different class to the generality of his customers, was induced by curiosity to pay some attention to his conversation (in other words, to listen at the door of the miserable room occupied by the Greek); that he had heard the two men quarreling, and the Greek especially insisting on a large sum of money, increasing over and over again that twenty thousand francs was a cheap price to let him off at. He supposed there had been a struggle, for he had soon heard a scuffling noise, and the voice of Polypopulo crying out that he should not serve him as he had served his wife! He had got assistance, and broken open the door. By the time he was dead: stabbed to the heart. Che vuole? Pazienza! Polypopulo had tried to escape by the window, but was too great a coward to leap. So they caught him. That was all he knew. Ecco!

The murdered man was known in Leghorn as Cesare Cesarino. But there was more than one disinguished noble who could have given a different name to him. But they never thought of doing so. The man was dead. There had been sundry unpleasant circumstances connected with his history. And would it not have been exceedingly reasonable to stir up all those disagreeable recollections, to the annoyance of a really illustrious Neapolitan family, who had become quite the talking of society since their wealth, or wealth from the sale of some property to an English company, had afterward served to smash?

Che, che! let by-gones be by-gones!

So Cesare de' Barletti sleeps in a pauper's grave, and the more people know of his story the more.

Maud was not told of Veronica's tragic fate until some weeks after her marriage—her husband feeling that it would cast a deep gloom over the early brightness of their wedded life. Her grief, when she knew the truth, was sincere and intense. And her only consolation was—as she often said to the poor sorrower—that they had her dear girl had died with his loving hand in hers, and had not been quite lonely and abandoned at the last.

The vicar's affliction was more demonstrative, but briefer, Maud. In less than a month's time enough in the present to prevent his brooding over the past. His young wife speedily discovered the anomalous nature of her husband's grief received by the gentry, and looked on with cold jealousy by those of her own station. She became fretful and saturnine, and turned out to have a shrewish tongue, and to be energetic in the using of it. And the vulgar family connections threatened all the scarcely, and lorded it over the vicar as the very callousness of religion.

Old Joanna left her old master with regret. But, as she said, she could not stand being envied over by Mrs. Meggitt. The landlord of the man went to live with Mrs. Hugh Lockwood, whose children—especially a boy about a little girl, named Veronica—she spoiled with supreme satisfaction to herself, and under the delusion that her discipline was Spartan in its rigor.

Miss Turtle inherited a trifling legacy from a bachelor uncle, who was a trustee in London on the strength of which legacy she set up a dayschool for the children of small shop-keepers, and such people, as she was very genteel, very modest, and very industrious, she prospered. She never married; and she and Mr. Plow continued fast friends to the end of their days.

Of the little surgeon—if these pages have succeeded in preserving him as he was—it need not be said that his life continued to be one of humble usefulness and activity. He was never merry, and seldom so outwardly sorrowful as total —sad. Once a year he made a pilgrimage to London, where he visited a lonely tomb in a suburban cemetery. But of these visits he never spoke.

And it was observed in him that, while he was always kind and gentle to all children, he was especially attached to one of Maud's little girls. But he always gave her the uncouth name she had bestowed upon herself in her baby efforts to talk—Wonca!—and he never called her Veronica!

THE END.

HAND-SHAKING.

How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man can not well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, neither is he able to deliver a blow with a villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and good-will, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen; unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They can not be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting not common to themselves; and, unless such persons are very closely related to them, they do not shake hands. In such cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Some ladies use the "robustious" to a altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vise, and as if they, in a fit of antique prepense, resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mince-meat. And while they are doing of agony runs into your eyes, and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, as if they were giving you delicious of their strength, and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and must all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze is the manifestation. They would excel all the more-refined of their sex in such hand-shaking in rescuing you from danger, if you were in it, or in doing battle against your enemies if you were assailed by superior numbers. Yet when such seemingly cordial good fellows manifest the same cordiality toward people whom they never feel the least friendship, and toward those prith whom they may have been intimate for years, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that they act from habit, rather than from the ebullition of the feelings of all the while to be worldly, he who squeezes your hand in this excruciating fashion, on a false pretense, is a hypocrite. Big dislocates your joints to convince you that he love you very dearly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you, or feels glad that you are in "great shakes" after all, or, worse still, abuses you behind your back in the basest companions whom he meets. Him, in his turn, he serves in the same manner, and gradually establishes for himself the character, "a good fellow," despite of being a snob and a humbug of a particularly offensive type.

Another, and even more odious kind of hand shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it; one of whom it has been sung—

"With finger tip he condescends
To touch the hand of friends,
As if he feared their palms might brand
Some social stigma on the hand."

To be treated with the cool contempt or supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies, is more than the flesh can endure. Better a foeman, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he can not be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a superior being, and will not admit your equality even by the touch of hand and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shaken rather than to the pride of the shaker. Such a man will not hold his hand out far enough to enable another to grasp it. This is a fault, a great fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of him who would gladly shake with him.

Another hand-shaker whose method is intolerable, and with whom it is impossible to remain on friendly terms, is the one who offers you one finger instead of the tips of the whole five, as much as to say, "I would have offered you pied in myself, or think too little of you, to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of sentiments but the barest possible courtesy is rendered difficult by any one who has the misfortune to be shaken.

To shake hands without removing the glove is an act of discourtesy, which, if unintentional and thoughtless, requires an apology for the seeming inadvertence which led to it. This idea would also seem to be an accurate one, and to rest on the notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship require that the right hand should be offered with both gloves off.

To refuse pointedly to shake hands with one who offers you the opportunity in a friendly manner amounts to a declaration of hostility. And where a quarrel—or act of discourtesy for the acceptance of the hand offered is alike the sign and the ratification of peace.

The nations of continental Europe are scarcely so much addicted to hand-shaking as the English, while the Orientals have a mode of their own less demonstrative and apparently cordial than the Americans, in which the hand is not offered or even hand-shaking at all. The Turk, for instance, places his hand upon his breast, his forehead, and his mouth, in succession, and thus conveys the assurance that he is sincere, or at least intends to be so. The Japanese, on the other hand, touch the ground with the forehead, and remain in that position for a length of time, which is supposed to be proportioned to the depth of their respect.

Our own Indians, who are Orientals in their habits of thought, have a mode of their own of expressing their friendship, which is not unlike that of the Japanese. They sit down in front of the person whom they wish to honor, and remain in silence for a length of time, which is supposed to be proportioned to the depth of their respect.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FLYBOOTA CURTIS, of Brooklyn, and its current, unfashionable name, are well known throughout the country. And the fact that on the beautiful Sabbath that dawned on the morning of May ninety-eight persons united with that church, is of interest to many outside the immense throng that passed its doors on Sunday. The first Sunday in May has been regarded as a sacred and joyful anniversary in Plymouth Church since about eleven years ago, when two hundred individuals together made a public profession of their Christian faith. And then, May morning the pastor, whom which is the pastor's pulpit, was fragrant with the blossoms of spring, and the platform and ante-room stands, while a double border of mosses and trailing vines surrounded the entire platform. Some of the flowers were sent as a memorial of loved friends "not lost, but gone before," to whom the day had been consecrated; others, "the first-fruits to be wafted, by who squeezes your hand in this excruciating fashion, on a false pretense, is a hypocrite. Big dislocates your joints to convince you that he love you very dearly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you, or feels glad that you are in "great shakes" after all, or, worse still, abuses you behind your back in the basest companions whom he meets. Him, in his turn, he serves in the same manner, and gradually establishes for himself the character, "a good fellow," despite of being a snob and a humbug of a particularly offensive type.

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The divorce courts would make much of a certain law passed in England in 1770, if it could be re-enacted now. This is to the effect, "If any person, who shall by means of force or of blaze, of perfumes, of essences, of artificial teeth, of false hair, of cotton, of paper, of false busts or boops, of high-heeled shoes, or of false hips, entice any of his Majesty's male subjects into marriage, he, or she, shall incur the penalty, and the marriage shall be declared null and void."

An old-fashioned American, after having viewed the wonders of the Rhine with his accustomed eagerness, was asked his opinion of it. "Wa'al, Sir," said he, "it is not at equal to our North River. We haven't got them old castles, to be sure; but our water's as broad, and our rocks air twice as big and mostly perpendicular." A Frenchman remarked that the scenery on the Rhine were extremely picturesque, he coolly replied, "Yes, Sir, very much. I wonder if one could n't just put up a few if we offered them the contract; but our folks don't seem to think much of ruins, Sir, and when you come to think of it, you can't say there's much use in 'em."

Harriet Hosmer has received an order from the children of Edward Everett for a monument of bronze and red sandstone, to be placed in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Ever since the city passenger cars have been running in Baltimore, colored people, though paying the same fare as white, have been compelled to ride upon the front platform. No seats were provided, and only the roof overhead protected them from the storm. Now, for has been recently brought into the United States Circuit Court, where it was explicitly declared that the law confers an equality of accommodations provided for all classes. Consequently the railroad authorities have been ordered to provide seats for colored people. It is, however, predicted that white people will prefer anything to the privilege of horses to waiting for others, provided white people are to be "allowed" in those reserved for colored people!

Since the fourteenth birthday of the Prince Imperial of France he has been by every act of flattery to the government of his household is as valid as if he were born in a palace. He is said to be a lovable boy with many good qualities to outweigh the prominent defect of disorder and boyishness, which is not to be reconciled by the habitual politeness of address ingbut by education. He is well informed on general subjects, but has no taste for school. In a word, he is what he was taken by the Empress to be presented to the inhabitants of Bordeaux: a child in consequence of a shock given to his nerves by the sudden firing of a cannon at that time, until last year, even the report of a pistol would cause him to turn pale, while the same can down his cheeks in spite of self-command which prevented him from uttering any exclamation indicative of the annoyance it gave him. His present excellent health and fine appearance have enabled him to overcome the most trying of the ordeals to which, although but a child, he has been exposed, the dislike which seeks avoidance still remains.

Somebody suggests that the marriage service should now be changed to read, "Who dares take this woman?" As the groom can then answer, "I dare," even if he feels courageous enough when the crisis comes.

Last April Wagner's great opera, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," was performed for the first time in Munich, under Wagner's direction. The whole spot in the house was unoccupied, and hundreds applied in vain for tickets. A musical critic in the place was of course heightened by the conflicting opinions which prevail in musical circles about the merits of Wagner's operatic compositions. The task of bringing the "Meistersinger" before the public was anything but easy. Even the King himself for a long time having been judged necessary. On the whole, the execution of the performance was good, and the performance was well received. The "Meistersinger" is Wagner's first attempt at the comic opera; and those who know him only though his graver compositions can not but wonder at the versatility of his powers.

It is rumored that Ristori, having a young and handsome husband to provide for and children, and thinking that it will be a good means of furthering their interests, has decided indefinitely to act as a nurse, is about to leave the stage, and, as Marchioness del Grillo, settle in her native city.

One of the games much appreciated by the Emperor of France is that of *Les Définitions*, at which he has made the Prince Imperial an great an adept as himself. In this game the boy has never to be the master the mysteries of its construction. One night great laughter was created in the imperial circle by the question propounded by M. Labrière: "What is a usurer?" "An unlawful banker," replied the Emperor, quickly. "Then what is a banker?" asked the Empress, in some surprise, as the laughter went round. "Why, a lawful usurer, to be sure!" replied the Emperor, amidst a perception of merriment, as the circle felt that the Emperor does not consider bankers, and there were two of the fraternity present at the moment, who joined in the laugh, notwithstanding the political nature of the joke.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. FORSTER, M.P.

WILLIAM E. FORSTER, M.P.

THIS distinguished English statesman, who has peculiar claims to the respect of Americans, was the son of WILLIAM FORSTER, a minister of the society of Friends, and was born at Bradpole, Dorsetshire, England, July 11, 1818. He was educated at Tottenham, in the school belonging to his society, and afterward settled at Bradford as a worsted manufacturer. In April, 1859, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament at Leeds: but in February, 1861, he was returned for Bradford, for which borough he has continued to sit. In politics he is what is termed a "Philosophical Radical," and by his great ability has won for himself a foremost position in his party.

MR. FORSTER has made his mark in Parliament less by oratorical eloquence—for he is not what is generally termed an eloquent speaker—than by his thorough mastery of the subjects with which he dealt, and by his power, so valuable in debate, of being able to convince waverers, if not convert opponents. A memorable instance of this occurred in the important debate on the blockade of our Southern ports early in the war, when the English government, sore pressed by the opposition argument that the blockade was but a paper one, and ought therefore to be disregarded, was saved by the timely rising of Mr. FORSTER, who, with hard facts admirably arranged and well argued, knocked the paper theory to pieces, and saved the ministry from what would probably have led to war between England and America. MR. FORSTER holds an honorable position in the Cabinet—that of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, which he is well fitted to occupy by training, sound judgment on the matter of national education, and general acquaintance with the requirements of the working-classes.

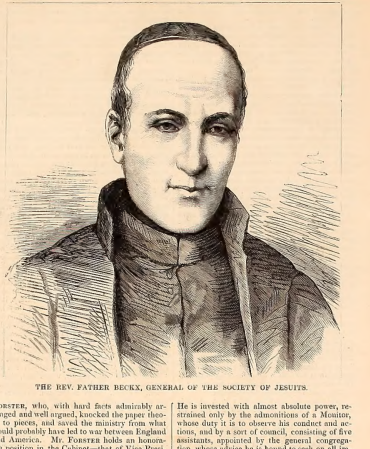

THE REV. FATHER BECKX, GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUITS.

THE JESUIT GENERAL.

As every thing connected with the powerful society of Jesuits derives new interest at present from their influence on the great questions now before the Œcumenical Council, we give this week the portrait of the Rev. Father BECKX, who has been their General since his election in 1853. The General of this society is second only to the Pope in ecclesiastical importance. He is invested with almost absolute power, restrained only by the admonitions of a Monitor, whose duty it is to observe his conduct and actions, and by a sort of council, consisting of five assistants, appointed by the general congregation, whose advice he is bound to seek on all important occasions.

The operations of this powerful society embrace every part of the world, and are carried on by means of the most intricate and ingenious machinery ever contrived by man. The society is divided into five classes: 1st. Professed Members (*Professi*); 2d, Spiritual Coadjutors; 3d, Lay Coadjutors; 4th, Approved Pupils; 5th, The Novices. The professed members constitute the governing body of the society, and take upon themselves a fourth vow to go as missionaries wherever the Pope may send them. The spiritual coadjutors take the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, but not the fourth. The approved pupils are students accepted after a novitiate of two years, and on taking the three vows. In this second stage of his ecclesiastical

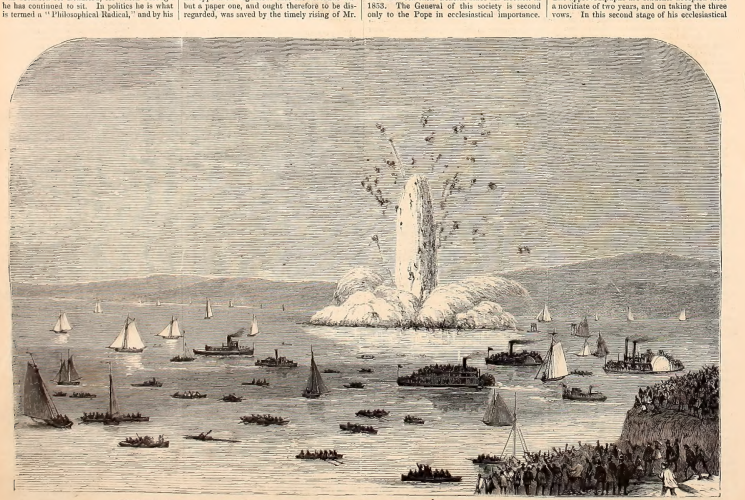

BLOWING UP BLOSSOM ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY L. R. TOWNSEND.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

AFTER THE MATINEE.

training, the pupils sometimes devote fifteen years, or even more, to study and teaching. At the end of this period they may take the fourth vow in regard to missions. They are prohibited from accepting ecclesiastical honors unless by direct command of the sovereign pontiff: and their whole life must have but one aim—the advancement of the order to which they are attached. The Jesuit is not allowed to accumulate personal wealth, but is obliged to labor incessantly to increase the wealth, power, and influence of the society. This entire self-abnegation is the secret of the success of the Jesuits as an order.

From his residence in Rome the General directs the movements of the society in every part of the world, by means of a system in which the act of *espionage* is brought to perfection. Every month or every quarter he receives reports from the heads of all subordinate departments; and every third year the catalogues of every province, with detailed reports on the capacity and conduct of every member, are laid before him. Besides this, the most active correspondence is maintained with all parts of the world, in order to supply the officers of the society with the information they require. In the central house at Rome are kept voluminous registers, in which are inscribed the names of all Jesuits, of their adherents, and of all the considerable persons, whether friends or enemies, with whom they have any connection. In these registers, we are told, "are reported, without alteration, without hatred, without passion, the facts relating to the life of each individual. It is the most gigantic biographical collection that has ever been formed. The frailties of a woman, the secret errors of a statesman, are chronicled in these books with the same cold impartiality. Drawn up for the purpose of being useful, these biographies are necessarily exact. When the Jesuits wish to influence an individual, they have but to turn to these volumes to know immediately his life, his character, his faults, his family, his friends, his most secret ties." By the use of such machinery the order has attained its high position and wide-spread influence.

In EUGENE SUE'S powerful novel, "The Wandering Jew," there is a remarkable scene between the Marquis D'Aigrigny, General of the order of Jesuits, who once had held a command in the French army, and his former mistress. The Marquis is lamenting that he had never been able to attain to the complete abnegation demanded by the order. She replies:

"No doubt, Frederic, such renunciations are painful—but, in return, what influence! what power!"

"True," said the Marquis, after a moment's silence; "what would you not sacrifice for such a reward, over the mighty of the earth, over the people, openly? Yes, you are right, Rose; that I have just made, has given me a new idea of our formidable power."

"Oh yes! that power is great, very great," said the Princess; "and the more formidable and sure because it acts mysteriously on the mind and the conscience."

"Listen, Hermina!" said the Marquis; "I have had under my orders a magnificent regiment. Often have I felt the vigorous and deep enjoyment of command. At my voice my cuirassiers were all in motion, the trumpets sounded—my officers, glittering with gold embroidery, flew to repeat my orders—and when

all those brave and ardent soldiers, marked with the scars of battle, than I observed a stir there. I felt myself proud and strong, looking in my hand, as it were, the courage that I could wish to possess in a world controlled by fear and selfishness. Well, in spite of our evil days, I am powerful, at the head of this black stranger and his race, which thinks, wills, acts, obeys, the passive instruments of my designs."

The man who now wields this tremendous power is a quiet, refined Belgian priest, about seventy-five years of age—a man of great energy, shrewdness, and practical wisdom. He is the twenty-second man who has held the position of General since the foundation of the order.

OLD LOVES.

WAITING beside a brook to-day.
By the ripple of sunny dawn,
I thought of the girl who had loved me once,
When life was all in tune.

Gazing into the brook, I saw
Her face as it looked of old;
The smiling lips that were rosy once,
With kisses that now are cold.

Listening beside the brook, I heard
Her laugh and quick replies;
Sparkling without its sheen, I saw
The light of her glorious eyes.

Stooping beside the brook, I said,
"O brook, with song and whirl,
You can give back all my old vain dream,
But never that darling girl!"

THE MONSTER BLAST.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO artist sends us a spirited illustration of the monster blast by which the beautiful harbor of that city was recently deliv-ered from the obstruction known as "Blossom Rock." This was a mass of rather soft sand-stone, about one hundred and eighty feet long, ninety feet wide, with abrupt sides and a comparatively smooth surface. It lay near the chan-nel, and a large number of vessels have been wrecked on it, notwithstanding its exact location was known and marked with a buoy. At inter-vals during the past twelve or fifteen years efforts have been made by government engineers to either remove the rock or reduce it so low as to allow ships to pass over it; but every attempt ended in failure.

About a year ago Colonel A. W. VON SCHMIDT was awarded the contract for the removal of this dangerous obstruction to the navigation of the harbor. A coffer-dam was ingeniously con-structed on the surface of the rock, and within this shaft a tunnel was sunk to the depth of twelve feet, and from the bottom tunnels were run in every direction. The lower part of the rock was cut out, was hoisted up and, by means of an immense crane, swung off into deep water. The excavation, when completed, resembled an immense bake-oven. Its dimensions were as fol-lows: Extreme length, 132 feet; width, 60 feet; height at the sides, 12 feet; the bottom, 8 feet; the thickness of the crust or shell, about 10 feet 6 inches, as near as could be ascertained.

Into this chamber twenty-three tons of Cali-fornia blasting powder were packed in barrels, and connected by wires with a battery placed on a scow one thousand yards distant from the rock. Saturday, the 7th of April, was fixed upon as the day for the blast; and for days previous it was the sole theme of conversation in San Francisco. All manner of conjectures were indulged in. Some people thought it would shake the city like an earthquake; others that every vessel in the bay would suffer more or less damage, and that not a fish within a radius of five miles would be alive after the explosion. When the day ar-rived every wharf whence the rock could be seen was covered with spectators. The entire shore of the bay was dotted with steamers and boats of every description. Every roof commanding a view of the harbor was crowded. Probably fifty thou-sand people were gathered to witness.

Precisely at two o'clock the blast was ignited, and a magnificent spectacle rewarded the pa-tience of the watchers. A single jet of water, probably fifty feet in diameter, was thrown into the air to the height of nearly 300 feet, while an instant later only 110 feet above the sea at first white with foam, and then cream-colored as the spray died out, showing the water discol-ored with the mud and rock, was the limit of elevation perhaps a hundred feet less. High above the water could be discovered, flying through the air, pieces of timber and rock, some of which were thrown a distance of a thousand yards. A few seconds later a second explosion took place, and then the agitated waters settled quietly over the spot, and the grand spectacle was ended.

DEAD CALM.

CALMS are quite as natural as storms in the ocean, though far less frequent. The varying heat at the surface of the earth is the main cause of both of them. Trade-winds, monsoons, si-mooms, aircoca—all depend on the fact that one locality is warmer than another, and that air rushes in from the colder to the warmer regions. The daily rotation of the earth determines the direction of some of these winds, but the winds themselves owe their origine to the cause just named. There are two kinds of calms—those which depend permanently on the latitude, and those which result from temporary peculiarities in winds counteractive of each other. The for-mer are for the more important of the two. There is a *region of calms* near the equator. When the sun is in the northern hemisphere (our winter), the calms extend nearly from the equator to the lat-itude of England. Only a small portion of this wide-spreading region is, however, calm at any one time, a belt varying from two to ten degrees of latitude in width. This belt is always north of the equator in the Atlantic, a fact supposed to be due, in some degree, to the relative conform-ation of Africa and America.

It is often a terrible time while a ship is pass-ing through these calms. If the vessel be a steam-er, she can forge along by paddle or screw, wheth-er there be any wind or not. But if she be under sailing ship, she remains like a log on the wa-ter—her sails flapping utterly useless. The tem-perature in those latitudes is usually very high; and in such cases the mariners are exposed to a fierce heat which there is no escaping. The old navigators, before the days of steam, suffered more from the calms than from the severest storms of the present day, and their narratives contain frequent allusions to these matters. Adamson, who coasted along the west side of Africa about a hundred and twenty years ago, says: "At the time when we were within two hundred leagues of the coast, between seventeen and eighteen de-grees of latitude, a calm came on which lasted almost three days, with sufficient weather, that I was so still that the ship did not seem to change situation. During this time the provisions began to be in a vessel becalmed, and nothing more dreadful than to be fair out at sea when pro-visions begin to run short."

But the extraordinary part of this phenomenon is the danger which it sometimes incur of slowly grinding and crushing each other. It is about the very last thing we should expect in ves-sels lying motionless on the water. Some kind of attraction seems to arise, the nature of which has not been fully ascertained. Captain Basil Hall states that many such instances as the fol-lowing are known to have occurred. An awk-ward alarm prevails among the crews when they perceive two ships slowly drifting toward each other. The motion, slow and gentle as it may appear to the eye, becomes irresistible in its force. As the chances are against the two ves-sels moving exactly in the same direction and at the same moment, they must speedily grind or tear each other to pieces. Supposing them to come in contact side by side, the first collision would probably tear away the fore and main chains of each ship in the beginning of the shock; and entangling the spars of one ship with the shrouds and back-stays of the other, would in all likeli-hood bring down the masts of both ships—not piecemeal, but in one furious crash. "Beneath all this would be the coils of cordage, rigging, and the enormous folds of canvas, might be crushed many of the best hands, who, from being always the foremost to run aloft and the last to descend in danger, are surest to be sacrificed. After the first catastrophe, the ships would drift clear of each other, to run one another to a little while, only to tum-ble together again and again, till they had ground one another to bits. Not a mast, not a spar, not a rope of them would fill and go down. In such en-counters it is impossible to stop the mischief, and oak and iron, like bones and flesh, are pieces like sealing-wax or pie-crust.

"Of course we are to suppose that such ter-rible disasters are always, or even generally, the result of being becalmed. Only under special circumstances can they occur. Thus usually, the mariners are able to detect the approach of this very dangerous calm long before it comes. It They hoist out the boats in readiness, and tow the two ships to a safe distance apart, or, which is generally more effectual, they get up steam in opposite positions; seeing that every ship, by its very build, has within it a kind of anchor to keep ahead rather than astern. When there is not a breath of wind to act upon the sails there may still be a slight movement in the water beneath, and the sailors have a method of ascertaining in which direction it sets. They throw over a row boat out to a little distance from the ship, and throw overboard a jib-mast, weighing forty pounds or so, attached to a line. When they expect a to depth of two hundred fathoms, where it acts (we quaintly still in the days of steam) as anchor to keep the boat in its place. The boat turns its head in the direction of whatever current there may be, and the ship follows in her wake.

Nor are we to suppose that the calm latitudes are often absolutely calm, else steamers from the English ports to India would espy those fleets of helpless mid-ocean very time of steaming up and down the Atlantic. There are, however, some-times blow in the Region of Calms, usually from some point between south and west; and besides this, the calms are frequently interrupted, and by a wind which lasts a quarter of an hour or twen-ty minutes. Sometimes even a belt of well-defined cloud forms near the east, and is followed by a sharp gust of wind for a few minutes, ac-companied by drops of rain. All this work clears off, and the calm resumes its monotonous reign. The navigator makes use of every such puff of wind as a godsend, helping him by some short distance across the Region of Calms.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

THE energy with which in recent times men have sought to master the problem of deep-sea sounding and deep-sea dredging is, perhaps, one of the most striking instances ever afforded of the charm which the unknown possesses for mankind. Not long ago, one of the most eminent geographers of the sea spoke regretfully about the small knowledge men have obtained of the depths of ocean. "Greater difficulties," he remarked, "than any presented by the problem of deep-sea research have been overcome in other branches of physical inquiry. Astronomers have measured the volumes and weighed the masses of the most distant planets, and increased thereby the stock of human knowledge. Is it creditable to the age that the depths of the sea should remain in the category of unsolved problems? that its 'ooze and bottom' should be a sealed volume, rich with ancient and eloquent legends, and suggestive of many an instructive lesson that might be useful and profitable to man?"

Since that time, however, deep-sea dredging has gradually become more and more thoroughly understood and mastered. Seas so deep that many of the loftiest summits of the Alps might be completely buried beneath them have been explored. Dredges weighing, with their load of mud, nearly half a ton have been hauled up without a hitch from depths of some 14,000 feet. But not merely has comparatively rough work of this sort been achieved, but by a variety of ingenious contrivances men of science have been able to measure the temperature of the sea at depths where the pressure is so enormous as to be equivalent to a weight of more than 450 tons on every square foot of surface.

No light can be supposed to penetrate the enormous depths just spoken of. Therefore, how certainly we might conclude that there can be no life there! If, instead of dealing with the habitability of planets, Whewell, in his "Plurality of Worlds," had been considering the question whether at depths of two or three miles living creatures could subsist, how convincingly would he have proved the absurdity of such a supposition! Intense cold, perfect darkness, and a per-

IN THE PASTURE.—[FROM A PAINTING BY R. ANSDELL, A.R.A.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

☞ *Our readers will find in this Number of the* WEEKLY *the opening chapters of a very interesting account of* THE TRAVELS IN ARMENIA, *profusely illustrated from his own sketches. This will be followed by similar narratives of* TRAVEL *in various other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their several fields. The manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers hope that this and subsequent papers will be met with as one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever had before their readers.*

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PARAGUAY AND ITS DICTATORS

GENERAL M'MAHON, late United States Minister in Paraguay, writes us a note concerning the interesting semi-tropical trade by us in a recent article upon LOPEZ. The substance of the view taken by us has always been that our government should be at the most absolute despotism, and that nothing was more preposterous than the appeal to the republican principles of this country as to Secession. In the particular article to which the General refers we spoke of slavery as existing in Paraguay as in Brazil, and of the skilful ALBERDI as the nephew and immediate successor of DR. FRANCIA. General M'MAHON states that slavery was abolished in Paraguay twenty years ago, and that the elder LOPEZ was neither the nephew nor the immediate successor of FRANCIA, who was succeeded by a committee of two members. The relationship is of no importance. If the elder LOPEZ were not the nephew of FRANCIA, he was probably believed to be so upon the Plate River. As for the other points, let us see.

The ecclesiastical absolutism of the Jesuits in Paraguay prepared the country for political despotism. DR. FRANCIA caused himself to be named Dictator for life in 1817. He made no relentless. Those who opposed it were shot. He closed the country to the world, imprisoned foreigners, and put to death those of all subjects whom he found endeavoring to escape. He died in 1840. His successors were the elder LOPEZ and another person as Consuls. But LOPEZ very soon disembarrassed himself of his colleague, and made himself "President." After FRANCIA's death the will of LOPEZ, whether as Consul or as "President," was supreme, and we therefore call him, and generally, FRANCIA's immediate successor. He also continued FRANCIA's policy. The seventh article of the Constitution which LOPEZ wrote made the authority of the President unlimited whenever he chose to think it necessary, and without responsibility of any kind. The Congress was to meet once in every five years. Its sessions lasted usually five days, and were devoted to voting the acts of the Executive. The Presidential term was ten years, but this was a feint merely, and in 1844 the Congress made the elder LOPEZ perpetual Dictator. In 1856 it authorized him to designate his successor by secret will. The Dictator had unrestricted control over the post, the roads, the education of the people, the finances, and the police, and "he was the exclusive judge of all political offenses and of the most important legal cases. Two-thirds of the landed estate belonged to the government, that is, to the Dictator, and he was the sole merchant. Guarantees of liberty were wholly unknown. There was no freedom of the press, of assembly, of worship in the matter, and left the country by will to his son, the late Dictator.

This was the "republic," as it is called, in which General M'MAHON says that slavery was abolished more than twenty-five years ago. But M. SARMIENTO, the President of the Argentine Republic, the ablest and best informed of South American statesmen, under whose administration, inspired by the spirit of our own institutions, the country is the most progressive and hopeful of South American states, says that slavery existed in Paraguay precisely as it did in Brazil. The Consul-Elect, Mr. CHARLES ASCHENFELDT, wrote to the present Provisional Government of Paraguay, soliciting the abolition of slavery, and it was decreed. The Argentine Consul, General's twenty-five years, the elder LOPEZ, in a decree concerning the revenue from stamped paper, ordained that the "slave trade should be authorized (or licensed) under the stamp No. 4." If there were a decree in Paraguay prohibiting slavery, it was not known to M. SARMIENTO, nor to the Count D'EU, and it was disregarded by the elder LOPEZ, which, of course, would not be surprising. But General M'MAHON will refer us to the document, we will certainly own that in company with those who may be presumed to know the facts, we were in error.

Yet even in that case the decree would be but a form, and the slave-trade would go uninterfered. Under such a government as we have described, a system of terror and superstition, like the whole Jesuit population, would be practically excluded, except for the purposes of the Dictator—was virtually enslaved. The proclamation of his supreme judgment is a sufficient indication of the system which it supplants. It abolishes in terms the decree which made the courts the mere execution of political offenses, and also abolishes the laws of confiscation and of torture. It provides that punishment shall be inflicted for no offender only, and that no kind of industry or trade shall be prohibited. By the treaty of alliance, into which the Argentine Republic entered with Brazil only after LOPEZ had invaded its territory and captured two men-of-war, it was stipulated that it was not waging war against the people of Paraguay, but against the Dictator, the independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity of the republic should be respected. There is no yet no disposition to disregard this understanding. The character of the Emperor of Brazil and the Presidency of the Argentine Republic forbids the suspicion of duplicity.

Of a population of General Mallana, who have been for two centuries crushed by an unparalleled despotism begun by the Jesuits, and remorselessly continued by FRANCIA and the elder and younger LOPEZ, little is to be hoped. But by the overthrow of the Dictator the country will now be opened to the world. Further information as to the character and conduct of the younger LOPEZ is unnecessary. On the 27th of December, 1868, his campaigning diary, full of official documents, was captured by the allies. It appears from these papers that between July and December of that year we have described, and the official proof of whose conduct was found in his desk, as General M'MAHON does when he calls LOPEZ "a wonder hero whose noble constancy was the admiration of the world."

THE LATE TRIAL AND TRAGEDY

THE verdict in the M'FARLAND case was rendered after our last issue went to press. No trial in the country has ever excited more interest, and the growth of that interest has only more bitterly discussed. During its progress we ventured to point out the reckless spirit of the counsel adopted by the defense, and to remind our readers that if there was a man on trial for his life, there was also a woman on trial for something still more precious than life. In the present state of public opinion the result of the trial itself was a foregone conclusion. The verdict was the inevitable response with the extraordinary concluding sentence of the plea of the prisoner's counsel, "that jealousy is the law of a man." But the law of God we can not, must not spare in the day of his vengeance." It is remarkable that an advocate who showed in his argument such familiarity with certain passages in the Bible should have betrayed total forgetfulness of one memorable text: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The trial before the jury being ended, that before the public has begun, and indeed, since the case in court was closed the affidavits of Mr. COLFAX and others in relation to the divorce, and a letter of Mr. RICHARDSON'S, to be opened after his death, have been printed. The statement of the unhappy lady who has been so tragically conspicuous in the case has also been published; and to counteract its possible effect Mr. M'FARLAND has printed some of her letters to him. It is not likely that any material facts can now be added to the case; and in very many aspects it deserves attention.

In the first place the conduct of the defense was inexcusable, and the Court itself deserves the severest censure for permitting the counsel such latitude of assertion and such treatment of the witnesses. It is astonishing, since the Court was so entirely unmindful of its duty, that none of the witnesses did not appeal to it for protection from the insults and insinuations of the counsel. In the second place, the charge of conspiracy which was the theory of the defense, and in support of which Mr. SPENCER publicly and most foully maligned a woman "of the personal purity of whose character," he simultaneously declared, "he had not the shadow of a doubt," was practically abandoned before the evidence began. The defense, in the very outset, acknowledged by its own organ that for the purposes of the case it denounced a woman of irreproachable purity as a pander and procuress. This was the end of the conspiracy theory, but it was not abandoned by the chief and manner in which the defense was to be conducted.

In the third place, the theory of insanity which was proposed to be established by the testimony of experts was also, as we showed at the time, virtually relinquished by the opening of the defense, and the remedy contained at its close. In opening, the counsel said that, under the same circumstances, he would do the same thing. In closing, the counsel said that he trusted the verdict would teach those who dishonored the husband that they would be left to answer to the husband. The defense evidently did not believe the plea of insanity, and there is probably no reader of the trial who says in his heart that Mr. CLARKE was insane in any other sense than all men are insane whose passions are violently excited. The verdict, therefore, really declared that one man kills another, if it be shown that he had reason to be violently excited, he shall not be punished. Practically, however, this principle is modified by requiring proof that the violent excitement proceeds from an injury to the honor of a husband —an honor which, in our judgment, can be stained only by the conduct of the husband himself.

There appears, further, to be no serious doubt expressed by the press or in private conversation that the statement of the unhappy lady who is most directly involved in the tragedy is substantially accurate; and a more pitiful tale was never told. Her letters which have been printed by the friends of her statement by showing that she wrote affectionately to her husband at the time that she says that her feelings were estranged from him, are generally of an earlier date than that which she ascribes to her estrangement. But one of the printed letters is dated in 1868, long after all intercourse between the husband and wife had ceased; a fact which shows at least a certain unscrupulousness in regard to the truth of correspondence. Moreover, the tone of a wife's letters who both fears her husband and who has a deep sense of wifely duty, can not be accepted as a faithful index of real feeling. We have also seen no disposition to doubt the substantial truthfulness of the statement made by Mr. RICHARDSON in the letter to his friend Mr. BROWNE, written in view of his possible assassination; and we see very many things to give us general belief that it is the letter of an adulterer, nor of an evil-minded man.

Mr. RICHARDSON acknowledges that his precipitate declaration was very wrong, and undoubtedly the lady sees now that, however estranged she may have felt, she should have remembered that she was legally a wife, and therefore should have peremptorily forbidden any overtures of love until the legal relation had been fully dissolved. But the lady's explanation of her own conduct and feeling will be at least very charitably and, therefore, only construed by those who reflect upon the cruel and bewildering position in which she was placed, and by all who understand how inconsistent and fallible and unsatisfactory the conduct of all of us is when judged by the severe standard of subsequent reflection. It was a great mistake also that the divorce was not openly sought. If, as she believed, and as those most intimate who accept her statement, she had just reason to separate from her husband, and sufficient grounds under the laws of Indiana to secure a divorce, the husband should have been summoned to the trial. It is plain that the trial of a man who had been present at the divorce had been granted, and the shooting had followed, public feeling and the result of the late trial would have been different. But that she believed herself to be legally divorced, that Mr. FROTHINGHAM and Mr. BECHER were so informed, and that they did not feel at liberty under the solemn circumstances to disregard the wishes of two persons whom they believed to be legally free to be married, will not be questioned by any one who knows them and who has carefully considered the facts.

One other point in this sad case should occasion very serious public reflection. Whatever may be thought of the statement of the unhappy wife, which few, as we believe, doubt, we all know that such a statement might be true. And if, in any case, it were literally true, should we not agree that the wife was justified in seeking a legal release from her husband, and that neither her duty to God nor to her children nor to society required that she should remain his helpless and hopeless victim? But if she is so, ought she to be forced to leave the State in order to be legally and honorably free? It is by reflection and experience that the laws are improved; and nothing has happened for many years that should turn public attention more thoughtfully than this case to the question whether the divorce laws require modification. It is said that thousands of wives suffer as much, and say and do nothing about it. But the public sentiment more pronounced by their silence than it would it be by their lawful relief? The fear that reasonable divorce laws would encourage what is called "free love" is the result of the same ignorance which told Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY that reasonable divorce laws would encourage theft. This trial should show that this is a subject not to be avoided. Whoever is afraid to deal with the undoubted questions in the light of common-sense and experience is as incompetent for a public critic as for a public office. Every effort made by all good citizens to deepen the sanctity of marriage. But it can not be deepened by requiring submission to outrages that impair life and revolt affection itself; nor by justifying assassination by all the forms of law.

REMEDY FOR THE ACCUMULATION OF NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

THERE is a general complaint on the part of the banks in this city that there is a superfluous plethora of national bank notes, for which they have no use. Some of them have an excess of gold and a surplus of legal tenders, and complain of inability to make advantageous loans of either. The abundance of money here is due, unfortunately, to depressed commercial and business—produced artificially in the face of abundant crops—and also to the defects of the national banking system.

The National Currency act provides, section 32, "that every association formed or existing under the provisions of this act shall have a lien upon its stock, for any debt or liability to said association, any and all notes or bills issued by any association existing under the laws of this act." Such a provision is no power to refuse these bills, and no means provided for adequately assorting and redeeming them, their accumulation in New York, at certain periods and in inconvenient amounts, results.

Each of the banks of St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany, Leavenworth, Sou Francisco, Washington, Georgetown, and Richmond may keep "one-half of its lawful money reserve in cash deposits in the city of New York," at an association selected subject to the approval of the Controller of the Currency, at which it "must redeem its circulating notes at par." The banks not organized within the cities named above are also bound to select, under the approval of such Controller, one of the banks of those cities in which it will redeem its circulating notes at par." Under this provision, the nearest bank to the outside banks was undoubtedly selected by the latter.

The Controller has given appropriate notice to all the banks of the Union of each place of redemption, but the system fails to accomplish the object intended.

If the banks of the city were all equally sound, their interests would be one, and they would unite voluntarily to establish an agency for assorting and presenting those notes; but their interests are various as those of the respective circumstances of their condition. The weak banks want money plenty whatever may be its character, and will not unite to measure that may produce stringency. The duty of assorting and presenting such notes for redemption can be prescribed by act of Congress, which should provide some bureau in New York to record promptly to the banks.

The system will always be characterized by defects, because it is intrinsically bad. There will never be satisfaction until we go back to a specie basis, but judicious amendments may be made gently to the improvement of the act. There are haunts, however, to which we must be done. Great stress is laid upon the objection that our currency is not elastic, as if the requisite elasticity can be obtained in an unnatural system. It is one of the defects and, at times, one of the merits of the present scheme that the currency is a fixed quantity. We have sometimes a plethora of money as a consequence of it, especially after the quantity sent out to move the crops is returned to the sea-board; but there is this compensation for it, that when the season of scarcity exists from shifting the currency to the West, no drop of specie values can produce a panic. The quantity being fixed, and having no exportable character such as be-

long to the precious metals, it is returned to the East as soon as there is an earnest demand, and panics are always prevented. It may be affirmed of the present system that a serious panic is an impossibility except in the contingency of the destruction of the credit of the banks—a contingency too remote to excite present attention. The currency is probably as good as one that is convertible can be, with the single exception that the original plan for its redemption fails to accomplish the object. The fact that an effort was made in this direction, in the first instance, by Congress, may be regarded as an admission that the feature is essential. Its failure in this respect is an admitted and great defect, and ought immediately to be remedied. Banks in the interior, not obliged to redeem here, create a false accumulation of their bills in New York at certain seasons, and upon the failure to have them presented for redemption, and it seems to be a positive excess movement to unsound banking and speculation. The act itself may be said to contain the means of the ultimate destruction of the system. Banks, both strong and weak, ought to urge that this feature shall be eliminated from it, in order to preserve the general safety. It will be a step in the direction of specie payments, and it will enhance the credit of the currency and of the government. Until it is done, the currency will be exposed to all the vicissitudes of change. For the last eight months, notwithstanding that our crops are abundant, and that all the usual conditions for an active season existed, our trade and industry have been unremunerative and unsatisfactory. Is it the interest of the weak banks that this shall happen at another season? Can any compensation for it be found in the advantage of a redundant circulation? There can be no compensation for it whatever. The suffering which the country has lately endured under every interest will not soon cease, and it will take years to repair the loss. It could never have happened if an efficient plan of redemption had existed.

Last year, just as we were about to export our crops of cotton, grain, and other productions, all that had been produced and all the currency prices—high because the quantity of money, from want of redemption, was excessive—the failure of gunboat speculation in the country a severe blow. They had counted upon a continuation of the Treasury policy of accumulation. But such was the general distress occasioned by their operations that the Government offered four millions for sale. One of the consequences was that he could not promptly handle forty millions of Clearing-House gold than four millions of real gold. The power of the Treasury to instantly contract here, by Wall Street, and, for the first time, was known at Washington; and, from that day to this, it has been content to put down the price of gold, with a view to prepare for funding the debt at a low rate of interest. It was deemed necessary to have what our bonds were above par, measured by gold.

In this process the prices of all our productions have been lowered in nearly the same uniformity with the fall in gold. When it reached 109 and rebounded to 15 trade revived, and it is now very generally conceded that the panic and depression coincide with the changes in this medium in its relation to our paper system. If the rise in gold had been due to any new attraction of the currency, it would have been permanent and useful; but that it is artificial may be known in the accumulation in the new securities banks of vast bundles of national bank notes, which are regarded with great concern, although the aggregate difference between their sales of paper and gold is indicated by only 15 per cent. premium on the latter.

If the premium which existed when the raid took place still prevailed, these notes would be in tolerably active circulation; but the policy pursued from that time to this has been such that our whole industry is enormously diminished, and the circulation—too large for the business of the country—is infinitely too large for it in its diminished proportions. Now is the time for an act which shall provide for absorbing and redeeming these bills, and giving partial health to our circulating medium.

AN "INSPIRED" MEETING.

THE difficulty with the St. Domingo meeting in New York, as an "expression of popular sentiment," was that the meeting was "inspired" from Washington. It was not an expression of popular sentiment, but of the wishes of the Administration. The arguments were Mr. Mc. FISH'S, and that to expose the annexation is to be an old fogy; and General BANKS's, that "the key-points of the continent are in foreign hands." If every thing new were therefore true, Mr. FISH's argument would be sound. But it is only the new with a good reason that can expect to be immediately received. General BANKS said that the strength of the rebellion was sustained by the neighboring islands under British rule, which were a base for privateering. They were, undoubtedly, of great value to the rebellion. But the General should have shown us that the advantage of those foreign islands, in case of another rebellion, is greater than the disadvantage of immediately annexing civil war, ignorance, superstition, debt, and an alien tropical people to our population. This he did not do. If we want a coaling station in the West Indies, why did we treat the St. Thomas treaty so contemptuously? And if we are to absorb every island that may ask to be annexed, General BANKS tells us that there are eight hundred of them in the Gulf. Moreover, if we do not wish any European power to acquire more islands, we can say so in a tone that will be heeded.

Our last feat of annexation was Alaska. We paid several millions of dollars for it. On any bold person may examine the papers for the transaction, except the vague desire of increasing our territory? Except for that feeling there would be no reason for the acquisition of the St. Domingo bargain. Indefinite extension is not indefinite increase of power or prosperity. If we buy St. Thomas, General BANKS says that we need not take any other island. But here is Cuba fighting with Spain, with the hope of union with us; and the annexation of St. Domingo is infinitely stronger for acquiring Cuba. Moreover, Mr. FISH, in following him, immediately said that to get St. Domingo was to get all the rest. The General says that when our war began, Europe was ready to proceed to carve this country, but was prevented by our advantage. What does the General suppose that Europe thinks of the success of the French carving in Mexico? Does he suppose that anyone that Europe will ever again, and especially after the result of the last unpleasantness, interfere any more with the "interests" of America?

The politics of the world have changed. Foreign conquest is out of fashion. Colonies are no longer desirable dependencies. The modern principle of local self-government is so generally accepted that the old systems accordingly disappear. Even in Spain, despite Cuba is unquestionably relaxed, whatever the issue of the revolution. England would doubtless gladly retain Canada, however, in any government; and in a foreign war a colony is but a weakness to the European owner. The St. Domingo bargain is a mistake, and we hope that it will not be ratified.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

I BET that my fellow-artists who are not yet successful in getting a picture hung will be there by MR. DISRAELI, in his new novel. Mr. Phoebus, at a private view of one of his master pieces, says: "To-morrow the public will commence. You know who the critics are. The men who have failed in literature or art. That is enough for them. They have their miserable conclusi model. Poor England! Happily, we manage things differently in this country. Here our critics are appointed to criticise the Exhibition in the newspapers. And you do not know that if they did as I do, and signed their articles, they would be ruined. They, however severely treated by them, would ever think of saying that they were fellows who had failed in every thing, and who were left to lecturing at their betters. The other day I heard a poet say, in the hearing of another, that most poetry nowadays was prose stuff. Presently the other came to me and said: "Do you suppose that that donkey meant to say that my poetry was prose stuff? By Gosh! I never saw any of his that wasn't stretched twaddle." That is a kind of remark which you never hear among artists. If I, for instance, say that Smith's figures are inexpressibly bad, when Smith hears of it he sweetly replies that Jones certainly ought to know what he is talking of.

It is indeed for that reason that I have allowed myself to be persuaded to write these little articles. The public know that my fellow-artists who write anonymously in the other papers understand our subject. They see, for instance, that when I

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER I.

Purpose of the Expedition.—Habits of the Camel.—Arab Migration.—Arrival at Sofi.—A Germon Hunter.—Purchases and Transportation of the Cabin.—Crossing the Atbara on a Bedstead.—A Giraffe Hunt.

It will be remembered that in the spring of 1861 Sir SAMUEL BAKER set out from Lower Egypt, with the hope of encountering Speke and Grant in the vicinity of the sources of the Nile, and a firm resolve to add to their discoveries or perish in the attempt. It will also be remembered that Mrs. Baker, a lady in the spring-time of existence, and as charming as she was heroic, accompanied her husband, and, during the five years of the expedition, displayed a courage and devotion that nothing could appall. It will likewise be remembered with what success this noble enterprise was crowned, and we need not revert to it. But, before entering directly on his search for the sources of the Nile, Sir Samuel Baker determined to study the tributaries which this river received from Abyssinia. The result was a series of explorations which lasted a year, and demonstrated to the traveler that, if the supernatural current of the river is kept up by the reservoirs arising from the equatorial rains, the inundation is produced exclusively by the Abyssinian rivers, and that these rushing torrents not only cause the river to overflow, but enrich its banks with the soil of the plateaux over which they sweep, whence proceeds the fertility of the banks on which this soil is deposited, and the formation of the Delta of Egypt. This important study, carried on in a country full of game, was diversified by exciting hunting expeditions, which enriched Baker's escort, and enabled the party to live in plenty during their journey.

Instead, therefore, of continuing their route to Khartoum, the explorer and his wife ascended the Atbara to within two hundred and twenty miles from its mouth; then, leaving it at their right, they turned southward and proceeded toward Cassala, on the Abyssinian frontier, where they arrived on the 9th of July. Since quitting the Nile boat the two travelers had journeyed, either on donkeys or camels, seven hundred and ten miles, six hundred and thirty miles of which had been through scorching deserts during the hottest season: 114° Fahr. in the shade under the water-skins, 137° in the sun.

The desert, even at this season, is not always terrible. The nights are cool and fresh, the sky is covered with stars, the horizon shuts down, the hills assume strange shapes in the moonlight, and the calmness which surrounds you in this mysterious solitude is invested with a supernatural character which is full of delight. There is not a mosquito; not one of those insects which are the pest of hot climates. As soon as the sun goes down you enjoy perfect comfort.

But the sun returns, the plain is boundless, and the traveler sees nothing but scorching sands and burning rocks. To the devouring rays of the sun is joined the withering breath of the simoom. Wood warps, ivory cracks, and paper splits at its touch; the marrow in one's bones dries up, and the wine-skins are emptied. The dust fills the ears and stops up the nostrils; it comes in thick clouds, formed of columns more than thirty feet in height, which revolve through the plain or scatter in all directions at the mercy of the whirlwind.

Even along the river, except the fringes of mimosa and the groups of dome-palms that line the banks, there is still the same burning plain. And to cross this plain there are only the most execrable means of transportation. Of all species of fatigue, says Baker, the back-breaking, monotonous swing of a heavy camel is the worst, and, should the rider lose patience, and administer a sharp cut that induces the creature to break into a trot, the torture of the rack is a pleasant tickling compared to the sensation of having your spine driven, from a sledge-hammer below, half a foot deeper into the skull. There is indeed the hygienic, the pre-blooded dromedary, which deliciously ambles a mile in six minutes, and can travel without giving way for nine or ten hours, but the Arabs prize these too highly to let them to strangers.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker set out from Cassala on the 11th of July, and took their way westward toward the Atbara. They had had rain on the very day that they left the desert. From this time the showers, more and more copious, had become daily. There was verdure every where; but the camels' feet sank deep into the soil; the formed adhesive clods upon their spongy toes that almost disabled them. The Arabs were hastening to lead theirs to firmer ground. The road was blocked up with flocks of goats and sheep, and camels bearing women and children, or loaded with strange articles of quaint household goods. Fine bronzed figures of Arabs, with sword, shield, and white topes or plaids, guided their milk-white dromedaries through the confused throng. All were migrating to the north, where the grass was beginning to swoon, and where neither fever nor the cattle disease were to be feared. Our travelers, on the contrary, pressed their course toward the south, and, in spite of increasing difficulties, reached Sofi a fortnight after their departure from Cassala.

Sofi is nothing but a wretched village consisting of some thirty huts, but the location is superb. A German hunter named Florian had built a stone cottage, the only one in the place, where he had lived for some years. He was a sallow, sickly-looking man, who, with a large, bony frame, had been reduced by constant hard work and frequent sickness to little but skin and bone. He had left Germany with the Austrian mission to Khartoum; but finding the work too laborious in such a climate, he had declared for independence, purchased a rifle, turned hunter, and employed his leisure in earning money by the work of his hands in various ways. This worthy man had thoroughly explored a part of the region which Baker proposed to visit, and could give him valuable information; and it was to consult him that the traveler had come to Sofi.

Outdoor life was no longer possible; it was necessary to seek a permanent shelter. This was an easy matter. For ten piastres, or about half a dollar, I purchased, says Baker, a remarkably neat house. This did not seem an extravagant outlay for a neat dwelling with a sound roof; neither were there any legal expenses in the form of conveyance, as in that happy and practical land the simple form of conveyance is the transportation of the house (the roof) upon the shoulders of about thirty men, and thus it is conveyed to any spot that the purchaser may consider desirable. Accordingly, our mansion was at once seized by a crowd of Arabs, and carried off in triumph, while the sticks that formed the wall were quickly arranged upon the dining-room, drawing-room, lady's boudoir, library, breakfast-room, bedroom, and dressing-room (with the great advantage of their combination in one circular room fourteen feet in diameter). The architecture was of ancient style, from the original design of a pill-box surmounted by a candle extinguisher.

I purchased two additional huts, and in the course of a week we had formed as pretty a camp as Robinson Crusoe himself could have coveted; but he, poor unfortunate! had only his mast Friday to assist him, while in our arrangements there were many clumsy and unscrutinable little comforts that could only be effected by a lady's hand. Not only were our walls covered with snow-white sand, and the borders ornamented with beautiful agates that we had collected in the neighborhood, but the interior of our house was the perfection of neatness: the floor was covered with white sand beaten firmly together to the depth of about six inches, the surface was swept and replaced with fresh material daily; the traveling bedsteads, with their bright green mosquito-curtains, stood on either side, affording a clear space in the centre of the circle, while exactly opposite the door stood the gun-rack, with its goodly array of weapons as the heart of a sportsman could desire.

My revolver and a brace of double-barreled pistols hung upon the wall, which, although the exterior of the house was straw, we had lined with the bright-colored canvas of the tent. Suspended by loops were little ornamental baskets worked by the Arabs, that contained a host of useful articles, such as needles, thread, etc., etc.; and the remaining surface was hung with hunting knives, fishing lines, and a variety of instruments belonging to the chase. A traveling table, with maps and a few books, stood against the wall, and one more article completed our furniture—an exceedingly neat toilet-table, the base of which was a flat-topped portmanteau, concealed by a cunning device of cloths and muslin; this, covered with the usual arrangement of brushes, mirror, scent-bottles, etc., threw an air of civilization over the establishment, which was increased by the presence of an immense sponging-bath, that, being flat and circular, could be fitted underneath a bed. In the draught of air near the door stood our filter in a wooden frame, beneath which was a porous jar that received and cooled the clear water as it fell.

We were thoroughly happy. There was a delightful calm and a sense of rest, a total estrangement from the cares of the world. The eye plunged into the valley for a distance of five miles. Every day I took my telescope and spied wild beasts leaving tranquilly on the other side of the river, where the country was a desert. There was plenty of game there, but none at all on our side, and no means of crossing the Atbara. Every day without exception, and generally for several hours of the night, the lightning flashed and thunder roared with little intermission, while the rain fell in such torrents that the entire country became impassable, with the exception of the hard ground of the Atbara Valley. The rich hues of the table-land had risen like leavened dough, and was knee-deep in adhesive mud; the grass upon this surface grew with such rapidity that in a few weeks it reached a height of nine or ten feet. The glorious Atbara was at its maximum.

We had seen it quite dry; now its current was two hundred yards wide, and more than forty feet deep. Nevertheless, we must cross it. Seventy-six giraffes! We felled a tree for a canoe; and I find in my journal

August 16. Our canoe is so heavy that it will only carry one person, and even then it threatens to become a sinking machine: three long days' hard work are lost. Florian is in despair; but *nil desperandum!* I shall set to work in disguise and make a raft.

August 18. Launched the raft; it carries four persons safely, but the current is strong, and it is therefore unmanageable. A dead elephant floated down the river to-day; this is the second that has passed within the last few days. They have probably been drowned in attempting to cross some powerful torrent tributary to the Atbara.

September 2. For many days past we have seen large herds of giraffes on the opposite side of the river, about two miles distant. To-day they lumbered up by descending from the level flats, and I was tempted at all hazards across the river. My bedstead, inverted and

THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

supported by water-skins, inflated, formed an excellent raft. There are hippopotamus hunters in the village that swim like otters: two of these were to draw the raft across the river by tow-lines, while two others were to hang on behind and keep it in the rapid current.

Off we went! The current, running at nearly five miles an hour, carried us away at a great pace, and the whirlpools caused us much trouble, as we several times whirled round when we should have preferred a straight course; but the towing-swimmers being well mounted upon logs of light ambatch-wood, swam across in fine style, and after some difficulty we arrived at the opposite bank, and scrambled through thick bushes upon our hands and knees to the summit.

For about two miles' breadth on this side of the river the valley is rough, broken ground, full of gullies and ravines sixty or seventy feet deep, beds of torrents, bare sandstone rocks, bushy crags, fine grassy knolls, and long strips of mimosa scrub, forming a most perfect locality for shooting.

I had observed by the telescope that the giraffes were standing as usual upon an elevated position, from whence they could keep a good look-out. I knew it would be useless to ascend the slope direct, as their long necks give these animals an advantage similar to that of the man at the mast-head; therefore, although we had the wind in our favor, we should have been observed. I therefore determined to make a circuit of about five miles, and thus to approach them from above, with the advantage of the broken ground for stalking. It was the perfection of uneven country; by clambering broken cliffs, wading shoulder-deep through muddy gullies, sliding down the steep ravines, and winding through narrow bottoms of high grass and mimosas, for about two hours, during which we disturbed many superb nellut (*Ant. strepsiceros*), and reiel (*Ant. Rubelis*), we at length arrived at the point of the high table-land, upon the verge of which I had first noticed the giraffes with the telescope. Almost immediately I distinguished the tall neck of one of these splendid animals about half a mile distant upon my left, a little below the table-land; it was feeding on the bushes, and I quickly discovered several others near the leader of the herd. I turned sharp to my right, intending to arrive on the leeward side of the herd.

I had marked a thick bush as my point of cover, and upon arrival I found that the herd had fed down wind, and that I was within two hundred yards of the great bull sentinel that, having moved from his former position, was now standing directly before me. He was shortly joined by two others. A puff of wind gently fanned the back of my neck; it was cool and delightful, but no sooner did I feel the refreshing breeze than I knew it would convey our scent direct to the giraffes. A few seconds afterward the three grand obelisks threw their heads still higher in the air, and fixing their great black eyes upon the spot from which the danger came, they remained as motionless as though carved from stone.

The attitude of fixed attention and surprise of the three giraffes was sufficient warning for the rest of the herd, who immediately filed up from the lower ground, and joined their comrades. All now halted, and gazed sensitively in our direction, forming a superb tableau; their beautiful mottled skins glancing like the summer coat of a thorough-bred horse, the orange-colored statues standing out in high relief from a background of dark green mimosas.

This beautiful picture soon changed; I knew that my chance of a close shot was hopeless, as they would presently make a rush and be off; thus I determined to get the first start. I had previously studied the ground; and I concluded that they would push forward at right angles with my position, as they had thus ascended the hill; and that, on reaching the higher ground, they would turn to the right, in order to reach an immense tract of high grass, as level as a billiard-table, from which no danger could approach them unobserved.

I accordingly, with a gentle movement of my hand, directed my people to follow me, and I made a sudden rush forward at full speed. Off went the herd, shambling along at a tremendous pace, whisking their long tails above their hindquarters; and taking exactly the direction I had anticipated, they offered me a shoulder shot at a little within two hundred yards' distance. Unfortunately I fell into a deep hole concealed by the high grass, and by the time that I resumed the hunt they had increased their distance; but I observed the leader turned sharp to the right, through some low mimosa bush, to make direct for the open table-land. I made a short cut obliquely at my best speed, and only halted when I saw that I should lose ground by altering my position. Stopping short, I was exactly opposite the herd as they filed by me at right angles in full speed, within about one hundred and eighty yards. I had only my old Ceylon No. 10 double rifle, and I took a steady shot at a large dark-colored bull. The satisfactory sound of the ball upon his hide was followed almost immediately by his blundering forward for about twenty yards, and falling heavily in the low bush. I heard the crack of the ball of my left-hand barrel upon another fine beast, but no effects followed. Bachiet quickly gave me the single 2-ounce Manton rifle, and I singled out a fine dark-colored bull, who fell on his knees to the shot, but recovering, bobbled off dissabled, apart from the herd, with a fore-leg broken just below the shoulder. Upon my approach he attempted to move, but immediately fell, and was dispatched by my eager Arabs. I followed the herd for about a mile to no purpose, through deep chimmy ground and high grass, and I returned to our game.

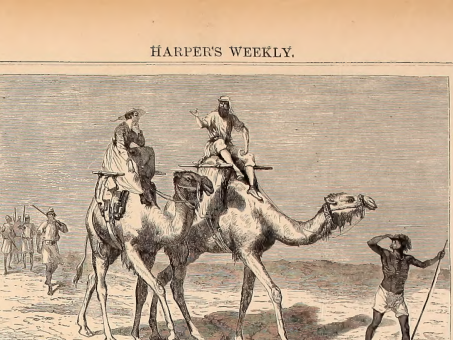

TRAVERSING THE DESERT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

These were my first giraffes, and I admired them as they lay before me with a hunter's pride and satisfaction, but mingled with a feeling of pity for such beautiful and utterly helpless creatures. The eye of this animal is the most beautiful exaggeration of that of the gazelle, while the color of the reddish-orange hide, mottled with darker spots, changes the tints of the skin with the differing rays of light, according to the muscular movement of the body. No one who has merely seen the giraffe in a cold climate can form the least idea of its beauty in its native land. By the time we had skinned one of the animals it was nearly six o'clock, and it was necessary to hurry forward to reach the river before night; we therefore arranged some thorny boughs over the bodies, to which we intended to return on the following morning.

When about half-way to the river, as we were passing through grass about four feet high, three reiel bounded from a ravine, and, passing directly before us, gave me a splendid shot at about sixty yards. The Ceylon No. 10 struck the foremost through the shoulder, and it fell dead after running a few yards. This was also my first reiel (*Antelope Rubelis*); it was in splendid condition, the red coat was like satin, and the animal would weigh about five hundred pounds live weight. I had made very successful shots, having bagged three out of four at large game.

It was quite dark before we reached the river; we had been much delayed by repeated falls into deep holes and over hidden stones; thus I was well satisfied to find myself once more at home, after having crossed the river in pitchy darkness, in a similar manner as before.

The next morning we crossed the river anew in search of our game. There was but one giraffe left. The lions and tigers had devoured the other during the night, without leaving a single trace. The savage herd had wallowed in the mud, and the imprints told of the theft. This was a real loss. The natives set great

TEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS TO PIECES.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SIR S. BAKER.]

store by the flesh of the giraffe, and they are right, for the meat is the best I have ever tasted. Every part of the animal is turned to some use. The skin, which is singularly hard, has the advantages of being as light as it is tough, which renders it very valuable for the manufacture of shields; and the long tendons of the legs are exceedingly prized by the Arabs in lieu of thread for sewing leather, and also for guitar-strings.

CHAPTER II.

Aggressors, or Hunters of the Harmur Tribe.—Swords and Shields.—Hunting with the Sword.—Last Departure from Sofar.—Encountered at Wat el Sheikh.—Purchase of Three Horses.—Hippopotamus Hunt.—Tearing the Animal to Pieces.—Attack and Slaughter.

It had been a month at Sofi when I had an audience of a party of hunters whom I had long wished to meet. I had heard of certain Arabs of the Harmur, who that inhabited the country south of Cassala, who hunted and killed all wild animals, from the antelope to the elephant, with no other weapon than the sword.

I could not understand how it could be possible to kill an elephant with the sword, unless the animal should be mobbed by a crowd of men and hacked to death, but I was assured that the most savage elephant had no chance upon level hunting ground against four aggressors (as the hunters with the sword are designated). I had determined to engage a party of those hunters to accompany me throughout my exploration of the Abyssinian rivers at the proper season, as I should have an excellent opportunity of combining sport with an examination of the country. My intentions had become known, and the visit of the hunters was the consequence.

The Harmur Arabs are distinguished from the other tribes by an extra length of hair, worn parted down the centre, and arranged in long curls; otherwise, there is no perceptible difference in their appearance from other Arabs. They are armed, as are all others, with sword and shield; the latter are circular, and are generally formed of rhinoceros hide. There are two kinds of shields used by the various tribes of Arabs; one is a narrow oval, the other is circular. There is no difference in the form of their swords. The blade is long and straight, two-edged, with a simple cross hatchet, having no other guard to the hand than the plain bar, which, at right angles with the hilt, forms the cross.

The sword of the aggressor is defined in no respect from those usually worn; but they were bound with cord very closely from the guard for about nine inches along the blade, which is marked to be grasped by the right hand, while the hilt was held by the left; the weapon was thus converted into a two-handed sword.

The Harmurs who could not afford to purchase horses hunted on foot, in parties not exceeding two persons. Their method was to follow the tracks of an elephant, so as to arrive at the same game between the hours of 10 A.M. and noon, at which time the animal is either asleep or extremely hungry, and easy to approach. When they discover the animal asleep, one of the hunters would carry on his feet, while the other followed expel in the confusion of the moment. The trunk several times as a defensive weapon, to prevent to insure the death of the elephant within about an hour. On the other hand, should the animal be awake upon their arrival, it would be impossible to approach the trunk; in such a case they would creep on foot, in parties not exceeding two persons. Their method was to follow the tracks of an elephant, so as to arrive at the same game between the hours of 10 A.M. and noon, at which time the animal is either asleep or extremely hungry, and easy to approach. When they discover the animal asleep, one of the hunters would carry on his feet, while the other followed with one blow sever the trunk while stretched upon the ground; in which case the elephant would rush upon his feet, while the hunter escaped in the confusion of the moment. The trunk severed cause a rush of blood sufficient to insure the death of the elephant within about an hour. On the other hand, should the animal be awake upon their arrival, it would be impossible to approach the trunk; in such a case they would creep upon the animal in parties not exceeding four. They start before daybreak, and ride slowly throughout the country in search of elephants, generally keeping along the course of a river until they come upon the tracks where a herd or a single elephant may have passed during the night. When once upon the tracks, they follow fast toward the retreating game. The elephants are by twenty miles distant, and they are often little to the aggressors. At length they discover them, and the hunt begins. The first step is to single out the bull with the largest tusks; this is the commencement of the fight. After a short hunt, the elephant turns upon his pursuers, who scatter and fly from his headlong charge until he gives up the pursuit; he then halts, and the day when again pressed by the hunters. It is the duty of one man in particular to ride up close to the hind leg of the elephant, and thus attract its attention upon himself. This insures a desperate charge. The greatest coolness and dexterity are then required by the hunter. But we shall soon see him at work.

As I intend to these fine fellows, who, in a modest and unassuming manner, recounted their adventures as matters of course, and not as any high small. My whole life had been passed in wild sports from early manhood, and I had imagined that I understood as much of the science of this subject; but here were men who, without the aid of the best rifles and deadly projectiles, went straight at their game, and faced the lion in his den with shield and sabre. I felt inclined to take off my cap and make a low bow to the gallant and swarthy fellows who sat before me. There is a freemasonry among hunters, and my heart was drawn toward these aggressors. We fraternized upon the spot, and I looked forward with intense pleasure to the day on which we might become allies in action. For this it was necessary to take the field anew.

On the 15th of September a heavy shower of rain fell; this proved to be the last of the season, and from that moment the burning sun ruled the sodden country and rapidly dried up all vegetation. In a week the grass assumed a tinge of yellow, and by the end of October there was not a green spot to relieve the eye from the golden blaze of the landscape, except the patches of grass and reeds that sprang from the mud-banks of the retiring river. We had quitted Sofi on the 4th of the last shower, and, after a long march at different places, had pitched our tents on the 15th at Wat el Sheikh. We here hunted grass below the village of Wat el Negur, and seven hours' journey from Settite. I at that time owned three horses, which I had purchased of the Harmur hunters, all three of Abyssinian breed, and handsome animals, although none exceeded fourteen hands and a half. I had named them Gazelle, Tetel, and Aggabi, which is the singular of aggressors. The two last names were appropriate; Gazelle was inexperienced, but remarkably handsome.

Scarcely had we arrived when I accepted an invitation to shoot a savage old bull hippopotamus that had been sufficiently disturbed to cause several of the natives. He lived in a deep and broad portion of the river, about a mile distant. My accordingly rode to the spot, and found the old hippo at home. The river was about 250 yards wide at this place, in an open bend that had formed a deep pool. In the centre of this was a mud bank, just below the surface upon this shallow bed the hippo was reposing. Upon perceiving he was exceedingly angry; snorting like a steam-engine, he lashed himself in a most absurd manner, by shaking his head and heaving half-way out of the water. This blustering demonstration was intended to frighten us. I had previously given Bacheet a rifle, and had ordered him to shoot at the opposite bank. I now hallooed to him to fire several shots at the hippo, in order to drive him from his position, that he might unmolested by a rush in the bed of the river. Bacheet descended at about quarter-shot, and fired from the bank edge, and fired a shot with the pistol. The hippo, who was a wicked, solitary old bull, accustomed to have the river to himself, instead of charging toward Bacheet, with a tremendous snorting that sent him scampering for the bank sunk in a panic. Once safe in his elevated position on the top of the bank, thirty feet above the river, he fired a shot from the rifle in defiance at the hippopotamus.

As the hippo had gained confidence, I showed myself above the rock, and called to him by his Arab name, "Hi-hoh! Hi-hoh!" He, thinking no doubt that he was the only bull here and gave a loud snort, sank, and quickly reappeared with a hundred yards from the spot where he made his positively refused to approach. Therefore called to Bacheet to shout from the other side to entice him, and, after much trouble, he was lured. I took a steady shot behind the ear with the little Archer rifle. This disturbed him for a few those fortunate shots that consoles you for many misses, and the saucy old hippo turned upon his back, rolled about in the shallow water, appearing to lashing the still and deep pool into waves, until at last he sought disappeared.

We had now settled down for a long halt. We settled; then my people started off toward the village, and in a marvelously short time a frantic crowd of Arabs arrived from the surrounding natives, and every thing necessary for an onslaught upon the hippo, who, up to this time, had not been driven from the water. It was now noon, and a half from the time he received the bullet, we discovered that he had floated down about a hundred yards lower down the river. Several heads of large crocodiles appeared and vanished suddenly within a few feet of the hippo's carcass; therefore the Arabs considered it prudent to wait until the carcass should have floated to the sandy pebbly shallows about half a mile below the pool. Upon arrival at that point there was a general rush, and by eight o'clock the animal was hauled by many ropes and hauled it to the shore. It was a very fine bull, and his enormous head measured twelve feet three inches. I had two haunches kept for the chiefs, and a large quantity of fat, which I had also weighed and seized by the Arabs, as it is the most delicate of all animal. Those people are passionately fond of a nerve of meat for ourselves, the usual disgusting scene of violence commenced, the crowd falling and judging success like a pack of hounds. A hundred knives were instantly at work. They fought over the fat like wild beasts. No sooner was the carcass flayed than the struggle commenced for the meat. The people were a mass of blood, in some cases dragging in the intestines wrestling for the fat, while many hacked at each other in the general confusion. Others were striven for as a *bonne bouche*. I quitted the savage spectacle, which I had seen before, and which was always conceived on a like principle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OPIUM-EATER.

Dr. Quincey, in his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," has given us a picture of the misery experienced by indulging in this narcotic, which could be tempting enough to those who do not meet the miserable condition of the patient in his waking state serve as a horrible warning. Dr. Pierquerlie, in his "Voyage en Mexico," gives a description of a case related by an English embassador to an Indian king. This high personage having been led to a sumptuous apartment, in a short time two slaves, bearing a litter, approached. Upon the litter, covered with shawls of great value, a human form was borne, to all appearance dead. Two physicians, who followed in attendance produced a bottle in which a bluish-looking liquor appeared. The embassador, thinking he was the involuntary witness of some funeral ceremony, wished to retire; but he was soon undeceived, upon observing one of the officers raise the head of this apparently lifeless being, replace the tongue which was hanging from the mouth, and make it swallow some black liquid, at the same time closing the mouth, and gently rubbing the throat in order to facilitate its passage. When this operation had been repeated five or six times, the figure opened its eyes and stirred its mouth of its own accord; it then swallowed, without assistance, another large dose of the fatal drug. In less than an hour became revived, and sat up upon the couch, having somewhat recovered its natural color and the purest use of its limbs. He then addressed the envoy in person, and asked him the object of his embassy. He eagerly to every one extraordinary being remained perfectly conscious, and capable of transacting business of the greatest importance. The English embassador took the liberty of asking him some questions concerning the substance which he had witnessed.

"Sir," he replied, "I have long been an opiumeater, and by degrees have fallen into this deplorable condition. I pass three parts of the day in the torpid state in which you have seen me. Although I am capable of moving or speaking, I remain my consciousness, and during this time I am surrounded with the most delightful visions; but I feel a delicious sense if I was not annoyed by zealous and affectionate attendants, who watch over me with the most anxious solicitude."

SUNSHINE ON THE SEA.

There are blossoms on the cherry,
And on the plum,
And my heart is light and merry
With the hope that blossoms there
For the sorrow and the weeping
When Autumn's brought to me.
In the past are calmly sleeping
Now there's sunshine on the sea,
I am looking for my lover
(Who is true as truth to me).
Now the white sail gleams afar
And there's sunshine on the sea.

"When the bloom of pear and cherry
Are white upon the tree,
Then you are to wed and merry,
Then look out, my love, for me."
So he said when first we courted,
While my tears rained on the deck,
For I felt half broken-hearted
In my fear of storm and wreck.
Now each spring-tide bud and blossom
Brings the time I've now nearer me,
And the sunshine in my bosom
Is the sunshine on the sea.

THE LOST CHANCE.

By Justin McCarthy.

"Remember, Laurence, my dear boy, whatever you do, not to bring home a frivolous creature, a flirt, and coquette, as your wife."

"But, my dear mother, I can assure you I have no intention of bringing home any wife."

"Well, I am sure—I think it is time you had a good wife" (this was said with something like a sigh), "for you are twenty-six; but in one of the frivolous flirting creatures one sees almost every where now. Let her be somebody with a pure, simple nature—one in which you could trust, and whom I could lean on as a daughter."

Laurence did not care to prolong the conversation, having nothing very particular to say on a subject which for as yet but little personal interest for him. So he laughed, promised, and bade his mother farewell for a season.

Laurence Gifford was a handsome young man, of good intellect, and some culture. In certain ways he would be called old-fashioned and slow-fashioned; for he was of a stendy, domestic turn, and he had a profound veneration for his mother. They were Yorkshire dalesmen, and Mrs. Gifford was a woman of pure and serene nature, to whom principle and goodness were every thing; but who was, perhaps, a little too prone to act in obedience to precept in her own life, and to insinuate the same course as the duty of others. Moreover, she was rather too much in the habit of judging success like a very shrewd woman. Now, nobody ever can justly judge of others who has not something of what I may perhaps call the dramatic power, which enables one for the moment to put one's self in the place, feel the feelings, and understand the purposes of another.

The moral of this little story—if it can pretend to any—is, that good intention and high principle are not always enough for the duties of life, and that for lack of a little of that which I have called dramatic power, a man may sometimes and sometimes go wrong, and sadly mislead others.

Laurence Gifford might be called a young man of fortune. His father had left property enough, accumulated in trade, to relieve the son from any actual necessity for living. So Laurence had studied and travelled for the sake of his own culture, and had lived for the most part quietly with his mother, avoiding but little of society, and seeking himself her companion as well as her son.

Now he was about to enter upon that world of which he had but little personal experience, and which he had only known through its perhaps, if you had seen him during his stay at the country seat of one of his friends, where he met, for the first time, Jennie Millicent. Miss Millicent was one of the prettiest, brightest, most animated, and brilliant girls any society could boast of. She was a girl who seemed to lend an appearance of reasonableness to the extravagant gallantry of that little poem of Rossard's (at least, I think it is Rossard's), which avers that the maid in an hour-glass is all that remained of a hapless lover who was thus reduced to dust and ashes by the first bright glance of a lady's eyes. Chance threw her, and then purposely intention, three Laurence Gifford and Jennie Millicent together a good deal in the course of their common friends. They found that they had many tastes in common. Jennie was a quick, eager reader, with a subtle, and apprehensive, and a judgment more than than her vivacious, brilliant manner would lead one to expect; and Laurence found himself, for the first time in his life, intellectually interested in the society of a woman.

They met at many other places during that season, and Laurence was for the first time in his life unhappy. Love, new-born, was disturbing up in his heart. Strange doubts and pains racked him.

For he said to himself, sadly and bitterly, "Jennie Millicent is a flirt. She has no heart or serious tenderness. She is heartless, and she knows it; she was determined to fascinate me, and she succeeded against her will. I am just another little triumph to her, and nothing more."

Then a more tender gloom in her blue eyes would seem to plead against his doubts, and he would devote himself to her—until some one else came near with whom she chose to divide her attention and her glances, and Laurence drew off, disheartened and miserable. "The shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks."

To what fine perplexities and pains he began to meet, in the same circles of society, a girl whose mother had been one of his mother's oldest friends, and to whom, therefore, he ought to have paid special attention, and would have paid it but for the distracting influence of bright Jennie Millicent. Caroline Hunter was a noble-looking girl, with a serene, Madonna-like face, and dark brown hair smoothly reposing on a white broad forehead. Her calm eyes sometimes rested on Laurence, with an expression that seemed to him to speak of sweet sympathy, loyalty and even compassion. He thought that she saw and understood his conditions, and pitied him.

"She pities me," he said to himself, "for she believes that I am entangled by a brilliant and heartless flirt. Perhaps like Jennie herself she has told her that she has made me her slave. Girls of that nature do such things sometimes, people say." And he drew nearer to Caroline Horton, and tried to maintain his independence and self-control, and to keep aloof from the perilous fascinations of Jennie Millicent. There was something soothing and consoling in the society of Miss Horton. She always conversed with him with the same sweet, serene smile; she always look at sympathy. Jennie Millicent usually met in words. Poor Laurence felt that there must be some influence about her which he could not clearly define or characterize, or he never having her side he could hardly remember what they had been talking of, and yet he was certain he knew that a congenial nature had given its sympathy and strength to him. She was always the same in manner. Jennie Millicent changed every hour. Caroline Horton listened tenderly and calmly, and spoke little; Jennie Millicent was always starting new ideas, and pursuing them as if they were bright butterflies and she an eager child.

Presently that little comedy was about to break up. Breakings-up, as Dickens says, are cognial things at school; but in after-life they are, among other drawbacks, the disadvantages, generally, that the boys and girls do not come back and play together any more. The guests in the social circle of which Laurence had formed as a part were about to scatter for and wide—some to the Highlands, some to Paris, a few to New England, and a few to Old England. A great friend of Laurence's, a young man, whom he had known at Harvard, had joined the group lately, and his presence and his imminent departure had given an additional impetus to Laurence: his imminent departure, for Laurence was grieved to lose him; the prospect of his presence soon observed that Gray and himself were rowing in the same boat—that Charley Gray was a captive and a bond-slave of Jennie Millicent.

One morning, about this time, Laurence received a letter from his mother, in answer to which for it wound up with the words, "Beware! my dear son. I have heard something about a triumphant flirt whom you claim to have conquered, you. I know I can trust your heart and head; but still, my son, be careful, and be true to yourself." Laurence felt ashamed. His mother, unconsciously, looked on him as a weak boy, who still must be kept in leading-strings. And Jennie Millicent had, then, really been boasting of her conquest! Who could have written to his mother on the subject?

"I have made a fool of myself," Laurence murmured, "and every one knows it. It was morning, and he was walking alone in one of the shrubberies of a country house as he read his mother's letter. Suddenly he started and flushed, for Jennie Millicent was there before him. As he turned the corner of a winding walk he saw her. She was alone, and at first she did not see him. She held a paper in her hand, and her eyes were fixed on it. In her walk, her attitude, the bend of her neck and head, there was something which spoke of a profound and genuine sadness. It was but for a moment that Laurence could thus observe her, for his tread announced him, and she looked up, and their eyes met. She blushed a deep crim-

tion, and seemed quite agitated, and she hastily crumpled in her hand the paper she had been reading.

"She was reading a love-letter," Laurence said to himself. "Thank Heaven, I never wrote her a love-letter!"

Then they talked for a while, and, for some reason which Laurence could not explain even to himself, they talked very gravely and almost sadly. All the manner of the coquette was laid aside, and Jennie spoke to him in the most sympathetic tone of a sincere friend. There was something in her manner of once tender and calm which he had never observed before, and which he could not understand. It seemed to say, "Let there be henceforth only the clear truth between us. Let us not mistake each other. I am your friend; and only that. Be you my friend."

Laurence's soul was drawn toward her. "Have I not, after all, misunderstood this girl?" he began to ask himself.

As they walked along the thorns of a rose-bush caught Jennie's dress. She put out her hand to release herself, and the paper she had been holding fell to the ground. Laurence stooped to pick it up, and saw, not without some confusion, that it was in his own writing.

"It is the copy you made for me of that beautiful little poem of Victor Hugo's," she said, quietly. "I to like the poem that I have always kept it."

Then Laurence remembered that weeks and weeks before he had spoken to Jennie of a little poem of Victor Hugo's, and had copied it for her. It was that tender, half-melancholy poem which contains such verses as

"Puisque ici toute chose
Donne toujours
Son opine, on a rose
A ses amours."

There was a moment's silence. Then Laurence said:

"We are all scattering soon. Are we never all to meet again?"

"All are not likely to meet again, I suppose," she replied. "But some of us are pledged to meet again some time. Will it not be?" Then, ungratitude you, Mr. Gifford?"

"Congratulate me, Miss Millicent? Good Heavens! for what?"

She looked into his face with unfeigned wonder. "Am I premature and rash?" she said, with a half smile. "Pray forgive me."

"But, Miss Millicent, pray tell me what you mean. I do beg of you—oh, confound it!"

He was actually about to take her hand, when he saw Charley Gray appearing in the path, and he gave vent to the ungracious ejaculation which closed his speech.

Laurence would have given his friend the go by, but Miss Millicent's manner seemed purpose, by to invite Gray to join them. And Laurence quietly drew off, resolving to find another opportunity of speaking to her. The Destinies were against him. As he wandered, restless and impatient, through the shrubbery he came suddenly to an arbor which he saw, at a little distance, Jennie and his friend Gray standing together. Gray had taken her hand in his; and she was not resisting. Her eyes were cast down, and she was listening to what he was pouring into her ear. Laurence rushed from the spot.

"Heartless coquette!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "How nearly I had betrayed myself to her! Oh, thank Heaven for the chance which showed me how false and cruel she is!"

That evening Laurence left the place, after having proposed for Caroline Huston and been accepted. That evening poor Charley Gray left the place, having proposed for and passionately pleaded to Jennie Millicent; and been politely, compassionately, decisively rejected. And Charley Gray was ever so much wealthier than Laurence Gifford.

Laurence was married soon after, and took his beautiful, calm bride to Europe. She was always beautiful and calm. She was married on the first night of Mount Blanc and the first glimpse of Italy. She was calm through the wonderful sunsets of the Mediterranean, and in a sudden fierce squall on the Leman. They crossed over to the Lake and visited the Holy Family at Caroline's face wore the same sweet, placid expression as they looked in the street of Geneva and gazed upon the Mount of Olives. And Laurence at last accepted the truth, which he had striven so long as he could to shut out from his heart and mind. There was nothing in his wife. He had married a shapely figure, and a beautiful complexion, without mind or soul attached. Caroline Gifford had neither brains nor sympathies. The quiet, sweet smile that always lay on her pretty face represented no more of glow within than a sunbeam on a frozen lake. This, then, was all!

He brought home his wife to his mother, who was at first delighted with her. Then Laurence learned that it was Caroline who had conveyed to his mother the hint about his attentions to Jennie Millicent. He smiled rather grimly and said nothing. Before a week he saw that his mother had found out poor Caroline, and knew that her son was tied for life to a brainless, soulless woman. No word of what she knew was breathed to Laurence by his mother; but she could see an all-ever-present look of pity, regret, and something like remorse upon her face.

Laurence Gifford was no more whiner against Destiny—which, indeed, in his case, as in that of most of us, meant his own folly and mistake; and he resolved to make the best of his life—such of his wife. At first he strove hard to love her; but after a while he gave that up as hopeless. There was nothing to love; and Caroline would not have cared to be troubled with love. She was married to a steadfast, good man, and she did not want any thing else. She did not even want her husband's society. She was glad to have him for her husband: and that was all. Indeed his efforts, in their first months of marriage, to get her to take an interest in literature, or art, or nature, or any of the things he loved, were terrible bores to her. And Laurence soon saw this, and mercifully spared her. He was always kind and affectionate to her, and he resolutely endeavored to keep his eyes fixed on her good qualities—a difficult task, for the most poor Caroline had assuredly no bad qualities whatever, save of the negative sort which sufficiently marked to be classed as good qualities by any but the most indulgent and partial observer.

So life went on for Laurence Gifford—quiet, cheerless, hopeless. His wife brought him no children; but that fact in no way troubled him. She was placidly contented, while Laurence strove to bear manfully the fate he had brought upon himself. And his mother was utterly miserable in seeing what she saw, and believing that she had some share in causing the ill.

Once, and only once, he saw his old friend, Charley Gray. The latter was still unmarried, and had settled permanently in Europe. Once, however, he crossed the Atlantic to see his friends, and while in his native city he met his old acquaintances talked long and late into the night.

"I sometimes see an old friend of yours and of mine, in London, Laurence," said Gray, slowly, and with a little hesitation, "Jennie Millicent. You remember her?" And he looked somewhat curiously into Laurence's face. A flush was there, and Laurence's lips were compressed.

"Oh, as Laurence said, coldly, "I have not forgotten her. She is still unmarried?"

"She is still unmarried, and apparently resolved not to marry," said Gray, "and I have a notion that she will remain so. She is a strange fate for one who was, and is, so brilliant, and who had so many admirers and offers. You know that I asked her to marry me, Laurence?"

"I do—I have heard so."

"Yes, the very day you proposed for your wife! A strange coincidence! I loved Jennie Millicent, and always shall love her. She was my first good friend now, and always shall be, and can never be any thing more. She couldn't love me —I don't believe she ever will—I have not the noblest woman I ever knew. No good cause, no noble cause to serve, but her heart and her help go to it. She lives only for her friends and for doing good. And, though I know as well as if she told me, Laurence, that you are unhappy and unhappy, she has the same bright ways that she had when I think you were first acquainted for her sake, although she is the only woman who ever made me unhappy."

"Why shall he never marry?" Laurence asked. And he spoke with difficulty, and with a choking sensation in his throat.

"Don't you know?

Laurence answered only by a motion of his head. He could not speak.

"Because, Laurence Gifford, she was like me —she loved somebody who did not love her!"

"The deuce she was!" Laurence exclaimed Laurence, starting up. "I can't breathe here. Let us go out into the open air."

They went into the open air; and they spoke of Jennie Millicent no more. When Laurence went to his bedroom that night he slept somewhat fortably and soundly, with her hair done up very tightly indeed, and every other hair in place, and the unchanging, placid smile upon her handsome, soulless face.

THE HERO OF A FAST NOVEL.

THE pride of life is one of the leading notes of the "fast novel." Death may, with impartial hand, strike at the palace of princes or kings and the hovel of the pauper; but the pride of life which informs the pen of our fast novelists understands to treat of pauper and prince only to mean a fit to be a hero unless he can throw money about like water. It is not necessary that the hero should be his own money-bag, provided that it should not be—otherwise he would, perhaps, be too commonplace. But he must be immersed in an inextricable state of debt, he goes down to shoot at one of his many places, he does not care for ballroom, he is a fearless rider, a strong fisher, and his guests, all of them mounting high in the social scale, are supposed to be good enough to ought it. They arrive at a dim picturesque old house, with oak-paneled walls, heavy wood-glass mullioned windows, fire-dogs and chimes of fabulous value all around. They find a cuisine of the highest order, and perfect cigars; a grand piano in the Elizabethan drawing-room, the cloth of billiard-balls under the cues, and ashes and ashes of cigarettes and cigar-whisk-tables in the little garden-room that looks through gothic windows on to the flower-beds and shady cedars. When out shooting, these gentlemen, who are "roughing it," toss the dogs *Punch* and turkey, and they shake them at the pundits to their perfumed cigarettes. When the hero flies from his debts and his creditors, he disappears from the low white shore to his yacht. There, on a velvet-cushioned bench, in the most novel, yet so fine, dress, he lies on a splendid goblet, in which champagne of fine grain of golden wine. Silky necktaties and purple grapes are his companions in the plate. In the mirrored cabin a choice dinner awaits him. When he goes ashore, and walks in the streets, every house decorated with imperial blue, filled with things of great antiquity and beauty—ivory, bronze, marble, china, enamel, all gleaming out of the prevailing line of deep azure; chambers, in a word, resembling as continuing as many caverns in them as Christie's itself on a view-day. When he gives a dinner at the little box inhabited by his yacht-boat, the table seems have half-guinea rose-buds in their coats, the dining-room is one sheet of light, a miniature sun in the blue are of the ceiling sheds down its rays, the atmosphere is scented with pastilles, the table is ablaze with gold and silver, and the hangings of the walls are some satin, silver-starred. Anonymas herself is dressed in flame-colored robes, and she seems to be literally on fire with the superb rubies that glitter all over her. She wears boots that cost thirty guineas a pair, with silver-gilt spurs, and a "click-clack" like a cavalryman's. But the golden tazze, costly china, exquisite pictures, Oriental stuffs, silks, satins, and the embroidered, paper tables, rose-bound books, with monograms in turquoises and pearls on the cover, make the hero of the fast novel unconscious of the hero's nameless *protopie*, sink into insignificance when compared with the contents of his house. Then he has guns with ten times more light, ten times more color, ten times more finish, than those of the most accomplished Purdey, silver, and sauber—not a large room, but small and bijou, "intensely" luminous, and very costly. The hero goes to the theatre and chooses a loge-out on the stage, it contains a big sofa-place, or is shaped like a jeweled bolster. Elsewhere in the gorgeous pages of our fast instructor we meet with girls enfolded in a glitter of jewels, and shirts with huge gold serpentine coils upon their arms, who lean over a boat's side and dangle their feet upon the azure onyx of the sunlit waters, but upon the flavors of new sauces, and the strong old wines prince send to their tables from Oriental burnooms, all interwoven with pearls and turquoises, which Oriental emancipators give to the asking. Even the artists of our fast novels have curious valuation studios, in which the smoke of choice cigars is ever round about and hits a love, and amber and seltzer perpetually mix in long fairy-like glasses of Venice.

BEAN-FANCIER.

DUTCHY the first centuries of the Roman Republic the bean was held in all classes allowed their wards to grow freely: shaving seems to have been quite unknown. It was not until the year 454 B.C. that a thing like a razor was seen in Rome; but at that time a few Greek barbers had made their appearance in the forum; and although, like all innovators, they were at first received with derision, yet after a time they succeeded in getting customers; for at last even more: until at the barbers' shops in Rome persons could meet who are in London or Paris safes in Paris: places of lounging and resort, where every one with nothing to do spends a few hours of his time each day. As the Romans grew richer from the spoils of conquered nations, and their manners more refined, the simple life of their ancestors for a mode of living more in keeping with their wealth, many had shaves whose sole business was to shave them and cut their hair with greasers. At first this task was performed with a knife, and it was not to have had women trained to the work; and, as a woman's hand is much lighter, and usually more skilful, than that of a man, the change was announced by connoisseurs to be for the better. By Julius Cæsar's time the beard had fallen into enough disrepute among all classes of society, slaves being the only people who still wore it. Cæsar himself was clean-shaven, and many successors every morning; Pompey, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Augustus, were all clean shaven too; even Caligula and Nero had but slight beards for the fashions, would have thought it disrespectful and unseemly to appear in a public place with a beard.

It was Trajan who first had the courage to shake off the mother's yoke. This King, an excellent monarch in many respects, discovered that his chin was growing somewhat prematurely of each day; and, as he was the first emperor since Cæsar who really felt that he was on the throne for something more than eating and drinking, he relinquished a habit that cost him considerable trouble, and could afford to face, like Adrian, Antonius Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, his immediate successors, followed in his wake, and allowed their beards to grow unchecked. After them, however, came Commodus; as this exemplary monarch found the time hang so heavily upon his hands that he was obliged to kill time of an afternoon, it was not likely that he would resent the practice of shaving; and from the shaving of making half-hours go by; barbers had a new time of it; and thenceforth continued to be the fashionable companions for patrons until Decius and overturned Romulus-Augustulus, the last imperial, and consequently the kingdom of Italy, and with it the reign of mustaches.

In the reign of Osric, the last of the Brevitudes, which had arisen about the end of the eleventh century, a fierce contest arose between the Saxon or Roman Catholic Church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as to how the priests should shave their heads and faces, or whether they should shave them at all. The British priests held that shaving was superfluous. The Pope, however, maintained that the use of razors was indispensable to salvation. The strife waxed warm; but, as things seemed going in favor of the Pope, Dewin, who favored intestine and excommunication, convoked a meeting of Christian bishops at Whitby, in Northumberland. Here that priests should shave all but a thin crown of hair off their heads; secondly, that they should shave their faces; and, thirdly, that they should shave upon pain of public penance. This was peremptory. The Anglo-Saxon priests gave in.

Strangely enough, the beard, which had seemed a heresy to the Church of Rome in the time of Osric, had come into favor again with the Catholic priesthood by the middle of the ninth century. Bishops and priests had begun to allow it to grow on their faces, and were even rather fax in shaving the crowns of their heads. This scandalized the Greek Church, the ministers of which made a diligent use of razors; and the dispute upon this subject grew so fierce as it had seen two centuries before between Rome and England. On this occasion, however, the Papal See argued that, as all the Apostles, and notably St. Peter, had worn beards, it was the duty of their successors to imitate them. This failed to convince the Greeks; and, in the famous edict of excommunication which the Patriarch Photius launched against Pope Nicholas in 856, it was alleged as a major grievance that the Latin priests refused to shave, and were consequently unworthy of entering into communion with the brethren of the Eastern Church. Modern priests of the Democritus school will smile when they remember that opinions on this mighty point were once so violent again since that two archbishops the Greek priests wear beards, and the Romish shave!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"THAT bet is not long enough for me," said a very tall, slender Englishman, upon being inducted into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, sir, you'll find it plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply. "Be then there'll be two of us intended to it." EXIT PAT, with a best fellow-ing up the year.

APOSTROPHE TO AN OYSTER.

Delicious bivalve, as we peruse
Ere I engulf thee in my jaws:
And let the muse in lofty verse
While thy just praises I rehearse.
Next to the man, who first found out
Whom fruit invites to swallow thee
Was he who first found out well,
Fool, could be starved, or on the shell.
Thou art, oh glutton! all to me,
A very type of true delight,
Virginia's shore no treasure owns,
Nor Spain, with all her golden mines,
To equal thee, oh oyster mine!
As thou appearest in the pot,
The daring wight whose lucky lip
Thy luscious flavor shall first sip,
Deserves from us a tribute rare
Of admiring thee to fast and air.

A SALOON-KEEPER of questionable honesty went to a lawyer to consult him about commencing an action against a fellow-citizen for defamation of character. The lawyer said he, fiercely, "has robbed me of my character? Get him behind the bar, and I will, well, I'll—I'll—I'll—I'll get him behind the bar, I will, Thou art, oh glutton! all to me, and I A very type of true delight. Virginia's shore no treasure owns, Nor Spain, with all her golden mines, To equal thee, oh oyster mine! As thou appearest in the pot, The daring wight whose lucky lip Thy luscious flavor shall first sip, Deserves from us a tribute rare Of admiring thee to fast and air.

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Jennie Williams had been doing something which her mamma had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating cucumbers, and, of course, got the cramp. At length she exclaimed: "Oh! the way she got found out. Mrs. Williams said, 'Jennie, do you know you were forbidden to eat cucumbers?' "But, mother, Satan tempted me!" "Why, child," said Mrs. Williams, "how could Satan get into the cucumber-bed?" "I did say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and he went behind me, and pushed me into the cucumber-bed!"

An anatomical observer asserted a few days since that there are 480,281 feathers on the wings of a buzzard. "I don't believe it," said a bystander. "Then count them for yourself," was the reply.

A gentleman who was very zealous on the subject of temperance was endeavoring to persuade a friend to share at auction, and rode her home. "Well, Cæsar," said he to his servant, "you have been to the funeral of her? She rest me five hundred dollars." "Dunno, master." "Don't know what it was?" "No, Well, master, it makes me think of what the preacher said yesterday—sometimes the corpse of the money is soon parted." I discommender the fast part!"

THE other day Molecule propounded the following to Atom: "A boy of fifteen remonstrated to his father and mother have a daughter, but she is not my sister. Who is she?" Atom, after thinking for some reflected, but all in vain. To his every suggestion Molecule replied, "No, that is not right." Atom gave it up, and said he was beyond his depth. "Why, Atom, enough," said Molecule, with an exasperating smile; "she has!"

A MAN, being awakened by the captain of a passenger boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, angrily replied, "Oh, it won't hurt 'em: they're an old pair."

MANIA FOR THE SALOON SEASON.—Two hands are better than one.

The dealers of a house on West Lake Street, in Chicago, advertises "a hosiery for sale," which doubtless means that it is willing to dispose of its stocking.

"How is your wife to-day?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh, mocke de ern," said he; "she is better, and I has found her a new doctor." "I am glad to do, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so anxious to have her well." "Oh, she is well. Yes she is. I shall not be so mocke dissatisfied."

A GENTLEMAN who was told that nothing could cure him but a quart of cattle tea, said, "Then I must die," said he, "for I don't like cattle tea."

"Walter, I'll take my hat," said a gentleman at a ball one evening, to he was going home. "What kind is it, sir?" "Why, it's a high hat." "Then you had better wait a little while." "Why, sir?" "Why, sir, because it is going to rain, and the water will run into the crown and spoil your hat."

THE UNITED PACIFIC—A quiet marriage.

A Pennsylvania editor rejects an advertisement sent him by an Indiana lawyer on the condition that he would publish it for a year, saying, however, that he does so because he is a Democrat, and the proposition is "scandalously premature."

WHAT is stronger in death than life?—An old yellowlegged hen.

IN a little town out West a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She asked a bright-eyed boy, thus: "If you have ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Please, ma'am," the boy said, "if you've ten dollars, father said one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

KING DEATH'S DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

BACCHUS TAKES THE FIRST PREMIUM.

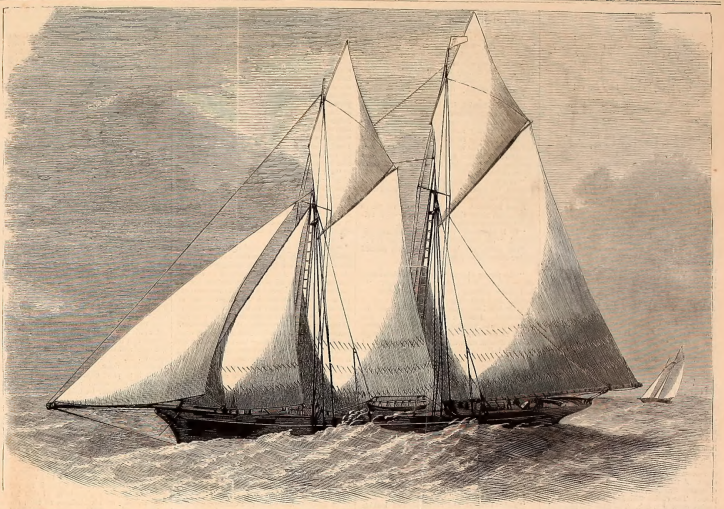

THE ENGLISH YACHT "CAMBRIA."

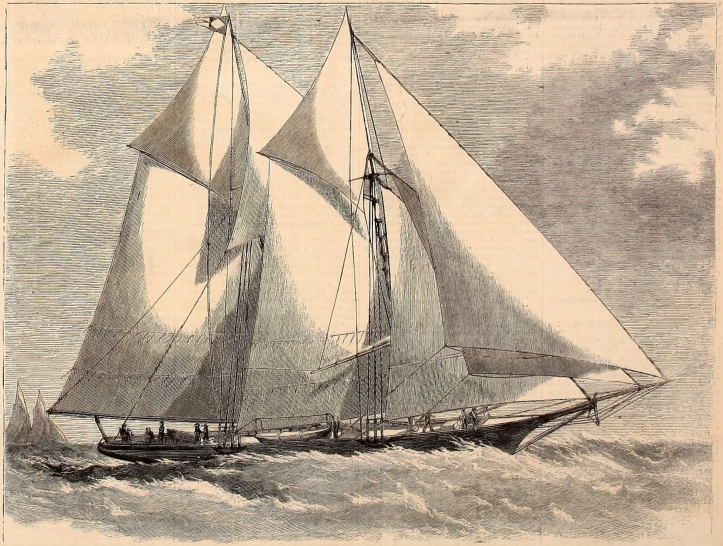

THE AMERICAN YACHT "SAPPHO."—[From a Sketch by C. R. Parsons.]

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.—[See Page 350.]

DAISIES.

All the little children know
That the daisies are their own:
Why should daisies ever grow
That to children are unknown?
Oh, how sorry they must be,
Living without purpose thus:
Daisies no children see,
Oh, how you must long for us!

Running through the pleasant grass,
When the summer scents are sweet,
Touching daisies as we pass
With our happy little feet.
Some may grow upon the brink,
Some in hidden crevice fix;
Let no daisy-blossom think
That we have neglected it!

We must be so kind and wise
To these daisies of our own,
Giving sensible replies
When they make their wishes known.
Butter-cups belong to all,
So do other pretty flowers,
But the daisies are so small
That they can be only ours.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

TWELFTH SCENE.—DEURY LANE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

THE LETTER AND THE LAW.

The many-toned murmur of the current of London life—flowing through the murky channel of Drury Lane—found its rumbled way from the front room to the back. Piles of old music hampered the dusty floor. Stage masks and weapons, and portraits of singers and dancers, hung round the walls. An empty violin case in one corner, a broken bust of Rossini in another. A fruitless print, representing the Trial of Queen Caroline, was pasted over the fireplace. The chairs were genuine specimens of ancient carving in oak. The table was an equally excellent example of dirty neglect. A small morsel of druggist was on the floor; and a large sheet of music was on the ceiling. The scene thus presented, revealed itself in the back drawing-room of a house in Drury Lane, devoted to the transaction of musical and theatrical business of the humbler sort. It was late in the afternoon, on Midsummer-day. Two persons were seated together in the room: they were Anne Silvester and Sir Patrick Lundie.

The opening conversation between them—comprising, on one side, the narrative of what had happened at Perth and at Swanhaven; and on the other, a statement of the circumstances attending the separation of Arnold and Blanche—had reached its end. It rested with Sir Patrick to lead the way to the next topic. He looked at his companion, and hesitated.

"Do you feel strong enough to go on?" he asked. "If you would prefer to rest a little, pray say so."

"Thank you, Sir Patrick. I am more than ready. I am eager, to go on. No words can say how anxious I feel to be of some use to you, if I can. It rests entirely with your experience to show me how."

"I can only do that, Miss Silvester, by asking you without ceremony for all the information that I want. And you say object to traveling to London, which you have not mentioned to me yet? I mean, of course, any object with which I have a claim (as Arnold Brinkworth's representative) to be acquainted?"

"I had no object, Sir Patrick. And I have failed to accomplish it."

"May I ask what it was?"

"It was to see Geoffrey Delamayn."

Sir Patrick started. "You have attempted to see *him?* When?"

"This morning."

"Why, you only arrived in London last night!"

"I only arrived," said Anne, after waiting many days on the journey. I was obliged to rest at Edinburgh, and again at York—and I was afraid I had seen Mrs. Glenarm soon enough to get to Geoffrey Delamayn before me."

"Afraid?" repeated Sir Patrick. "I understood that you had no serious intention of disputing the scoundrel with Mrs. Glenarm. What motive could possibly have taken you *to* see *him?*"

"The same motive which took me to Swanhaven."

"What! the idea that it rested with Delamayn to set things right? and that you might bribe him to it by consenting to release him, so far as your claims were concerned?"

"Bear with my folly, Sir Patrick, as patiently as you can. I was always slow now; and I got into a habit of brooding over things. I have been brooding over the position in which my misfortunes have placed Mr. Brinkworth. I have been obstinate—unreasonably obstinate—in believing that I could prevail with Geoffrey Delamayn, after I had failed with Mrs. Glenarm. I am an obstinate about it still. As you would not have heard me, my madness in going to Fulham might have had its excuse." She sighed bitterly, and said no more.

Sir Patrick took her hand.

"It *has* its excuse," he said, kindly. "Your motive is beyond reproach. Let me add—to quiet your mind—that, even if Delamayn had been willing to hear you, and had accepted the condition, the result would still have been the same. You are quite wrong in supposing that he has only to speak, and to set this matter right. It has passed entirely beyond his control. The incident that arose when Arnold Brinkworth spent those unlucky hours with you at Craig Fernie"—

"Oh, Sir Patrick, if I had only known that before I went to Fulham this morning!"

She shuddered as she said the words. Some thing was plainly associated with her visit to Geoffrey, that bore tremendously on her shaken nerves. What was it? Sir Patrick resolved to obtain an answer to that question, before he ventured on proceeding further with the main object of the interview.

"You have told me your reason for going to Fulham," he said. "But I have not heard what happened there yet."

"Nothing," she said. "Is it necessary for me to trouble you about that?" she asked—with evident reluctance to enter on the subject.

"It is absolutely necessary," answered Sir Patrick, "because Delamayn is concerned in it. Any concealment, any hesitation, and entered on her narrative in three words.

"The person who carries on the business here discovered the address for me," she began. "I had some difficulty, however, in finding the house. It is little more than a cottage; and it is quite hid in a great garden, surrounded by high walls. I saw a carriage waiting. The coachman was walking his horses up and down —and he directed me the door. It was a high wooden door in the wall, with a grating in it. I rang the bell. A servant-girl opened the grating, and looked at me. She refused to let me in. Her mistress had ordered her to close the door on all strangers—especially strangers who were women. I contrived to pass some money to her through the grating, and asked to speak to her mistress. After waiting some time, I saw another face behind the bars—and it struck me that I recognized it. I spoke again, and repeated it startled me. I said, 'I think we know each other.' There was no answer. The door was suddenly opened—and who do you think stood before me?"

"Was it somebody I know?"

"Yes."

"Man? or woman?"

"It was Jenny Northridge."

"Hester Dethridge!"

"Yes." She paused just as usual, and looking just as usual—with her slate hanging at her side.

"Astonishing! Where did I lost see her? At the Windygates station, to be sure—going to London, after she had left my sister-in-law's service. I am not accepted another place—without letting me know first, as I told her?"

"She is living at Fulham."

"In service?"

"No. As mistress of her own house."

"What! Hester Dethridge in possession of a house of her own? Well! well! why shouldn't she have a house in the world like other people? Did she let you in?"

"She stood for some time looking at me, in a dull, stupefied kind of way. Then, as the words started me—I don't know which. I couldn't speak to her just at first. She wrote on her slate, and showed me what she wanted. I saw the words: 'I said, at the time, brought to it by a man. Did I do right?' Her question about it been put in the usual way, by any body else, I should have considered it too insolent to be noticed. Can you understand my answering in Sir Patrick? I can't understand it myself, now—and yet I did answer. She forced me to it with her stony eyes. I said 'yes.'"

"Did all this take place at the door?"

"At the door."

"When did she let you in?"

"The next thing she did was to let me in. She took me by the arm, in a rough way, and drew me inside the door, and shut it. My nerves are broken; my courage is gone. I quiet with cold when she touched me. She dropped me in. I stood and waited, waiting for what it pleased her to say or do next. She looked at me two hands on her sides, and took a long look at me. She looked at me without saying a word. If she was angry: more, if such a thing could be, as if she was satisfied—pleased even, I should have said, if it had been any body but Hester Dethridge. Do you understand it?"

"Not yet. Let me get time to understand it by asking something before you go on. Had she been in your employment to you, when you were both at Windygates?"

"Not the least. She appeared to be incapable of understanding me, at first. I said—"

"Did she write any more questions on her slate?"

"Yes. She wrote another question under what she had written just before. Her mind was still running on my fainting fit, and on the 'man who had 'brought me to it.' She held up the slate; and the words were these: 'Tell me how he served you: did he knock you down?' Most people would have laughed at the question. I was startled by it. I told her, No. She shook her head as if she didn't believe me. She wrote on her slate, 'We are both to own it when they up with their fists and beat us—isn't we?' I said, 'If you are quite wrong.' She went on obstinately with her writing. 'Who is the man?'—was her next question. I had control enough over myself to decline telling her that. She opened the door, and pointed to me to go out. I made a sign entreating her to wait a little. She went back, in her unpenetrable way, to the writing on the slate—still about the 'man.' This time, the question was plainer. She had evidently placed her own interpretation of my appearance at the house. She wrote, 'Is it the man who lodges here?' I saw that she would close the door on me if I didn't answer. My only chance with her was to own that she had guessed right. I said 'Yes. I want to see him.' She took me by the arm, as roughly as before—and led me into the back room.

"I began to understand her," said Sir Patrick, "from your hearing, in my brother's time, that she had been brutally ill-used by her husband. The association of ideas, even in her confused brain, becomes plain, if you bear that in mind. What is her last remembrance of you? It is the remembrance of a fainting woman at Windygates."

"Yes."

"She makes you acknowledge that she has guessed right, in guessing that a man was, in some way, answerable for the condition in which she found you. A swoon produced by a shock inflicted on the mind, is a swoon that she doesn't understand. She has seen the same sign, offering me tea. It was done in the strangest way—without the least appearance of kindness, and with what you have just said to me, I think I can in some degree interpret what was going on in her mind. I believe she felt a hard-hearted interest in seeing a woman whom she supposed to be as unfortunate as she had once been herself. I do almost think she was trying to question me on the subject of what I wanted in the house. She put me here to wait. She pointed round the room and then took me to a window, and pointed round the garden—and then made a sign indicating herself. 'Is this your house: and my garden—that was what she meant. There were four men in the garden—evidently Hester Dethridge's own men. I made another attempt to tell her that I wanted to speak to him. But, no! She had her own idea in her mind. After her beckoning to me to leave the window, she led the way to the fire-place, and showed me a sheet of paper with writing on it, framed and placed under a glass, and hung on the wall. She seemed, I thought, to be proud of showing me her framed manuscript. At any rate, she insisted on my reading it. It was an extract from a will."

"The will under which she had inherited the house?"

"Yes. Her brother's will. It said, that he regretted, on his death-bed, his estrangement from his only sister, dating from the time when she had married against the advice of his wishes and against his advice. As a proof of his sincere desire to be reconciled with her, before he died, he left a certain annuity for the sufferings which she had endured at the hands of her deceased husband, Mr. Richard Dethridge, of one hundred pounds a year, together with the use of his house and garden, for her lifetime. That, as well as I remember, was the substance of what it said.

"Creditable to her brother, and creditable to herself," said Sir Patrick. "Taking her character into consideration, I understand her liking it to be seen. What puzzles me, is her interest in—perhaps—the income of her own to live on."

"That was the very question which I put to her myself. I was obliged to be cautious, and to begin by asking about the lodgers first—the men having still a right, as I had to suppose, to raise the inquiry. The rooms to let in the house had (as I understood) been let furnished by a person acting for Geoffrey Delamayn—his trainer, I presume. He had surprised Hester Dethridge by barely mentioning the house, and showing the most extraordinary interest in the garden."

"That is quite intelligible, Miss Silvester. The garden you have described would be just the place he wanted for the exercise of his enormous physical energies—far removed from observation by the high walls all round. What next?"

"Next, I got to the question of why she should let her house in lodgings at all. When I asked her that, she showed burden them ever. She answered me on her slate in those dismal words 'I have not got a friend in the world. I live on love alone.' There was her reason! I was sorry and dreadful, Sir Patrick, was it not?"

"Deeply sorry. How did it end? Did you get into the garden?"

"Yes—at the second attempt. She seemed suddenly to change her mind: she opened the door for me herself. Passing the window of the room in which I had left her, I looked in. She had taken her place, at a table before the window, apparently watching for what might happen. There was something about her, as her eyes met mine (I can't say what), which made me feel uneasy at the time. Adopting your view, I am almost inclined to think now, fearful as the idea is, that she had the expectation of seeing what you and I have just been treated in former days. It was actually a relief to me—though I knew I was going to run a serious risk—to lose sight of her. And I got nearer to the men in the garden, I heard two of them talking very earnestly to Geoffrey Delamayn. The fourth person, an elderly gentleman, stood apart from the rest at some little distance. I kept as far as I could out of sight, waiting till the talk was over. It was impossible for me to help hearing it. The two men were trying to persuade Geoffrey Delamayn to speak to the elderly gentleman. They pointed to him as a famous medical man. They reiterated over and over again, that his opinion was worth having—"

Sir Patrick interrupted her. "Did they mention his name?" he asked.

"Yes. They called him Mr. Speedwell."

"The man himself! This is even more interesting, Miss Silvester, than I suppose. I myself heard Mr. Speedwell warn Delamayn that he was in frightful health, when we were sitting together at Windygates House last month. Did he do as the other men wished him? Did he speak to the surgeon?"

"No. He sullenly refused—he remembered what you remember. He said, 'See the man who told me I was broken down?—not I!' After confirming it with an oath, he turned away from the others. Unfortunately, he took the direction in which I was standing, and discovered me. The bare sight of me seemed to throw him instantly into a state of frenzy. He—it is impossible for me to repeat the language that he used: it is bad enough to have heard it. I believe, Sir Patrick, but for the two men, who ran up and laid hold of him, that Hester Dethridge would have had to deal with the servant to me."

"Delamayn was so frightful—even to me, the house. Hester Dethridge in his fits of passion—I tremble when I think of it. One of the men who had restrained him was almost as brutal as he was. He declared, in the coolest language, that if Delamayn had a fit, he would lose the race, and that I should be answerable for it. But for Mr. Speedwell, I don't know what I should have done. He came forward directly. This is no place either for me or for you,' he said—and gave me his arm, and led me back to the house. Hester Dethridge met us at the passage, and lifted her hand to stop me. Mr. Speedwell asked her what she wanted. She looked at me, and pointed to the locked room at the garden, and made the motion of striking a blow with her clenched fist. For the first time in my experience, I was afraid. I hope it was not fancy—I thought I saw her smile. Mr. Speedwell took me out. Hester Dethridge watched us from the house, said, 'The woman is as complete a savage as the men.' The carriage which I had seen waiting was there still. In his state of health, Mr. Speedwell offered me a place in it. I said I would only remain to see Delamayn safely on the railway station. While we were talking, Hester Dethridge followed us to the door. She made another attempt to speak with me. She came in, and looked back toward the garden—and then looked at me, and nodded her head, as much as to say, 'He will do it yet!' No words can describe how glad I was to see the last of her. I only wish I could shake myself free as easily on her again!"

"Did you hear how Mr. Speedwell came to be at the house? Had he gone of his own accord? or had he been sent for?"

"He had been sent for. I ventured to speak to him about the persons whom I had seen in the garden. Mr. Speedwell explained very politely that I was not able of myself to understand, in the kindest manner. One of the two persons whom the garden was the trainer, the other was a doctor, whom the trainer was usually in the habit of consulting. It seems that the doctor had left their lodging at Geoffrey Delamayn's away from Scotland when they did, was that the trainer was wanted, and wanted to be near London for medical advice. The doctor, on being consulted, owned that he was at a loss to understand the symptoms which he was asked to treat. He had himself fetched the great surgeon to Fulham, that morning. Mr. Speedwell abstained from committing himself to a prediction of what would happen, at Windygates. All he said was, 'I had met Mr. Delamayn in society, and had taken interest enough in the case to pay him a visit—with what result, you have seen yourself.'"

"Did he say any thing about Delamayn's health?"

"He said that he had questioned the doctor on the way to Fulham, and that some of the patient's symptoms indicated serious mischief. What the symptoms were I did not hear. Mr. Speedwell only spoke of changes for the worse in him which a woman would be likely to understand. At one time, he would be ill and heedless that nothing could rouse him. At another, he would be the most restless person without any apparent cause. The trainer had found it almost impossible (in Scotland) to keep him in bed at night; and the doctor had only succeeded by threatening to leave him. With her help, they had succeeded, not only in the convenience of the garden, but also that Hester Dethridge could be thoroughly trusted as a cook. With her help, they had succeeded, not only in controlling her diet. But they had found an unexpected difficulty even in doing that. When the trainer took him to the new lodgings, it turned out that he had seen Hester Dethridge at Windygates, and had taken a violent dislike to her—quite against the wishes of the doctor, who had, on seeing her again at Fulham, he appeared to be absolutely infatuated with her."

"Terrified? Why?"

"Nobody knows why. The trainer and the doctor together could only prevent his leaving the house, by threatening to throw up the responsibility of preparing him for the race, unless he constantly controlled himself, and behaved like a man instead of a child. Since that time, he has been more reconciled, little by little, to his new abode—partly through Hester Dethridge's caution in keeping herself always out of his way; and partly through his own appreciation of the

change in his diet, which Hester's skill in cookery has enabled the doctor to make. Mr. Speedwell mentioned some things which I have forgotten. I can only repeat, Sir Patrick, the result at which he has arrived in his own mind. Coming from a man of his authority, the opinion seems to me to be startling in the last degree. If Geoffrey Delamayn runs in the race on Tuesday next, he will do it at the risk of his life."

"At the risk of dying on the ground?"

"Yes."

Sir Patrick's face became thoughtful. He mused a little before he spoke again.

"We have not wasted our time," he said, "in dwelling on what happened during the match at Fulham. The possibility of this man's death suggests to my mind serious matter for consideration. It is quite possible, in the interests of the niece and her husband, that I should be able to foresee, if I can, how a fatal result of the race might affect the inquiry which is to be held on Saturday next. I believe you may be able to help me in this."

"You have only to tell me how, Sir Patrick."

"I may count on your being present on Saturday?"

"Certainly."

"You thoroughly understand that, in meeting Blanche, you will meet a person changed from you, for the present—a friend and sister who has ceased (under Lady Lundie's influence) to wish to feel as a friend and sister toward you now?"

"I was not quite unprepared, Sir Patrick, to hear that Blanche had misjudged me. When I wrote my letter to Mr. Brinkworth, I warned him as distinctly as I could, that his wife's discovery might be very easily roused. You may rely on my still remaining in a matter best left to be tried. Nothing that Blanche can say or do will alter my grateful remembrance of the past. While I live, I shall not. Let that consideration of any little anxiety that you may have felt as to my conduct toward me, in the present and future interests which I have at heart as well as you."

"You can serve them, Miss Silvester, in this way. Lay aside the acquaintance with your position in which you stood toward Delamayn at the time when you went to the Crags Ferrie inn."

"Put any question to me that you think right, Sir Patrick."

"You mean that?"

"I mean it."

"I will begin by recalling something which you have already told me. Delamayn has promised you marriage—"

"Over and over again!"

"In words?"

"Yes."

"In writing?"

"Yes."

"Do you see what I am coming to?"

"Hardly yet."

"You referred, when we first met in this room, to a letter which you received from Geoffrey Delamayn, at Perth. I have ascertained from Arnold Brinkworth that the sheet of this letter last Arnold remembered. Your letter he had not read. It is of the utmost importance, Miss Silvester, to let me see that correspondence before we part to-day."

Anne made no answer. She sat with her clasped hands on her lap. Her eyes looked unsteadily away from Sir Patrick's face, for the first time.

"Will it not be enough," she asked, after an interval, "if I tell you the substance of my letter, without showing it?"

"It will not be enough," returned Sir Patrick, in the plainest manner. "I hinted—if you remember—at the propriety of my seeing the letter, when you were speaking of it as a document that you purposely abstained from understanding me. I am grieved to put you, on this occasion, to a painful test. But if you are to be saved in this serious crisis, I have shown you the way."

Anne rose from her chair, and, without laying the letter into Sir Patrick's hands.

"Remember what he has done, since I wrote that," she said. "And try to understand for my own that I am ashamed to show it to you now."

With those words she walked away to the window. She stood there, with her hand pressed on her breast, looking out absently on the murky London view, as if the house-roof and chimney-pots Sir Patrick opened the letter.

It is necessary to the right appreciation of events, that other eyes besides Sir Patrick's should follow the brief course of the correspondence in this place.

1. *From Anne Silvester to Geoffrey Delamayn.*

"Woodyates House, August 12, 1866.

"Geoffrey Delamayn,—I have waited in the hope that you would visit me during your brother's place, and see me—and I have waited in vain. Your conduct to me is cruelly cruel; I will say it no longer. Considering my very dear interests, consider—before you drive the miserable woman who has trusted you to despair. You have promised me marriage by all that is sacred. I claim your promise. I insist on nothing less than that you be what you ought to—should be—what I have waited all this weary time to be—what I am now, in the sight of God, your wedded wife. Lady Lundie gives a lawn-party here on the 14th. I know you have been asked. I expect you to accept her invitation. If I don't see you, I won't answer for what may happen. My mind is made up to endure this suspense no longer. Oh, Geoffrey, remember the past! Be faithful—be just—to your loving wife,

"Anne Silvester."

2. *From Geoffrey Delamayn to Anne Silvester.*

"Dear Anne,—Just called to London to my father. They have telegraphed him in a bad way. Stop where you are, and I will write you. Trust the bearer. Upon my soul, I'll keep my promise. Your loving husband that is to be,

"Geoffrey Delamayn.

"Woodyates House, Sept. 14, 8 P.M.

"In a mortal hurry. The train starts 4.30."

Sir Patrick read the correspondence with breathless attention to the end. At the last lines of the last letter he did what he had not done before—looked at Anne. She was still at the window, and he crossed a room without the help of his wife's eyes.

Anne started; and turning round from the window, looked at him in silent surprise. He was under the influence of strong emotion; his face, his voice, his manner, all showed it.

"How long have you been in Scotland, when you wrote this?" He pointed to Anne's letter as he asked the question, putting it so eagerly that he absolutely forgot to look at her. "Not more than three weeks?" he added, with his bright black eyes fixed in absorbing interest on her face.

"Yes."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am certain of it."

"You can refer to persons who have seen you?"

"Easily."

He turned the sheet of note-paper, and pointed to Geoffrey's penciled letter on the fourth page.

"How long had he been in Scotland, when he wrote this? More than three weeks, too?"

Anne considered for a moment.

"For God's sake be careful!" said Sir Patrick. "You don't know what depends on this. If your memory is not clear about it, say so."

"My memory is perfectly clear," she answered. It is clear again now. He had been at his brother's as Perthshire when I received his first letter that. And before he went to Swanhaven, he spent three or four days in the valley of the Esk."

"Are you sure again?"

"Quite sure!"

"Do you know of any one who saw him in the valley of the Esk?"

"I know of a person who took a note to him, from me."

"A person easily found?"

"Quite easily."

Sir Patrick laid aside the letter, and seized in ungovernable agitation on both her hands.

"Leave me," he said, "leave me. A whole conspiracy against Arnold Brinkworth and you falls to the ground before that correspondence. When you left me just now—"

He paused, and looked at her. He hands were beginning to tremble in his.

"When you and Arnold Brinkworth met at the inn," he resumed, "the law of Scotland had made you a married woman. You left me, and at the hour, when he wrote those lines at the end of his letter, to you, you were *Geoffrey Delamayn's wedded wife!*"

He stopped, and looked at her again.

Without a word to say in answer to that slightest movement in her head to foot, she looked back at him. The dark stillness of despair was in her face. The deadly cold of horror was in her hands.

In silence, on his side, Sir Patrick drew back a step, with a faint reflection of her dismay in his face. Married—to the villain who had not hesitated to assassinate the woman whom he had ruined, and then to cast her helpless on the world! Married—to the traitor who had not shrunk from betraying Arnold's trust in him, and desolating Arnold's home. Married—to the ruffian who would have struck her flat morning, if the hands of his own friends had not held him back. And Sir Patrick had never thought of it! Absorbed in the one isles of Blanche's future, he had never thought of it, till that horrible question face to face with him, of Anne's, and my future, too!

He came back to her. He took her cold hand once more in his.

"Forgive me," he said, "for thinking first of Blanche.

Blanche's name seemed to rouse her. The life came back to her face; the tender brightness began to shine again in her eyes. He saw that he might venture to speak more plainly still: he went on.

"I see the dreadful sacrifice as you see it. I ask myself, have I any right, has Blanche any right—"

She stopped him by a faint pressure of his hand.

"Yes," she said, softly, "if Blanche's happiness depends on it."

DREAMS.

It is a remarkable characteristic of the state of dreaming, that the mind often assimilates in the train of ideas it is pursuing those sensations that may strike upon the ear. The slumming of a door, for instance, is changed into the discharge of a gun, and the sensation of hearing it, no doubt, often changed by these interruptions. The bodily movements, again, which take place in sleep set the mind upon a new course of adventure, and possibly these extraneous sights and sounds are frequently caused by the very dreadful distractions which we all experience with visions we have in the night. This power of weaving fact into the substance of the fantastic stories we tell ourselves in the somnolent condition is a proof that the brain at such times is partially awake. Many persons who sleep in snatches have the power of continuing the thread of their dream after it has been broken by the wakeful state. In the act of dreaming many persons walk, leaving every appearance of sleep in the individuals. Maniacs very often unconsciously give a clew to the cause of their affliction in this manner. Secrets that they kept close during the day with the reticent cunning of their class, thus leak out in the silence of the night. Esquirol, we are told, utilized this fact in his own asylum by passing the night near the beds of patients whose history was unknown to him, and in this manner possessed himself of a key to their malady. That ideas occur to us in our sleep which we are not capable of in our waking state, the experience of every one proves. It is acknowledged that there is such a thing as unconscious cerebration; in other words, when we have cudgeled our brains to the utmost to solve mental work, and are compelled to give it up in disgust, it often occurs that, on awakening after a few hours' unconscious sleep, our ideas flow from our pen smoothly and swimmingly. This fact will account for the remarkable ease with which many difficulties are solved during sleep. It is related of Tartini, the famous composer, that after wearing himself ill in vainly attempting to finish a sonata, he fell asleep and dreamed of the theme that was upon his mind. He awoke from the devil appeared to him, and proposed to help him in his sonata, provided he would give him his soul in return. He agreed, and the devil at once composed the sonata oft-hand in the most charming manner. When he awoke, he rushed to his desk and put down the notes which still lingered in his memory, and the result was the masterly sonata which is now known by the name of the "Sonate du Diable."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The arbitrary confinement in France of three or four prominent persons as lunatics, when it is pretty well supposed they are perfectly sane and not belligerent, has induced Frenchmen to make the perplexing inquiry, "Is this a lunatic?" The answer to this question certainly varies according to time, country, and custom. In the middle ages, a man of certain country would tend to make one doubt his own sanity, and to wish suspicion upon half his neighbors. But in France it is a very common thing for men to be confined who are no madder than three-fourths of their neighbors. A receiver, with whom the present French luxury lasts, no one can be shut up without a certificate from a physician; one being the doctor of the asylum where the alleged insane person is to be confined. Moreover, every writer, public and private, is subjected to an official inspection every three months. All this is quite certain, that these regulations are not effective. Great use is made of *maisons de santé* by French parents to bring sorely troublesome children to order. It is easy to induce the physician to sign a certificate that the refractory young person is suffering from excitement of the brain, and needs rest; and this power of locking up others extends to most all classes. The *Paris Mail Gazette* suggests that when M. Emile Ollivier has done with the gendarmes and other state appendages, he should devise a humane set of lunacy laws, and see that they are faithfully executed.

A prominent citizen of Bombay, his Highness Agasha Khan, has addressed a letter to the Bombay Times, requesting that her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, be sent back to Europe by her Majesty's Viceroy. Among other arguments to support this request, the Aga asserts that if the Duke is made Governor-General a very large reduction of army expenses would be possible, and a majority of the European troops in India might be withdrawn.

At the last regular meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society, a silver medal was presented to Karl B. De Chaillu, from the Imperial Geographical Society of Paris, in acknowledgement of his journeys and discoveries in Equatorial Africa. The medal was presented by the Secretary of the New York society, and bears the following inscription: "*Société de Géographie, Fondée en 1821, Reconnue d'Utilité Publique, Au voyageur au pays des Achangos*, 1864-1869."

A new style of cheap one-story houses for laborers has been patented in London, and now they are being introduced into Berlin by the Prussian government. These houses are made of iron, of ordinary work, connected by cross-bars, and filled in between with three layers of straw, which are sewed together. The straw forming the roof is tied to a wooden ridge-pole to make it fire-proof, and the layers are well pressed together, after which they are covered with a coat of asphaltum on the outside, and mortar or plaster on the inside. The floor is laid with the straws lie horizontally, in the two others vertically, an arrangement which makes it soft and elastic. The roof is supported by iron beams, covered with corrugated iron and asphaltum, and may be used as a garden or yard, with a house underneath. The whole is found to be cheap, is thoroughly fire-proof, and warm in winter and cool in summer. The cost of these houses, in Prussia, Sweden, and its appendages, coats in London about three hundred dollars; with four rooms and the other necessary complements, less than five hundred dollars.

Among the remarkable circumstances connected with the chemistry of Hindostan was the experience of Professor Brown, a well-known vitalliste. At the moment of the disaster he was standing in an arcade leading from the governor's house. He heard the crash of the falling timbers, and saw the clouds of dust rising from the wreck, and the shrieks and confusion and by some inexplicable working of the imagination, the scene, as described above, seemed to become vividly impressed upon his mind. He knew that a horrible accident had taken place; but more than this he could not say. He was shocked as if by a sudden current; the nerves vibrated and tingled till they seemed as if in a constant state of tension. The sensation is yet confined to bed, but is improving under medical attention. Professor Brown is a reliable, middle-aged gentleman, was in vigorous health, and is not of an imaginative temperament.

Lady Franklin, though now eighty years of age, is indefatigable in searching for any item regarding her husband, of whom she still hopes to hear something definite. Recently she went to Rio on her way from England to Vancouver Island, to obtain a letter recording Sir John's visit to that port in expectation of some one living there, who refuses to deliver it to any one but Lady F., in person.

"Hauteville House" is a name interesting to all readers of current literature, as from that spot on the island of Guernsey the later productions of the great Victor Hugo have emanated. Hauteville House was formerly crown property, but, now, with its garden, belongs to Victor Hugo himself, he having purchased it for one thousand pounds. Externally it is an ordinary solid Guernsey-built house of three floors, and with unpretentious attics. The interior has been thoroughly metamorphosed to suit the fantastic taste of the master. An air of comfort, and even luxury, prevails in the whole, and no pains have been spared to make it house-like to its owner. Victor Hugo spends most of the year at Hauteville House, and he and his, and he is very methodical in his work. In diet he is extremely temperate, but always provides sumptuously for his guests. The drawing-room into which guests are generally shown is a large apartment, handsomely furnished. Adjoining this room is the bedroom of the late Madame Victor Hugo, which is regarded as a sanctum sanctorum by the poet. Here, generally, he there devotes some moments of quiet communion to thoughts of the departed one who has passed away to this room Madame Hugo seems to have collected every relic of her eldest daughter, Leopoldine, who was so unfortunately drowned in the Seine, with her husband, Charles Vaquerie. Perhaps one of the most touching mementoes is a colored crayon, executed by the mother herself, representing her young daughter, at the age of twelve, carelessly reclining on a sofa. Another equally touching memorial is a piece of unfinished work, the needle still in it, on which Madame Vaquerie was engaged when sudden death prevented her completion.

"Adam's Wedding" is the title of an amusing article in an English journal. The writer is of the opinion that, although Adam and Eve were rather strange to be married, yet on the whole they managed matters extremely well. There was no great parade about arrangements—every thing was plain and private, and the idea of a wedding in a garden is a very good taste. The bridal dress of the bride was simple enough, and banned paper if the singularity of early days was to continue. Her hair was in handsome order, no expensive cake, no fashionable ceremony, no costly gifts, no reception, no bridal tour, but only love and bliss!

The recent fires which have devastated the woods and mountains of various counties in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania are the most extensive ever known in those sections. Some of these fires originated from the sparks from railroad and steam engines; others resulted from sparks from passing locomotives. It is also supposed that some of them were of incendiary origin, locally, probably, but kindled by parties or glory proclivities, who live in shanties on the hill-sides. So rapid was the spread of the fires that in several instances persons and families nearly escaped with their lives, leaving all behind them that a man, his wife, and child were hemmed in upon the rocks, and perished in the flames. The loss of property has been immense.

The following conversation was overheard between gentlemen on the Third Avenue between Yorkville and Harlem: "Where's this? Fifty-second street has already been paved, and now they are taking up the pavement again." "Waiting down a street, that's all," was the answer. "But why won't that done before?" pursued the gentleman. "That would have been stupid." "Just so," replied he. "Not half bad, is it?" This last response fully explains what otherwise would require several paragraphs to explain.

In it generally known by drivers of carts and coaches that there is an ordinance regulating the speed with which these vehicles may be driven through the streets of this city? Probably not. There was no information on this point had ever been diffused. This paragraph reserves attention to the fact that the speed for any cart, wagon, coach, public cart, or any other vehicle to be driven within any part of the limits of the city of New York at a greater speed than six miles an hour, nor shall it be lawful for any such vehicle to be driven around the corner of any of the streets of said city with the horse or horses attached thereto moving at a greater pace than a walk." It would be a comfort to pedestrians if a few of those racers around corners should be added to the above law that is now on the statute books.

A weak solution of phosphoric acid is said to be a strong poison for all kinds of insects, and yet to be harmless to plants. It is also said to kill potato-plant-blades in the soil. It is predicted that it will be extensively used in agriculture.

Curious "sells" some persons are. A Vermont man has informed Scientific Agriculture that his stable can be found an odd-steve a convenient safe for his books; but recently, when his kerosene lamps were was used, and, to his astonishment, the books were baked to a crisp. The stable was not burned, but only forwent, to a degree, the greatest care, the "baked books," and if they can be identified, the government will either pay their value or have the engineer locked up.

Tassieu, who embezzled nearly three million francs from the Rothschilds of Paris, has disclosed the way in which he was driven into such criminal dishonesty. About ten years ago, in a moment of pecuniary embarrassment, he borrowed from the bank with which he was intrusted five or six thousand francs. This he hoped to replace a little later, but was unfortunately obliged to replace a little later, but was unfortunately obliged to repeat the loan to Dr. Beckers, with whom he made acquaintance at a café. Some days after the latter called at the bank and asked him for a loan of some thousands. He at first refused, declaring that he was himself embarrassed for money. "I must have it," insisted Beckers, "or I will denounce you." "Where am I to get it?" replied Tassieu. "Where you got the other, *parbleu!*" Tassieu, finding himself in the other's power, advanced the sum; the loan was repeated by others; and Beckers at last persuaded Tassieu to gamble on the Bourse to make up the deficit. The speculation was unsuccessful, and, the abyss becoming wider, the catastrophe at length arrived.

The emancipation of children, and the formation of liberating societies, is going on in the Brazilian provinces, and Rio Janeiro is moving in the same direction. The Grand Orient, a Masonic order of Brazil, has resolved to promote emancipation; and a short time ago the Society for Liberal Freedom was established. Other children have been freed by different corporations; and between seventy and eighty adults have formed themselves into a society for the promotion of emancipation.

"A GAME OF FOX AND GEESE."—[SEE PAGE 349.]

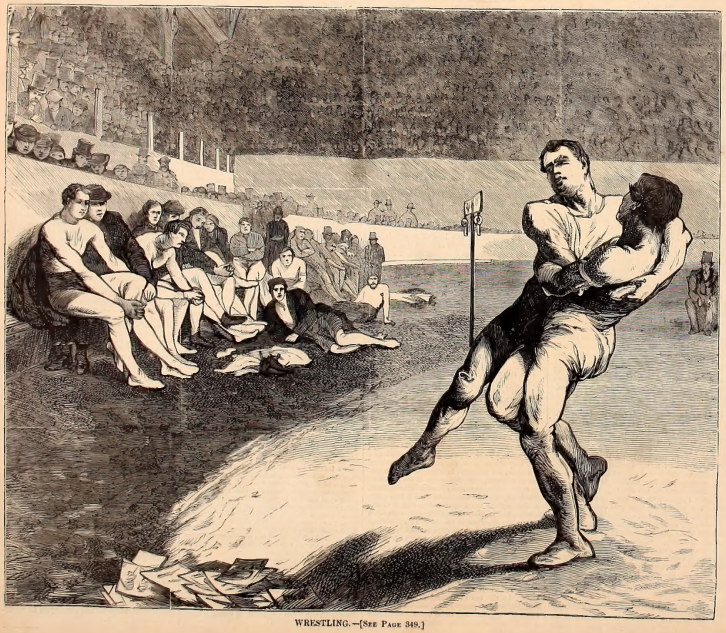

WRESTLING.—[SEE PAGE 349.]

A SPONGE FISHER'S HOME, NEAR THE COAST OF CUBA.

SPONGE FISHERIES, COAST OF CUBA.

MANY of the shallow reefs that lie between the northeastern shores of Cuba and the Bahamas are dotted with marine villages, which, by their singular situation and mode of construction, recall the lacustrine cities of the antique world. They are the habitations of the sponge fishers, a hardy race, genuine toilers of the sea, whose acquaintance with dry land is limited to occasional visits to the neighboring islands for the purpose of procuring fresh water and provisions and disposing of their wares. Their huts, as shown in the above illustration, are built upon piles and rather slender poles, firmly fixed in crevices of the reef, and so bound together as to defy the fury of the tempest, while presenting but little resistance to the waves. The chief danger to be dreaded is, indeed, from the winds, as the shallow sea rarely rises into heavy waves on the broad surface of the reef.

In these huts, suspended between sea and sky, the hardy sponge fishers spend their toilsome lives. They are almost amphibious, and, indeed, appear to be much more at home in the water than on land. The huts are generally some distance apart, and the usual means of intercourse between the inhabitants is a rude kind of boat; but if no boat happens to be at hand, the sponge fisher who desires to visit a neighbor makes nothing of plunging into the water and swimming a distance of sometimes two or three miles. There is little danger from sharks, so long as the swimmer keeps in shallow water; though should he venture beyond the limits of the reef he would be instantly gobbled up.

The sponges from these reefs are mostly obtained by diving. They adhere firmly to the reef by a kind of root, and considerable force is required to tear them off. Most of the coarser kinds of sponge used in this country are obtained from these fisheries. When taken from the water they have a sickish, disagreeable color, which soon becomes putrid and disgusting, like decomposing animal matter. They are buried in sand, kept for the purpose in the huts; and when decomposition has ceased are exposed in open wire nets to the action of the tide. When thus purified they are carried ashore for sale.

The huts shown in our illustration were sketched on a reef some distance out from the port of Nuevitas, on the northeastern coast of Cuba.

A TOBACCO PLANTATION IN CUBA.

THE tobacco plantation of which we give a view on this page is situated near the pleasant city of Trinidad, on the southern coast of Cuba, in one of the most beautiful regions of the island. From the lofty mountain range that forms the back-ground of our picture the country slopes into a gently undulating plain, well watered by the rivers from which the city takes its name, fertile, exceptionally salubrious, and admirably adapted to the cultivation of tobacco. Some of the finest and most productive plantations are situated in this part of the island.

"A GAME OF FOX AND GEESE."

THE engraving from Mr. B. RIVIÈRE'S clever drawing, which we print on page 348, might serve as an illustration to one of ÆSOP'S fables. It represents nothing more than is to be credited to the cunning of the fox, and the equally proverbial foolishness of the goose. Monsieur Reynard has ventured from his hole in the cover to prowl about the open common; and, although no source of danger is discernible along the wide horizon, he is cautious, for it is daylight, and geese have wings, if no brains. The hunger which thins his flanks serves to sharpen his wits; so he stretches himself at full length, still as death, cunningly reckoning upon the curiosity of the geese to bring them within his reach.

WRESTLING.

WE give, on page 348, a picture of the interior of a London wrestling arena, from which our readers may gain some idea of a sport which is more popular in England than in any other country. Neither the French nor the Germans have the least conception of wrestling; and even in England it is conceded that the art has reached perfection only in Devon and Cornwall. We need not attempt to describe the various holds and falls which wrestlers practice. They are manifold, and must be described in technical language; and when the thing was done the reader would not be converted into a wrestler. It is a pity this famous athletic sport should not be more popular in this country. The accomplished wrestler uses every limb, every muscle indeed, and hence the superiority of the art over boxing, single-stick, and fencing.

REDUCED ROYALTY.

PERHAPS no case of royalty in reduced circumstances is so sad as that of the lion in his latter days. Frequent as are, in our times, the vicissitudes of monarchs, neither the deposed Queen of Spain at Biyonne, nor the exploded Bomba in Rome, nor, to look further back, Louis Philippe appearing suddenly in England as Mr. Smith, with a carpet-bag and cotton umbrella, is so melancholy a figure of fallen greatness as the King of the Solitudes in his old age. The first stage of his decline is marked by the inability any longer to spring on the nimble antelope, or to cope with the sturdy buffalo; and, against his better nature, the leonine Lear, still grand and imposing of aspect, but bereft of his power, is driven to watch for stray children going to the well, or old women picking sticks in the forest. It might be imagined that the sable

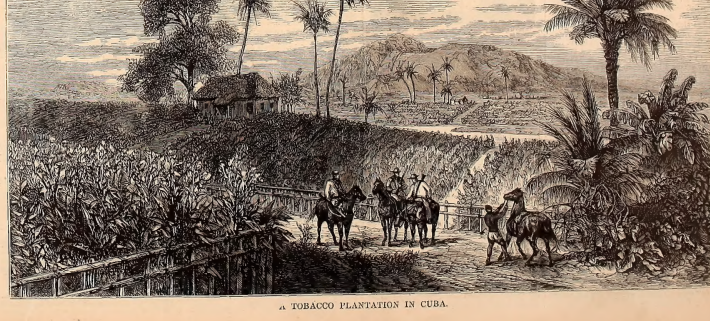

A TOBACCO PLANTATION IN CUBA.

philosophers of the bereaved tribe would regard this abduction of aged females as praiseworthy, or would at least consider the eating of them as a sufficient punishment for the offence. Not so, however; a lion once known as a man, woman, or child eater, is by no means encouraged, even in Africa, in the indulgence of his tastes; and what with constant interruptions, and the necessity for increased vigilance against his foes, he seldom enjoys a meal in peace. As his teeth fail and his joints stiffen, he is no longer able to capture the feebler crone, or to masticate the tenderest morsel, and, in the "last stage of all that ends this strange eventful history," he catches mice for a subsistence, gathers roots, sulks, and eyes out the insufficient diet with grim disgust. Imagine this incarnation of absolute power; this ruler in the blood of swift and powerful beasts; this emitter of the roar that causes all the beasts in the neighborhood to quake, driven, in what should be a majestic old age, to pick his own salads and to turn measer! The number of times that, with his large frame and corresponding appetite, he must perform for each scanty meal the degrading act of watching for and pouncing on a mouse, must ultimately deprave his whole character; daily he must sink lower in his own esteem; reformation and suicide are plainly before him; till, happily, the savage who comes upon his track, knowing by signs that he has been forced to graze, knows also that his feebleness is great; and finding him not far off, stretched and smooth a bath, in the sleep of exhaustion, or the torpor of self-contempt, consistently hastens with his assagai to draw a veil over the pitiful scene.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

THE series of three races, sixty miles to windward and return, arranged between the American yacht *Sappho* and the English yacht *Cambria*, has resulted in a victory for the former. The first race took place May 10, in the English Channel, the starting-point being about sixty miles southeast of Cowes Roads, to which point the yachts were towed by steam-tugs. The *Sappho* carried thirty-two hands and a cloud of canvas, including, with her regular sails and oil sails, a mainstoppast-staysail and flying jib, while the *Cambria* set but one jib in addition to her foresail and other racing sails, and carried twenty-six hands.

The *Cambria* won the toss for position, and took the weather side. At half-past eight A.M. the signal to go was given. The *Cambria* took the lead from the start, and by the time she was off Bembry Head, about fifty miles from the starting-point, she was fully ten miles to windward of the *Cambria*. The latter, seeing it was impossible to win, returned to Cowes without rounding the umpire's steamer.

The second race was set down for Saturday, May 14. The interim was employed in making certain alterations in the *Cambria*, to enable her to compete on better terms with her opponent. In accordance with a proposition made by Mr. ASHBURY, the owner of the *Cambria*, the distance to be sailed has been reduced from sixty to thirty miles, and the course for the second race was laid in a southwesterly direction across the Channel, starting from Cowes and terminating at the port of Cherbourg, in France. The weather was pleasant, and a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the race. The yachts made a prompt appearance, and all being in readiness, the umpires gave the signal to take position. To the surprise and disappointment of all, the *Cambria* refused, and when the starting gun was fired, at a quarter to eight, the *Sappho* got under way alone. A few minutes afterward the *Cambria* started, and followed a short distance; then backing, she returned to Cowes, and allowed the race to go by default. The reason assigned by Mr. ASHBURY for his refusal to continue the race is that he objected to the start given by the umpire, and that the new course was in direct violation of the conditions and stipulations made with Mr. DUCIELLA, of the *Sappho*, previous to the race.

These two yachts, of which we give accurate portraits on page 345, are both admirable specimens of naval architecture. The *Sappho*, launched in April, 1868, is a beautiful model, and has already been regarded as the champion English yacht. Her dimensions are 94 feet on deck from stem to stern-post, 21 feet beam, and 11 feet 6 inches, according to the Royal Thames Yacht Club measurement, she rates at 188 tons. By New York Club measurement she rates 248 tons. During the past three or four months great efforts have been made to put her in readiness for her race with the *Sappho*, and her contest on the 4th of July with the *Dauntless*. Her bulwarks have been raised, her counter enlarged, more ballast has been stowed in her hull, and her spars have been lightened by boring them. She has had a brilliant history, and has never been beaten in many contests. Last August she beat the *Sappho* and, in the same race, three first English yachts—the *Aline*, *Gossard*, and *Coudor*.

The *Sappho* was built in 1867 by the Messrs. POTTER, of Brooklyn. She is a keel vessel, built of 2¾ tons, New York Club measurement, 125 feet long, 25 feet beam, and 11 feet depth of hold. Rig has been somewhat changed during the winter, and the amount of sail she spreads is almost incredible. In light airs there is not an inch of space within the limits of the stays through which the sky is visible. To give her greater buoyancy under this immense spread of canvas, her width between the fore and main masts was recently increased by "hipping"—that is, by planking on the original frame-work below the water-line. Her bows are very long and lean, and her lines forward nearly straight. Her bowsprit is built in, thus securing greater strength with less weight than by the usual plan.

PHILADELPHIA HAILSTONES.

THE sketches below are accurate representations of the hailstones that fell during the recent severe storm in Philadelphia, showing their size and curiously crystallized character. In the obverse, the crystals start from a centre, and the whole structure resembles the broken end of a corn-cob. The reverse shows a hollow form, with the radiating crystals visible through the translucent covering of ice. These drawings are from actual measurements and are not exaggerated in size. Some of the hailstones picked up after the storm measured six inches in length, and many seven and eight inches in circumference.

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"1st Rule. That no noise be made during the forenoon, for fear of wakening the company.—2nd. That there shall be no breakfast made after four o'clock in the afternoon, or too after in the morning.—3d. To inform my stranger who may come in at breakfast that we are not at dinner.—4th. That no person be permitted to go out sitting after breakfast till the noon gets up, for fear of being overturned in the dark.—5th. That the respective grooms may put up their horses after four hours' parading before the hall-door of the castle.—6th. That there shall be one complete bowl before each meal.—7th. That all the company must assemble at dinner before the cloth is removed.—8th. That supper may not be called for till five minutes after the last glass of claret.—9th. That no gentleman be permitted to drink more than three bottles of Hock or after supper.—10th. That all members of Parliament shall assemble on post days in the coffee-room at four o'clock to frank letters."

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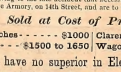

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 701.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MAKING ARROWS.

OUR illustration on this page represents a group of Indians seated at the door of a frontier fort, and engaged in the work of making arrows, which is generally intrusted by the warrior to his better half. The bow is still the favorite, as it is the natural, weapon of the Western Indian. He may become very expert with the rifle, and is now rarely without a breech-loader of the most recent and best pattern, as well as a couple of heavy revolvers. On foot he will use these with great skill; but when horseback, and especially when in rapid retreat, he indiscriminately takes to the bow, which he handles with marvelous dexterity. He always tries to keep to the right of his pursuer, and if the chase becomes too sharp, he will slip on one side, so as to bring the body of his pony between himself and his enemy, and, grasping his bow and five or six arrows in the left hand, will discharge them with such rapidity that sometimes two or three arrows will be flying through the air at once, a peculiar motion of the fingers of the left hand bringing an arrow to the string the instant one has been discharged. The range for a good bow varies from three to four hundred yards, and a strong man has been known to drive an arrow-head through an inch plank at a distance of one hundred yards.

Indian arrows are always made of ash or hickory, toughness being an essential quality. In ancient times the heads were rudely hammered out of flint, but now they are made from hoop-iron, and are of course much more effective.—For hunting, the string-notch is made parallel with the flat of the arrow-head, to keep it in the best position for piercing between the ribs of the buffalo and other game; while for war, the notch is at right angles with the flat of the arrow-head, to accommodate the position of the ribs in the human body. War-arrows are sometimes, though rarely, poisoned, either with the venom of the rattlesnake or by being inserted in putrid flesh, and afterward dipped in a kind of glue, which protects the poison until mostened by the victim's blood. A means of death quite as effective as poison are grooves cut in the wood of the arrows, which prevent the wound from closing tight, and allow the blood to drain slowly but surely away, as the arrow can not be withdrawn. The Indian in our illustration is probably engaged in the work of cutting these murderous grooves.

MAKING ARROWS.—(DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.)

MAN AND BEAST.

THE relation between man and his cotenants of the globe would have been altogether delightful but for one unlucky circumstance—a circumstance which, far from being inevitable or natural, is one of the insoluble problems of the earth, and has caused a terrible jar and discord in creation—namely, the fact that one animal is food for another. No doubt, as matters stand, beasts and birds of prey must follow their nature; the taxing of flesh and the picking of bones are the correlatives of fangs and grinders, beaks and talons; and the comparative anatomist is compelled to coincide with that practical Yankee who, being told that in the days of the deer, and the beaver, whose bones strew the site of his dwellings. His first garments were torn from the backs they grew on. His first business was the chase. It was perhaps in this way that the germ of destructiveness, implanted by instinct and ever-pressing necessity in the aboriginal breast, struck such deep root that, in all succeeding ages, every corner of the inhabited earth has been a shambles. In the pride of that power which, through the faculty of speech, man possesses, of combining forces and transmitting knowledge, he has exercised ruthlessly his dominion over the beast of the field and the fowl of the air. Wherever he has held sway, there have all other creatures drawn their puniest breath in subjection, unchampioned and unpitied. If in an imaginary paradise of animals we simply introduce the figure of a native, the whole scene changes. That lean, low-browed, flat-nosed caricature of humanity, more like a painter's lay-figure than a sculptor's model—full of propensities much viler than those of the animals around him—selfish, remorseless, faithless, treacherous—is monarch of all he surveys. The birds have learned the power of the poisoned arrow—the beasts have a wholesome dread of the ambush and the snare. That bronze-colored being, distinguished from the ape chiefly by superior malevolence and articulate speech, walks surrounded by a wide circle of fear. The creatures around him have learned, and taught their young, the lesson that he is a malignant as he is powerful. Only a few lions, and he will depopulate whole regions of their animals. The gigantic moa no longer stalks over the hills of New Zealand. The moose disappears from the east of the American continent as the buffalo from the west. South Africa, but used to teem with wild herds, crowding the wide landscape up to the horizon, and astounding the traveler with the magnificent spectacle of tribes of antelopes, zebras, and giraffes hiding the plain, elephants and rhinoceros browsing serenely amidst the clumps of trees, and hippopotami swarming in the rivers, has, since the negroes were supplied with guns, been almost swept of its game, and in some cases not only have the birds disappeared, but the very moles and mice are growing scarce. In fact, in all the lands the savage gluts himself with slaughter. Nor is his civilized brother behind him in the propensity to destroy, which nothing but the interest of proprietorship avails to check. Sometimes, in distant seas, new tracts of coast have been discovered abounding in seals, and straightway crews of enterprising mariners have arrived armed with spears and clubs, who have wallowed in slaughter, never ceasing to stab and strike till all that hapless and harmless life was extinct, no tenants again forever lending cheer to those desolate shores, the gray sandy sea no more rippled by their sports.—Wherever there is no law for the river or the lake, the inhabitants of the flood disappear—even the countless tribes of the ocean are being rapidly thinned by the insatiate rapacity of man.

But not for his bodily needs alone has the human animal been so lavish in destroying other lives. His spiritual interests have also demanded much of that kind of prodigality. A devil, under one form or another, lies at the root of many religions; and many, in their infancies, have recognized the duty of propitiating the unseen powers by sacrifice. In most lands the supplications of the savage to his deity are written in blood; and his petitions, often foolish and often wicked, are thought to be more palatable if they ascend in the smoke of burnt offerings. As civilization advances, sacrifice grows more ceremonial—butchery becomes a priestly function; and the ancient world was filled with blood-stained altars, the mythology of its peoples with prescribed modes of reverence.

MILLENNIUM the lion and the lamb will lie down together, said, "he expected the lamb would lie down inside the lion." Now is there any sign of relaxation in the vigor with which man continues to devour fish, flesh, and fowl; and no individual human stomach reaches maturity without sacrificing whole hecatombs of victims by the way.

The earliest trace of man on the earth is the flint weapon with which he slew the bear, the

tial slaughter, and the assignment to particular deities of particular victims. "Moloch, horrid king," has been worshiped, though not always under that name, in many lands and in many ages; his grinning image has looked down on Druids with their wicker idols filled with victims, and on Aztec priests laying hearts yet beating on his altar-stone. Even in our day, his votary the Thug makes assassination the chief article of religion, and the king of Dahomey floats his consecrated canoe in human blood.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

☞ *A very interesting account of* DAVID'S TRAVELS IN ASSYRIA, *superbly illustrated from his own sketches, was commenced in the* WEEKLY *for May 28, and will be continued in the present Number. This will be followed, when completed, by similar narratives of* TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE *in other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their scenery, and the manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers believe that this novel and instructive department will be one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever laid before their readers.*

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THE SITUATION.

WHEN the Republican members of the New York Legislature marched in upon the Tammany Ring we ventured to suggest that they had made a mistake; and when they pleaded that they had secured an efficient election law as the consideration, it was evident that they chose to forget the politics and the politicians of the city. The bargain was completed. The city was literally bound and delivered to the Ring; and now an election has taken place. It is confessedly the most unblushingly corrupt that was ever known. There was not a pretense of honesty. In certain wards there were three or four times as many votes cast as there are legal voters. Repeaters marched in squads from poll to poll. It was the most shameless travesty of a popular election; the total overthrow of popular government. Of course the Ring exclaimed next morning that the city had done "well." Of course it characteristically insinuated that the colored voters had done all the cheating. And the country has now had another illustration of the character and tendency of Democratic rule.

The election of the 17th of May was tentative. The Ring wished to try its power and its new system. That system, which the Republican members of the Legislature helped to establish, is intended to secure the success of the next President by determining the vote of the State of New York. It is supposed that in the reaction which is expected to follow the final victory of the Republicans in the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the electoral vote of so many States will be cast that the next New York may turn the scale. If that should be so —if it should happen that New York decided the election, as in 1844, and it were known that the vote of the State had been determined by the frauds in the city—there is not a sensible man in the Union who does not see what the nature of the peril that would threaten us. The leaders of the rebellion and their political friends would have come into power by the back door. It is unnecessary to point out the possible consequences.

When the candidates for judges who have been successful were nominated, Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, one of the Tammany managers, declared that Democratic principles were wanted upon the highest bench in New York for party purposes. Those purposes involved defiance of the government of the United States springing out of the rebellion. The logic of politicians was that the State might be arrayed against the nation. The Democratic withdrawal of assent to the Fifteenth Amendment in New York, and opposition in the Senate of the United States to the provisions for enforcing the amendment, are the offspring of the same spirit. The Democratic hostility at every point in the State and in the nation is founded upon the political theories which the war was supposed to have settled. It has been said that in the late New York election old issues were wisely forgotten. The truth is, that no issues were discussed. It is perfectly well known that the political body called Copperhead has not in the least changed its views upon any point of the war; and the party upon which a few weeks before was vociferous about "war to the knife" upon the King, strenuously supported the candidates which the King had given to its party. The election over, the same paper which recently declared that the Democratic party, handicapped with the Ring, could not possibly hope for success, now that the rule of the Ring is more inflexible and assured than ever, exults in what it considers to be the prospect of sure Democratic victory.

Neither the people of this State nor of the country should be deceived. Old issues can not be set aside until they are settled. The mere ascendency of a party, and the adoption of certain measures, do not settle issues. Nothing disposes of a political issue but general acquiescence. There is, indeed, one point in our controversy which has been settled, and that is emancipation. No party wishes or would try to restore chattel slavery. But all the political equality of the negro is a settled issue? No one who is familiar with Democratic politics asserts it. Some Democrats think it ought to be settled; but they do not deny that the party has not acquiesced. Is the honest payment of the debt a settled issue? Is what is called State Sovereignty a settled issue? On the contrary, the great questions of the war, excepting that of personal freedom, are still open. No Democratic convention has heartily expressed acquiescence in their settlement; nor is there any body who does not know that, if the Democratic party came into power, every one of those questions might instantly become threatening.

It is not a time, therefore, to assume that the old things having passed away, all things have become new, and that it is not of very vital importance whether or not the Democratic party is successful. Old things have not passed away. The tremendous issues involved in the war can not suddenly subside and leave it, in five years, a matter of indifference to the country whether the party in power is disloyal or shall control its government. It is the forgetfulness of this fact in Washington, and by many leading Republican papers, which has caused an appearance of discord in the party. The West Indian policy of the Administration, for instance, is very much like it. Honest Republicans are opposed to it. By dividing the sentiment of the party, it tends to keep open and unsettled the whole question of annexation. Indifference to the civil service reform is another blunder. The country is heavily taxed. There is a conviction that the present use of public service is loose and wasteful, to say no more. A reformed civil service is a proposition for economical honesty which every taxpayer can understand. He would favor it. But "the politicians" have thus far baffled it.

The enormous power of the Republican party, which the Democratic party could prevent, and does not, are now an essential weapon of that party for securing the future peace of the country. With that ascendency comes no acquiescence in the settlements of the war, but the bitterest hostility to them. With that ascendency comes possible repudiation and the attempt to invalidate the Fifteenth Amendment. Could there be any more disastrous blow to advantage to the welfare of the country is promised by Democratic success? The sole hope of the national prosperity and prosperity of the Union lies in the continued predominance of the Republican party.

LABOULAYE AND THE EMPIRE.

THE rumored appointment of M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE as Minister of Public Instruction in France has excited a great deal of surprise in this country. The fact is, he is so well known to us as a Liberal—he was so intelligently and strenuously a friend of this country during the terrible days of the slave power, that such a rumor is believed to be curiously erroneous, or to indicate a total renunciation of liberal principles. But it is impossible to say, even, that the telegraph was in error in reporting that M. LABOULAYE had written a letter in favor of voting Aye upon the Napoleonic question of the Emperor; and it is known that his son has been appointed Secretary of Legation to the imperial Embassy at Constantinople. As M. LABOULAYE is not accustomed to conceal his sentiments, and has frequently expressed them fully in his letter upon the *plebiscitum*, and as we chance to know exactly what they are, from his own lips, and communicate very fully with friends in this country, it is only fair that his position should be accurately stated. Most of the political correspondence which now receives papers from France is so violently partisan that it is extremely interesting to have the views of a French Liberal like LABOULAYE at first hand.

M. OLLIVIER, the Prime Minister, is one of LABOULAYE'S friends, and LABOULAYE himself has been placed upon the committee which drafts commissions not only for the sake of his advice, but of his name, and he has not felt it to be his duty to decline. Many Republican forms have evidently little value for him in contrast with political advantages. He is willing to serve his country in what he believes to be the cause of liberty in the most promising way; and he does not hesitate to say that he prefers the liberal empire to the republic with which those who call themselves republicans threaten France. LABOULAYE thinks that the French Reds, as they are called, or extreme republicans of the ROCHEFORT type who lead the movement, are heirs of all the madness of the Revolution, and are the most desperate of men. Their dream, in his judgment, is to establish a single assembly which should govern France at its pleasure; and LABOULAYE is suspected by them because he insists that two chambers are essential to the liberty of the country. He is very sure that in the United States there is no conception of the ignorance of the French republicans as a body. They have, in his view, no taste for religious liberty nor for liberty of education; and are the most intolerant of men.

When he tells them that the object of the constitution of a free country is to secure the liberty of the people and to impose upon the legislative power limits which it can not pass, they look at him in amazement and can not understand him.

In a word, LABOULAYE thinks that the chances of progressive liberty in France are surer under LOUIS NAPOLEON, with the changes in the Constitution, than they are under a revolution. Therefore, when the proposition of the change was made, and the republicans announced that they should vote No, and that No meant revolution and the overthrow of the empire, LABOULAYE was sure that they had secured the success of the Emperor, because no nation ever deliberately accepts revolution. He was confident that all the peasants would vote for the Emperor, because he is a NAPOLEON, and all the moderates, because, after fourteen or fifteen revolutions in eighty years, they fear anarchy. The question was a dilemma. One side or the other must be taken. And LABOULAYE took that which seemed to him to promise most for France and liberty. Free liberty, he holds, is the liberty of the citizen; and in France, under the conditions of to-day, he has no opinion whatever that that liberty is more secure under a liberal empire than under a despotic republic.

In this very honest feeling lies the explanation of his conduct; and in the conviction of his sincere support of the empire as the least of two evils we find the explanation of the rumor or the fact of the Emperor's offer. At the present time, and in the necessary ignorance of the real facts, LABOULAYE'S position will be honorably interpreted by those who know and respect him, from their confidence in his character and principles. It is not necessary by those who most loudly vociferate "Republic" and "No" are the best friends of the idea. Every one has a way; and whatever may be thought of the conduct of the new ministry in France, no man can wonder that a country hesitates to vote for the whirlwind, with M. HENRI ROCHEFORT to ride upon it.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE spring trade is nearly over, but owing to light sales by country dealers throughout the season, of nearly all commodities, purchases are still necessary, and the prospect is that the trade will be prolonged to an unusual extent; although none suppose that the aggregate will equal that of any year since the termination of the war. The losses upon goods this year have fallen upon the importers and jobbers, more than upon dealers in interior, and the losses are regarded as being in improved circumstances. It is, however, thought that, taking the whole United States over, trade and all classes of employments, our trade and industry for the last eight months have not been profitable.

Considering the situation this year, it seems to be admitted that we manufacture too many goods, and yet the production is below the average of the country in nearly all the departments, except fine broadcloths and silks. An unusual stimulus was given to manufacture at the end of last year by the necessities of the war, and notwithstanding the large immigration into this country, the manufacture exceeds the actual consumption. So far as cotton goods are concerned, they are now generally produced in excess of the wants of the country. The South was obliged to diversify its industry, and has established numerous mills for the manufacture of domestics, which, in the coarser fabrics, compete successfully with older establishments. Prints and domestics are produced too extensively. The tendency to their being depressed unusually low, have lately advanced in price; but domestics have fallen perhaps two per cent. within about a month. A slight change in the make of skirts for under garments has had an effect upon the consumption of cotton goods. Instead of about 20 yards, which are now universally gored, with a saving of a yard or more of the fabric in each garment. At the number of skirts worn, which may be estimated at ten millions, some having two, and the more favored as many as twenty, of these articles, the saving is immense, and the course of safety against fire, is very important. If the whole population were profitably employed, it is barely possible that the country, with the very improved demand for these manufactures as to keep the mills at work with advantage; but at present there is an excess of production, which communicates uncertainty to business. Some woolen manufacturers produce special articles which are sold ahead; but these are exceptions.

We lately gave an account of the condition of the carpet manufacturers who made their goods mostly on commission, or ingrain, showing that they were dropping off, one after another, as their looms became disengaged, in the hope that in the course of the summer they would be at work again to prepare for the fall trade. Brussels carpets of the best styles and make are in demand, due to the fact that the importation slackened after January, owing to the depressed condition of trade for some time after the season had opened.

The depressed condition of trade, until the rebound in gold from 110¼, which was about its lowest point, was due to the fact that the price of nearly all productions kept pace with the fluctuations in gold. The great power and dealer felt it first in the Northern States, and the cotton planter in the Southern. As the trade of the country rests upon their success, so their weakness is communicated to the whole Union, the respective localities where breadstuffs and cotton are produced were differently influenced by the fall in gold. In the South, owing to the prices ever received for the cotton crop of the year 1868–69, and to a community of interest among the people of the Cotton States, the effort to keep up the cotton crop under unfavorable circumstances, in which they were powerfully aided by the belief that the whole surplus would be required by foreign manufacturers. It appears, from the returns made in England for the first three months of the year, that the amount of cotton cloth exported within that time exceeds the export for the same period in 1869 to the extent of 79,000,000 yards, and the fact of the excess in exports of goods alone amounted to 4,000,000 pounds. But, what is equally important, the population of Great Britain, which was decreased severely from the great panic of 1866, have been for some months in an improved condition, and have become consumers of their own manufactures. At a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, held in the latter part of April, the improvement was commented upon, and it was apparent, as other sources of supply had partially failed, that there would be a necessity for taking the whole surplus of cotton raised in this country.

When the export of the crop of last year commenced it was supposed that it would amount to about 2,700,000 bales; but within the last month it has for the first time been estimated that it would reach 3,000,000. If its full extent had been known at the outset, the difficulty in maintaining the price would have been greatly lessened. The fall in gold to September meddling cotton was about 29 cents, to which price it had fallen from 35 cents. Its fall to only about 29 cents, while gold had fallen from, say, 132 to 110¼, was due to favorable circumstances, and to a combination which embraced the whole financial strength of the Cotton States.

We have already referred to the fact stated in the Liverpool circulars, that the improved condition of English trade and manufactures was owing to the prolonged period of cheap provisions. The failure of Sepoy rebellion struck the Northern States the dealers in grain became weak, and they were unable to uphold its price, which went down with gold, and was conformity to the subsequent fall in gold required. The London and Liverpool dealers were able to offset the decline in gold on cotton to the limits expected, by the success with which, aided by the fall in gold and the great consequent depression here, they were able, from time to time, to lower their limits in purchasing grain from New York. The slaughter of this great staple was thus prevented at Liverpool. Shipments of grain were made from St. Louis by way of New Orleans; but recent advices show that the stocks there and at Liverpool are in order. Suits for damage have been commenced on this account, and it is probable that this experiment will be at an end.

Recent advices from the other side show that, owing to the necessity of calling upon grain in consequence of the failure of the cotton crop, England to sell on account of bad prospects for the growing crop, there has been an advance of of two shillings per quarter. Later advices, however, state that the weather had improved and prices were stationary. It is reasonable, however, to hope for a better supply of the other side, and the probability that the pressure upon gold, if continued, will no longer be successful in the control of the country for the residue of the year will stand on an improved basis.

SECTS AND POLITICS.

THE mission to Rome was always unnecessary, and was wisely abolished some years ago. When the bill for diplomatic appropriations came up the other day in the Senate, Mr. JAMES BROOKS moved to restore it, and to omit the mission to Guatemala. A very useful debate unquestionably followed, provoked by the gross misrepresentation which Mr. BROOKS made of a remark of Mr. DAWES. That gentleman said that we had very little commercial intercourse with Rome, where we have a consul, and that the reason urged by his colleague, Mr. BOWEN, namely, that it was a "spiritual power," was the very reason why we should not have political relations with it. As a very good and proper remark, and should have settled the question. But Mr. BROOKS and his friends, Mr. COX and Mr. VOORHEES, wanted to make

political capital by seeming to favor a friendly policy toward the seat of the Roman Catholic primacy. Mr. BROOKS immediately fell upon Mr. DAWES, as representing "the Puritan element," and as preferring Turkey to Rome, the Moslem to the Christian; upon which Mr. DAWES fell back upon Mr. BROOKS, and pulverized him. Mr. BINGHAM made a vigorous attack upon the Pope's Syllabus, following it up by a sneering denial of the claims of Rome to be the patron of science and the mother of arts; and he said some very plain, but very irrelevant truths of the Papacy.

The engagement now became general. Mr. VOORHEES tried to give a personal turn to Mr. BINGHAM's remarks, and charged the Republican party with "never loving" the Roman Catholic Church. He also had a fling at him lustily with sneers at Massachusetts, as the State in which witches and convents were burned. Mr. HOAR, of that State, replied, correcting Mr. VOORHEES in his history; stating that no human being had ever been burned at the stake within the limits of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and showing that Massachusetts was just as responsible for the mob that burned the Ursuline Convent as New Jersey for the mob that attacked Miss EDITH O'GORMAN the other evening at Madison, or as the State of New York for the shooting of Mr. RICHARDSON. Mr. HOAR ended by suggesting that complaints of ancient cruelties come with as ill grace from those whose political friends had recently slain our soldiers at Fort Pillow, and had burned orphan asylums and hung negroes in New York. Mr. VOORHEES replied that every word was false, and refused to withdraw his assertion. His words were taken down and ruled out of order, and Mr. HOAR's were also taken down, and ruled to be pungent, but not unparliamentary.

This debate shows how considerable and inflammable an element Roman Catholicism is becoming in our politics. Those who belong to that sect are the only citizens who, as a sect, make political demands, and propose fundamental political changes. It is all absurd, as we have always said. They are also the only citizens among whom there is the open intolerance of public discussion, which is the strength of riots which defeated the election of MIKE O'GORMAN. They may be very false and foolish lectures, but a riot is not the remedy for falsehood and folly. Meanwhile the partisan and obstruction of a religious sect into politics is encouraged by such conduct as that of Mr. BROOKS and his companions. It is perhaps quite safe to say that if Mr. BROOKS had not known that very many of his constituents were Roman Catholics he would not have moved to restore the mission to Rome; and a more pitiful political performance it is not easy to imagine in a true American representative. It is one of the most disgraceful events of the session. But it is full of suggestion.

DR. LANAHAN AND THE BOOK CONCERN.

A WRONG cause will never end well. HOLCOMBE has illustrated this truth in the most signal of vigor, but not more pointedly than the Committee of the Methodist Book Concern. It is now nearly a year since there were rumors of fraud in the management of the publication department of that institution. The character of the officers, the honor of the denomination, and public opinion demanded prompt investigation. It was no secret within the denomination, although it was not much known beyond it, that in the management of the secular affairs of the Church there is a "Ring." This Ring holds the money and controls the press. Its power is necessarily enormous. It aspires to manage, if not to appoint, the very Bishops themselves. To their ears it was to sit by the fire. It was to summon it before the bar of public opinion, and to earn its relentless hatred. But the charges having been made, an investigation was unavoidable. It took place, and the result was a report that the egg was not very bad. Of course this only provoked a louder remark, and excited the very gravest suspicion that there was not only fraud, but a determination to conceal it. Unable to allay the discontent of the denomination, and the universal ridicule and denunciation of the press, there was another investigation committee. The result of this was a majority report that the egg was perfectly sound. No proof was offered, however, and the assertion was to be taken wholly upon the authority of those who had made it, and who had made a very different statement some weeks before.

But there was a minority report, sustained by ample evidence, declaring that the egg was very bad indeed, and that, even if the evidence as spurious, there could be no question of the fact. There was no attempt to validate the evidence; and there is probably no disinterested person in the country, who has read the documents, who is not satisfied that there have been gross frauds in the management of the Concern. Probably also no such person supposed that the officer who had exposed the delinquencies would be suffered to escape the vengeance of those who held that he had brought a scandal upon the denomination. Ecclesiastical hostility is unsparing. It may work in secret, but it does not sleep. Therefore, although it is some weeks since the conclusive exposure of the frauds in the minority report, it is only now that the blow of revenge has fallen.

The discovery of the frauds was made by DR. LANAHAN, the junior book agent. This agent is appointed for four years, and he may be removed for misconduct, after trial before the Book Committee and two Bishops, upon the consent of the Bishops and a majority of the Committee. Pending the trial the accused may be suspended; and four members of the Committee may call it together for action. This has been done, and among frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. EVARTS and OAKEY HALL cut down below its level the spiritual vote, etc., etc. Mr. CRAIGEN, the legislative orator of the "*World's* war" upon the Ring, appealed to the Senate not to continue "that system which has made the city of New York a disgrace to the country, and the by-word and laughing-stock of those who sneer at republican government . . . What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate as representatives in a republican government when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!"

Certainly if there be any vital point in our political system it is the purity of the ballot-box. Upon that, all goes. The *World* claims to be the respectable paper. It knows where the corruption is, and who the corruptionists are. It might, therefore, be supposed that it would lend with extreme zeal and vigorous action to secure honest elections. But that supposition would be entertained only by those who had not seen the steady assistance which the *World*, by sneering at the suspicion of frauds, and by charging that the other party is as bad as it is, always gives to the Ring and its corruption at elections. The latest illustration of the sincerity of its desire to purify the ballot-box is its reception of Senator SHERMAN's proposition to defend the rights of the people at the polls. It is characteristic of the unhasty and decorous style of the paper that denounces "shameless corruptionists," and then zealously does their work.

"What does this howl about the necessity of Congress reconstructing the ballot-boxes of this city mean? Is it seriously meant that these follies and ignorances of the United States do not mean to lose their hold on the throats of the people? . . . . . is . . . . the ballot and stamp tools fell much as a heavy axe? Are they talk of putting the bayonet to New York. . . . The people of these United States have endured too much to endure Radicalism," etc. Certainly; they have endured from Radicalism the subjugation of a rebellion with the *World's* Christian sympathy and "great patience" as its head. They have endured from Radicalism the abolition of slavery, which the *World's* party tried to prevent and extend. They have endured from Radicalism the maintenance of the public faith and honor. They have endured from Radicalism the terrible severities exacted to the Presidency of the soldier who overcame the "Christian gentleman," and was therefore called by the *World* "a butcher." They have endured from Radicalism the salvation of their national life, and the elevation of their national name to an unprecedented glory. These things the people of the United States have endured from Radicalism, as they endured from that *World* and its party the support of the most infamous crimes against human nature, the utter disgrace of the national name, and the attempt and destruction of the Union and the government. We deny the right of an apologist for the slaveholder and the defeated and greatest soldiers to speak for the people of the United States.

PARLIAMENT AND WOMEN.

THE defeat of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT's bill in Parliament, extending the suffrage to a certain class of women, has been reported. It was lost by 120 majority, and the defeat was received with loud cheering. We suppose that nobody seriously anticipated any other result. A great political change is not made upon grounds of equity, nor even of probable public advantage; but only upon a strenuous demand. The rule in government is that all is right until a change is threateningly demanded. The reformer may prove, unchallenged, the injustice of the actual situation; but, until the injustice grinds so that there is an outcry, or an evident danger, nothing is likely to be done. Statesmen naturally plead that they have not been hurt up by political evils. When they become real, they say, it is time enough to deal with them. The duty of every reformer, therefore, who advocates a great a change as that involved in the demand for the equal political power of women, is to show that their exclusion is injurious to the public welfare. This must be done by a presentation of the actual, unjust inequalities of the law, and by moral considerations, which can not hope for any speedy influence upon affairs, but which gradually mould them by affecting public opinion.

Mr. GLADSTONE is reported as saying, merely, that there was no demand nor desire for the bill. He did not evidently think it worth while to enter upon the merits of the question, and did not say that the demand was in itself improper or unnatural. Indeed, his famous statement of the true limits of the elective franchise did not necessarily exclude women. What Mr. GLADSTONE now says, Mr. SUMNER has said in this country, and it is often put in a more positive form, namely: that when there is a general demand from women themselves, it will be granted. This is an immense concession; for it is a confession that there is no essential and incontrovertible reason against it. The subject, therefore, is especially the concern of women. To arouse their own sex and their legal friends' efforts must be directed, aided, as they will be, in this country and in England, by those of the present political class who believe their claim to be just and, therefore, expedient. Meanwhile the fact that the question has been submitted to the voters of Vermont, and has been seriously argued in Parliament, shows that it must now be considered a recognized political question.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 16.—In the Senate, the Georgia election bill and the Franking bill were passed over, after some discussion, for the purpose of taking up the bill for the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, on which there was a long debate, but no action.——A large number of new bills were introduced in the House, among them one allowing women to be appointed notaries and marshals. A general amnesty bill was introduced by Mr. COX, and, after some discussion referred to the Reconstruction Committee. A bill enforcing the latent clause of the Fifteenth Amendment was also passed by a vote of 131 to 64, without debate.

May 17.—In the Senate, the whole day was occupied with the bill for enforcing the latent clause of the Fifteenth Amendment. The House discussed the bill to enforce the Fifteenth, but took no action.

May 18.—Scarcely any thing was done in the Senate. The two bills—House and Senate—to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment were discussed without action.——In the House, a bill was introduced and passed to allow discharged soldiers and sailors to enter quarter sections of land, now on a homestead basis, in the interests reserved sections along the line of railroads in Kansas.——Various works to which aid has been granted.

May 19.—In the Senate, a memorial from citizens of Rhode Island was presented, asking Congress to do away with the property qualification now binding upon naturalized citizens while voters, and abolishing any given of the proposed introduction of a bill upon this subject. Much the same day was occupied with debate on the Fifteenth Amendment bills.——In the House, a resolution was introduced by request for compelling Mexico to forfeit her treaty obligations. A whereas was passed, and also an amendment to the Judiciary Appropriation bill providing for the appointment of a Chief Justice in each of the Territories. It was also adopted.

May 20.—Beyond agreeing to adjourn on July 18, the Senate did nothing. The House passed the Senate Amendment bill.——In the House, the Senate resolution for fixing the time of final adjournment was concurred in. A bill was passed appropriating $100,000 from the Judiciary appropriation for the compensation of the officers and men of the *Kearsarge* for the capture of the *Alabama*. The amendment already received for bounties to be deducted.

May 21.—The Senate, after another fifteenth Amendment, after undergoing so many modifications as to be almost unrecognizable, was passed in the Senate by a vote of 40 to 8, in place of the House bill.——No business of public importance transacted in the House.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The election in this State on Tuesday, May 17, resulted in the triumph of the Democratic party, by about 30,000 majority.

The Fenians are still actively busied in the Fiji Islands. A raid was recently made on the workmen employed on the Kanoa Sea Ports Railway, between Kili Curina and Willow Springs, and ten of them were killed. During the last week in April also murders were committed by Indians in Arizona.

The Canadian steamer *Nassau*, of the Red River expedition, has been relieved passenger through the Saint Ste. Marie Canal. Considerable interest is felt against at the refusal, and threaten the construction of a ground round Saint Mary's Falls, and to prevent a passage, and the suspension of all privileges enjoyed by American citizens. The Canadian Government has peremptorily demanded the refusal of the United States as an act of international courtesy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The third race between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria* was won on the 16th of May by the latter. The London *Times* admits that no schooner in England can beat the *Sappho*, which, by the way, is owned and handled by an English captain and a crew under his personal direction.

The crown of Spain has been accepted by Espartero, who is Regent of Spain.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 19 declares the facts in the Tichborne case to be against the claimant. Lord Eyre's conduct in the Oxtels disaster. The Liverpool Corporation has refused to defend the Lord Mayor in the case.

It is reported that the Austrian and Hungarian Prime Ministers have agreed to the joint occupation of any decree of the Ecumenical Council declaring the infallibility of the Pope.

The Neapolitan insurrection against the Italian authorities has been suppressed.

The French Government is said to have notified the Spanish Government that if Espartero is assassinated by Greek bandits, Greece will be held responsible.

The Canadian Government has proclaimed the freedom of trade between Canada and the United States and foreign countries, who have taken up arms against the Queen, or Spanish troops, or otherwise aided the Spanish cause. Additional surrenders of Communists are reported at Puerto Principe.

It is reported that an agent of Riel has arrived in Washington to urge the Government to use the Fenian militia to expedite the proposed movement to intervene in Mexico. The republican has also been met with a cool reception from the Chicago leaders, who regard such an enterprise as a blunder and a crime.

Recent advices from Spain indicate that the Carlist movement, which the established government was virtually crushed, is again assuming formidable proportions, discovered in large quantities.

A small revolution has been effected in Portugal, the old Ministry having been turned out and a new one installed in its place by military force. The country remains tranquil.

It is said that a pamphlet denouncing acquiescence in the dogma of infallibility is circulated in this country, and that the Archbishop of New York has issued a pastoral letter denouncing the doctrine of infallibility given rise to the pamphlet. The title of June is fixed for the close of the Council, but the next general congregation of the Council will be held——

EXCELSIOR.

Th. Nast.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER III.

Description of the Band.—Abou Dra and Jali.—Charming fete.—Buffalo Killed by the Camp.—Roaring of the Lions.—Rout of the Elephants.—Appearance of an Old Hermit.—Difficult Approach.—Audacious Manœuvres of the Aggressors.—Sword Thrust.—Elephants in Sight.—Attack in the Jungle.—Seven Elephants Dead!—one Killed with the Sword.

THE band was complete. Besides our servants—the interpreter, a groom, two Arabs, and the woman who attended the cooking-pots and made the bread—I had nine camel drivers, six Tokrooris, a trackery named Taher Noor, and three aggageers, Abou Do, Jali, and Suleiman. Abou Do was a splendid-looking fellow, over six feet one, with a light, active figure, but exceedingly well developed muscles; his face was strikingly handsome: his eyes were like those of a giraffe, but the sudden glance of an eagle lighted them up with a flash during the excitement of conversation, which showed him of the gipsy-like Arab character. Jali was not above five feet four inches, but wonderfully muscular, and in expression a regular dare-devil.

Never was there more complete centaurs than these Hamran Arabs; the horse and man appeared to be one animal, and that of the most elastic nature, that could twist and turn with the suppleness of a snake. The feet of being on horseback had suddenly altered the character of these Arabs; from a sedate and proud bearing, they had become the wildest examples of the most savage disciples of Nimrod. Excited by enthusiasm, they shook their naked blades aloft till the steel trembled in their grasp, and away they dashed over rocks, through thorny bush, across ravines, up and down steep inclinations, engaging in a mimic hunt, and going through the various acts supposed to occur in the attack of a furious elephant. I must acknowledge that, in spite of my admiration for their wonderful dexterity, I began to doubt their prudence.

We ascended the Settite. The country was very beautiful, but so absolutely deserted that the sand on the river bank, which, like the snow, shows the slightest mark, did not bear the vestige of a human trave. Near the eastern bank, two days' march from Gria, an island had been formed of about three hundred acres: this was a perfect oasis of verdure, covered with large nabbuk-trees, thirty feet high, and forming a mixture of the densest coverts, with small open glades of rich but low herbage.

To reach this island, upon which we were to encamp, it was necessary to cross the arm of the river, that was now dry, with the exception of deep pools, in one of which we perceived a large bull buffalo drinking, just as we descended the hill. As this would be close to the larder, I stalked to within ninety yards, and fired into his back, as his head inclined to the water. For the moment he fell upon his knee, but recovering immediately, he rushed up the steep bank of the island, receiving my left-hand barrel between the shoulders, and he disappeared in the dense covert of green nabbuk on the margin. As we were to camp within a few yards of the spot, he was close to home. Having crossed the river, we carefully followed the blood-tracks through the jungle; but, after having pushed our way for about twenty paces through the dense covert, I came to the wise conclusion that it was not the place for following a wounded buffalo, and that we should find him dead on the next morning. A few yards upon our right hand was a beautiful open glade, commanding a view of the river, and surrounded by the largest nabbuk-trees, that afforded a delightful shade in the midst of the thick covert. This was a spot that in former years had been used by the aggageers as a camp, and we accordingly shouldered, and turned the horses to graze upon the welcome grass. Each horse was secured to a peg by a long halter-thong, as the liberty in this neighborhood were extremely dangerous, having the advantage of thick and open ground.

While the fires of our men were covered with strips of buffalo and veal meat, ours was garnished with a row of marrow-bones. The table was spread with a clean cloth and arranged for dinner. The cook, the cook, built stakes on a fire of glowing embers, slices of liver, well peppered with cayenne and salt, were grilling on the gridiron, and we were preparing to dine, when a terrific roar within a hundred and fifty yards informed us that a lion was also thinking of dinner. A confusion of tremendous roars proceeding from several lions followed the first sound, and most appalling quietly remarked, "There is no danger for the horses to-night, the lions have found your wounded buffalo!"

Such a magnificent chorus of bass voices I had never heard: the jungle cracked, as with repeated roars they dragged the carcass of the buffalo through the thorns to the spot where they intended to devour it. That which was music to our ears was discord to those of the interpreter and poor Banake. To reassure themselves, they relished the most horrible tales of death and destruction that had been wrought by lions: when suddenly the aggageers changed the conversation by a few notes of the Basé natives, which so thoroughly eclipsed the dangers of wild beasts, that in a short time the entire party would almost have welcomed a lion, provided he would only have agreed to protect them from the Basé. Early next morning I set out in search of these buffalo thieves. As I was returning from my fruitless quest, I met the aggageers, who had already made a reconnoissance in force, and having started before daybreak to look for elephants. They reported fresh tracks of a herd, later, a fine bull elephant marched majestically from the jungle upon the large area of sand, and proudly stalked direct toward the river.

At that time we were stationed under cover of a high bank of sand that had been left by the retiring river in sweeping round an angle: we immediately dismounted, and remained well concealed. The intention of attack was quickly settled; the elephant was quietly stalking toward the water, which was about three hundred paces distant from the jungle: this intervening space was heavy dry sand, that had been thrown up by the stream in the sudden bend of the river, which, turning from this point at a right angle, swept beneath a perpendicular cliff of conglomerate rock formed of rounded pebbles cemented together.

I proposed that we should endeavor to stalk the elephant, by creeping along the edge of the river, under cover of a sand-bank about three feet high, and that, should the rifles fail, the aggageers should come on at full gallop, and cut off his retreat from the jungle: we should then have a chance for the swords.

Accordingly I led the way, followed by Hadji

HUNTING AN ELEPHANT WITH SWORDS.

A SHARP RHINOCEROS CHASE.

and begged me to lose no time in accompanying Ali.

We were soon on the opposite bank. Tracking was very difficult, as there was a total absence of rain, it was next to impossible to distinguish the tracks of two days' date from those which were upon the hard and parched soil. The only positive clew was the fresh dung of the elephants; and this being deposited at long intervals rendered the search extremely tedious.

The greater part of the day passed in useless toil, and, after feeling the river backward and forward several times, we at length arrived at a large area of sand in the bend of the stream, that was evidently overflowed when the river was full; this surface of many acres was backed by a forest of large trees. Upon arrival at this spot, the aggageers, who appeared to know every inch of the country, declared that, unless the elephants had gone far away, they must be close at hand, within the forest. We were speculating upon the direction of the wind, when we were surprised by the sudden trumpet of an elephant, that proceeded from the forest: loudly declared to be the covert of the herd." In a few minutes Ali, my head Takroori, with a rifle, while I carried the "Baby." Florian accompanied us. Having the wind fair, we advanced quickly for about half the distance, at which time we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the elephant, who had just arrived at the water, and had commenced drinking. We now crept cautiously toward him; the sand-bank had decreased to a height of about two feet, and afforded very little shelter. Not a tree nor bush grew upon the surface of the barren sand, which was so deep that we sank nearly to the ankles at every footstep. Still we crept forward, as the elephant alternately drank, and then spouted the water in a shower over his colossal form; but just as we had arrived within about fifty yards, he happened to turn his head in our direction, and immediately perceived us. He cocked his enormous ears, gave a short trumpet, and for an instant he wavered in his determination whether to attack or fly; but as I rushed toward him with a shout, he turned toward the jungle, and I immediately fired a steady shot at the shoulder with the "Baby," my large rifle. As usual, the fearful recoil of the rifle, with a half-pound shell and twelve drachms of powder, nearly threw me backward; but I saw the mark upon the elephant's shoulder in an excellent line, although rather high. The only effect of the shot was to send him off at great speed toward the jungle; but at the same moment the three aggageers came galloping across the sand like greyhounds in a course, and judiciously keeping parallel with the jungle, they cut off his retreat, and turning toward the elephant, they confronted him, sword in hand. At once the monster bent charged straight at the enemy; but now came the very grilliant, but foolish, part of the hunt. Instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one mare on one horse, according to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprung from their saddles, and upon foot in the heavy sand they attacked the elephant with their swords.

In the way of sport I never saw any thing so magnificent, or so absurdly dangerous. The elephant was mad with rage, and nevertheless he seemed to know that the object of his fury was to get behind him. This he avoided with great dexterity, turning as it were upon a pivot with extreme quickness, and encountering headlong, first at one, and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk and screamed with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless the aggageers could not get behind him. In the folly of excitement they had forsaken their horses, who had escaped from the spot. The depth of the loose sand was in favor of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved each other, as two invariably dashed in at the flanks when the elephant charged the third, upon which the wary animal immediately relinquished the chase and turned round upon his pursuers. During this time I had been laboring through the heavy sand, and shortly after I arrived at the fight the elephant charged directly through the aggageers, receiving a shoulder-shot from one of my Reilly No. 10 rifles, and at the same time a slash from the sword of Abou Do, who, with great dexterity and speed, had closed in behind him, just in time to reach the leg. Unfortunately he could not deliver the cut in the right place, as the elephant, with increased speed, completely distanced the aggageers; he charged across the deep sand, and reached the jungle. We were shortly upon its tracks, and after running about a quarter of a mile he fell dead in a dry water-course.

Upon reaching the jungle by the river-side we again heard the trumpet of an elephant, and about a quarter of a mile distant we observed a herd of twelve of these animals shoulder-deep in the river, which they were in the act of crossing to the opposite side, to secure themselves in an almost impenetrable jungle of thorny sabbuk. I turn brought us to the edge of the jungle. We shortly heard a crackling on our right. I accordingly instructed Jali to creep quietly by himself into the bush, and to bring me information of their positions to this he at once agreed.

In three or four minutes he returned; he declared it impossible to use the sword, as the jungle was so dense that it would check the blow, but that I could use the rifle, as the elephants were close to us—who had seen three standing together between the bush and the main body of the herd. I told Jali to lead me direct to the spot, and followed by Florian and the aggeegers, with my gun-bearers, I kept within a foot of my dependable little guide, who crept gently into the jungle; this was intensely thick, and quite impenetrable, except in such places where elephants and other heavy animals had trodden numerous alleys. Along one of these narrow passages we stealthily advanced, until Jali suddenly quietly put on one side, and pointed with his finger. I immediately observed two elephants looming through the thick bushes about eight paces from me. One offered a temple shot, which I quickly took with a Reilly No. 10, and floored it on the spot. The smoke hung so thickly that I could not see sufficiently distinctly to fire a second shot before the remaining elephant had turned; but Florian, with a three-ounce, steel-tipped bullet, by a cautious shot at the shoulder, penetrated to the lap joint to such an extent that we could more than equal the elephant in speed. At this moment we found ourselves in a small open glade in the middle of the jungle, close to the stern of the elephant we were following. I had taken a fresh rifle, with both barrels loaded, and hardly had I made the exchange, when the elephant turned suddenly and charged. Determined to try fairly the forehead shot, I kept my ground, and fired a Reilly No. 10, quicksilver and ball, which, exactly in the centre, when certainly within four yards. The only effect was to make her stagger backward, when, in another moment, with her

immense ears thrown forward, she again rushed innocent. This was touch-and-go; but I fired my remaining barrel a little lower than the first shot. Crazed in her rush, she backed toward the dense jungle, throwing her trunk about and trumpeting with rage. Snatching the Cyclops (No. 10 from one of my trusty Tokroonis (Hassan), I ran straight at her, took a most deliberate aim at the forehead, and once more fired. The only effect was a decisive charge; but before I fired my last barrel Juli rushed in, and with one blow of his sharp sword severed the back sinew. She was utterly helpless in the same instant. Behind her I had fired three beautiful correct shots with No. 10 bullets, and seven drachms of powder in each cartridge; but there is no nearly vulnerable spot they occupied a space in her forehead of about three inches, and all had failed to kill! There could no longer be any doubt that the forehead shot at an African elephant could not be relied upon, although a shot to the brain was sure. This increased the danger tenfold, as in Ceylon I had generally made certain of an elephant by steadily waiting until it was close upon me.

I now reloaded my rifles, and the aggressors spitted the jungle; to remount their horses, or they expected the herd had broken cover on the other side of the jungle; in which case they intended to give chase, and, if possible, to turn them back into the covert, and drive them toward the guns. The surprisingly took our stand in the small open glade, and I lent Florian one of my double rifles, as he was only provided with one single-barreled elephant gun. I did not wish to destroy the prestige of the rifle that I intended for aggressors that I would be rather awkward for us to receive the charge of the infuriated herd, as the females were considerable. I was not heavily I rather hoped that they would not come in direct upon our position as the aggressors would.

About a quarter of an hour passed in suspense, when we suddenly heard a chorus of wild cries of excitement on the other side of the jungle, raised by the aggressors who had headed the herd, and who were driving them back toward us.

In a few minutes a tremendous crashing in the jungle, accompanied by the occasional shrill scream of a terror-stricken elephant, and frequent shouts of the mounted aggressors, assured us that they were bearing down exactly upon our direction: they were apparently following a path through the dense jungle by the wild and reckless Arabs. I called my men (four together, and told them to stand first, and hand me the guns quickly; and we eagerly awaited the onset that rushed toward us like a storm. On they came, seeing every thing before them. For a moment the jungle parted and crushed; and a cow elephant, headed by an immense elephant, the herd thundered down upon us. The great leader came direct at me, as we received him with shot and left in the forehead from a Reilly No. 10 as fast as I could pull the trigger. The shots struck it real backward for an instant, and fortunately turned it, and the herd likewise. My second rifle was beautifully handled, and I gave it quick right and left at the temples of two fine elephants, dropping them on the stone-dead. At this moment the "Baby" was pushed into my hand by Hadji Ali just in time to take the shoulder of the last of the herd, who had already charged completely after his comrades, and was disappearing in the jungle. Bang went the "Baby;" the beast gave like a weather-cock, with the blood pouring from my nose, as the recoil had driven the sharp top of the hammer into the bridge. The "Baby" had not only screamed, but kicked viciously. However, I knew that the elephant was dead; and as the half-pound shell had been aimed directly behind the shoulder.

In a few minutes the aggaeers arrived; they were bleeding from countless scratches. About Ibn had thrown his sword. They said that when the elephants commencing a retreat to the interior of the country, and they had arrived just in time to turn them. Following them at full speed, Abou Do had succeeded in overtaking and slashing the tuner of an elephant just as it was entering the jungle.

We had done pretty well. I had been fortunate in bagging four from this herd, in addition to the single bull in the morning; total, five. Florian had killed two, and the aggaeers one; total, seven elephants. One had escaped that I had wounded in the shoulder, and two that had been wounded by Florian. I was sorry to pursue them, but the aggaeers determined to search for the wounded elephants on the following day.

CHAPTER IV.

Search for the Wounded.—Fall of Juli.—The four Sheriff Brothers.—One-armed Ibn Mahomet.—Their Tracks, but no Elephants.—Idling.—A couple of Rhinoceroses.—Chase and Pursuit.—Juli's Revenge.—Rivalry.—Despair of Abou Do.—Last Effort.—Victory reappears.—The Rhinoceros at Bay.—Charge.—Snare laid for him.

Once of the three wounded elephants had returned to the thick jungle, where my aggaeers found themselves free to face with him. As escape was now impossible, Juli determined to share sharp round, and she bounded off, but caught in the thorns and fell, throwing her rider under the feet of the elephant. The poor animal reared herself in an instant, and rushed away: the elephant, urged by the wish to revenge his master, neglected the man, upon whom he trod in the pursuit, thus breaking his thigh.

Shortly after the Sheriff brothers, having learned of the results of our expedition, came to ask to join our party. There were four of them, the most renowned of all the aggaeers. Even Abou Do, though a perfect coward in sport, felt himself inferior to the eldest of these magnificent hunters; and, seized with a fit of jealousy, he declared that if I accepted these new allies he would leave, taking Suleiman with him. I decided, however, to keep the Sheriffs till the arrival of the new huntsman who was to take Juli's place, to which Abou Do made no further objection.

The second of the brothers, Rodur, had lost the use of one arm. An elephant one day, after killing his horse, had ripped open his arm with a tusk. The bone, crushed from the elbow to the wrist, came out in pieces, and the flesh looked like a mass of shriveled leather, with a withered hand at the end, resembling a vulture's claw, which mostly served to clutch the bridle. Rodur was, nevertheless, the most renowned of his tribe as a leader of the chase.

At daybreak on the following morning, we set out early in the morning. Fresh tracks were numerous on the water's edge, but not one of an elephant. We therefore struck inland, and idled about, knocking down the ripe fruit of the baobab, and stripping from the trees the bark, from which they were covered, and which, hard as ice on the exterior, turned in the mouth, resembling melted amber, called to mind the trees covered with jewels in the gardens of the "Arabian Nights." The aggaeers took off from their saddles the skins of tanned antelope leather that formed the only coverings to the wooden seats, and with these they made bundles of gum. When we remounted, every man was well laden.

We were thus leisurely returning home through alternate plains and low open forest of mimosa, when Ibrahim, who was leading the party, suddenly reined up his horse, and pointed to a thick bush beneath which was a large gray, but indistinct object. Every aggaeer instantly drew, and advanced as near as I could, followed by Suleiman. As I drew nearer, I discovered a rhinoceros asleep beneath a thick mass of bushes; the were lying like pigs, close together. I told Suleiman to inform the aggaeers, that I would reserve in reniness with his own. I then walked quietly to within about thirty yards of the rhinoceros, but could scarcely see any thing that was useless to attempt a shot. In their happy dreamland they had not been disturbed, but startled by the scent of an enemy, for, without the least warning, they suddenly sprang to their feet with astonishing activity, and, with a loud and sharp whiff, whiff, whiff! one of them charged straight at me. I could not see whether it was the female, as it was useless to aim at the head protected by two horns at the nose. This turned him, but he came on again, and the animals thundered off together at a tremendous pace.

Mounting my horse, the word "Yallah!" given and was scattered on the ground, and away went the aggaeers in full speed after the two rhinoceros, without waiting to reload. I quickly remounted my horse, and spurred hard to overtake the flying Arabs. I could see no rhinoceros in front, but at full speed, as it was an open forest of mimosas, which, although wide apart, were very difficult to avoid, owing to the low overhanging and spiny branches: these, being armed with fishhook thorns, were terrible. Every moment I expected I kept the party in view, until lo about a mile we arrived upon open ground. Here I again caught sight of them, and forgave I could not always gaining, until I at length joined the aggaeers.

Here was a sight to drive a hunter wild! The two rhinoceros were running neck and neck, like a pair of horses in harness. Immediately before them stood a tremendous speed within ten yards of Taher Sheriff, who, with his sword drawn, and his long spear in his wildly behind him, urged his horse forward in the race, amidst a cloud of dust raised by the two rhinoceros and by the horses of every sinew of the horses. Rodur Sheriff, with the withered arm, was second, with the reins upon the horse's neck like a bow that was all that remained of a hand, but, with his naked sword grasped in his fist, he kept close to Taher Sheriff, ready to second his blow. Abou Do was third; his hair flying in the wind—his heels dashing against the flanks of his horse. Juli had distanced in his excitement to urge him to the race, and he leaned forward with his long sword, in the wild energy of the moment, as though hoping to reach the game against all possibility. Now for the end! Taher Sheriff, vigorously applied, served an extra stride out of his horse's power, and, with a fierce cry of open, horse, and drawn swords. Passing Abou Do, whose face wore an expression of agony at finding that his horse was failing, Taher Sheriff raised a place between the two brothers, Taher and Rodur Sheriff. There was a fierce struggle between the two parties of aggaeers, and each was striving to outdo the other; thus Abou Do was driven almost to madness by the successful race of Taher's horse, while the latter, who was the renowned leader of the tribe, was overjoyed. But his sword should be the first to taste blood. I tried to pass the rhinoceros on my left, so as to be close into the aggaeers, but succeeded in but with my right hand, but it was impossible to overtake the rhinoceros, as they were going at undiminished speed. With the greatest exertion of man and horses we could only retain our position within about three or four hundred feet of the tails—just out of reach of the swords. The only chance in the race was that the pace could not rhinoceros should begin to flag. The horses were pressed to the utmost; but we had already run about ten miles, and they showed decided signs of giving in. On they flew—sometimes over ant-hills, and sometimes in holes, which tried the horses severely; then through strips of open forest, until at length the party began to tail off, and only a select few kept their places. We arrived at the summit of a ridge, from which the ground sloped away for three hundred yards to a mile toward the river; at the foot of this incline was thick thorny nabbok jungle, for which immediately ascent the rhinoceros made at their utmost speed. Never was there better ground for the finish of a race: the earth was perfect, but firm, and as we saw the winning post in the jungle that must terminate the lists, we redoubled our exertions to close with the unflagging game. Suleiman's horse gave in—we had been for about twenty minutes at a killing pace. Tetel, although not a fast horse, was good for a distance, and he now proved his power of endurance, as I was riding at least two stone heavier than any of the party. Only four of the seven remained; and we swept down the incline. Taher Sheriff still leading, and Abou Do the last: His horse was done, but not the jaded. Juli, spitting on the ground while at full speed, sword in hand, he forsook his tired horse, and, preferring his own legs, he ran like an antelope, and, for the first hundred yards, I thought he would really pass us, and win the honor of first blood. But no one was, the poor ass too severe, and, although running wonderfully, he was obliged to give way to the horses. The game now followed the rhinoceros—Taher Sheriff, his leather blodur, and myself. I had been obliged to give the reins of Tetel to Rodur, as he was a mere monkey in weight; but I was a close third. The excitement was extreme—we neared the jungle, and the rhinoceros began to show signs of flagging, as the dust puffed up before their nostrils, and, as we rose to the ground, they snorted as they still galloped on. Oh, for a fresh horse! I shouted. "Rodur! a fresh horse!" We were within two hundred yards of the jungle; but the horses were all done. Tetel reined in as I spurred forward, Rodur pushed ahead; we were close to the dense thorns, and the rhinoceros began to trot; they were done too. "Now, Taher, for-a-n-r-r-d! for-r-r-a-s-r-d, Taher!!!" Away he went—he was close to the very back of the beast, but his lance could be no more than his present pace; still he gained upon the rhinoceros, and, with a sward with his sword, raised for the blow—another moment, and the jungle would be reached! One effort more, and the sword fell in the sunshine as the rearmost rhinoceros disappeared in the thick jungle with a bang. A gush about a foot long upon his hind-quarters. Taher Sheriff shook his bloody sword in triumph above his head; but the rhinoceros was gone. We were fairly beaten, regularly outpaced; but I believe neither two hundred yards more could have given the victory.

"Bravo, Taher!" I shouted. He had ridden splendidly, and his blow had been marvelously delivered at an extremely long reach, as he was nearly out of his saddle when he sprung forward to enable the blade to attain a cut at the rhinoceros. He could not reach the hamstring, as his horse could not gain the proper position.

We all immediately dismounted; the horses were thoroughly done, and I at once loosened Tetel's girths and removed his wet sheet! Tetel, with head lowered and legs wide apart, was a most favorable object for the sword cut. The other aggaeers shortly arrived, and as the rival Abou Do joined us, Taher Sheriff quietly wiped his sword on the grass without making a remark; this was a bitter moment for the discomfited Abou Do.

Although we had failed, I never enjoyed a hunt so much either before or since; it was a splendid contest, and still more magnificent was the idea that a man, with no weapon but the sword, should attack and generally vanquish every huge animal of creation.

Taher Sheriff explained that at all times the rhinoceros was the most difficult animal to attack, on account of his extraordinary swiftness, and although he had killed many with the sword, it was by the use of a long and fatiguing hunt; at the close of which, the animal becoming tired, generally turned at bay, in which case one hunter occupied his attention, while another galloped up behind, and severed the hamstring. The rhinoceros, deprived of his support, can go very well upon three legs, which enhances the danger, as he can still use his horn with effect.

There is only one species of this animal in Abyssinia; this is the two-horned black rhinoceros, which is found in Africa to the Indies. This animal is generally five six inches to five feet eight inches high at the shoulder, and, although so bulky and heavily built, it is extremely active, as our long and fruitless hunt had proved. The head of this two-horned black species is exceedingly vicious; it is one of the very few animals that will generally attack unprovoked, as it considers all creatures to be enemies, and, although it is not acute in either sight or hearing, it possesses an extraordinary power of scent that will detect a stranger at a distance of five or six hundred yards with the wind far forewards.

I have observed that a rhinoceros will generally charge down upon the object that it smells, and does not see, if the latter be the animal is concealed either in high grass or thick jungle, should it scent a man who may be passing unseen to the leeward, it will turn down furiously upon the object is has winded, with three loud whiffs, resembling a fit of sneezing. The charge of this is most difficult and next to impossible to kill a rhinoceros when charging on account of the protection to the head afforded by the horns, an unexpected charge in thick jungle is particularly unpleasant, as they come on like a locomotive. These animals are generally seen in pairs, or the male, female, and calf; the mother is very affectionate, and, although very watchful and savage. Although so large an animal, the cry is very insignificant, and is more like the bark of a dog, or sound of a penny trumpet. The drinking hour is about 8 P.M., or two hours after sunset, at which time the rhinoceros arrives at the river from his daily retreat, which is usually about four miles in a direct line. He approaches the water by regular paths made by himself, but not always by the same route; and, after drinking, he generally retires to a particular spot beneath a tree that has been visited upon regular occasions: in such a path the earth was worn by the mulate. The hunters take advantage of this peculiarity of the rhinoceros, and they set traps in the path to his private retreat: but he is so extremely wary, and so acute is the animal's power of scent, that the greatest art is necessary in setting the snare. A circular hole about two feet deep and fifteen inches in diameter is dug in the middle of his run, near the tree that has been daily visited; upon this hole is placed a hoop of tough wood arranged with a running noose and sharp spikes of a strong elastic wood, which, fastened to the rim, meet at the centre, and overlap each other as would the spokes of a wheel in the absence of the nave, if lengthened sufficiently. We will suppose the hoop to be fixed to a wheel without a centre, the spokes sharpened and overlapping in the middle. The instrument being fitted nearly above the hole, a running noose of the strongest rope is laid in a circle upon the hoop. The other extremity of the rope is fastened to the trunk of a tree that has been felled for that purpose, and deeply notched at one end to prevent the rope from slipping. This log, which weighs about five or six hundred-weight, is then hurled backward by the ground, and the entire trap is covered with earth and carefully concealed; the surface is smoothed with a branch instead of the hand, as the scent of a human touch would at once be detected by the rhinoceros. When completed, a portion of the animal's dung is swept from the heap upon the snare. If the trap is successfully constructed, the rhinoceros steps upon the hoop, through which his leg sinks into the hole, and upon his attempt to extricate it, the loose noose draws tight over the legs; as the spoked hoop fixing tightly into the skin prevents the noose from slipping over the foot. Once caught, his first effort to escape drags the heavy log from the trench, and as the animal hurries forward, away, this acts as a drag, and, by catching in the jungle and the protruding roots of trees, it quickly fatigues him. On the following morning the hunters discover the rhinoceros by the track of the log that has plowed through the earth, and the animal is killed by lances, or by the sword.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DEAD BROKE."

"He is dead broke."

"How much does he owe?"

"One week, to-morrow, over the month," said the clerk, examining the ledger.

"Whew!" whistled the landlord. "Has he no friends to pay for him?"

"Friends now," Sands new, but let them find out that he is broke and they'll be off like a covey of birds."

"I must see him;" and the hotel proprietor, walking out upon the piazza, approached a young man leaning against one of the front pillars.

"Mr. Watson, your bill, I see, is in arrears for one week over the month. Can I call it?"

The young man flushed at first as if in anger; then a smile overspread his handsome face. "I will, mine host, Major Snow, but I can't pay at present."

"Do you expect money soon?"

"Well, really, I don't know who should send me any thing from their surfeit of cash."

"Then I am to understand that you are not only unable to pay, but do not expect to be able?"

"Undoubtedly, Major."

"Sorry, Watson, for you have been a favorite of the season, and I don't like to turn you out before the break-up. Nor will I, if you can give up your suit of rooms and take up with one suited to your circumstances, I will let you remain the season out, trusting you to pay me in the future."

"You are very good, Major, and I guess I'll have to consent."

So the luggage of Robert Watson was lifted and lugged down the elegant stairs to the second-floor to a little seven by fourteen room on the fifth-floor.

Society quickly it became known that the change had been made! Every servant in the house conveyed the information to the inmates of the usual deference paid to the possessors of "parlors." At dinner, the cry, "boy," with the usual eagerness to anticipate Mr. Watson's wants, suddenly became oblivious to those wants, and only answered them after repeated calls. The cashier and register clerk, always so obsequious, grew dignified and indifferent. Only the whole page received with a kindly greeting for the guest too poor to pay his bill, and remaining by sufferance.

"Queer," thought the hotel proprietor. "He certainly had money enough when he came, for he deposited a good five hundred in the safe. He hasn't been *fast*, I am certain, and his habits have been so good that the young fellow has rather played off from him. But he has been a favorite. Not a belle in the room but would have dropped her best friend for his acquaintance. Hang me if I can understand it."

Watson, the handsome, fashionable, had been a season guest at the Cascade. Friends he had in plenty. He was courteous, well-bred, good-looking, intelligent, and, apparently, rich—what more could be asked? Among the ladies he had singled out a favorite; and among the men he commoved quite a prince; and among the gentlemen neither was he loth to capture him, but to all he proved a very incorrigible recreant—he would not be drawn into one's prize. Exquisite charm of voice, manner, and sentiment, the beauty of person, the perfection of attire—all were agreeable to him, deeply so, for he seemed to enjoy them all immensely; but not the brilliant Louise Miles Percy, nor the rich Miss Ormsmore, appeared to command him. He was to all alike, the most agreeable companion, the most considerate friend, the shrewd assistant of all arts to lead him into love's labyrinthine mazes.

How would all these beauties of the *salon* receive the announcement sure to be made of his "altered circumstances," as the Major expressed it?

Evidently Mr. Watson was not indifferent. He still frequented the piazzas and parlors, giving every friend, male or female, ample opportunity to "cut" his acquaintance, or otherwise to express themselves. It was somewhat curious to see the symptoms of his decline, not the less for Watson had that in his character construction which, even in poverty and trial, would preserve him from a sacrifice of personal dignity and self-reliance. But that he was on the decline became to him a sorrowful fact.

Sorrowful, did we say? That is, judging by the usual standards of human felicity or misery. To lose one's friends, to behold your position in society gradually slipping away, to realize that no longer you are held in coveted consideration by a chosen few, is, ordinarily, a source of sorrow. But in Watson's case it was difficult to determine how keenly the knife cut to the quick of his sensibilities: for, while every acquaintance was given full facilities for doing the slaughtering blow after giving the "cold shoulder," the Baltimorean appeared like an interested spectator, and was a mourned, when passed by a supposed friend without the slightest notice, as if he were a newspaper reporter, anxious to see the act and to note the fact.

Into the parlors during the evening he particularly patronized his way. If a bevy of gay fellows surrounded Miss Mountjoy, he worked his way to the circle, and, at last, received from that lady of sorghum the full benefit of her battery. He most gracefully and crushingly turn her back upon him but three days after he removed from the second floor.

Miss Damnin he sought, confident that one so artless could not be above the level of the fashionable crowd, and still give him her kindly greeting. With consequent ill. The artless girl was puzzled, and when at length he cornered her, it was to his discomfiture. She suddenly turned and forced her way past him, without even a nod or the downcast glances. On the contrary, her eyes were fixed fully on his face, and plainly said, "Sir, we are strangers."

Next he tried rattle-headed Miss Lumbert, and she actually spoke to him! But Watson soon discovered that the rattle was not for him.

Strangely enough, the proud and exclusive Miss Percy awakened no emotion from her every rage, and gave him a welcome; but over it all was a shadow. Once, apparently, he thought Miss Percy shy rather than haughty; and Watson began to catch glimpses of a character beneath all her conventional veil which he had not expected to find.

Of course wealthy Miss Orromans would scorn his further friendly relations. Her rooms were near his own second-floor apartments; she daily, all the year, had encountered him in the walks through the long corridor, and must have seen one of the two to learn of his fallen fortunes. Indeed, he half surmised that her dressing-maid had made special inquiry into his case, seeing her in confidential conclave with the housekeeper and room-girls. So Watson, with a reserve or pride not entertained with others, kept apart from Miss Orromans.

On that third evening of his changed fortunes, when the Sappho of the Cascades unbuttoned him, greatly to the pleasure of the young "bloods" around her, Watson wandered away at length upon the piazzas; then up through the long, deserted halls, restless, thoughtful, digesting the notes which he had been taking of human nature, and trying to fix the relative value of a man without money. It was the crystalline truth he was learning—not the truth in mere solution, sometimes clear, sometimes opaque, but always thin, but the precipitated, hard, angular, clear-cut crystals of experience, mined in unexpected places. Had he remained upon the second-floor, never would he have obtained that power; the more solution only would have repaid his keenest search. But his migration to the upper rooms had given him a wondrous lens; his horizon was so immeasurably extended that, barring the fact that his life was ruined, he was daily finding an easier wiser for upward reverses.

Suddenly, in his solitary promenade, he confronted the heiress. She was walking arm in arm with young Evans, of her "set," in confidential conversation it would appear, as she only should they have been in that long hall alone; indeed Watson, as with a glance, felt that was the situation. The meeting was a surprise to both parties, and the inclination of both men was to pass without recognition. Evans, however, paused; Watson flushed in anger, and with head erect bore down and passed the heiress, who suspended or cashiered officer of the line, conscious of his solidarity qualities, but equally conscious of his "altered circumstances."

Too high he held his head, in fact, for he caught no soft glance from the lady's eyes, and stood so firmly upon the trial of her elegant evening dress as to cause a perceptible cracking of seams at the skirt gores. Evans turned with a sudden anger.

"Dolt!" he hissed.

Watson paused on, staying to make no apology, but he heard the lady say:

"Fie, it is nothing;" and he was conscious, too, that she was looking at him wondering.

An hour later Watson was down on the piazzas again, evidently on the quest for some person, and he found his man ere long. Evans was the gentleman wanted. Going up to him Watson said:

"Mr. Evans, what was the word you used at the time I trod on the trail of Miss Orromans's dress?"

"I said *dolt*, Sir! and I say it again. We have hitherto supposed you to be a gentleman, and now learn that you can not pay your bills;

and he laughed, half in scorn and half in humor of the fact so opportunely given him to crush another.

The hot blood flew to Watson's face; his hands were clenched as if to strike; but, by a strong effort, he mastered his passion.

"Evans, no gentleman ever would have uttered that sentence. Only a coward would thing another's poverty in his face. Miss Orromans, educated as she has been to give virtue to wealth, might find in my inability to pay my hotel bill a justification for dropping my acquaintance; but I doubt if ever she would have experienced incivility. I owe her an apology for my seeming rudeness, and will give it to her now if you will in too supreme contempt even to exchange more words with you. Hereafter do not speak to me, Sir, nor look me in the face, save one in the presence of the ladies." And the speaker went his way to his attic room.

This scene, overheard by several gentlemen and ladies, soon was the talk of the rooms. Watson, being a gentleman of a very ultra-secretative circle, soon convened others of the set; and Major Snow was, ere long, summoned to be informed that he must "clear out Watson" Evans offering to pay the delinquent's bill.

And the news flew throughout the parlors and promenades that Major Snow was to give Mr. Robert Watson, of Baltimore, his walking papers in the morning.

An observer of the scene between the two gentlemen at the door of Miss Orromans's parlor, failing at once retired to her room to repair the accident to her skirt, she hardly deemed another of sufficient importance to be recorded, stole out upon the pleasant open weather promenade. She thus was a witness of what transpired. She, then, retired, in evident excitement, to her rooms; and when her maid, half an hour later, brought the startling news that the Major was to clear Watson out in the morning, the heiress, with perfect dissimulation, met with blushing cheek in her cheeks, and a clear sparkle in her beautiful eyes, sat down to her desk and indited the following note:

"MAJOR SNOW will please take no action in the matter of the difficulty between Mr. WATSON and Mr. EVANS. I cordially regret that the affair has occurred, and sympathize with Mr. WATSON in his misfortune. But it is not an insult to him, I would offer to become reconciled to him myself, and will do so if he is not able to pay; but I know that he is a thorough gentleman, and therefore very sorry I am compelled by you or to leave your house at the dictation of others.

"Yours, &c.,

"HELENE ORROMANS."

This the maid was instructed to deliver in the Major's hands at once. The maid had not far to go, for she met the proprietor advancing up the corridor. He glanced at the note, and laughed; then paused and said:

"Give it to me." Up he went pair of stairs. Mr. Robert Watson has the freedom of this house for the next five seasons.

Major Snow came to see again; while the open-eared maid, having lost not a word, returned to her mistress to find the heiress in a gunning-out-of-note. This was written with great care and many pauses. It was finally finished, and sealed as follows:

"Mr. Watson will please excuse the boldness of this note. He has never been a witness of my weakness. I esteem yourself and Mr. Evans on the piazza. I feel it my duty to inform you that I heartily pity your unfeeling and your words. I ask no apology from you. Indeed, I shall be pained to receive it. Believe me, I am exceedingly pained at the inference you have drawn, namely, that I could find a satisfaction in dropping your acquaintance in the fact of your temporary embarrassment. Also for my own part I shall compel me to hear such impertinence on my sense and modest ear.

"HELENE ORROMANS."

This missive the maid took to Watson's story. It found the romantic Robert in bed; but the letter was flung in over the door vestibule.

"Tell Miss Orromans that I thank her kindly," said a voice at the door; and Watson sprang up as the envelope dropped down to the floor.

"A note from my lady?" What on earth did that mean? A another rumpus brewing, of course! Another duel, and this time Watson killed? Watson, delighted, as the rich color mounting to his temples testified. And then, foolish man, he kissed the missive.

So very preposterous for one in his circumstances!

Many were the guests who "turned out" fully two hours before dawn on the day of the duel, and many the conversing, in order to see Mr. Robert Watson depart. To their surprise there was no Watson. Instead, Major Snow ascending and descending the back stairs, arm in arm with Miss Orromans, and Major Snow bowing to admiring friends. Evans was his set it was a declaration of war: but who would dare take up arms against the heiress' champion? Not Evans, for he all retired, resolved to let events take their course.

And they did take their course, *of course*. In three days' time a magnificent equipage drove to the door of Miss Orromans's mansion, and the beautiful Miss Orromans for his companion in the morning drive.

"Whose carriage is that?" demanded Evans of the Major, who had escorted his guests to the carriage.

"Oh, that's Watson's, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Watson's be hanged! Say, Major, has he paid his bill?" asked Evans, maliciously.

"Lord bless you! I don't know, but he is rich enough to buy out this whole concern, and to hire you and me for cell boys!"

"Explain yourself, then, Sir!" demanded Evans, irately. "Did you not inform the guests that he could not pay his bill, and that he had sent him up stairs out of his second-floor suit?

"Not I! Some of the clerks may have said something, to which others added more; but I really thought too much of the gentleman to mention the matter to any one. Now it turns out that it was all a little game of his own."

"Little game? What object could he have had in playing such hide and seek?" demanded Evans again, in tones peremptory.

"Well, in part, I suppose, to test the value of friendship in general, and the power of money in particular—both of which I have no doubt he has done to his entire satisfaction. Ha-ha-ha What do you think about it, Mr. Evans?"

"Think about it? Why, that it was—it was—"

"What?"

"Why, a very artful dodge—nothing less."

"Capital dodge, that's a fact, seeing that, as a poor man, he was left by Miss Orromans, and—"

"Now, what do you mean?" fairly shouted Evans, in his excitement.

"Mean? I mean that 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when he was to have had his walking papers, the order, he was dead in love with the heiress, and—"

"And what, Sir?"

"And he dead in love with him!"

"It's false, I know!" cried the man, now white in the face from some inexplicable emotion.

"False, eh? Going off in that carriage together to the preacher's looks like it, don't it?"

"Good Heavens!"

The Major's conjecture was prematurе, as he well knew; but the shaft had struck Evans in the heart, and he fairly staggered to a seat. Major Snow had given a deep and deep game to win the heiress. He had long been her recognized suitor—he had discounted her possessions in his bright future—but he could wait—he was dead broke!

He left the watering-place that day.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN breathing the impure and oppressive air of some crowded church, or hall, or concert-room, we have often wished it were possible for one to carry with him, as he does his spectacles or opera-glass, a personal supply of oxygen for the comfort and support of the lungs. Such a gift in time may yet come when it will be quite the fashion to carry about a little India rubber bag filled with the gas which the lungs in certain instances may require. Within a few years the use of oxygen has been revived for medicinal purposes. Experiments have been tried showing that a man can breathe the pure gas with great benefit in certain conditions of the body. In cases of consumption it has been found to assist nutrition and respiration; even when the disease has already diseased, life is sometimes prolonged beyond all hopes of friends and physicians. In cases of diphtheria, fevers, and many other diseases involving difficult respiration, great relief is often experienced from oxygen gas. Indeed, it is suspecting how many difficulties, which have refused to yield to other remedies, may be overcome at once by this article. Although the use of oxygen medicinally is still a novelty, the demand for it has recently increased so much that it has been found worth while to utilize breathing apparatus are furnished by apothecaries, and the gas is confined in portable iron cylinders of various sizes and dispensed like other medicines. A simple apparatus has been devised for manufacturing it as it is needed.

Who wants to take a trip across the country in a palace car? Strawberries are selling in Sun Francisco at ten cents a quart—the rest shall be unobtrusive!

A building has been secured at the corner of Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place by the trustees of the Free Academy of the City of New York for Director of the Nervous System, and the institution will soon be opened for the reception of patients. This is the first hospital of the kind established in the country. There is to be an outdoor department, at which patients residing at their own homes can attend and receive gratuitous medical treatment.

Soreaks takes a positive stand in favor of woman. In a recent report of the Paris prison-reform commissioners unanimously adopted, which warmly sympathized with Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson and her associates, they have also aided and supported her. The following resolution was also carried with enthusiasm:

Resolved, That we reprobate any expression that tends to convey the idea of ownership in marriage, we distinctly recognize it, as a holy and Godordained institution, based upon the equal interests, equal affections, and equal rights of the contracting parties; and that the recent change in the marriage service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, substituting for the word "obey" the words "you mutually agree," is a step toward the more enlightened spirit of the age, which is tending to equal justice in human relations.

A farmer in England has committed suicide in a fit of mental aberration, caused by his crops having been destroyed by excessive rains. Many of the fields have been overrun with them for years past, and he has sometimes cleared about 15 in a week. He could obtain no relief, and, seeing nothing but ruin in the future, he put an utter end to his existence. Many of the rabbits have conquered, and the man has retired from the field of battle.

In Great Falls, New Hampshire, the Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company over five hundred houses. Every girl who is connected with the factories must have the benefit of the library for fifty cents a year.

A Louisville man is rendering himself notable, or notorious, by a strange method of which each house he robs is known. He is a burglar, for he breaks into houses by night; but he steals nothing, except a few articles of wearing apparel. He goes at some person who is sleeping, and watching him or her, as the case may be, with a dark lantern, has entered the room of a young lady after she had retired and gone to sleep. Taking his favorite position beside the bed, he stood gazing at the beautiful sleeper till, perhaps, conscious of his presence and evil intent, she awoke and screamed for help. By the faint light of the moon she saw this strange standing motionless at her bedside. The stranger standing motionless at her bedside. The screams awakened the family, and the inmates of the house came rushing in just in time to catch the intruder. They seized on little gossip as the result, but subsequent facts have proved that the man was harmless, having no design to disturb any thing or any body.

Pleasant sort of wife has a certain New Hampshire man! She arose one night and made a rope of twisted cotton cloth, one end of which she tied around the bed-post, and rolling it around her sleeping husband's neck, pulled hard upon the other end. Husband was awakened, however, and succeeded in getting clear. Wife claims to have been acting in fit of somnambulism.

The London *Art Journal* gives a very interesting and commendatory account of certain lady artists from America, whose studies are located in Florence. Miss Hosmer is still at work on the statue of the ex-Queen of Naples, which was the first that is positively conceded from the public eye. Not even the Empress Eugenie, the Queen's own sister, has been permitted to see it; but now it is nearly ready for exhibition. Miss Hosmer is also engaged in modeling the beautiful medallions representing the twelve hours of the day, which are to decorate the dial of a clock which she has designed for Earl Brownlow. The door is intended for a drawing-room opening into the library, and every medallion is a treasure of art. Miss Foley has in hand the bust of the Pope, which is considered the most successful work of the Hebrew. Miss Foley has acquired an enviable reputation for her beautifully finished medallions. Vinnie Reins is making a few alterations in the model of Lincoln before she begins the execution of it in marble. Father Hyacinthe gave three sittings to Miss Ream just before he came to America: and she has also modeled a bust of Gustave Doré. She is also at work executing a Madonna for the Church of St. Francis, in Baltimore; and also is designing a monument to be erected in Montalban, Massachusetts.

Science has conquered nature in the establishment of a singular society in Paris, consisting at present of more than a hundred members. So great is the desire of these individuals to aid science after death, that they have pledged themselves not to be buried after death, but to bequeath their bodies for dissection!

A Connecticut minister, in a time of drought, prayed for rain in a more specific way than is customary. He prayed that a copious shower that would carry away the bridges, but for a drizzle-drozzle, that would last a week.

William Cullen Bryant recently delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, on the "Life, Character, and Writings of Gulian C. Verplanck." In the course of the address many extracts were read from letters written by Mr. Verplanck many years ago, while in Europe. The following anecdotes was related in one of these letters:

"You may expect another explosion of mad poetry from Coleridge and Lord Byron. Coleridge, who has become a few days ago, told Mr. Gallatin that he was the author of Junius's letters. He has also written a book against Hume, which, however, is not generally known. That you may have a higher relish for the joke, I will tell you a little anecdote which he told in London. Some time ago Lord Byron's books were sold at auction, and there was a great deal of splendid edition of Shakespeare. When it was sent round as a volume was missing. After the business inquiries of the auctioneer, the purchaser went to By-

"What, Coleridge, the author?" replied Byron. "I think Coleridge. "Ah! I remember. I was reading Coleridge's Early Rose old romance, and I, by mistake threw the book at her head, and she carried it out of the window!" Such is some of the wit of Coleridge."

Miss Cora Leslie Kellogg was recently the recipient of an elegant present, consisting of an exquisitely designed fruit receiver, lined with gold, and spoons and forks to match. Tastefully engraved upon the front of the fruit receiver were the words "11 Trovatore," and, on the 11th of the month was presented the several highly cultivated amateur critics and devoted admirers of Italian opera, who were desirous of showing their appreciation of the satisfactory manner in which Miss Kellogg acquitted herself in the role of Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," on the evening of the 10th ult.

Theodore, eldest son of Henry Clay, recently died in Lexington, Kentucky, of asphyxia, after a confinement. At thirty he was a promising lawyer, although he was not free from the imputations of being "wild." He had become deeply attached to a young lady of Lexington, who did not reciprocate his affection. Upon whom he was firmly and kindly repulsed when he began to show her special attentions. But the infatuated young man persisted in his suit, and followed the lady in the streets by day, and haunted the neighborhood of her home by night. Her parents, however, until it became evident that he was insane. Violent demonstrations were proved to be of such a disposition, and it became necessary to send him to an asylum. He remained there about a year, when his father, and for many years he was one of the most noted of the inmates of the asylum—his proud descent, his graceful manners, and his fine powers of conversation rendering him a marked object of interest. He leaves a widow and one daughter by his first marriage Washington. At the occasional balls given to the inmates he was always an exquisitely dressed gentleman of his day, and was the beau par excellence. During the last three years, despite his gentle gentleness and cheerfulness of manner, he was restless and discontented, and required close watching. Only a few days before his death he succeeded prudent to allow him to go out into the grounds without attendants. About the usual hour for his meditation began to grow warm, and he soon after became demented, continuing in hopeless idiocy until the day of his death. Two sons of Henry Clay yet survive him, T. H. Clay, ex-Minister to Paraguay, now residing on his place, "Ashmeldell," near Lexington; and John M. Clay, the raiser of Kentucky, and one of the greatest turfmen living.

A pitcher of water in a room will in a few hours absorb all the carbonic acid that passes, and purify the air but the water becomes unfit for use. Onions are recommended as a system of ventilation. If they are kept sliced in a room, where they will absorb the poisonous air.

There is a rumor that Queen Victoria has become matrimonially inclined, and is, indeed, effianced to a foreign prince of the blood royal, but without forsooth, the Royal Consent. She does not feel inclined to accept the regent; but give a little general advice on the subject. It is a difficult that there is a supply of rich peers in England, "ah honorable men," from whom the Queen might select a suitable husband—unless she intends to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales, in which case she might marry whom she chose.

SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRE AT MARATHON.

GREEK BRIGANDAGE.

We present on this page several illustrations *à propos* to the recent massacre of a party of travelers by Greek brigands in the vicinity of Athens. The party, our readers may recollect, consisted of Lord and Lady MUNCASTER, Mr. HERBERT, Secretary to the British Legation, Count BOYL, Secretary to the Italian Legation, Mr. and Mrs. LLOYD, with their young child, five years old, and Mr. VYSER. On the morning of April 11 they left Athens in carriages for Marathon, under the escort of four mounted gens d'armes, and accompanied by an intelligent and experienced dragoman named ALEXANDROS. On the plain they encountered several bands of soldiers patrolling the road, and felt no apprehensions of danger. After exploring the scene of one of the most interesting events in Grecian history, they started on their return to Athens. About half past four in the afternoon they were ambushed in a lonely part of the road. One of the gens d'armes was instantly killed and another mortally wounded. The brigands, twenty-eight in number, forced the party out of the carriages with much violence, seizing Lady MUNCASTER, and tearing off her watch and lockets, and menacing the lives of all. They then hurried their captives off the road, easily repulsing an attack by a small detachment of soldiers that had hastened to the scene on hearing the firing.

LORD

Reaching a place of security next day they halted after a long fatiguing march, and there agreed to release the ladies and children, to allow Lord MUNCASTER to return to Athens to raise the sum demanded for the ransom of himself and his four companions. The money, one hundred thousand drahms, was raised without difficulty, but in order to transport so large a sum of gold in safety it was necessary to obtain a promise of amnesty for the brigands, with an agreement that they should not be pursued in the mean time. On the application of the British Minister, the Greek Minister of War gave a written promise that the brigands should be let alone until the captives were released, but the amnesty was refused, on the ground that the king had no constitutional authority to grant it. A Greek officer was sent, however, to inform the brigands that, if they would take the money and release their captives, they could go on board a British ship of war, and leave the country for Malta; but they would not be persuaded

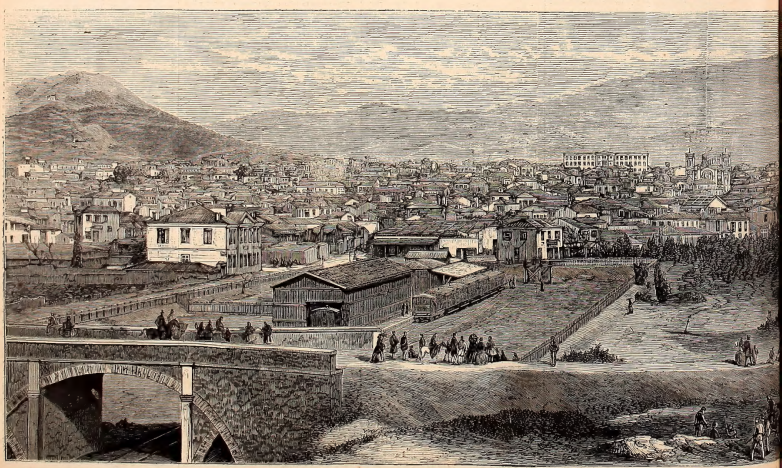

GENERAL VIEW OF MODERN ATHENS, WITH

STER.

ted to quit the neighborhood of the village of Oropos, where they had taken refuge, with their captives, and where they were surrounded by a force of 600 soldiers.

The brigand chiefs would not submit to these terms. They demanded amnesty for all their crimes, and refused to remain at Oropos, threatening to kill their captives if the troops opposed their march. On the afternoon of April 21, without waiting for the return of Lord MUNCASTER, who thus escaped the fate of his companions, they set out from Oropos, and were immediately pursued by cavalry. In accordance with their threats, they shot Mr. HENNIKER and Mr. LLOYD on perceiving the approach of the troops. A sharp battle ensued, in which six of the brigands were killed, including the chief. The others fled up the country, dragging Mr. VYSEA and Count BOYL with them, as far as Skimatari, where they put these two gentlemen also to death. Their bodies were afterward found and brought to Athens. They were mutilated in a shocking manner.

Our view of the Plains of Marathon shows the scene of the capture of this unfortunate party. The shore lies northeast and southwest, and is the chord of an arc about four miles in length, inclosing this celebrated plain. About the centre of the beach a small river, anciently called the Charadrus, falls into the

GROUP OF GREEK BANDITS.

n its course from the mountains, dividing the plain into two near- ual portions. The land side of the plain is closely set in by a t range of mountains, the eastern shoulder of Pentelicus termin- ng it to the southward. From Athens to the village of Marathon out twenty-two miles. The road for nearly the whole distance is eedingly bad; and in the mountains it consists of little more than e channels cut by the winter torrents. The plain consists of a ath of gently undulating ground, the higher parts of which are ntated. At each extremity the land is low and marshy. There ree or three small villages upon it with a few trees about their . e slopes of the mountains are in many places covered with myrtle, erwood, and small pines. The principal object of interest on the e is the tumulus shown in our illustration, supposed to be the nulchre of the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in eat battle with the Persians twenty-three centuries ago. Though mound is small—only 60 feet in diameter and 25 in height—it is arking object on the plain when seen from a distance.

Mars' Hill. Temple of Theseus. The Acropolis.

NS OF THE ANCIENT CITY ON THE RIGHT.

NOTHING.

THERE is nothing to see!
It is only a silver birch!
But it comes like a beautiful joy to me,
Like the joy you feel so calm and free,
When all is still as still can be,
After a psalm in the church.

It is so fair and light!
It grows on a rock by a well!
The rock is so strong, and the birch is so slight,
That they fill my heart with a strange delight,
And I think they make a wonderful sight,
Though why I can never tell!

The rock I grasp and reach,
And the birch-tree I can not touch!
But its waiting leaves have a tender speech,
For I feel a particular love for each,
And I know that their whispered words can teach
And comfort me very much.

The rock is strong and wild,
And the well is wide and deep;
So I nodded my little head and smiled,
For I felt they could both protect a child;
And the birch-tree murmured soft and mild,
And so I fell fast asleep.

Why should this written be?
And what have I got to tell?
The wise, wise people will laugh at me,
And say there is nothing at all to see,
Only a rock and only a tree,
And only a little well!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & THOMPSON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIRTEENTH SCENE.—FULHAM.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

THE FOOT-RACE.

A SOLITARY foreigner, drifting about London, drifted toward Fulham on the day of the Foot-Race.

Little by little, he found himself involved in the current of a throng of impetuous English people, all flowing together toward one given point, and all decorated alike with colors of two prevailing hues—pink and yellow. He drifted along with the stream of passengers on the pavement (accompanied by a stream of carriages in the road) until they stopped with one accord at a gate —and paid admission-money to a man in office—and poured into a great open space of ground which looked like an uncultivated garden.

Arrived here, the foreign visitor opened his eyes in wonder at the scene revealed to view. He observed thousands of people assembled, composed almost exclusively of the middle and upper classes of society. They were organized round a vast enclosure; they were elevated on amphitheatrical wooden stands; and they were perched on the roofs of boroughes of carriages, drawn up in rows. From this congregation there rose such a roar of eager voices as he had never heard yet from any assembled multitude in these islands. Predominating among the cries, he detected one everlasting question. It began with, "Who backs—?" and it ended in the alternate pronouncing of two British names unintelligible to foreign ears. Seeing these extraordinary sights, and hearing these stirring sounds, he applied to a policeman on duty; and, with his best pronounciation, asked, "If you please, Sir, what is this?"

The policeman answered, "North against Smith—Sports."

The foreigner was informed, but not satisfied. He pointed all round the assembly with a circular sweep of his hand, and said, "?"

The policeman declined to waste words on a man who could ask such a question as that. He lifted a large wooden forefinger, with a broad white nail at the end of it, and pointed gravely to a printed Bill, posted on the wall behind him. The drifting foreigner drifted to the Bill.

After reading it carefully, from top to bottom, he consulted a polite private individual at his hand, who proved to be far more communicative than the policeman. The result on his mind of a person not thoroughly awakened to the enormous national importance of Athletic Sports, was much as follows:

The color of North is pink. The color of Smith is yellow. North produces barrel-shaped men, and South produces thirteen yellow boys. The meeting of pink and yellow is a solemnity. The solemnity takes its rise in an immemorial national passion for hardening the arms and legs, by means of hammers and of mallets with the first, and running and jumping with the second. The object in view is to do this in public rivalry. The men arrived at are produced by an excessive development of the muscles, purchased at the expense of an excessive strain on the heart and the lungs—(morality), glory; conferred at the moment by the public applause; confirmed the next day by a report in the newspapers. Any person who presumes to see any physical evil involved in these exertions, or any person who practise them, or any moral obstruction in the exhibition itself to those civilizing influences on which the true greatness of all nations depends, is a person without a biceps, who is simply incomprehensible. Muscular England develops itself, and takes no notice of him.

The foreigner mixed with the assembly, and looked more closely at the social spectacle around him.

He had met with these people before. He had seen them (for instance) at the theatre, and had observed their manners and customs with considerable curiosity and surprise. When the curtain was down, they were so little interested in what they had come to see, that they had hardly spirit enough to speak to each other between the acts. When the curtain was up, if the play made any appeal to their sympathy with any of the higher and nobler emotions of humanity, they received it as something wearisome, or assumed it as something base. Even the public feeling of the countrymen of Shakspeare, so far as they represented it, recognized but two duties in the dramatic—that of making them laugh, and the duty of getting it over soon. The two great events of a night were Supper and Fun. (Judging by the rare applause of his cultivated customers), consisted in spending plenty of money on his entertainment, and in hiring plenty of fun, forced women to exhibit their bosoms and their legs. Not at theatres only: but among other gatherings, in other places, the foreigner had noticed the same stolid languor where any effort was exacted from genteel English brains, and the same stupid contempt where any appeal was made to genteel English hearts. Everywhere—at work or playing any thing but jokes and scandal! Preserve us from respecting any thing but rank and money! Everywhere—in social gatherings of these insular ladies and gentlemen, as expressed under other circumstances, and in other forms, amidst other scenes. Here, all was changed. Here was the strong feeling, the breathless interest, the hearty enthusiasm, not visible elsewhere. Here were the superb gentlemen who were too warm to speak when an Actress addressing them, shooting themselves bourne with burst on burst of genuine applause. Here were the fine ladies who yawned behind their fans at the bare idea of being called on to think or to feel, waving their handkerchiefs in honest delight, and actually flushing with excitement through their powder and their paint. And all for what? All for running and jumping! All for throwing hammers and balls.

The foreigner looked at it, and tried, as a citizen of a civilized country, to understand it. He was still trying—when there occurred a pause in the performances.

Certain hurdles, which had served to exhibit the present satisfactory state of civilization (in jumping), among the upper classes, were removed. The privileged persons who had duties to perform within the inclosure, withdrew from it; and disappeared one after another. A great bush of expectation pervaded the whole assembly. Something of no common interest in the importance was evidently about to take place. On a sudden, the crowd broke! Some of it fled, cheering from the mob in the road outside the grounds. People looked at each other excitedly, and said, "Dan to the front!" Others whispered peculiar names—and was a second time broken by peculiar cheering. Everybody nodded to each other with an air of relief and said, "Both of them have come." Then the great bush fell on the ground, and every one of the eyes looked toward one particular point of the inclosure, opposite to the foreigner's position, with the blinds down over the open windows, and the door closed.

The foreigner was deeply impressed by the silent expectation of the great throng about him. He felt his own curiosity rising, without knowing why. He believed himself to be on the point of understanding the English people.

Some circumstance was about to occur, in evidently in preparation. Was a great orator going to address the assembly? Was a glorious anniversary to be commemorated? Was a memorial service to be performed? He looked round him to apply for information once more. The gentlemen—who contrasted favorably, so far as refinement of manner was concerned, with most of the spectators present—were always making their way, at that moment, through the crowd near him. He respectfully asked another policeman—who was now about to take place. They informed him that a pair of strong young men were going to run round the inclosure for a given number of turns, with the object of ascertaining which could run the longest distance.

The foreigner listened to his hands and eyes to discover. Oh, multitudinous Providence! who would have suspected that the ultimate development of the creation included such beings as these! With that amazing discovery, he took his back on the race-course, and left the place.

On his way out of the inclosure, he accosted one to use his handkerchief, and found that it was gone. He felt next for his purse. His purse was missing also. He gave it up, and went back to his own country, intelligent inquiries were addressed to him on the subject of England. He could but one thing to give. "They run round it," is a mystery to me. Of all the English people I have encountered, the English thieves!"

In the mean time the sporting gentlemen, making their way through the crowd, reached a wooden gate in the fence which surrounded the inclosure. Presenting a ticket to the person in charge of the gate, they were forthwith admitted within the sacred precincts. The closely packed spectators, recognizing them with awkward feelings of envy and curiosity, wondered who they might be. Were they referees appointed to act at the coming race? or reporters for the newspapers? or commissioners of police? They were neither the one nor the other. They were only Mr. Speedwell, the surgeon, and Sir Patrick Lundie.

The two gentlemen walked into the centre of the inclosure, and looked round them.

The grass on which they were standing was girdled by a broad smooth path, composed of finely-sifted ashes and sand—and this again was surrounded by the fence and by the spectators ranked behind it. Above the lines this formed rose on one side the amphitheatres with their tiers of crowded benches, and on the other the long rows of carriages with the right-seers inside and out. The evening sun was shining brightly; the light and shade lay together in grand masses, the varied colors of objects blended softly one with the other. It was a splendid and an inspiriting scene.

Sir Patrick turned from the rows of eager faces that looked down on his friend the surgeon.

"Is there one person to be found in this vast crowd," he asked, "who has come to see the race with the doubt in his mind which has brought us to see it?"

Mr. Speedwell shook his head. "Not one of them knows or cares what the struggle may cost the men who are to run it."

Sir Patrick looked round him again. "I almost wish I had not come to see it," he said. "If this were private—"

The surgeon interposed. "Don't dwell needlessly, Sir Patrick, on the gloomy view," he joined. "The opinion I have formed has, thus far, no positive grounds to rest on. I am guessing rightly, I believe, but at the same time I am guessing in the dark. Appearances sway a race mainly. There may be reserves of vital force in Mr. Delamayn's constitution which I don't suspect. I am here to learn a lesson—not to see a prediction fulfilled. I know his health is broken, and I believe he is going to run this race at his own request. Don't feel too sure beforehand of the event. The event may prove me to be wrong."

For the moment Sir Patrick dropped the subject. He was not in his usual spirits.

Since his interview with Anne had satisfied him that she was Geoffrey's lawful wife, the conviction had inevitably forced itself on his mind that the only possible chance for her in the future was the chance of Geoffrey's death. Horrible as it was to him, he had been possessed by that one idea—go where he might, do what he might, struggle as he might to force his thoughts in other directions—he looked round on the eager ashen path on which the race was to be run, conscious that he had a secret interest in it which it was unutterably repugnant to him to feel. He tried to resume the conversation with his friend, and to think of other topics. The effort was useless. In despite of himself, he returned to the one fatal subject of the struggle that was now close at hand.

"How many times must they go round this enclosure," he inquired, "before the race is ended?"

Mr. Speedwell turned toward a gentleman who was passing him at the moment.

"Here is somebody coming who can tell us," he said.

"You know him?"

"He is one of my patients."

"Who is he?"

"After the two runners he is the most important personage on the ground. He is the final authority—the umpire of the race."

The person thus described was a middle-aged man, with a remarkably wrinkled face, with prematurely white hair, and with something of a heavy look about him—brief in speech, and quick in manner.

"The path measures four hundred and forty yards round," Mr. Speedwell said, when the surgeon had repeated Sir Patrick's question to him. "In plainer words, and not to put you to your arithmetic, three round is a quarter of a mile. Each round is called a 'Lap.' The men must run sixteen laps to finish the race. Want to put you to your arithmetic again, they must run four miles—the longest race of this kind which it is customary to attempt at Fulham. Yes?"

"Professional pedestrians exceed that limit, do they not?"

"Considerably—on certain occasions."

"Are they a long-lived race?"

"Far from it. There are exceptions when they live to be old men."

Mr. Speedwell looked at Sir Patrick. Sir Patrick put a question to the umpire.

"You have just told us," he said, "that the two men who are to run against to-day are going to run the longest distance yet attempted in their experience. Is it generally thought, by persons who understand such things, that they are both fit to bear the exertion demanded of them?"

"You can judge for yourself, Sir. Here is one of them."

He pointed toward the pavilion. At the same moment there rose a mighty clapping of hands from the great throng of spectators. Fleetwood, champion of Smith, descended in his pink colors, descended the pavilion steps and walked into the arena.

Young, lithe, and elegant, with supple strength expressed in every movement of his limbs, with a bright smile on his resolute young face, the man of the north won the women's hearts at starting. The murmur of eager talk rose among them on all sides. The men were quieter—especially the men who understood the subject. It was a matter of hand-clapping rattled all round the arena. Delamayn, champion of the South, decorated in his yellow colors, presented himself to the public view.

The immense hum of voices rose louder and louder as he walked into the centre of the great green space. Surprise at the extraordinary contrast between the two men was the prevalent emotion of the moment. Geoffrey was more than a head taller than his antagonist, and broader in full proportion. The women who had been charmed with the easy gait and confident smile of Fleetwood, were all more or less painfully impressed by the noble strength of the southern man, as he passed before them slowly, with his head down and his brows knit, deaf to the applause showered on him, reckless of the eyes that looked at him; speaking to nobody: concentrated in himself; being his time. He held the men who understood the subject breathless with interest. What was it was the famous "staying power" that was to endure in the last terrible half-mile of the race, when the nimble and jaunty Fleetwood was cut off his legs. Thoughts had been spread abroad hinting at something which had gone wrong with Delamayn in his training. And now that all eyes could judge him, his appearance suggested criticism in some quarters. It was remarked by many of the criticism passed on his antagonist. The doubt as to Delamayn was—whether he had been sufficiently trained. Still the solid strength of the man, the slow, panther-like smoothness of his movements had, above all, his great reputation in the world of muscle and sport—had their effect. The betting which, with occasional fluctuations, had held steadily in his favor thus far, held, now that he was publicly seen, steadily in his favor still. "Two to one" was the current offer, if you like; but Delamayn for a four-mile race."

"Do you think he sees us?" whispered Sir Patrick to the surgeon.

"He sees nobody."

"Can you judge of the condition he is in, at this distance?"

"He has twice the muscular strength of the other man—His trunk and limbs are magnificent. It is useless to ask me more than that about his condition. We are too far from him to see his face plainly."

The conversation among the audience began to flag again, and the silent expectation set in among them once more. One by one, the different persons officially connected with the race gathered together on the grass. The trainer Perry was among them, with his cap of water in his hand, in attendance whispering conversation with his principal—giving him the last words of advice before the start. The umpire, leaving them together, came up to pay his respects to his illustrious colleague.

"How has the race got on since I was at Fulham?" asked Mr. Speedwell.

"First-rate, Sir! It was one of his bad days when you saw him. He has done wonders in the last eight-and-forty hours."

"Is he going to win the race?"

Privately the doctor had done what Perry had done before him—he backed Geoffrey's antagonist. Publicly he was true to his colors. He cast a disparaging look at Fleetwood—and answered his friend about the slightest hope.

At that point, the conversation was suspended by a sudden movement in the inclosure. The runners were on their way to the starting-place. The moment of the race had come.

Shoulder to shoulder, the two men waited—each with his foot touching the mark. The firing of a pistol gave the signal for the start. At the instant when the report sounded, they were off.

Fleetwood at once took the lead: Delamayn following, at from two to three yards behind him. In that order, they ran the first round, the second, and the third—both reserving their strength; both watched with breathless interest by every soul in the place. The trainers, with their cans in their hands, ran backward and forward over the grass, measuring their pace with quick points, and eying them narrowly, in silence. The official persons stood together in a group, their eyes following the runners round and round with the closest attention. The trainer's doctor, still attached to his old college, Oxford, offered the necessary explanations to Mr. Speedwell and his friend.

"Nothing much to see for the first mile, Sir, except the 'style' of the two men."

"You mean they are not really exerting themselves yet?"

"No. Getting their wind, and feeling their legs. Pretty runner, Fleetwood—if you notice, Sir? Gets his legs a trifle better in front, and steadily lifts his knees. Not the style for a four mile. His action's the best of the two; I grant that. But just look, as they come by, which keeps the straightest line. There's where Delamayn has him! It's a steadier, stronger, truer pace: and —call it six of him where he's half-way through. So, for the first three rounds, the doctor explained on the two contrasted "styles"—in terms mercifully adapted to the comprehension of persons unacquainted with the language of the running ring.

At the fourth round—in other words, at the round which completed the first mile, the first change in the relative positions of the runners occurred. Delamayn suddenly dashed to the front. Fleetwood smiled as the man passed him. Delamayn held the lead till they were half-way through the fifth round—when Fleetwood, at his turn, passed his trainer, and led the pace. He lightly passed Delamayn in an instant; and led again to the acclamations of the sixth round. At the opening of the seventh, Delamayn forced the pace on his side. For a few moments, they ran exactly abreast. Then Delamayn drew away inch by inch; and recovered the lead. The first burst of applause (led by the north) rang out, as the big man beat Fleetwood at his own tactics, and headed him at the critical moment when the race was half run and half won.

"It begins to look as if Delamayn were going to win!" said Sir Patrick.

The trainer's doctor forgot himself. Infected by the rising excitement of every body about him, he let out the truth.

"Walk a bit!" he said. "Fleetwood has got directions to let him pass—Fleetwood is waiting to see what he can do."

"Cunning, you see, Sir Patrick, is one of the elements in a manly sport," said Mr. Speedwell, quietly.

At the end of the seventh round, Fleetwood proved the doctor to be right. He also past Delamayn like an arrow from a bow. At the end of the eight round, he was leading by two yards. Half the race had then been run. Time, ten minutes and thirty-three seconds.

Toward the end of the ninth round, the pace slackened a little; and Delamayn was in front again. He kept ahead, until the opening of the eleventh round. At that point, Fleetwood flung up one hand in the air with a gesture of triumph; and bounded past Delamayn with a shout of "Hooray for the North!" The shout was echoed by the spectators. In proportion as the exertion began to tell upon the runners, the excitement steadily rose among the people looking at them.

At the twelfth round, Fleetwood was leading by six yards. Cries of triumph rose among the adherents of the north, met by counter-cries of defiance from the south. At the next turn Delamayn resolutely lessened the distance between his antagonist and himself. At the opening of the fourteenth round, they were coming side by side. A few yards more, and Delamayn was in front again, amidst a roar of applause from the whole public voice. Yet a few yards further, and Fleetwood was in front again; passed Delamayn behind again; led again; and was passed again at the end of the round. The excitement rose to its highest pitch, as the runners—gasping for breath; with dark-flushed faces, and heaving breasts—alternately passed and repassed each other. Oaths were heard now as well as cheers. Women turned pale, and men set their teeth, as the last round but one began.

At the opening of it, Delamayn was still in advance. Before six yards more had been covered, Fleetwood betrayed the purpose of his running in the previous round, and electrified the whole assembly, by dashing past his opponent—for the first time in the race at the top of his speed. Every effort present could see, that Delamayn had been allowed to lead on sufferance—had been dexterously drawn on to put out his whole power—until he had, then, and not then, been seriously deprived of the lead. He made another effort, with a desperation that convulsed the public enthusiasm to frenzy. While the voices were roaring; while the hats and handkerchiefs were waving round the course; while the actual event of the race was, for one supreme moment, still in doubt—Mr. Speedwell caught Sir Patrick by the arm.

"Prepare yourself!" he whispered. "It's all over."

As the words passed his lips, Delamayn swerved on the path. His footing failed—and he fell heavily. He rallied, and ran another step or two—swerved again—staggered—lifted his arm to his mouth on the breast, as if in a fury of rage—bared his teeth in his flesh like a wild beast—and fell senseless on the course.

A Babel of sounds arose. The cries of alarm in some places, mingling with the shouts of triumph from the backers of Fleetwood; the cheers as their man ran lightly on to win the now uncontested race. Not the inclosure only, but the course itself was invaded by the crowd. In the midst of the tumult the fallen man was drawn on to the grass—with his head resting on the trainer's doctor in attendance on him. At the terrible moment when the surgeon laid his hand on the breast, Fleetwood passed the inclosure gate, rage being forced for him through the people by his friends and the police—running the sixteenth and last round of the race.

Had the beaten man fainted under it, or had he died under it? Every body waited with bated eyes pivoted on the surgeon's hand.

The surgeon rose from him, and called for water to throw over his face, for brandy to put into his mouth. He was coming to life again—he had quivered at the touch. Only about of aquiver which hailed Fleetwood's victory rang out as they lifted him from the ground to carry him to the pavilion. Sir Patrick (admitted at Mr. Speedwell's request) was the one stranger allowed to pass the door. The movement when he was ascending the steps, some one touched him. It was Mr. Speedwell's brewer.

"Do the doctors answer for his life?" asked the captain. "I can't get my niece to leave the ground till she is satisfied of that."

Mr. Speedwell heard the question, and replied to it briefly from the top of the pavilion steps.

"For the present—yes," he said.

The captain thanked him, and disappeared.

They entered the pavilion. The necessary restorative measures were taken under Mr. Speedwell's directions. There the conquered athlete lay: outwardly an inert mass of strength, formidable to look at, even in its fall; inwardly, a weaker creature in all the constituents vital force, than the fly that buzzed on the window-pane. By slow degrees the fluttering life came back. In the sun was setting, and the morning light was beginning to fail. Mr. Speedwell beckoned to Ferry to follow him into an unoccupied corner of the room.

"In half an hour or less he will be well enough to be taken home. Where are his friends? He has a brother—hasn't he?"

"His mother's in Scotland, Sir."

"His father?"

Ferry scratched his head. "From all I hear, Sir, he and his father don't agree."

Mr. Speedwell applied to Sir Patrick.

"Do you know any thing of his family affairs?"

"Very little. I believe what the man has told you to be the truth."

"Is his mother living?"

"Yes."

"I will write to her myself. In the mean time, somebody must take him home. He has plenty of friends here. Where are they?"

He looked out of the window as he spoke. A throng of people had gathered round the pavilion, waiting to hear the latest news. Mr. Speedwell directed Ferry to go out and search among them for any friends of the employer whom he might know by sight. Ferry hesitated, and scratched his head for the second time.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the surgeon, sharply. "You know his friends by sight, don't you?"

"I don't think I shall find them outside," said Ferry.

"Why 't or?"

"They locked him heavily, Sir—and they have all left."

Deaf to this unanswerable reason for the absence of friends, Mr. Speedwell found on seeing Ferry out to search among the persons who composed the crowd. The trainer returned with his report. "You were right, Sir. There are some of his friends outside. They want to see him."

"Let two or three of them in."

Three came in. They stared at him. They uttered brief exclamations of pity in turn. They said to Mr. Speedwell, "We wanted to see him. What is it now?"

"It's a break-down in his health."

"And training?"

The athletic Spectre.

"Oh! Thank you. Good-evening."

Mr. Speedwell showed a form them out like a flock of sheep before a dog. There was not even time to put the question to them as to who was to take him home.

"I'll look after him, Sir," said Ferry. "You can trust me."

"I'll go too," added the trainer's doctor; "and see him littered down for the night."

"What is your name, my man?" asked Mr. Speedwell, turning to the trainer.

He answered with a thick snort and laboring breath—uttering a word at a time: "Shall—I—die?"

"Not if you're sober."

"Swe?"

"No."

He looked round him again. This time his eyes rested on Ferry. Ferry came forward.

"What can I do for you, Sir?"

The reply came slowly as before. "My—cont—pocket."

"This one, Sir?"

"No."

"This?"

"Yes. Book."

The trainer felt in the pocket, and produced a betting-book.

"What's to be done with this, Sir?"

"Read."

The trainer held the book before him; open at the last two pages on which entries had been made. He called his head impatiently from side to side of the sofa pillow. It was plain that he was not yet sufficiently recovered to be able to read what he had written.

"Shall I read for you, Sir?"

"Yes."

The trainer read three entries, one after another, without result; they had all been honestly settled. At the fourth, the employer's name was said, "Stop!" This was the first of the entries in which still remained unsettled. Ferry recorded the wager laid at Windygates, when Geoffrey had backed himself (in defiance of the sureties equally) to win the Ferry-hill Handicap the race next spring—and had forced Arnold Brinkworth to bet against him.

"Well, Sir? What's to be done about this?"

He collected his strength for the effort; and answered by a single word.

"Write—brother—Julius. Pay—Arnold—Brinkworth."

His lifted hand, solemnly emphasizing what he said, dropped at his side. He closed his eyes; and fell into a heavy stertorous sleep. Give him his due. Scoundrel as he was, give him his due. The awful moment, when his life was trembling in the balance, had found him at the last living faith left among the men of his tribe and time—the faith of the betting-book.

Sir Patrick and Mr. Speedwell quitted the race-ground together, and drove Geoffrey home, previously removed to his lodgings hard by. They met others on the road that night. On hand, by his own desire, kept out of view among the crowd; and he decided on walking back by himself. Sir Patrick's manner, likewise, had changed him in all his habits. He asked but one question, and received but one answer. An elapse before he saw his wife again—to be allowed to rest it in his own way, and to be left alone.

Relieved of the oppression which had kept him silent while the race was in progress, Sir Patrick put a question to the surgeon as they drove home, which had been in his mind from the moment when Geoffrey had lost the day.

"I hardly understand the anxiety you showed about Delamayn," he said, "when you found that he had only fainted under the fatigue. Was it something more than a common fainting fit?"

"It is useless to conceal it now," replied Mr. Speedwell. "He has had a narrow escape from a paralytic stroke."

"Was that what you dreaded when you spoke to him at Windygates?"

"That was what I saw in his face when I gave him the warning. I was right, so far. It was wrong in my estimate of the reserve of vital power left in him. When he dropped on the race-course, I firmly believed we should find him a dead man."

"Is it hereditary paralysis? His father's last illness was of that sort."

Mr. Speedwell smiled. "Hereditary paralysis?" he repeated. "Why the man is (naturally) a phenomenon of health and strength—in the prime of his life. Hereditary paralysis might have found him out thirty years hence. His rowing and his running, for the last four years, are alone answerable for what has happened to-day."

Sir Patrick ventured on a suggestion.

"Surely," he said, "with your name to compel attention to it, you ought to make this public—as a warning to others?"

"It would be quite useless. Delamayn is far from being the first man who has dropped at foot-racing or the cruel across laid on the vivid organs. The public have a happy knack of forgetting these warnings. The public has not quite satisfied when they found the other man (who happens to have got through it) produced as a sufficient answer to me.

Anne Silvester's future was still dwelling on Sir Patrick's mind. His next inquiry related to the serious subject of Geoffrey's prospect of recovery in the time to come.

"He will soon recover," said Mr. Speedwell. "Paralysis is hanging over him. How long he may lose it is impossible for me to say. Much depends on himself. In his condition, any new imprudence, any violent emotion, may kill him at a moment's notice."

"If no accident happens," said Sir Patrick, "will he be sufficiently himself again to leave his bed and go out?"

"Certainly."

"He has an appointment that I know of for Saturday next. Is it likely that he will be able to keep it?"

"Quite likely."

Sir Patrick said no more. Anne's face was before him again, with the unreasonable moment when he had told her that she was Geoffrey's wife.

ART AND MORALITY

We can not tell to remark, says Mr. Ruskin in a recent lecture, that it is not in the peace and purity of simple peasant life that Art is to be found; for there Art attains its highest perfection in a stage of civilization sullied by crime—that the immediate connection of Art may almost be allowed to be a sure sign of a nation's approaching ruin. For Art finds its highest perfection by its connection with evil—its noblest development by its struggle with what is base and degrading—it is hence that it derives its power. The virtues of artists possess no apparent, not real; it is their ignorance of evil and the absence of all temptation which make them virtuous. A noble nation, as it hastens on the path of progress, passes through a stage of feverish energy, which increases as, step by step, it draws nearer to its perfection. At last consummation is reached, and the people display the new kinds of error spring up from inability to satisfy the one or to minister to the other; wealth increases, and luxury follows, while the arts are the exponent of each phase of its growth or decline. At the consummation ends, but Art does not in any way bring it about; it rather is that wealth, that root of all evil, has made all the nation's ministers to evil purposes, and it has caused Art to do so to the last.

Although it is true that no more splendid era there has been an element of sorrow in their character, a kind of momentary despair from time to time, arising from their consciousness of the unprofitableness of their short-lived service, yet in most of their history power has been a strong instinct of duty or a hopeful love of doing well their might all that the great Master gives them to do. Art is not co-exist with what is selfish: the true artist must have an energy of love joined to an energy of labor. These two instincts are necessary—the one to teach him to deal kindly with surrounding life, the other to enable him to deal kindly with matter. All in him must be strong, and yet gentle and obedient; he must possess an natural instinct, but only bring it into proper subjection. Anger, for instance, must not be starved, as it is too often starved in modern life. We suppress our just feeling of vengeance against evil; we make the cat of punishment expedient, and not the vindicating of the majesty of Justice; we put our criminal to death, not because he deserves to die, but that we may serve as a monitor to prevent others doing the like.

Art, then, always may be founded on a love of order based on justice, and on a love of beauty based on efficience. This latter is an essential part of the Greek character: it is the direct adversary of cruelty, avarice, mean worldly care. The harmony of all these powers in the mind of Always commensurate with the imaginative purity of the passion of love.

The moral power of imagination is unbounded; it is on the gradual increase of the dignity of this relationship between the senses that the gradual increase of the imaginative faculty depends. It was imperfect among the Greeks because of the subordinate position of women and the presence of inferior passions, whereby the ethical superiority of the Greek mind was arrested. In its highest form imagination gives rise to the noblest chivalry—that bulwark of honor and of patience. Its highest function is not to suppress the passions, but to exalt them to right objects.

Imagination, rightly cultivated, gives us a true knowledge of the past, a firm grasp of the present, a confident hope for the future. It is our best educator: it fills our conceptive faculty with noble thoughts when directed aright; it enables us to conquer that kingdom of our thoughts wherein lies our noblest victory. Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

True Art, then, is never immoral—we might almost say that little else but Art is moral; for in life without industry is guilty, as industry without Art is brutality. But we must always remember that in order to be great artists we must first of all be good men; that his only powers and prospers who hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, and deceitfully pursues solely what is pure and honest and of good report.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"You are quite welcome," as the empty purse said to the thirsty traveler.

An instance of distinction without a difference was the Siamese twins, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to match. Consequently, as the one had a foot and ankle twice as large as the other, he had to boot upon the larger leg, he exclaimed, indignantly: "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other, and, instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

A quarrel on the Boulevards terminated one day, to the amusement of the spectators: "Monsieur! you shall give satisfaction, sir, for having called me a cad of laughter!" "Monsieur, I can not. I am a member of the Society for Protecting Animals."

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father, in a bell-room, to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts when I ring," was the sly answer by way. "Why business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly, papa, but still," with pouty pique, one would like to keep it in a reasonable order."

At a very successful séance the other night, a man burnt into ashes, and was the handsome describes very particularly a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing near with a wife-elevated arm, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a by-stander, in a whisper. "Know him!" was the reply. "I guess I do! replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was my best friend before I married, and he has been dead twice as long as my husband since he died." Quoth he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why did you marry?"

An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, bob's breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the last day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who shouted to the cook at four o'clock with, "Come, Sarah, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow 's Tuesday, the next day 's Wednesday—and the wood gone, and nothing done yet."

A young lady of Kansas City, one of the fashionable set, has abandoned omnibus out of fear of a few mortuigo since, on discovering, snugly ensconced in her chignon, a tenacious little mouse, which had crawled into, and made a bed of, that feminine adornment. Is this the latest fashion? Every young lady should keep a cat in her chignon.

A New London Sabbath-school teacher said to a little boy recently: "Suppose your father told you he should stop on your way to church, and ask you to go to a place with him. What would you say?" "Why, I would say I say?" repeated the little wag, "I would say you don't, you don't bother me; I'm bound for Sunday-school."

Sir Watkins William Wynne, conversing with a friend on the antiquity of his family, which is carried back to Noah, was told that he was a very old Welsh family. "Old!" said Sir Watkins, "I should say," casting his eye on the other, "when I was a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me: it first began with Adam and Eve in Paradise, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin: *A bad date here, the manuscript rotted.*"

"Don't beat your carpets," says some kind-hearted person; "try kindness and firmness; and if that don't keep them down, send for a policeman and have them taken up."

"Why, Charlie, I am surprised to see you making such a blunder in grammar!" Charlie brightened, as ever, and retorted, "Why, I calculated to laugh, but, somehow, I couldn't."

A vulgar mason, who but because rich by the recent demolition in Paris, was anxious to marry his only son to one of the daughters of a nobleman. "I tell you would let my son marry one of your girls," said he to the father, "I said the father, "but I would like to wash the dirt that waits in the kitchen, or the girl that waits in the parlor."

A poor lord of Macnab was in the habit of riding a great secondary horse to the Musselburgh races, where a young wit asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that your horse, my lord?" "Yes," replied he, "and the laird, broadsiding his whip in the interrogator's face, answered satirically as to preclude further questioning—"no; but it's the same whip."

An Irishman asked a gentlemen to write a letter for him. "What sort of a letter do you want?" said his friend. Tim O'Brien to come out to America. "Tell him, then," Barney said, "that I have got a house twice a week here." "You know very well that you get it every day," answered the amanuensis. "Faith, my lord, I do! but he would think I was foolish him. Sure, I'll tell him that I have got a house twice a week, and so as follows: "And I'll tell you, Tim, you've got a house to it; but if you're dead, you'll just send it back as usual."

A gentleman who solicited a few days ago left a bill for his boarding-house lady, supposing for such to much trouble, but stating that he must have "some place to sleep."

A few days ago a gentleman whose grocheries had been lost, was invited out to tea. On arriving at the house, he was asked by some to her little daughter, the good woman to be very particular, and to make no remark about Mr. Jenkins's nose." Gathered about the table, every thing was going well; the child prayed about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table by saying, "Mother, what is the use nothing about Mr. Jenkins's nose? he hasn't got any."

A lady made reference the other day to Mr. Bryan's translation of Homer in the presence of an old lady, who suddenly remarked, with a look of wonder, "Why, I didn't know Mr. Bryan was the only besides Scotch translated. I can't think of his name now; but I'll be bound, say why!"

THE FLORAL TRIBUTE TO THE NATION'S DEAD.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

FLOWER-SELLERS IN THE MARKET AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[DRAWN BY A. L. JACKSON.]

FIRST MUNICIPAL ELECTION IN RICHMOND SINCE THE END OF THE WAR—REGISTRATION OF COLORED VOTERS.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

A GOOD WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

The spitefulness of an old maid has become quite a proverb, because her own disappointment makes her envious of the success of others; and she is as quick in detecting *flaws* as she is open-mouthed in proclaiming them. The domestic and daily life of her neighbors supplies her with food for gossip, which is said to be the *specialité* of an old maid. It has been unconsciously affirmed that the Killenny cats are a fitting type of old spinsters of a certain class, and that a contest between them affords as much sport as the greatest lover of mischief can desire.

Admitting the justice, in some instances, of the complaint that is made against old maids, and not denying that some among them are as conspicuous for their *sauvaise langue*, we maintain that they have not the monopoly of it, but that married women have before now established a reputation for unequaled skill in backbiting and spitefulness against their sisters. We maintain also that, while admitting the evil tendency of every thing that contracts the affections, some of the pleasantest, most agreeable persons we ever known, we have found in the condemned ranks of old maids. We said that it required some strong countervailing influences to neutralize the consequences of a life disappointed of what may be said to be legitimate aims; but when these influences are in full and undiverted operation, the result is that they produce refinement and an elevation of character which is rarely found elsewhere. The discipline of life tries us all, whatever our condition may be. They who live and strive and fight against their trials expend their strength uselessly; but they who, on the other hand, accept and make the best of them, find a grace and a strength which more than compensate for whatever suffering and weariness accompany the search after the sweetness which lies at the bottom of even the bitterest cup. The old maid who has accepted her lot without repining, who cultivates her intellect and stores her mind, who enlarges her influence by making the trials of others in some measure her own, who sees that there is more than her a large sphere of usefulness which she can pursue undistracted by domestic and family cares, is a source of blessing to herself and others. Her presence is always hailed because of its healing influence. She can allay dissensions, knowing how to speak the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." As in the still moonlight the outer world loses whatever it may have of harshness, and all things are mellowed beneath its rays, so in the presence of one who is exempt from the sons of patience, resignation, and unselfishness, the world's irregularities are toned down and softened, and the tumult even of undisciplined hearts is stilled.

THE HEROINE OF THE FAST NOVEL.

The alliance between luxury and lust is proverbial; and it would be strange if the most enthusiastic admirers of sofas covered with black velvet, of rooms papered with pale azure hangings, silver-corded, and little sequestered beds strewn with mirrors and overhung by silver-winged angels, were to journey alive to the Elysian of charms which are not expressed by the word "spiritual." Accordingly, we find our fast novelists deeply enamored of the female body, and presenting it to us as seductively as the nature of their art will admit of; and, considering that perhaps the majority of our fast novelists are themselves of the fair sex, they likewise copiously indulge in frank admission for manly proportions. Sometimes we are presented to a stately woman—a splendid animal, the brilliancy of whose pale bright hair, and the perfect smoothness of whose great white throat, are heightened by the richness of her crimson black velvet, trailing over cool, white, voluptuous—chills by the passionless aspect of her soul the passions her presence inspires provokes; and this agreeable description unfolds the narrator the opportunity of making the remark, that she is not sure whether impressionel ugliness—supposing the ugliness to be moderate, and the passion intense—does not more attraction for men than iced beauty. Sometimes we are admitted to the private chamber of a young lady who has just prone on her bed, the tangled riches of whose sweet hair wander over her tossed pillow, and whose bare feet dangerously emerge from her dressing-gown, while a young gentleman leans over her in passionate admiration. Even a statue is described through a lover's verse flesh; and a lad of eighteen is represented as telling of the subtle emotion caused by the contemplation of a copy of the Venus Anadyomene excited in him—how he caressed the crossed arms, gazed on her undulating bosom and her pear-shaped breast, and pictured her to himself with her dark limbs raised by the rising swing of cool waters. Sometimes, "the fairest of God's works, a beautiful woman," steps out from her dressing-room on to her balcony almost the sun, with a goodly number of spectators below and on a line with her. The vivid light of the many-colored auburn heir that floats over her shoulders, and down the bare sleeves that hang loosely about her round white arms. Perceiving that a gentleman in a neighboring balcony is admiring her, with a voluptuous grace of attitude she flings back the lace sleeves still further, and sends a great float of warm hair down to her waist. All her movements are declared to say, in plain language, "Do you not see that I am lovely? In the soft shadows of my satin petticoat a tiny foot is tripped over its fellow, discloding the most delicate of ankles. Does not the roundness of my arms and the wealth of my hair attract you irresistibly?" When such bewitching creatures ride, there is always a wind that blows their habit closer to their figures. When a man enters the room, their first thought is, "There's a perfect figure, limb, and well-knit." They always carefully select their seats, for they are good judges of effect, and know how alluring they seem when the dazzling whiteness of their bust and arms are (for such is almost invariably the notion of grammar entertained by our voluptuaries) brought into relief by dark crimson settees, and when the half-averted head shows the delicate contour of the throat. They are of opinion that five-foot-ten in a man is, "for all practical purposes," better than six-foot; and their comments on a successful suitor are, that "she has a thundering good figure, and knows how to use her eyes."

JAPANESE CULTURE.

The Japanese are a cultivated people, with letters and literature partly of Chinese origin, but modified, in order to adapt them to Japanese use. They have also a distinct literature of their own, and their literature, though not rich in philosophical compositions, abounds in legends, in fables, in satirical descriptions. The Japanese have also highly developed artistic tastes; and painting, design, and sculpture are followed as distinct professions. The Japanese excellence with regard to perspective; but the coloring is brilliant; and in Japanese sketches, whether of plants or animals, power or landscape, there is a breadth, life, and truth which many European artists of much greater pretensions rarely equal. In fact, the best notions that we can obtain of Japanese life and its surroundings are to be derived from the numerous sketches by Japanese artists which exist, and which represent the people pursuing their daily occupations. Their houses have what the Chinese seem to be deficient in, a strong sense of humor; and this they exhibit in a very striking manner in their sketches, in which human beings are represented by typical animals. Thus, a man who has been in debt to an old priest is represented as a wolf, a group of Buddhist nuns as weasels, and a company of rats acting as tax-gatherers.

The artistic tastes of the people and their love of nature are both illustrated by their passion for flowers, and by the skill with which they are cultivated. No feat is considered perfect without flowers, and flower-shows with as much zest as production in Japan as in this country. The Japanese gardener is entitled to rank with the arts of raising new varieties of flowers, of grafting plants, so that different flowers and leaves grow in what seems to be the same tree, of dwarfing trees; and they are, above all, learned in the manufacture of dwarfed plants, which are kept in vases and as house ornaments. The Japanese delight in gardens, and they lay out small pieces of ground with wonderful skill, contriving to find ample space to narrow bounds' with much ingenuity. The vast number of fields indicates much garden ground, and the people make at least three definite excursions to the suburbs at different times of the year, to see with their own eyes how the seasons progress. These excursions are often made at nights, in which many families take part. The Japanese have also a great fondness for aquaria; every house possesses one, and an aquarium, with much skill in it, is a very common object to be seen in houses.

MONKEY HUMORS.

What a wealth or humor is comprised in the phrase, "A wilderness of monkeys!" What endless fun, what fresh capers, what brilliant faces, what infinity of by-play and private jesting, quite beyond the ken of the human comprehension, is being forever enacted in those leafy theatres where they hold their untiring revels! How little are they liable to the charge of coldness of a too pathetic audience, how free from the vulgarity of playing off to gallery, how careless about splitting the ears of the groundlings, how careful always to hold the mirror up to nature and show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image! Such have been for ever since. On the contrary, they seem to be continually playing to "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—a metaphysical monkey, mooning over his barren philosophy, with all the history of Adam and his surrounding fun. Even in captivity the merry race cultivate the drama. One lively bit we cannot we witnessed, in the monkey-house in the Regent's Park, a piece, the serious cast of which was the old conservatism principles, virtues, the passages of lighter matter. Perched on their high, commodious, and friendly trapezes, separation, or swinging airily on ropes, the community was unusually quiet, while a female monkey, not the least of whose attractions was a long cloth flounce which spread itself over part of her else rosesmeared person, was undergoing the fondlings with a cavalier whose nether-monkey was of a tender green, shading into gold. The impassioned scene, following violent protestations, followed the coy but loquacious Juliet, while that *fearful grandfather* of the whole family, the mangeed, nut-shells, and straws, till they arrived between a branch along which by extended antics the enamored monkey watched the proceedings. He may have been a rival, like the County Paris, or a dissatisfied relative, like Tybalt, or possibly he may have resented as an injury and a slight any preference of other attractions to his own; for he presented to the curious eye some excellent elements of brilliant scene. Be that as it may, without the slightest warning, he dropped like a plummet on the enamored pair, and, seizing Romeo, bit him in his gorgeous hinder parts. The injured swain, turning with a fine sprawling grin, grappled his assailant. Juliet fled, shrieking and fainting, mingling with the crowd in the contest, conveyed the tidings of the strife to all the cage, and "spread the truth from pole to pole." Thereupon all the other monkeys, leaving their own private concerns, vaulted from rope and perch toward the scene of action, where, with shrill clamor, they precipitated themselves on the combatants, and joined in a general fray; while an elderly and morose baboon, delayed by age and infirmity, arrived rather later, and, armed with a stick, belabored all indiscriminately who came within his reach. Shortly after, we beheld, in a neighboring cage, a monkey, of dark and sentimental aspect, clinging with hands and feet like a gigantic hairy spider, to the wire roof, apparently absorbed in meditation, while his tail hung perpendicularly down to the length of about a yard. This appendage offered irresistible attractions to a fiendish young monkey, who, creeping up behind, gave it a sudden tug. The meditative monkey was by no means startled, but, without changing his attitude, proceeded to use it as the vehicle of an animated gymnastic performance. Up and down the stave, nowsin discovered, slowly turned his head, and, after a patronizing glance at the pendent acrobat, resumed the serious cast of contemplation. Possibly this was intended as a practical illustration of the feat known to logicians as "jumping at a conclusion."

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CONTENTS:

JOTTINGS AND JOURNEYINGS IN SPAIN.
Illustration. — Arcadia en Espagne. — The Railway Viaduct.—On the Promenade, Madrid.—A Flirtation in a wry-side Fonda.—A Mother invoking a Blessing on her Child.—Interior of the Coach from the Fonda.—Fountain of Cybele on the Prado.—A Street Peddler.—Group of Spanish Beggars.—Fountains of the Prado.—The Royal Armory.—The Pantheon in the Secret.

THE MYSTERIES OF A THUNDER-SHOWER.
Illustrations.—The Electric Spark.—Experiment of Sonstrom.—Hygrometer of Monnier.—The Mock-Sun.—Curl-Cloud and Cirri among the Mountains.—Cumuli.—The Nimbus.—Development of Electricity through Combustion of Steam.—Armstrong's Machine.—Effects of the Discharge.—Rainbow in Moonlight.—Lightning striking a Tree.—The Coast Guard.—Disruption of Cirrus.—Saint Elmo's Fire.—Aurora Borealis, Polar Phenomena, attracted by Streams upon the Ground.

TWO MOODS.

FRENCH AND THE GREAT.—VII. The Campaign of Mollwitz.
Illustrations.—Frederick on the Field of Baumgarten.—The Assault on Glogau.—Map illustrating the Marches and Battle of Mollwitz before Mollwitz.—Plan of Battle of Mollwitz.—Flight of Frederick.—Death of the Duke.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

THE ROD AND THE JORDAN.
Illustrations.—At Home on the Rob Roy.—A Lark on Lake Memphremagog.—Sailing under Wing.—A Night on Lake Memphremagog.—Sister Gilbert at Coaticook.—The Rob Roy on Missisquoi.—Scene of the Abbess.—Gorge of the Abbess.—The Ateliers Marsh.—Scene from Lake Magog.—Hoadley Archives.—The Rob Roy a Prize.—Raft on Lake Hocquart.—Scene on Gennesaret.

THE HOT CURRENT OF THE ATLANTIC.—A Vast Power.—Its Extent.—Its Course.
Illustrations.—A Submarine Volcanic Eruption.—Phosphorescence.—Sea-Fowl.—Gulf Stream.—Basin of the North Atlantic.—Vertical Section of Gulf Stream.

TRANSMUTATION.

THE TWENTY-TURF IN AMERICA.

WAMPUNUNG GAP.

AN INDIAN SUMMER.—Hazel Archer.

FAREWELL TO MAY.

A STORY OF SIX WEEKS.

RECENT REMINISCENCES. By General R. B. Marcy.

ANTEROS. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone."

THE GAMING-TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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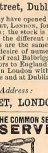

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VOL. XIV.—No. 702.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE REV. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D.

THE REV. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D., is the son of E. F. BACKUS, who was a well-known and highly respected successful merchant of Albany, in this State. He was born in that city in 1809. He was carefully prepared for college in the Albany Academy, and entered Columbia College, in this city, in 1823. His assiduity in his studies, and the activity and vigor of his faculties, gave promise of his future success in his professional life. He was graduated, with honor, in 1827, with the Senior Class of that year, among whom he was a general favorite. He immediately entered upon a thorough course of theological study, which he diligently pursued for three years at Princeton Seminary, under the direction of the venerated professors ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER and SAMUEL MILLER. Not satisfied with this regular course of study, he also availed himself of other opportunities, and spent two additional years at sister seminaries.

DR. BACKUS was licensed to preach in 1830 by the Presbytery of New York, Dr. PHILLIPS, Dr. KIRBY, and others now departed, being then among its members, with DR. SPRING, who still survives.

The young licentiate was invited, in 1832, to preach before the congregation of the Presbyterian Church at Schenectady. In response to a call soon after urged upon him, he was ordained and installed its pastor in December, 1832. He has never served any other church as pastor, having held that office in it now nearly thirty-eight years.

The influence of DR. BACKUS in the whole region of which his church is the natural centre has gradually but steadily increased. The president and professors of Union College have found him a constant helper in their important work. This college conferred upon him the degree of S.T.D. many years since.

DR. BACKUS has given faithful labor to the interests of the Presbyterian Church. He has been a commissioner to six different Assemblies. He has frequently served upon important committees. He was one of that committee which prepared for the use of the churches the "Hymnal," a valuable collection of sacred hymns with music, that has become widely useful and popular. He has been a bold and earnest friend of the "reunion," and contributed to its success. He is also possessed of views, original and much prized, upon the whole subject of the reconstruction of the Church. It is not strange then that he was suggested by many for the post of Moderator upon the convening of the great United Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which recently met in Philadelphia. In a speech of singular eloquence, the Rev. DR. ADAMS, of New York, nominated him to this honorable position. He was elected, without any opposition, by a unanimous vote. As our readers will see, from the excellent portraiture of DR. BACKUS, which we furnish in our present number, he is a man of noble and genial presence. His manners are easy and winning, his parliamentary experience is full, and his decisions are prompt and impartial. In his replies to the various delegates from other churches his allusions are happy, and calculated to promote friendly and fraternal confidence. It is no easy task to control and direct the debates of an Assembly of nearly six hundred members, but DR. BACKUS seems to perform it without embarrassment or difficulty, and proves himself equal to every occasion. We also give on this page a view of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, in which the sessions of the General Assembly were held.

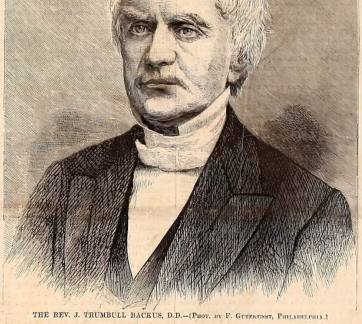

THE REV. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D.—(PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.)

SOCIAL SLAVERY.

CERTAIN arbitrary social arrangements are just as necessary, and for much the same reasons, as a currency. It is only a savage who has no established standard of value, and who, with amiable frankness, hits every man over the head as soon as he takes a dislike to him. The petty ceremonies of life are the small change which enables business to be carried on without striking a new bargain at every step; though it is not to be denied that many of them become exceedingly vexatious and eminently absurd. Nobody ever attended a funeral without inwardly reviling the hideous apparatus of undertakers, with all their preposterous mummery, which grates so harshly upon our feelings during the

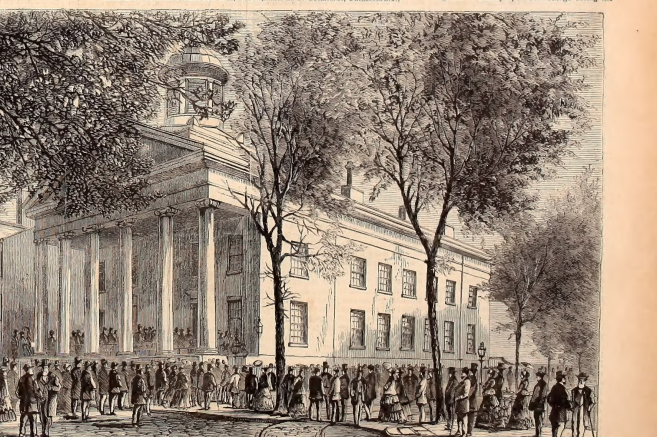

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY HELD ITS SESSIONS.—(PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.)

most solemn events of our lives. Why can't we be natural and simple even when we are taking our last leave of our dearest friends, and why must we be worried with all the buffoonery of plumes and hearses? That some conventional arrangement is essential is obvious from the fact that the very danger which we most reasonably desire to avoid is precisely that of being natural and simple. We wish to have some mode of testifying, without explaining, that the world at large whether the deceased was as the apple of our eye, or was an old ruffian who had at last taken the step which public opinion had immediately demanded for years. There is a decency in such matters which it is needless to defend. The public is only too anxious as it is to pry into feelings with which they have no concern; and it is as well for a uniform in which the true mourner and the indifferent observer may equally pass muster. It is most natural in the many things we are excluded in themselves simply because our neighbors do them, on penalty of pulverizing our quiet luncies and occasioning a mankind at large. People who talk about the decline of individuality are fond of declaiming that eccentricity should be encouraged, because it implies indifference to the tyranny of the majority. It may be so; but eccentric people often seem to be only slaves to public opinion who have hit upon a more cunning way of flattering their master, and appealing to the world at large for wonder, if not for praise. The value of doing as the world does is that it enables you to think as pleases yourself. You are like a person who wears a domino at a masquerade instead of appearing in a fancy costume, and practically you have most liberty when you do not dash your peculiarities in people's faces.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

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THE PARTIES.

THE late election in New York has been the occasion of a great deal of political discussion. The Democratic papers have hailed the result as an indication of the dissolution of the Republican party, and of the wide extent of the Democrats to power; while the Republican papers have explained the defeat by defective leadership, the want of decided issues, and the discord and fruitlessness of the Republican action in Congress. In suggesting remedies for the situation, however, there has been but very much stress laid upon a change of leaders and of prominent officers of the government. Party leaders are not arranged at will, but are not elected. They are displaced only by leaders of superior sagacity, and that can be determined only by experiment. When there are no cleverer men for party purposes in this State than Mr. TWEED and Mr. SWEENY, those statesmen, who are now the unquestioned Democratic managers, will be superseded. But they will lead until the cleverer men are discovered.

So with the Republican party. Certain persons will lead it until abler men for that purpose present themselves. If the present leaders are arraignable the party will retire them. The leaders may ruin the party, but they can not be arbitrarily displaced; for the person who should be able to persuade the party that their policy should be exchanged for another, would, by that fact, establish his claims to the leadership. As for the gentlemen in office, they can not remake nor save a party. Undoubtedly, in our system a judicious distribution of offices is very serviceable for party discipline; but that it can not save a party was shown in 1860 by the total overthrow of the Slavery Democracy, which for a generation had garrisoned every office, from the largest to the smallest, with the spoes and plums known. To change the office-holders, therefore, might in many instances be of great service, but it would not of itself renew the vigor of a party.

The political situation in the country is very intelligible. The President was elected by the Republican party upon the general issue of restoring upon Republican principles the results of the war. While that has been done by the Reconstruction acts and the Fifteenth Amendment, the President, who was not a politician, and who sought for office, as far as practicable, those whom he personally knew, and not those who had the strongest party recommendation, has by that course released the party discipline and unity. Meanwhile Congress, in a long session, during which the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment and the practical restoration of the States have formally disposed of the chief issues of the campaign, has not replaced those issues by others. There has been nothing done in regard to taxation, to a general financial system, to a civil service reform. There has been a long and fruitless debate upon the Funding bill and the Tariff. Upon every great question the Republican party has seemed to be divided. There is, at least, a three and of six months, no positive party policy in regard to immediate and pressing issues. Unluckily, also, the West Indian measures of the Administration are mistaken. Its wishes are not and can not be supported by the better portion of the party, which is favorable neither to annexation of the *Alabama* question, which would be a glory to any administration, has not yet been attempted. The great body of the party, therefore, is neither or half discontented; and that is a perilous frame of mind for my party.

We see that the action of Congress has formally disposed of the old issues; but, as we stated last week, they are not really settled, because the opposing views do not acquiesce. And this consciousness that the settlement is only formal, that the Democratic party, if successful, might renew any of the great questions of reconstruction, inspires a profound distrust of that party. Yet a party can not be rallied upon issues formally settled. It can not live-ouse, it must march.

But in the Republican party, therefore, demoralized and confused? It is going to pieces, and is the success of the Democratic party assure as its organs declare, and as some of its members honestly believe? Not at all. The distrust of the Democratic party by this country is too well founded to be easily removed during this generation. The party is said it to be the party of slavery, of rebellion, of repudiation, of ignorance, and of corruption. It is essentially an anti-American party. Moreover, if the Republican party offers the country no defined policy upon immediate issues the Democratic party offers no policy at all, but, however, the advantage of being in the opposition. It has no responsibility, and its silence, therefore, is not to be laid to it as a fault on the side. But has besides its fatal reputation, and the popular disgust with it—besides its want of a declared policy upon American issues, it is absolute tate for the Republican action—the Democratic party has no conspicuous leaders, no men whose names are known to the country.

We have already mentioned its most skillful chiefs. They are not Mr. BELMONT, the chairman of the National Committee, nor Mr. TILDEN, the chairman of its new York State Committee, but two men who are extremely distasteful to Mr. BELMONT and Mr. TILDEN—that is to say, Mr. TWEED and Mr. SWEENY. The party poper in the city of New York is an amusing example of their skill in influence upon the party policy and counsels as a GRIMALKIN upon the public affairs of Europe. It needs a Fenian riot to bring the party to the last witter, upon the masters of its party in this State, and they as incontinently bundled it into their baggage-cars as Marshal Forey dumped the valorous General O'Neil into a hackney-coach. It is now the lackey and laughing laureate of the King.

Looking further for leaders, the poverty of the Democratic party is dismally conspicuous. By common consent it—party—is not a party of gentleman of my personal power, magnetism, or influence whatever. He is without marked capacity, and steadily declining personal reputation, if, indeed, national reputation were sought, would the party look into Congress where are Mr. SEDGWICK or Mr. ELDRIDGE, Mr. M'VICKARS or Mr. M'CREERY, Mr. THURMAN or Mr. BAYARD, Mr. VOORHEES or Mr. WOOD, Mr. HOLMAN or Mr. COX? Is there an hitherto conspicuous as a Democrat would suit the exigency, and Mr. HOLMAN is the coming man. He is a Democrat because his father was one before him, and he is a Democrat because he is. He is emphatically an accident. He is the "creation" and the instrument of the chiefs, TWEED and SWEENY. They made him Speaker of New York, and his great osicial act is the signing of the Erie bill—one of the most monstrous jobs in all the history of corporate legislation, upon the rights of property-holders. They hope to make him President; and the little force of a gentleman of more than "local popularity" in General GRANT will discover greatness and grasp in Governor HOFFMAN.

Of the Democratic party, with its history and management and probabilities, we say that it is not, of course, in an intelligent and patriotic people, a profound danger. But as a political question, the American people would prefer the Republican inconsistency. But, as is constantly and truly said, a party can not be elected upon its past successes. If it shows itself bewitting and doubtful, if it fails to see and seize every occasion as it arises, it will be overthrown. Mere distrust of the Democratic party will not avail against its fine professions in a platform, if the Republicans are chilled and disheartened. The Administration, by which we mean the Executive and Congress, must take the initiative of positive action. The ablest statesmen in this country are in the Republican ranks, and they must comprehend their responsibility. There must be a simple and decided financial policy, and not a mere drift of words. The *Alabama* controversy must be bravely grasped and settled. The West Indian policy must be abandoned. The reform of the civil service must be actively pressed. Taxation must be lightened; and the whole revenue system simplified.

If gentlemen in Congress understood how carefully their conduct is scanned, how earnestly and sometimes how the best men of the dominant party in this country await some clear and precise course of action—if they felt as we all feel when we are immediate and daily contact with the current of public opinion, that the power of the Republican party is permanent if its confidence is retained, and that the restoration of confidence depends upon a prompt and vigorous and sagacious treatment of the actual issues of the hour, these gentlemen would take care that the last weeks of the session should atone for the first; and that when Congress adjourns it should have adopted measures that would be beneficially felt in every household and every interest, and that would be hailed by the common sense of the people as the vindication of the party which it loves and trusts.

THE FENIAN FOLLY.

THERE was something so transcendently absurd in the Fenian raid upon Canada that the indignation which it naturally excites is almost smothered in pitiless ridicule. And next to the folly of the movement was the cowardice of the attempt at grave treatment of it in some of the newspapers as a "movement" against the British empire. There were even solemn discussions of the chances and probabilities of this "invasion" by an "army" which did not even seem to be a regiment. Such a force, we knew, in the very crisis of "the war," was carried off to jail, by a constable, in a coach. It is certainly unfair to call a crude project, by which some men were possibly honest and innocent, but incomprehensibly foolish, lost their lives, and were made the prey of fraud professions, takes the money of hundreds and thousands who can not spare it, should be treated with respect by the press of this country. It is the duty of the press toward honest Irishmen to spare no pains in exposing the mixture of stupendous folly and knavery which is called Fenianism. And when the leaders send a mob against the innocent and peaceful homes of the frontier, whence does not tell the truth about it because a partner in the guilt.

A more ludicrous travesty of National sentiment than the so-called Fenianism can not be conceived. Certain ringleaders persuade poor men and women to give their hard-earned money, to leave their time, and risk their lives for "the liberation of Ireland!" Public meetings are held, and conspicuous politicians flatter the people, because they hope to propitiate the voters. There never were people who so sadly needed to hear the truth about themselves as the Irish in this country; and there certainly were never any who heard so little. What Irishman, of whatever education or position in this country, ever plainly told his countrymen the truth about this Fenian folly? The best friend of the Irish citizens is President GRANT, who promptly warned all marauders and breakers of the law of the risks they assumed. It is only to be regretted that there was not a British force sent to prevent the cowardly murder of the line by the mob, and which would have saved the lives of those who were shot. But it is not possible to see every point of such a long frontier as ours; and vigorous measures at the earliest moment of action is the only course to prevent bloodshed. Such vigorous measures are the prompt arrest of the expeditions. The Fenian detachments leaving various towns for the rendezvous are simply expeditious or enterprises against other countries with which we are at peace, and the members should be arrested wherever found. They are as amenable to the laws when they leave New York as when they march from St. Albans or Malone.

The Canadian people are more responsible for the misgovernment of Ireland than the people of Vermont; and it is intolerable that those who have been sent back to go to Ireland, not to fight England, should harass peaceable people in another country, and "humble the proud SAXON" before the Celt. The telegrams from Malone mentioned that "the invaders" occupied the cars without paying, and the conductor "pocketed the insult" for the sake of peace and the safety of his other passengers." The same day "an enthusiastic meeting of the friends of the Fenian cause" was held in Troy, and a company was recruited. "As the recruits were leaving the hall, three were arrested for burglary, and a fourth was a resident of Mr. GRAY." Three years ago, when the last "war" was made against Canada, the luckless inhabitants of towns in Maine, upon which the recruits were quartered, found themselves at the mercy of a mob, locked up their spoons, and sent their wives and daughters out of town. What security has any home, upon either side of the line, from the forays of such a crowd as the Fenian leaders are able to collect, under the pretense that the Irish republic can be established by robbing Canadian hen-roosts?

But it is no jest for those, either upon the American or Canadian side, who undertake to defend themselves against such incursions. It is not Englishmen nor Canadians—it is American citizens and homes that suffer most from these riotous and murderous outrages upon the frontier; and if the press seconds the Government in its resolution that our laws shall be respected, and our innocent neighbors left undisturbed, the Fenian fire will soon expire for lack of fuel.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

On the 24th of May gold sold as low as 12½, the opinion prevailing that a Funding bill, satisfactory to the Secretary, would be reported favor with the Committee of Ways and Means, and that a larger amount of gold would be sold by the Treasury in June than had been in May. Owing, however, to a firmer demand for exchange, which rose nearly to the gold-shipping point, and to the Fenian uprising, gold advanced to 115. On the 27th of May the rates which prevailed here for gold and exchange, together with the momentary state of the market at New York and London for our public debt, permitted the sale of our bonds in London, and the drawing of cible exchange founded upon it. This was instantly done. Whereupon gold again receded, although the unfavorable strength that we are on the eve of the shipment of coin to London. One of our banking-houses, connected closely with California, and having branches at the principal money centres of Europe, exported gold bars by the steamer of the 28th, and previously, which bars, with Mexican dollars, constitute the forerunners of coin shipments. Both can be sent with better advantage than coin, while the smaller eagles, which latter are more profitable than old coins.

The precise point at which gold can be shipped with advantage varies slightly with circumstances. During last season a house which sent several millions when exchange was 109 (or 9-8 of one per cent premium) made only one per cent per pound sterling as the profit. The shipment, which consisted of new double eagles, went directly to the Bank of England, which, upon receipt into sovereigns, passed the amount to the credit of the shipper. If sixty-day bills were then sold at 9-8, the profit would, in the present condition of the money-market in London, may be shipped without a loss. The present rate for such bills is 9-8 to 1 per cent, or eight bills 10½ to 10¼. The percentage, as all but the unexperienced are aware, is calculated upon \$9 4-8 as the amount of sterling which one thing. By an act of 1790, Congress, for certain purposes, established this value, following, perhaps, an English precedent which fixed the value of the guinea at the value of dollar at 4s. 6d. By a later act, passed in 1842, Congress declared that the value of the pound sterling shall be estimated in payments by or to the Treasury, and in valuing goods at the custom-house, invoiced in English money, at \$4 84 to the pound sterling, as the fixed value, measuring the quantity of pure gold contained in the English sovereign with the like quantity contained in the American eagle. But the old basis of \$4 44.4 has not been departed from in commerce, although it confounds all except those who are familiar with the subject.

The question, whether or not we are on the eve of shipping gold coin, is discussed in all our financial circles with great interest; but so many have been misled heretofore, and so inexplicable are the changes, as instanced by the rise in exchange to the 24th to the 28th of May, that people generally prefer to wait for events rather than to express their opinions. Among the circumstances which bear upon the question are these: that our cotton bills are nearly exhausted; that our bill leave no large sums until October; that Europe, in refusing to take our new railroad securities, indicates that they are held in sufficient quantity at home; that the crop failing on in England will call for the use of her loose capital.

The excess of our imports over our exports, which, for the financial year terminating on the 30th of June last, was about seventy-eight millions of dollars, has been diminished for the this year on account of our larger exports, but our annual indebtedness to the foreigner, arising from the present excess of importations, in excess in freights in foreign bottoms over what is carried in American—from the expenses of travelers abroad to that of Europe—and from the interest on bonds, national, State, and corporate, held abroad, is not less than one hundred and eighty millions of dollars annually, and our indebtedness we continue to meet with—*how?* So long as this is satisfactory to foreigners we do not see the difficulty.

The recovery of the English in their trade and industry is stated by the *Economist*—their chief financial authority—to be "general and marked." In the great manufacturing districts the demands of workmen in cotton for an advance of five per cent. in their wages is met by the statement that the improvement in the price of cotton yarns and cloths does not justify the advance. In other districts the manufacturers recommend a resort to short time, to meet not only the demand for increased wages, but also to affect the price of cotton, claiming that their

interests require that it shall be reduced. The question is perplexing, as many laborers in the mills stand always upon the verge of pauperism, and the improved condition of the manufacturer is not sufficiently assured to justify an important increase of expense. On the other hand, the emigration of skilled workmen from England produces, in some districts, a scarcity of hands, which is the subject of serious complaint. Inasmuch as the rate of interest in England remains at three per cent., the extent of the improvement referred to by the *Economist* can not be sufficient of *itself* to induce a demand from this country for English labor, as they can at present earn more invested here.

Part of the prosperity now existing in Great Britain is attributed to cheap bread, which is enjoyed at our expense in part. The period of cheap bread is coincident with the pressure upon the gold market on this side, and is widely attributed to that influence. It rarely happens that cotton and wheat rule high in England simultaneously; and if the advance in price of the latter shall continue to a point which will afford remuneration to the farming interests of the Northwest, cotton might rise to a corresponding degree, unless the state of English industry and of the cotton supply conspire to prevent that result. Although cotton has arrived in England by way of the Suez Canal, yet up to the 12th of May, owing to the lateness and the deficiency of the crop, only 2355 bales more than usual had been received from India. The deficiency of cotton in England is now marked in the highest degree, and in the face of good middlings may be in demand as long as the supply lasts. The quantity of cotton still to be sent from this side may amount to from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars' worth, not nearly enough, added to the value of our expected exports of grain, oil, cheese, and other productions, to keep pace with the indiscreet volume of our imports.

The indications continue to be strong that a large amount of grain will be required from us. This fact has given greater activity to trade in the West than is usual so late in the season. Trade has also been improved by the firmness in gold. If, between this and October, gold shall be required from us in considerable quantities, neither the passage of the Funding bill nor the sales of gold by the Treasury can prevent its advance in price. If, however, the foreigner shall continue to receive our securities to the extent in which our debt is now being increased, gold will continue as a low price until the day of settlement shall arrive. The postponement of that period will complicate our difficulties in the end, a result which the President will notice and guard against. In the present condition of the money market and of the tariff our exports are valued high, in order to obtain full advances, and imports are undervalued, in order to have low duties, so that allowance is to be made on both sides of the account to reach the true sum. A hundred and eighty millions of *annual* indebtedness can be contemplated only with anxiety by those who consider the difference between the circumstances now and those which must soon exist, when, instead of running up a debt, every year shall be compelled to pay in coin to the foreigner over eighty millions of annual interest, on corporate, State, and national bonds.

DECORATION-DAY.

DECORATION-DAY is becoming one of the most beautiful of our festivals. It is one of the loveliest season of the year, when the earth is brilliant with flowers and musical with birds, and when every thought of the dead is naturally most tender and most hopeful. Surely it is little to ask that, in the midst of our prosperity and freedom, one day shall be consecrated to the memory of the men who secured them by their lives. The current of events is so deep and swift that even the war is fading so fast from our memories. There is already a certain forgetfulness of the immense services of the soldiers and sailors; and there is a danger, living and lofty pride in the words of General SHERMAN, that he had earned the money that was paid him. If Decoration-day is not to be other purpose than to refresh in the public mind the sense of the claims of the soldiers, it would be a wise and most serviceable observance. But it does more. It renews the remembrance of the great cause in which they fell; and this is as serviceable as to celebrate the Fourth of July, and to recall the principles as well as the devotion of the Revolution.

It has been sometimes felt that the tendency of Decoration-day must be to preserve the memory of hostilities that should be forgotten. But this is not a necessity. There is no more distinctive in the remembrance of the struggle than there was in the spirit with which it was maintained. The dead soldiers are not honored because they were brave, and died—for their enemies were brave, and they also died—but it is the cause for which they fell that consecrates their memory; and that cause is as much that of their opponents as of themselves. It is not a private tribute of affection that we pay on Decoration-day; it is the expression of a national feeling of gratitude and joy. Just as independence was really the cause of the whole country, although the Tories did not believe it, so the perpetuity of the Union, as the security of the liberty and equal rights of every citizen, is the cause of the whole nation. If it were merely the celebration of the victory of the North over the South, nothing could be more unwise than such a festival. But obviously, and consciously upon the part of every one who shares in it, it is no more the celebration of a victory, in the limited personal sense, than our national anniversary.

Therefore we see no reason to doubt that it will gradually become a general and national festival. It may be otherwise observed than now, although it is not easy to imagine any observance more appropriate and beautiful. One of the most significant feasts of the Romish Church in Italy is All-souls' Day. Then the friends and relatives of the dead visit their graves, and the Church militant and the Church triumphant mingle. Let this be our All-souls' Day. Let it rest as meditatively to the graves of our heroes, and there, as we recall them and renew in memory our common hopes and joys and pains, let us also renew our vows to live for the great cause for which they died. The longer the day is celebrated the tenderer the feeling will become, and when this generation, which saw the war and felt its sharp wounds, has passed away, nothing but the cause and the heroism will remain for admiration and for undying honor.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILROAD PASSENGERS.

THE case of Mr. JOHN A. COLEMAN against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, of which we have spoken more than once, is the case of every traveler who has a grasp of the great corporations. The case has now been tried for the third time, and the verdict is again for Mr. COLEMAN, with a somewhat increased damages. The general ruling of the Court, however, seems to have been as before. Apparently it is the case of a man to which, as the phrase is, justice is upon one side, and law upon the other; and as law is chiefly interesting to lawyers, it is the case of unjust precedents may become law. Mr. COLEMAN had a coupon ticket from New Haven to New York. Mr. COLEMAN, on the train after offered it upon the train from New York to New Haven. The conductor refused it, and also refused to listen to any explanation involving the test of the right claimed by Mr. COLEMAN. The conductor threatened, and Mr. COLEMAN offered to pay the fare over the line. But, under the immediate instructions of Mr. JAMES H. HOYT, the Superintendent of the road, the conductor refused to receive the money, and violently flung Mr. COLEMAN from the car, seriously and permanently injuring him. With the most singular indifference to the thing that the rights of all travelers were involved, Mr. COLEMAN sued the Company, and received thirteen hundred dollars damages. Mr. HOYT appeal set them aside as excessive. Upon the second trial the jury disagreed. Upon this third trial the jury have given thirty-four hundred and fifty dollars damages.

The Court, Judge PITMAN presiding, held that the ticket was a contract, and that the railroad Company may make such regulations as it chooses; that it had a right to eject Mr. COLEMAN from the train, and that the only question was whether unnecessary violence had been used. That is to say, the law authorizes a corporation to construct and publish the terms of a contract; forcibly to seize any person whom it chooses to regard as a delinquent, and to be responsible only for what the jury shall call excessive violence. Apparently this ruling regards the conductor in a railway car as a steamboat, in the same sense as a steamboat clerk to expel trespassers at his discretion. Of course, if such a preposterous proposition be law, it is for the Legislature to change it at the first day of the next Legislature. It permits every conductor, with the aid of brakemen, to exhibit peremptory and summary authority, similar to the scope and value of tickets, and the interpretation of the railroad regulations themselves. It puts the whole responsibility of the railroad corporation the most absolutely despotic authority. Nothing but the already enormous power of those corporations could secure such a privilege; and if this really be the law, it is but another illustration of the alarming increase of that power.

And if, as the Court holds, a ticket is a contract, where is the United States stamp? If it be a receipt, a receipt for fare paid it is not valid. Indeed, the extraordinary interpretation of law, and the boundless authority claimed by the Railroad Company, in the case of Mr. COLEMAN, if it chooses to do upon its trains, if once established, will subject travelers to every kind of oppression and inconvenience. We have recently called attention to the petty annoyances practiced upon the Morris and Essex road, and authorized by the management. It is merely insulting to say that, if passengers are dissatisfied, they can build a road to suit themselves. The railroad companies are corporations that are chartered by the people for the public accommodation, and the people should not be obliged to attempt jealousy of their rights. If they have not, as it is claimed, that the companies may make what regulations they will, let them take care not to repeat so fatal an error. The Legislature prescribes the limits of fare. It makes laws for the public safety upon the railroads. Let it also feel the determined pressure of a public opinion, which demands that the convenience and comfort of passengers shall not be wantonly outraged.

What occurred to a passenger—what evidence had Mr. COLEMAN—that there was any such rule as the conductor declares, that it is a rule which the Company may lawfully make, or that it has been made by the Company, and not by the Superintendent? In Mr. COLEMAN'S case, how did he know that what the conductor called the rule of the Company was really more than the whim of a Superintendent, who, upon appeal, would recognize the coupon, and upon the next, would not? We hope, sincerely, that this case may not be disposed of until there is an authoritative declaration of the law by the highest tribunal. And if it shall appear that this assumption is legal, we trust that the popular good sense will be so strong even for the power of the railroad companies, and that the law will be changed.

NOTES.

We hope, with the *London Standard*, that the race between the *Oxonian* and the *Cantabrian* will be the last of international matches. No good result whatever can come of them. They are but an immense excitement and jealousy, and enormous private exaltation upon the part of the victor, and a bitter and envious compliment of the vanquished, at the end. Mere success in a match proves nothing. The superiority of one system or building, or training, or sailing, or rowing, or whatever it may be, is determined only by the comparison of many years. Certainly no nobody was satisfied or comfortable or happy as the result of the Oxford and Cambridge race last year, except the winners, and John Bull and Jonathan. And the great result is only a little sharper feeling between the two countries. The jealousy of our international relation with England is wholly unworthy consideration of the circumstances. But what is most desirable now is not to foster that jealousy. It is not to put a chip on our shoulder, and then look insultingly across the sea. There are people who think that nothing would be fine as a war with England. But they are the people who ought to be gloriously disappointed. Boys at rival schools may learn each other's prowess by a pitched battle. But there is no greater nuisance than the man who is constantly anticipating a quarrel with others. All that is necessary for a man is to be ready to avoid difficulties with other nations; and one way of doing that duty is to decline with thanks, an "international match" at blindman's-buff, or any other of the manly pastimes.

THE latest illustration of personal news that is not news was in the announcement in one of the chief of our daily contemporaries: "The gentleman to whom Miss Smith has been erroneously reported to be engaged is Mr. Brown, who is at the distinguished statement of that name. It is, however, authoritatively denied by the parents of Miss Smith, and the story is entirely unfounded." That is the best of all padding, for there is an end to it at once. Thus if the paper really cares to write more copy, the city editor has only to write to the New York which Mr. Brown erroneously stated to have taken from the sappes-table at Mrs. ——'s ball, on Wednesday evening, was not that the case had been set in duplicated at TIFFANY'S. But Mrs. —— emphatically denies that any of her forks are missing, and the story is therefore quite without foundation, and very possibly malicious." Or, again: "Mrs. BROWN-JONES wholly untrue that Mr. HON. —— slipped upon a piece of orange-peel and fell in the most joyously in Broadway."

THE death of GEORGE W. DERBY, of the *Daily Evening Journal*, was not unexpected. He was but thirty-four years old, and had been long seriously ill. Mr. DERBY was a man of genius and great

GREEK BRIGANDAGE—THE ATTACK ON THE CARRIAGES.

MR. LLOYD.

MR. HERBERT.

MURDERED BY THE BRIGANDS.

HEADS OF BRIGANDS EXPOSED AFTER EXECUTION.

GREEK BRIGANDAGE—FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS AT ATHENS.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Delladilla.—Encampment Sixteen Miles up the River.—Hippopotamus Rincon.—Harpooning of a Crocodile.—A Hippopotamus Family.—Attack of the Male.—Prolonged Struggle.—Capture.

WE quitted the islet and encamped at Delladilla, the forest where I had first shot the bull elephant when the aggressors fought with him on foot. No European had ever been farther than this point of the river, which had only been visited by Florian and his companion, Johann Schmidt. After setting fire to the tall grass, which not only hid the game from us, but prevented us from overtaking it after we had discovered it, I resolved to explore the country for a fortnight, which would give the animals that had been driven off by the flames time to return to their lairs.

We followed the river to the foot of the mountains, and encamped sixteen miles above Delladilla, at the place where a party of the Base had been saluted the year before by the aggressors. Our huntsmen pretended that the enemy would try to take revenge on us; but the enemy was afraid of our rifles, and knew, besides, that we were strong in numbers. A dozen of howartis, or hippopotamus hunters, of the Hamran tribe, had joined our band, and we did not therefore make ourselves respected.

These howartis are full of skill and courage. Their trade is a perilous one, less from the hippopotami than from the crocodiles, amidst which they live continually without any means of defense. The harpoon which they use is a piece

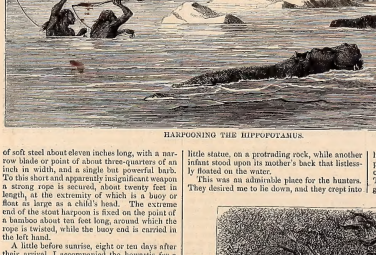

HARPOONING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

of soft steel about eleven inches long, with a narrow blade or point of about three quarters of an inch in width, and a single but powerful barb. To this short and apparently insignificant weapon a strong rope is secured, about twenty feet in length, at the extremity of which is a buoy or float as large as a child's head. The extreme end of the stout harpoon is fixed on the point of a bamboo about ten feet long, around which the rope is twisted, while the buoy end is carried in the left hand.

A little before sunrise, eight or ten days after their arrival, I accompanied the howartis for a day's sport. There were two of them; I say nothing of their followers. There were numbers of hippos in this part of the river, and we were not long before we found a herd. The hunters failed in several attempts to harpoon them; but they succeeded in stalking a crocodile after a most peculiar fashion. This large beast was lying upon a sand-bank on the opposite margin of the river, close to a bed of rushes. The howartis, having studied the wind, ascended for about a quarter of a mile, and then swam across the river, harpoon in hand. The two men reached the opposite bank, beneath which they alternately waded or swam down the stream toward the spot upon which the crocodile was lying. Thus advancing under cover of the steep bank, or floating with the stream in deep places, and crawling like crocodiles across the shallows, the two hunters at length arrived at the bank of rushes, on the other side of which the monster was basking asleep upon the sand. They were now about waist-deep, and they kept close to the reshes, with their harpoons raised, ready to cast the moment they should pass the rush bed and come in view of the crocodile. Thus steadily advancing, they had just arrived at the corner within about eight yards of the crocodile, when the creature either saw them or obtained their wind; in an instant it rushed to the water: at the same moment the two harpoons were launched with great rapidity by the hunters. One glanced obliquely from the scales; the other stuck fairly in the tough hide, and the iron, detached from the bamboo, held fast, while the float, running on the surface of the water, marked the course of the reptile beneath.

The hunters chose a convenient place and recrossed the stream to our side, apparently not heeding the crocodiles more than we should fear pike when fishing. They would not waste their time by securing the crocodile at present, as they wished to kill a hippopotamus: the float would mark the position, and they would be certain to find it later. We accordingly continued our search for hippopotami; these animals appeared to be on the qui vive, and, as the hunters once more failed in an attempt, I made a clean shot behind the ear of one, and killed it dead. At length we

HARPOONING THE CROCODILE.

arrived at a large pool, in which were several sand-banks covered with rushes, and many rocky islands. Among these rocks was a herd of hippopotami, consisting of an old bull and several cows; a young hippo was standing, like an ugly little statue, on a protruding rock, while another infant stood upon its mother's back that listlessly floated on the water.

This was an admirable place for the hunters. They desired me to lie down, and they crept into the jungle out of view of the river. I presently observed them stealthily descending the dry bed about two hundred paces above the spot where the hippos were basking behind the rocks. They entered the river and swam down the centre of the stream toward the rock. This was highly exciting; the hippos were quite unconscious of the approaching danger, as steadily and rapidly the hunters floated down the strong current; they neared the rock, and both heads disappeared as they purposely sank out of view; in a few seconds later they reappeared at the edge of the rock upon which the young hippo stood. It would be difficult to say which started first, the astonished young hippo into the water, or the harpoons from the hands of the howartis! It was the affair of a moment; the hunters dived directly they had hurled their harpoons, and swimming for some distance under water, they came to the surface and hastened to the shore lest an infuriated hippopotamus should follow them. One harpoon had missed; the other had fixed the bull of the herd, at which it had been surely aimed. This was grand sport! The bull was in the greatest fury, and rose to the surface snorting and blowing in his impotent rage; but as the float was exceedingly large, and this naturally accompanied his movements, he tried to escape from his imaginary persecutor, and dived constantly, only to find his pertinacious attendant close to him upon regaining the surface. This was not to last long; the howartis were in earnest, and they at once called their party, who, with two of the aggressors, Abou Do and Suleiman, were near at hand; these men arrived with the long rope that form a portion of the outfit for hippo hunting.

The whole party now halted on the edge of the river, while two men swam across with one end of the long rope. Upon gaining the opposite bank, I observed that a second rope was made fast to the middle of the main line; thus upon our side we held the ends of two ropes, while on the opposite side they had only one; accordingly, the point of junction of the two ropes in the centre formed an acute angle. The object of this was soon practically explained. Two men upon our side now each held a rope, and one of these walked about ten yards before the other. Upon both sides of the river the people now advanced, dragging the rope on the surface of the water until they reached the float that was swimming to and fro, according to the movements of the hippopotamus below. By a dexterous jerk of the main line, the float was now placed between the two ropes, and it was immediately secured in the acute angle by bringing together the ends of those ropes on our side.

The men on the opposite bank now dropped their line, and our men hauled in upon the float that was held fast between the ropes. Thus cleverly made sure, we quickly brought a strain upon the hippo, and, although I have had some experience in handling big fish, I never knew one pull so lustily as the amphibious animal that we now alternately coaxed and bullied. He sprung out of the water, gnashed his huge jaws, snorted with tremendous rage, and lashed the river into foam; he then dived, and foolishly approached us beneath the water. We quickly gathered in the slack line, and took a round turn upon a large rock, within a few feet of the river. The hippo now rose to the surface, about ten yards from the hunters, and, jumping half out

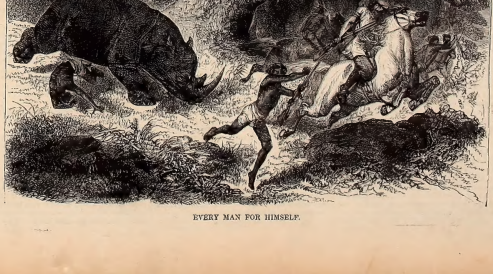

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

of the water, he snapped his great jaws together, endeavoring to catch the rope, but at the same instant two harpoons were launched into his side. Disdaining retreat, and maddened with rage, the furious animal charged from the depths of the river, and, gaining a footing, he reared his bulky form from the surface, came boldly upon the sandbank, and attacked the hunters open-mouthed. He little knew his enemy; they were not the men to fear a pair of gaping jaws, armed with a deadly array of tusks, but half a dozen lances were hurled at him, some entering his body even from a distance of five or six paces, at the same time several men threw javelins with all their force into his sides. This baffled him more than the lances; he crunched the shafts between his powerful jaws like straws, but he was beaten by the sand, and, shaking his huge head, as he retreated to the river. Having his ugly snout turned to the river, the hunters had secured the ropes of the harpoons that had been fastened in his body just before his charge; he was now pulled by three of these deadly instruments, but suddenly one rope gave way, leaving but two; these, through the enraged beast, who was still beneath the water. Immediately after this he appeared on the shore, and, without the slightest hesitation, he once more charged furiously from the water straight at the hunters, with his huge mouth open to an extent that he could have accommodated two inside passengers. Soldiers! was valor delight, and equipping they were not lance in hand, he drove it against the head of the formidable animal, but without effect; at the same time John Dee met his happy doom

er it be: me, and lit up the scene—which was one of those men do not easily forget—as with the glare of the noonday sun.

Grouped round the flame, and out of range, were our foes—their swarthy skins and snaky hair glistened in the fire-light; and they brandished lances, and screamed with delight at the destruction they had caused.

Dogs were barking, and the horses in the corral neighing shrilly and rearing with terror—some fighting desperately to escape.

I looked at my companion's face; it was very pale, and the expression decidedly ugly.

"Lord," he said, hoarsely. "Here comes an embassador. Good Heaven! look!"

I turned with astonishment: but the sickening sight I quickly fell accounted for Dick's excitement and rage.

A nearly naked Indian was boldly advancing toward us, and bearing before him a burden, which effectually secured, as he meant it to do, his immunity from our shots.

A beautiful white girl of about seventeen was lying helpless in his arms. Her hands were bound behind her back, and masses of coal-black hair encircled a face showing deadly terror and horror in every feature, and dropped nearly to the ground over the savage's arm. Her dress, torn from one white shoulder, showed how her had been the first ineffectual struggle against her captors.

As the Indian crossed the ditch (they had cut the rope which held up the draw-bridge in the first attack) with his burden, Dick, with a deep groan, recognized her. "It is Lily Ross, by Ammon's daughter!" he broke out. "I love her. Alfred, and will save her or die with her. Let me go!" he continued, hurriedly. "This rascal has come to make some proposal to us. Keep your eye on him, and the moment I give the first chance, fire at him. If no kill *her*, it is the better fate. When I hear the shot I will throw open the window (which I can do more easily than the door), and try for a rescue. But, for Heaven's sake, don't leave the room. Our only hope is in your being able to keep off the others, who will rush into the ditch. Good-by."

And he was down the ladder before I could speak, leaving his hat unceremony adjusted above the parapet. "Save Dick! I will protect the *young fried* had vanished now! I myself was not in a pleasant predicament. To carry out his half-hard scheme involved my running the terrible risk of shooting my friend's sweet-heart, which at any other time would have appeared impossible; but when I read the agony and loathing in the poor girl's eyes I braced my nerves, set my teeth, laid my rifle ready, and resolved to carry out that no trembling of my hand should mar her deliverance.

And now the savage, a truculent-looking brute, raised his voice, and demanded, in broken Spanish, a surrender. He threatened us with all the tortures his ingenious fraternity are so justly proud of having invented, in case of our refusal, and bid us look upon his captive, for that she, too, should suffer for us. As he said this he grasped the girl's hair brutally, and forced her head. With a sudden spring of pain and fright she threw herself out of his arms, and fell to the ground. His time and mine had come. As he stooped my bullet laid him dead by the side of his intended victim. Dick made a flying leap at the window, and the Indians theirs from the ditch, as he had predicted; but, as Rosita was rather nearer to the house than we were, they managed to reach her first, and was retreating with her in his arms. And now all depended upon me. My first shot, aimed at the foremost of the assailants, missed him clean; and before I could rescue the other rifle he had made a delicious thrust at Dick, who, encumbered as he was, was quite helpless. The lance passed through Rosita's dress, luckily without injury to the wearer; and as the savage drew back for a cooler and surer thrust, I had the unspeakable pleasure of lodging a bullet in his body, which effectually prevented any further brave exercise from him.

Then I heard a heavy fall in the room below. Dick had burst in his bursted door, leaped from the open window, at the risk of breaking a limb, and turning, found himself engaged hand to hand with a dozen Indians. He let his look-a-like dead be still, and drew his revolver with his right hand, receiving as he did so a spear-thrust through his left arm; but his end my revolver, fortunately reserved until now, played among the attacking party, and a man was dropping at every shot, so they drew off. Dick managed, with a great effort, to leap himself through the window, and then fainted away from loss of blood and exhaustion; and when I ran down the ladder to make fast the window again, found him comfortably reclining with his head in Rosita's lap, his latter face more stunned by the unceremonious entry. But I could not stay to help here; my post was on the roof. I hurried up the ladder, noticing for the first time that I myself had suffered in the scrimmage to the extent of a slight flesh-wound from a bullet. The fight was over. Throughout the remainder of the night the Indians lingered about, and stole most of the horses and cattle, but they left us in peace, and again to encounter the deadly breech-loaders. Seldom, indeed, had such a severe lesson been taught them; and when the glorious sun rose (never sight more welcome) we saw them ride hatless off the field, bearing with them five of the slain; six other corpses were lying in front of the window, where the fiercest struggle had been, and two more were afterward found, who had crawled into the ditch like wild animals to die.

We learned from the pretty Rosita, whose gratitude was most touching, that she had been captured while walking in the orange garden near her father's house, a short time before we were attacked.

"You, noble caballero," she said, "have preserved me from death, and from what is far worse. God will reward you, for I can never."

I think Dick, however, was of a different opinion: at all events he has always seemed remarkably satisfied with the reward he persuaded her to make him.

Some years have passed since that eventful night. Dick and Rosita are living at Don Ramon's estancia, that worthy old gentleman having departed this life shortly after their marriage.

I, too, am with them as a partner in the land, flocks, and herds, of which we have a goodly quantity—every Buenos Ayrean among stock of little Dicks and Rositas ask me, as they kneel gayly do of an evening, to tell them a story. I know that nothing less will content them than a full, true, and particular account of the night attack.

THE GREEK BRIGANDS.

We give this week, on page 372, several additional illustrations relating to the capture of which we gave a full account in the last Number of the *Weekly*—one representing the scene of the capture, at the moment when the brigands surprised their victims; another, the funeral at Athens of the unfortunate Mr. Vlag of Greece, being bareheaded in the procession. The smaller illustrations give the portraits of two of the murdered men, and those of seven of the unprincipled brigands, whose heads were exposed, after execution, in the pillory at Athens, in the manner shown in our illustrations.

SHOOTING-STARS.

A COMET which follows in space the same route as a swarm of shooting-stars must be regarded as forming an integral part of that swarm. It is no profit to form a local concentration of the matter of the swarm—a concentration sufficiently intense to render it visible, even at great distances from the earth. It follows that shooting-stars are of the same nature as comets. They consist of small masses of cosmical matter, which circulate in space, unperceived by us in consequence of their diminutive size, and only become visible when they penetrate the earth's atmosphere. Like comets, or at least like the less dense portions of those bodies, they, too, are in the state of gas. All observers are aware that the fixed stars are visible through a prodigible diminution of their brightness, through the tails of comets. Shooting-stars present the same degree of transparency.

We now now, therefore, enabled to form a clear idea of the nature and cause of the phenomenon of shooting-stars, which may be stated in the following terms:

Masses of meteoric matter, scattered throughout the stellar spaces, and presenting a high degree of diffusion, are brought within the limits of our planetary system by the paramount influence of the sun. At the same time, whether by the same action of the sun or by the earth's planets near which they pass, they undergo a progressive change of form, in consequence of which they are drawn out and lengthened into the shape of elliptic streams or bands. By reason of their extreme diffusion and tenuity, each of these bands composed is far from occupying the toothy of the space throughout which their diverse portions are scattered. Instead of this, it is divided into a multitude of partial masses, a sort of flakes of excessive tenuity, which are separated from each one another, and having nothing in common but the simultaneousness of their movements in direction, and in velocity, by the influence of the sun, for from each other.

When the earth, in her travels through space, meets with one of these streams or bands, a great number of the vapory flakes composing it penetrate our atmosphere. The resistance which this penetration takes place gives rise to a sudden and considerable compression of the masses of air in the midst of which the meteorological projectiles; whence a great development of heat, and gradually inflammation of the surface of the projectiles themselves, if that matter be of a nature to combine with one of the elements of our atmosphere—air. Hence, during the night, luminous trains bolded in the sky, which cease when the meteoric projectiles have been entirely lowered, either by the slackening of these little gaseous masses arrested in their course by the earth's atmosphere, or by the cessation of their combustion in the midst of that same atmosphere.

A meteoric swarm does not, however, finish its orbit at one point of its circuit, and whose different portions take several years to pass this point of meeting, ought to be traversed by the earth every year at the same epoch. Hence the periodical return of shooting-stars. This return does not occur with variable intensity, according to the varying closeness to each other of the nebulous flakes in the different portions of the stream which the earth successively encounters. As to the shooting-stars called "sporadic," they may be the result either of nebulous flakes arriving singly from the depths of space, or rather of the portions of previous streams which, having been drawn or approached by different planets, but still without being absolutely detached from the principal one, which have consequently been dispersed in all directions by the powerful attractions which they have momentarily experienced from those planetary masses.

The resistance which the air opposes to the movement of the little wandering masses which appear to us in the shape of shooting-stars usually produces no more than a rapid decrease of their velocity; but exceptions to the absolute regularity of that resistance may occasionally occur, causing those changes of direction by virtue of which shooting-stars sometimes appear to dart in a serpentine or even an abruptly altered path.

As to the action of atmospheric currents or winds, to which the eccentric motions of a few shooting-stars have been attributed, it is evidently incapable of producing any sensible effect, in consequence of the exceedingly great difference between the feeble speed of those atmospheric currents and the enormous velocity of the little nebulous masses which traverse them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"MUSIC on the Mall" is an announcement which indicates that the Central Park season has fully commenced. Last Saturday week was "opening day" for these popular concerts; though blues and magnolias, birds and peonies, peanuts and cancis, swans and ducks, gondolas, mineral springs, base-ball grounds and the like, opened long ago. There is scarcely any entertainment more popular than an open-air concert, where the music itself is free, and all the surroundings are delightful; and the pre-eminence in this Garden of New York City. The recent inauguration of musical entertainments in other parts of the city will prove highly gratifying to many.

The new York Commissioners apparently intend to spare nothing which may contribute to the entertainment of visitors during the summer months. Special bureaus have been organized, each of which is held responsible for the performance of its especial duties, and weekly instruction is received by them and reports rendered.

The Park carriages, in which a delightful drive of between one and two hours is given for twenty-five cents, have become so popular that it is often difficult to secure seats in them. Application can be made in advance. The carriages are very comfortable and pleasant, and start from the Fifth and Eighth Avenue entrances every twenty minutes. It is quite a fashionable amusement, for little people to take a drive on the Mall in the goat-carriages, and, if appearances are a guide, they enjoy it highly. Saturday afternoon is the grand gala time in the Central Park, and the Mall is crowded. Among the spacious house in all day, when one may enjoy almost in solitude the loveliness of the place.

A shocking casualty recently occurred which should serve as an admonition against the careless use of explosive compounds. Benzine had been freely used about the mill, and a spark from a match the vessels infesting the room. A woman went into the room with a lighted candle, and the explosion of vapor was out of the fluid, a can of which she carried with her. The burning fluid was thus filled with the vapor of the benzine with which the floor was saturated, and an instant explosion occurred, enveloping the unfortunate woman in a flame which completely consumed her clothing. It is time that every one should understand the nature of these explosive compounds, and the danger in using them.

Albany furnishes an instance of extraordinary economy, or wonderful ways, of ridiculous attempt at style. A man went to an undertaker to borrow a valuable casket, covered with velvet, to use at the funeral of the brother, promising to take the body out of that the funeral, place it in a pine pine coffin, and return the casket to the undertaker. It is to the credit of the Albany undertaker that he did not approve that method of conducting funerals.

What a pity we can not have celery all the year round! Its delicious flavor and crispness are so peculiarly for nervousness. By a daily use of it, those exhausted by brain and nervous labor, or who are afflicted with palpitation of the heart, are assured of relief. When celery is out of season onions are said to be an excellent substitute.

Learn a little bit of French before you attempt to satisfy your hunger at a Parisian restaurant. An American who went to get his dinner in Paris could think of no French phrase in which to give his order. He only knew the two gravy words, but was unable to put them together properly. At last he stammered out, "Sa'vay, boy," supposing the last word to be that the waiter understood him to say, "*il va! femme*," and supposing that he was invited to eat a female concoction, left him. After waiting a long time, during that the waiter did not seem disposed to attend to his wants, he began to fear that he must have made some mistake in the grammatical construction of his sentence, he rose again, and this time said to the waiter, "*le eau faire*," pronouncing the last word *fe-ar*, as he thought the waiter started in astonishment, and having surveyed the man from head to foot, hastened to the cashier and secured him that the very shortest fellow in table No. 8 must be insane. "*Le eau faire*" be a scream."

A Mrs. Simpson, of Toledo, has invested in the lumber business. She is a widow, and can therefore be as she pleases, without "let or hindrance," as the lawyers say. She is also very much pleased with her own buying and selling, but owns a canal-boat, goes into the woods, purchases trees standing, hires her men, and does it all in a very regular way. She does not go for advance payments, but when her contracts are fulfilled, Mrs. Simpson pays the cash.

Romance of a sprained ankle. Place, St. Louis. Dramatis personæ, a young clerk, young lady schoolteacher; and a dog. Time, morning. The scene—the dog not yet on the scene—were very properly going to town, and thoroughly enjoying the fresh air. So when suddenly a ferocious dog jumped over a fence and attacked the lady. The young man gave the brute a blow with his cane, which broke it, at the moment of victory fell, and sprained his ankle. The young lady did not faint or make a fuss. She ordered a hack, helped her lover in, accompanied him to his home, procured the services of a doctor, dressing the sight, and next day went for a friend and the minister, and married the young clerk in the evening. The arrangement was satisfactory all around.

It is said that there is a manufactory in Birmingham, England, which still does a good business in making that light of other days—the despised old tinder-box! Who buys them, we wonder?

In not some reform needed in regard to the manner of conducting the popular game of base-ball, or in the instruments used? A young boy of fifteen was killed at Dover, New Hampshire, a couple of weeks ago, while engaged in the game, the ball striking him on the head. This sad accident carries with it a lesson which should be heeded.

One fine morning last winter a planter from the settlements of Florida came into the city of Jacksonville, bringing with him a negro of whom he wanted to dispose. He said he wanted to raise a little cash, and so had brought "the boy" along to sell. Asked $1500 for him. He was utterly unaware that there had been a war, and that slavery had been abolished; and, when told that such was the case, thought that his informants were playing a joke on him, and for a while refused to believe it. His plantation was in the interior, and his nearest neighbor was fifty miles distant, and in all the years that have elapsed since the war's end he had not heard from the outer world, knew nothing of the changes that had taken place. "The boy" was speedily informed that he was a free man, and the plantation master proceeded to consult for him to go, and he himself departed to his solitary plantation.

Thirty years ago Alvin Adams began to run an express between New York and Boston. He did his own driving, and the way-bill on the first trip did not amount to four dollars. This was the humble beginning of a business of immense wealth and importance.

A pound of fried meat, says one who has studied up the matter, does not contain so much nutriment as four ounces of boiled meat; nevertheless, many people prefer the fried—and dyspepsia!

"Harriet," said a member of a Massachusetts Prison Committee to his wife, one night, "which had you rather have me to do, bring home to you $10,000 in money, or a new husband?" Harriet replied, "Thomas, an honest husband." The committee man had been offered by a friend $10,000 for his influence, and he reported the above conversation to his colleagues in explanation of his refusal.

A spiritual medium solemnly announces that the song of "Shoo, Fly, don't bodder me!" was originally composed by the ghost of Lord Byron, and addressed to Lady Caroline Lamb.

Newark must have the credit of getting up the greatest novelty in the style of a church. The main floor will be used for ordinary house of worship; the four aisles and a full complement of pews. But in the basement, which extends around under the building, there are to be twenty-nine compartments or "stage-boxes" for families, each capable of containing twelve persons, with a table in the centre for hats and bonnets. These are doubtless for the aristocratic portion of the congregation.

A revised translation of the New Testament has been issued which professes to be "literal." Some portions of the passages have been rather novel. Mark, v. 19, is translated "The young lady (instead of the damsel) is not dead, but sleeps;" and in Luke, xv. 11, the story of the prodigal son begins, "A gentleman of splendid family and fortune had two sons."

An Italian, who had reached the age of 116, being asked to what he preserved his health so long, replied:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And take the cares pipeful of pain."

The New Orleans *Times* gives an account of "one of the most remarkable events in the history of the telegraph," which is nearly completed in the whole of the Western Union Company, in that city. It has been found that the rapidly increasing expense of the telegraphic profession whether or not it were possible to transmit signals through a circuit of nearly exceeding 1000 miles, and using more than two or three repeaters, with any degree of safety to the commercial business. But a week or two ago a communication circuit was formed, varying in length from three to five thousand miles, and through which messages were sent with great ease and rapidity. The first circuit formed was from New Orleans, on New York, by Platte Cove, New Scotia, the terminus of the Atlantic cable, and return over the same line. The operators, also wholly separated, chatted together with perfect ease, the signals coming rapidly and with great distinctness. Another circuit of greater length was then made up, which is regarded as the longest land circuit through which intelligible signals were ever sent. Seven repeaters were used. The message was returned to New Orleans almost as clearly as it left the battery. It has passed through eighteen States and over 4800 miles of wire.

It is reported that Louis Mohlbach, the well-known German novel-writer, has accepted an invitation from the Viceroy of Egypt to spend a few years in his domains, and collect materials for a book about that country.

Here is a pleasant item for tobacco consumers. In Paris one often sees some person in the streets picking up bits of cigar-stumps which have been cast by smokers. Waiters at the cafés obtain quite a revenue by the refuse of cigars found under the tables, and there are also men who have the monopoly of this trade. The gatherer and purchaser of these bits retires with the harvest to some secluded spot, where a sharp knife carefully hunters the cigar-ends into minute fragments. It is then put into little boxes or sacks or into packets, and sold at a cheap rate. Two or three hundred persons in Paris are devoted to the business of picking up cigars.

The young men of Naples have an opportunity once a year of selecting a wife, provided they can prove that they are able to maintain one. On Lady-day, March 25, the Foundling Hospital of the Annunziata throws open, and all the girls who have arrived at a marriageable age are gathered in one room, where the governesses of the institution. When a young man sees a girl whom he desires to make his wife he drops his handkerchief in front of her; if she accepts his suit she picks it up, and they enter into talk, to signify their intention to the authorities, and to make arrangements for their marriage. Strange to say, these marriages usually turn out happily.

Though not an advocate of "woman's rights" in general, Miss Olive Logan is sufficiently strong-minded to maintain her own. The Lecture Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Iowa City having notified her that they had canceled their engagement with her, she immediately telegraphed to them as follows:

"Y. M. C. A.—I shall lecture in your city on the 16th. Make your arrangements accordingly. I shall positively hold you to your contract.

OLIVE LOGAN."

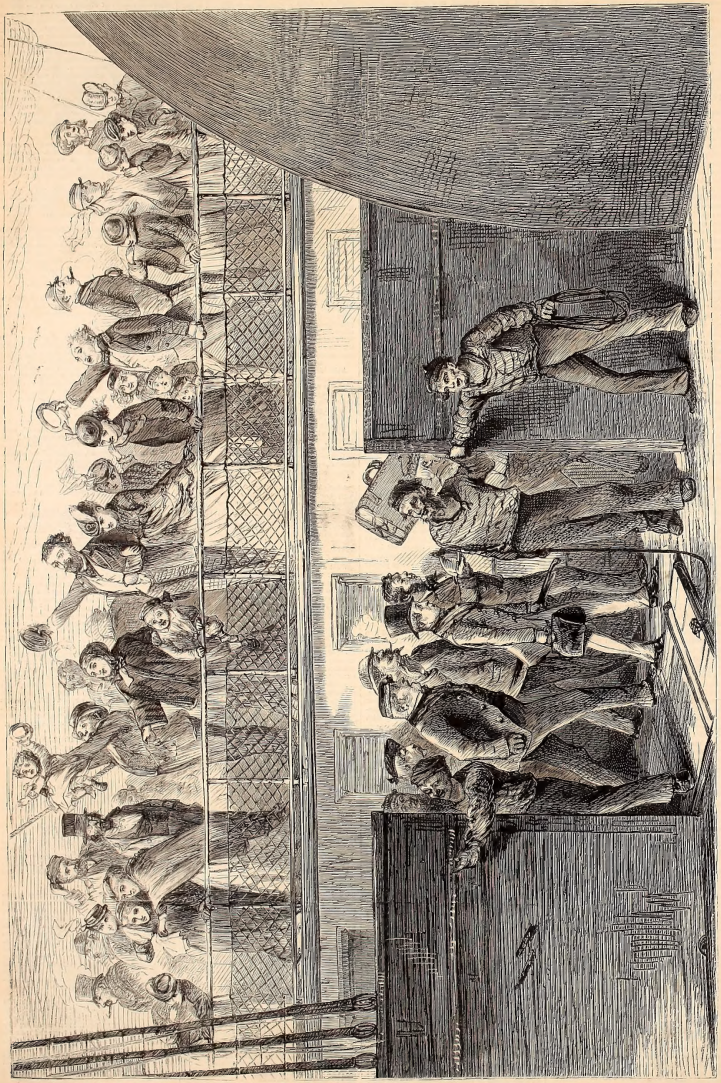

DEPARTURE OF A STEAMER FOR LIVERPOOL.—THE LAST GOOD-BYES.—[DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE.]

THE DINNER HORN.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

ISABEL.

Sort waves of warm brown hair,
With gold lights shining through,
Shading a face as sweetly fair
As ever fancy framed in air,
As ever painter drew.

Sweet spirit, frank and true,
With love, with kindness rife;
What tender heart but to thee knew!
What kindly eye but in thee knew
The sunshine of life!

Sweet Spring, bright Summer past,
And Autumn come again;
The west wind's spoils are falling fast,
What have they brought with that blast
Why fall our tears like rain?

Only a new-turned heap.
One little grave, new made:
Here is the earth over which we weep;
Never a flower to pluck and keep,
Never a grassy blade.

Silence, where late was mirth;
One mother's heart half-riven;
One vacant seat beside a hearth;
One loving spirit less on earth—
One angel more in heaven!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Ernest Nevermore, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTEENTH SCENE.—PORTLAND PLACE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

It was Saturday, the third of October—the day on which the assertion of Arnold's marriage to Anne Silvester was to be put to the proof.

Toward eleven o'clock in the afternoon Blanche and her step-mother entered the drawing-room of Lady Lundie's town house in Portland Place. Since the previous evening the weather had altered for the worse. The rain, which had set in from an early hour that morning, still fell. Viewed from the drawing-room windows, the desolation of Portland Place in the dead season wore its aspect of deepest gloom. The absent opposite houses were all shut up; the black mud was washed off the roadway; the wet, level, floating in tiny black particles, mixed with the falling rain, and heightened the dirty obscurity of the evening light. Hoof-passengers and vehicles, now crossing each other at rare intervals, left great gaps of silence absolutely uninterrupted by sound. Even the grinders of organs were mute; and the wandering dogs of the street were too wet to bark. Looking back from the view of Lady Lundie's state window to the view in Lady Lundie's state room, the melancholy that reigned without was more than matched by the melancholy that reigned within. The house had been shut up by the master; it had not been considered necessary, during its mistress's brief visit, to disturb the existing state of things. Coverings of dim brown hue shrouded the furniture. The chandeliers hung invisible in enormous bags. The silent clocks hibernated under extinguishers dropped over them two months since. The tables, drawn up in corners—loaded with ornaments at other times—had nothing left on them, but ink and paper (suggestive of the coming proceedings) placed on them now. The smell of the house was musty: the voice of the house was still. One melancholy maid haunted the bedrooms up stairs, like a ghost. One melancholy man, appointed to admit the visitors, sat solitary in the lower regions—the last of the flunkies, modified into the extinct servants' hall. Not a word passed, in the drawing-room, between Lady Lundie and Blanche. Each waited the appearance of the persons concerned in the coming inquiry, absorbed in her own thoughts. The moment when the moment was a solemn burlesque of the situation of two ladies who are giving an evening party, and who are waiting to receive their guests. Did neither of them see this? Or, seeing it, did they shrink from acknowledging it? In similar positions, who does not shrink? The occasions are many on which we have excellent reason to laugh when the tears are in our eyes; but only children are bold enough to follow their impulses to so strange, in a case like this, a conclusion. The mockery of what is serious mingle with the serious reality itself, that nothing but our own self-respect preserves our gravity on some of the most important emergencies in our lives. The two ladies waited the coming inquiry together gravely, as became the occasion. The silent maid flitted noiseless up stairs. The silent man waited noiseless in the lower regions. Outside, the street was a desert. Inside, the house was a solitude.

The church clock struck the hour. Two.

At the same moment the first of the persons concerned in the investigation arrived.

Lady Lundie waited composedly for the opening of the drawing-room door. Blanche started and trembled. Was it Arnold? Was it Anne?

The door opened—and Blanche drew a breath of relief. The first arrival was only Lady Lundie's solicitor—invited to attend the proceedings on her ladyship's behalf. He was one of that large class of purely mechanical and perfectly mediocre persons connected with the practice of the law who will probably, in a more advanced state of science, be superseded by machinery. He made himself useful in altering the arrangement of the tables and chairs, so as to keep the contending parties effectually separated from each other. He also entrusted Lady Lundie to bear in mind that he knew nothing of Scotch law, and that he was there in the capacity of friend only. This done, he sat down, and looked out with silent interest at the rain—as if it was an opening in the pattern which he had never had an opportunity of inspecting before.

The next knock at the door heralded the arrival of a visitor of a totally different stamp. The melancholy man-servant announced Captain Newenden.

Possibly, in deference to the occasion, possibly, in defiance of the weather, the captain had taken unusual backward step toward the days of his youth. He was painted and padded, wigged and dressed, from the moment the shoes and a male human being of five-and-twenty in robust health. There might have been a little stiffness in the region of the knees; but the upright vice of firmness in the eyelid and the chin. Otherwise there was the fiction of the past century, founded on appearance, on the fact of five-and-thirty with the truth invisible behind it, counting seventy years! Wearing a flower in his button-hole, and carrying a jaunty little cane in his hand—brisk, ruby, smiling, perfumed—the captain's appearance brightened the dreary room. It was pleasantly suggestive of a morning visit from an idle young fellow, who happens to be a little surprised to find Blanche present on the scene of approaching conflict. Lady Lundie thought it best herself to explain. "My step-daughter is here in direct defiance of my entreaties and advice. Persons may present themselves whom it is, in my opinion, improper she should see. Revelations will take place which no young woman, in her position, should hear. She insists on it, Captain Newenden—and I am obliged to submit."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, and showed his beautiful teeth.

Blanche was far too deeply interested in the coming ordeal to care to defend herself: she looked as if she had not even heard what her step-mother had said of her. The solicitor remained absorbed in the interesting view of the falling rain. Lady Lundie asked Mr. Gilmorn. Gilmorn, the captain, in reply, described his mess's anxiety to be informed of everything concerning, in short, only to be indicated by shaking his ambrosial curls and waving his jaunty cane. Mrs. Lundiow was staying with them, and had acute returned with the news. And where was Julius? Detained in Scotland by election business. And Lord and Lady Holchester? And Lady Holchester knew nothing about it?

There was another knock at the door. Blanche's pale face turned pale still. Was it Arnold? Was it Anne? After a longer delay than usual, the servant announced Mr. Arnold Brinkworth and Mr. Moy.

Geoffrey slowly entering first, saluted the two ladies in silence, and noticed no one else. The London solicitor, withdrawing himself to a remote from the receiving groups, the latter, also pointed to the places reserved for the new-comers and for the legal adviser who had come with him. Geoffrey seated himself, without so much as a glance round the room. Leaning his elbows on his knees, he sullenly contemplated the carpet with his clumsy calves walking-boots. Dunbilk, grim and resolute, stood at his lowering brow and his loosely-hanging mouth. The loss of the race, and the circumstances accompanying it, appeared to have affected him more or than usual and heavier than usual—and that was all.

Captain Newenden, approaching to speak to him, stopped half-way, hesitated, thought better of it—and addressed himself to Mr. Moy.

Geoffrey's legal adviser—a Scotchman of the shady, timid, and unsuccessful type—cordially met the advance. He announced, by way to the captain's inquiry, that the witnesses (Mrs. Inchbare and Blanche excepted) were present in the room they were wanted, in the housekeeper's room, and that there was any difficulty in finding them? Not the least. Inchbare was in the house, and of course, at her hotel. Inquiries being set on foot for Blanche's maid, the servant out of the landlady had come to an understanding, and the maid had returned to his old post of bedwaiter at the hotel. The captain and Mr. Moy kept up the conversation between them, thus began, with unflagging ease and spirit. There were the only voices heard in the trying interval that elapsed before the next knock was heard at the door.

At last it came. There could be no doubt now as to who was coming. Anne was expected to enter the room. Lady Lundie took her step-daughter firmly by the hand. She was not sure of herself: Blanche's impulse might lead her to do. For the first time in her life, Blanche felt her hand willingly in her step-mother's grasp.

The door opened, and they came in.

Mr. Pavick, Lundie entered first with Anne Silvester on his arm. Arnold Brinkworth followed them.

Both Sir Patrick and Anne bowed in silence to the persons assembled. Lady Lundie exceptionally treated her brother-in-law with civility, and pointedly abstained from noticing Anne's presence in the room. Blanche never looked up. Arnold advanced to her, with his hand held out. Lady Lundie rose, and motioned him back. "Not yet, Mr. Brinkworth!" she said, in her most quietly merciless manner. Arnold stood, headless of her, looking at his wife. His wife lifted her eyes to his; the tears rose in them on the instant. Arnold's dark complexion altered only one shade: he turned pale. He tried to command himself. "I won't distress you," he said, gently—and turned back again to the table at which Sir Patrick and Anne were seated together apart from the rest. Sir Patrick took his hand, and pressed it in silent approval.

The one person who took no part, even as spectator, in the events that followed the appearance of Sir Patrick and his companions in the room—was Geoffrey. The only change visible in him, since the change in the handling of his wineing-stick. Instead of tracing patterns on the carpet, it now rested. For the rest, there he sat with his heavy head on his breast and his brawny arms on his knees—weary of it by anticipation, and ready to begin.

Sir Patrick broke the silence. He addressed himself to his nieces-in-law.

"Lady Lundie, are all the persons present whom you expected to see here to-day?"

Lady Lundie replied. Lady Lundie seized the opportunity of planting its first sting.

"All whom I expected are here," she answered. "And more than I expected," she added, with a look at Anne.

Sir Patrick returned—was not even seen. From the moment when she had taken her place by Sir Patrick, Anne's eyes had rested on Blanche. They never moved—they never for an instant lost their tender sadness—when the lady of Windygates spoke. And that was beautiful and true in that noble nature seemed to find its one sufficient encouragement in Blanche. As the sister-in-law looked at the sister of the unforgotten days of old, its native beauty of expression showed itself again in her worn and weary face. Every man in the room (but Geoffrey looked at her; and every man (but Geoffrey felt for her.

Sir Patrick addressed a second question to his sister-in-law.

"Is there any one here to represent the interests of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?" he asked.

Lady Lundie looked at Geoffrey for Geoffrey himself. Without looking up, Geoffrey motioned with his big brown hand to Mr. Moy, sitting by his side.

Mr. Moy (holding the legal rank in Scotland which corresponds to the rank held by solicitors in England) rose and bowed to Sir Patrick, with the courtesy due to a man eminent in his time as the Scottish Bar.

"I represent Mr. Delamayn," he said. "I am happy to congratulate Sir Patrick on having your ability and experience to appeal to in the conduct of the proceedings."

Sir Patrick returned the compliment as well as the bow.

"It is I who should learn from you," he answered. "I have had time, Mr. Moy, to forget what I once knew."

Lady Lundie looked from one to the other with unconcealed impatience as these formal courtesies were exchanged between the lawyers. "Allow me to remind you, gentlemen, of the suspense that we are suffering at this end of the room," she said. "And permit me to ask when you propose to begin?"

Sir Patrick replied invitingly at Mr. Moy. Mr. Moy looked invitingly at Sir Patrick. More formal courtesies! a polite contest this time to see which of the two learned gentlemen should permit the other to speak first! Mr. Moy's modesty proving the best of the two, Sir Patrick ended it by opening the proceedings.

"I am sure," he said, "to act on behalf of my friend, Mr. Arnold Brinkworth. I beg to present him to you, Mr. Moy, as the husband of my niece—who, for the time being, is entitled to the sixteenth of September last, at the Church of Saint Margaret, in the parish of Hawley, Kent. I have a copy, if required, of marriage certificate here—if you wish to look at it."

Mr. Moy's modesty declined to look at it.

"Quite unnecessary, Sir Patrick! I admit that a marriage ceremony took place on the date named, between the persons named; but I contend that it was not a valid marriage. I say, on behalf of my client here (Geoffrey Delamayn), that Arnold Brinkworth was married at a date prior to the seventh of September—and, indeed, prior to the fourteenth of August in the year, and at a place called Craig Fernie, in Scotland—to a lady named Anne Silvester, now living, and present in this room (as I understand) at this moment."

Sir Patrick presented Anne. "This I confess, Indy, my Moy."

Mr. Moy bowed, and made a suggestion. "If you would kindly put the question, Patrick, shall we take the question of identity as established on both sides?"

Sir Patrick agreed with his learned friend. Lady Lundie opened and shut her fan in unmitigated impatience. The London solicitor was deeply interested. Captain Newenden, taking out his handkerchief, and using it as a screen, yawned behind it to his heart's content. Sir Patrick resumed.

"You assert the prior marriage," he said to his colleague. "It rests with you to begin."

Mr. Moy cast a preliminary look round him at the persons assembled.

"The object of our meeting here," he said, "is, if I am not mistaken, of a twofold nature. In the first place, it is thought desirable, by a person who has a special interest in the issue of this inquiry" (he looked at the captain—the captain suddenly became attentive), "to put my client's statement before Mr. Brinkworth's marriage, to the proof. In the second place, we are all equally desirous—whatever difference of opinion may otherwise exist—to make this informal inquiry a means, if possible, of avoiding the painful publicity which would result from an appeal to a Court of Law."

At those words the gathered women in Lady Lundie pleated its second sting—under cover of a proxed addressed to Mr. Moy.

"I beg to inform you, Sir, on behalf of my step-daughter," she said, "that we have nothing to dread from the widest publicity. We consent to be present at, what you call, 'this informal inquiry,' reserving our right to carry the matter beyond the four walls of this room. I am not referring now to Mr. Brinkworth's chance of clearing himself from an odious suspicion which rests upon him, and upon another Person present. That is an after-matter. The object immediately before us—so far as women are presented to understand it—is to establish my stepdaughter's right to call Mr. Brinkworth to account in the character of his wife. If the result, so far, fails to satisfy us in that particular, we are fully prepared to appeal to a Court of Law." She leaned back in her chair, and opened her fan, with a look that seemed her wish for all of a woman who called society to witness that she had done her duty.

The expression of pain crossed Blanche's face while her step-mother was speaking. Lady Lundie took the hand for the second time. Blanche resolutely and pointedly withdrew it.

Sir Patrick noticing the action with special interest, addressed Mr. Moy coolly as a word in answer. Arnold entered the general attention on himself by suddenly interfering in the proceedings. He looked at his wife. A bright flush of color appeared on her face—and left it again. Sir Patrick noticed the change of expression, observed her more attentively than ever. Arnold's letter to his wife, with time to help it, had plainly broken her husband's influence upon her.

"After what Lady Lundie has said, in my wife's presence," Arnold broke out, in his sturdy, forward, boyish way, "I think I ought to be allowed to say a word on my side. I only want to explain how it was I came to go to Craig Fernie at all—and I challenge Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn to deny it if he can."

His voice rose at the last words, and his eyes brightened with indignation as he looked at Geoffrey.

Mr. Moy appealed to his learned friend.

"With submission, Sir Patrick, is your better judgment," he said, "this young gentleman's proposal seems to be a little out of place at the present stage of the proceedings?"

"Pardon me," answered Sir Patrick. "You have yourself declared the proceedings as representing an informal inquiry. Any statement proposed—with submission to your better judgment, Mr. Moy—is hardly out of place, under those circumstances, is it?"

Mr. Moy's inexhaustible modesty gave way, without a struggle. The answer which he received had the effect of puzzling him at the outset of the investigation. A man of Sir Patrick's experience must have known that Arnold's mere assertion of his own innocence could be productive of nothing but serious delay in the proceedings. And yet he sanctioned that delay. Was he privately on the search for any accidental circumstance which might help him to better a case that he knew to be a bad one?

Permitted to speak, Arnold spoke. The unmistakable accent of truth was in every word that he uttered. He gave a plain account of his arrival at Craig Fernie. There Sir Patrick interfered, and closed his lips. He asked leave to appeal to Geoffrey to confirm him. Sir Patrick assented. Mr. Moy by sanctioning this irregularity also. Arnold sternly addressed himself to Geoffrey.

"Do you deny that what I have said is true?" he asked.

Mr. Moy did his client by his client. "You are not bound to answer," he said, "unless you wish it yourself."

Geoffrey slowly lifted his heavy head, and confronted the man whom he had betrayed.

"I deny every word of it," he answered—with a total disregard of tone and manner.

"Have we had enough of assertion and counter-assertion, Sir Patrick, by this time?" asked Mr. Moy, with undiminished politeness.

After first forcing Arnold—with some little difficulty—to withdraw from the field, Sir Patrick let Mr. Moy's astonishment to the culminating point. For reasons of his own, he determined to strengthen the case of Geoffrey's enemy which Arnold's statement had plainly produced on his wife before the inquiry proceeded a step further.

"I must throw myself on your indulgence, Mr. Moy," he said, quietly. "I have not had enough of assertion and counter-assertion, even yet."

Mr. Moy bowed back in his chair, with a mixed expression of bewilderment and resignation. Either his colleague's intellect was in a failing state—or his colleague was playing a game in view which had not openly asserted itself yet. He began to suspect that the right rocking of the riddle was to be found in the latter of the two alternatives. Instead of entering any fresh protest, he waited, puzzled and watchful.

Sir Patrick went on unblushingly from one irregularity to another.

"I request, Mr. Moy's permission to revert to the alleged marriage, on the fourteenth of August, at Craig Fernie," he said. "Arnold Brinkworth! answer for yourself, in the presence of the persons here assembled. In all that you said, and in all that you did, while you were at the inn, were you not solely influenced by the wish to spare Miss Silvester's position as little painful to her as possible, and by anxiety to carry out the instructions given to you by Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn? Is that the whole truth?"

"That is the whole truth, Sir Patrick."

"On the day when you went to Craig Fernie, had you not, a few hours previously, applied for my permission to marry miss?"

"I applied for your permission, Sir Patrick; and you give it me."

"From the moment when you entered the inn to the moment when you left it, were you abso-

lutely innocent of the slightest intention to marry Miss Silvester?"

"No such thing," as the thought of marrying Miss Silvester entered my head."

"And this you say, on your word of honor as a gentleman?"

"On my word of honor as a gentleman."

Sir Patrick turned to Anne.

"Was it a matter of necessity, Miss Silvester, that you should appear in the assumed character of a married woman—on the fourteenth of August last, at the Craig Fernie inn?"

Anne looked away from Blanche for the first time. She replied to Sir Patrick quietly, readily, firmly—like one looking at her, and listening to her with eager interest.

"I went to the inn alone, Sir Patrick. The landlady refused, in the plainest terms, to let me stay there, unless she was first satisfied that I was a married woman."

"Which of the two gentlemen did you expect to join you at the inn—Mr. Arnold Brinkworth, or Mr. Geoffrey Delmayn?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delmayn."

"When Mr. Arnold Brinkworth came in his place, and said what was necessary to satisfy the scruples of the landlady, you understood that he was acting in your interests, from motives of kindness only, and under the instructions of Mr. Geoffrey Delmayn?"

"I understood that; and I objected as strongly as I could to Mr. Brinkworth placing himself in a false position on my account."

"Did your objection proceed from any knowledge of the Scottish law of marriage, and of the position in which the peculiarities of that law might place Mr. Brinkworth?"

"I had no knowledge of the Scottish law. I had a vague dislike and dread of the deception which Mr. Brinkworth was practicing on the people of the inn. And I feared that it might lead to some possible misinterpretation of me on the part of a person whom I deeply loved."

"That person being my niece?"

"Yes."

"You appealed to Mr. Brinkworth (knowing of his attachment to my niece), in her name, and for her sake, to leave you to shift for your self?"

"I did."

"As a gentleman who had given his promise to help and protect a lady, in the absence of the person whom she had dependednon to join her, he refused to leave you to shift for yourself?"

"Unhappily, he refused on that account."

"From that time, you were absolutely in nocent of the slightest intention to marry Mr. Brinkworth?"

"I swear, Sir Patrick, as Mr. Brinkworth has answered. No such thing as the thought of marrying him ever entered my head."

"And this you say, on your oath as a Christian woman?"

"On my oath as a Christian woman."

Sir Patrick looked round at Blanche. Her fate was likely in her hands. Her self-possession was visibly appealing to her to compose herself.

In the moment of silence that followed, Mr. Moy interfered in the interests of his client.

"I waive my claim, Sir Patrick, to put any questions on my side. I merely desire to remind you, and to remind the company present, that all that we have just heard is mere assertion—the assertion of two persons strongly interested in extricating themselves from a position which fatally compromises them both. The marriage which they deny I am now waiting to express my sense of this most cruel and unfair way of conducting the inquiry."

The London lawyer followed, stating his professional approval of his client's view. "As her ladyship's legal adviser," he said, "I support the protest which her ladyship has just made."

Even Captain Newenden agreed in the general disapproval of Sir Patrick's course. "Hear, hear!" said the captain, when the lawyer had spoken. "Quite right. I must say, quite right."

Apparently inexpectable to all due weight in his position, Sir Patrick addressed himself to Mr. Moy, as if nothing had happened.

"Do you wish to produce your witnesses at once?" he asked. "I have not the least objection to meet your views—on the understanding that I am permitted to return to the proceedings as interrupted at this point."

Mr. Moy hesitated. The adversary (there could be no doubt of it by this time) had something in reserve—and the adversary had not yet shown his hand. It was more immediately important to lead him into doing this than to insist on rights and privileges of the purely formal sort. Nothing could shake the strength of the position which Mr. Moy occupied. The longer Sir Patrick's irregularities delayed the proceedings, the more irresistibly the plain facts of the case would present themselves—with all the force of contrast—out of the mouths of the witnesses who were in attendance down stairs. He determined to wait.

"Reserving my right of objection, Sir Patrick," he answered, "I beg you to go on."

To the surprise of every body, Sir Patrick addressed himself directly to Blanche—quoting the language in which Lady Lundie had spoken to him, with perfect composure of tone and manner.

"You know me well enough, my dear," he said, "to be assured that I am incapable of willingly harrowing your feelings or misleading your judgment. I have a question to ask you, which you can answer or not, entirely as you please."

Before he could put the question there was a momentary contest between Lady Lundie and her legal adviser. Silencing her ladyship (not without difficulty), the London lawyer interposed. He also begged leave to reserve the right of objection, so far as *his* client was concerned.

Sir Patrick assented by a sign, and proceeded to put his question to Blanche.

"You have heard what Arnold Brinkworth has said, and what Miss Silvester has said," he resumed. "Is the husband who loves you, and the sister who loves you, here under a solemn declaration. Recall your past experience of both of them; remember what they have just said; and tell me—do you believe they have spoken falsely?"

Blanche answered on the instant.

"I believe, uncle, they have spoken the truth!"

Both the lawyers registered their objections. Lady Lundie made another attempt to speak, and was stopped once more—this time by Mr. Moy as well as by her own adviser. Sir Patrick went on.

"Do you feel any doubt as to the entire propriety of your husband's conduct, and your sister's conduct, now you have seen them and heard them, face to face?"

Blanche answered again, with the same absence of reserve.

"I ask them to forgive me," she said. "I believe I have done them both a great wrong."

She looked as her husband first—then at Anne. Arnold stirred uneasily in his chair. Sir Patrick firmly restrained him. "Wait!" he whispered. "You don't know what's coming."

Having said that, he turned toward Anne. Blanche's look had gone to the heart of the husband's nature at last. Anne's look at her face was turned away—the tears were forcing themselves through the worn weak hands that tried vainly to hide them.

The formal objections of the lawyers were registered once more. Sir Patrick addressed himself to his niece for the last time.

"You know what Arnold Brinkworth has said; you believe what Miss Silvester has said. You know that not even the thought of marriage was in the mind of either of them, at the inn. You know—whatever else may happen in the future—that there is not the most remote possibility of either of them ever becoming in a position to allege that they ever have been, or ever can be, Man and Wife. Before this inquiry proceeds any further, to take your husband's hand; to return to your husband's protection; and to leave the rest to me—satisfied with my assurance that, on the part of either of them, no breach of the Scotch Law can prove the monstrous assertion of the marriage at Craig Fernie to be true?"

Lady Lundie rose. Both the lawyers rose. Arnold sat lost in astonishment. Geoffrey himself—petrified by the audacity of what had just passed—lifted his head with a sudden start. In the midst of the profound impression thus produced, Blanche rose, and, with her head bowed, the torture course of the inquiry now turned, answered in these words:

"I hope you will not think me ungrateful, uncle. I am sure that Arnold has not, knowingly, done me any wrong. But I feel bound to him until I am first *certain* that I am his wife."

Lady Lundie embraced her step-daughter, with a sudden outburst of affection. "My dear child!" exclaimed her ladyship, fervently. "Well done, my own dear child!"

Sir Patrick's head dropped on his breast. "Oh, Blanche! Blanche!" Arnold heard him whisper to himself; "if you only knew what you are forcing me to do!"

Mr. Moy put in his word, on Blanche's side of the question.

"I must most respectfully express my approval also of the course which the young lady has taken," he said, "and my strong conviction of promise than the compromise which we have just heard suggested it is difficult to imagine. With all deference to Sir Patrick, I think the opinion of the impossibility of proving the marriage at Craig Fernie remains to be established on the right one. My own professional opinion is opposed to it. The opinion of another Scottish lawyer—Mr. Gregory—I have already acknowledge, opposed to it. If the young lady had not acted with a wisdom and courage which do her honor, she might have lived to see the day when her reputation would have been destroyed, and her husband declared free to marry. Who is to say that circumstances may not happen in the future which may force Mr. Brinkworth or Miss Silvester—one or the other—to adopt the very marriage which they repudiate now? Who is to say that intentions which are honestly and unconcerned here) may not, in the lapse of years, discover motives of their own for questioning the assertion now made by the young lady herself? I envy the immense self-confidence which emboldens Sir Patrick to venture, what he is willing to venture upon his own individual opinion on an undecided point of law."

Sir Patrick received the rebuke of approval, and cast a slyly expectant look at his defeated adversary. "I'll keep my promise, Blanche," he said, on his hand, "thought Mr. Moy, "nothing will!"

Sir Patrick slowly raised his head. There was no hesitation—there was only distress in his face —when he spoke next.

"I am sorry, Captain Mr. Moy, to argue the point with you," he said, gently. "I can understand that my conduct must necessarily appear strange and even blameworthy, not in your eyes only, but in the eyes of others. My young friend here will tell you" (he looked toward Arnold) "that his view which you express as to the future peril involved in this case was once the view in my mind too, and that in what I have done thus far I have acted in direct contradiction to advice which I myself have given on very distinct period. Except me, if you please, from entering (for the present moment) into the motive which has influenced me from the time when I entered this room. My position is one of unexampled responsibility and of indescribable distress. May I appeal to that statement to stand as my excuse, if I plead for a last extension of indulgence toward the last irregularity of which I shall be guilty, in connection with these proceedings?"

Mr. Moy's face rose resolved the unaffected and touching dignity with which those words were spoken.

"We have had enough of irregularity," she said, sternly. "I, for one, object to more."

Sir Patrick looked confidently for Mr. Moy's reply. The Scotch lawyer and the English lawyer looked at each other—and understood each other at last. Mr. Moy shook his head.

"We don't presume to restrain you, Sir Patrick, by rules more than three which, as a gentleman, you impose on yourself. Subject, added the cautious Scotchman, "to the right of objection which we have already reserved."

"Do you object to my speaking to your client?" asked Sir Patrick.

"To Mr. Geoffrey Delmayn?"

"Yes."

All eyes turned on Geoffrey. He was sitting bald asleep, as it seemed—with his heavy hands hanging down between his knees, and his chin resting on the hooked handle of his stick.

Looking toward Anne, when Sir Patrick pronounced Geoffrey's name, Mr. Moy saw nothing in her. She withdrew her hands from her face, and turned resolutely toward her legal adviser. Was she in the secret of the carefully concealed object at which his opponent had been aiming all the while? Mr. Moy decided to put the question to her. She invited Sir Patrick, by a gesture, to proceed. Sir Patrick addressed himself to Geoffrey.

"You are seriously interested in this inquiry," he said. "I think you have taken no part in it yet. Take a part in it now. Look at this lady."

Geoffrey never moved.

"I've seen enough of her already," he said, brutally.

"You may well be ashamed to look at her," said Sir Patrick, quietly. "But you might have acknowledged it in fitter words. Carry your memory back to the fourteenth of August. Can you deny that you promised to marry Miss Silvester privately at the inn at Craig Fernie?"

"I object to that question," said Mr. Moy. "My client is under no sort of obligation to answer it."

Geoffrey's rising temper—ready to resent any thing—overcame his adviser's interference. "I shall answer if I like," he retorted, insolently. He looked up for a moment at Sir Patrick, without moving his head. "Ask me the hook of his stick. Then he looked down again. "I do deny it," he said.

"You deny that you have promised to marry Miss Silvester?"

"Yes."

"I asked you just now to look at her—"

"And I told you I had seen enough of her already."

"Look at me. In my presence, and in the presence of the other persons here, do you deny that you owe this lady, by your own solemn engagement, the reparation of marriage?"

He suddenly lifted his head. His face, after resting for an instant only on Sir Patrick, turned, little by little and, hopelessly, slowly. They fixed themselves with a hideous, tigerish glare on Anne's face. "I know what I owe her," he said.

The devouring hatred of his look was matched by the devouring malevolence of his tone, as he spoke those words. It was horrible to see him. It was horrible to hear him. Mr. Moy said to him, in a whisper: "Control yourself, or I will throw up your case."

Sir Patrick answered—without even listening—he lifted one of his hands, and looked at it vacantly. He whispered something to himself which nobody heard. He was whispering slowly in divisions of his own, on three of his fingers in succession. And his eyes again on Anne, with the same devouring hatred in their look, and spoke (this time directly addressing himself to her) in the same venomous vindictiveness in tone.

"But for you, I should be married to Blanche by this time. But for you, I should be friends with my father. But for you, I should have won the race. I know what I owe you. His looseness of hanging hand suddenly clenched themselves. His hand sank again on his broad breast. He said no more.

He had not moved—not a word was spoken. The same common horror held them all speechless. Anne's head turned once more on Blanche. Anne's courage upheld her, even at that moment.

Sir Patrick rose. The strong emotion which had convulsed him for, showed itself plainly in his face—uttered itself plainly in his voice.

"Come into the next room," he said to Anne. "I must speak to you instantly!"

Without noticing the astonishment that he caused, without noticing the smallest attention to the remonstrances addressed to him by his solicitor and by his Scotch lawyer, he took Anne by the arm—opened the folding-doors at one end of the room—entered the room beyond with her—and closed the doors again.

Lady Lundie appealed to her legal adviser. Blanche rose—advanced a few steps—and stood in breathless suspense, looking at the folding-doors. Arnold advanced a step, to speak to his wife. The captain approached Mr. Moy.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

Mr. Moy answered, in strong indignation on his side.

"It means that I have not been properly instructed. Sir Patrick Lundie has some evidence in his possession that seriously compromises Mr. Delmayn's case. He has shrunk from producing it hitherto—he finds himself forced to produce it now. How is it," asked the lawyer, turning sternly on his client, "that you have left me in the dark?"

"I know nothing about it," answered Geoffrey, without lifting his head.

Lady Lundie signed to Blanche to stand aside, and also advanced toward the folding-doors. Mr. Moy stopped her.

"I must request your ladyship to be patient. Interference is useless there."

"Am I not to interfere, Sir, in my own house?"

"Unless I am entirely mistaken, madam, the end of the proceedings in your house is at hand. You will oblige your own witness by not interfering. Let us know what we are about at last. Let the end come."

Lady Lundie yielded, and returned to her place. They all waited in silence for the opening of the doors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE GERMAN QUESTION.—"Hof some peer?"

A THEATRE ON ETIQUETTE.

Never eat soup with a fork.

If you want to run for office next fall, nominate yourself for president and pitch right into some one with a vim.

If you see Jones at the theatre with a young lady, you'll say, "Hello, Jones, how is your wife?" Jones will say, "Oh, she's well."

Young ladies, always give precedence to age, and never let a young gentleman walk if there is standing room for an old one. Remember to consider it disrespectful.

In the dining-room on gentlemen will sit on the table, nor is it polite to get under it until too drunk to sit in a chair.

At a school examination in New Bedford last week the teacher sought to develop the "general intelligence" of the class by asking them, "What are cows good for?" After a moment's pause a small hand went up with the unanswerable reply, "Well, anyway, what is it?" "Their thoemchik are good for tripe," answered the young philosopher.

At a recent parish meeting a stroll-laced and most pious old lady was submitted a petition to relieve the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you a poor woman?" asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

Mr. Jones was afflicted, and then he told his sorrows: "My dear sir," quoth Double-Jester, "I do feel his terrible bad odder the sad. I als sheraldy catchip code, as that I never did have. I tried every thing bid the world to prevent it; seliber ad widder, it's no use. I've been to Seattle through the Panama ary to Decebber, from the begiddig to the edd of the year, and I can't get rid of the code, for all that. All kides of teas, broths, ad old whibbi dentists have tried, but I'm always swallowed whatsy of it by the by; but it's no use. Dothig odder heaved cud keep by fem with. Odthig but the sad dyig cold."

How does the Empress Eugenie dress?" inquired an impudent female of a bachelor editor. "Generally in mourning, madam, a widow," was the hesitating reply. "Of course," said the female inquirer. "But I wish to know whether she wears corsets?" "I understand you, madam," was the blushing response, "that she dresses like a woman—wearing the most costly garments she can procure."

A Portland club has the following question proposed for discussion: "Can a big man who harbor little children?"

HOME-TOWN MEN.—The tenor singers.

The recent action of the jury of Wyoming women in convicting a man of manslaughter, shows that the "weaker sex" are sometimes the strongest in justice—but is, female juries will not favor malefactors.

"Ah," said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "having it a little hard, I'm often. But one of 'em, I'll say, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and I only know the name of three months in the year, and them's spring, fall, and autumn. I learnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl."

A MEDICAL QUESTION.—Is opening a dead-letter a post-mortem examination?

A lady teacher in the Baptist Sunday-school at Orange county was recently called upon to explain to a "fella," by the story of a child who was sold by the Israelites to the Ishmaelites for twenty shekels of silver. The fellow said he could be seen by the Ishmaelites and bought, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was meant by the word "sold," the little fellow immediately replied: "It showed he had plaid."

A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of several gentlemen who were passing. They made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disturbed in the solitude of study, raised the window, put himself out, and demanded to know what they stood there for, like a pack of fools, staring at his office. "Why," said one, "what's it for, a church?" "Fuiz," answered one of them, "I was thinking it was till I saw the divil goin in head out of the windy."

If you want to get a sure crop and a big yield sow wheat.

A gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, and who had arrived at the Southern Central Depot, in Rochester, from some part of the South, was in the baggage-room, and in a peremptory manner demanded his trunk. He would be driven to his hotel, and attend to all other customers. His manner was so peculiar that the baggage-master refused to be plainly civil but insisted on the production of the check. But he became politeness, and with his turn, he turned upon the customer and inquired of knowingly, "Are you sure you're an ass." The honest Irishman gazed at him in astonishment, and then, with a look of pity in his eye, and what a pity it is that when we two were made bosses that so many should be left dupleat, as they could have per blasted trunk under your nose all the time."

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her old aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the reply: "but where is the widower?"

The secret for a patent coffin says, in his circular: "Undertakers who have used it pronounce it a 'spiffer' and 'jeemer,' and we say you to try it, free of charge, and judge for yourself."

MARK LEMON.—[PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY E. B. FAY, NEW YORK.]

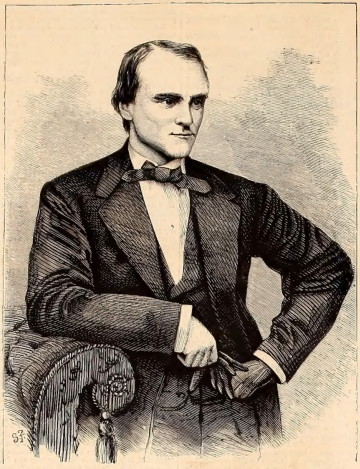

WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.]

MARK LEMON.

MR. MARK LEMON, well known both in England and this country as the editor of *Punch*, as a successful dramatist and pleasant story-writer, whose portrait we give on this page, died in London on the 23d ult., at the age of 62. His earliest literary efforts were dramatic productions, and he occasionally appeared on the stage. On the establishment of *Punch* he was made associate editor of that entertaining comic journal, and remained in that position until the retirement of the editor, MR. HENRY MAYHEW, when he succeeded to the chief post, and held it till his death. MR. LEMON was popular as a writer, and a favorite in society. In addition to his contributions to *Punch*, he wrote upward of sixty dramatic pieces, and numerous articles and stories for the English literary journals and magazines. He also edited a collection of jests, and wrote a large number of songs. Recently he played the character of Falstaff at one of the London theatres, and, according to the popular verdict, was very successful. The stout, massive frame and genial countenance which he possessed no doubt helped to secure public favor in this part, which he undertook rather as an amateur than as a professional player. It will be difficult to find a man to fill the position he so long occupied as editor of the most successful comic periodical ever established.

WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.

WE give on this page a portrait of MR. EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the well-known pedestrian, who has just accomplished the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty-one hours and forty minutes—twenty minutes less than the time required by his wager. The performance took place at the Empire Rink, in Third Avenue. He made about nine stoppages for rest during his walk, none of which was longer than ten minutes. His chief nourishment was beef-tea, together with crackers, raw eggs, and lemonade. He accomplished the one hundred miles without giving evidences of any great strain on his mental or physical system, being nearly as fresh at the finish as he was at the opening. The first fifty miles were made in ten hours and thirty-five minutes. His quickest mile was done in about

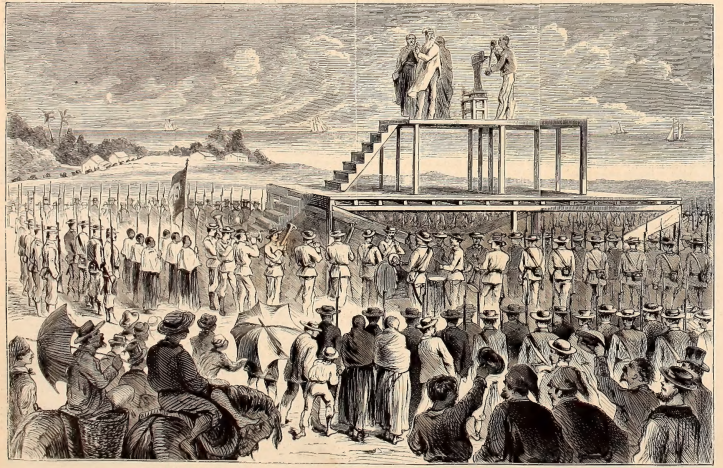

THE EXECUTION OF THE CUBAN PATRIOT, GENERAL GOICOURIA, AT HAVANA.—[SEE PAGE 381.]

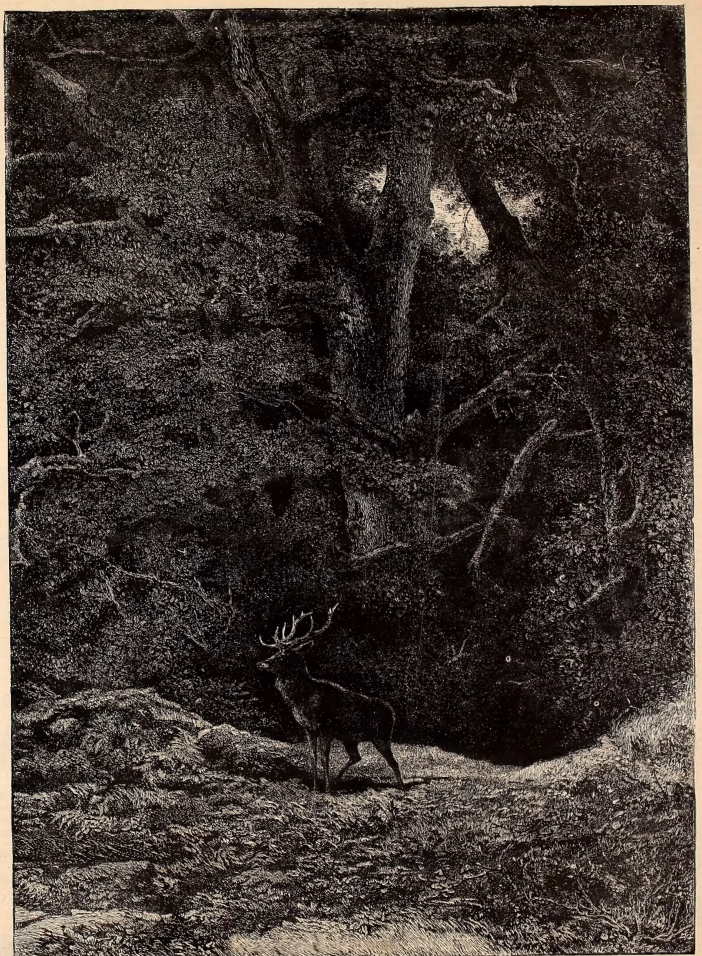

IN THE WOODS.—[DRAWN BY K. BODMER.]

eleven minutes, and his best single circuit of the rink in one minute and twenty seconds. The close of his performance was witnessed by an audience of at least 5000 people, who greeted his triumph with enthusiastic applause.

THE EXECUTION OF GOICOURIA.

WE give on page 380 a representation of the execution of General DOMINGO DE GOICOURIA, a brave and energetic Cuban soldier, who died by the garrote at Havana on the 7th of May.

General GOICOURIA had been for more than a quarter of a century closely identified with the revolutionary cause in Cuba. A native of that island, and married to a lady of large possessions there, he was, many years ago, compelled to fly his home on account of his political sympathies, and take up his residence in this country. In all the subsequent movements in behalf of Cuban independence he took an active and prominent part. He was the friend and associate of LOPEZ in his enterprises, though he remained in this country, devoting all his time, energy, and means to the organization and direction of the plans set on foot to liberate Cuba from the Spanish yoke. The failure of the expeditions under LOPEZ and QUITMAN seemed not to dampen his enthusiasm in the cause; and when the present insurrection broke out he was among the first to engage in the war of liberation. As in former enterprises, he acted mainly as an organizer and manager of expeditions from this country. He was recently captured on an island near the coast of Cuba, taken to Havana, and immediately executed.

By the death of General GOICOURIA the Cuban cause has sustained a serious loss.

A HANDY MAN.

In the year 18— there resided in the north of England a gentleman who was known as Sir William Marston. He was one of those men who are cool and calculating—always looking before them. He had made all his money at iron-working; but after having got his title, he thought fit to "sell out" and retire.

He accordingly chose a residence in Durham, and resided there for three years, when he determined to build a large mansion for himself; and he accordingly consulted with an architect,

and the drawings and specifications were made out, tenders received, and the work proceeded with.

Now when this mansion was built, Sir William found that every one was admiring it, and artists came and sketched it before the glass was in the windows. Every one declared it perfection, all but Sir William himself.

A very unpleasant idea had come into Sir William's head. He intended to keep a good many valuables and money on the premises. That the question arose, "Was the house fireproof?" The architect assured him it was; the inspector of police said so too; he thought so himself, but he would like to be sure. So the following advertisement accordingly appeared in some of the local papers a few days after the house was finished:

NOTICE TO BURGLARS AND OTHERS.—Sir William Harrington, having a desire to make a free-trial expense in the building of his new mansion, Portland Place, for the reception of plate, &c., to be burglar-proof, but, with a view to ascertain the absolute security of the same, on condition that he write to the said Sir William, and thereby duly inform him how he did succeed in abstracting the same; and be it known, no steps shall be taken to recover the money or bring the offender to justice. But if the said burglar be caught, he shall be bound to state how he entered the premises, and how he proceeded to open the safes, and he shall be duly committed to justice.

A week passed, and Sir William was getting in servants for his establishment, buying furniture, horses and carriages, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the comfort of a mansion. Still there came no answer to his extraordinary advertisement. At last a thought struck him. He put the advertisement in again, adding that "no communication or explanation would be taken to preserve the house from being broken into."

The next day Sir William was sitting in the small room following his office, going through a book, when the footman entered and stood waiting till he observed his presence.

"Well?" at last he said, looking up.

"A man wanting to speak to you, Sir. Says he believes you want a groom, Sir, and a coachman, Sir; hamus a horse, clean a carriage, fast-rate at gardening, can clean up knives and forks, cleaning windows—in fact, Sir, I assure you, by his own account, he is a 'very handy man.'"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Decent enough, Sir—tall, determined-looking; a kind of man as would knock dander out of you, Sir, or could—"

"That will do: show him in."

"He has a portmanteau, Sir. Shall I take care of it? It might—"

"Leave it where it is." Sir William was becoming the iron-founder again. "Show him in!"

He was shown in, and began to run up his accomplishments, which, to Sir William, appeared very amiable to him. He was just the sort of man he wanted, and Sir William began to think of clenching the bargain.

While they were quibbling about terms they were assailed by a strong smell of burning, and a scream suddenly startled them. Upon hearing loud shouts of "Fire!" Sir William and the man instantly rushed to the door; but the man suddenly fell headlong on the floor, Sir William darting off in the direction of the confusion.

Upon arriving in the hall he found volumes of smoke coming from a cupboard under the stairs, and he immediately ordered in the hall-boy's fire-engine kept in the kitchen (a thing no mansion should be without). He ran up to the cupboard-door, and, seizing the hose in his left hand, he commenced to pump furiously with the right, and the little lever-handle was found invisible, with such speed did it go up and down. The footman kicked away the portmanteau which had been left in the hall, and burst the cupboard-door open, and then proceeded to drag to light a vast assortment of rags, and bones, paper, and damp straw, all of which made a terrible smoke, although no flame was visible. It was soon put out, and Sir William returned to his room.

He found the door locked on the inside upon his arrival; but this did not startle him at first. He knocked, but he got no answer; so, quietly stepping back along the passage (being a powerful man), he flung himself at the door, and it gave way with a crash. The room was empty.

He looked every where, and found one thing—viz., that the window was wide open, and that his five hundred pounds were gone.

He was mortified in the extreme. Had this man who wanted a situation taken his money? If so, was it a plot to do so, or merely that knowing there was money there, he had availed himself of the opportunity and taken it? He thought the latter.

The man that was at the porter's lodge said that he saw a man came in the second time, with a fire with a portmanteau, and that soon afterward he saw him running toward the gate, saying he was going for the fire-engines; and he left him pass.

The next morning Sir William received a letter by the post, which puzzled him not a little. It ran as follows:

"SIR,—Having seen your advertisement in the ——, inviting burglar to break in and steal, I thought that I would try how lovely it would be. I got in, without breaking nothing, in fact, an out-of-the-way proof of the safety of the house, and might with every confidence to show you that Harrison's entry is not the only way of robbing a house. And, therefore, I have the honour to remain your obedient servant, I determined to possess it.

"I accordingly took an old portmanteau, and filled it with some very smoky and inflammable, but not dangerous, materials; and, dousing some old clothes, I proceeded to your mansion.

"As I had often visited it while it was building, I knew it well; and so, upon giving an elaborate message to the footman, I staid in the hall while he announced that I was not able. I knew of the cupboard under the stairs, and immediately upon leaving for the key was in it. I emptied my portmanteau, and lighted a match and applied it to the damp straw and the bits of brown paper, and then I quietly closed the door and left the house, not knowing it would be some time before it was discovered. I then went home and was delivered to your Highness till the alarm was given, whereupon I pretended to help and fall while running for the door; but picked myself up immediately, locked the door, forced all the drawers of your writing-table, pocketed the money, and, lifting up the window, leaped on to the lawn—a good jump, certainly; but I run off toward the gate. Here I was met by Harrison, I pointed to the smoke coming from the hall-door, and I was going for the engines, and then quietly returned.

"It is my intention to indulge in a tour to the Continent, and I shall be glad to receive a remittance by next quarter-day.

"Pray remember they are not all thieves that steal, and believe me, yours truly,

"A VERY HANDY MAN."

Sir William never put any more advertisements in the paper to say where his money was.

"THEY SAY."

No words can condemn too strongly the grossness and more malignant forms of backbiting and scandal. They undermine the fair fame, and bear false witness against thy neighbor," "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people." These are a few of the many admonition of such conduct is concisely and judicially given—for prudence is the outgrowth always of a very few!" "He who goeth about as a slanderer revealeth secrets; but he who is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." "Thou shalt not be a tale-bearer are like sportive ones, yet they go with a sting into the innermost of the body."

There is, however, a somewhat milder form of this evil, of which too many are more or less guilty, and which is generally the first employed, sneaking, half-apologetic phrase, "They say"—the sentence being generally completed with some such qualifying clause as "I don't believe it," spoken of. Several friends meet at an evening party, or at a ball, and the name of some one not present is mentioned, and forthwith one of the company speaks quietly, gently, and with professed reluctance, and says, "They say," sure, or solemn disapprobation in the tones of his voice, and the following sentence is one that has a great many bills in the market, and will find it difficult to meet them." Or, "*They say* that Mr. Blank's business is getting into a bad way." Or, "*They say* that he is a perfect bear at home." Or, "*They say* he drinks." I marry him when he wanted." Or, "*They say* she is very fond of dress, and gets things unknown to her husband." Or, "*They say* no one cares what they say longer than a month; they can't bear her." Or, "*They say* she is not what she pretends to be."

These are fair average specimen of "sayings" that may not perhaps be called slanderous, but which are decidedly uncharitable. We are too sorry to look for for the reason of their use. Men receive evil of others more readily or more easily than they believe good. A late writer on morals this sad failing of human nature in the following incisive terms: "Now comes the world with its ear spreads so widely and lasts so long, while our good, kind words don't seem, somehow, to take any wings at all. Many a fair fame in the hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can't find room to grow, while the rank, poisonous weeds of monstar and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite and requires a slice of cucumber with curtain jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

The expression "They say"—is most generally used in connection with social gossip. The speak'r in eff... says, "Now, I am not responsible for it; I am not to look for its truth; but you were speaking just now of Smith. Well, they say—and out comes something not altogether to Smith's credit. The speaker professes that he wish to give you the unclean thing as from him, only he carries, as it were, a pair of moral tongs, with which he handles the matter, gingerly, as he has put down the tongs he says, "I am not dirty."

THE AMERICAN ORGAN.

Organ with voice: this is one of the inevitable links in nature. The piano-forte is bright, sparkling, incisive; its clear-cut phrases represent well the movement of instrumental melody, but its contact with that finest organ—the human voice—is slight and momentary. Its tones may be likened to the metallic voices that form a mosaic picture, in which you can have juxtaposition of color only: the organist tone may show lovely contrasts, but they never blend as do the same colors under the painter's brush. But the sustaining power of the organ, the intellectual beauty of counterpoint, these are felt only when the human voice and flowing style is supplemented by the continuous volume of wind instrument. Hence it is no wonder that for social occasions, for musical practice, and for worship in chapels and churches, the reed organ, as it now exists, with its ample power and variety of tone, its appliances for musical effect, has come into such general use. The AMERICAN ORGAN made by S. D. & H. W. SMITH, of Boston, ranks deservedly first of its class, and possesses all the qualities that will suit with ever-increasing approbation. Read their advertisement on the last page of this paper.—[Com.

BEWARE OF LEAD POISONS

In the form of liquid washes for the complexion or mineral cosmetics that ruin and shorten life. There is but one way of removing impurity from the complexion, and that is by removing it from the blood. This desideratum is achieved by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS and SULPHUR POMADE, one element of which destroys at once the into the torrid circulation, while the other separates from the blood the infectious principle which causes external eruptions and discolorations, and carries them to the surface with the perspiration, whence they are ejected through the sieve-like structure of the epidermis.

Sold by druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

FRECKLES.

Or all the effects that exposure of the skin to the air or sea produces, the most disagreeable is the dotted freckle rash. If spread over the entire surface of the parts exposed, it is called tan; if scattered at intervals, freckles. The finest skins are most subject to them. The *Ballistan* prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON, contains a peculiar erasive property which will remove these disagreeable stains. It is at the same time perfectly harmless, allays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful. For sale by all dealers.—[*Com.*]

PANIC-STRICKEN BEAUTY.—It is a terrible shock to a charming woman—indeed, to any woman—to find that she has lost her beauty. "Where" she will ask with human being who uses the fragrant SOZODONT make that discovery.—[*Com.*]

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Pimples on the Face.

For Comedones, Black-Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotches on the Face, use Professor Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, & Tan,

Use "Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

STANDARD PHONOGRAPHY. The best Short-Hand has been learned by many thousands, without a teacher, from GRAHAM'S HAND-BOOK: $2 29, postpaid.—Phonetic Key, 25 cents. Two Hour Course, 25c.; Pocket Reading Exercises, 25c.; Reporter, containing Specimens, 25c.; No. 35 a year. Address A. J. GRAHAM, 365 Broadway, N. Y.

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ROMAN SASHES, SCARFS, AND TIES,

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Fishing in American Waters.

Opening of the Season for Angling and Fish-Parties. To be angler or the fish-elicit Scott's book on "Fishing in American Waters" with a real sole woven in the cover. Contains angling and breeding fishes.

Sent throughout the United States, postpaid, for $3 50. HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Genuine Irish Poplins.

INGLIS & TINCKLER,

Irish Poplin Manufacturers,

7 & 8 Eustace Street, Dublin,

Respectfully intimate that they have opened an establishment at 167 REGENT STREET, LONDON, for the sale of their superior Irish Poplins: the stock is large and well assorted, including all the different makes in the Irish Poplin Trade; the prices are the same as those charged in Dublin, and, as the duty is considerably less in France, a visit to that city of real Bahlegarning Poplins is also kept, so that visitors to England can now purchase both these articles in London with the certainty of getting them genuine and at Dublin prices.

Please Note Address:

167 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

MITCHELL'S COMBINATION KEROSENE STOVE AND OVEN.—Only Cost 75 Cent to cook your breakfast. Send for descriptive circular. Sale vast and rapidly increasing.

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CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Formerly L. & W. Geery, No. 719 Broadway, Established in 1794. New York.

The selection of Choice Teas and Old Wines has been the special business for a house for years.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of every thing appertaining to the Grocery Trade. Orders sent by mail. Orders will be called for (in the city) every Monday and Thursday.

Goods shipped to all parts of the country.

Three Requisites of Health.

If all the sickly people in the world were to take to their beds and call medical treatment, there would not be doctors enough to attend them, nor a sufficient number of nurses to nurse them. Three conditions are absolutely essential to health, viz., a good appetite, easy digestion, and the ability to sleep well. Nineteen-twentieths of the many thousands who suffer from indigestion, yet do not labor under serious complaints, but simply that they "can't eat," that their stomachs are "out of order," or that they "don't sleep well." For this class of ailments few persons think of calling in a physician. Nor is it necessary, inasmuch as a course of

Hostetter's Bitters

will certainly relieve the derangements of the stomach, liver, bowels, and the nervous system, which wout of appetite, indigestion, and sleeplessness arise. These derangements of the vegetable functions are a delightful soothing. Insomnia (or incapacity to sleep) which has rendered all the ordinary remedies will yield readily to a dose of this pleasant sedative taken just before retiring to rest. In ordinary medical practice, there is usual to give a stomachic aperient, an invigorant, a soporific, or an antiseptic, as the case may be; but this bitter tonic supplies all separately to require; but in this grand restorative all these medicinal properties, and many others, are included in due proportion. Thus the digestion is stimulated, while the bowels are regulated, the liver toned, the strength restored, the nerves calmed, the vital principled, and the circulation equalized. It is believed that there is no other restorative and regulating medicine in the world which acts so beneficially and agreeably upon all the assimilating and secretive organs at the same time; and to all who lack the three fundamental requisites, viz., appetite, digestion, a vigorous appetite, sound digestion, and refreshing sleep, it is unfailingly recommended as a specific.

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$250 a Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. ADDRESS, S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 317 Pearl St., N. Y., for a 900-Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*.

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Reyed Rolls. White Rubber Spiral Cogs. Easy Working. Rule Cured Clamp. Fits any Tub. The Best. The Cheapest. TRY IT.

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HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map and Plans. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Revised Edition. Eighth Year. Large 12mo, leather tuck, Fourteen Maps. $2 50.

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FROM JUNE TO JANUARY,
FROM JUNE TO JANUARY.

Its list of Contributors is unsurpassed.
Its Editorials are fresh and timely.
Its Commercial Dep't is most ably conducted.

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TO CLERGYMEN—$2 00.

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Inform every body!

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FROM JUNE TO JANUARY!
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COMBINED
Corset, Skirt Supporter, and BUSTLE
is just the article needed by every lady who consults
HEALTH, COMFORT, and STYLE.
Testimonials in its favor are constantly being received from ladies in every part of the country.
Ladies' Corsets wanted in every county of the United States.
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Such as Dividers, Pens, Bow Pens, Protractors, and Scales, at very reduced prices. A full line of Mathematical Instruments, Microscopes, Spy-Glasses, Steel Tape Measures, &c., &c.
A priced Catalogue sent on receipt of Ten cents.
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Removes Corns without pain. 25 cts. Sold at Drug and Shoe Stores. Trade supplied and samples mailed on receipt of price by the
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ON THE WAR-PATH.

On the first of the present month a motley delegation of Indians waited on Commissioner PARKER, at Washington, for the purpose of conferring with him in regard to Indian affairs in the Territories of the Northwest. The English names of the principal men are RED CLOUD, SPOTTED TAIL, and SWIFT BEAR. RED CLOUD, who for more than twenty years has been the head chief of the SIOUX NATION, is a man of herculean stature, six and a half feet in height, and large in proportion. Indeed there is not a small man in the delegation: but in every other respect the sight of them instantly dispels every illusion in regard to the "noble savage" which one may have received from Indian romances. Large, coarse features, prominent cheek-bones, faces painted in every imaginable style of ugliness, are the characteristics of the party. The women are particularly ugly, with pug or flat noses, wide mouths, and big feet. They are all magnificently dressed in Indian style. All wear splendid buffalo-robes, ornamented with embroidery and jewels.

The object of this visit to Washington is to obtain protection and redress. In a conversation with Commissioner PARKER, SPOTTED TAIL stated his grievances in round terms. The government, he said, does not fulfill its treaty obligations; and that supplies promised and money owed are not forthcoming at stated times; and that white men, wherever they can find many buffaloes or gold, come to the Indians' land and take the Indians' ponies and other possessions. The Commissioner promised that these grievances should be redressed, and gave the delegation some excellent advice in regard to fighting and stealing.

While the members of the delegation are enjoying the hospitalities of the government at Washington, their brethren in the West have suddenly appeared on the war-path. Colonel MORROW, who commands the military forces at

"LET US HAVE PEACE."—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

Fort Buford, Dakota Territory, communicates the information that the Indians in that vicinity have openly declared war upon their white neighbors, and that they were preparing to make an attack upon the fort in great force. The Indian warriors themselves, who are Sioux, number from three hundred to five hundred, while Colonel Monroe had but fifty men ready for service. Yet, with even that disparity of numbers, he felt confident he could successfully resist any attack which the Indians might make, and also protect his herds of stock. He had sent out ten friendly Indians to reconnoitre, who met what was supposed to be the advance-guard of the hostile band, and were driven back.

Our illustration on page 392 shows a band of these warriors on the war-path, and is a faithful representation of the appurtenance they make when out for a fight. It is their practice, before starting out on one of these excursions, to tie up their personal effects in a careful manner, and sometimes tie up his horses' tails in bad weather, to keep them from becoming draggled with mud. This is a part of the hunting excursions, and is a sure sign of hostile intentions.

JUNE.

Why should I care to count the time?
I know the summer flee too fast,
I know the day has seen its prime,
And I shall meet it in the past.

What if the whole of happy June
Is full of just such days of bliss?
I would not have them come too soon,
I would not lose an hour of this!

The world has made me laugh and weep,
And dreams have been her only boon;
I would give all the world to keep
The gold of this one afternoon!

To lose all memory and all care,
And lie forever at my ease,
Fanned by this faintly scented air,
Wandering across such fields as these;

To need no more—to wish no more
Than butter-cups and columbine—
Nursed by the days that come before,
And happy, if the sun will shine:

To be as swiftly as the grass,
Gay as you brook, and sad know why,
Idle as those white clouds that pass
Across the quiet of the sky.

Beyond the town I catch the wide
And distant gleaming of the sea;
The bay is murming by my side,
The shadows are my company.

How can I wish to count the hours?
To-day is the first happy one;
Too soon to-morrow will be ours,
And we shall call this yesterday.

While all the world and earth is glad
In joy because the June is here,
For me, I can not but be sad
To think it comes but once a year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POLITICS.

IF the celebrated traveler from New Zealand, or the planet Mercury, should alight at this port, he would naturally suppose that the business of the Collector is the supervision of the collection of customs, and he would probably surmise that the qualities required in that office are honesty, energy, industry, and capacity. But we should like to hear him make that amusing suggestion in any meeting of any party committee. That the duty of the Collector of New York is the faithful collection of the revenues is a fact which is beneath even the contemptuous regard of such a body. The Collector is, in the political view, the working head of the party in the city. His real function is skilful distribution of the patronage, to the end of the continued ascendency of the party. The question in regard to him is never whether he is the best and most efficient officer, but always whether the party thrives under his rule. The principle of appointment to the subordinate offices in his gift is neither intelligence, fitness, nor fidelity, but party service. The intelligent New Zealander would learn that there is a political ledger kept, in which accounts are opened with certain political men and interests, and that every appointment is charged accordingly. Every clerk in every department in the Custom-house represents somebody out of the Custom-house. And it is but the truth to say that, as in every other department, the main consideration is that the first consideration shall be not the public service, but the party advantage.

This is the system of our civil service. We are not blaming the Collector. He owes his position to the system, and he must do the best he can under it. He must every body say, that if a man has political influence, he must use it, under a proper sense of responsibility, to secure the best appointments he can. It is no shame to a man, although it may be intolerably tedious and vexatious, to stand in the Collector's antechamber that he may presently urge the appointment of some honest and capable person. But it is a sore shame to that man if he does not do all he can to put an end to the necessity of that vexation and waste. And it is a great shame to the country that it does not authoritatively demand a radical reform in a system which, beginning in prostituting the whole civil service to party, ends in the gravest injury to the public revenue and to the national character.

Such is the ferocity of the office-seeking pressure that every body who is familiar with the subject knows how utterly impossible it is for the Collector or any other great appointing officer to master the business of his office. Secretary CHASE was just a month, and the Collector can scarcely do it. But this pressure will, and indeed ought to, continue so long as the present system is tolerated. We do not think good men must press the appointment of other good men as strenuously as unfit men are urged. But it is a disgusting business, however necessary, and decent men constantly recoil. And that is but another imperious reason for abandoning a system which is so corrupting and the unprincipled have so much the better chance. It is foolish to ask the Collector, or any other officer, to correct the difficulty, for he is himself part of it. The difficulty is the system. When General GRANT was inaugurated he hoped, undoubtedly, to be able to disregard it. In selecting his Cabinet he took gentlemen whom he personally knew. He was unwilling to follow the usual party precedent, and the more so he had not been a partisan, and was both unfamiliar with party tactics and the party men, ways and relations. But he immediately found himself, as every President will find himself under the present system, helpless before the universal understanding and precedent. If he had persisted his administration would have been paralyzed before it had fairly begun. The general GRANT, in his last message, spoke more independently upon the subject than any President since WASHINGTON, and deserves credit.

If any other officer attends strictly to his duty, and refuses to allow his party interests to interfere with public service, he is instantly attacked by the party authorities. General BARLOW, the late United States Marshal of the southern district, was one of the ablest, most faithful, and efficient of public officers. During his brief term he saved both the money and the honor of the country. But he refused to listen to the commands of a score of persons who do not command the public confidence nor respect, but who called themselves representatives of the party, and who instantly raised a hue and cry against him. They swore vengeance, not because the Marshal was an unfit officer, but because he smiled contemptuously at their request that he would be their tool, for their own purposes, under the false name of the interests of the Republican party. The President, of course, smiled also. For private reasons General BARLOW presently resigned. But what can be more absurd than a system under which these persons had a certain right to protest? And they have that right so long as the offices are conceded to be merely party prizes for the promotion of party advantage.

It is this understanding, and only this, which has occasioned the late discussion about the office of Collector of New York. The Republican vote in the city and State has fallen off. If the Collector were fit for the office he would—collect the revenue economically and efficiently?—not at all; he would keep up the party majority. Off with his head, cry the managers. It is most Turkish justice. Or if he is to be respected, these managers commend their party to public confidence by asserting that the party vigor with which he has served the country? Nobody but a man fresh from New Zealand or the planet Mercury would ask such a question. Here is the answer: "Resolved, that in active support of the policy and measures of the President and his Cabinet no officer deserves of any subordinate department of the government has been more zealous, efficient, and faithful than the present Collector of the port of New York." In view of the real duties of a collector that is a ludicrous resolution itself. But in view of his actual duties under our civil service system how strictly apposite it is!

So long as we are invited to ridicule and a party administration has an enormous patronage, we certainly do not expect it to use that patronage against itself. But the question of the civil service reform is not whether Republicans are not as fit for the offices as Democrats, or vice versa. It is whether the present civil service will not take the bulk of the civil service out of the party arena. It is whether our political contests shall be fought on principles and policies founded upon them, or a debasing squabble for the spoils. It our great danger at present is not corruption, patronage is both a fruitful cause and fatal effect. We can deal the monster no blow so direct as a reform which would make such a resolution as we have quoted as ridiculous as it ought to be, but is not.

HONEST VOTING.

THE vehement screaming of the Democratic leaders in Congress and elsewhere against the law for securing honest voting is very significant. "Laws against pickpockets should be well considered,' said the gentleman in green spectacles to the philosopher. 'No, you speak like a man of sense,' replied the philosopher. 'I wish you a very good-morning, Sir,' said the gentleman in spectacles; and he departed with the philosopher's watch, purse, and handkerchief in his pocket." There are gentlemen in Congress who were very anxious that the law should be well considered. The interests of political pickpockets is very dear to them. Mr. ELDRIDGE thought that the bill for preventing the cheating of honest citizens by rascals and repeaters was but another illustration of "the ungovernable passion," as if there could be any despotism so hopeless as that of packed polls. Mr. COX said that the city of New York was a Democratic city by the report of a little occasional unfairness in voting there were the vile inventions of an effete press. The purity of the polls in that city is evidently, in his judgment, surpassed only by the intelligence of the voters; and although he did not say so, it may fairly be inferred from the tenor of his remarks that Mr. COX left the corruptions of Ohio and repaired to the shadow of the City Hall and the new Court-house that he might bathe his soul in the bliss of political honesty and an ideal public spirit.

If there is any subject upon which all good citizens should be agreed, it is the necessity of securing honest elections, and therefore those who uniformly resist all attempts to that end must be considered curiously indifferent to the purity of elections, or else to the more serious question of obtaining an honest vote is to register the qualified voters. Another is to provide for the prompt and impartial punishment of "repeating," and of all kinds of frauds at the polls. That there are such frauds, and especially in the matter of naturalization papers in the city of New York, is as well known to those who call the reports of them wild slanders as it is to every body else; and the Presidential election these frauds were open and notorious. They were familiar to all who were active and watchful in the campaign. They were, indeed, so conspicuous and flagrant, and the public indignation was so aroused, that Mr. HOFFMAN, who was then Governor, and who was the candidate for Governor of the party that was to be helped by the frauds, issued a proclamation a day or two before the election denouncing the charges of fraud were "gross and unfounded," and the mere device of the other party. By the frauds carried out Mr. HOFFMAN thus threw the cloak of his official protection he was elected Governor.

But Mr. COX, as we remarked, is of opinion that the reports of knavery at the polls are the invention of the knaves of the press. He mentioned the Tribune, but there are other New York papers, and of Mr. COX's own politics, which have borne testimony to the corruption at the very election to which Mr. HOFFMAN denounced the charges of fraud as unfounded. In the New York World, a paper opposed to the Tribune in politics, Mr. COX may read that even in this Paradise of New York, which has "a cheaper and purer government than Rochester and some others, and "less taxation and less crime than Boston," the editor saw "by what shameless frauds such corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and ELIAS HALL cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR." Recently also, we quoted the words of one of the most active and conspicuous politicians of Mr. COX's party, a State Senator from this city, in a place in the Senate, remarked of Mr. COX's political Paradise that "the election system ....has been undermined, and is as corrupt as ....Rome." Surely even of the New York city elections is not beyond suspicion. If the gentleman in green spectacles were a member of the opposite party in Congress—an intolerable supposition!—he would have hotly cheered the noble sentiments of Mr. COX. He would have loudly seconded Mr. BROOKS's statement that four-fifths of the New York merchants vote the tickets which Mr. TWEED and Mr. HALL prepare for them. Mr. ELDRIDGE he would have denounced the despotism which would protect honest voters against rascals.

Laws against the "ungovernable passion" are carefully considered,' said the Worthy Grand Patriarch of Pocket-picking, as he rifled the philosopher's pockets.

It is said that the subject should have been left to State regulation, that Congress has no constitutional right to interfere. It is remarkable, and should be well considered by every thoughtful citizen, that any effort made by the government to secure liberty or to repress political evil-doing is always resisted upon the ground of State sovereignty. State sovereignty was pleaded in every slavery, and it is now urged to defend the most shameless corruption at the polls. But upon the immediate subject, as a matter of fact, the Constitution is the answer of enforcing the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, whether by the United States or the States, is not the question. And Congress has wisely decided that it must now interfere to secure a fair election of the members of its own houses. Meanwhile the law against stealing is only terrible to thieves. If nobody attempts to vote illegally, nobody will suffer. If any body does attempt it, we hope that he will suffer all the penalties prescribed. And if it is despotism to defend honest voters against swindlers, then the kind of despotism is a very excellent thing, and the more there is of it the better.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR GRAIN.

MR. H. KATES JACKSON is once more out in the London *Times* to check the advance in wheat, which he concedes has risen "contrary to his expectations." He thinks, however, that the causes which produced the advance are "likely to disappear whenever the season becomes normally genial." As he furnishes the "keynote" to the dealers in grain throughout England, his opinions are worthy of consideration at home and abroad.

So far as the countries are concerned from which England obtains her supplies, it can not be supposed that Mr. JACKSON knows them otherwise than as the appropriate contributors to English interests; but yet his opinions are circulated far and wide, and are adopted by dealers in exporting communities as if they were entered for their advantage. The object of these frequent publications is to produce a public opinion in England and elsewhere, so strained and general that it will enable the English to procure wheat at their own rates. They are stimulated to this by a great necessity. In the competition with the Continent in manufacturing industry, they have the disadvantage of a more condensed population relatively to the land supposed to the cereals than most of the Continental states, and their unprogressive their own laborers unless they can be supplied with cheap food. The demand of cotton spinners and weavers for an advance in wages is now met with the answer that it is unreasonable because there has been an advantage of cheap bread.

On the score of humanity no complaint would be made of this policy if it were pursued consistently with the interests of the grain producers of the United States; but as the latter have not been receiving a remunerative price for grain, it is not to be expected that this shall be continued. Every year we are confronted with a determined, general, and powerful interest, proceeding from the dealers of London and Liverpool to press down this important interest.

We have, from time to time, shown what are the difficulties in the way of meeting this pressure. The English employ their consular establishment to obtain precise information of the state of the crops in every wheat-growing country. This information is presented in London in a statistical form, with comparative tables embracing longer years, so that at a glance the power of each state to export is ascertained. We have no such policy and no such information. The English also, from a necessity to import from eighty to a hundred million bushels of wheat, in addition to other articles of food, ascertain in value in the aggregate to about five or six hundred millions of dollars, spread their agents over the whole world, so that the knowledge may be attained and specific of the quantity and value of the world's production. We have a few branch houses in countries which produce tea, coffee, sugar, rice, hemp, etc., and at great commercial centres, but have no means to arrive with the precision of the English at the quantity of those staples which are produced and sold in competition with us. We can not meet the systematic and effective course of dealing which is employed against us. At one time purchases are made of wheat in San Francisco and neglected in New York, and next week the reverse. Then both are left, and either the Black Sea, the Baltic, or Egypt becomes the theatre of operations. The three or four hundred vessels which are constantly converging from all the four quarters of the universe to England are consigned by those who know and appreciate the views of the English Cabinet, and of the powerful interests which he represents and advances. We have, from time to time, urged upon Congress and the Administration that our consular establishment shall be Americanized, and charged with the special duties which the English devolve upon their class of officers; but, although Mr. SARGENT, of California, introduced a bill for this purpose, it seems not to have been pressed toward its passage. It may be, as we are reveling in the luxury of abundant supplies of food, that we can afford to be neglectful of the means which enable us to make the most of them; but with the heavy loss of taxation which the country bears, it must soon become necessary that we shall not waste our resources.

Although supplies of wheat are expected from other quarters, yet there is more than a common reliance upon the United States. "Combined with Canada," Mr. JACKSON says, "and Pacific ports (California has shipped over one million quarters since July 1) America seems able to forward all the wheat and flour we require between this date and harvest, and prevent present rates advancing." The advance in wheat at San Francisco, due to drought, has already disturbed these expectations. The region along the Pacific coast is less affected than the interior, owing, it is said, to the influence of sea fogs; but it is admitted that the crops will be very light. The farmers are not bringing in grain, from some apprehension as to the results of the season.

It will have been noticed that more than a usual number of vessels partly loaded with grain and flour for sea-ports in various parts of the

continent of Europe have lately sailed from New York, which give force to what Mr. JACKSON states as to the injurious effect of a late and unfavorable spring in parts of Europe upon the growing crops. The same influence has prevailed in England, and although the districts from which Europe obtains her supplies are numerous and extensive, many of them unknown in this country, except from the English, it seems probable that the advance will be general in England and here, will be maintained. The rapidity of dealing is remarkable. On the 2d of June an English agent in New York, near the close of business hours in Liverpool, received an order to purchase a parcel of old and sound spring wheat which he had been watching for some time, and before the day was over all the transactions relating to it, including the sale of the storage drawn to a point, had been concluded and announced to the house abroad.

Mr. JACKSON gives the price of wheat for several successive months, per quarter of eight bushels, as follows: September, 50s. 8d.; October, 47s. 6d.; November, 46s. 4d.; December, 43s. 10d.; January, 43s. 8d.; February, 41s. 8d.; March, 41s. 6d.; April, 42s. 7d.; May 12th, 43s. 3d. And he adds, "The next general average is likely to be 44s." The result is a remarkable coincidence between these fluctuations and those which attended the gold market. Leaving out of view the price 162½, accomplished momentarily during the raid in September, we give the highest and lowest rates during several successive months:

1869.	1870.
September...138 to 135½	January ...137½ to 119½
October ...135½ to 135¾	February...122¾ to 118¾
November ..135¾ to 132	March ....122¾ to 119¼
December...132¾ to 132¾	April .....117¾ to 118¾
	May .....117¾ to 117¾

The pressure to sell gold commenced in September, at about the period when our exports of grain ceased. As they are paid for in gold, which the seller immediately turns into currency, the difference between the September and the March price of gold represented the measure of loss of those who are engaged in purchasing grain in the interior, and selling it at the seaboard. When the sale of gold by them became weak, and the price turned upward, wheat advanced in this market from the strength communicated to our dealers; and the advance also abroad—the latter due, in part, to unfavorable weather. The prospect is, that owing to the fact that our productions will be distributed at a remunerative rate, the trade and industry of the country will stand on a much improved basis.

FUTTY.

IT is not pleasant to read such an article as that which lately appeared in the London *Spectator* exposing the action of the "Erie" management, with the complicity of the Legislature and of Governor HOFFMAN. That the Governor of the State of New York should be represented by a leading foreign journal, frankly to this country, as the tool of a Ring, and that every American familiar with the facts should feel that the charge is probably not unfounded, is one of the sorest humiliations that could befall us. The alternative was offered to Governor HOFFMAN of becoming putty in the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous Ring, of which the political managers who had made him were important members, or of becoming, with the support of all honest men, a rod of iron to break it. He chose to be putty, and high evidence the words of the *Spectator* that the Erie Ring had "bought up" the State. It is an instructive fact that this gentleman is the "coming man" of the party of which JEFFERSON DAVIS, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, ROBERT TOOMBS, JUDAH BENJAMIN, and LOUIS WIGFALL are the going men, or what the boys call the "has been."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

By JOHN JONES, A.M.

SINCE the exhibition opened we have had the election of officers in the Academy, and, to the great surprise of many, the revolution was not successful. The reformers were very confident, and we all went to the ballot in the appointment. The vote was very close, and we watched the counting with profound interest. There was no election at the first ballot, two votes made matters more interesting; and we went on to the fifth ballot, I think, before Mr. GRAY was declared elected by a majority of two or three out of nearly sixty votes. The result was received quietly, although we all knew how some of our most respected brethren were busily harassing, and others savagely cursing, inwardly. I say cursing, metaphorically, for artists do not swear, although I have sometimes heard them affirm.

We shall now probably remain quiet for another year. The council is supposed to be of reforming tendencies, but the action of the Academicians is very significant. Those who voted against Mr. PAGE were moved by no personal feeling whatever, for I believe we are all agreed in liking him personally, and in honoring his genius and devotion to his art. But he was understood to be the representative of a policy of censure upon the general conduct of affairs, and his defeat, therefore, means only a disapproval of that policy. So I think that we shall not see any very violent departures from the traditions of the Academy during the next year. For my part, I am glad that the gentleman who annually scalped us in the *Tribune* is now abroad, for I don't know what consequences the reform, if there be any, might have produced upon his mind. My impression is that we shall have a ricochet shot across the Atlantic when he does return to New York. But meanwhile I will continue my remarks upon the pictures.

Over the "Little Stranger" of Mr. GUY, which I have already mentioned, hangs Mr. CARPENTER'S careful and most interesting portrait of LORD CAIRNS. It is a fine domestic attraction which certifies the fidelity both of the likeness and of the feeling with which it is painted. I think there is no portrait in the Gallery which will hold the eye longer and touch the heart more deeply than this. Besides, there is a quaint and wonderful and homely in the work which suggests a very pleasant impression of the artist, and one delightfully different from the ordinary Academy. I am glad that there's so much superior talent and excellence of execution among my fellow-artists that we so rarely discover the latent GENTRY as Academician. Otherwise, comparing his annual work with that of some of the N.A.'s, I should be surprised that he was not elected the portrait of Mr. GREELEY last year and of Miss CARY this year is still only an Associate. Mr. CARPENTER is not an Academician, and his portrait is not upon the line, while in the next room —well, I mean that in the next room there is a portrait upon the line of a gentleman somebody who is an N.A., and I beg you to look at it and share my wonder. I say a nameless sone body because I wish to address my query in regard to that painter. I confess that I don't see why CARPENTER is not an N.A. as well as some of the rest of us.

What characteristic pictures of KENSETT'S are "The Meadows at Cold Spring" and "Near Greenwood"! In the words of Mr. Punch, they always recall to my mind that line of TENNYSON'S, "The tender grace of a day that is dead"; and that fine picture of WARREN'S called In Bloom, for there is not; but they have the pathos of intense tranquillity, a summer hush, a sweep of delicate but true feeling. They are very sweet. I don't suppose that he aims at poetic effects, as they are called; but there have been far too many pictures in our rooms of late which many of his pictures. COLE, I think, used to try to paint poetry, and it seems to me that he failed. His performance was commonplace. It was suggested, not by sentiment, but by the stock properties of romance—a castle, a knight on horseback, a youth in a boat, and a lady on the main attending. He imitated imagination, which he undoubtedly had when I have heard called "a beautiful eye"; but the eye, poetic as it is, is a kind of test of the G. P. R. JAMES genius that it sees poetry in old armor, and not in old clothes. That sense is a fine one, but I prefer the newer "by'r lady," or "by my halidome," pronounced always "see mee halidome"; for a hero in the next house and in the last fashion it is not easy for it to perceive.

There is a great deal of this JAMES genius among us absolutely, if we give the details without to make a sentimental suggestion stand for poetry. Shall I say, for instance, "Nothing by LEUTZE," in order to be kind to Mr. KENSETT? The shop-windows are full of specimens of engravings in which this JAMES tendency is garnered. He most successfully thus enhances the some picture of a cross in a stormy sea—the idea of which is really cribbed from DORE'S "Dante." The property we have in mind is one of the Sunday-school hymns, which are nauseous by sentiment. But I must not speak of these, or I shall never get back to the pictures. KENSETT is a most faithful observer, and a most patient student. I used to smile when the *Tribune* denounced upon him the sin of sunset and shirker, who ought to go into the country and study nature; for I remember when I was in Rome how early and late he would assiduously be passed the day before a mullein or a dock plant, and worked away at it until he had fully mastered it. I feel that his sentiment in every part of his pictures now; and the result is a fresh, healthful representation so faithful that the very manner of the work is natural. Refinement in natural form is most shining in him, and his pictures, therefore, are of true quality. They are not poetic, but natural; but that, I suppose, is temperament. It is very much as TENNYSON is called finical and exquisite. I am I not sure that there is not a certain monotony. But where there is a characteristic talent, to complain of monotony is to complain of individuality. It is to complain that a man is himself. Among the flowers in my studio there is a tea-rose; but I don't find it monotonous, although it never puts out tulips. *Non omnia omnes.* We can't all do every thing. KENSETT paints KENSETTS, and we have no right to expect BIERSTADTS and JOHNSONS from him. On the other hand, I—as the public well knows —paint tremendous battle pieces; and he will be very much mistaken who expects to find me painting a lily with LA FARGE or an autumn glade with M'ENTEE.

OF Mr. BIERSTADT'S "Sierra Nevada Mountains" I can say nothing pleasant. It looks like an extravagant drop-scene seen through the wrong end of a spy-glass. My fellow-Academician ought to remember that by exhibiting every year we submit ourselves to the severest ordeal. If we make an impression one year and carry off prizes, every following season we must justify the effect we have produced, or we shall suffer. We can not succeed upon past successes. It is a man, for instance, delivers a popular lecture this year, he will probably be asked again next year. But if he is very stupid there, he will hardly be summoned the third time. The same fate awaits us at the Exhibition. There is nothing more pathetic than looking at the works of the men who used to paint well, or who promised finely but have never performed. If Mr. BIERSTADT had always painted as he did like his name would not have its honorable reputation. If he continues to do this kind of work, what will become of that reputation? Mr. CHURCH'S "After Glow" is one of the studies of light and atmospheric effect of which he is so fond. It is necessarily monotonous, and in this instance almost grotesque. It shows the skill and observation of the artist, but it is not a very pleasing picture, nor is it new; the sentiment in it which seems to be implied. I wonder why it reminded me of the peaches I found in Marseilles, which were very large and blooming and handsome, but without flavor? They were the mere forms of peaches; peaches de-peached, if a National Academician may indulge in such an expression; and if he may not, I do it in my other capacity of A.M. But it is interesting to observe how far this picture; and others by long wanderings in tropical effects, I should like to see Mr. CHURCH trying his hand upon some of the northern aspects of our own nature, with which he began. He has so much knowledge and such skill that the result would be delightful.

We all miss many of the most familiar names this year. EASTMAN JOHNSON, THOMAS HICKS, REGIS GIGNOUX are among the absentees, and so is THOMAS C. FARRAR, who for some time represented the pre-Raphaelites, and who was regarded by the rest of us very much as the Anabaptists were by the Church. Mr. FARRAR is now in Europe, studying and painting diligently, and some of his works during the last year which I have seen seem to me to show both positive progress, and also the value of that severe drill in drawing to which he subjected himself. When he returns, I am disposed to think that he will assert his claims to consideration in a way decided manner. The Anabaptists of this year are Mr. CHARLES H. MOORE and Mr. WILFORD LESLEY—at least, I suppose a youth is a Baptist. There may be others, for whom I will look. I can not see nature as they do; but I can see their sincerity and patience and ability. But their works seem to me to be as yet studies merely. If they are in the right course, they have not yet gone far enough to satisfy me. I am sure that I feel all the conscience in their work; but do they see atmosphere, gradation, harmony, in it? And are there not such qualities in nature? Unquestionably a landscape is an aggregate of details; but is that fact perceived as you survey it, and can you distinctly give the details without losing the landscape? In Mr. FARRAR'S larger pictures I always felt the want of proportion within the dimensions of the art. I mean merely, that as the possibility of the exact imitation of any natural object is various, as you may approach more successfully than others, that which you can imitate least must be the keynote of the whole. We can imitate, for instance, the texture of the white scalloped mush more perfectly than that of the skin of the hand. Therefore, I should say, we must not do cach as well as we can for that would be sure to result in want of harmony—but we must do each with a full consciousness of the conditions, so as to regulate the relation and proportion of the facts. I don't believe that I make myself understood; but if the artists of whom I am now speaking see what I am trying to say, I shall be satisfied. And, meanwhile, if those who laugh at these works only wait until they get over the well, the roses will be very good for a long time.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD has given us some fresh and delightful Pacific coast scenery in "Mount Hood and the Dalles," and the "Desert near Corinne, Utah." He shows a decided improvement, and he will certainly use to the utmost every opportunity of his European visit. Mr. CRANCH, too, gives us a lovely glimpse of woods, and another glance at Venice; and there is a promising little sketch of autumn marshes by Miss F. RICHARDS. I should be very glad if Mr. W. A. GAY, of Boston would again show us some of his tender and beautiful pictures of the soft marshes in that neighborhood. Mr. GAY studied with THOYON in Paris, and can do most excellent things. For some reason he has deserted us. But Brother GAY should remember that we are a "National" Academy, and that really good pictures can nowhere be exhibited to such advantage as upon our walls: as he lives near Boston I will not say our metropolitan walls. But I beg him to try them again. We all wish to do better every year. And we shall do so if he will come once more.

GOLDWIN SMITH AND DISRAELI.

THOSE who think Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH unduly sensitive in taking notice of Mr. DISRAELI'S "Lothair" should recollect that the attack upon him is most indecent; for it is an assertion of his personal character. That is something of which the thousands of the English and American readers of "Lothair" can know nothing, and they will naturally suppose that a person in the position of a gentleman like Mr. DISRAELI would not say of a political opponent what he knew to be untrue. It is not unnecessary, as an atheist, nor, as in this case, "a social reformer," to be a gentleman. Mr. DISRAELI plead that if GOLDWIN SMITH and his friends suffered such an assertion, made by Mr. DISRAELI over his own signature, to pass unchallenged, it would be fairly inferred that there was good reason for the charge. If Mr. DICKENS, in his "Edwin Drood," should say that a distinguished American historian, who went to Europe as the Minister of his country, was given to cheating at cards, would it be unwise for Mr. MOTLEY to call him to account? Nor can Mr. DISRAELI plead that "Lothair" is a work of fiction, and that he does not mention Professor SMITH'S name any more than Mr. DICKENS could do in the case we suppose. Every honorable man will understand Professor SMITH'S feeling.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 31.—A bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Chandler for the encouragement of ship-building. It provides that vessels built in the United States, and registered for the foreign trade, shall be exempt from all duties paid on materials used in their construction. The Internal Revenue registers of vessels are authorized for three years after the bill is passed.—In the House, Mr. Hoar, from the Committee of Elections, reported that Mr. Brooks, no record, was not entitled to the seat from Louisiana, and that Mr. Sypher, Democrat, and an Administration friend, had been duly elected.—The House adjourned.

June 1.—Mr. Sumner spoke in favor of the bill, but a general indisposition to discuss the subject was manifested, and the bill was laid aside.—The greater part of the day was consumed in considering the Indian appropriation bill.—The House spent the entire day in discussing the income tax. The debate was long and tiring.

June 2.—In the Senate, Mr. Kellogg reported a resolution for the appointment of a committee to examine the subject of redeeming the lands on the Lower Mississippi, which were sold for the benefit of the Union Canal Company of the *Jeremy* by mistake. The matter was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Income Tax bill was then taken up, and the various amendments were considered. Amendments were adopted reducing the rate to 2 per cent., making the exemption \$1,000, limiting the allowances for house rent to \$300, and prohibiting the deduction of income received from dividends.—Ingersoll providing that the income tax shall not be collected after January 1, 1871.

June 4.—In the Senate, a bill was passed to aid the Texas Pacific Railroad. The International Pacific Railroad, and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad were referred.—In the House, the bill reducing taxation was taken up. Mr. Schenck reported as an amendment his amended Tariff bill; the House seconded the previous question, but the Republicans of the minority prevented a vote being taken.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Secretary Boutwell's monthly statement of the national debt makes the decrease during the month of May \$7,466,552.—The total amount of the debt on the amount in the Treasury, is \$2,466,552.

The Fenians in Ireland have not assembled Fenians in Ireland, and the Government has little reason to fear their expenses, and the few who still linger in Canada are living upon the good-will of their fellow-citizens.

On the 31st ult. President Grant sent a secret message to the Senate, proposing amendments to the San Domingo treaty, and extending the time for the exchange of ratifications to July 1.

The bill to abolish the Fourth Amendment was signed by the President on the 31st ult.

The Committee of the Cabinet at Rome decided to make vigorous prosecution of the Fenian leaders who have been arrested in Italy, and to refuse them the right of asylum in the Papal States.

The corner-stone of the monument to the Revolutionary Soldiers, near Steuben, in the town of Yorktown, New York, was laid on the 1st inst. with great ceremony.

Whittemore, of South Carolina, has been re-elected to Congress by about 600 majority.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE latest news from Cuba is unfavorable to the insurgents. The expedition which left this city some time since in the steamer *General Quitman* has been captured. The *Lyons* landed the men, arms, and ammunition, and the *Quitman* was captured by the Spanish war-steamer *Bazan*, and brought to South America as a prize, and then released by Republican refugees on the Swiss border.

The French government has released many of the Communists who returned with complicity in the rebellion of 1871.

Russia is about to absorb the little Duchy of Lauenburg, which has an area of 453 square miles, and about 50,000 inhabitants.

A. P. RUDOLPH.

THE DIAMOND CUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

On the evening of the 31st ult. the most popular of indoor games was played at the New York Hippotheatron, by two of the best professional players in this country—Mr. A. P. Rudolph, of New York, and Mr. Cyrille Dion, of Montreal, whose portraits are given on this page. The contest was for the Championship, Diamond Cue, and $1000. The cue was won by Derby at the tournament in April, 1869, when Rudolph came off third best, beating every body but Derby and Foster. Dion first contested Derby for the cue, but the latter was victorious, and held his title till Rudolph won it from him last March in San Francisco. The defeated party has the right to challenge the victor after the expiration of ten days; but Dion waited, before trying his fortune again, until the cue had changed hands. This was his second attempt to entitle himself the champion billiard-player of America. The game was the common four-ball carrom, played on a Phelan & Collender full-size table (under the new measurement 5½ feet by 11 feet), 1500 points up, counting three points for every carrom—push and crotch barred. The table was located in the centre of the ring, on a temporary platform, and at a convenient distance from the spectators in the raised seats surrounding the inclosure.

The contest was very spirited and close, and the playing superb on both sides. The sympathy of the audience appeared to be largely interested in the success of Mr. Dion: and it is not a creditable fact that constant attempts to annoy and irritate his antagonist were made by the friends of the former. Mr. Rudolph maintained the most perfect mental equilibrium during the whole contest, allowing nothing to throw him off his guard, and playing the exhausting game through to the end without once resorting to the aid of stimulants. He won by 13 points. The following is the score in full:

Rudolph....9, 0, 20, 27, 6, 0, 3, 37, 0, 1, 111, 9, 3, 6, 3, 66, 6, 13, 66, 106, 13, 3, 6, 9, 19, 3, 94, 3, 3, 6, 9, 1, 75, 24, 1, 9, 6, 9, 3, 1, 45, 111, 153, 51, 153, 4, 3, 6, 9, 0, 15, 45, 18, 126.	
Dion....0, 3, 18, 40, 3, 7, 1, 10, 6, 3, 3, 3, 3, 6, 3, 3, 21, 34, 1, 10, 171, 3, 30, 54, 6, 33, 9, 70, 10, 10, 10, 64, 6, 9, 90, 48, 180, 0, 159, 12, 0, 3, 57, 0, 18, 48, 15, 6, 3, 36, 0, 15, 126.	
Rudolph's best run ... 153	Dion's best run ... 171
Dion's best run ... 171	Rudolph's best run ... 153
Rudolph's average... 57	Dion's average ... 57

This was by far the most exciting and most closely contested game of billiards ever played in this city; and though Mr. Rudolph retains the Diamond Cue, so honorably won in two contests, it is apparent that there is little difference between his playing and that of Mr. Dion. Both appear to be equally masters of the game.

DUST AND DISEASE.

It was long believed that epidemic diseases were propagated by malaria, which consisted of organic matter in a state of motor-decay; that when such matter was taken into the body, through the lungs or the skin, it had the power of spreading in it a similar decay—what was a case in point. Why should not a bit of malicious matter operate in the body as a little leaven, leavening the whole lump? The air of all large cities is filled with organic dust, which only needs a sufficiently powerful beam of light, striking into a darkened room, to make the air appear as a semi-solid rather than a gas. This all-pervading dust is extremely injurious to health. Dr. Tyndall, of London, has invented a simple respirator—a handful of cotton wool—with which some interesting experiments may be made. Empty the lungs as far as possible, and then inhale a deep breath through a little cotton wool held against the mouth, and on breathing out this air, through a tube, it cuts a black line through the sunbeam, showing that the air is perfectly free from particles of dust. The cotton wool has completely intercepted the floating matter on its way to the lungs; and as no dust was inhaled, none was exhaled. Here, then, is the philosophy of an instinctive habit of medical men. In a contagious atmosphere the physician puts his handkerchief to his mouth, and inhales through it: in short, he keeps back the floating germs. If the poison were a gas it could not be thus intercepted. But cotton wool is the best and surest filter, and a physician who wants to hold back from the lungs of his patient, or from his own lungs, the germs by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, will employ a cotton wool respirator. Such respirators should come into general use as a defense against contagion. In crowded dwellings, where the isolation of the sick is difficult, if not impossible, the noxious air around the patient may by this simple means be restored to practical purity. Thus filtered, attendants may breathe the air unharmed. In all probability the protection of the lungs will be the protection of the entire system. For it is exceedingly probable that the germs which lodge in the air-passages, and which, at their leisure, can work their way across the mucous membrane, are those which sow in the body epidemic disease. If this be so, then disease can certainly be warded off by filters of cotton wool.

CYRILLE DION.

LANDING TROPICAL FRUITS AT BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.—[Drawn by A. R. Waud.]

GAME RETURNING FROM THE RIVER.

Travel and Adventure,

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER VII.

Alarming News.—"The Base."—Hatred Inspired by them.—Uncertainty of their Origin.—Their Type.—We shun their Territory.—The Watch.—We surprise a Rhinoceros.—Value of the Rhinoceros, Hide, and Horns.—Small Birds.—Cunning of the Crocodile.

WE returned to camp late in the evening, and I found the howartis had secured the crocodile of yesterday; but the whole camp was anxious to return to the camp at Delhdilin, as unpleasant reports were brought into our camp by spies, who had seen parties of the Basé in several directions.

When, wishing to explore the Settite, which traverses the country of the Basé, I had endeavored to procure all the information possible concerning this province, I had received but one answer—that it was a wild and ferocious country, inhabited by a ferocious race, whose hand was against every man, and who, in return, were the enemies of all by whom they were surrounded; nevertheless, safe in their mountain strong-hold, they defied all adversaries.

The Basé is a portion of Abyssinia, but the origin of the tribe that occupies this inaccessible hornet's nest is unknown. Whether they are the remnant of the original Ethiopians, who possessed the country prior to the conquests of the Abyssinians, or whether they are descended from the woolly haired tribes of the south banks of the Blue Nile, is equally a mystery; all we know is that they are of the same type as the inhabitants of Fazoglé, of the upper portion of the Blue River; they are exceedingly black, with woolly hair, resembling in that respect the negro, but without the flat nose or prognathous jaw. No quarter is given on either side should the Basé meet the Arabs, with whom war is to the knife. In spite of the overwhelming superiority of their adversaries, the Basé can not be positively subdued; armed with the lance as their only weapon, but depending upon extreme agility and the natural difficulties of their mountain passes, the attack of the Basé is always by stealth; their spies are ever prowling about unseen, like the leopard, and their onset is invariably a surprise; success or defeat is alike followed by a rapid retreat to their mountains.

As there is nothing to be obtained by the plunder of the Basé but women and children as slaves, the country is generally avoided, unless visited for the express purpose of a slave razzia. In this case no quarter is given on either side; it is war to the death.

My aggagoers certainly were not afraid of the Basé. Had it been necessary to attack legions of them, Abou Do, Taher Noor, and Suleiman would have fallen upon them, sword in hand, with real joy; but the rest of the band were greatly disturbed. The Tokrooris themselves, though brave enough in some respects, were far from tranquil.

As I had almost finished the explorations I intended to make in these parts, it was decided that we should break up the camp in a few days and return to our previous bivouac. This sufficed to calm the anxiety.

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A LION.

Before my departure I made up my mind to have one more day's hunting in the neighborhood.

Within three hundred yards of the camp was a regular game path, by which the animals arrived at the river to drink every morning from seven to nine. I had shot several tétel and ariel by simply waiting behind a rock at this place. I once more concealed myself, and was shortly rewarded by the arrival of several herds, including nellut (*A. Strepsiceros*), tétel (*A. Tiddalia*), ariel

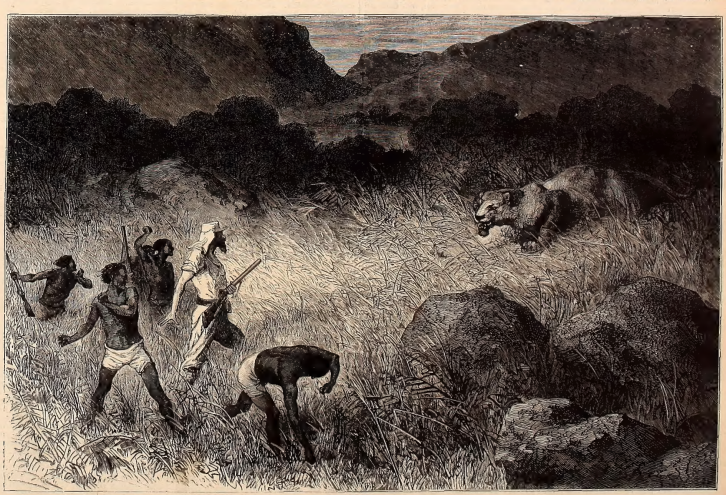

THE DYING LIONESS.

(*G. Dama*), the black striped gazelle (*G. Dorcas*), the small oterop (*Colotragus Mesiaus*); and, among these, two ostriches. I had seen very few ostriches in this country. I now had a good chance, as the herd of animals returned from drinking, by charging at full speed up the steep bank from the water, and they passed about twenty yards from my hiding-place, headed by the ostriches. Having the little Fletcher, I was suddenly tempted to fire a right and left, so as to bag my ostrich with one barrel, and a wild-fowl with the other. Both fell for an instant; the bird dead, shot through the neck; but my ostrich was that a fine cock bird, immediately recovered, and went off with his wife as hard as their long legs could carry them. I was completely disgusted. I had evidently fired too far behind, not having allowed sufficiently for the pace and direction of their flight. However, to make amends, I snatched a spare single-rifle from one of the men, and knocked over another wild fowl—and the last of the herd. For about an hour I attempted to follow up the tracks of the ostrich, but among the rocky hills this was impossible. I therefore mounted Aggidar, and with my trackers, Tather Noor, and the Tokrooris as gun-bearers, I crossed the river and rode straight into the interior of the country. This was my favourite hunting ground, as the game was generally plentiful. Dismounting, I gave them the horse, and, accompanied by Tather Noor, I began to work to look the animal; and perceiving him beneath a tree within fivepaces, I took a steady shot behind the point of the shoulder. The instant that I fired he winked sharply round, and looked upon all sides in the utmost confusion. I saw that he was severely wounded, as he walked slowly; and upon my arrival at a little spreading mimosa he lay down. We now advanced toward the tree, and I sent Tather Noor round to the other side in order to give the attention should he rise to the rise. This he quickly proved by springing up as I advanced. Accordingly, I hailed my tracker. Noor had taken his stand about eighty paces beyond the tree. The rhinoceros now turned and faced him. This gave me the opportunity that I had expected, and I ran quickly to within thirty yards, just in time to obtain a good unobstructed shot, as, hearing my footsteps, he turned toward me. Whirl! whirl! and he charged vigorously upon the wind. I sent a bullet through the base remaining barrel, he ran round and round in a narrow circle, uttering a short, shrill cry of pain, fell heavily upon his side. I threw a stone at him, but he was already dead. The hide of the rhinoceros is exceedingly easy to detach from the body, as the quality is so hard and stiff that it separates from the flesh like the parts of a gun-carriage. In a couple of hours it had been detached in section for shields, and sufficient flesh was hacked from the canal, together with the delicious-looking hend, which was secured by ropes upon the saddle.

A rhinoceros hide furnishes material for seven shields. A piece large enough for this purpose is sold for about two dollars. The horns of the same animal are likewise sold for two dollars a pound in Abyssinia, where they are much used for sword-hilts.

I returned slowly, following the river. The banks were overgrown with small bush, and strong the bushes (a species of willow) grew by the water's edge. The weight of a single flock beside the river no slender branch until they touch the water. This is their opportunity for drinking, as their beaks for an instant touch the stream. These unfortunate little birds get no rest; the large fish and the crocodile prey upon them when they attempt to drink, while the falcons and hawks pounce them at all times, in every direction.

Few creatures are so sly and wary as the crocodile. I watch them continually as they attack the dense flocks of small birds that throng the bushes at the water's edge. These birds are perfectly aware of the danger, and keep a look-out for the attack if possible. The crocodile then quietly and innocently lies upon the surface, as though it had apparently quite by an accident, and thus attracts the attention of the birds, and it slowly sails away in a considerable distance, exposed to their view. The birds, thus beguiled by the deceiver, believe that the danger is removed, and they again flock to the bank, and once more dip their thirsty beaks into the stream. Thus absorbed in slaking their thirst, they do not observe that their enemy is no longer on the surface. A sudden splash, followed by a huge pair of jaws bursting from the bush that projects the centre of victims, is the signal unexpectedly given of the destruction of scores, who into the water, and hastened under cover of water to his victims. I have seen the crocodiles repeat this manœuvre constantly; they descend to a fresh retreat, and then attack from below.

In like manner the crocodile preserves, while it is floating on the surface in mid-stream, or from the opposite side of the river, a woman filling her girba, or an animal drinking, etc., etc. Sinking immediately, it swims perhaps a hundred yards under water, and again appearing for an instant upon the surface, it assures itself of the position of its prey by a stealthy look; once more it sinks, and reaches the same spot upon which the person or animal may be. Seeing distinctly through the water, it generally makes its first fatal rush from beneath, sometimes seizing with its jaws, and at other times striking the object into the water with its tail, after which it is seized and carried off.

The crocodile does not attempt to swallow a large prey at once, but generally carries it away, and keeps it for a considerable time in its jaws in some deep hole beneath a rock or the root of a tree, where it eats it at leisure.

CHAPTER VIII.

At Dellediffa.—No Aggagers.—Neighboring Forest.—Tracks of a Lion around the Camp.—Search for the Lion's Haunt.—Two Lions Started at One, and no Rifle.—Death of a Lioness.—Beauty of the Country.—Difficulty of Water.—Fine Scenery.—A Lion seeks to make his Way Into the Camp.—Pursuit of the Lion.—Terrific Fight Face to Face with the Lion.

THE next day we returned to Dellediffa, where we found every thing as we had left it, except that I had no more aggagers. The Sheref of Dellediffa, however, was to agree with Abon Do, had gone, and were hunting on the banks of the River, while I was to remain and guard the Settie. As to the two others, they had ridden so recklessly on unnecessary occasions that all their horses were knocked up and incapable of hunting. My three horses, having been well cared for, were in excellent condition. Abon Do coolly proposed that I should lend them to him, which I, of course, refused, as I had a long journey before me. This led to disagreement, and I ordered him and his people to leave my camp, and to return home. This was no reason to complain. During the time they had been with me they had sent to Geera, on their own account, for their own horses, and for their hides, fat, and dried meat. They had also had the greater portion of my flour. Never had they been so profitable an expedition.

While the men were engaged in pitching the tents and arranging the camp, I took my double-barreled small rifle, and, with Tather Noor as my sole companion, I started in search of game, expecting to obtain a shot at a reedbuck within a quarter of a mile. The ground was sandy but thinly timbered, and there was no grass. Noor and as the forest was bounded on two sides by the river, and separated from it by a narrow belt of high grass, I thought that I could cut the country of grass had spread this portion, which was an average for all kinds of game, in a state of luxuriance and cover. It was a buffalo that I killed instead of an antelope. My men sent to work to cut the animal up, and to carry the meat to the camp, while I continued my search for game. Before leaving I had given orders to leave the carcass and a portion of the meat as a bait for the lions, with which the neighborhood abounded, although it was exceedingly difficult to see them, as they were so thoroughly in keeping with the subdue bush. I was fully resolved to track the lions, should, if the thing were possible in a region so favorable to them.

That night we were serenaded by the roaring of three animals, which appeared to be lions having visited our camp, around which we discovered the footprints in the following morning. I accordingly took Tather Noor, with Haaji Ali and Hassan, two of my trusty Tokrooris, and started straight for the river, which was the direct cess of the buffalo. As I had expected, nothing remained—not even a bone. The ground was much trampled, and tracks of lions were upon the sand; but the body of the buffalo had been dragged into the thorny jungle. It was impossible, if possible, to get a shot; therefore I followed carefully the track left by the carcass, which led forward in the withered grass. Unfortunately the lions had dragged the buffalo down wind; therefore, after I had entered within the thick bubbak and high grass, I came to the conclusion that my only chance would be to follow a line parallel to the wind, and to cut through the thorns, until I should be advised by my eyes of the position of the lions. Of course I would by this time be in a state of putrefaction, and the lions would most probably be with the body. Accordingly, I took a line to the left, and continuing straight forward for some hundred yards, I again struck into the thick bush, which in the thick bubbak and high grass, I came to the conclusion that my only chance would be to follow a line parallel to the wind, and to cut through the thorns, until I should be advised by my eyes of the position of the lions. Of course I would by this time be in a state of putrefaction, and the lions would most probably be with the body. Accordingly, I took a line to the left, and continuing straight forward for some hundred yards, I again struck into the thick bush, which came round to the wind. Success depended on extreme caution; therefore I advised my three men to keep close behind me with their spare rifles, as I carried my single-barreled Beatie, and in this manner we proceeded very slowly. I had chosen it for this close work, when I expected to get a shot at the eye or forehead of a lion, should he charge. The bush was full, with difficulty I crept forward, followed closely by my men, through the tangled growth, which formed the dense mimosa bubbak bushes; peering through the thick covert, with the nerves tuned up to full pitch, and the finger on the trigger ready for any emergency. We had thus advanced for about half an hour, during which I frequently applied my mouth to within a foot of the ground to catch the scent, when a sudden puff of wind brought the unmistakable smell of the decomposing flesh. For the moment I halted, and, looking round to my men, I made a sign that we were close upon the lions. Every one of my men were to be ready with the rifles. Again I crept gently forward, bending, and sometimes crawling, through the thorns to avoid the slightest noise. As I approached, the smell became stronger, and I at length felt that I was close to the cause. This was highly exciting. Fully prepared for a quick shot, I cautiously crept on. I was suddenly arrested by a dense thorns within a few feet of me suddenly brought my rifle to my shoulder—almost in the same instant I observed the three-quarter figure of either a lion or a lioness within three yards of me, with her head to the bush and her shoulder to me. I had been creeping—the foliage concealed the beast, but I could almost have touched the shoulder with my rifle. Instantly I pressed upon the bullet; and I fired exactly through the centre of the shoulder. Another tremendous roar! and a crash in the bushes, as the animal made a bound forward, was succeeded immediately by a similar roar, as another lion took the exact position of the last, and stood over the carcass in front of the rifle, and seeking for the cause of the intrusion. This was a great lion with a shaggy mane; but I was unloaded, keeping my eyes fixed on the beast, while I stretched my hand back for a spare rifle; the lion remained standing, but gazing up wind with his head raised, snuffing in the air for a scent of the enemy. No rifle was put into my hand. I looked back for an instant, and saw my Tokrooris faltering, about five yards behind me. I looked daggers at them, gnashing my teeth and shaking my fist. They saw the lion, and Tather Noor snatching a rifle from Haaji Ali, gave it to me. I took it, and as Hassan, ashamed, ran forward—the lion disappeared at the same moment! Never was such a fine chance lost through the indecision of the gun-bearers! I made a vow never to carry a single-barreled rifle again when hunting large game. If I had had my dear little Fletcher, I should have nailed the lion to a certainty.

However, there was not much time for reflection—where was the first lion? Some remains of the buffalo lay about my right, and I expected to find the lion, most probably crouching in the thorns somewhere near us. Having reloaded, I took one of my Beatie No. 10 rifles, and listened attentively for a sound. Presently I heard a grunt a few yards in my front. Tather Noor drew his sword, and, with his shield before him, he searched for the lion, while I crept forward toward the sound that was again reported. A loud roar, accompanied by a rush in the jungle, and the lioness sprang out to the left in front of within ten or twelve yards; but I had no chance to fire. Again the lion growl was repeated, and, step after step creeping toward the spot, I saw a splendid animal crouched upon the ground among the withered and broken grass. The lioness lay dead with the bullet wound in the shoulder. Occasionally, in her rage, she bit her own paw violently, and then struck and clawed the ground. A pool of blood by by her side. She was then about ten yards from us, and I was preparing to throw a clod of earth at her (there were no stones), to prove whether she was dead, when I caught sight of the cubs. She merely replied with a dull roar, and I remarked her misery by a ball through the head. She was a beautiful animal, and the effect of the bullet was sticking in the wound; she was shot through both shoulders, and as we were not far from the tent, I determined to have her brought to camp upon a camel as an offering to my wife. Accordingly I left Tather Yakcoorie, while I went with Tather Noor to fetch a camel.

On our road through the thick jungle I was disturbed by a noise close to me: for the moment I thought it was a lion, but almost at the same instant I saw a fine male ostrich within ten paces of me, and I killed it immediately with a bullet through the back of the neck. This was great luck, and we were much rejoiced to obtain, as in a few shots I had killed a lioness and a rellet.

We remounted, and came to the scene of our delightful camp at Dellediffa. Above the camp the river was extremely picturesque; with high mountains and steep cliffs covered with dark tamarind trees, or with their granite cliffs covered with the purple cactus of the desert, and altogether this solitude coursed the limpid waters of the Settie. The country swarmed with game. It would be impossible to enumerate all my exciting hunting expeditions in this region. My Arabs, who had left the position reserved, formerly made their fortunes. Not only did large game abound, but all sorts, elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceros, buffaloes, giraffes, and antelopes.

As our camp was full of meat, we had been a great attraction to the beasts of prey, who continually approached under our thin fences during the night. One night in particular, a lion attempted to enter, but was prevented by the dogs. Tokrooris, who pelted him with fire-brands; my people woke me up and begged me to shoot him, but, as it was impossible to see him as he crouched through the hedge of thorns, I refused to be disturbed, but promised to look for him on the following day. Throughout the entire night the lion prowled around the camp, growling and attempting to force his way in. Not one of my people slept, as they declared he would bound into the centre of the camp. Numerous fires were kept up the watch-fires are drove him away with brands. The next day, before sunrise, I collected my people, and with whom I accompanied by upon their crowvaise on a former occasion, and I crossed the river in order to follow up the dead. I intrusted them with two rifles, and, with my little Fletcher in hand, I determined to search the bushes by the scorching every thicket of the forest for lions, as I felt convinced that the animal was lying severely wounded in the spot we soon concealed somewhere within the neighboring jungle.

Thick jungle has passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain; having abundance of meat, I had ordered the camel to be prepared with the saddle and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. It was the afternoon, and as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired; and, as the sun had nearly set, I ordered a halt to search the ground, having through alternate open glades of a few yards width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle. I was cautiously observing my men upon my shoulder, as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar just before me at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me. He had been lying on the ground, and had started by his fast upon hearing the approach through the jungle. For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but, as the same moment, I took a quick but sure shot with the little Fletcher. He gave a convulsive bound, but rolled over backward; before he could recover himself I fired the left hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Tather Noor stood by me, armed in hand. The lion, in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristled in the air, gnawed with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavored to charge upon us; but he dragged his hind-quarters through the ground, and was immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack, he tilted over and over, grinding his terrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws, that would have made a man's skull like an egg-shell. Seeing that he was *hors de combat*, I took it coolly, as I reserved dusk, and the lion was being rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would, in all probability, be dead when morning.

On the following morning, before sunrise, I started, with nearly all my people and a powerful camel, with the intention of bringing the lion home entire. I recite my horse Tigre, who had frequently shown great courage, and I wished to prove whether he would advance to the body of the lion.

Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been that of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the locality; one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy, interspersed with thick jungle of green bubbak. I accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Haaji Ali cried out: "There he lies, dead!" and I immediately rode to the spot, to gather the people. A tremendous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet; and, with his head low down over, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep, short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture. He looked like a true lord of the forest; but I pitied the poor brute, as he was badly hurt; and, although his spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralyzed by a broken back.

It was a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unexpected roar the camel had bolted with its rider. The horse had, for a moment, started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in an instant I had reined Tirol up, and I gave rode straight toward the lion, who received the encounter about twenty paces distant.

Tigre was opposite the noble beast at bay, and, seeing no advance of the party, increased his rage, and growled deeply, fixing his glance upon the horse. I have patted Tirol on the neck, and spoke to him cosingly. He gassed intently at the lion, erected his mane, and snorted, but lowered no signs of retreat. "Bravo! old boy!" I said; and, encouraging him by caressing his neck with my hand, I rode slowly forward quite up with my heel. I let him just feel my hand upon the rein; and, with a "Come along, old lad!" I rode slowly and resolutely straight by step by step, toward the infuriated lion, that greeted him with continued growls. The horse would fume snorted loudly, and stared fixedly at the terrible face before him; but, as I constantly patted and caressed him, he did not refuse to advance. I checked him when within about six yards from the lion. This would have made a magnificent picture, as the horse, with astounding courage, faced the lion at bay. Both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one bounding with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough; I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tirol perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock, for he knew that I was steadied him. I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. I did not, however, finished him shot. I now dismounted; and having patted and caressed the horse, I led him up to the lion, that was now in the agonies of death, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and, as I released my hold of the animal, left him unmoved. Then, he slowly lowered his head and smelled the mane of the lion. He then turned a few steps upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nubbak bushes. My Arabs were perfectly delighted with this extraordinary instance of courage exhibited by the horse. I had now time to look at the lion. Haaji Ali and Tirol had advanced boldly toward the angry jaws of a lion that appeared about to spring. The camel had now brought in one eye and blindfolded, while we endeavored to secure the lion upon its back. As the camel was to be the bearer of the united exertions of eight men, including myself, to raise the ponderous animal, and to secure it across the saddle.

Although so active and cat-like in its movements, a full-grown lion weighs about five hundred and fifty pounds. Having secured it, we shortly arrived in camp. The *camp d'oeil* was beautiful, as the camel entered the interval, with the shaggy head and massive paws of the dead lion hanging upon one flank, while the tail trailed backward to the ground upon the opposite side. It was laid at full length before my tent. The Arabs, the claws were collected as a trophy, to be worn around the neck as a talisman. Not only are the claws prized by the Arabs, but the muzzle of the lion is carefully preserved and sewn in a leather envelope, to be worn as an amulet. Such a charm is supposed to protect the wearer from the attacks of wild animals.

In all probability, this was the lion that was in the habit of visiting our camp; as, from that time forward, the roars of such animals were our nightly music, we were never afterward visited so closely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE TENTED FIELD.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

LYDIA WESTERN was only just recovering from the shock of her husband's sudden death when the full Indian fiasco showed that a serious war was on hand for the people of the United States. Lydia Western was fully twenty years younger than her husband; and she had never lived him with any thing like passionate ardor. But his affection and kindness and devotion had won her esteem and gratitude, and, at last, her tender regard. A wealthy New York merchant, he had taken her, a poor girl, an obscure teacher in a drawing, and raised her, by marrying her, into opulence and station. She was beautiful, she was highly cultivated, she presided with grace and brilliancy over Mr. Western's home and his social circle, and she was calmly happy and contented while he lived. He died after a day's illness, and she felt the shock profoundly; but, perhaps, all the more because she had not loved him. For she thought she ought to have loved him, and had, therefore, some remorse added to her grief. Life looked so blank and dreary to her, when she was thus left alone, that she felt she must lose herself in some earnest and active work, or sink into a monotonous far worse than death. She had no children.

So, when the war deepened and grew more sanguinary, she made up her mind that she would be a nurse, that she would organize a staff of nurses, and try to do such work as Florence Nightingale and Miss Stanley had done in the Crimea, as many noble American women were doing even then on American battle-fields. She obtained permission from the Government to do her best; and she was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and she found ample and good service to the wounded of more than one bloody field. I am not going to tell of her services here, to enter into any detail of how and of she did. Many other American ladies did the same work; and the country knows what they have done, and how much they deserved who thus spontaneously and nobly devoted themselves to do it. Besides, this is a story of love in the serious business of war and wounds and nursing only comes in here as a back-ground or frame-work for my tale.

A great battle was being fought in Virginia, and the wounded were being brought in faster than the best exertions of surgeons or nurses could attend to; and Lydia Western was occupied as best as any man or woman could be in Federal lines. Into the tent where she was engaged they were bringing new sufferers every moment; and one wounded, insensible man was laid at last across the entrance to the tent, so that no one could pass in or out without stepping over his body. Lydia came, in due time, to this poor creature, who was lying there unnoticed and unheeded, and she found that he had a severe wound in the shoulder from a fragment of shell, apparently, and a heavy sabre-cut on the head. He was insensible, indeed, but still breathing strongly and regularly; and Mrs. Western thought there was good hope for him. For the moment, however, there was nothing to be done for him but to let him lie there undisturbed, as she attended to others, but came softly over every now and then to see whether he was in a condition to receive food or medicine.

I have said that Lydia had been a teacher of drawing. She had indeed a special passion for it with her pencil, and might with perseverance have become a successful artist if fortune had not favored her from her the straining necessities of having to earn her bread. This poor fellow lying wounded at the entrance of the tent had a face and form which appealed with irresistible power to her artistic faculties. In the first there are descriptions of wounded and dying heroes lying on the battle-field which might almost make one in love with wounds and death, so exquisite are the pictures of their suffering. They lie there, the beautiful youths of Greece or Troy, stern and graceful in their self-possession, the blood encircling by purple contrast the golden glory of their curling locks and the calm marble whiteness of their foreheads and shoulders. The solemn beauty of a statue, the thrill and color of life, the sublime pathos that only death can give, are all there at once; and I question whether any generous boy ever read some of these Homeric descriptions without envying the fate that meant "the stately repose and the lordly delight of the city whose strength is in arms," and not made fascinating and noble. Well, the youth who lay insensible at Lydia Western's feet was one whose wounded form and whose wounded head Homer might have loved to picture. A form all grace and suppleness and strength and symmetry, the chest of Antinous, the head of Apollo, the golden, curling, waving hair of Achilles. The blood that soaked into that golden hair and ran seemed to bring with it any suggestion of horror or hideousness, so calm was the expression of the face, so rich and beautiful the blending of purple and gold in the war-stained curls. In truth, the nurse was for the moment lost to the artist. Lydia gazed not so much with pity at the sufferer as with admiration at the model. She could hardly withdraw her eyes from the noble, graceful form, every outline of which, despite the wounds and the weakness, seemed made to speak of the very pride and glory of youthful, manly health. In fact, a temptation came upon Lydia Western which she could not resist. She had always a pencil in her belt; she found a large piece of white paper. She knelt by the wounded man in the sinking sunlight of an exquisite autumnal evening; and there, with the wounded, and the dead all around her, with the battle still raging only, as it seemed, a few furlongs off, with the roar of the cannon shaking in the leaves of the trees, and the very blades of the grass near the tent, she occupied herself in making a rapid drawing of that noble face and figure. While she drew, the artist began to yield to the woman, and she looked with inexpressible admiration and pity on the face of the wounded youth; and giving way to a sudden irresistible emotion, for which she presently felt her cheek grow crimson and her with shame, she bent down and dropped a kiss, which felt light as a falling rose-leaf on the soldier's silent lips. She started up, almost affrighted, for she fancied that the soldier's eyes opened for a moment, and a slight sigh seemed to escape from the lips she had kissed. But that must have been only the delusion of her remorseful conscientia. For when, hundred young man, just recovering from the effects of his wounds, and therefore very dull and sluggish in the memory of a little woman's face, which, in good truth, was that of Lydia Western.

Lydia Western went to Europe and brought her picture with her. It was small, and she would not sell it without it; although she had given up showing it to any body, and now kept it only for her own eyes, and her own dulled and regrets. In Florence she was a frequent visitor to the salon of a French lady whom she had known in Paris, and who was fond of the society of Americans. This lady was a genuine bonhomme, and very frank in her worldly disinterment of her predilections, and she liked charming women, such as Lydia Western, especially when they possessed also a fortune; because, since the days of Æneas, so we all know, lions have been drawn by the attractions of pretty women.

"I am an egotist, unquestionably, my dear," this lady said to her one night, drawing her into a corner of the crowded salon, "I am quite decided, indeed. I expected to have presented to you such a *beau garçon*, one of my compatriots, and almost a connection by the relation of yours."

"Indeed, Madame! Who is he?" Lydia asked, not greatly interested in the answer.

"But the young Vicomte Charles d'Esterre! Do you not know he actually quarreled with his family, a devoted Bonapartist and Imperialist, and exiled himself from his home, to fight under the Stars and Stripes for love for liquidity? Like the brave young Orleans princes—whom he knows as of his intimate friends."

"I am afraid I have not met the Vicomte Charles d'Esterre in our army. Not of course he may have been there and I not know it. I am surprised that I never heard his name."

"Ah! but that is the romance of the story. He served as a private soldier under some very ordinary name. His parents knew nothing of him until he came back wounded and sent in his title the war was over. He had been taken by the enemy and immured in the dreadful prisons of the South. Such adventures! He shall tell them to you himself."

"But if he is not coming—?"

"He shall come. He shall know that there is a lovely American who, like him, followed the arts of the Muses, and who knows every bottle and he will come delighted. For the rest, he loves America; and he has himself told me that the most beautiful face he ever saw he saw in America. But, unhappily, it was only in a dream."

"I, too," thought Lydia to herself, "it seem to have seen the face which most deeply interested me in a dream. But it is best it might not. I have been a dream as the futile, fading reality that it was."

She said nothing, however, and the conversation dropped, and the Vicomte Charles d'Esterre did not come that night, and Lydia nearly forgot all about him.

A few days passed and she received a note from him.

"MADAME,—Why have I not seen you since there fancy days? Because tonight. he says you are not, for we young here of the American war is coming; and I have received him of you, and he longs to be presented to you."

Why did Lydia feel something like a trepidation, to her quite unusual, as she received the friend's *soiree* that night? I fancy people do have such an anticipation more often than we suppose when something momentous is about to happen to them. If we will only remember, I think we shall find that we always had a vague sub-knowledge of the fact when about to meet some one who was destined profoundly to affect the course of our lives. Lydia did feel strangely possessed and *exalté* as she entered the room that night.

But she soon summoned to her energy.

"Madame Lydia Western, I have the honor to present to you my compatriot, much distinguished, and your fellow-soldier, the Vicomte Charles d'Esterre."

And then, bowing before Lydia, stood the hero of her picture, the wounded soldier of her battle-field, the whole noble face the same, the whole silent lips she had kissed. And as he, bowing, raised his eyes they kept on the face of the Madonna-like woman—the face which had been over his as he lay on the Virginia battle-field.

"But you have met before!" exclaimed the hostess, seeing the simultaneous flash of recognition and silence in the eyes of both her friends.

"I have seen M. the Vicomte before," Lydia said, in a low, hesitating, almost a trembling voice; "but I did not then know him."

"And I," said D'Esterre—"I have seen Madame, but I did not know it was in a dream."

They spoke a little of the war and its events; but Lydia said nothing of the tent and the tresses. She had found her hero, but as yet she did not dare to acknowledge him. He, in his part, was almost wholly bewildered. The mystery was all inexplicable to him; and when he approached her, as she retreated, as evidently with a purpose that he forbore to press the subject. But he obtained permission to visit her the next day.

Lydia prepared to receive him, and deliberately did something for which every prudent, proper, self-respecting, dignified, and well-regulated woman would, I am sure, utterly condemn her. She placed in her room the picture to which she had devoted so much love and labor.

"My picture—my very picture!" exclaimed D'Esterre, as his eyes fell upon the painting. "Then, Madame, it was not a dream? It was your face which bent over me as I lay on that field—it was your eyes which looked so pityingly into mine—it was—And I have dreamed of you ever since!"

"He does not know of the kiss, thank Heaven!" Lydia said, in her own mind; but she blushed, nevertheless, and indeed she was wrong in her assumption.

"It was I, Vicomte," she said, "who saw you there, and who left you on the battle-field to die, or to be made prisoner."

"It was you who saved my life!" he exclaimed, with extraordinary vivacity. "You are my guardy and pity recalled me to existence, and made his whole having, and gave me an ideal and a hope that never left me."

They were self-confessed lovers already. This was somewhat heart-making indeed; but then it seems somehow to have been decreed and arranged beforehand, and, in short, they had been loving each other for years. They were married the other day; and the principal ornament of their salon is the picture of the young soldier lying wounded on the battle-field.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LADY had been cautioning her son, a bright, affectionate little boy, in the matter of telling evil. "You know, my child," she said, "I can not help believing whatever you tell me, for I know you will not lie. Ah! Freddy, you have filled my heart with joy." "Then, mamma," replied the dear little child, "you must be extremely glad that I may know something of the feelings of a father!"

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, Sah; but I've seen 'em all skilled."

The art of puffing has reached its climax out in Illinois. This is the way they do it: "If you want to read the news of the day of the bloody river, the rush of the mighty Colorado over falls the imagination fails to picture, descriptions which have rent the hearts of the mountains, and down into the inner depths of the earth, go there to Major Powell."

Why is the earth like a blackboard?—Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

A man whose wife hung herself in his presence, on seeing nobody was near, did not prevent her, replied: "I cut her down three times last week, and I saw it was no use cutting her down."

In studying the book of Nature the best reading will be found in the swamps.

If you want your neighbors to "know all about you," give a party, and don't invite the folks who live next door.

Asking a lady what her accomplishments are is generally equivalent to a summer sunset. Still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to ask the question. "Do you paint?"

A TEXAS murderer wants his execution delayed because he is in poor health.

A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "Now, girls," he said, "you've got a piece apiece for the damsels. "Not at all," replied the eldest; "one of the damsels is a widow, and the other is an orphan."

Will Street is seldom original, but is great in quotations.

A young man, accompanied by his lady-love, took breakfast at an hotel the other day. Never having seen any fat-balls, he handed one to his lady, under the impression that it was a dough-nut. After breaking open the delicacy, and examining the contents of it and with a sagacious voice said, "Sal, don't eat that dough-nut. Ther's nothin' in it but lard."

Old Master Brown brought his firule down,
His face was angry and red;
Master Blazer, fly at the door,
Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blazer, with a mottled air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Walked away and sat all day
By the girl who loved him best.

How would you paint an absent-minded friend?—In brown study.

"You say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorted to an ingenious device to ascertain the character of the defendant. What you mean by that?" "Well," said the witness, "my exact meaning is, that he lied."

DIFFICULT PENETRATION.—Putting a stop to a geologist's tongue.

A close-fisted fellow treating a friend to some old wine poured out a very small quantity. The latter, tasting the liquor, and holding it before his eyes, remarked, rather skeptically: "You say this is forty years old?" "Yes, sir," answered the host. "Then," rejoined our friend, "all I have to say is, that it is very small for its age."

Why are farmers like fowls?—Because neither will get *crops* without industry.

A man, on being told how generous farmer that he would give forty cents of Cider, said he would like to bring it to his house. "Certainly, replied the farmer, with pleasure." "Well," said the other, disappointed, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

TO AVOID DRAUGHTS.—Don't take any.

"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his "better half," "you have made a grievous error. I have ordered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of mechanical genius." "There, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that yours is very salvable, and will stick to you as long as you live."

A physician examining a student as to his progress, said to him, "Should a man fall into a forty feet well deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what is the first step you'd take if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied, "I would advise them to leave him there, sir, and fill up the well."

INDIANS ON THE WAR-PATH.—DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

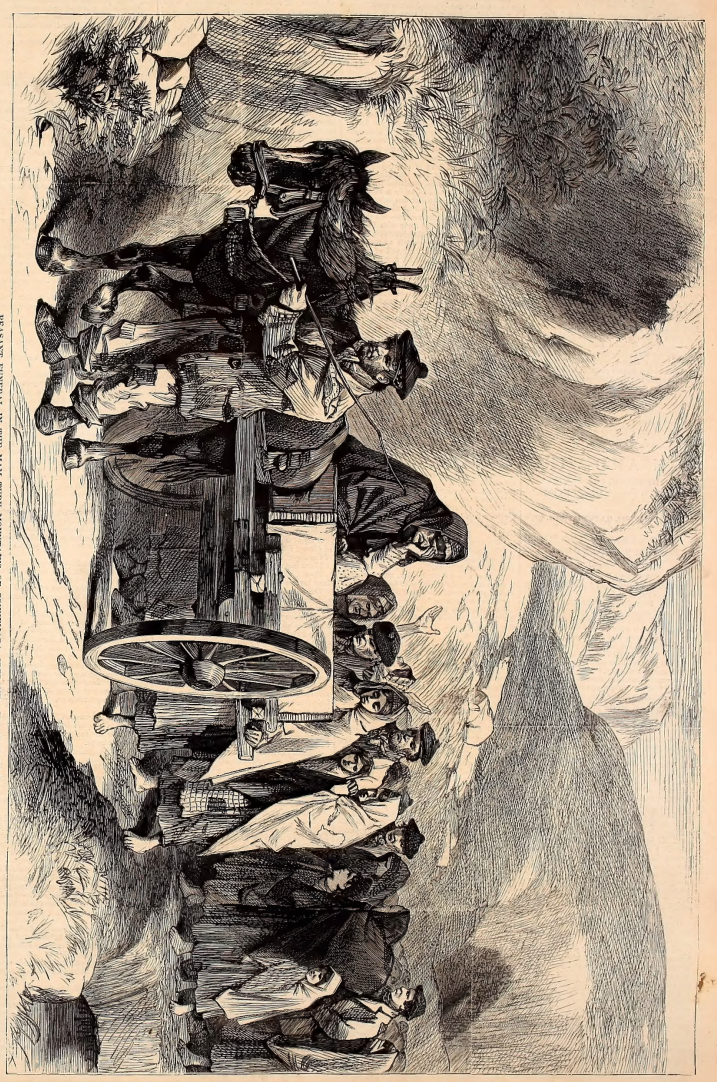

PEASANT FUNERAL IN THE MAM TURK MOUNTAINS OF CONNEMARA, IRELAND.—[See Page 394.]

THE MEETING.

WITH Time I turn—years backward flow,
Again that golden shore I trace,
Where, in the light of long ago,
I first beheld thy face.

Soft summer airs waved warm and light;
A solemn psalm, breathed o'er the bay,
Came like the chord's mated march of Night,
Ascending far away.

The sun burned downward to the deep,
And glowed through many a parable bar;
While, like a virgin from her sleep,
Arose the Evening Star.

There oft had I, with care oppressed,
Forgetful, dream'd of other lands;
And then sought a realm of rest
Along those silent sands.

As mists that melt in azure skies,
Thy tears fell fast; such woe was mine;
Like magnets glanced thy streaming eyes,
And drew my soul to thine.

A PEASANT FUNERAL IN IRELAND.

ON page 393 we give, this week, an illustration of a peasant funeral in the Mom Turk Mountains of Connemara, Ireland. It consisted, when an eye-witness of the mourning incident, mostly of women and girls. The chief mourner sat in the cart beside the coffin, which was simply a rough deal box, wrapped about with a white sheet, to signify that the corpse was that of a virgin, the plain wood being left uncovered at both ends. They had a journey of eight Irish miles before them to the place of interment. The inset at the foot of this mournful sketch is like that of the Western Highlanders of Scotland, in their rough grey tweed and blue bonnets. The women cover their heads and shoulders with a square piece of white flannel, which is used, like the Scottish plaid, for other purposes—as a coverlet when sleeping, or to carry a burden or a child in.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "No Name," "Armadale," "My Name,"
"The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTEENTH SCENE.—PORTLAND PLACE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

(Continued.)

A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

SIR PATRICK LUNDIE and ANNE SILVESTER were alone in the room.

He took from the breast-pocket of his coat the sheet of note-paper which contained Anne's letter, and Geoffrey's reply. His hand trembled as he held it; his voice faltered as he spoke.

"I have done all that can be done," he said. "If I have left nothing untried, to prevent the necessity of producing this."

"I feel your kindness gratefully, Sir Patrick. You must produce it now."

The woman's calmness presented a strange and touching contrast to the man's emotion. There was no shrinking in her face, there was no unsteadiness in her voice as she answered him.

He took her hand. Twice he attempted to speak; and twice his own agitation overpowered him. He offered the letter to her in silence.

In silence, on her side, she put the letter away from her, wondering what he meant.

"Take it back," he said. "I can't produce it! I daren't produce it! After what my own eyes have seen, after what my own ears have heard, in the next room—as God is my witness, I daren't ask you to declare yourself Geoffrey Delamayn's wife!"

She answered him in one word.

"Should!"

He shook his head impatiently. "Not even in Blanche's interests! Not even for Blanche's sake! If there is any risk, it is a risk I am ready to run. I hold to my own opinion. I believe my own vow to be right. Let it come on as an appeal to the law! I will fight the case, and win it!"

"Are you *sure* of winning it, Sir Patrick?"

Instead of replying, he pressed the letter on her. "Destroy it," he whispered. "And rely on my silence."

She took the letter from him.

"Destroy it," he repeated. "They may open the doors. They may come in at any moment, and see it in your hand."

"I have something to ask you, Sir Patrick, before I destroy it. Blanche refuses to write, or to her husband, unless she returns with the certain assurance of being really his wife. If I produce this letter, she may go back to him to-day. If I declare myself Geoffrey Delamayn's wife, I clear Arnold Brinkworth, at once and forever, of all suspicion of being married to me. Can you as certainly and effectually clear him in any other way? Answer me that, as a man of honor speaking to a woman who implicitly trusts him!"

She looked him full in the face. His eyes dropped before hers—he made no reply.

"I am answered," she said.

With those words, she passed him, and laid her hand on the door.

He checked her. The tears rose in his eyes as he drew her gently back into the room.

"Why should we wait?" she asked.

"Wait," he answered, "as a favor to me."

She seated herself calmly in the nearest chair, and rested her head on her hand, thinking.

He bent over her, and roused her, impatiently, almost angrily. The steady resolution in her face was terrible to him, when he thought of the man in the next room.

"Take nothing to consider," he pleaded. "Don't be led away by your own impulse. Don't act under a false excitement. Nothing can spur to this dreadful sacrifice of yourself."

"Excitement!" she said. She smiled sadly as she repeated the words. "Do you know, Sir Patrick, what I was thinking of a moment since? Only of old times, when I was a little girl. I saw the sad side of life sooner than most children see it. My mother was always delicate. The hard marriage laws of this country were harder on her than on me. She died brokenhearted. But one friend comforted her at the last moment, and promised to be a mother to her child. I can't remember one instance of it in all the years when I lived with that faithful woman and her little daughter—till the day that parted me. She went away with her husband; and I and the little daughter were left behind. She said her last words to me. Her voice comes back to me after the dread of coming death. 'I promised your mother that you should be like my own child to me; and it quieted her mind. Quiet my mind, Anne, before I go. Whatever happens in years to come—promise me to be always what you are now.' I went to Miss Blanche. Where is the false excitement, Sir Patrick, in all the circumstances that I now see? And how can there be a sacrifice in any thing that I do for Blanche?"

She rose, and offered him her hand. Sir Patrick lifted it to his lips in silence.

"Come!" she said. "For both our sakes, let us not prolong this."

He turned aside his head. It was no moment to let her see that she had touched and mastered him. She waited for him, with her hand on the lock. He rallied his courage to the last effort—to face the horror of the situation calmly. She opened the door, and led the way back into the other room.

Not a word was spoken by any of the persons present, as the two returned to their places. The noise of a carriage passing in the street was painfully audible. The hour's hush of the door in the lower regions of the house made every one start.

Anne's sweet voice broke the dreary silence.

"Must I speak for myself, Sir Patrick? Or will you (I ask it as a last and greatest favor) speak for me?"

"You insist on appealing to the letter in your hand?"

"I am resolved to appeal to it."

"Will nothing induce you to defer the close of this inquiry—so far as you are concerned—for four-and-twenty hours?"

"Either or I, Sir Patrick, must say what is to be said, and do what is to be done, before we leave this room."

"Give me the letter."

She gave it to him. Mr. Moy whispered to his client. "Do you know your wife's hand?" Geoffrey shook his head. "Do you really remember nothing about it?" Geoffrey answered in one word more. "Nothing!"

Sir Patrick addressed himself to the assembled company.

"I have to ask your pardon," he said, "for abruptly leaving the room, and for obliging Miss Silvester to leave it with me. Every body present, except that man" (he pointed to Geoffrey), "will at least understand my motive in doing so, that I am forced to make my conduct the subject of the plainest and the fullest explanation. I shall address that explanation, for reasons which will presently appear, to my niece."

Blanche turned. "To me!" she exclaimed.

"To you," Sir Patrick answered.

Blanche turned toward Arnold, daunted by a vague sense of something serious to come. The letter that she had received from her husband on her departure from Hurn Rise had been carefully alluded to relations between Geoffrey and Anne, of which Blanche had been previously ignorant. "Is my reference correct to those relations? Was there something yet to be disclosed, which Arnold's letter had not prepared her to hear?"

Sir Patrick resumed.

"A short time since," he said to Blanche, "I proposed to you to return to your husband's protection—and to leave the responsibility in this matter in my hands. You have refused to go back to him until you are first certainly assured that you are his wife. I have taken a position for your interests and your happiness, on Miss Silvester's part—which I tell you frankly I have done my utmost to prevent—I am in a position to prove positively that Arnold Brinkworth was a single man when he married you from the farmhouse in Kent."

Mr. Moy's experience forewarned him of what was coming. He pointed to the letter in Sir Patrick's hand.

"Is that letin on a promise of marriage?" he asked.

Sir Patrick rejoined by putting a question on his side.

"Do you remember the famous decision at Doctors' Commons, which established the marriage of Captain Dalrymple and Miss Gordon?" Mr. Moy was answered. "I understand you, Sir Patrick," he said. After a moment's pause, he addressed his next words to Anne. "And, from the bottom of my heart, madam, I respect you."

It was said with a fervent sincerity of tone which wrought the interest of the other persons, who were still waiting for enlightenment, to the highest pitch. Lady Lundie and Captain Newenden whispered to each other anxiously. Arnold turned pale. Blanche burst into tears.

Sir Patrick turned once more to his niece.

"Some little time since," he said, "I had occasion to speak to you of the scandalous uncertainty of the marriage laws of Scotland. But for that uncertainty (entirely without parallel in any other civilized country in Europe), Arnold Brinkworth would never have occupied the position to which he stands here to-day—and these proceedings would never have taken place. Bear that fact in mind. It is not only answerable for the mischief that has been already done, but for the far more serious evil which is still to come.

Mr. Moy took a note. Sir Patrick went on.

"Long ago, there is now no longer any. there happens, however, to be one case in which the action of it has been confirmed and settled by the Scotch Courts. A written promise of marriage exchanged between a man and woman, in Scotland, constitutes that man and woman by Scotch law. An English Court of Justice (sitting in judgment on the case I have just mentioned) Mr. Moy) has pronounced that law to be good—and the decision has since been confirmed by the supreme authority of the House of Lords. Where the persons therefore—living in Scotland at the time—have promised each other that they are married, there is now no longer any doubt. They are certainly, and lawfully, Man and Wife." He turned from his niece, and appealed to Mr. Moy. "Am I right?"

"Quite right, Sir Patrick, as to the facts. I own, however, to my first sense of surprise on them surprises me. I have the highest opinion of our Scottish marriage law. A man who has betrayed a woman under a promise of marriage is forced by that law (in the interests of public morality) to acknowledge her as his wife."

"The person is here present, Mr. Moy, are now about to see the moral merit of the Scotch law of marriages (so reviled by England) practically in operation before their own eyes. They will judge for themselves of the morality (Scotch and English) which first forces a deserted woman back on the villain who has betrayed her, and then unwillingly leaves her to bear the consequences."

With that answer, he turned to Anne, and showed her the letter, open in his hand.

"For the last time," he said, "do you insist on my appealing to this?"

She rose, and bowed her head gravely.

"It is my misfortune, Sir Patrick," she said, "to declare, in this lady's name, and on the faith of written promises of marriage exchanged between the parties, then residing in Scotland, that she claims to be now—and to have been on the afternoon of the fourteenth of August last—Mrs. Geoffrey Delamaya's wedded wife."

A cry of horror from Blanche, a low murmur of dismay from other rest, followed the utterance of those words.

There was a pause of an instant.

Then Geoffrey rose slowly to his feet, and fixed his eyes on the wife who had claimed him. The spectacle of the terrible scene turned with one accord toward the sacrificed woman. The look which Geoffrey had cast on her—the words which Geoffrey had spoken to her—were present to all their minds. She stood, waiting for Sir Patrick's decision, on his fresh resting sadly and tenderly on Blanche's face. To see that matchless courage and resignation was to doubt the reality of what had happened. They were forced to look back at the man to possess their minds with the truth.

The triumph of law and morality over him was complete. He never uttered a word. His famous temper, perfectly and fearfully calm. With the promise of merciless vengeance written in the look that was fixed on his Devil-possessed face, he kept his eyes fixed on the hated woman when he had ruined—on the hated woman who was fastened to him for life by his wife.

His lawyer went over to the table at which Sir Patrick sat. Sir Patrick handed him the sheet of note-paper.

He read the two letters contained in it with absorbed and deliberate attention. The moments that passed before he lifted his head from his reading seemed like hours. "Can you prove the handwriting?" he asked. "And prove the residence?"

Sir Patrick took up a second morsel of paper lying ready under his hand.

"There are the names of persons who can prove the handwriting," he said, "and prove the residence," he replied. "One of your two witnesses below stairs (Geoffrey's servant) can speak to the hour at which Mr. Brinkworth arrived at the inn, and so can prove that the lady for whom he asked was, at that moment, Miss Geoffrey Delamayn. The indorsement on the back of the note-paper, also referring to the question of time, is in the handwriting of the same witness—to whom I refer you, when it suits your convenience to question him."

"I will verify the references, Sir Patrick, as a matter of course." In the mean time, such a needless and vexatious delay, I am bound to say that I can not resist the evidence of the marriage."

Having replied in those terms, he addressed himself, with marked respect and sympathy, to Anne.

"On the faith of the written promise of marriage exchanged between you in Scotland," he said, "you claim Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn as your husband?"

She steadily repeated the words after him.

"I claim Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn as my husband."

Mr. Moy appealed to his client. Geoffrey broke silence at last.

"Is it settled?" he asked.

"To all practical purposes, it is settled."

He went on, still looking at nobody but Anne. "Was the law of Scotland made her my wife?"

"The law of Scotland has made her your wife."

He asked a third and last question.

"Does the law tell her to go where her husband goes?"

"Yes."

He laughed softly to himself, and beckoned to her to cross the room to the place in which he was standing.

She obeyed. At the moment when she took the first step to approach him, Sir Patrick caught her hand, and whispered to her, "Rely on me!" She gently released his hand as he spoke that she understood him, and advanced to Geoffrey. At the same moment, Blanche rushed between them, and flung her arms around Anne's neck.

"Oh, Anne! Anne!"

An hysterical paroxysm of tears choked her utterance. Anne gently unwound the arms that clung round her—gently lifted the head that lay on her bosom—kissed her.

"Happier days are coming, my love," she said. "Don't think of me."

She kissed her—looked at her—kissed her again—and placed her in her husband's arms. Arnold remembered her parting words at Craig Ferrie, when they had wished each other goodnight. "You have not befriended an ungrateful woman. The day may yet come when I shall prove it." Gratitude and admiration struggled in his breast which almost stifled him. He held him speechless.

She bent her head gently in token that she understood him. Then she went on, and stood before Geoffrey.

"I am here," she said to him. "What do you wish me to do?"

A hideous smile parted his heavy lips. He answered her.

"Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn," he said. "Come home."

The picture of the lonely house, isolated amidst its high walls; the ill-omened figure of the dumb woman with the ivory eyes and the savage ways—the whole scene, as Anne had pictured it to him but two days since, rose vividly in reality before Sir Patrick's mind. "No!" he cried out, carried away by the generous impulse of the moment. "I shall not be!"

Geoffrey stood impenetrable—waiting with his folded arms. For the second time, he lifted her noble head—called back the courage which had faltered for a moment—and took his arm.

He led her to the door. "Don't let Blanche fret about me," she said, simply, to Arnold as they went by. They passed him in the next. Once more the sympathy for her set every other consideration at defiance. He started up to bar the way to Geoffrey. Geoffrey paused, and looked at Sir Patrick for the first time.

"The law tells her to go with her husband," he said. "The law forbids you to part Man and Wife."

True. Absolutely, undeniably true. The law sanctioned the sacrifice of her as unanswerably as it had sanctioned the sacrifice of her mother before her. Under the name of Geoffrey, let him take her! In the interests of Virtue, let her get out of it if she could!

Her husband opened the door. Mr. Moy laid his hand on Sir Patrick's arm. Lady Lundie, Captain Newenden, the London lawyer, all left clear places; influenced, for once, by the same interest—feeling, for once, the same suggestion. Arnold followed them, supporting his wife. For one memorable instant Anne looked back at them all. Then she and her husband crossed the threshold. They descended the stairs together. The opening and closing of the house door was heard. They were gone.

Done, in the name of Morality. Done, in the interests of Virtue. Done, in an age of progress, and under the most perfect government on the face of the earth.

FIFTEENTH SCENE.—HOLCHESTER HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

THE LAST CHANCE.

"His lordship is dangerously ill, Sir. Her ladyship can receive no visitors."

"Be so good as to take that card to Lady Holchester. It is absolutely necessary that your mistress should be made acquainted—in the interests of her own younger son—with somethings that I can only mention to her ladyship herself."

The two persons speaking were Lord Holchester's head servant and Sir Patrick Lundie. At that time barely half an hour had passed since the departure of the newly-married Portland Place.

The servant still hesitated with the card in his hand. "I shall forfeit my situation, Sir," he said, "if I do it."

"You will most assuredly forfeit your situation if you don't do it," returned Sir Patrick. "I warn you plainly, this is too serious a matter to be trifled with."

The tone in which those words were spoken had its effect. The man went up stairs with his message.

Sir Patrick waited in the hall. Even the momentary delay of entering one of the reception-rooms was more than he could endure at that moment. Anne's happiness was hopelessly sacrificed already. The preservation of her personal safety—which Sir Patrick firmly believed to be in danger—was the one service which it was possible to render to her now. The perilous position in which she stood toward her husband's wife presented formidable obstacles, while she lived, between Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm—was beyond the reach of remedy. But it was still possible

to prevent her from becoming the innocent cause of Geoffrey's pecuniary ruin, by standing in the way of a reconciliation between father and son. Resolute to leave no means untried of serving Anne's interests, Sir Patrick had allowed Arnold and Blanche to go to his own residence in London, alone, and had not even waited to say a farewell word to any of the persons who had taken part in the inquiry. "Her life may depend on what I can do for her at Holchester House!" he had first convinced himself, as he had left Portland Place. With that conviction in him, he had sent his message to Lady Holchester, and was now waiting for the reply.

The servant appeared again on the stairs. Sir Patrick went up to meet him.

"Her Ladyship will see you, Sir, for a few minutes."

The door of an upper room was opened; and Sir Patrick found himself in the presence of Geoffrey's mother. There was only time to observe that she possessed the remains of more personal beauty, and that she received her visitor with a grave and courtesy which implied (under the circumstances) a considerate regard for *his* position at the expense of her own.

"You have something to say to me, Sir Patrick, on the subject of my second son. I am in great affliction. If you have any help to give, will do my best to hear it. May I trust to your kindness not to keep me in suspense?"

"I will help me to make my intrusion as little painful as possible to your ladyship," replied Sir Patrick, "if I am permitted to ask a question. Have you heard of any obstacle to the contemplated marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn and Miss Silvester?"

Even that distant reference to Anne produced an emotion to change for the worse in Lady Holchester's manner.

"I have heard of the obstacle to which you allude," she said. "Mrs. Glenarm informed me of it this morning."

"Is your ladyship aware of the nature of the obstacle?"

"I am not one of the witnesses of the marriage."

"Good Heavens! And Lord Holchester's lawyer has left the house!"

"Can I replace him? Have I, by any chance, justified you in telling me what happened this morning in the room?"

"Justified me? You have left me no other alternative. The doctors are all agreed in dreading apoplexy—and you force me to open a document. In the lawyer's absence, I must take it on myself. There can be no harm in the codicil to Lord Holchester's Will which is still unsigned."

"Relating to his second son?"

"Relating to Geoffrey Delamayn, and giving him (what is in fact executed) a liberal provision for life."

"What is the object in the way of his executing it?"

"The lady whom you have just mentioned to me."

"Anne Silvester!"

"Anne Silvester—now (as you tell me) Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn. I can not believe that anything very imperfectly. There are certain pitiful circumstances associated in his lordship's memory with this lady, which unfortunately for his duty, but which apparently led to very sad results, (though not since he unfortunately left either through Mrs. Glenarm or through Mrs. Arnold Dalrymple) to Mrs. Silvester's appearance at Swanhaven Lodge. No remarks on the subject escaped him at the time. It was only this morning, when the physical prostration to Geoffrey was waiting to be executed, that his real feeling in the matter came out. To our astonishment, he refused to sign it. 'Find another Solicitor' (was the only answer we could get from him); 'and let him draw it up.' I can not tell my son is guiltless of injuring her. I am lying on my death-bed. I have serious reasons of my own

"I owe it to the memory of the dead to acquit myself of the truth. If Anne Silvester herself should appear, I am prepared to do justice, to provide for Geoffrey. Not otherwise.' We went the length of reminding him that he might die before Geoffrey could be found. Our interference had but one result. He desired the codicil to be brought to him, and he put the date which he executed on the spot. It directs his executors to inquire into the relations that have actually existed between the late Mrs. Silvester and her younger son. If we find reason to conclude that Geoffrey has been privately married, we are directed to pay her a legacy—provided that she is a single woman at the time."

"And if the marriage violates the provision?" exclaimed Sir Patrick.

"Yes. Such a codicil actually executed is now worthless. And the other codicil remains now signed until the lawyer can produce Miss Silvester. He has left the house to go to Geoffrey at Fulham, as the only means at our disposal of finding her. Two hours have passed—and he has not yet returned.

"It is useless to wait for him," said Sir Patrick. "While the lawyer is on his way to Fulham, Lord Holchester's son was on his way to Portland Place. This is even more serious than you suppose. I have no time to explain the pressing circumstances I should have no right to ask. Apart from the considerations which affect it, is Geoffrey Delamayn's position in the will?"

"He is not even mentioned in it."

Her visitor rose to his feet.

Mr. Marchwood unlocked a drawer, and took out.

Sir Patrick instantly rose from his chair. "No waiting for the lawyer!" he repeated, vehemently. "This is a matter of life and death. Lady Holchester bitterly resents her son's marriage. She will destroy the will as it stands, if Mr. Glenarm. Do you think Lord Holchester would take the same view, if he knew of it?"

"It depends entirely on the circumstances."

"I suppose I informed him—as I inform you in confidence—that his son has gravely wronged Miss Silvester? And suppose I followed that up by telling him that his son has made atonement by marrying her?"

"After the feeling that he has shown in the matter, I believe he would sign the codicil."

"Then, for God's sake, let me see him!"

"I must speak to the doctor."

"Do it instantly!"

With the will in his hand, Mr. Marchwood advanced to the bedroom door. In a few quiet words from within he could get to it. The door was immediately opened to the threshold. He held up his hand warningly when Mr. Marchwood attempted to speak to him.

"Go to Lady Holchester," he said. "It's all over."

"Dead!"

"Dead."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE question of a revision of the English Bible has been again raised by Canon Brinkin. The Convocation of York declined to join in the work with the Convocation of Canterbury. The latter, however, has resolved to undertake it, and asks the aid of all religious denominations. The Dean of Canterbury desires to include the Jews, so far as the Old Testament is concerned; and every one who has an amendment to propose should send it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It has been estimated that an adequate revision would change one word in every verse of the New Testament.

MARVELS of surgery increase. The following extraordinary story comes from San Juan, Argentine Republic, of a man who, there was an individual—sale or female deponent sayeth not—eighteen years old, and, for the purpose of two heads, each provided with an expressive countenance, looking in opposite directions, and united at the inferior part of the cranium. One of the scientific European celebrities, however, has, through the Argentine Republic, proposed to operate upon the patient, taking away one of the heads. The proposal was accepted, and the operation was successfully performed, without causing the least pain to the patient, notwithstanding that chloroform was not administered, and the operation lasted six minutes. The operation, and the subsequent cure of the parts, is represented as being something marvelous. The head has been preserved in spirits of wine, and shortly be exhibited in this country. Barnum's Museum was its existence in the world doubtless find an entrance there. Those who enjoy the wonderful will be able to gaze upon it, under this title, as it comes fresh from South American pastures. Some doubt is held their opinion in reserve until the head arrives.

SOME of the Paris Journals have been delighting in a "serious question" said to have taken place between the ex-King and Queen of Bavaria, on the Empress Eugenie's departing for Vienna. It now appears that there is no foundation for such a statement. The Queen, in great grief at the loss of her child, was induced to accompany her sister-in-law on her visit to Austria; and the King has since rejoined her Majesty, having been unable to complete sooner his arrangements for leaving Rome. From such simple facts a great scandal was created. Such is the fate of great people, and there of lesser importance do not always escape.

RUMOR has crowded this year with crowned heads and princes. The Emperor of Russia, Prince Oscar of Sweden, the Kings of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the King William of Prussia will all be there in the course of the season.

"I can not afford to die in New York," said a gentleman once; "it would ruin my family to bury me here." The same reason might be preached from his text on the folly of ultra-fashionable funerals, where show is the principal thing. There is something revolting in the very idea of display in connection with death. Secrecy—even from publicity—and were it not for the wishes of outside friends, many a gifted stricken family would choose to bury their dead with only the nearest and dearest as mourners. They would not choose to have hired hands decorate the casket or the hearse, or request floral work or a eulogy, but would themselves, with loving hands, scatter the sweet flowers, whose every blossom would then mean *love*.

The following story is told by the *Court Journal* of a soldier-dancer who figured in the Russian capital last winter, and who proved to be an intelligent woman and the daughter of a Polish count. She refused the addresses of the scions from her admirers, among whom was a very wealthy nobleman. He offered her a diamond as he was upon his diagnosis. She refused it, and he gladly gave her the jewel. His suit did not prosper, however, he is said. At the end of a month he presented her with another diamond, and with a second suitor. At the end of the year he had in this way parted with his whole fortune, and was rejected by her stubbornness he sought an interview and upbraided her. "I have no inducements to give you," he said. "Then," she replied, "I have no more kisses." "What am I to do?" he asked. "Go to the devil!" she said. "Give me some word of hope." "I can't do that, but I will give you some good counsel." "What is it?" "Never buy your first kiss of a woman; if you do, perhaps you will the Czar himself you would be bankrupt before you reached her heart."

A new cable is to be laid between France and England at a cost of about £100,000.

MR. Spurgeon lately announced—to say English papers—his intention of delivering a lecture in London only: none will be admitted to the Hall except he is worth £1,000. A novel idea, certainly. Will the plate be passed at the door of service?

A German translation of "Edwin Drood" is now being published in a Hamburg journal.

The Beethoven Festival will be the great sensation of next week. There is every prospect that the entertainment will be exceedingly fine. An organ has been built for the occasion, which contains two sets of keys, two and a half octaves of pedals, thirty-one stops, and fifteen mechanical pipes. The finest musical societies in the country, and the principal vocalists have been secured to aid in this grand celebration.

The ordinary process of making superfine white flour results in the loss of the most nutritious portion of the wheat. Under the microscope a grain of wheat divides into three principal layers—the hull, or bran, proper, which is the cuticle; the gluten, which lies next within the hull, and which is the most nutritious part of the grain; and the starch, from which the ordinary wheat flour is made. Usually the gluten is removed with the bran in the ordinary process. A mode of preparing wheat and rye grain for grinding into flour has been invented in Sweden, Switzerland, the object of which is to retain in the white flour the nutritive properties which have heretofore been lost in the separation of the bran. This process, invented by Herr Jacobson, of Stockholm, has been received with favor by scientific and practical men of Europe. It consists simply in moistening the wheat before grinding in a solution of caustic soda in water, the proportion of the liquid required for 1000 pounds of grain. The solution is prepared by dissolving 25 pounds of caustic soda in 125 pounds of water. The steeping, which occupies from twelve to twenty minutes, can be done in vats similar to those used by brewers. The caustic solution loosens the hull, so that it may be removed by the slightest friction, leaving the gluten with the body of the grain. The flour thus prepared is as white as the present ordinary flour, and contains all the highly nutritive properties of the Graham and bran bread.

If a friend should inquire if you knew who was the author of the familiar quotation, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," you would, for the instant, be certain that you did, but an attempt to recall the name would perplex you. So of the lines we now quoted, "Consistency, thou art a jewel." All attempts to ascertain the authors of these quotations have failed.

At the late grand opening of costly fabrics at the store of A. T. Stewart, a magnificent collection of Gobelin tapestry was displayed, which was manufactured in Paris, and is valued at 40,000 francs. Expressed a view of the harbor of Marseilles, and is a wonderful piece of workmanship. It is composed of 1,200 single pieces for one year to produce a single square yard of tapestry, and it is always worked from the back ground, while the front is covered. The cloth is formed from single threads, and the covering is only observed in places to determine the proper blending of colors.

When will the time come for women to have the right to choose and costs in the matter of dress in spite of fashion? Some say she might do it now, if she would. Let her, then, the majority of men desire their own wives, daughters, and sisters to conform to the prevailing style. They may make fun of some fabulous fashion, or the *ordeur*, but for all that few of them would be pleased to escort a lady to an evening party who had chosen to dress merely as neatly, but without regard to fashion. The sad truth is, that we are all more or less governed by custom and fashion. Even the most sensible society do more than twothirds extravagances of the prevailing style. In the progress of ages the time may come when women will have a fashionable right to adopt certain *individual* modes of dress. The idea that the same style of bonnet, or the same mode of dressing the hair, is sufficiently becoming to be adopted by all ladies is simply absurd. If the popular taste were not warped we should ordinarily see those only, instead of masses of them, in the form of the head is often a prominent feature. Every head, as it always indicative of a characteristic individuality which is peculiar to it. This is entirely lost in the present style of hair-dressing. However, the probability is that the common sense of the people will not awake the natural growth that women are long will be compelled to curl their hair about in order to be in fashion. Therefore we may hope some time to see the natural shape of the head.

A placard having been put up at the Edinburgh College gate by the official who writes out such notices, reminding students that if they appeared at the funeral of Professor Simpson they should do so "in mourning," they felt insulted by such an instruction being practically addressed to their class, and therefore added to the placard, "Professors may attend in reefing jackets."

The French Countess De Begerien, under thirty years of age, has been perfectly native hair by the sudden effect of grief and anxiety while watching one night by the bedside of her dying child.

A curious "ice match" recently took place near San Francisco, to test the relative value of the two varieties of ice, one from Little Grass Valley, and the other from Boston. Two blocks, weighing each 500 pounds, were placed in the sun, with even chances, the merchants backing their favorite ice. "Time, the referee, chalk," says the report, "was broad and rather flat, but Little Grass Valley experience was strong and solid on one end." Toward noon, as the match became hot, and streams were trickled down the faces of the antagonists, "there was great excitement among the friends of the respective chunks," and bets ranged from 10 to 50. The Boston ice proved itself to have the best of it. Grass Valley showed deep furrows, and seemed to look the matter coolly and somewhat confident of victory. About the middle of the afternoon Little Grass Valley began to show signs of giving up, and to betting on how long Summit would last. It grew smaller, but more rounded, and the match against time had to be continued by the light of the moon. Summit beat Grass Valley 4 hours and 50 minutes, having 20 pounds remaining hands on the scales.

It is authoritatively stated that the French Empress has expressed her intention to offer in competition to the finest specimen of silk produces a prize of one thousand francs for the best fan, painted or carved, by a female artist under the age of 25. The fans are to be shown at the International Exhibition next year.

Rome has a new sensation in a theatrical production entitled "The Assassin Trappmann, or the Crime of Pardon." The piece appeared simultaneously at two theaters, and excited so much interest that tickets were at an enormous premium. The government, however, interfered after the second representation, and prohibited the repetition of the exciting tragedy.

There may be a certain attraction to some people in seeing and hearing a child of two years and ten months perform in public upon a miniature violin—an exhibition which took place not long ago in this city. But to a thoughtful person there is something very painful in the unnatural pressure to which such infant prodigies must be subjected.

THE "SEA MESSENGER."

THE little torpedo-like vessel, of which we give an illustration on this page, was invented recently by an Englishman, and is designed to be freighted with letters and papers belonging to a ship in danger of foundering at sea, or in any danger of being wrecked. It will, in such a case, serve as the best vehicle for the preservation of records and important documents, and in all probability for their conveyance, by favoring winds and tides, to some near or distant shore. It is certainly much better than the ordinary glass bottle, which may be fractured by any floating spar or fragment of wreck, or may be dashed to pieces by the wave casting it upon a rocky coast. The late cruel attempt to hoax the public with a forged message from the unfortunate *City of Boston* suggests another reason for the employment of a special floating conveyance for this purpose. If the *City of Boston*, or any ship that is missing, were known to be furnished with several of these contrivances, nobody could be deceived for a moment by the trick of putting a written scrap of paper into a bottle, and casting it into the sea with an inflowing tide. The water-tight and air-tight metallic hull of the "Sea Messenger," with its extreme buoyancy, will ride in safety through the most violent storms, and it has capacity to hold not only the ship's papers, records of the voyage, lists of the passengers and crew, but letters from those on board to their friends, wills, or draughts for money, or bills of exchange, or any other papers affecting their private interests. In case of a steamer being merely disabled, and drifting helplessly away, the "Sea Messenger," if thrown out and soon picked up by another ship, would perhaps direct assistance to proceed along the track where it was required. A vessel on a reef of rocks, or entangled and land-locked, not far from shore, might even be able to send, by this diminutive tender, a line of light cord to the people on land, who could then help the distressed crew with a rope. Other uses of this contrivance will become obvious with its more frequent trial in practice at sea.

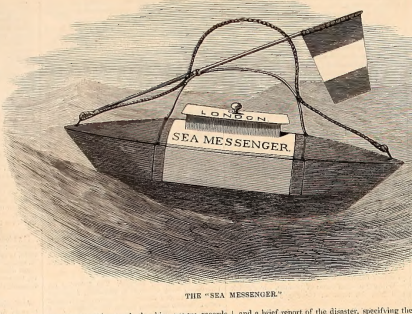

THE "SEA MESSENGER."

SOLDIERS IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

DURING the vote on the *plebiscite* Paris was crowded with troops, in anticipation of popular disturbances, which the government was ready to suppress at a moment's notice, and at any cost of life. The illustration below represents the guard on the grand staircase of the Luxembourg Palace, where they passed the night of the Sunday on which the vote was taken. Events showed the wisdom of these precautions. Every attempt to bring about a popular demonstration was effectually put down without loss of time. The bar-

THE RECENT ELECTIONS IN PARIS—SOLDIERS ON GUARD AT NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

ricades were ludicrous failures. Whenever a cart or carriage came in the way the horses were coolly unharnessed by the mob, and the vehicles wheeled into the middle of the road and upset, paving-stones were torn up and piled in a heap between them, and building materials, and, in fact, any kind of rubbish, thrown on the top. Then, as soon as the cocked hat of a *sergent de ville* was perceived in the distance, the mob scampered off at full speed down the side streets, those who were unfamiliar with the quarter being usually the ones who were captured. Quite as much to this unusual display of the "better part of valor" by the populace as to the prudence of the military authorities, the Parisians were indebted for the tranquility of their city during the election.

WHO GOES THERE?

THE picture from which the engraving on this page is taken is considered one of the finest of MESSONIER's recent work. The chief characteristic of this popular artist—whose works are so eagerly sought after in Europe that it is rare to meet with them in this country—is his exquisite finish; and perhaps it is this quality quite as much as any other which causes his pictures to meet with such universal appreciation. His admirers are to be found all over the world, and extraordinary prices are realized even for his smallest and most trifling works.

MESSONIER was born in the French city of Lyons in 1815. At a very early age he determined to become an artist, and pursued his studies in Paris. His first pictures, exhibited in 1836, were "The Chess-Players" and "The Little Messenger," which attracted great attention by their delicacy and finish, as well as by the spirit and action with which the artist invested his miniature figures. Since that time he has devoted himself almost exclusively to small genre pictures, the subjects of which are generally similar to those selected by the Dutch and Flemish painters. Several of his works have found their way to this country, and have been exhibited in New York and other cities.

The picture which we have engraved is one of those artistic conceptions which leave a very wide field for the exercise of the spectator's fancy. We may weave twenty different stories about this gayly dressed but disconsolate gentleman. To our fancy he came forth on no warlike or hostile errand—nay, we think that past before the incident chosen by the artist the idea of danger or of a possible foe was not more present to his mind than it was to the mind of any gentleman engaged in courtly or amorous intrigues at an epoch when the rude logic of sword, pistol, and dagger was oftener used than it is at present. For, observe, his right hand has not had time to reach his sword, and his left hand still grasps a pencil-ful instrument, his riding cane. Yet evidently he scents danger, and not the danger of fair and even combat with an honorable foe. Rather, we should suppose, he hears the stealthy footfall of a possible assassin, or sees the tapestry quivering suspiciously as though a hidden figure were behind it. Let us hope that he will not imitate the rashness of the Prince of Denmark, cry "A rat! a rat!" thrust his trusty sword through the arras, and slay perchance some harmless eavesdropper.

EXTINGUISHED BELIEFS.

"MY friend SIR ROGER is often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry.

On the occasion of this pleasantry the *Spectator* spent a month with the worthy knight at his country seat in Worcestershire, and there were grounds for the host's whimsical complaint that in that. What was said in the natural history books whose leaves the philosopher fingered? What were the facts that had fallen under his own grave eyes? He had not seen Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." The gentle author of that delicious piece of unreal reality was not born when the hands of the equally gentle CLIO had become cold and rigid, and were prevented by death from holding even the most cherished volume in their grasp again. But he had read of the giraffe, an Asian beast; and of the hyena, a subtle ravenous beast; and of the sea-devil, stomach on its back! Every body read of these things in ADDISON's time. They were in all the dictionaries, BAILEY's among them. And as for comparing these rare birds and beasts with what ADDISON had himself observed—listen. One of the soberest papers of the *Spectator* tells us that gentlemen birds "determine their courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather;" that each intending bridegroom, as is repeated in verse,

"Cautious, with a searching eye, explores
The female tribes, his proper mate to woo,
With kindred colors mark'd."

Just, we suppose, as shopping ladies match silks, and wools, and ribbons, rejecting all that vary by the shadow of a shade! SO LOCKE (there is no mistake, it is veritably LOCKE of the Human Understanding) speaks acceptingly of what is "confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men." He refuses, modestly, to run his rapier through the whole notion, and whisk it off, exploded. He rather relished it. Perhaps he and ADDISON both gloried in the conception of vast oceanic nations, consisting of merwomen and mermen (with whom there must have been, of course, shoals of tender little water-babies), among whom there would have been employment for the raw fish they built believed in, described as a sea-fish having a sharp-toothed bone, like a saw, in his forehead, about three feet long.

To sail off WESTward—ho was something in the days of LOCKE, and ADDISON, and BAILEY; was something, too, in the days of Charles the First and the Covenanters. On the voyage it was expected that there would be seen flitting, magically, St. HERMES's fire—a sort of meteor appearing in the night on the shrouds of ships. In the case of the ship losing her course, she might be blown far southward, and get to mystic Magellanick Straits—a famous narrow sea—and her passengers might look out wonderingly (and perhaps *not* find) Magellan's Clouds—two small clouds not far distant from the south pole. And if unfavorable weather came, and the passage were long delayed, it is hard to say what miseries would have to be endured. The wretched people might have to devour dog, rat, shoes, and—by hot, and slowly—fellow-passengers; and then have to submit "on a miserable allowance per diem cut from a pair of leather breeches found in the cabin, reinforced with the grass which grew plentifully upon the deck!"

Well, Columbus being hailed, the eyes of two centuries ago expected to open to sights to which they were utterly unused. Strutting about, we may suppose, quickly, and in mighty fear, was to be found the agouty, a little American beast, like a rabbit. Astonting the air, was the flying tiger, an insect in America, spotted like the tiger. More in the fractures was the cocagon, a wild beast in America, having a skin under it like a sack, in which it carried its young ones; was, likewise, the tatoes, an American wild beast, covered with scales like armor; was the blowing snake, a sort of viper, in Virginia, which blew and swelled its head very much before it gave the bite; was, also, possibly (though its country is not specified), the cricket, a wild beast, called a crier, which made a noise like the crying of a young child. Truly, truly, ignorance *is* bliss, and it is folly to be wise!

"WHO GOES THERE?"—(FROM A PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.)

his ducks and geese had more of his guest's company than he himself had. And why was this? We get the answer from ADDISON in his own person. He was "infinitely delighted," he tells us, "with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life." And he says further: "As my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I can not forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation."

Humph! There is something to think about in a strange monster on the coasts of America; and of the pouta, a creature in America, so great a lover of men that it follows them, and delights to gran upon them. He had read, too, of the crusse, a fowl in America of a hideous form, having a bag under the neck which will contain two gallons of water; and of the yaudeu, the great ostridge in the island of Maragnana, a fowl that exceeds the stature of a man; and of lugs, a kind of fiery meteor which appears on men's hair, or on the manes of horses; and of the javalis, a swine in America, which has its

CORAL FISHING.

CORAL is met with in a large number of seas, mostly within short distances of the shore. The Mediterranean is the busiest of all seas for this kind of fishing. Perhaps the shores of the Mediterranean are thus the busiest because they have been longest known to civilized nations; but be this as it may, the coasts of Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Algiers, Majorca, Minorca, Balmatia, and Rhodes are especially rich in this product.

The fishery is conducted under certain well-defined conditions. The boats, which are in twenty men each, sail from certain ports at certain seasons, and remain for many months in the spot where the coral is to be fished up. The men are provided by the owner with food, clothing, and all necessaries, together with a certain amount of money-wages per month. Part of this money is paid beforehand to the father of the fisher or relative, to support them on shore while he is away. In many cases (perhaps most) the overseer or government of the adjacent land claims and receives a payment in the form of toll or royalty, for permitting the fishery to be carried on. The mode of fishing depends of course on the manner in which the substance is distributed. The coral is met with, not exactly on the sea bottom, but usually on the sloping sides of submarine rocks, where it presents itself in great quantities, and is often found more than half a yard high. It always selects a firm rocky bed to cling to, not mud or sand. The fishery arrangements are planned accordingly. In the Sicilian mode of fishing, which is pretty generally observed over the world, the actual locating or tracing is effected by means of two pieces of wood, crossed at the centre, and having a piece of net fastened to each of the four side of their extremities. A long cord is tied round the middle of the instrument, to hold it by, and an attached stone gives it weight enough to sink. The fisherman, holding the cord in his hand, guides the instrument to the place where it entangles the branches of coral in the meshes of the net, and gives a smart pull. The trunk or principal stem attaches itself more firmly to the rock that considerable force is required to loosen it; but the smaller branches snap more easily, and the fisher then has got his coral up to the surface. He sells it as quickly as possible; for it forms no part of his trade to sell it to dealers in ornaments and trinkets. As to the price, it is scarcely possible to name an average, where rough pieces would not bring a shilling a pound, while small choice bits would find eager purchasers at two or three times their weight in pure gold. This diversity of character results from the varying circumstances which affect the formation of the coral. When a branch of coral—living coral, as it may perhaps be correctly called—is torn from its submarine bed, and brought up to the surface, it presents a kind of bark, spotted with little tubercles or warts, and covered with a thick adhesive humor. The tubercles are the cells which contain, or have contained, the industrious zoophytes. The adhesive humor is the material from which the bark or skin is formed; and this bark, when solidified by age, hardens into a stony core of coral. The extremities of each branching shrub are small and tender, and contain little of the mineral substance for which the coral is almost exclusively valued.

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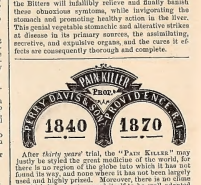

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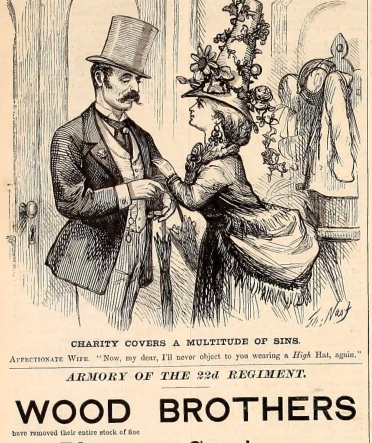

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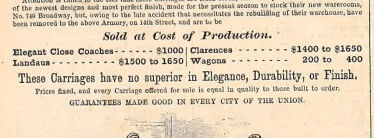

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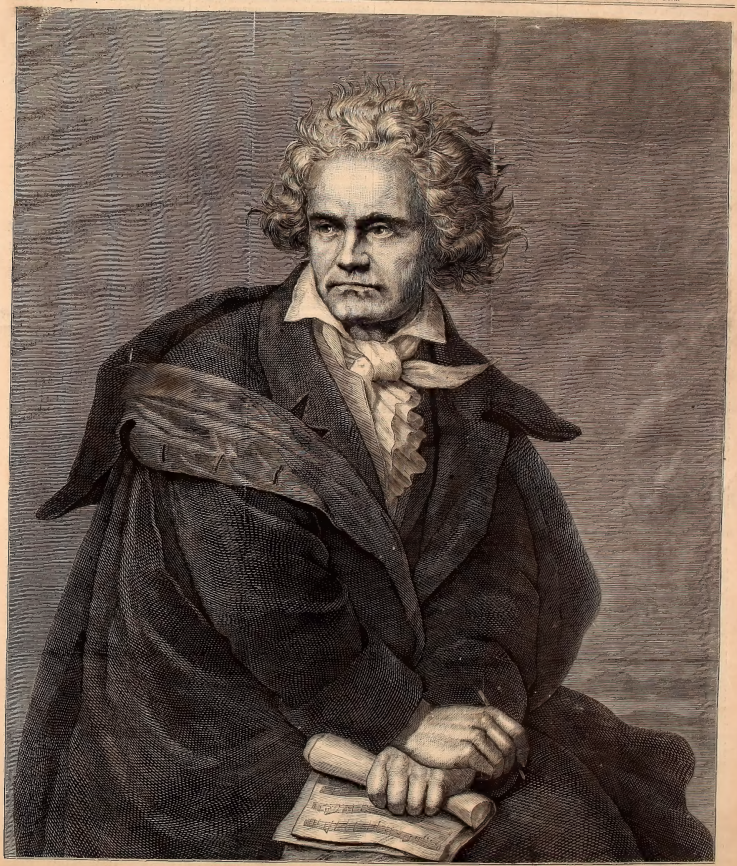

BEETHOVEN.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

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It is stated that the story was finished before the First Part was put to press, and that the lamented death of MR. DICKENS *will not delay its publication.*

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE great story-teller is the personal friend of the world, and when he dies, his shadow falls upon every home in which his works were familiar and his name tenderly cherished. When the news came that DICKENS was dead, it was felt that the one man who was more beloved than any of his contemporaries, by the English speaking race of to-day, was gone. While he yet lay in his own house unburied, the thoughts of the whole civilized world turned solemnly to the silent chamber and gratefully recalled his immense service to mankind. What an amazing fame! What a feeling to inspire! When WALTER SCOTT was gone near his end, he said to his son-in-law LOCKHART, as it were the chief lesson of his accumulated experience—"Be a good man, my boy." Nothing else seemed important then. Charity, patience, love, these he saw in the dawn of heavenly light to be the only true accomplishment—the sole real successes. And who of all men that ever lived has done more to make men good than CHARLES DICKENS; and what praise so pure as that simple touch could be spoken by his open grave?

Within the last few days the simple story of his life has been read by millions of men and women. Yet nothing could be said of his genius and works that had not all of it, and it was because they had all felt it that his name was so dear. There was nothing obscure nor remote in his writing. Like HOMER, he touched the universal heart by appealing to the universal experience. When "Pickwick" was first published in parts for a little while to be popular all other literature. The ostler in the stall and the judge upon the bench, like truant school-boys, hid their tasks to read it. Its phrases and quaint terms became the current coin of general conversation. Its characters were at once and forever typical. Its pathos and humor were equally profuse and natural. Like "Pamela," and "Joseph Andrews," and "Waverley," "Pickwick" marked a new era in English literature. The great genial genius took the world upon his knee, and it listened delighted to the rollicking tale.

The supremacy which DICKENS achieved at the very first he never lost. He found BREWER, ARNOLD, and DISRAELI in possession of the field. During the thirty-three years of his career THACKERAY, MISS BRONTE, GEORGE ELIOT, KINGSLEY, CHARLES READE, MR. COLLINS, WILKIE COLLINS, MISS MULOCK, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and their contemporaries appeared. Of these only one, THACKERAY, was ever mentioned as contesting the palm with DICKENS. But THACKERAY himself did not contest it. And whatever may be thought of their comparative literary art, whatever superior special pleasure individual readers may find in THACKERAY, that great master was never mistaken, and most sincere in recognizing with admiration the wonderful genius of DICKENS as genius, and the profound humanity of his influence.

THACKERAY, indeed, sometimes thought that DICKENS was quite generous enough to praise. "It took MR. DICKENS a great while to discover that I had written a book," said THACKERAY, once, with a laugh. But it was a discovery which he felt to be not quite just, and it disappeared long before his own death. They were both humorists, but the difference between them was too absolute to breed misunderstanding. THACKERAY was essentially of a melancholy and satirical temperament, a man of extraordinary insight; and his occasional impatience with the frolic extravagance of so profuse and exuberant a genius as that of DICKENS was easily understood. But the noble and generous words in which there two great contemporaries spoke of each other are universally known, and that there is one little anecdote, not so well known, which can never be so tenderly recalled as at this moment. When THACKERAY was dying, his friends, and among them the most noted of English authors, carried him to Kensal Green. There had been some estrangement between DICKENS and MARK LEMON, and as the coffin was lowered into its place, DICKENS stood upon one side of the grave and LEMON upon the other. As they raised their heads their eyes met, and instinctively putting out their hands, they clasped them in forgiveness, and their quarrel was buried in the grave of THACKERAY.

The affluence of DICKENS's genius was Shakespearean. He has enriched literature and general experience with more familiar characters, more current felicities of expression, than any other author, except the one greatest of all. Most great poets and novelists are known by a few creations; but those of DICKENS are a host, and his power was never more varied and admirable than in the story of "Edwin Drood," which is now publishing. Indeed, the tale so brims and sparkles with all his characteristic felicity that it seems as if he had resolved to prove that his greatest art had not been gained by the least sacrifice of freshness and vigor. Even at the very moment that the cunning hand was stilled forever forever, how many thousands of readers in England and America, as they finished the beautiful tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood," before declaring that DICKENS was never so delightful as in his latest work!

And as our friend, the friend of all honest men and women stumbling and struggling in the great battle, suddenly ceases from among us, we feel bound together by the tie of all of us than the sad decline of the good SIR WALTER, whose powers were slowly extinguished, one by one, before the end came, and who therefore could not hear of the end but with a tear of relief. Now we can perceive how prophetic was the feeling of sadness with which we watched DICKENS withdrawing from the platform at his last reading in Steinway Hall. At the evening, as he said, the shadow of one word had impended over us. He had not faltered for a moment; but, strangely, even Pickwick did not seem gay. The light of the friendly eyes had not been dimmed, but it had acquired an expressible affection for the man who had so cheered the weary and fainting hearts of thousands, who had so widely made his talent his talents, and who, evidently ill, was now passing from our sight forever, overpowered all other emotion. The vast audience sat wearying and tearful as, gravely bowing, and refusing all assistance, as if in that final moment he wished to confront alone, the beloved figure passed and lingered, and slowly retired. In that moment, after the long misunderstanding of years between him and his country, existed for a while by mainly and generous speech at the Press dinner, our hearts clasped his, as he and MARK LEMON grasped hands over the grave of THACKERAY; and henceforward and for all the future there was to be nothing in American hearts but boundless love and gratitude for CHARLES DICKENS.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

WE write before the debate upon the Cuban question, but whether the majority or the minority report be sustained, a change in our neutrality laws is apparently imminent. The majority report holds that there is a war between Cuba and Spain: that there is a responsible and efficient revolutionary government in Cuba, and that the time has come officially to recognize that as a belligerent. The minority report disagrees with the other as to the facts, asserting that a revolution which has not a capital, a navy, a seaport, nor a vessel afloat, and does not really exist beyond the range except upon paper, is not a government entitled to a fixed and definite extent of territory and to a concession of belligerent rights. Such action, moreover, would give Spain rights of stopping and searching our vessels, which would be a very serious inconvenience, and might lead to war without any especial advantage to Cuba. The minority report speaks very plainly of the enormous jobbery in the Cuban revolution, and of the fact, which is very anxious that the government should espouse a cause in which the sympathizers do not seem disposed to risk either their property or their persons: and the minority recommend a bill modifying the neutrality laws.

It is a very important recommendation, because it is really a confession of the fact of our laxness. The custom of nations, which is called international law, and which was the work of powers that owned colonies, has always been to make the national authority was as supreme in the colony as in the mother country. Thus the authority of Great Britain was to be considered the same in Jamaica as in Kent. Consequently a rebellion in Jamaica was a revolt against the present power and not against a rebellion in Yorkshire, and must be treated by other nations accordingly. But in the revolt of the Spanish American colonies fifty years ago it was evident that Spain could arm herself in the ports against the colonies, but not the colonies against Spain; and after a vigorous discussion the Neutrality act of 1818 was passed, which forbade the fitting out of expeditions in our ports against any foreign prince or people or "any colony, district, or people with whom the United States are at peace with the British government, not with the inhabitants of Kent in England, whether they have revolted against Great Britain or not.

But the minority report proposes that the United States shall except from the general rule the American colonies of foreign powers.

Its bill is, as it says, "an enlargement of the principle known as the Monroe doctrine." Its ground is, "that in all struggles of American colonies against European domination, this government will not stop to inquire as to the extent or power of the revolutionary party: but the fact of an insurrection against the European power shall of itself entitle that insurrection to consideration; so that it shall be unlawful for an American to assist in its suppression." Nothing like this was asked for the European government that it is not lawful to do for the insurrectionary party." The object of neutrality laws is, of course, to secure the state that adopts them the utmost practicable neutrality between belligerents with whom it is at peace. Our own traditions in that respect are most honorable; nor have we hesitated to modify our laws, upon proper recommendation and proof that they were inconsistent with actual neutrality. That was done in 1817, upon the representation of the Minister of Portugal; and the very word, "colony, district, or people," were introduced into the act of 1818 at the suggestion of the Spanish Minister.

But the act of 1818 contemplates declared belligerents and recognized governments. The present proposition to modify it during a civil war in a friendly state, and not upon the representation of a recognized belligerent or of any other power, of course exposes us to the misconstruction of the friendly power. Such a change under such circumstances is, in WALKER's phrase, "a law of favor to one of the belligerent parties." In the present instance it is a change of the law to the disadvantage of Spain, and it is justified in the report by what is called "the Monroe principle," or the "Monroe doctrine." It is, indeed, a general law, applicable to all insurrections in all European or American colonies hereafter. But it is also a particular law affecting existing hostilities, and refusing to Spain the assistance which we have always afforded before in our ports, and granting privileges to the Cuban revolutionary party which it has not enjoyed. It differs from our general law in the reception of belligerent rights, because it does not expose our commerce to the search of either hostile party. Besides this, it is a very loud warning to the European proprietors in America that they are unwelcome. It has, therefore, the merit of frankness. It changes the Monroe doctrine from a declamation to a policy. It announces to all European powers that while we will not expel them from the American colonies of countries, yet that, by an exceptional neutral policy, we will cripple their efforts to retain them.

It is true that in the minority report, which suggests a change of the neutrality policy in favor of revolving American colonies, it is also declared that we will not recognize as a belligerent. The minority report disagrees with the majority. The latter suggests no change of the law, but merely asserts that the time has come when it ought to be recognized as a belligerent. The minority truly say that their proposition is quite as favorable to the revolutionary party in Cuba as that of the majority, and that it determines the future policy of the government. That it will displease the European powers, and will leave American colonies is inevitable, because it is a direct encouragement of insurrection against the parent state. But it may be conciliated by the very evident fact that such a modification of our traditional policy can not be considered unselfish, in view of the national prejudice in favor of annexation. Foreign states will think, and, as experience shows, not without reason, that we modify our laws, and relax the European hold upon the colonies, in order that we may make sure of them for ourselves. If it be the test of patriotism not to care what foreign states think of our policy, the debate is at an end. But if we wish that our policy shall be accepted wherever civilization is, we ought to be able to prove, what this report asserts but does not show, that it is for the general welfare that the English dominion of a power in its colonies should be recognized as essentially different from that authority at home.

WHEAT—ITS TRANSPORTATION TO FOREIGN PORTS.

THE considerable demand for our breadstuffs which has suddenly arisen in England and on the Continent imparts new interest to the question, What portions of the foreign imports of our grain to encourage every locality in the United States which can send it cheaply and in quantity? The policy which induces Baltimore houses engaged in importing grain to extend their operations to every wheat-producing country is applied to the United States in order to excite the most active competition among local sellers. The necessity for exciting this world-wide competition is due to the powerful efforts made in England to compel acquiescence with English limits, as fixed at Mark Lane and Liverpool. Those limits are adjusted on the strength of consular reports of the quantity and value of this produce in every commercial port, from publications made by writers of established reputation, who have access to that source of information, and from the judgment of the houses engaged in that trade as expressed in their mutual intercourse. The necessity for adjusting limits with precision is due to a variety of causes. The expenditure made by the English to foreign countries for food is enormous, perhaps in excess of a hundred millions of pounds sterling. This is expected to be repaid out of the profits of exports; and as the competition in the manufactures is exceedingly close, and a vast population is living from hand to mouth, who are obliged to diminish their consumption of food if the price exceeds their scanty means, every advance is opposed with tenacity. In their purchases from the United States they meet a class which practices the liberality which profusion allows, and which wants the protection of a sound currency. With abundant capital on the one hand and the need of it on the other, the steady aim of the English is generally successful. The present moment is one of the occasions, owing to the existence of a Continental demand in this market simultaneously with theirs, when they will be obliged to quit their stubborn ground, and advance their limits.

In this kind of trade our grain dealers located at New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee have derived immense advantage from intercourse with English agents, and particularly in regarding a merchantable quality to the grain which reaches the sea-board. At San Francisco a like service has been performed; and as the crop of wheat in California opens during the dry season it becomes cured with very little trouble. The English dislike to the rain, as its expense permits its being mixed with their moist wheat with great advantage. The same reason exists as to the rice which is imported, notwithstanding that the climate, in advance of the rainy season, is so favorable to perfect preparation for shipment. They prevent the shifting of cargo at sea, however, a principal object of their use.

When a train of wheat cars arrives at Milwaukee, canal-boat-load, as all dealers well know, undergoes examination, and is denominated No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, or rejected, according to its condition, and sent to the warehouse which stores wheat of its kind. The owner receives a certificate of storage, which he uses in the market, and which entitles the holder to the quantity and description of grain specified. The purchaser may not receive a single kernel of that which he has order deposited, as a matter of identity, as money does entered in a bank-book. When grain of either description reaches the New York dock the agent here of the foreign house which desires to purchase is obliged to subject it to another examination to see if it will stand the voyage to Liverpool or London. The success of these agents depends wholly on their care in examining wheat, so as to be certain that it will be in good order on the vessel's destination. They ordinarily have exchange to sell, in which they are aided by a reputation for accurate and conscious shipments. The great difficulty results from heating; but if it is allowed to dry *on the farm*, and is not subsequently exposed to undue moisture, no danger on ice is to be incurred, as it remains on sailing vessels only about thirty or forty days, and on steamers about a fortnight. Experienced shippers of flour well know. Frost is an important agency in this service, and is indispensable except when the voyage is of unusual length or under very favorable circumstances and there is no subsequent exposure.

St. Louis and New Orleans are acting together to export this grain to foreign countries; and it will be of advantage to the foreign purchaser if this can be done with safety. At the present time, when enlarged stocks are watered with freshets, and freights are reduced to cover the artificial capital, it would be highly beneficial to New York if a thorough and active competition could be established there for the transportation of breadstuffs could be established by way of the Mississippi. Far from this it would seem to have this article excluded. The Mississippi is one of the great avenues of communication which ought to be made available for the purposes of export.

One vessel, which sailed from New Orleans on the 14th of December last, with St. Louis wheat, arrived at Liverpool early on the 17th of March, and delivered her cargo in good order; but this was an exceptional case. Under the same conditions this may always be done, but they have been neglected, to the disadvantage of the trade. Wheat in condition at St. Louis is to be sent by railroad to New York might be far from the condition required for sending it by New Orleans. The shipments from St. Louis to Liverpool have generally been on domestic account. The presence of foreign dealers at St. Louis is required to stimulate to the same necessary to success. Whenever it shall be demonstrated that the trade can be conduct-

ed from New Orleans directly with the foreigner with advantage, the latter will establish the agencies at St. Louis which will secure its continuance. The disadvantages which, in the view of English houses, now exist, are the following:

1. They need to import annually from eighty to a hundred million bushels of wheat, and to distribute this importation over every part of the year, which would be impossible from a port supplied only for portions of the year with the article fully carried.

2. The want of activity at New Orleans throughout the whole year in this trade exposes each shipment to lying constant in costal vessels, without bins, containing cotton baled at a high temperature, from which damage is received.

3. The frosts of the region in the parallel of latitude of St. Louis occur later than do those of the wheat-growing countries northward of Milwaukee and Chicago; and when this agency is required to cure wheat, the latter can not be exported from New Orleans until late in December of the season of its growth.

4. The moisture of the atmosphere around St. Louis is greater than that of Minnesota.

It would strengthen the country immensely, and constitute a provision against a future short crop, if the farmers of the West shall acquire the beneficient habit of holding over a considerable part of their crop of wheat, instead of marketing the whole of it during the season of its growth. If this plan shall be adopted one of the disadvantages of New Orleans as a port of shipment for grain will be remedied, as in this case it would arrive there cured. This would be followed by the use of steam-vessels down the river, by rail and in the transfer at ports at New Orleans to sea-going vessels, and by the use of steamers in the transportation to England supplied with bins. Perhaps all this can be accomplished in very dry seasons by the use of extraordinary care in handling wheat immediately after its growth. The point to be aimed at is to put the grain in perfect condition before moving it from the farm. This can be accomplished with advantage by the following means. Inattention to this has produced a very decided impression among foreign dealers that shipments from St. Louis by way of New Orleans are attended with risk. If this idea is erroneous, the results of recent shipments by an association of public-spirited citizens of St. Louis—to whom great credit is due—can be so presented as to remove the impression, and convince the foreigner that the trade may be safely prosecuted.

PARTY DISCIPLINE.

THE government of every free country must be carried on by parties. The experience shows that parties may often be managed by unprincipled men, whom honorable and intelligent citizens can not follow. Every man of party, however, is to surrender the victory to the enemy. What, then, is an honest man to do? This is a question which is often very practical and very perplexing. The mainspring of our political machinery is the primary meeting. Its work is apparently not important, and generally disagreeable. But whoever controls the primaries nominates the candidates and dictates the policy of the party. It is the imperative duty, therefore, of every honest voter to attend the primaries. But if he does not ought he, therefore, as an honest man, to countenance and support every thing that is done there by men who are not so honest? If, by his omitting to do his duty, affairs have taken a wrong direction, does it become his duty to help them go wrong? Because, by our neglecting to hatch the grub we do not become into the garden, shall we take a whip and drive them still further in? There would seem to be no question of what should be done. But, practically, as we said, there is often very serious perplexity.

A party, if it would be successful and efficient, must be well organized. It must be vigilant, energetic, and united. To secure its useful activity a great deal of disagreeable work or details is indispensable. Every member, therefore, must be held to his allegience, often when it costs labor and trouble, to the interests of the public welfare which is at stake. From the necessity of the case, also, his duty will often seem to be between supporting objectives. At a critical election—and every election in a party system is critical, because, if the dominant party loses its ascendency, disorganization is sure to follow—at a critical election, for instance, the voter finds himself at the polls with the regular nomination in his hand, and the regularly nominated candidate is, in the voter's judgment, a dishonest and doubtful man. To scratch him is to diminish the party chance by one vote. To substitute another name is, effectively, the same as scratching. But to lessen the chance of your own party is to increase that of the other. Yet the success of the other leads to the adoption of a policy which the voter believes to be disastrous to the general welfare. What shall he do? Shall he vote for the "scalawag," who seems likely to be supporting his own party policy, or shall he refuse to vote, upon the presumption that a dishonest man can not be trusted? Yet, again, in politics, is not that an unsound generalization? Are not the "scalawags," as a rule, quite as likely to be steadily faithful to the extreme party policy?

Again, what shall he do? In a speech before the election of General GRANT, Mr. BRECKINRIDGE was reported to have said that he did not believe that the General was an honorable man; "but I am free to say," he added, "that if it were so, I had rather have General GRANT remain than Governor SEYMOUR solect." Shall the party man, the Republican, for instance, go further, and say that he would rather have a Republican than an honest Democrat? With the American who says that both parties are equally bad, and all politicians equally corrupting, and that decent men are hopelessly stain from politics, there is, of course, no argument. He probably thinks that he says a very wise thing at the primaries when he votes for an unpiciously foolish. For if the government must be managed by party, and both parties are equally bad, the story of the fox and grapes is plain enough. It is to fight with corruption.

But the honest party man need not be so overly perplexed as he often is. Honesty, we mind, the stars are undisturbed. There are certain principles which are very clear, and which do not change. The first of these is this, that no cause can ever long prosper in corrupt hands. The reason may be that their action will be therefore more likely to arouse other reason; but the essential fact is, that the intelligent and honorable friends of the cause will, under such circumstances, withdraw their support and sympathy. They will feel that the cause is more imperiled by such friends than by open enemies. And in every case they will prefer to risk the present defeat of the party, with all the demoralization of which we have spoken, than their disintegration. Their course, therefore, is plain. Recognizing the necessity of parties and the value of organization, they will vote with the party organization which the best, and therefore the most influential and permanently powerful, members of the party can be certain to form the organization is the policy of honesty. Honest candidates must be nominated to sustain honest measures founded upon the true principles; and the only way in which those who do not go to the primaries can influence the action taken there is by voting and by the choice of party candidates. If the managers nominate scallawags at the party primary, let the party voters repudiate them at the polls. That is a lesson which party managers can understand. And when, under such circumstances, the party is defeated, it is betrayed not by those who stay away from the primaries, but by those who go; not by those who decline to vote for scallawags, but by those who vote for them.

This is especially true of the Republican party, because it is composed of the great mass of the honest and intelligent native voters. "You're not a Democrat," lately said one member of that party to another, "for you scratch the ticket." Mr. SPEAKER COLFAX will be regularly nominated—as he often is!—has long been a cardinal doctrine of that party. But very many of the quietly and steadily Republican party in the city of New York, for instance, is due to the fact that while many of the candidates are not generally honored, they can not nominate them are; and it is not believed that their work is honest work. There are, perhaps, a dozen men who constantly appear in the lists of committees and meetings who are not trusted by honest Republicans. They manage every thing, and claim the right to rule or ruin; and every sincere Republican shall feel himself bound in honor, and for the sake of the party, to sustain the "regular" ticket when done by them. Whoever wishes to continue their rule will support their action; and, as we said last week, with the same result. The party in fact will only be displaced by those who show themselves their masters.

Meanwhile the great body of the Republican party in the State and in the country, which does not concern itself with the details of management and only votes, may feel the party in no way so effectively as by an unsparing repudiation of the work of leaders whom it does not trust. That is the only practicable remedy and it can enthusiastically support. And to all cries that such a course is injurious to the party there is one overwhelming reply, namely, that any other course is fatal to the party.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL RAASLOFF.

THE contemptuous disregard by the Senate of the St. Thomas treaty, which the United States persistently urged upon Denmark, led, as was unavoidable, to the rejection of the Danish Minister of War and of the Navy, General RAASLOFF, who had been very active in the negotiation. In the speech in which he explained to the Rigsdag the reasons of his resignation, General RAASLOFF alluded to this country with a dignity and reserve that make his words all the more impressive. He spoke of his long residence here as a Minister, and said that he had "formed a very high opinion of the character of the American people. I have learned to appreciate them, and believe them to be honest and high-minded." It was, as he says, his friendly feelings for the United States that caused him to assert confidently that they would faithfully and conscientiously fulfil every obligation which they might have incurred. When difficulties arose here in regard to the ratification, General RAASLOFF, at the request of his Government, came at once to the United States to explain the Danish view of the negotiation. "It was during that stay in Washington," he says, "that I became fully aware how much I had exposed myself on behalf of the United States.....I had gone so far that if the people for whom I had vouched should leave me in the lurch, the blow for me would be very severe, and would be one of those events which take away, at least for a time, a man's vigor and courage, his confidence in himself, as well as a faith in those things which we ought to be able confidently to rely upon."

The retiring Minister, undoubtedly one of the ablest statesmen in his country, says nothing whether. But we, who have seen our national reputation compromised by this affair, ought to feel all the more deeply his manly dignity, nor should ourselves to be blinded to the fact that our conduct has warned every nation that it can not safely listen to the diplomatic overtures of the foreign department of our Government.

STRANGERS IN THE GALLERY.

IT is an illustration of the anomalies in the British system, which are so clear to John Bull, that the gallery of the House of Commons is not open to the public. Those who sit there are there solely by sufferance, and if any member calls attention to their presence they must go. But this is very seldom done. The rule is a relic of another theory of the government than that which now prevails. Recently, however, in the debate on the Contagious Diseases act, Mr. CRAWFORD rose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are strangers in the gallerize." There was a loud protest upon the part of the House, and an appeal to him to withdraw his notice. But he would not, and the gallery was cleared of all strangers, including the reporters.

We believe that until now this has not happened for nearly forty years. The last instance that we recall was the famous stroke of O'CONNELL's, which Mr. DUFFERIN tells so well in his lecture. When O'CONNELL came to Parliament the London *Times* ridiculed and treated him à l'Yeux. But without refrain from crowing him. So in the evening, when O'CONNELL rose to speak, the thirteen reporters leaned on their elbows and held up their pencils, as if to show that they were not going to take down the speech. Mr. O'CONNELL remarked quietly, "Mr. Speaker, I observe thirteen strangers in the gallery." The reporters were put out, and there was no report of the debate in the next day's *Times*. But the next day the London *Times* cried "quarter," and said, "if Mr. O'CONNELL will give up the quarrel, we will."

Mr. DUFFERIN says also that when the House afterward renewed its hostility and ridicule, one of its reporters crossed to Ireland to give an account of the proceedings of the Repeal meetings. This was so much exasperated that on one occasion the reporter felt himself in personal peril. But O'CONNELL took him under his care, protected him at breakfast, carried him to the meeting, placed him near him upon the platform, and sent for a full report of his accommodation. "All ready?" said O'CONNELL. "Yes," replied the reporter. "Pencils enough for a long speech?" "Oh yes," was said the reporter. "Now, then," said O'CONNELL, and turning to the audience he addressed them in Irish.

WILKIE COLLINS.

IT gives us pleasure to announce that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS has written a dramatic version of his powerful and interesting novel "Man and Wife," for performance in the United States as well as in England. The play will be in four acts—the first three acts closely following the book, and the fourth act containing a new conclusion to the story, invented by the author with a view to stage necessities and dramatic effects. Mr. COLLINS has already appointed an agent to represent him in this country, who will in due time communicate with dramatic managers on the subject. Few novels are more capable of dramatic treatment than this admirable work, or are written more vividly and characters and situations of exciting interest.

NOTES.

MR. E. JOY MORRIS, of Pennsylvania, our late Minister to Turkey, who returns after a long and honorable service, is worthily succeeded by Mr. WAYNE MACVEAGH, of the same State. It is a most admirable appointment, for Mr. MACVEAGH is a gentleman of the highest character and accomplishment, and of recognized ability. He is a lawyer by profession, and of great political experience and sagacity. He was Chairman of the Republican Committee during some of the most critical periods of the rebellion. Mr. MACVEAGH is well added to the ranks of a service which includes Mr. MOTLEY, Mr. MARSH, Mr. JAY, Mr. BANCROFT, and Mr. WASHBURN; a service which, as a whole, was never more worthily and honorably filled than under President GRANT'S Administration.

WE are very glad that Mr. WILLARD'S bill, granting pensions to the soldiers and sailors of 1812 that survive, and to the widows of those that are dead, has passed the House, and we trust that there may be no delay in the Senate. There have been many unjust matters, upon the taxpayers for such a bill, and it should have become a law long ago. There are not many of this old guard, and we have had ample experience of the value of such services. There has seemed to be recently a culpable indifference to the claims of the soldiers and sailors, a willingness to be severe, even to harshness; and we therefore rejoice that in this instance the generous spirit that animated the little debate upon this proposition, and the promptness with which it was adopted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 6.—In the Senate, the thwart introduced a bill to prohibit contracts for service labor, expiate by that the bill was intended to apply to cases of land grants.—In the House, the bill to reduce taxation was passed.

June 7.—In the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was considered.—An amendment to revise the Osage Indians in Kansas, and provide for the sale of their reservation, was rejected, yeas 19, nays 20.—The House was occupied with the Currency bill, but took no action.

June 8.—There was no interesting debate in the Senate on the San Domingo treaty.—Mr. HOWARD, of Michigan, introduced a resolution declaring that as an American citizen had been violated by the murder recently committed, unjustifiably arrested, wounded, and sentencing him to death; and that his release had been prevented by General SHERIDAN. Mr. HOWE presented the memorial, asserted that General HOLBERT had stated that the imprisonment of Mr. HOLCH was necessary to prevent him from divulging objections to the ratification of the San Domingo treaty, and moved the reference of the matter to the Committee on Foreign Relations, with instructions to send for persons and papers. Objection being made to reference to that committee, the matter was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.—In the House, the Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, and the amendment for the removal of the Osage Indians from Kansas was agreed to.—In the House, the consideration of the Currency bill was resumed, but no amendments were offered, when Mr. Eldridge, for the purpose of killing the bill for the session, moved to adjourn. The motion prevailed, 79 to 78. The effect is to carry the bill over to the next session in United States court.

June 10.—The Senate was engaged in discussing the bill to abolish the franking privilege. Mr. MORRILL, in the course of a speech against the bill, advocated a reduction in letter postage to one cent. Mr. CASE, on the same subject, said that he would be sorry to see the franking privilege abolished, but specifically.—A recess was occasioned in the House by the arrest and arraignment of a newspaper correspondent charged with a libelous attack on Mr. Fitch, of Nevada. The House, after the recess, was reassembled to hear the decision of the Speaker.

June 11.—In the Senate, an appropriation of $50,000 was passed for the completion of the Washington obelisk now at Washington.—In the House, Mr. Butler asked leave, which was refused, to introduce a bill repealing the Tenure-of-Office act. The Senate amendment to the Appropriation bill for the payment of clerks in the departments on the same footing as male clerks in respect to pay was adopted.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

William Gilmore Simms, the Southern novelist, died at the residence of his son-in-law, in Barnwell, South Carolina, on Saturday, June 11, aged sixty-four years.

The Western Union Telegraph Company reports, to day, June 11, rejected the proposition to give the balance in women at the vote of 1 to 5½.

A Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) dispatch says the rebel flags captured by Meade's army at Gettysburg and buried in the Susquehanna River were carried away large quantities of timber. It is estimated that 10,000,000 feet have floated out.

The election in Georgia has gone Democratic by a large majority. This insures the election of a Democratic United States Senator from that State.

The Union and Democratic *Herald*, issued at Wilmington, North Carolina, since last fall, has been rejected by order of the Military Governor. The proprietor chose for the United States, Mr. Fernando Maciu, has given notice of announcing to $50,000 that the editor engage in hostilities against Spain, or otherwise violate the neutrality laws of the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On Sunday, June 8, a terrible conflagration broke out in Constantinople, in the course of which over 800 buildings were consumed. The fire commenced in a hotel to be frightful. Whole families were hemmed in by the flames and some potash, and perished in view of the spectators, who were unable to afford the slightest relief. The fire was finally subdued by means of a high gale, and the progress of the flames was thereby checked, but not without much effort. Many of the Turks, under the influence of fatalism, shut themselves in their burning houses, and refused to be rescued. The dead are ascertained to be 250. The French Empress has sent 10,000 francs to Constantinople for the relief of the sufferers.

It is reported that Mr. Disraeli is to be raised to the peerage.

Count Bismarck's health is still quite delicate, and his physicians have ordered him to remain still a week, and recommend a trip to England.

It is reported that Mr. Carlyle is about to make a visit to this country.

THE SÄNGERFEST BUILDING.

WE give on this page a view of the great Sängerfest building just completed in Cincinnati, in which the next Industrial Exposition will be held. It is built entirely of wood, but very strongly arched and braced, on an excellent stone foundation, and ornamented, as shown in our sketch, by two front towers at the angles, front porch and balcony, and many a neat pinnacle and surmount.

This splendid hall, in which a grand German Sängerfest was held on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, will seat 10,000 spectators, 1300 singers, and an orchestra of 300 performers. Two-thirds of the weight of this mass of humanity will rest directly on the first-floor, directly over the foundation, while the galleries are strongly supported and braced, so that the liability to accidents is very slight. Architecturally considered, the building is very handsome. At each corner a tower rises to the height of 110 feet from the ground. These towers at the base form a part of the main building, and above it gradually recede, and terminate in pinnacles, from which the American and German flags will be suspended. The towers will be covered with tin, and relieved with large double and triple windows below, and by triple windows hidden by Venetian blinds above. On the first-floor, between the towers, on the front, six arches, each nine feet wide and eighteen feet high, open into a vestibule sixty-six feet long and ten feet wide. Above these arches is the balcony, of the same dimensions as the vestibule. This balcony opens by a large door into the front gallery. On each side of the latter are double windows, to relieve the front and give additional light to the audience-room.

It was at first designed to ornament the interior in a very elaborate and costly manner, but the project was abandoned.

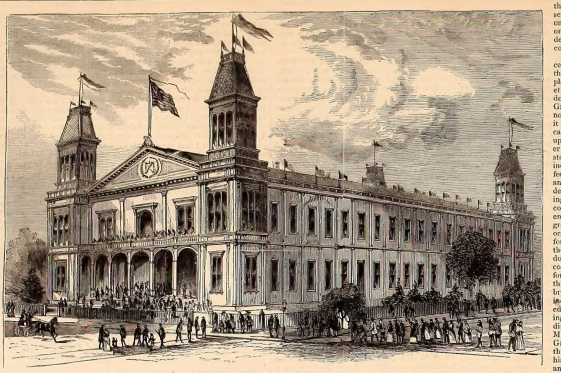

SÄNGERFEST BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE.

THE ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new Masonic Temple to be erected in this city, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, took place on Wednesday, the 8th of June, in the presence of a vast gathering of people. The day was remarkably fine. At an early hour the different bodies of the fraternity assembled in their lodge-rooms, and promptly at half past eight the several divisions, carrying guidons numbered from one to ten, were posted in the positions assigned to them along Fifth Avenue. The number of Masons in the procession was estimated at nearly 20,000. At nine o'clock the procession moved to the site of the edifice, where it divided into two lines, through which the Grand Lodge, forming the tenth division, passed. The masters and wardens of the various lodges then followed in the rear of the Grand Lodge officers, according to seniority; and, after these officers had passed through the line, the brethren marched in the same order, and closed up *en masse* around the platforms, the lodge officers being allowed inside the inclosure, which was so constructed as to form a lodge, the platform in the east for the principal grand officers being raised on three steps, that in the west for the Senior Grand Warden on two, and that in the south for the Junior Grand Warden on one. The corner-stone was in the northeast corner, and by its side was the original corner-stone of the old Masonic Hall that stood in Broadway, near Anne Street, in which was the box containing the articles deposited when that stone was laid. The old box, with its contents, was replaced in the old stone, and it was set by the side of the new one. The two are laid on a foundation 22 feet deep, built on a bed of concrete and masonry.

After the opening ceremonies and prayer the Grand Treasurer placed in a metal casket the various offerings, documents, etc., the Grand Secretary announcing each article as it was deposited. The casket was then sealed up and laid in the lower corner-stone. This stone is five feet eight inches long, by three feet four inches broad, and two feet four inches deep. The casket having been deposited, a copper plate, having the engraved names of the grand officers, and the occasion which called for it, was placed over the box and fastened down, after which the covering stone, four feet four inches long, by three feet four inches broad, and one foot four inches deep, was lowered upon it. This having been done under the direction of the Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master applied the square, the jewel of his office, to the stone, and pronounced the work square. The Senior Grand Warden applied the level to the stone, and reported that it was level. The Junior Grand Warden next applied the plumb, and reported that it was plumb and upright. This work having been completed, the Grand Master took the trowel and spread the cement which bound the whole, and having struck the stone three times with his gavel, returned to his station, and made the following declaration, which was repeated three times by the Grand Marshal, in the south, west, and east:

"We, James Gibson, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, do declare this stone to be *plumb, level, and square*; to be well formed, true, and trusty; and duly laid according to the ancient customs, usages, and forms of our craft."

The stone was then formally consecrated with offerings of corn, wine, and oil, in accordance with Masonic usages.

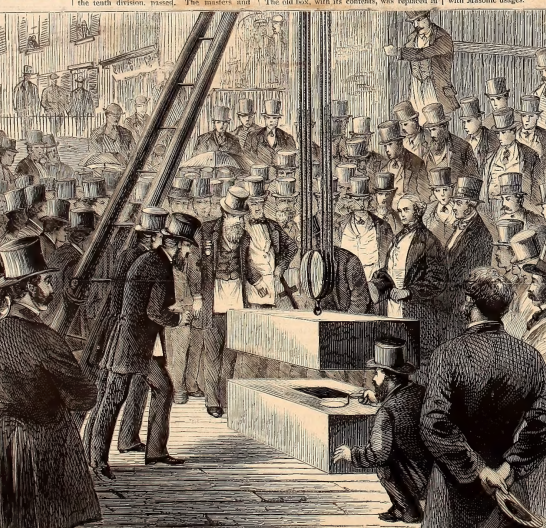

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE IN NEW YORK.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER IX.

Royán.—Wells dug by the Baboons and Antelopes.—Encampment at the Mouth of the Mai Gubba.—Ostrich Eggers.—Meeting with the Sheriff Brothers.—Gazelles.—Three Miles' Ride before overtaking the Elephant.—The Attack.—Wild Charge of the Elephant.—His Retreat.—He intrenches Himself among the Rocks.—Strategic Movement.—Rodor's Mark.—Furious Rage of the Elephant.—He is nailed to the Ground.—Prey seized by the Bast.

We now turned due south from our camp of Delhúlik, and at a distance of twelve miles we reached the river Royán, the bed of which was completely dry. We descended the bank in a spot that had been broken down by elephants, and continued our course up stream along the sandy bed, which formed an excellent road. The surface was imprinted with the footsteps of every variety of game, and numerous holes about two feet deep had been dug in the sand by the antelopes and baboons to procure water. Great numbers of the oterop, a small reddish-brown antelope without horns, were drinking at these little watering-places, and did not appear to heed us. We disturbed many nellut and tétel upon the banks, and after having marched about four miles along the river's bed, we halted at a beautiful open forest of large trees at the junction of Hor Mai Gubba. This was a considerable torrent, which is tributary to the Royán; at this spot it had cut through a white sandstone cliff, about eighty feet perpendicular: thus upon either side it was walled in. The word Gubba is Abyssinian for the Nabbúk, therefore the torrent was the Nabbuk River: this flowed past the village of Mai Gubba, which is the head-quarters of Bek Nimmur, from which we were not twenty-five miles distant. We camped in a forest of the largest trees that we had as yet seen in Africa.

I took a few men to beat the low jungle within the forest for francolin partridge, numbers of which I had seen running through the covert. I went up the dry bed of the river at the junction of the Hor Gubba, while they drove toward me, and I was compelled to fire as fast as I could load, as these beautiful birds flew across the ravine. I shot five brace almost immediately. There is no better game bird than the francolin: the flesh is white, and of a most delicate and rich flavor. My shots had attracted the aggaggers, and shortly after my return to camp they arrived with my Arabs, as they had been stationed on the opposite side of the Royán in a forest within a quarter of a mile of us. I agreed to have a long day's hunt the next day with Taher Sheriff.

TÉTEL IN DANGER.

According to my agreement, I went to the aggaggers' camp at 5 A.M., with Hadji Ali and Hassan, both mounted on my two horses Aggubi and Gazelle, while I rode Tefel. Taher Sheriff requested me not to shoot at any thing, as the shots might alarm and scare away elephants; therefore I merely carried my little Fletcher, in case of meeting the Baré, who hunted in this country. We started along the upward course of the Royán.

For seven hours we rode, sometimes along the bed of the river between lofty overhanging rocks, or through borders of fine forest trees; at other times we cut off a bend of the stream, and rode for some miles through a beautiful country diversified with hills, and abounding in enormous baobab-trees. At length we entered the mountain at the foot of the great chain. Here the views were superb. The Royán was no longer a stream of ninety or a hundred yards in width, but it was reduced to a simple mountain torrent about forty yards across, blocked in many places by masses of rock, while at others it had formed broad pools, all of which were now perfectly dry, and exhibited a bed of glaring sand. Numerous mountain ravines joined the main channel, and the entire country bore witness to the effect of violent rains, as the surface was torn and watered.

HUNTING A RHINOCEROS.

We had ridden nearly thirty miles, having seen large quantities of game, including antelopes, buffaloes, giraffes, and rhinoceros, none of which we had hunted, as we were in search of elephants. This was the country where the aggaggers had expected, without fail, to find their game.

They now turned away from the Royán, and descended a sandy valley at the foot of the mountains, the bottom of which appeared to have been overflowed during the wet season. Here were large strips of forest, and numerous sandy watercourses, along the dry bed of which we quickly discovered the deep tracks of elephants. They had been digging fresh holes in the sand in search of water, in which welcome losing we found a good supply; we dismounted, and rested the horses for half an hour, while the hunters followed up the tracks on the bed of the stream. Upon their return they reported the elephants as having wandered off upon the rocky ground, that rendered further tracking impossible. We accordingly remounted, and, upon arrival at the spot where they had lost the tracks, we continued along the bed of the stream. We had

THE SWORD VICTORIOUS.

ridden about a mile, and were beginning to despair, when suddenly we turned a sharp angle in the water-course, and Taber Sheriff, who was leading, immediately reined in his horse, and backed him toward the party. I followed his example, and we were at once concealed by the sharp bend of the river. He now whispered that a bull elephant was drinking from a hole it had scooped in the sand, not far round the corner. Without the slightest confusion the hunters at once fell quietly into their respective places, Taber Sheriff leading, while I followed closely in the line, with my Tokroonis bringing up the rear; we were a party of seven horses.

Upon turning the corner we at once perceived the elephant, that was still drinking, at the shallow extremity of the water-course. Before a word could be spoken, the fire that had cleared the country we had hitherto traversed had been arrested by the bed of the torrent. We were thus plunged at once into withered grass above our heads, unless we stood in the stirrups; the ground was strewed with fragments of rock, and altogether it was ill-adapted for riding. Nevertheless Taber Sheriff broke into a trot, followed by the entire party, as the elephant was not in sight. We ascended a hill, and were near the summit, when a cloud of dust appeared about eighty yards ahead, It was looking behind during its progress, and swinging its large head from side to side, and upon seeing us approach, it turned suddenly round and bellowed. "Be ready, and take care of the rocks!" said Taber Sheriff, as I rode forward by his side. Hardly had he pronounced the words of caution, when the bull gave a vicious jerk with its head, and with a shrill scream it charged down at full speed in our direction. Away we all went; holter-skelter, through the dry grass, which shielded in my case only my legs, as I was riding bareback, with the elephant tearing after us for about a hundred and eighty yards at a tremendous pace. Then it was a sure-footed horse, and, being unshod, he never slipped upon the stones. Thus, as we all scattered in different directions, the elephant became confused, and relinquished the chase; it had been very near on one time, and, in open ground, I was not sorry when it gave up the hunt. We now quickly united, and again followed the elephant, that had become more retrograde. Advancing at a canter, we shortly came in view. Upon seeing the hunters the bull deliberately entered a strong-hold composed of rocky and uneven ground, in the clefts of which grew thinly a few leafless trees the thickness of a man's leg. Here it stood boldly toward us, and stood determinedly at bay.

Now came the tug of war! Taber Sheriff came close to me and said, "You had better shoot the elephant as we shall have to ride sharply in this rocky ground." this I declined, as I wished to end the fight as it had now commenced, with the sword; and I proposed that he should endeavor to drive the animal to more favorable ground. "Never mind," replied Taber, "Inshallah" (please God) "he shall not beat us." I was now advised me to keep as much as him as possible, and to look sharp for a charge.

The elephant stood facing us like a statue: it did not move a muscle beyond a quiet and restless action of the eyes, that were watching all sides. Taber Sheriff and his young son Ibrahim now separated, and each took opposite sides of the elephant, and then joined each other, about twenty yards behind it; I remained with them, until Taber advised me to keep about the same distance upon the left flank. My Tokroonis kept apart from the scene, as they were not required. In front of the elephant were topping rocks, from whom we the elephant would charge Sheriff, with the withered arm. All being ready for action, Taber now rode forward, followed by the lame of the cunning old bull, who was quietly awaiting an opportunity to make certain of some one who might give him a good chance.

Rodur Sheriff rode a bay mare, that, having been thoroughly trained to these encounters, was perfect at her work. Slowly and cautiously we advanced toward her wary antagonist, until within about eight or nine yards of the elephant's head, as the creature never moved, and the wise ex sonus was beautiful; not a word was spoken, and we kept our guns loaded after rifling. Suddenly, and at length broken by a short from the mare, who gazed intently at the elephant, as through watching for the moment of attack.

One more pace forward, and Rodur sat coolly upon his mare, with his eyes fixed upon the gazelle, with the monkey-like form of little Rodur Sheriff leaning forward, and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him.

For a moment I thought he must be caught. Had the mare stumbled, all were lost; but she gained in the race after a few quick bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him, kept his distance so close to the elephant, that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

Taber Sheriff and his brother Ibrahim swept down like falcons in the rear. In full speed they dextrously avoided the trees, until they arrived upon open ground, when they dashed up close to the hind-quarters of the furious elephant, who, maddened with the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare, that were almost within its grasp. When close to the tail of the elephant, Taber Sheriff's sword flashed from its sheath, as a gray flash, and Rodur he leaped nimbly to the ground, while Ibrahim caught the reins of his horse; two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in his right hand he was close behind the elephant; a bright glance shone like lightning, as the sword fell upon the hamstringing steel; this was followed by a dull crack, as the sword cut through skin and sinews, and reached deep in the bone, about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride, the elephant halted and short in the midst of the withered grass. Taber had jumped quickly on one side, and had vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in his hand. At the moment that Taber had led the chase, turned sharp round, and again faced the shrieking wife. Without dismounting from the saddle, he picked up the hind foot from a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the victorious elephant, that instantly attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible: the foot was dislocated, and the leg was of no use for a full stride. In an instant, Taber was once more on foot, and again the sharp sword flashed like sunbeam, and the leg of the elephant could not move; the first cut with the sword it the ham-string; the last severed the tendo Achilles; the arteries of the leg were divided, and the blood spouted in jets from the wounds. I wished to mount my horse, as the bullet behind the ear, but Taber Sheriff begged me not to fire, as the elephant was not dead to death of pain, and an unnecessary shot might attract the Basi, who would steal the tusks and carry off the ivory. We were obliged to return immediately to our far-distant camp, and the hunters resolved to commence their operations upon the next day.

On the following day the hunters started to the dead elephant with mules and sacks, but they returned at night thoroughly disgusted; the nimble Basi had been before them, most probably attracted by the report of the shot. A cloud of vultures that had gathered in the air. Nothing remained but the skeleton, from which the hyenas had torn the flesh and the ivory had been stolen. The rocks of a great number of men were left upon the ground, which had evidently been a fortress to return without an attack from overwhelming numbers.

CHAPTER X.

On the way to Gallabat.—Encampment on a vast Plain. —From the Blue Nile.—The Hamran Arabs.—Camp at Ravine.—Tetel is led to the Foot of the Hill.—He is brought to Bay.—The Encounter.—The Tokroonis receive a Bullet.—Pursuit of the second Rhinoceros.—The Chase.—Tetel at Bay.—Death of the Rhinoceros.—Their Industry.—On the Banks of the Atbara.—Arrival at Khartoom.—Conclusion.

I had thoroughly explored the beautiful country of the Salaam and Angrab, and intended to push on to Gallabat, the frontier market-town of Abyssinia.

We started on the following afternoon, and with Hassan as our guide, and Taber Noor upon a camel, my wife and I centered ahead of the main body, upon a high ridge that rose, accordingly, firm ground. Upon arrival at the summit, we had a lovely view of the surrounding country, and we encamped on a vast plain, secret into a vast plain sparsely covered with small trees. The sun was declining rapidly, as the dark green veins of foliage in the otherwise yellow surface of withered grass marked out distinctly the course of small rivulets. The hunters on, sometimes over blackened ashes, where the fire had swept over the ground, and where through withered grass, that had been saved from destruction through the intervention of some ravine. At length we arrived at an excellent halting place, by a beautiful but small stream of water, shaded by a few trees, and close to which, on a dead-reckoning, seventeen miles from our last camp. It had been pleasant traveling, as the weather was cool and bracing, therefore I was useless to expect the camels for some hours, as we occasionally spread the cloth on the ground, and lay down to sleep, with the stocks of the rifles for pillows, as we had frequently done on former occasions.

On the following morning I mounted my horse Tetel, and, with Taber Noor and two of my Tokroonis, Hadj Ali, and Hassan, I rode toward a pyramidical hill about three miles distant, which I intended to ascend for the purpose of obtain a panoramic view of the country. This hill was about three hundred feet high, and, as the Red Sea mountains, a portion of which are about two miles around, I should obtain a clear view of all living animals that might be in the neighborhood. Upon arrival at the base of the hill I dismounted, and led my horse up the steep inclination of the broken basalt that led toward the summit. From the top of the peak I had a superb view extent, and immediately beneath me, in various positions, giraffes, buffalooe, tétel, and koodoos.

I had been observing the country for some time from my high station, when I suddenly perceived two rhinoceros emerge from a ravine. They walked slowly through a patch of high grass, and skirted the base of the hill upon which we were standing. Presently they winded something, and they trotted back and stood revealed in the patch of grass. Although I had a good view of them from my present position, I knew that I should not be able to get a shot at their covert, if on the same level; I therefore determined to send to the tem for my other horses, and to descend into the plain, if I could not shoot them from the hill. I called to Hassan (Taber Noor was on foot; accordingly, I sent him off, desiring him to lead Tetel down the peak, and to secure him to a tree at the foot of the hill, as I was afraid the rhinoceros might observe the horse upon the sky line. This he did, and we saw him tie the horse by the bridle to the branch of a tree below us, while he ran quickly toward the camp. In the mean time I watched the rhinoceros: both animals laid down in the yellow grass, resembling masses of stone. They had not been long in this position before we noticed them wandering from the grass directly to windward, toward the sleeping rhinoceros. In an instant they were awakened, and, snorting and starting up, they looked in all directions, but could not see them, as they were concealed by the high grass. Having been thus disturbed, the rhinoceros moved their quarters, and walked slowly forward, occasionally halting and listening. One was about a hundred yards in advance of the other. They were taking a direction at right angles to that which would lead them directly upon the spot where Tetel was tied to the tree.

I observed that Taber Noor, as I feared they would kill the horse. "Oh no," he replied, "they will lie down and sleep beneath the first tree they see, not seeking for shade as you in like fire." However, they still continued their circuitous route, and, having gone some long gravel, the leading rhinoceros halted, and I felt sure that he had a clear view of the horse, that was now about five hundred yards distant, tied to the tree. A ridge descended from the hill, parallel with the course the animals were taking, and, as this ridge was in the stony slope permitted, keeping my eye fixed upon the leading rhinoceros, I ran with the greatest speed in a direction directly toward the horse. I now felt convinced that he intended to attack it. Tetel did not observe the rhinoceros, but was quietly standing beneath the tree. I was as fast as I was able, and reached the bottom of the hill just as the wild brute was within fifty yards of the horse, which now for the first time saw the approaching danger; the rhinoceros had approached from directly to leeward, so it could have no scent of the horse.

I was about two hundred yards distant, and for the moment I was afraid of shooting the horse, but I fired from the hip. At the report of the bullet, missing the rhinoceros, dashed the bullet close to his face, as it struck the ground exactly before his nose, when he appeared to be just into the unfortunate Tetel. The horse in the same instant broke his bridle-rein, broke the tie, it dashed away in the direction of the camp; while the rhinoceros, with a loud snort, fell upon his face, my ball blinded by the sand and splinters of rock, threw up his head, turned round, and trotted back toward the tree by which he had arrived. He passed me at about a hundred yards distance, as I had run forward to a bush, by which he stopped and fired a second shot, which for the cause of his discomfiture. Crack! went a bullet against the rock. As I fled my remaining barrel at his shoulder; he cocked his tail, and, following in the direction of the shot; and for a few yards he charged toward the shot. That he suddenly turned in his course, and ran round several times in a small circle, he then halted, and looking in the direction of the shot, and looking in the direction of the shot, and looking in the direction of the shot

GEORGE MARCY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

No one knew what had become of him—of brilliant, young, vivacious, gifted, heedless, lovable George Edgar Marcy. He had dropped wholly out of London and literature and lovemaking, and all his airy projects and his occasionally high aspirations, and his dashing criticisms and magazine articles and poems, sessions and smoke—he had left every thing behind him and disappeared. We all said that he might have better spared a better man—some few of us were sincerely sorry for his disappearance—there were some who, as every body afterward learned, felt for more deeply still. His disappearance occurred in this way: George Marcy was a brilliant young *litterateur*; member of a family which had quite a name in literature, and was himself rapidly fast into a kind of reputation. Any thing very great he would never be—you had only to look at his face and head to see that; but he certainly had a rare gift at vivid sketches, critiques, articles of every kind wherein a certain fresh and light stream of Shakspeatic might lined easily with a fantastic, eccentric, but very genuine humor. A wag once had called him one of the Bohemian school, but that his personal habits were by no means Bohemian; for he rarely preferred a palling club-room to a public house, and a drawing-room well ornamented with pretty and refined women to either. He was a terribly thoughtless, thriftless fellow, and, unless when he liked to work, was decidedly lazy; but he was a gentleman at heart and in manner. He sometimes provoked editors and publishers out of all patience; for when the first installment of copy came, there was no saying when the next would come, or whether it would ever come at all; and often there were editors who had issued a positive order that no line of George's copy should be accepted unless he brought it himself until the whole (he never sent in any article, however short, in one lot) had been fairly got into hand. But at a time had this or that editor vowed that never again would he have any thing to do with George Edgar Marcy, he could not help himself. George Edgar was sure to come in and talk him over with irresistible appeal, your self-introduct for the future, and final outburst of drollery. You could no more continue long to be angry with him than if he were a boy or a child body ended by liking him. He was a very handsome young fellow, of decidedly aristocratic and slender make, but shapely and lithe; and he had curling black hair, and black, vivacious, sparkling eyes. He used to have one of the many girls, and all of them liked him—and, again, one at least felt more than a liking for him.

George had been brought up in Italy, and had a great deal of the Italian about him in the animation and variety of gesture and intonation, as well as the dark hair and eyes. At the time I speak of, he had, indeed, only been some months home from Italy. One of the houses which he now visited most frequently was that of Mr. Bathurst, a man of much taste in art and letters, who had a handsome house in Kensington, and was fond of gathering authors and painters and journalists round him. Mr. Bathurst had a daughter Annie who was both pretty and clever, and had, moreover, a quick, clear brain and highly cultivated tastes. We who frequented the house were all very fond of Annie Bathurst; it was very fond of her; but then, so was my wife too; and, therefore, in my case it did not matter. But I thought—we all thought—George Edgar Marcy was also fond of her, and in quite a different way; and she seemed to like his society very much. This looked highly promising and satisfactory; for George was quite a pet of Mr. Bathurst, and the latter would have welcomed whether his daughter's husband had or had not acquired wealth that the gentleman loved him, and that he was a good fellow—now George Edgar was a good fellow. Even then, when we knew the best of him but superficially, and with all his faults, we could say nothing about him which could stop or discourage the father of my girl who loved him.

One night I met George Edgar at Mr. Bathurst's house. I shall always remember that night. George and Miss Bathurst talked together very much, and really seemed pleased with each other. I saw—as I looked purposeless across the room—that their hands met somehow by chance, and that she blushed and trembled, while he looked embarrassed and agitated. I thought these were highly suspicious symptoms.

I had to leave home to one of the newspaper offices that night, and was to return to Mr. Bathurst's for my wife. In my surprise at finding her to go George Marcy rose also, and said he had to leave early, and that he would walk part of the way with me. His going so soon was a surprise; but I made no remark.

As we walked along together he suddenly said:

"Tell me, old fellow, do you ever have presentiments?"

"Sometimes, of course, I fancy I have. All people fancy such things now and then, I suppose. But I don't believe in the fancies—my own or any body else's."

"Well, so—of course not. It's all folly. Yet, somehow, to-night I have a heavy, unconfortable, ominous sort of feeling pressing on me."

"Not all the evening, but lately. No matter —it's all nonsense, probably. Let it go. Tell me, don't you think Annie Bathurst a charming girl?"

"Indeed I do; and a good girl—and I think, George," I added, quite gravely, "that you will be a very happy man."

He looked at me, not alone grave, but sadly.

"I am not worthy," he said, "of the love of a girl like Annie."

"I dare say not. I doubt if many men are worthy of the love of the women who marry them; but I don't believe you are any worse than the rest, George; and I am sure Annie thinks you are a great deal better."

He only shook his head. Suddenly his ear was caught by the talk of two Italian organ-grinders who were lying on the pavement of Piccadilly enjoying the delicious summer air of the evening, and were chatting on some subject.

"Stop," said George; "I really must have a talk with those fellows. I delight in these Italiaps. Besides, you may get on with your copy; don't you see? Something fanciful for the *Corsaire* or *Tenaps Fire*? Now, then. One of these boys is a Piedmontese, the other a Lombard; I can tell that at once by the accent. Can't you?"

"Not I. I couldn't distinguish between Piedmontese and Lombard."

George plunged at once into animated conversation with the boys; and after a few moments seemed quite absorbed in talk with the young Lombard. Now my knowledge of Italian is like the knowledge of French with the average guardsman in "Pendennis" describes to Blanche Amory. I understand it of course, you know—and all that—but not well. I have all the colloquial quick' as natives of Italy and some other persons are in the habit of using. I can only follow the conversation, and got tired and pulled George away.

"All, I asked, "have you contrived to extract any copy?"

"No, not a line. The Lombard fellow comes from a village I used to know very well at one time; and I was asking him a few questions about it—and about a girl I used to know, and all." Then he changed the conversation, and began roundly talking on the topic of the street subject until we reached the point at which our roads divided.

"Good-night, old fellow," George said, in a low and rather sad tone. "And, I say, I think of soon leaving town; in fact, I have to leave town very soon—very soon indeed—just for a while."

"Where are you darting off to now?"

"Well, it's a long story, and not all a pleasant one—and, in short, don't ask me. Perhaps I may come back soon—perhaps in a long, long time."

"My dear fellow, what are you talking about —what do you mean?"

"No matter. At least don't ask me—good-night, and good-by."

He seized my hand, grasped it warmly, and then sprang across the street and soon disappeared.

"George is in some scrape," I thought at once. What it could be I was, of course, unable. The most reasonable conjecture seemed to be that he was in debt, and feared he might have to make an excursion out of town to avoid his creditors. I was sorry for this too, because I had myself entered into a small literary speculation sum from a publisher, the profits of two or three little pamphlets which we meditated, and wonderful run; and this money, which he could hardly have squandered since yesterday, would surely have stood over the emergency, and kept wolf-dun from the door.

I resolved to call at his lodgings next morning and try to get into his full confidence.

I called at ten, and found that he had left his lodgings four days before—not to be heard of since by bed, but had spent the night in packing up his books and papers in a large trunk, which he left in the care of his landlady, and his clothes in a portmanteau which he took with him. He told the landlady that his affairs took him to Ireland, but that he might possibly be a much longer time away. Where he was going to, he did not say to the landlady, nor, indeed, did he know himself at home her best to learn.

There was nothing more to be said. We must wait for him to come back. A week after I met Mr. Bathurst, who was surprised at George's not having come down to town the night I last saw the fugitive at his house. A month, two, and still George Edgar Marcy did not return. I called on George's father, with whom his son was on cold, unfriendly terms, because of the elder Marcy having married again very soon after the death of George's mother—a fact which poor George not amiss rarely resented.

Marcy the elder could only tell me that his son had written to him from Ireland, to say that he was about leaving town: that he might possibly be away for a long time, and that he would take it as a favor if no letters or inquiry were made after him.

"And I can assure you," Mr. Marcy concluded, "that I have not made, and don't mean to make, any inquiry whatever. I have no doubt George is all right; but I have no knowledge whether a close inquiry after him would end in any thing creditable for the family to hear."

Cherchez la femme was evidently Mr. Marcy's mode of solving the mystery, and it was after a very short time of private persons.

I had often thought of poor George's casual talk with the Italian organ-boy, and wondered whether that could possibly have had any thing to do with his disappearance. I made many efforts to find the boy again. I never saw an organ-boy without asking him whether he was a Lombard, and whether it was he who had talked with my poor friend, for I was by no means clear about the features of the lad we met in Piccadilly. But my efforts were unsuccessful, and I did not think it well to say any thing about the matter to Mr. Bathurst.

Your Annie began to look thin and pale and sad. Her father made little secret to his intimate friends that his daughter was grieving after George Marcy, and that she could not be brought to believe in any explanation of his disappearance which could make him out unworthy. But her health was giving way; and in the winter her father took her to Nice, and thence to Rome.

Spring and summer came and passed; and autumn sent us all on our holiday tours. George Marcy had been more than a year gone. My wife and I were traveling through a few days in Switzerland, and thence crossed the Alps, meaning to wander for a little while in Lombardy, and pay a short visit to the Bathurts, who were now in Milan.

We were journeying one day over mountains and through valleys in a wretched carriage, which grew so tired that, although it was yet far from sunset, we made up our minds to rest in a little hamlet we saw on a hill-side not far off, and which looked quiet, smiling, and picturesque. But as the driver was about to turn into the village along the road, stopped our driver and talked to him very eagerly; and then, addressing us, told us, in French, that there was a bad fever prevailing now in the village, that many persons were stricken down by it, and that we had better not enter the place. This was very kind of him, and we thanked him; but we really could not go on at once—and I have all the obstinacy of ignorance in not believing that there is any real danger where the people are about and people tell us. So, my wife being equally skeptical, and we both knowing something of Italian exaggeration, we insisted on at least passing through the village and making a short stay there to rest. The driver had his fears and objections; but they resolved themselves into a question of additional pay, and were removed.

We entered the village and drove up to the little tavern, or wine-house, round which the general business of the place seemed to be done. An external sign of any thing very terrible going on; the village looked clean and thriving; there were hardly any beggars to be seen; and all the shops, such as they were, were open. But the landlord of the tavern told us that there were several bad cases of fever—some victims had died yesterday, some were dying to-day.

"Here comes a fever youth, Signor," said the landlord, in a low tone, "whom the fever is likely to rob of his—Hush! Well, Giorgio, how is now?"

This was addressed to a small, slight young man in the garb of one of the country laborers who just then entered. I could not see his face, but his whole attitude and bearing denoted utter dejection. He began to talk with the landlord in a low tone; and he got some wine in a little stone bottle and paid for it, and then turned to leave the shop. As he turned, my wife uttered a half-suppressed scream and caught me by the arm—and before I could move, looking this man full, and dressed like any ordinary peasant, stood poor George Edgar Marcy!

He came on to us and took one hand of each in his, and for a second or two said not a word. His first words were to my wife:

"Are you afraid of fever?"

"Not in the least," we both replied.

Then come with me."

We followed him without a word down the village street and saw him reached a poor little cottage with a patch of vines and some mulberry-trees near it. He beckoned to us to enter, and we followed him into a small, miserably appointed room. There was a bed in it, on which by a fresh-kindled wood-fire lay a girl who evidently been handsome in her days of health, but now was prostrate in what seemed the last stage of consumption. George said:

"My wife!" said George. "My poor dying wife!"

We did not leave the village that day, nor for several days after. We did not leave it until the poor dying girl's spirit had been laid to rest in the village grave-yard.

Gradually we learned from George the whole of his strange story. While living in Italy formerly he had come to spend some time in this town into the village, and he fell in love with the pretty girl who now lay dead. She was only a poor little ignorant peasant girl, but she had a native grace, delicacy, and beauty which naturally charmed an impulsive, eager, poetic boy. The girl was living with her father. George and she exchanged some foolish vows of love and constancy, and his father summoned him home; and in London among the image of his poor little Lombard love was soon in a fair way to be wholly effaced. But it was only to come to know Annie Bathurst—to know that he loved her, to believe that she loved him—it was only then that he began in earnest to repent his folly, and his unexpressed engagement. The thought that he had pressed cruelly on him. He left home when he and I walked home together decided his fate. The Lombard organ-boy with whom we talked carried away the image of his poor little Lombard love was soon in a fair way to be wholly effaced. But it was only to come to know Annie Bathurst—to know that he loved her, to believe that she loved him—it was only then that he began in earnest to repent his folly, and his unexpressed engagement. The thought that he had pressed cruelly on him. He left home when he and I walked home together decided his fate. The Lombard organ-boy with whom we talked carried away the village in which his peasant love was living: and from the boy he heard that her father had been some time dead, and that she was living a lonely, poor, and miserable life. Then George made up his mind. He had plenty of money by him, and he would redeem his pledge at the cost of all the happiness, the purpose, the prospects of his life. He went, and, in his impulsive, heedless, thoughtless young fellow, whom we all regarded as little better than a scape-grace, and knowing that to marry the girl was to pronounce upon himself a sentence of banishment from all he cared for on earth. He married her, brought her the little money he had, and settled down to live the life of a Lombard peasant. He would not write to Annie Bathurst—he said to himself that he had no right to address her, no right to say one word to make matters worse for pity or induce her to regard him with indulgence or with any memory of love.

So he lived a life which he did not describe in me in deliberate words, but which I could well picture to myself—a life of dull, monotonous labor, with an ignorant, mindless, good-natured, bright-eyed peasant girl. They had one baby, which only lived a few hours. Then came the fever in the village, and poor George's soft and manly heart was torn with genuine grief when he stood by the death-bed of the poor creature who was his wife—who had been his love.

But his exile now had no further motive or excuse. We brought him to London, and found in telling him whom he was likely to meet there. And I believe poor George will be happy yet, and that Annie Bathurst will think some day worse of him for his boyish folly and his manly resolve to bear its consequences.

BEETHOVEN.

APROPOS to the great musical festival which opened in this city on Monday, the 13th of June, we give on our first page this week the portrait of the illustrious Composer in honor of whose memory the festival was held. BEETHOVEN ranks among the first of musical composers. Shut off from social intercourse by the infirmity of deafness, he sought refuge in his musical depression in constant activity. In the catalogue of his works there is scarcely a branch of music to which he has not wrought. Even the full orchestra he composed nine symphonies, eleven overtures, the Fidelio, the Ballet of Music, the Victoria,' and a number of smaller pieces. His contributions to chamber music were very numerous. There are thirty-two grand sonatas for the piano-forte solo, and more than one hundred minor compositions. The same number accompanied sonatas, and a number of songs, belong to his contributions to sacred music: and an opera, and a vast variety of songs, form the list in the catalogue of his works.

His earliest compositions were pervaded by a pensiveness and longing, which became still more marked as he advanced in years, and was compelled to withdraw more and more within himself. The profound social and political agitation of the age in which he lived, the lofty aspirations, the sanguine hopes, the triumphs, as well as the griefs, the disappointment, and the despair of humanity, all found a more living expression in his works than in those of any other composer.

Our portrait of BEETHOVEN is taken from an admirable steel engraving kindly furnished us by MR. THEODORE STOEPEL, 859 Broadway.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MISER few paying particular attention to a lion was asked what he was trying to it. He replied, "I was saying, 'Absurd thou personifiest me to be a Christian.'"

AN AGRICULTURAL ANGLE—A wheat corner.

"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly person on a railroad car lately. "Fight! I had a little taste of it, sah." "Stood your ground, did you?" "No, sah; I ran." "Ran! I am surprised." "Yes, sah; would rub mah nose sooner if I had known it was gunpowder." "Why, I thought it was gunpowder." "Did you?" "Did you by my face—certainly." "Confederate." "Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?" "Reputation? Reputation by the side ob life." "Do you consider your life worth more than your reputation?" "It's worth more to me, sah."

If you ever find a stiff-jaw Quaker, soaked up to him; you will find him a close friend.

Vena and Minerd had a slight misunderstanding one day, and Vena, fired with indignation against her big brother, kicked the cat. Johnny, who was Vena's favorite beauty, ran to her perplexedly, and said, "Vena, that cat ain't all Minerd's: it's part mine." Vena, with a look which a sort of settled-at-fied air, "I kicked Minerd's part."

A BAND OF HOPE—The Wedding Ring.

A little boy, running, stubbed his toe and fell on the pavement. He picked himself up, and, feeling hurt, said to a bystander: "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." Then, he answered the little boy, "I shall very do to-morrow."

The King was sick in a boarding-house, and made his mind up for some chicken broth. The order went down into the kitchen, and the broth was duly made, fat, and relight. The sick man was subsequently regaled his chicken broth, and was heard to exclaim, "I've just let a chicken wade through it." "If they did," said the landlady, "I had an affair." He recovered.

PERSONS FOR LAWYERS—Sort.

"You don't do work enough to earn your salary," said the head of a department in the New York Custom-house to a clerk. "Why, sir," he exclaimed the young man, "I worked to get here; surely you don't expect me to walk up Broadway?"

A gentleman sent a bid with a letter to the post-office, and money to pay the postage. The letter was returned to him with the bill. "Guess I've done the thing nicely," he exclaimed, and more than once. "I've got a post-office through a bole, and so I watched my chance, got out and put in the letter."

HAIR-VESTICES—Pocket-books.

GOOD ADVICE.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Look civil to all the barbers and waiters. Never bet, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the earner, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your clocks every Saturday night, and, every day, endeavor minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow." Make friends in the middle state, and keep them, for there's no knowing how soon you may be in need of them. Write short letters and never sign your name to the man who keeps up a large correspondence is a mean fool, and he knows not to the post.

An Indiana husband advertised his wife as "leaving his bed and board," and then applied to her for a loan of a dollar and a half to pay for the advertisement.

A young gentleman was recently asked to take something. He said he was not dry, but he would take the sixpence, which he accordingly pocketed, and walked off.

An exchange which wishes to avoid slang, delicately advises its bellicrent neighbor to "imitate the example of the fowls in time of a draught."

"I have always had and always shall have an earnest and true desire to contribute as far as in me lies to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she, and every beautiful object in external nature, claims some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread."

CHARLES DICKENS.

RECEPTION OF INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 412.]

ENTRE NOUS.

As we two slowly walked that night,
Silence fell on us—as of fear!
I was afraid to face the light
Lest you should see that I loved you, dear.

You drew my arm against your heart,
So close I could feel it beating near;
You were brave enough for a lover's part—
You were so sure that I loved you, dear.

Then you murmured a word or two,
And tenderly raised your interdict ear;
For you thought that all that you had to do
Was to hear me say that I loved you, dear.

But, though my lips were so close to mine
That you touched my cheek with your cheerful sigh,
I wouldn't my lips to your ravage resign
And yet—I loved you—I loved you, dear.

And all at once you were cold and pale,
Because you thought that I did not care
To risk a total ruin by veil—
But that was because I loved you, dear.

And so you thought 'twas a drop of rain
That splashed your hand? But 'twas a tear!
For then you said you'd never again
Ask me to say that I loved you, dear.

Well! I will tell—if you'll listen now:
I thought of the words you said last year;
How we girls weren't coy enough, and how
There were half a dozen that loved you, dear.

And I was afraid that you held me light,
And as high as my shoulder said, "Brown Bess!"
He's just in a wooing mood to-night."
So I—couldn't say that I loved you, dear.

Not though I thought you the Man of men,
Chiefest of heroes, brave and rare;
Not though I saw with love again
Any man as I loved you, dear.

I have suffered, and so have you;
And to-night, if you were but standing here,
I'll make you an answer straight and true,
If you'd ask again if I loved you, dear.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIXTEENTH SCENE.—SALT PATCH.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

THE PLACE.

Early in the present century it was generally reported among the neighbors of one Reuben Limbrick that he was in a fair way to make a comfortable little fortune by dealing in Salt.

His place of abode was in Staffordshire, on a morsel of inclosed land of his own—appropriately called Salt Patch. Without being absolutely a miser, he lived in the humblest manner; was very little employed; skillfully increased his money; and persisted in remaining a single man.

Toward eighteen hundred and forty the first felt the approach of the chronic malady which ultimately terminated his life. After trying what the medical men of his own locality could do for him, with very poor success, he met by accident with a doctor living in the western suburbs of London, who thoroughly understood his complaint. After some journeying backward and forward to consult this gentleman, he decided on retiring from business, and on taking up his abode within a easy distance of the medical man.

Finding a piece of freehold land to be sold in the neighborhood of Fulham, he bought it, and had a cottage-residence built on it, according to directions. He surrounded the whole—being a man singularly jealous of any intrusion on his retirement, or of any chance observation of his ways and habits—with a high wall, which cost a large sum of money, and which was rightly considered a dismal and hideous object by the neighbors. When the new residence was completed, he called it after the name of the place in Staffordshire where he had made his money, and where he had lived during the beginning and middle of his life. His relatives, failing to understand that a question of interest was involved in his proceeding, appealed to hard facts, and reminded him that there were no salt mines in the neighborhood. Reuben Limbrick merely said, "So much the worse for the neighborhood"—and persisted in calling his property, "Salt Patch."

The cottage was so small that it looked quite lost in the large garden all round it. There was a ground floor and a floor above it—and that was all.

On either side of the passage, on the lower floor, were two rooms. At the right-hand side, on entering by the front-door, there was a kitchen, with its appurtenances attached. At the left-hand lay the kitchen looked into the garden. In Reuben Limbrick's time it was called the study, and contained a small collection of books and a large store of fishing-tackle. On the left-hand side of the passage there was a little apartment situated at the back of the house, and communicating with a dining-room in the front. On the upper floor there were five bedrooms—two on one side of the passage, corresponding in size with the dining-room and the drawing-room below, but not opening into each other; three on the other side of the passage, consisting of one larger room in front, and of two small rooms at the back. All these were solidly and completely furnished. Paper had not been placed, and workmanship had not been studied. It was all substantial—and, up stair- and down stairs, it was all ugly.

The situation of Salt Patch was lonely. The lanes of the market-gardeners separated it from other houses. Jealously surrounded by its own high walls, the cottage suggested, even to the most unimaginative persons, the idea of an asylum or a prison. Reuben Limbrick's relatives, on a certain occasion, attempted to stay with him, found the place prey on their spirits, and rejected when the time came for going home. Others, who never pressed to stay against their will, Reuben Limbrick was not to beginbee ve in such he man. He set very little value on human sympathy, in his attacks of illness; and he bore extraordinary testimony, in his intervals of ease, to "That absent thing but fishing," he used to say. "I find my dog very good company. And I am quite happy for days as I am free from pain."

On his death-bed, he divided his money justly enough among his relations. The only part of his Will which exposed itself to unfavorable criticism, was a clause conferring a legacy on one of his sisters (then a widow) who had estranged herself from the family by a clandestine marriage. The family agreed in considering this unhappy person as undeserving of notice or benefit. Her name was Hester Dethridge. It proved to be a great aggravation of Hester's offenses, in the eyes of Hester's relations, when it was discovered that she possessed a life-interest in Salt Patch, and an income of two hundred a year.

Not visited by the surviving members of her family, living, literally, by herself in the world, Hester decided, on the receipt of her considerable income, on letting lodgings. The explanation of this strange conduct which she had written on her slate, in reply to an inquiry from a friend, was the true one. "I have not got a friend in the world: I dare not be alone." In those circumstances, and with that melancholy motive, she put the house into an agent's hands. The first person in want of lodgings who applied, sent on to see the place was Perry the trainer; and Hester's first tenant was Geoffrey Delamayn.

The rooms which the landlady reserved for herself were the kitchen, the room next to it, which had once been her brother's study, and which the two small back bedrooms up stairs—one for herself, the other for the servant-girl whom she employed to help her. The whole of the rest of the cottage was to let. It was more than the trainer wanted; but Hester Dethridge refused to dispose of her lodgings—either as to the rooms occupied, or as to the period for which they were to be taken—other than her own terms. Perry had no alternative but to lose the advantage of the garden as a private training-ground, or to submit.

Being only two in number, the lodgers had time between them to choose from. Geoffrey established himself in the back-room, over the drawing-room. Perry chose the front-room, over the study on the other side of the cottage, next to the two smaller apartments occupied by Hester and her maid. Each of the arrangements, the front bedroom, on the opposite side of the passage—next to the room in which Geoffrey made love left to the trainer; and the dining-room, as a needless luxury, to take care of itself.

The Foot-Race was over, Perry's business on the cottage was at an end. His empty bedroom and sitting-room were let to the first person for which the lodgings had been taken was then still unexpired. On the day after the race Geoffrey had the house to himself—with the exception, or remaining in the lodgings by himself, with two small bedrooms and two halls, and with a drawing-room for the reception of his visitors—who called with pipes in their mouths, and whose idea of hospitality was a pot of beer and a clay pipe.

To use his own phrase, he was "out of sorts." A dogged reluctance to face anything in any kind possessed him. He decided on staying at Salt Patch until his marriages to Mrs. Glenarm (which he then looked upon as a certainty) brought him to alter his habits completely, once for all. From Fulham he had gone, the next day, to attend the inquiry in Portland Place. And to Fulham he returned, when he brought the wife he had been forced to marry to her new home.

Such was the position of the tenant, and such were the arrangements of the cottage, on the day—by the memorable evening when Anne Silvester entered it as Geoffrey's wife.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

THE NIGHT.

On leaving Lady Lundie's house, Geoffrey Delamayn left the two women together. Anne opened the door, and signed to Anne to enter the vehicle. She obeyed him mechanically. He told the coachman the new address to be, and told the man to drive to Fulham.

The cab started on its journey: husband and wife preserving absolute silence. Anne laid her head back wearily, and closed her eyes. Her husband looked down at her, and saw that she had sustained her from the beginning to the end of the marriage-ceremony. She was sustained now. She felt nothing, knew nothing, feared nothing. Half in faintness, half in slumber, she had lost all sense of her own terrible position, during the first five minutes of the journey to Fulham had come to an end.

Sitting opposite to her, savagely self-concentrated in his own thoughts, Geoffrey roused himself on a sudden. An idea had sprung to life in his sluggish brain. He put his head out of the window, and looked over the roofs of the cab to turn back, and go to an hotel near the Great Northern Railway.

Looking back to seat, he looked furtively at Anne. She neither moved nor opened her eyes—she was, to all appearance, unconscious of what had happened. He observed her attentively. Was she really ill? Was the time coming when he would be freed from her? He pondered over that question—watching her closely. Little by little the vile hope in him slowly died away, and a vile suspicion took its place. What, if this appearance of illness was a pretense? What, if she was waiting to throw him off its guard, and escape from him at the first opportunity? He put his head out of the window again, and gave another order to the driver. The cab diverged from the direct route, and stopped at a public house in Holborn, kept (under an assumed name) by Perry the trainer.

Geoffrey wrote a line in pencil on his card, and sent it into the house by the driver. After waiting some minutes, Perry appeared and touched his hat. Geoffrey spoke to him, out of the window, in an under-tone. The hat took his place on the box by the driver. The cab turned back, and took the road to the hotel near the Great Northern Railway.

Arrived at the place, Geoffrey posted the list close at the door of the cab, and pointed to Anne, still reclining with her eyes closed. He was now, at last, too weary to lift her head, too fitful to notice any thing that happened. If she attempts to get out, stop her, and send for me." With those parting directions he entered the hotel, and asked for Mr. Mirr.

Mr. Mov was in the house; he had just returned from Scotland Place. He rose, and bowed coldly, when Geoffrey was shown into his sitting-room.

"What is your business with me?" he asked.

"I've had a notion come into my head," said Geoffrey, "And I want to speak to you about it directly."

"I must request you to consult some one else. Consider me as busy, for the present, as having withdrawn all further connection with your affairs."

Geoffrey looked at him in stolid surprise.

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave me in the lurch?" he asked.

"I mean to say that I will take no fresh step in any business of yours," answered Mr. Moy, firmly. "As to the future, I have ceased to be your legal adviser. Prior to the past, I shall carefully complete the formal duties toward you which remain to be done. Your hearing at Bishopsrigg are coming here by appointment, at six this evening, to receive the money due to them before they go back. I shall return to Scotland myself by the night mail. The persons referred to, in the matter of the promise of marriage, Sir Patrick, are all in Scotland. I will take their evidence as to the handwriting, and as to the question of residence in the North —and I will send it to you in written form. That done, I shall have done all. I decline to advise you in any way which may stop you proceed to take."

After reflecting for a moment, Geoffrey put a last question.

"You said Bishopsrigg and the woman would be here at this present hour?"

"Yes."

"Where are they to be found before that?"

Mr. Moy wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and handed it to Geoffrey. "At their lodgings," he said. "Here is the address."

Geoffrey took the address, and left the room. Lawyer and client parted without a word on either side.

Returning to the cab, Geoffrey found the list carefully watched as before.

"Has any thing happened?"

"The lady hasn't moved, Sir, since you left her."

"Is Perry at the public house?"

"Not at this present, Sir."

"I want a lawyer. Do you know who Perry's lawyer is?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And where he is to be found?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get up on the box, and tell the man where to drive to."

The cab went on again along the Euston Road, and stopped at a house in a side-street, with a professional brass plate on the door. The lad got down, and came to the window.

"Here it is, Sir.

"Knock at the door, and see if he is at home."

He proved to be at home. Geoffrey entered the house, leaving his emissary once more on the watch. The lad noticed that the lady moved this time. Geoffrey looked at her as she lay, and opened her eyes for a moment wearily, and looked out through the window—sighed, and sunk again in the corner of the cab.

After an absence of more than half an hour Geoffrey returned to the cab. His interview with Perry's lawyer appeared to have relieved his mind of something that had oppressed it. He gave his directions to the driver to go to Fulham—opened the door to get into the cab—then, as it seemed, suddenly recollected the lad, calling the lad down from the box, ordered him to get inside, and took his place by the driver.

The lad looked over his shoulder at Anne through the front window. "Well off to sleep," he said to himself. "It's the way to be even with her. And it's the way to be free."

They arrived at the cottage. Possibly, repose had restored Anne's strength. Possibly, the sight of the place had roused the instinct of self-preservation in her at last. To Geoffrey's surprise, she left the cab without assistance. When he opened the wooden gate, with his own key, she recoiled from it, and looked at him for the first time.

He pointed to the entrance.

"Go in," he said.

"On what terms?" she asked, without striving a step.

Geoffrey dismissed the cab; and sent the lad in, to wait for further orders. These things done, he answered her loudly and brutally the moment they were alone:

"On any terms I please.

"Nothing will induce me," she said, firmly, "to live with you as your wife. You may kill me—but you will not bend me to that."

He advanced a step—opened his lips—suddenly checked himself. He waited a while, turning something over in his mind. When he spoke again, it was with marked deliberation and constraint—with the air of a man who was repeating words put into his lips, or words prepared beforehand.

"I have something to tell you in the presence of witnesses," he said. "I don't ask you, or wish you, to see me in the cottage with me."

She started at the change in him. His sudden compliance, and his unlooked-for use in the choice of words, tried her courage far more severely than it had been tried by his violence of the moment before.

He waited her decision, still pointing through the gate. She trembled a little—touched the gate—and passed it. He had, waiting in the front garden, followed her.

He threw open the drawing-room door, on the left-hand side of the passage. She entered the room. The servant-girl appeared. He said to her, "Fetch Mrs. Dethridge; and come back with her yourself." Then he went into the room; shut the door by his own hand; threw himself into it; and the door being left wide open.

Hester Dethridge came out from the kitchen with the girl behind her. At the sight of Anne, a faint and momentary change passed over the stony stillness of her face. A dull light glimmered in her eyes. She slowly nodded her head. A dumb sound, vaguely expressive of something like exultation or relief, escaped her lips.

Geoffrey spoke—once more, with marked deliberation and constraint—without looking up. The air of repeating something which had been prepared beforehand. He pointed to Anne.

"This woman is my wife," he said. "In the presence of you three, as witnesses, I tell her that I don't forgive her. I have brought her down to this miserable place in which I can insist her to be—to wait the issue of proceedings, undertaken in defense of my own honor and good name. While she stays here, she will live separate from me, in a room of her own. If it is necessary for the communication with her, I shall see her in the presence of a third person. Do you all understand me?"

Hester Dethridge bowed her head. The other two answered, "Yes"—and turned to go out. Geoffrey made a sign from Geoffrey, observed and the lad waited in the room to hear what she had to say.

"I know nothing in my conduct," she said, addressing herself to Geoffrey, "which justifies you in either of the base people that you've given me. Those words applied by you to me are an insult. I am equally ignorant of what you mean when you speak of defending your friend's name. All I understand is, that we are separate persons in this house, and that I am to be a prisoner of my own. I am grateful, whatever your motives may be, for the arrangement that you have proposed. Your conduct of these two women to show me my room."

Geoffrey turned to Hester Dethridge.

"Take her up stairs," he said; "and let her pick which room she pleases. Give her what she wants to eat and drink. Bring down the pieces of the place where her luggage is. The lad here will go back by railway, and fetch it. That's all. Be off."

Hester went out. Anne followed her up the stairs. In the passage on the upper floor she stopped. The dull light flickered again on the mourner in her eyes. She wrote on her slate, and held it to Anne, with these words on it: "I knew you would come back. It's not the first time I've known you." Silence made no reply. She went on writing, with something faintly like a smile on her thin, colorless lips. "I knew you would be glad husband. Glad is as bad a one as ever stood in shoes. He'll try you." Anne made no reply to that, either. "Shall you see how tired I am?" she said, gently. Hester Dethridge dropped the slate—looked with a momentary expression of compassion on Anne's face—nodded her head, as much as to say, "I see for myself"—and led the way into one of the empty rooms.

It was the front bedroom, over the drawing-room. The large, square ground window let in a scrupulously clean, and solidly and tastefully furnished. The bedstead was of iron, with the hideous carpet on the floor, were both of the best quality. The great heavy mahogany bedstead, with its curtains hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and with its elaborately carved head and foot on the same model, offered to the view an unexpected spectacle of French design overwhelmed by English execution. The most noticeable thing in the room was the extraordinary attention which had been given to the defense of the door. Besides the usual lock and key, it possessed two solid bolts, fastening inside at the top and the bottom. It had been one among the many eccentric proofs which Reuben Limbrick's character to live in perpetual dread of his breaking into his cottage at night. All the outer doors and all the inner doors and shutters were solidly furnished with iron, and had alarm-bells attached to them on a new principle. Every one of the bedrooms possessed its two bolts on the inner side of the door. And, to crown all, on the roof of the cottage was a little belfry, containing a bell large enough to make itself heard at the Fulham police station. Reuben Limbrick's fancy in the type had communicated with his bedroom. It hung now against the wall, in the passage outside.

Looking round, one by one, at the objects around her, Anne's eyes rested on the partition

wall which divided the room from the room next to it. The wall was not broken by a door of communication; it had nothing placed against it but a wash-hand-stand and two chairs.

"Who sleeps in the next room?" said Anne.

Hester Detheridge pointed down to the drawing-room in which they had left Geoffrey. Geoffrey slept in the room.

Anne led the way out again into the passage.

"Show me the second room," she said.

The second room was also in front of the house. More ugliness (of first-rate quality) in the paper and the carpet. Another heavy mahogany bedstead. In this case, a bedstead with a canopy attached to the head of it—supporting its own curtains. Anticipating Anne's inquiries on this occasion, Hester looked toward the next room, at the back of the cottage, and pointed to herself. Anne at once decided on occupying the second room; it was the farthest from Geoffrey.

Hester waited while she wrote the address to which her luggage would be found (at the house of the musical agent), and then, having applied for and received her directions as to the way to travel which she should send up stairs, quitted the room.

Left alone, Anne secured the door, and threw herself on the bed. Still too weary to exert her mind, still physically incapable of realizing the helplessness and the peril of her position, she opened a locket that hung from her neck, kissed the portrait of her mother and the portrait of Blanche placed opposite to each other in it, and sank into a deep and dreamless sleep.

Meanwhile Geoffrey repeated his final orders to the lad, at the cottage gate.

"When you have got the luggage, you are to go to the lawyer. If he can come here at once, you will show him the way. If he can't come, you will bring me a letter from him. Don't mistake in this, and it will be the worst day's work you ever did in your life. Away with you, and don't lose the road."

The lad ran off. Geoffrey waited, looking after him, and turning over in his mind what had been done up to that time.

"All right, so far," he said to himself. "I didn't tell the girl with her face at the wash-hand-stand. Women are queer. Well, I've got a woman to work with, and I've got a man to work with. Now about the woman up stairs? Hester's slate, aided by the girl's tongue, has told me what I want to know. She was to be told. They had taken up to her room tea and an omelet; and they had been obliged to wake her from a sleep. She had eaten the half of the omelet, and had drunk eagerly of the tea. They left her open up again in the tray drawn. She had returned to the bed. She was not asleep—only dull and heavy. Made no remark. Looked about her, but not with any alarm; and we let her be. Such was the report. After listening to it, without making any remark, Geoffrey filled a second pipe, and resumed his walk. The time wore on. It began to feel chilly in the garden. Geoffrey stood swept sullenly over the open lands round the cottage; the stars twinkled, their last appearance was to be seen overhead in the black void of night. More rain coming, Geoffrey went indoors.

An evening newspaper was on the dining-room table. The candles were lit. He sat down, and started to read. No! There was something in the newspaper that he cared about. The time for hearing from the lawyer was drawing nearer and nearer. Reading was out of the question. Sitting still was of no use. He got up, and went out in the front of the cottage—strided to the gate—opened it, and looked right and left down the road.

Not one living creature was visible by the light of the gas-lamp over the gate. The creature came nearer, and proved to be the postman going his last round, with the last delivery for the night. He came up to the gate with a letter in his hand.

"The Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"All right."

He took the letter from the postman, and went back into the dining-room. Looking at the address by the light of the candles, he recognized the handwriting of Mrs. Glenarm. "To congratulate me on my marriage?" he said to himself, bitterly. He opened the letter.

Mrs. Glenarm's congratulations were expressed in these terms:

"MY ADORED GEOFFREY,—I have heard all. My beloved one! my own! you are sacrificed to the vilest woman that walks the earth, and I have lost you! How is it that I live after hearing it? How is it that I can think, and write, with my brain on fire, and my heart breaking? Oh, my angel, there is a purpose that supports me—pure, beautiful, worthy of us both. I live, Geoffrey—I live to dedicate myself to the adored idea of You. My hero! my first, last, love! I will marry no other man. I will live and die—I vow it solemnly on my bended knees—I will live and die single for You. I am your eternal Wife. My beloved Geoffrey! she can't come between us, there—she can never rob you of my heart's unalienable fidelity, of my soul's unearthly devotion. I am your Spiritual Wife! Oh, the blunders luxury of writing those words! Write back to me, beloved one, and say you feel it too. Vow it, idol of my heart, as I have vowed it. Unalterable fidelity! unearthly devotion! Never, never will I be the wife of any other man! Never, never will I forgive the woman who has come between us! Yours ever and only; yours with the stainless passion that burns on the altar of the heart; yours, yours, yours—G."

This outbreak of hysterical nonsense—in itself simply ridiculous—assumed a serious importance in its effect on Geoffrey. It associated the direct attainment of his own interests with the gratification of his vengeance on Anne. Ten thousand a year self-dedicated to him—and nothing to prevent his putting out his hand and taking it but the woman who had caught him in her trap, the woman up stairs who had delivered herself on him for life!

He put the letter into his pocket. "Wait till I hear from the lawyer," he said to himself. "The easiest way out of it is *that* way. And it's the last."

He looked impatiently at his watch. As he did so a loud sound of knocking came to his ear at the bell. Was it the lad bringing the luggage? Yes. And, with it, the lawyer's respects? No. Only the lawyer himself.

"I come in!" cried Geoffrey, meeting his visitor at the door.

The lawyer entered the dining-room. The candle-light revealed a man, stout, comfortable, full-lipped, bright-eyed man—with a strain of negro blood in his yellow face, and with a considerable share of the negro's dull manner of walking habitually in the dirtiest professional by-ways of the law.

"I've got a little place of my own in your neighborhood," he said. "And I thought I would look in myself, Mr. Delamayn, on my way home."

"Have you seen the witnesses?"

"I have examined them both, Sir. First, Mrs. Inchbare and Mr. Bishopriggs together. Next, Mrs. Inchbare and Mr. Bishopriggs separately."

"Well?"

"Well, Sir, the result is unfavorable, I am sorry to say."

"What do you mean?"

"Neither the one nor the other of them, Mr. Delamayn, can give the evidence we want. I have made sure of that."

"Made sure of that? You have made an influential mess of it! You don't comprehend the case!"

The malmto lawyer smiled. The rudeness of his client gave him a right to amuse him.

"Don't I?" he said. "Suppose you tell me where I am wrong, Sir? Here it is in outline only. On the fourteenth of August last your wife was at an inn in Scotland. A gentleman named Arnold Brinkworth became ill there. He represented himself to be her husband, and he stated with his own lips that morning, according from those facts, the object you have in view is to sue for a divorce from your wife. In this mind Mr. Arnold Brinkworth is the co-respondent. And you produce in evidence the waiter and the landlady of the inn. Any thing wrong, Sir, so far?"

Nothing wrong. At one cowardly stroke to crush Anne Silvester, and to deliver him at last himself free—there, plainly and truly stated, was the scheme which he had devised, when he had turned back on the road to Fulham to consult Mr. Moy.

"So much for the case," resumed the lawyer. "Now for what I have done on receiving your instructions. I have examined the witnesses, Sir. And I have found them, one and all (with not one) with Mr. Moy. The result of those two proceedings is—Mr. Moy's opinion, that in assuming the character of the lady's husband, Mr. Brinkworth was acting under your directions—which tells direct against you. Opinion secondary: Not the slightest impropriety of conduct, and no approach even to immorality, was detected by either of the witnesses, while the lady and gentleman were together at the inn. Fierce in favor of evidence to prove the contrary then, except that they were together—in two rooms. How are you to assume a guilty purpose, when you have to prove an approach to guilty act? You can no more take such a case as that into court than you can jump over the roof of this cottage."

He looked hard at his client, expecting to receive a violent reply. His client agreeably disappointed him. A very strange impression appeared to have been produced on his reckless and headstrong man. He got up quietly; he spoke with perfect outward composure of face and manner and voice. He said, simply:

"Have you given up the case?"

"As things are at present, Mr. Delamayn, there is no case."

"And no hope of my getting divorced from her?"

"Wait a moment. Have your wife and Mr. Brinkworth left the country since they were together at the Scotch inn?"

"Nowhere."

"As for the future, of course I can't say. As to the past, there is no hope of your getting divorced from her."

"Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Delamayn."

Fastened to her for life—and the law powerless to cut the knot.

He pondered over that result until he had thoroughly realized it and fixed it in his mind. Then his mood changed. He paused, and then read it through again, attentively, from beginning to end.

Nothing could shake her devotion to him. Nothing would induce her to marry another man. There she was—in her own words—dedicated to him: waiting, with her fortune at her own disposal, to be his wife. There she was in her father, waiting (so far as he knew, in the absence of any tidings from Holchester House) to welcome Mrs. Glenarm as a daughter-in-law, and to give Mrs. Glenarm's husband an income of his own. As fair a prospect, on all sides, as man could desire. And nothing in the way of it but the woman who had caught him in her trap—the woman up stairs who had fastened herself on him for life.

He went out in the garden in the darkness of the night.

There was open communication, on all sides, between the back garden and the front. He walked round and round the cottage—now appearing in a stream of light from a window; now disappearing again in the darkness. The wind blew refreshingly over his bare head. For some moments he went round and round, faster and faster, without a pause. When he stopped at last, it was in front of the cottage.

He took out his watch, and looked up at the dim light in the window of Anne's room.

"How?" he said to himself. "That's the question. How?"

He went indoors again, and rang the bell. The servant girl who answered it started back at the sight of him. His florid color was all gone. His voice was low and hoarse when appearing to see her. The perspiration was standing on his forehead in great heavy drops.

"Are you ill, Sir?" said the girl.

He told her, with an oath, to hold her tongue and bring him the brandy. When she entered the room for the second time, he was standing with his back to her, looking out at the night. He never moved, or spoke, while she laid the table. She heard him muttering as if he was talking to himself.

The same difficulty which had been present to his mind in secret under Anne's window was present to him now.

How? That was the problem to solve. How?

He turned to the brandy, and took counsel of that.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE well recognized cry of "Straw-ber-ries! straw-ber-ries!" was heard in the street long ago in the streets of our city, yet a glimpse any morning into Fulton, Washington, and other busy down-town markets, will show that this luscious fruit is by no means gone. Somebody has said that doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but that he never did. We certainly feel exceedingly content with the fruits vouchsafed to us during the season of the palate, which are offered for sale every morning—red, ripe, and fresh. Long ago this fruit in the vegetable world is good in its season, and the raspberries, blueberries, huckleberries, currants, blackberries, cherries, peaches, etc., which follow strawberries, will not fail to be appreciated. Perhaps our reason why we place the extra value on the first delivery is because it comes first, when, weary of preserved and canned fruits, we are ready to welcome Nature's bounteous supply.

"Red Cloud," the Indian Chief, evidently regards fashionable costume as an absurdity. He is reported to have been in Washington considerable of a lounger, when he first saw the ladies of Washington in street costume. Well, it is not strange. Ladies themselves laugh at it, when the fashion plates offer it.

A very pleasant excursion party, consisting of three hundred California school-teachers, accompanied by a number of others, left San Francisco on the 15th of May, and arrived at this city on the 8th of June, having made the trip in twenty-three hours. This is the largest party that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. The excursionists came through in a special train of cars, under the care of Parker and Pullman, sleeping cars, without accident or delay. They were accompanied by Andrew Jackson, Superintendent of Public Schools of San Francisco, and John Swett, ex-superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California. From Omaha they came by way of the Burlington and Missouri River and the Pennsylvania Central Railroads. The excursion rates were \$150 for the round trip, exclusive of sleeping cars.

An interesting relic was lately exhibited at the Methodist Historical Preachers' Meeting in this city. It was the old parish Bible which for over a century was in the custody of Wesley Chapel, England, and from which Rev. Samuel Wesley and his son, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached so long. The relic was given by Abraham Beaman, Superintendent of Public Schools of San Francisco, and John Swett, ex-superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California. From Omaha they came by way of the Burlington and Missouri River and the Pennsylvania Central Railroads. The excursion rates were \$150 for the round trip, exclusive of sleeping cars.

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The M'Farland trial, or rather the incidents that caused it, have been worked up into a four-act drama, accompanied with comic songs, for a San Francisco theatre.

Brigham Young, in a recent discourse in the New Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, remarked that a few years ago it took about sixteen yards of cloth to make a dress for a woman, and she wanted a considerable quantity to drag in the streets. Now, he supposed, they make their dresses out of five yards and a half, and have as much trailing in the mud as ever. Evidently, Brigham Young knows nothing about dress-making.

Do not chew tobacco if there is any chance of your being cast overboard in the wake of a steam-boat. A young man in Cincinnati had his mouth well stored with tobacco, when he was so suddenly and unexpectedly swallowed the end. His life was scarcely saved.

The so-called "Sleeping Beauty of Tennessee" has another less romantic successor in Miss Anne Godsey. Her story, as given by local papers, is briefly as follows: She is about four years old when a fever-sick with what was supposed to be chills and fever; but the ailment developed into more. At the end of two years she fell into a nervous sleep, from which she has not woke since for a longer time than seven minutes at a time, and then usually from seven o'clock at night until about six in the morning, and through the day she sleeps as soundly as hour. Sometimes she spells she speaks pleasantly and intelligently, answering questions correctly, and is then apparently quite happy and contented. One of the strangest points of this case is the apparent absence of any necessity of any thing like respiration. A piece of the finest polished glass held to her mouth for hours does not dim it. Her pulse is perfectly still, and but for a nervous and tremulous motion of the body, which continues about ten days after the death of the dead. She has grown during her affliction from a tiny little girl to a woman of average height, and weighs ninety-six pounds; and although her body and hands show her very poor in flesh, her face is full and smooth, and her features well developed and beautiful. She is about twenty-five years old, and is tenderly watched over by her widowed mother.

A German translation of Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks," in four volumes, has appeared in Berlin.

A spoonful of powdered charcoal dropped into the water in which hyacinths are kept will preserve the flowers fresh for several days.

THE PLAYMATES.—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. HAYLLAR.]

THE PLAYMATES.

MR. HAYLLAR, the painter of this pleasant picture, is an English artist who has made the representation of child life and character a specialty—rarely attempting more ambitious subjects. The picture we have engraved presents a freshness and vivacity of treatment well suited to the theme with which it deals. The subject itself requires no comment. It will remind many readers, no doubt, of WORDSWORTH'S beautiful description of a kitten with falling leaves, which we quote for the benefit of those who do not happen to have a volume of his poems at hand. The poem is an autumn reverie; but the lines we copy apply just as well to this pretty midsummer picture. Watching the falling leaves, the kindly poet thus beautifully mingles imagination and description:

> Eddying round and round, they sink
> Slowly, slowly: one might think,
> From the motions that are made,
> Every little leaf conveyed
> Sylph or Fairy hither tending—
> To this lower world descending—
> Each invisible and mute
> In his wavering parachute.
> But the kitten, how she starts,
> Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts,
> First at one, and then its fellow,
> Just as light and just as yellow;
> There are many now—now one—
> Now they stop, and there are none.
> What intenseness of desire
> In her upward eye of fire!
> With a tiger-leap, half-way
> Now she meets the coming prey,
> Lets it go again, and then
> Has it in her power again.
> Now she works with three or four,
> Like an Indian conjuror;
> Quick as he in feat of art—
> Far beyond in joy of heart.
> Were her antics played in the eye
> Of a thousand standers-by,
> Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
> What would little Tabby care
> For the plaudits of the crowd?
> Over-happy to be proud—
> Over-wealthy in the treasure
> Of her own exceeding pleasure!

The skill of the artist is surely not ill employed upon subjects like those selected by MR. HAYLLAR, which address themselves to the more genial instincts of human nature, and convey a harmless enjoyment to thousands who would take far less interest in works of a more ambitious character.

INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ON the evening of June 6 a grand Indian reception took place at the White House, of which we give an illustration on page 409. The members of the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, and a large number of other dignitaries, with their ladies, were present; and the Blue, Green, and Red rooms were crowded by the brilliant assemblage. The ladies were attired in magnificent summer reception and levée costumes, and the gentlemen were in full party dress.

The Indian delegation were received in the East Room by Commissioner PARKER. SPOTTED TAIL, with his three braves, were seated at the northeast end of the room, and RED CLOUD, and his party of a dozen men and four squaws,

were seated on the east side. SPOTTED TAIL and his braves, says an eye-witness, were dressed in blue blankets, white leggins, white shirts, and with each a single eagle feather adorned the back of the hair. Their faces were painted with the war-paint, and all the head and feather trinkets of the body and legs were used. RED CLOUD was horribly painted—neck, face, and head. He wore a grotesque head piece, made of eagle feathers, and otherwise decked into red flannel. This was trailed down from the head to the very ground, and was not only odd, but beautiful.

and RED CLOUD and the other Indians followed, and shook hands with every lady and gentleman in the room. By the ladies it seemed to be especially enjoyed. They had no fear of RED CLOUD and SPOTTED TAIL, with their gloved hands; and they appeared to enjoy the huge hand-shaking they gave and received from the sons of the forest. They all—young and old, single and married—seemed to forget for the moment the rules and restrictions of polite society, and gave themselves up to the thorough enjoyment of the strange scene. They put in-

of the delicacies of civilized life with evident relish, and ate very freely of cakes and ices. The President and Mrs. GRANT and the other ladies and gentlemen helped the guests to the unwonted viands. Judge HOAR and Secretary ROBESON paid special attention to the squaws—cutting cake, handing them nick-nacks, etc. One of these squaws took from the President a button and a French "kiss;" and, taking her pocket-book from her bosom, placed them in it, and returned her pocket-book to its hiding-place, amidst general laughter from the whites. About

was made under very unfavorable circumstances. There was almost a dead calm; and the two vessels lay chafing like thoroughbreds at their enforced inactivity, and, although their helms were down, and their fore-sheets to windward, contriving, nevertheless, to forge ahead. Then the gun was fired; in a moment, as it were, the sails were set, and the *Sappho* seemed literally to leap away. Presently a heavy fog came on, and for some time hid the rival vessels from sight. At length it lifted, when the *Cambria* appeared to windward of the *Sappho*; but, by an error in

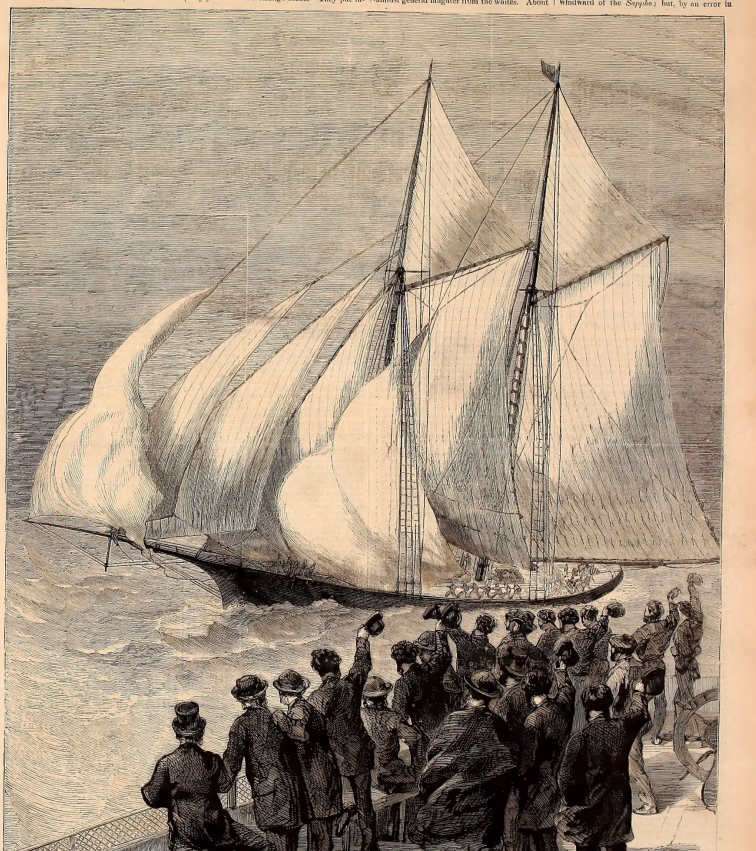

THE "SAPPHO" ROUNDING THE "VICTIS," AND SETTING HER BALLOON-CANVAS.

RED DOG, his lieutenant and orator, also had one of the eagle head-dresses, as had several of the other chiefs. All kinds of grotesque shawls, blankets, and robes, with a variety of shirts, leggins, and every conceivable kind of head and trinket adornment, were brought into use by RED CLOUD and his band. The squaws wore short dresses, high bodies or shirts, and their cheeks, nose, and forehead were thickly covered with red paint.

The introduction to the President and the rest of the company present is described as having been very amusing. Commissioner PARKER led,

numerable questions, through the interpreters, and curiously examined the costumes, the hair-dressing, the paint on the cheeks, the beads, the tin ornaments of the Indians; who, on their part, were no less curious in regard to the dress and more brilliant ornament. Of the whites. Both ranks were soon broken, and from every part of the room rose laughter and exclamations of wonder and admiration as something strange or ludicrous struck the eye.

A handsome evening entertainment in the state dining-room closed the reception. It was noticed that our barbarian brethren partook

10 o'clock the guests departed, much pleased with the manner of their reception and entertainment. Before returning to the West they will visit New York and other cities.

THE "SAPPHO" AND THE "CAMBRIA."

THIS illustration represents the most exciting moment during the progress of the third race between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria*. The start in this race, as our readers may remember, seamanship she lost the advance of position, and the American yacht, as represented in the illustration, rounded the mark-boat first, passing close beneath her stern, within a biscuit-toss. As soon as she felt the wind free she run up a cloud of canvas (she is represented in the act of setting her balloon-jib and her main-topmast stay-sail), and tore away at a wonderful rate. These precious three minutes enabled the *Sappho* to win the race with ease, and to round the mark-boat in triumph, while the *Cambria*, full a mile astern, lay becalmed and struggling vainly against the ebb-tide.

UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY'S FACTORY, MARION, N. J.

UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY.—GILES, WALES, & CO.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we devote ourselves to this sketch of one of the most interesting items that this country can boast, and, as individuals, have ever been privileged to furnish to the country for the locating and perfecting of an establishment that entirely relieves us of the necessity of coming to Europe to possess a time-piece, which, when obtained, is of unusual inaccuracy, or an unusual particular delicacy. This has been done away with, however, and through the efforts of the senior member, F. A. GILES, Esq., the name of the firm and the American manufacture has been placed upon the highest niche, and has received the highest honors at the hands of the best judges of this country, but from the skillful and ingenious of all countries and from all parts of the world. It will be a matter of surprise to many when we inform them that F. A. GILES, Esq., the head and front of this monster institution, is a young man, only 32 years of age, and yet in the cooling mind—the planner, the inventor, the originator, and competent of one of the greatest establishments ever conceived in this our time.

When it is considered that MR. GILES had none of the advantages of wealth or influence to assist him in the furtherance of his schemes, but was obliged to battle with, the brilliant success which has followed his efforts is the more to be admired, and received, and which the world is always ready to bestow on the man who is bold and honest enough to devote his life to the interests and well-being of all who contract or may be brought in contact with him.

MR. GILES spent several years as salesman in the employ of PLANT & BRO., where he projected and founded the present house of GILES, WALES, & CO., embracing W. A. WALES, Esq. (who at that time had charge of the New York office of the Mercury Revolver, and C. D., his younger brother, F. S. GILES, and his brother-in-law, C. H. WALES, Esq. It was in this junction that he conceived the idea of making not only the machinery, and organized the now notoriously celebrated United States Watch Co., on the Marion Building-Co., with a view not only to provide houses for the families of the operatives, but by purchasing and improving a very large tract of land, to reap the benefit of the great increase in the value of real estate caused by building these extensive works thereon.

MR. GILES being left an orphan at the age of eight years, and being the oldest male member of a family of seven children, it became incumbent on him, with his eldest sister, to provide for and to superintend the education of the rest. This he accomplished with success and a brother, he determined on learning the manufacturing of watchwork, with the idea, at some future day, of controlling the destinies of a watch manufactory. After perfecting his mechanical studies and starting business in this city, he made a trip to Europe, and there laid the foundation for the furtherance of his early-laid plans. On his return he commissioned his younger brother, who at that time had no particular knowledge of the business, to carry out the project as he had formed it, to the prosecution of the work branch, until he could return to his place here, at which time he intended to withdraw and instruct him in the finishing and adjusting departments. Machinery, and of which the foundation machinery had no knowledge. One year ago he was withdrawn and placed in position to superintend the interests of the manufactory, now completed, and which stands to-day a monument to the indomitable perseverance of its worthy head. There are few men possessing the capabilities of MR. F. A. GILES as a businessman; he wields the vast interests and details of this establishment with perfect ease, and with as much physical as mental power, he watches closely and jealously every department, and is ever ready to lend a hand in all cases in the public or social duties, and is the more beloved of the estimation so justly placed by the world at large on the watches manufactured by him.

W. A. WALES, Esq., is one of those gentlemen who are—to be sadly forgotten. Having had experience all the disadvantages possible in his early efforts to rise, he is always ready to cheer and encourage the young man striving to win himself position. Active of limb and vigorous of intellect, he is exerted both mind and body to the furtherance of any and every plan suggested for the need and benefit of the business, and, in so doing, has rendered the association of the firm a most happy one for all concerned.

To C. D. F. WALES, Esq., the junior member of the firm, we find all the elements of the true business man, solid and determined in the prosecution of truths, genial, generous, and decided in character, he has won himself a host of friends, both in active and private life. Those coming under his immediate control are always solicitous of his personal interest, while all with whom he is brought in contact exclaim: "*It is good to know him.*" Each and all of the gentlemen possessing a common cause, bearing with each others' peculiarities, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the weak or needy member. F. A. GILES, Esq., their honored, his indefatigable laborer, carved themselves out a name that will lengthen and brighten as the annals of American mechanism are held up for general admiration by time worthy gentlemen.

THE FACTORY.

There is no doubt about the factory the largest as well as the model manufactory in the world. It is located at MARION, New Jersey, only fifteen minutes distant from New York, and is on the line of the New Jersey Railroad. The principal building is 250 feet in length, is built almost entirely of iron and glass, and is remarkable in its construction in point of light and ventilation. The grounds of the establishment comprise three or more acres, are beautifully laid out, and, being surrounded by a unique iron fence, it has more the appearance of a private park than that of a manufactory in which are employed more than four hundred men coming and going from and boarded of the company's celebrated watches daily.

The entire machinery used by this company for the production of their watches is a credit to them, and is consistently ahead of any other manufactory in this country in this particular. The building is in the form of a T, the design of which excites the admiration of all who see or are formed as to see it, and the interior arrangements are perfect for the convenience and comfort of all concerned. Sets of pipes, of which there are a number arranged throughout the building, are used respectively for light, heat, and the supplying of water. Great care has been exercised in guarding against accident by fire, every room and hallway being supplied with fire-hose, so that every part of the building can be reached in case of fire. Great care is taken in the arrangements for the vast number of employes as perfect: hot and cold water, with numbers of water-closets in the cellars, of which there are two, are the well-known "Harvison." On this floor the heavier work is performed, and here are being wrought in shape from the crude materials; there is also storage for the various tools used in pressing into shape all the parts and movements of a watch. Where steel enters in the construction of a watch, the American only is used, as that has been found to be the most reliable and durable. Every watch with any degree of reliability, the imported article, sometimes, having defects that condemn it entirely. The only imported articles used by THE UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY are the precious stones for jewelling the movements and the enamel used in making the dials. In the room set aside for the use of mechanics in the construction of machinery used in the establishment, there is a corps of some 25 men, whose sole business is to make and keep in repair the various machines throughout the building, of which there are something like 200, and with just cause for pride in, two alike, each one of which has been designed and adapted for an especial purpose. Some of the machines are novelties, performing as they do various portions of the work, that in the ordinary course of machine used are various, yet, in its performance of them all, is of the most delicate, as it cuts and weighs the eighty-part of the weight to the wire, being but as fine as a hair. It is cut off, headed, the thread cut, and screwed in its position simultaneously; while in many other cases, so minute is the work, and so elaborately must it be performed, that a dozen machines all in its completion.

In the centre of the second floor the office of the superintendent is situated, and in which the private drawings are kept. The drawings of all parts of the movements are on an enlarged scale, and upon which are marked the measurements of the private standard gauge that is used by this company. So accurate is the machine that the very smallest possible fractional of difference can be divined, even to the twenty-fifth part of a hair, and by the use of which the parts, that, and to store the enormous required on the part of every movement, we will say that the finest hair from the human head will show by this steering finger a difference of one-half inch.

The process of making the compensating balances is one of interest; they are made of brass and steel, formed, then screws, perfect in every particular, head, slot, and thread—yet so small that it takes more than *five hundred* thousand of them to weigh a pound, or more than *forty thousand* to a single ounce! and to be seen to advantage the eye must be aided by a magnifying glass of some power.

The jewels used in these precious stones are cut by hand with a diamond, after we consider their extreme hardness and brittle nature; but ingenuity has again displayed itself and been brought to bear especially upon this point, and every obstacle overcome, so that the hardest stone is worked with comparative ease. Among the stones used for jewelling purposes are the ruby, sapphire, Spanish topaz, garnet, chrysolite, and aqua-marine, the more valuable of which are used in the larger grade of watch. The process of working these gems is one requiring great care, and the many operations necessary before they are brought to an acceptable condition. To make the ruby *pivots*, working in the slot of the fork, the rough stone is first sawn into slabs, after which it is sawn into squares; they are then taken to the lathe and turned with diamond-pointed tools, then they undergo a series of finishing powder, and when completed the subject of all this labor is but one-sixteenth part of an inch in length, and about the thickness of a very fine needle.

On the third floor the "motion room" is situated. In this room all the "motion works" are fitted, including the main-spring barrels, the winding and the stop works. One specialty in the construction is to being able to take out the barrel without taking apart the whole movement; affording great facility for putting in a new main spring. The jewels for the pivot holes are pressed in, and the *train for jewelling* and the insertion of the jewels are here performed. Then comes the escaping, making the escapements, fitting the plates, etc., all of which require the utmost skill and experience. The "finishing" and "adjusting" departments occupy the fifth floor, and are the most important rooms only in the firm, is performed with nicest doors, as also the room devoted to experimenting. In examining some of the finer movements made in this company, we find them made entirely of steel, their beauty of finish excited our special admiration, and it is on this class of work that the dissatisfaction is shown in all parts of the country. The work required in this style has the appearance of watered silk, and far surpasses any thing of the kind ever before attempted.

The fourth floor may be denominated the great workroom of the establishment. Here the different parts, numbering 400 or more to each watch, are brought for final adjustment, and here are given with reference to the effect of heat, cold, position, and "isochronism," the finishing touches to the movements, so that at the end of a number of months there will be no perceptible difference in its running. This is something that has turned the ingenuity of many, but has been left for the genius of this house to perfect. It is well understood that in the manufacture of watches, after the round, possesses a perfect uniformity in attained. The testing of a watch is made every twelve hours, and the variation in the movements is carefully recorded. Should any watch be found to leave the adjustment standard in this room are two pieces of apparatus for the perfection of the final test. One of these two apparatuses is cooled by means of ice, so that the temperature last-named to zero; the other has been from experiments, and tested until it has attained 180 degrees, in which the watch must run alternately, without any variation in time. The time consumed in this test is about one week; but a greater degree of exactness cannot be obtained than can be gained in six months by any of the methods practiced in Europe.

After the adjustment the works are sent to the compensation department, and from there to the "Full Plate Model Lever Watch." This depository is worthy a visit, and no one that is in the habit of visiting the city should fail to see the many beautiful specimens of watch-work that are displayed in the Ameri-can-window keepers in store. Novelties of every description in the way watch trade greet the eye, among which are of exceeding great value. Here are watches richly embellished with various kinds of valuable stones, some whose cases are fairly incrusted with diamonds, and having as design and color of the rose and lovers, or like as if they had been placed there by the pencil of the artist. Here are watches engraved in pure gold and solid gold, some of which are marvels in point of execution and workmanship, others again that look useful as well as ornamental. The points of use which we saw were admirable, viz.: when it is desired to set a key to wind a watch, but in no way is a specialty of this house, and for which several patents are held. They are the most simple and the most perfect yet produced, and eventually will be the only style of watch that will have favor with the public; the hands are not also from the stem; it strikes the hours, loud, distinct, and musical, and instead of striking the hour it strikes the quarters and the minutes, so that in the dark the hour, quarter, and the time and the minute. Other watches in cases, in various styles, have the hour-hand on the face, and when the hour-hand is at a different point; while in other materials, such as the "Ivory Dial," the hands are of the same shade inscribed. Here, as in the manufactory, the master mind is shown in the management of its affairs. Order is *the first law*—without it all would be confusion. All engaged here are imbued with the same spirit that characterizes the establishment, and in which they rightly enforce, enabling them to roll on the business, and guard against the many interests involved.

Many are the certificates from leading men in this country as to the perfection of the watches bearing the name "United States Watch Company," but the most astonishing one is from the Hon. L. E. CHITTENDEN,

Watch No 1059. bearing Trade Mark Frederic Atherton & Co. Marion N.J. Manufactured by United States Watch Co. has been carried by me from december 1868 to Jan 1st 1870. Its total variation being only two Seconds in the entire time. New York Jany 17th 1870

L. E. Chittenden
Late Register U.S. Treasury

ists Register of the United States Treasury, in which he states that "Watch bearing trade-mark—Non-Explosive Alberton & Co., Marion, N. J., carried by him from December, 1868, to January 15, 1870, had a total variation of only *two seconds* in the entire time." This is perfection, and is, without doubt, the very acme of mechanical skill, brought to perfection by the energy and patient labor of F. A. GRAY, Esq., the worthy President of the United States Watch Company, and the senior member of the house of GRAY, WARD, & CO.

This firm is fortunate in having for its controlling head a man of such rare mechanical genius and undoubted integrity, who is possessed of great foresight, ambition, and the most unswerving honesty. What he does is always well done; and what he engages to receives his entire attention. His reputation, his life of honest, earnest, successful endeavor, are exacted of themselves to assign him the first place in the front rank of American manufacturers. In addition to the many honors already received by this house, we will add that they have just received another for the watch made to them, which was the *first* prize at the Louisiana State Fair held at NEW ORLEANS for the month of 1870, over all competitors. It is well deserved, and we wish them every and a long-continued success.—[COM.]

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The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Collins Metal is a beautiful imitation.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $30 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

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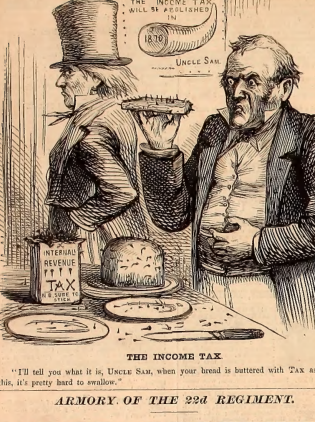

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 705.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

NEWTON EXPERIMENTING WITH LIGHT.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. A. HOUSTON.—[SEE PAGE 424.]

BROKEN OFF.

MEG said unto a prince of story-tellers,
"Tell us another tale!"
And yet, beside the hills, stood phantom knellers,
And his voice was ill to tell.

At first he faltered, saying, "I am weary,
And the words are slow to come,
Across my ken flit visions dim and eerie,
And 'tis sweet to keep at home!"

But the clamor rose, by many voices strengthened;
And one voice in his heart
Grew louder as the spring-tide shadows lengthened:
"As I live, it is all spurt!

"Be prender than to wait with fingers folded,
Scared, looking out for death:
Drop not the habit which thy life hath moulded
But with thy lease of breath!"

He passed his hand across his heavy forehead,
And then across his eyes;
Before him rose a spectre, dim and horrid,
With these replies:

"The name by which men name me, while they shiver,
It is Sentiv'ment!
Leave all thy latest arrows in their quiver,
Or 'guns to me thy breath!"

Ah me! this prince of worthy story-tellers
Stood and beneath the sun;
For he could see where stood the phantom knellers—
But the story was begun!

Some said: "It is the story of all stories!"
And others: "Lo! he fails!
His later can not match his earlier glories—
He falters in the pales!"

But men proved round him, eagerly, to listen;
And all the one forgot,
He ranged the smile to shine, the tear to glisten;
And still—his voice was not!

The tale was but begun—the web half woven—
The colors scarcely mixed—
The counting of his hand was not yet proven—
His intent hardly fixed.

For the dark comrade who walked with his walking
Laid lightly on his lip
A cold forefinger—and he ceased from talking—
Suddenly—without slip.

Ah! still lips locked on the mysterious story!
Ah! hand that can not hold
The pen by which he earned his meed of glory—
He's dead! and 'tis not told!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

THE PRESENT AND CUBA.

THE President's Cuban message probably will determine the action of the House upon the subject. Both the majority and minority reports were set aside. Cuba was not recognized as a belligerent, and the resolutions were not changed in favor of the island; but the President was instructed to use his influence with both parties to moderate the ferocity with which the war is waged. Yet, but for the very plain and positive statement of the message, the House, in its present condition of general indifference, and mindful of the tradition of manifest destiny, would very possibly have supported General BANKS's proposal, which is conceived in the spirit of that tradition. The propriety of the President's conduct in sending the message has been questioned. But nothing is plainer than the constitutional power and duty of an executive communication upon public affairs to Congress, "as he shall judge necessary and expedient." And the perfect vindication of the President's course upon this occasion lies in the fact that it undoubtedly produced the result which the best judgment of the country approves, and which was otherwise very doubtful.

The ground taken by the President is that which has been maintained by all those who have opposed the interference of the United States. Belligerence is a question of fact, not of sentiment. Long and fierce fighting is not necessarily war. Before belligerence could be honorably conceded to the Cubans there must be a situation there which does not exist; and the Monroe doctrine is not a declaration that when a colony declares its independence, and fights for it, it shall be recognized as a belligerent, but only when "the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable." General BANKS thinks that there is both a civil war in the international sense, and an organized civil government acknowledged by two-thirds of the Cubans, and operative over three-quarters of the island. But those facts are very shadowy. The President says that he can not ascertain that the government, as it is called, exists beyond the camp and the armed lines. And has any one who has diligently studied the reports from the island, and who is uncommitted to any thing but the truth, been able to reach any other conclusion? General BUTLER applied the *reductio ad absurdum* to General BANKS's report, by showing that if its statement of the duration of the rebellion and of the number of "principal battles"—which General BANKS placed at two hundred—were correct, there had been a "principal battle" every four or five days.

General BANKS and General LOGAN, in their ardent appeals, declared that we were guilty of the slaughter of Cubans, and of the sacrifice of liberty in America, if we do not interfere. They are mistaken. The United States are no more responsible for the crimes of the Spanish VALMASEDA than for those of the Cuban QUESADA; nor are they morally bound to undertake the righting of wrongs in Cuba more than in other countries. It is not necessary to exaggerate, and General BUTLER very truly said that no subject had ever been more signally misnamed by its especial friends than the cause of Cuba. The American people are generous in their sympathies; but they deeply respect their own well-considered laws and their own interests. The effect of any oppressed people to break the yoke of tyranny appeals strongly to the conviction of duty which all governments are justly founded in the consent of the governed; but the country does not therefore feel it to be its duty to actively take part in every such movement. We are not a sentimental people, and when General BANKS says, in his report, that the "prayers" of the people of the country for the success of the Cubans "are well-nigh universal," his statement is so conspicuously extravagant that it invests the whole report, which is written in that key, with an air of utter exaggeration.

The simple truth is, that the people of this country are conscious that they know very little of the Cuban facts, and they wish to adhere to the honorable traditions of the government in foreign affairs. They wish well to the Cubans: but we doubt whether they believe the oppression of the old government has justified organized action against a movement that overthrew it in the interests of liberty and progress. We doubt very much whether they are prepared to plunge in this country in the ability of the Cubans to maintain a popular system. Meanwhile it is known that the Cuban revolutionary movement have declared for annexation to the Union, and it is by no means self-evident that it is for the interest of liberty, or of this country, that a large our population at the present time with nearly two millions of a tropical people, many of them said to have "African blood flowing in their sand," as General BANKS says in his report, speaking "only the languages of the tribes of Africa."

These are considerations which do not, of course, affect the justice of the Cuban revolt; but they very seriously affect the question of which it is regarded. And whenever that revolt assumes "such a steady and consistent form" as to make its success probable, it will be the duty of the Executive to recognize it. But atrocities on both sides, a smouldering insurrection, or even a show into temporary government, the absence of all the usual forms of war, a revolutionary decree of emancipation, impotent dealings in Cuban bonds, absurd aversions of the character of the Secretary of State, and rabid assets as the President, do not establish that actual state of things in the island without which the interference of the United States—and General BANKS's resolutions indorsed nothing less—would be a flagrant wrong and a crime. The intelligence and good sense of the country have spoken in the President's message.

"FOURTH OF JULY BUSINESS."

GENERAL BUTLER made a speech during the Cuban debate in which he said, that if he were asked whether he would go to war at once with Spain, he should answer, "as a Fourth of July business," yes; but as a statesman, no. It is a good characteristic of the wit and the great service if honorable gentlemen would announce, when they begin to speak, how they are to be addressed. If General BUTLER, for instance, should say, "Mr. Speaker, I rise this morning to transact a little Fourth of July business," there would be the usual unanimity standing, and his "effort" might be very much relished from the Fourth of July point of view. If Mr. General LOGAN, having a similar purpose to certain statements, or an apparent hostility to the Administration, should briefly say, "Mr. Speaker, I would address the House upon a man that my remarks were merely part of the Fourth of July business upon which I was then engaged," there would be the usual unanimity and mutual intelligence. Imagination can readily picture the honorable inquirer as reclassifying with a smile, "Oh!" and resuming his seat with entire satisfaction.

So, also, one honorable gentleman might courteously interrupt another, and say, "I beg the gentleman's pardon; but I should like to inquire if this is meant for serious argument, or is merely Fourth of July business?" The only inconvenience would be the necessity of constant interruption for the purpose of such an inquiry. This might, however, be obviated by a standing order, that every Saturday should be given up to Fourth of July business. Or, indeed, if on days in general it were considered for that purpose, and such business were rigorously excluded upon all other days, there would be immense gain to the public in science and the public patience. Any member might rise to a point of order, and call Mr. Speaker's attention to the fact that the honorable gentleman was lapsing into the Fourth of July business, upon which the Speaker would pleasantly beg gentleman to remember that Fourth of July came but twice a week.

General BUTLER's remark suggests the enormous quantity of Fourth of July business that is done in Congress and in the press. It is business which proceeds upon the assumption that the nation is a great, ignorant, prejudiced boy, whose sole delight is to boast and bluster. The honorable gentleman who states an undeniable truth with a sinister intention, and begins, solemnly, "The American people, Mr. Speaker, are the only rightful source of power," is a wholesale dealer in Fourth of July business. Contemptuous reference to England as a power which, in the interests of human liberty, Sir, must be bundled, Sir, bundled—is unmitigated Fourth of July business. Cooper Institute meetings, just before election, to declare with vehemence that Ireland is for the Irish, and that every united party have to stand with the men at the gap, is the most conventional of all Fourth of July business. The assertion that free republican American sledlaus to learn any thing of the details of administration from the systems practiced in the effete monarchies of the Old World, is Fourth of July business. Indeed, the general declaration that we have proved our strength and that we are big enough to do as we are disposed to do, and that a blow at Spanish is conclusive proof of the wisdom and honor of any proposition, is the most common and contemptible Fourth of July business.

Whatever is done to please the vast constituency of Buncombe is Fourth of July business. But let us hope that our national resolutions next week may show us that not these things, but noble and honorable statesmanship, is the real Fourth of July business that we ought always to have in hand.

GENTLEMEN IN MITRES.

IN these long, warm days the incessant announcement of Papal Rome that the declaration of infallibility is coming becomes at last as unheeded as the warning of the coming wolf. Public interest grows so languid as almost to expire, and it is probably not very generally understood even now whether the dogma has been declared or not. "There is something so preposterous," said a very genuine American, as he was speaking of the Roman Council, "in the men, in their red hats and red stockings, solemnly declaring another man to be infallible upon any subject whatever, that it would be impossible seriously to discuss it were not really said." But the essential folly of declarations is not so much the important point as their sincerity and seriousness; for, in one's whole theme to support them at all hazards. What more amusing conceit is there than the divine right of kings, or what more absurd than the sentiment of loyalty? *O Richard! O mon roi!* How gladly men have suffered and died for a man in no manner worthy of better than contempt, merely because they chose to take a certain view of him? Think of the splendid eulogies of EDMUND BURKE over the British monarchy, and of poor old GEORGE the Third as the English monarch! "Your Majesty's self is but a creature," said the minister to the French king. But what a ceremony! Take off his periwig and robes, said THACKERAY, and what a sorry reminder! But the more ridiculous and the grander, the more remarkable the undoubted fact that FRENCHMEN agreed to honor him and even reverence him as king.

So with the Pope. When a few scores of very fallible gentlemen called bishops put on certain queer caps of bedizened pasteboard, and robed inside called mitres, and assembling in a magnificent temple amidst the prodigious pomp of music and chanted prayers, declare that the word of another very fallible gentleman with a triple crown upon his head shall settle the mode to be fealty of any religious body, the important fact is not that the proceeding is excessively amusing, but that millions of very sensible persons gravely acquiesce in it, and will govern themselves accordingly, even if they must plunge their countries into the horrors of war, and forever their beloved city of Rome flames. No human being, of course, can, in any just sense of the words, believe what does not seem to him to be true; and to believe what seems to him untrue, because somebody else says that it seems true to him, is impossible. But the dogma of infallibility is not a matter of opinion, and therefore it is useless to reason upon its absurdity. It is not accepted because it is reasonable. It will not be acted upon because it is reasonable. Its supporters would doubtless tell us that it transcends reason. What they wish to know, therefore, is how it will affect civilization.

Practically, although the Council attempts to define and limit the dogma, the great mass of the adherents of the Roman Church will, of course, understand it as an assertion of general infallibility, and consider religion the most vital of interests, and hold that religion and Romanism are identical. The man who is the untruly head of such a body being infallible, will be to them essentially divine. They will not discriminate his papal from his personal attributes. And as he is an earthly ruler as well as a heavenly lesser, they would, in the degree that they are sincere, inevitably and naturally hold with him in any quarrel, even with the rulers or the authorities of their own countries. It was this feeling, and nothing else, which enabled HILDEBRAND and the other Popes to declare and to maintain their supremacy over kings and emperors, to dethrone them, to degrade them, and practically to establish the principle that the Pope could release subjects from their allegiance. DANTE's treatise upon Monarchy was condemned as heretical because he asserted that the Emperor held by divine right, and not by permission of the Pope.

It is to a return to this ancient claim of the Roman Church at a time when it dominated Christendom that the declaration of Infallibility is interesting. It is the sign of a tendency to concentrate and intensify a power which had become relaxed. That power, indeed, is not likely to set in the old manner, but its purpose and its spirit are necessarily unchanged. It will hardly declare the English people released from their allegiance to the Queen, but it is not altogether unlikely to urge, with polished and plausible and deprecatory arguments, that the school money be divided in the United States. In so doing the papal power will be seeking its own supremacy, and those who work its will will be, at best and essentially, not Americans, but obedient to a foreign and alien authority. It is in this way that the declaration of the three or four hundred gentlemen in mitres that one of their number is God on earth becomes important to those who must necessarily smile as they recall the words of a shrewd author: "The Court of Rome was not speedily alarmed at these freedoms. She reposed with a generous confidence upon the folly and blindness of mankind."

MR. HOAR'S RETIREMENT.

THE retirement of ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOAR is a national loss. His ability, his integrity, and his experience were of the utmost service to the Administration, and commended it most earnestly to the confidence of the country. Not much known beyond his own State when he was appointed, Mr. HOAR leaves his office with the general conviction that his qualities are precisely those which can be least spared at Washington. His political convictions are profound. They are the mistake of the depth and force of his character. But his sagacity and good sense are not less remarkable; and he clearly sees the point where party property merges in patriotism. He has steadily refused to favor a system of the civil service which, while of doubtful partisan expediency, is a sure calamity to the country. Capacity, experience, fidelity, and loyalty have seemed to him proper qualifications for the management of General affairs; and an honorable independence of personal ambition, and an honorable regard for wise precedent and international justice, the best principles of foreign policy.

Personally, his retirement must be very unwelcome to the President, as, indeed, he intimates, "for any evident points of strong sympathy between them. The phrase, "a rock of sense," well describes the late Attorney-General; and the value of such a foundation in public administration no one can appreciate more truly than General GRANT. Mr. HOAR's successor is likely to be known; but Mr. HOAR's own case has shown us that that is not a serious misfortune. We can only wish him the highest integrity, ability, and independence of his predecessor; and that when he withdraws it may be with the same general feeling of grateful respect and sincere regret that attends the retirement of Mr. HOAR from the Cabinet.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR BREADSTUFFS.

THE concurrence of a Continental demand for our breadstuffs simultaneously with that from Great Britain is likely to prove of much benefit to the United States. No. 2 Milwaukee wheat, which on the 20th of May was quoted at $1 06 per bushel, had advanced on the 16th of June to $1 35. This may be taken as a fair indication of the general improvement. Very large transactions on French account had occurred, due to the extreme drought prevailing in important agricultural districts. The telegram that cattle were dying for want of pasturage and water may be an exaggeration; but as far as it is a natural extent, it is easily seen, the effects of want of rain are much more serious in France than in England, where the subsoil is very retentive. The Paris correspondent stated that flour had risen in Paris about $1 per barrel.

It is impossible to arrive with precision at the full extent of the foreign demand which may arise, as the United States are not supplied with any information except from foreign sources. For the want of it, obtained through our consular establishment in the mode often indicated by us, our large grain-producing interest is ever at the mercy of the foreign purchaser. Lately the price at which our grain has been sold has been unremunerative. We sincerely hope that the tide has turned, and that it may not be necessary to make further sacrifices. In presenting all the information within our reach, it should be borne in mind that the most powerful efforts will be made to check the advance by all the means which the

combined interests of the English and the French may employ. After the drought in England of 1868 the *Daily News* stated that there existed "a *political* necessity for cheap bread." This is equally true of France. The large purchases to and including the 15th June were supposed to have been on account of the French Government.

The returns of exports of wheat to Europe for the week ending on the 14th of June indicate that the causes which are operating in France are not confined to that locality. The quantities exported at New York, as stated from the Custom-house returns, are as follows: Hamburg, 20,000 bushels; Bremen, 10,812; Havre, 79,169; Liverpool, 180,153; London, 62,500; Glasgow, 31,752; Gloucester, 25,343; Plenarth Roads, 22,496; Cork, 127,553; Lisbon, 17,096. The exports of wheat from the United States for the eight months of the fiscal year, which terminated on the 30th of November last, amounted to 28,372,219 bushels, as against 8,858,329 for the corresponding period in 1869. Its value is stated at $36,464,000, as against $15,334,152 for the like period in 1869. The loss on corn and meal was $4,914,405; but the gain on the value of flour exported was about $2,500,000. As this export is largely in excess of what is usual, the question arises to what extent it will continue.

The estimated annual consumption of wheat in Great Britain, made by Mr. Caird in the spring of 1868, was one hundred and ninety millions four hundred thousand bushels, of which he supposed that seventy-six millions eight hundred thousand bushels would need to be imported. By the returns of the imports to the 28th of May last it appeared that the following quantities of grain and flour had been imported into the United Kingdom since the 1st of September:

	1869–1870.		1868–1869.	
	Imports.	Quarters.	Imports.	Quarters.
Wheat	80,468,925	10,062,616	60,760,266	7,595,033
Barley	8,179,561	1,021,195	10,903,000	1,362,875
Oats	7,916,999	988,374	8,561,462	99,401
Peas	1,496,000	187,000	1,811,000	226,375
Beans	1,579,858	9,763	2,047,708	4,051
Indian corn	8,753,079	1,094,134	6,015,797	751,974
Flour	4,758,292	19,809	2,937,556	26,057

These imports, which are stated in hundredweighs, show a gain over those of 1869; but it would appear that the import for the present grain year will much exceed the quantity estimated by Mr. Caird in 1868. The *Manchester Guardian*, in the list of May, considered high authority in England, presents the following views as to the present condition of the crops:

"Continued dry weather has had the effect of enhancing the value of wheat throughout the week, during the last few days, to the extent of 1s. to 2s. per quarter, and a similar advance has been established at Mark Lane to-day. It has been maintained by some that, inasmuch as one of the most abundant crops on record was secured in 1868 after a period of unusual drought, a similar result may be anticipated from the drought of 1870 and that of 1868, however, are widely different; and while the one contributed to fertilize, the other may lead to scarcity. The dry weather which prevailed during the two or three months before harvest in 1868 commenced at a time when the wheat plant was nearly fully developed, and when the yield of a crop were very decided. The blooming period had been unfortunately passed, after which, if it had been under favorable circumstances, is capable of sustaining, and, indeed, of thriving under a period of drought and heat. The drought of the present year commenced at a period immediately succeeding spring sowing, and consequently all spring-sown grain passed but a poor existence of yielding well. In some districts spring wheat has proved a failure, and in many it has been rescued with other crops. As regards winter wheat the prospects are good; but the drought, if it is copious fall of rain is delayed, the prospect even here will be discouraging. The season, however, is considered to be very backward, and a very light crop of hay is anticipated. This, with the probability of a deficiency in the yield of spring corn in this country, will necessitate larger purchases abroad of barley, oats, beans, and peas, and at a higher price. The last report published by the Agricultural Department of 1st February, in reference to the growing crop, states that, so far as wheat was then sown it looked well, but complaints of cold winds appeared to have done much harm; but it was remarked that, on the whole, the crops in general looked vigorous; and it was expected that the influence of a favorable spring would render the prospects extremely promising. In New England the winter grain which was sown was doing well, though the frost had visited, with unfortunate results, some of the northern counties of Maine and New Hampshire. In more than one-half of the counties of New York the reports are favorable, and the same is the case with New Jersey. In Pennsylvania the growth is more backward. In Ohio, Delaware and Maryland some damage is reported; but in the Southern States more than an average crop is looked forward to. In Kentucky the harvest promises to be much larger than usual. In Tennessee the Commissioner reports the growth as below the average in the majority of counties; but some of the Gulf and Pacific States expect about an average crop. On the whole, the returns in regard to the winter-sown crops would seem to be evident that there is very little prospect of no abundant a crop as in 1868. The crop of wheat in California is expected to be about three-fourths of that secured in 1868."

The particularity with which the article refers to States which produce no wheat for export, and the manner in which it dismisses the great wheat region, show a want of information but it affords some evidence that at present the United States are relied upon to furnish their needed supplies.

The San Francisco *News-Letter of* May 28 states that accounts from all parts of the State, where the crop was not utterly ruined by the hot spell which terminated May 7, "indicate a great improvement in the appearance of the young wheat," but the cold weather of the last three weeks had revived much of the grain which appeared ruined, and that many fields which the owners expected to cut for hay would produce grain. The price of choice lots, which on the 29th of April was $1 621 per quintal, was then, however, $1 80 to $1 90 per quintal. It had been as high as $1 90 to $2. These prices make it an object to foreigners to deal rather with New York at present.

The indications are that a demand will continue up to the harvest of 1870 for our breadstuffs; but a portion of the grain purchased on French account has already been resold, owing either to more favorable crops in France, Russia, or to the object of affecting our market injuriously.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

BY JOHN JONES, A.M.

THE Exhibition will close by the time this paper is issued, I believe, at least therefore omit the many admirable and apposite remarks that I had proposed to make upon other pictures. But I cannot let it go unconscious. When I was younger and only beginning to exhibit, if some BEN CLOD or SCOTTEN TAIL of a critic came whooping down upon me in a newspaper, I instantly gave up all for lost, and awaited extinction. But I presently opened my eyes gloriously, and perceived that I remained very much as they were. People still took a nod at me in the street as the hapless painter who had been annihilated by the critics, and the waiters at the humble restaurant whither I went to dine did not seem to be conscious that I was the incapable who had put in the cowpaper, with subtle satire, as evidently mistaking my vocation and endeavoring to paint portraits instead of signs. I therefore felt that I owed it to myself, "Perhaps, after all, every body doesn't read this assault in the paper, and perhaps those who do don't remember it two minutes afterward."

That was an immense consolation; and then, in later days, I have remonstrated with my fellow-academicians for their exceeding wrath at the glibness of the *Tribune*, and they have said to me that every body in the country read the *Tribune*, and believed every thing in it, because they supposed that MR. GREELEY, who knew every thing, wrote his own articles, and was too heavyred to comfort them by telling them that I hadn't believe one in a hundred ever read the attacks of newspapers. The consolation is that it is remarkable that when I said that, my fellow-academicians did not seem to be in the least degree comforted. Yet by their logic they ought.

Of course persistent attacks in a newspaper upon any man of any profession will at last tell. Nor do I deny that if I were the only publicist son of a new book the *Tribune*, or any other powerful daily paper, should declare it to be utterly worthless. But very few books and few notices of pictures remember what they have said when they come to the gallery. And as for those who remember it, many, if they have, for instance, that the pictures of JOHN JONES, A.M., N.A., are always described as pitiful and ridiculous, they will naturally like to see what of him as they do of TITIAN or RAPHAEL, whose works, also, they have never seen. The greater pity for them, of course, if the description were supposed; but what I wish to impress upon my fellow-artists is, that the sharp or sneering mention of their pictures in a notice does more to do half as much damage as they suppose. I could name seven persons in society made very conscious lessons of self-complacency by the sneers were looking at them. Far from it. Other persons were thinking that every body was looking at them.

So I am constrained to say that I fear my remarks will find very little store to the laurels of those whom I have pointed out, and those whom I might have censured would not be likely to heed them. I have left, by choice, all

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

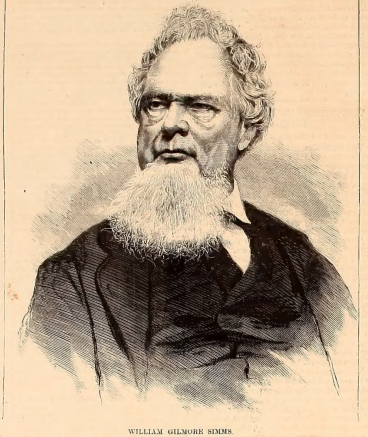

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

In the death of MR. SIMMS, on the 11th of June, at Charleston, the country has lost one more of its time-honored band of authors, and the South the most consistent and devoted of her literary sons. Born in 1806, of a good family, though not among the wealthy proprietors of the State, MR. SIMMS grew up under favorable influences of culture, which were not thrown away upon his ingenuous, lively disposition. He early acquired a taste for reading, and some knowledge of the western languages. The assistance which he received, however, was but slight. The self-reliance and energy with which he marked out and pursued his career proclaim him essentially a self-made man. He studied law, was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one; but the real bent of his disposition was shown in the same year in the publication of two small volumes of lyrical poems at Charleston. Several others followed, and in 1832 he fairly began his career as an author by profession with the publication at New York, by the Messrs. HARPER, of "Atalantis," an imaginative poem—a tale of the sea—of considerable merit. The next year appeared his first prose romance, "Martin Faber," from the same house, followed by "Guy Rivers," "The Yemassee," the precursors of a host of novels from his pen, running along the next thirty years. During all this period, and to the end of his life, MR. SIMMS's pen was never idle. Not only were his novels varied in character and object, embracing several distinct classes of works of fiction, but his poetical productions were numerous; he wrote dramas, histories of his native State, several volumes of biography, of MARION, General GREENE, and others; furnished multitudinous essays and critical articles to many periodicals, himself editing several, from the quarterly to the weekly newspaper; delivered also various public orations and addresses; in fine, was one of the most indefatigable authors of this or any age. All this work was done under the influence of a commanding genius, seconded by great physical powers. It bore the marks of thought and study. Its author had a genuine love of letters, the passion of his life. For this he turned aside from the immediate rewards of political life, almost irresistible at the South to one of his oratorical powers and ardent temperament. In fact, there have been few examples in the country of an exclusive and persistent pursuit of literature. The temper of mind which led him to this was essentially poetic and speculative. Though best known to the public as a novelist, he would, we believe, greatly have preferred to devote his powers to imaginative compositions in verse, with the lyrical predominant. His works of fiction are colored with this romantic element. Through how many kindling pages has he pursued his favorite topic, the exercise of the imagination in the culture of the beautiful, which with him meant love, reverence, the virtues for time and eternity! His last appearances in public, only a few weeks ago, leaving a couch of sickness for the effort, was to deliver an address before the Charleston County Horticultural Society, instinct with these ideas of his life. It is entitled, "The Sense of the Beautiful." Affection with full hand can sprinkle no choicer flowers upon his grave than the lilies and amaranthins blooms reared in the eye of heaven in this his own noble deathsong.

In his personal character, a man of singular simplicity and straightforwardness, of sound principles and honest impulses, ready in sympathy, friendly to the young, and where he was best known—in his family—of peculiar devotion and tenderness. His religious affections, tried by many domestic losses and severe privations, bore a lofty spirit of reverence and profound submission to the Divine will. We mention these traits now, for at his newly made grave the moral must take precedence of the intellectual; and they were qualities not always looked for by those at a distance, who, in the heat of national controversy, made but a rough estimate of the man. Those best acquainted with him, apart from the tribute which they may render to his writings, will ever regard tenderly and affectionately the memory of WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

RED CLOUD.

THIS redoubtable chieftain and sundry of his dusky companions visited New York last week, and were interviewed and feted to their hearts' content. On the evening of June 16 they were treated to a grand reception at the Cooper Institute, at which it was estimated that no less than five thousand people were present. RED CLOUD made a very pathetic speech, in the course of which he said:

"I have tried to get from my Great Father what is right and just. I have not altogether succeeded. I want you to believe with me, to know with me, that which is right and just. I represent the whole Sioux nation. They will be grieved by what I represent. I am no SPOTTED TAIL, who will say one thing one day and be bought for a fish the next. Look at me! I am poor, naked, but I am chief of a nation. We do not ask for riches: we do not want much; but we want our children properly trained, brought up. We look to our Great Father to help us do it. Perhaps we can take them away with us out of the world, but we want to have love and peace. The money, the riches, that we have in this world, as SECRETARY COX lately told me, we can not take these into the next world. If this be so, I would like to know why the commissioners who are sent out there do nothing but rob to get the riches of this world away from us. I was brought up among traders and those who came out there in the early times. I had good times with them; they trusted me mostly always right; always well; they taught me to use clothes, to use tobacco, to use fire-arms and ammunition. This was all very well until the Great Father sent another kind of men out there—men who drank whisky; men who were so bad that the Great Father could not keep them at home, so he sent them out there."

RED CLOUD'S speech left on his audience the impression that his expectations had not been met at Washington, and that his intentions were not altogether pacific.

RED CLOUD AT COOPER INSTITUTE.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

IN THE MAIN-TOP.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER I.

The Auckland Islands.—The Storm.—Saved.—Mining.—The Cloth Merchant's Project.—Arrangements for an Expedition.—The Wreck.—On a Desert Island.

THE group of islands known as New Zealand lies about a thousand miles to the eastward of the southern extremity of Australia. About two hundred miles to the southward of New Zealand a small group of mountain summits rise above the surface of the sea, and are known by the name of the Auckland Islands. These islands have been the scene, within a few years past, of several remarkable shipwrecks—or, rather, shipwrecks followed by very remarkable adventures on the part of the poor seamen who experienced them. The circumstances connected with and following one of these disasters have been related in full by the leader of the party involved in it—a Frenchman named Raynal. We propose giving to our readers a narrative of the events connected with the shipwreck, and the subsequent residence of the party of mariners on the islands, following faithfully, in respect to the facts, the accounts given in the original narrative.

Mr. Raynal was a French gentleman, who went to Australia, twelve or fifteen years ago, to seek his fortune. He was destined, however, to encounter much more of ill luck than of good, and his misfortunes commenced even before his landing in Australia. The vessel in which he and the party accompanying him took passage for Melbourne was wrecked on approaching that port. When they were drawing near the land they encountered a gale of wind which raised a very heavy sea, and brought with it from the offing a flying mist so dense as to shut out every thing from view. While in this situation night came on: and soon afterward, in the midst of the darkness, the vessel struck upon a submerged reef of rocks. Immediately after the first terrible shock she swung round, and, falling down partially upon her side, became hopelessly entangled among the rocks, and her deck was immediately inundated by the seas which broke over her. Two of the crew were swept overboard and drowned. The others managed to save themselves by clinging to the shrouds and rigging. The vessel lay thumping upon the rocks until holes were broken through the planking, when she gradually settled down into a sort of hollow in the reef until the hull was entirely submerged. The men who had saved themselves clambered up the rigging to the main-top, where they huddled together, clinging to whatever came within their grasp, and spent the night there, in darkness and cold, and exposed to the whole fury of the storm. Enormous waves were rolling in incessantly beneath them, covering them with the spray, and threatening at every moment to carry away the mast and plunge them all into the boiling and foaming abyss over which they were suspended. Among all the frightful situations into which human beings are brought in encountering the sea, if we except being on board a burning ship in the middle of the ocean, with no possibility of being saved, it is difficult to conceive of any one more terrible than this.

The men were saved, however. The storm abated, and the mist cleared away before morning, when they were seen by people on board a steamer that was passing along the coast, and thus were rescued and taken into Melbourne.

Mining, they say, is a lottery. If so, it was one which was not destined to bestow any of its prizes upon Mr. Raynal. It is, in fact, eminently a lottery for gentlemen like Mr. Raynal, who, having some capital, employ and pay laborers, and depend for their reimbursement on the returns of enterprises which sometimes involve a very large outlay before the question of returns can be reached. For the laborer himself, who is content with the high daily wages that generally prevail in mining countries, and who has the self-control not to waste his earnings in dissipation or in gaming, the employment is as sure, perhaps, and as productive as any other. But this was not Mr. Raynal's case. He was an employer of laborers, and his ventures did not prove successful. He persevered, however, for several years, with varying results, but, on the whole, with an large a proportion of disappointment and failure that at length he became wholly discouraged. The last misfortune that befell him, and which finally decided him to abandon the life of a miner, was a very extraordinary one. It was as follows:

He had employed a body of men to dig a "drift," or tunnel, into the side of a hill, in search of a vein of the precious metal which he had reason to suppose existed there. The men had made a commencement of the work, under Mr. Raynal's superintendence; and one evening, when the labors of the day were closed, and he had dismissed them to go to their several homes, he himself remained behind them in the excavation to examine the walls of it, with a view of ascertaining whether it would be necessary to support the earth by timbers and planking, or whether it was sufficiently firm and tenacious to support itself. While trying the sand and gravel with this view, the bank suddenly began to give way and fall; and before he could make his escape from the hole he was overwhelmed and half buried under an avalanche of rocks, gravel, and sand. He was seriously wounded, too—his chest being nearly crushed in by the weight of the load which came upon it. He cried out as loudly as he could to his men; but they had gone too far to hear him. Then he commenced the work of trying to disengage himself. In this, after a time, he succeeded; and when he was free, he crawled, more dead than alive, to some neighboring place where he could receive succor. As soon as he could be moved he was taken to

BURIED IN THE MINE.

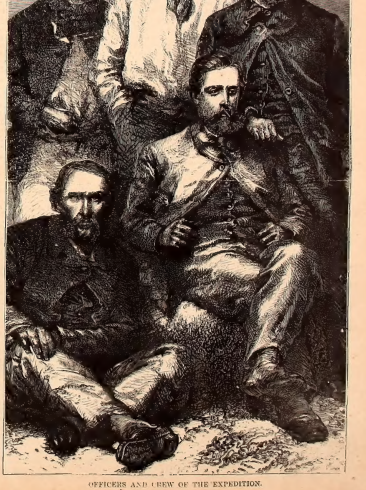

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE EXPEDITION.

Sydney, where he remained, sick and a sufferer, for eight months before he recovered from the effects of the accident.

During this long period of confinement, which extended through the winter, Mr. Raynal had time to reflect upon his situation and prospects, and he came to the conclusion to undertake no more mining operations, but determined that, with the coming spring, if his health should then be sufficiently restored, he would return to France. In the mean time he had formed the acquaintance of a Norwegian named Mr. Charles Sarpy. Mr. Sarpy was a cloth merchant, and had for some time been engaged in business at Sydney; and when the time drew near for Mr. Raynal to set sail for his native land, Mr. Sarpy communicated to him, in a private and confidential manner, a project which he and his partner were entertaining, and proposed that Mr. Raynal should join them in carrying it into execution.

The project of Mr. Sarpy and his partner was this. They had received secret information, they said, that there were indications of valuable deposits of silver on an island called Campbell Island, which lies, as will be seen by the map, to the southward of New Zealand, and not far from the Auckland Islands, which, as will appear in the sequel, were the scene of most of the events to be recorded in this narrative. The plan was to fit out a vessel, with a trusty company in charge of it, to go to Campbell Island, and there make an exploration of the interior of it, with a view to ascertaining whether there was, in fact, such a mine of silver ore there as had been represented. If they found the mine the vessel was to return immediately to Sydney with the news, and the partners would then take the necessary steps for organizing a company to work the mine, and obtaining from the Legislature a grant of the island to the company, and the other necessary powers to enable them to prosecute the business profitably.

The expedition was, however, to be provided not only with the requisite implements, machinery, and materials for examining and testing the ore, if such should be found, but were also to take with them the *necessary apparatus and implements for the seal-fishery*, in order that, in case of disappointment in regard to the mine, they could indemnify the owners for the expense of the voyage by bringing back a cargo of sealskins and seal-oil. Most of the southern coasts and islands in high southern, as well as high northern, latitudes are resorted to by great numbers of seals and other marine mammalia; and Mr. Sarpy had heard that they were particularly abundant at Campbell Island, so that it should be the case a cargo was to be obtained and sold, even under the charge of a portion of the crew, while the rest remained to found an establishment on the island, and go on with the fishing, with a view of collecting a store of skins and oil, ready to load the vessel again on her return.

The proposal which Mr. Sarpy and his partner made to Mr. Raynal was, that he should aid them in organizing such an expedition, and should himself go out to Campbell Island in command of it.

Mr. Raynal concluded to accept this proposal. He thought that there was a great deal of interest, that one or the other of the two strings of the bow would hold, and that by means of it he might reach the mark which he had been fruitlessly aiming at for so many years. And at any rate, if both should fail, it would enable him once his return to his native land for a few months. He could decide the question about that on the other during the summer season upon which he was then just entering; and if he failed, could set out in his return to France in the fall.

The seal is a remarkable animal in many respects; and, among others, one of the most interesting affording a very curious example of the manner in which a structure originally designed, as it would seem, for a life in one element, is readily modified to adapt it for another. The seal is essentially, in its anatomical characteristics, a land animal. It has all the bones necessary for feet and hands, even to the fingers and toes. These bones are, however, all packed up and concealed in the integuments which form the tail and the fore-necessary for locomotion on land. It has a voice like that of a dog, and one species is known, on this account, among sailors as the *sea-dog*. It brings forth its young on land, nurses and takes care of them as a cat does her kittens, or a lion her whelps, and, when sleeping only eggs, like most of the inhabitants of the deep, and leaving them to take their chance of being hatched and fed, or devoured by other fishes, as the accidents of their condition may determine. Their eyes are bright and full, and have so meaning an expression that they seem almost human. The organ is provided, moreover, with a powerful semi-transparent lid, by which it can be covered, when necessary, and its internal structure is provided with a means of adjustment by which it can be adapted either to aquatic or aerial vision. Its nostrils are fitted with muscles by means of which they can be shut close and air when under water; so that the seal can rest its nose as well as its mouth when it dives. Its skull is very thin, to make the head light, so as to diminish the exertion necessary to keep it above the water. The limbs are short, and there are special arrangements in the structure of the hips and knees to prevent the submergence of the animal, from time to time, for breathing with the regular arterialization of the blood and the regularity of the circulation.

But the chief peculiarities in the structure of the seal, which enable the animal to yield products useful to man, are those connected with the arrangements for keeping him warm in the sea-cold water in which he spends so large a portion of his time. These peculiarities are two: the coating of "blubber" below the skin, and of fur above it. This "blubber," as the sailors call it, consists of an integument or envelope of a kind of cellular tissue, the vesicles of which are filled with oil, and which covers the animal in every part with a material which is at the same time buoyant, and thus aids him in his motions in the water, and also is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and thus enables the red blood circulating within to maintain its temperature, notwithstanding the intense cold of the surrounding medium. It is thus easy to see in an arctic region a thousand seals disporting themselves on the margin of the ice, at some times in the water and sometimes in the air, when the water is nearly freezing and the air is far below zero, apparently as much at ease in a fact a little package of warmth, so securely protected by its warm and admirable coat against cold, that, whether by day or by night, in summer or in winter, awake or asleep, upon the ice or under it, this warmth is not only kept up, but is never even varies in degree. It neither increases nor diminishes under all the circumstances of the continual and sometimes violent changes which take place in the surrounding conditions by which it is subject. But there is nothing found to be more uniform, as is shown by the most accurate experiments and observations, than the temperature of the red blood flowing in the veins and arteries of a mammal.

It is from these peculiar coatings with which nearly all warm-blooded marine animals are clothed that are derived the supplies with which to make the whales, the dolphins, the grampuses, the walruses, and the seals so valuable to man.

The seal, moreover, has a fur coat, also, preserving coat lying under his skin, is covered without with a peculiar kind of hair or fur, which makes him also specially adapted to many useful purposes. The value of it depends upon certain properties which belong to the fur as given by well under the water and in the air. Thus in the seal-fishery the sources of profit are two-fold—the skins and the oil.

The project therefore which Mr. Sarpy and his partner proposed to one of Mr. Raynal was that they should together fit out a vessel, with the means and appliances necessary both for collecting seal-skins and seal-oil on the islands, and for making explorations and testing the value of the ores on the shore. Mr. Raynal was to take the command of the vessel and of the expedition, and should set sail as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Mr. Raynal acceded to the proposition. He, however, suggested that the arrangements for the plan, and that was that another captain should be engaged to take command of the vessel during the voyage. Although Mr. Raynal had sometimes been a practical navigator, it was many years, he said, since he had been at sea, and he wished to have another person to take the responsibility of conducting the vessel to the island. He was then himself to take charge of the operations on land—namely, the exploration of the island, and the testing and collecting specimens of the ores, and also the work of preparing a cargo of oil and seal-skins.

This arrangement was finally acceded to, and a young ship-master, Captain Musgrave by name, a nephew of Mr. Sarpy' partner, was engaged to take command of the vessel. The ship was 150 tons, and was about thirty years of age. He had a wife and children at Sydney. The vessel was named the *Griffon*, of about eighty tons burden, was purchased and fitted up for the voyage. She was originally a pilot-boat, and had been employed in bringing coal from Newcastle to Sydney. As she would have nothing to do during the season the voyage except empty casks, they put in an extra quantity of iron ballast in the hold, covering it with a shallow floor, well secured, so as to make the possibility of the ballast "shifting." They likewise thus obtained a number of iron water-casks were filled with water for the outward voyage; not only for the purpose of securing an abundant supply of water in case of a disappointment in island, but also in order to put the brig in the same trim as she would be when she would be on the homeward voyage, when the water would be filled with oil. They also placed some additional bulkhead, consisting of pieces of timber, on this flooring, with the water-casks, to give additional stability to the vessel.

The crew consisted of two seamen and a cook, making five in all; and, curiously enough, there were as many as seven passengers and supernumeraries in the group as there were men. Mr. Raynal was French, Captain Musgrave American, one of the seamen was English, the other was Norwegian, while the cook was Portuguese. The engraving gives a correct likeness of many of the whole party, copied from a photograph. Mr. Raynal stands on the extreme right of the picture, with the sea, his face wearing a pensive and thoughtful expression given to it by the disappointments and sufferings he had gone through which he had passed. His hand rests on the shoulder of the American, Captain Musgrave, whose countenance indicates the open and energetic character of the American ship-master wherever he is found. In the centre of the group, behind the others, is one of the seamen, the Norwegian, Alexander M'Larren by name, though always known on board the vessel as Alexander. Alexander was of a very quiet and sedate disposition. He was also quite active, and never laughed, but he was docile and obedient, and attended faithfully to all his duties. He could not read or write. The seaman next to Englishman, sits on the ground to the left of the group. His name was George Harris. He was very young—scarcely of age—though his form and his countenance would indicate a good deal of maturity both of body and mind. He was indeed rather an extraordinary man, strong, courageous, and active. He was a quick, clever man, understanding well whatever pertained to the rig and to the management of the vessel. He was, moreover, a sailor to the very core in his boyhood, in the schools of his native land, and his mind was in other respects more cultivated than those of most common seamen.

The man on the left, standing behind the officers, is Henry Forges, or Harry, as they always called him, the cook. It is evident from his portrait that he was no beauty. He had suffered, it seems, in previous years from some cutaneous disease, which had finally been cured, but which left indelible traces behind it in the permanent disfigurement of his face. Harry was to serve not only as cook but as general servant, to attend to what on land would be called house-work, and also to aid as seaman in the management of the vessel in case of need.

The vessel was provided for four months, which was the greatest length of absence which it was thought necessary to anticipate—as the time for going and returning, with average weather, would have hardly one month; and while on land the party expected to derive a portion of their subsistence from game. The purpose Mr. Raynal provided himself with a double-barreled fowling-piece, and plenty of ammunition.

When all the preparations for the voyage were completed, Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave adopted a precautionary measure, which showed how fully they were aware that the enterprise in which they were about to embark was attended with unusual hazard—as indeed it was—for they were going to explore unfrequented seas, to visit rocky islands, to be exposed to violent and stormy and inclement region. Campbell Island lies in the southern hemisphere, in a latitude nearly corresponding to that of Labrador in the northern. The precaution which they took was this: They arranged with Mr. Sarpy and his partner, that in case they did not return within four months, they were to send out another vessel to search for them. If the firm were not at that time in a condition to fit out such an additional vessel, from their own private resources, they were to make application to the government, stating the facts, and asking that one of the vessels belonging at that station might be sent to look for the missing vessel.

All things being thus arranged, Captain Musgrave went to bid farewell to his wife and children, while Mr. Raynal went on board the *Griffon*. Captain Musgrave soon afterward joined them, and they set sail.

It was now near the middle of November—a season which, in the southern hemisphere, corresponds with the month of May in ours. For the first week every thing was favorable. The sea was smooth, the wind was fair, and the vessel glided over the water, as Mr. Raynal expressed it in his journal, as if they had been sailing upon a placid lake. On the night of the 13th the attention of the mariners was strongly attracted to the annual display of meteors, which occurs at that season, and which formed for them a most imposing spectacle.

On the 15th a rapid fall of the barometer succeeded a calm. The sea began to rise. They took in all the smaller sails and double reefed the mainsail. The wind soon afterward rose. The waves began to break over upon the deck; and as the plunking of the deck was not very tight, the laboring of the vessel opened the seams, so that the water poured through the streams, and drenched the bedding in the berths.

About midnight, Mr. Raynal was summoned to the deck to relieve the watch, and take his turn at the helm. The night was dark, though there was a phosphorescence in the waves, which seemed, however, not to relieve the darkness, but only to render it visible. Clouds, very low, were driving across the sky, and the wind presented now and then by vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. Mr. Raynal took the helm from Alick's hand; but the flashes of lightning were so incessant and so dazzling that he could scarcely see the needle of the compass, illumined by its little lamp, in the binnacle before him. Suddenly he was conscious of a sudden whiteness, like a deluge of water which hurled him from his place at the helm, and carried him across the deck to leeward, where he barely saved himself from being carried overboard by grasping the bulwarks. Some of the bulwarks on the weather side were carried away by the concussion, and the vessel, relieved of the weight herself when the wave passed, remained half reeled over, showing that the ballast had shifted. The men who were below, aroused by the shock and the crash, came rushing to the deck. They immediately made for the mast, which was flapping in the wind with the sound of thunder, and commenced the herculean task of taking it in; while Mr. Raynal, stunned and bewildered by the shock, and with sea-water, tried to make his way back to the helm. It was useless to attempt to bring the vessel up to the wind, when no sail could be carried; so they let her fall off and scud before the gale, which she did, bounding over the waves at a prodigious speed, and lying all the time half over upon her side.

The first work to be done was to right things in the hold, if possible, so as to bring the vessel back to an even keel. Captain Musgrave accordingly took the helm, while Mr. Raynal and the rest, providing themselves with lanterns, went below. There they found every thing in awful confusion. Blocks of stone, casks of water, bags of salt, were mingled pell-mell in the ward, in the angle formed by the flooring already spoken of and the vessel's side. Some were found in the new positions into which they had been thrown, and others, still loose, were thumping back and forth at every plunge of the vessel. To rearrange and secure these things was a very difficult, laborious, and dangerous task; and the men worked at it all the night long.

Fortunately the flooring, which had been laid over the ship's ballast in the lower hold, held firm, and the iron had consequently not been disturbed. Had that floor given way, so as to allow the lower ballast to be thrown out of place, like that which was above the flooring, nothing could have saved the vessel from going down.

Toward morning, having restored something like order in the hold, the men returned to the deck, where they found Captain Musgrave almost exhausted with cold and exposure. His face was red and his hands benumbed, and he was drenched to the skin. He was, however, active and energetic, and showed no signs of discouragement or despondency.

The violence of the storm began now somewhat to abate, and the men were thus given greatly from wet and cold, and every thing above and below was rendered as comfortable as circumstances got no fire. Captain Musgrave did what he could to warm the men by distributing to them a couple of hearty—a resource which, although it consists essentially of borrowing vitality from the future, is, in the high rate of interest in most a present and temporary emergency, is one which, in such cases as this, is thought by seamen to afford the most effectual service.

They sounded the pumps and found, to their great joy, that there was only little leakage, showing that the hull of the vessel had received no serious injury. The wind continued to subside, though it blew by fits with great violence. Before long they succeeded in bringing the vessel around, head to the sea again—a position which is of much greater safety in heavy weather, so long as it can be maintained.

The wind continued to abate until, at length, it subsided to a gentle breeze. The sea went down. The seamen brought the bedding upon the deck, and spread it out to be dried by the sun and air. They rekindled their fire, and began to provide themselves with food in abundance and proper food. In a word, they found themselves restored to their ordinary routine of life, and to the enjoyment of their usual comforts so far as there can be any thing like comfort on board a vessel of eighty tons, sailing in the open sea, and on the confines of the frigid zone.

They went on in this way for several days, until, at length, one day about noon, on coming to the mast-head, Mr. Raynal found that Campbell Island was in sight, at the distance of about thirty-five miles. He cried out, "Land!" a cry which filled his comrades on the deck with excitement and delight. They could, however, there came creeping over the surface of the water a fog which shut out the land from view, and made it unsafe to attempt to approach, on account of the rocky islets and submerged reefs which generally, in the case of such islands, border the shore. So they altered their course and stood out to sea again.

The next morning all was clear; but the land was no longer in sight. They had receded from it so far that it had evidently sunk below the horizon. They soon, however, brought it up again into view, and on the following day reached it in safety, although all the rocks and reefs on the way, and anchored in a harbor which the whalemen, practically visiting the spot, had named Abraham's Bosom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROMANCE OF A DONKEY.

JEANNIE LEE AND TOMMY GRAY were little boys and girls together, school-mates, friends, and — But let me first tell of their boyhood.

Their parents were warm friends, so the children had always been together. Tommy, being older, assumed a guardianship over his little playmate which was very pretty to contemplate from a grown-up point of view. He had a pet donkey, and it was his delight to put Jeannie upon Flora's back, and, being walked by her side, holding her hand, that she might not fall. After a while he considered it safe for her to ride behind him at a pillion. This was delightful. Jeannie had a habit of throwing them off every few minutes, which might have been suspicious, except that it afforded Tommy an opportunity to rush to the side of his playmate, and ask earnestly, "Are you hurt, Jeannie dear?" When, Jeannie, with a most laughingly assure him she was unharmed, he would ruefully, but well disappointed, he would now given him so much pleasure to take care of her, and tear up his pocket-handkerchief to bind up the token that the mother's kisses had no doubt, but Jeannie was persistently strong and whole, for a full fleet week, before the next mishap came. One day, when these young people were ten and eleven years of age, they were rambling thought the woods, first one and then the other dropping back, according to that little animal's mood; getting over rather a big piece of ground, the carpet which we always find under pine-trees, made of the dry brown insects which fall and fall and fall, and cover the trunks, and the earth, which the winter-greens and princess pine push their way.

"Jeannie," said Tom, "did you ever see a dead donkey?"

"No, never. I am sure. But what makes you ask me such a funny question, Tom?"

"Why, because I'm afraid Flora may one time that no one ever did see such a thing, because donkeys never died. I'm mighty glad of it, too, for it would make me awfully sorry if Flora should die."

"I should too, Tom. I should cry just as much as if you died! Wouldn't I, Flora dear?" And she threw her arms round the animal's neck.

Flora stood patiently, submitting to the caress, her eyes looking a mild inquiry at her young mistress. Jeannie petted and kissed her, and Tom saw tears in the little girl's eyes.

"Polly, Jeannie, what's the use of crying about it now, specially when you know she can't die? You say you'd feel just as bad if Flora died as you would if I died?"

"Yes, I would, Tom."

"Well, you know there is a great deal more danger of me dying. Why don't you cry about that? When I am old enough I may go to the wars or to sea, and be killed. What would you do then, Jeannie?"

"Oh, Tommy, don't talk that way to me. I don't know what I should do except cry awfully. But I guess I should die too."

"Well, then, why don't you put your arms round me now and cry about it just as you do to the donkey? I don't believe you care half as much for me as you do for Flora."

Jeannie was not too young to feel a little cut about offering to Tom the same caresses which she had lavished upon their pet; but this appeal was too much for her, and throwing her arms about him, she fully atoned for what he had been pleased to regard as neglect. Tom found it necessary to say a great many comforting things, and ripe for mischief as his nature was chief, although it would have pleased him more could he have torn it in strips.

"There now, Jeannie, don't cry any more. Perhaps I won't go to the wars, or to sea either, and perhaps I won't die; but then, of course, I must die some time or other. Maybe, though, you will die first, and that will be better, for you know I will be a man, and stronger than you, and so I can bear it better. Don't you see?"

"Yes, that would be better," said Jeannie. Oh! incipient man and woman! Of course he could bear it better, and be more easily consoled, and of course she could be more hurt in dying than in being left to mourn. Tommy smoothed back her curls and continued, saying:

"Don't you know, Jeannie, you are going to be my little wife when we are grown up?"

"No; I didn't know that. Are you sure?"

"Why, I say so, to be sure. Yes, you are going to be my wife, and we will live in a nice little house, and you'll make tea for me, don't you know; and we'll have Flora, and it will be so nice; and then after a while you'll die, and—"

"Oh, don't talk about that, please; you'll make me cry again."

"Well, I won't; but don't you know when people are going to be married they always give each other something to show they keep their promise? I wish I had a ring to give you, but I haven't got one thing. Oh yes, Jeannie, here's the very thing; we'll each take a lock of Flora's hair and wear it round our necks."

So saying he cut with his knife a lock from between Flora's eyes, divided it, and taking the ribbon from Jeannie's hair he tied the two locks, and putting one round her neck and the other round his first, had she not resisted.

"Well, please, Tommy," she said, in a distressed tone, "you know I haven't made any promise yet; it was only you."

"Oh, well, of course you do promise. You will be my wife, won't you?"

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully.

"Why don't you know? You'll never love any body else as much as you do me, so of course you'll marry me."

The ribbons were tied without more ado, and giving her a patronizing kiss he walked off home. She was very silent and thoughtful all the way, but he was never more gay and talkative. When they reached her home she bade her good-by, bidding her "never, never, never forget the promise."

"Well, Tommy, I don't know what papa and mamma will say about it."

"Oh, don't be delighted. Don't you worry; and Master Tom walked off whistling, and quite as important and happy as if he had been twenty-one, and his little transaction had been sanctioned by childish.

Poor Jeannie, however, was in a very doubtful state of mind until she had confided to her mother the whole story.

"What shall I do, mamma: can I keep the lock of Flora's hair as long as Tommy keeps his?"

"Yes, dear, you may keep it as long as you like; but I would not talk or think any more about being Tommy's wife, because you are too young to be thinking of such things, and none can know what may happen before you are old enough."

"But, mamma, don't you think he is a good boy? Wouldn't you like to have me be his wife?"

Jeannie asked this in a timid, hesitating way, that showed she did feel interested in the matter; her mamma told her that children playfully spoke to each other of the probability of such a union, resulting from the firm childish affection which had grown up between them, without wishing to keep her little daughter's mind entirely free from all such thoughts, she said:

"You see, Tommy not to talk about it any more, and you be just yourself again—only little Jeannie dear."

A few months after this romantic incident Jeannie was running over to find her playmate one day, when she suddenly came upon him leaning dejectedly against a tree, with tears streaming down his face.

"What is the matter, Tommy? *Do* tell me, won't you?"

The boy started, and brushing away the tears, he tried to say, carelessly,

"Oh, nothing much, only Flora is gone!" But the last word was a sob, in spite of his efforts to be manly.

"Flora gone! Oh dear, dear! Where has she gone to?"

"I don't know. I've hunted in every place all the morning, but can't find her. She can't be dead, because you know donkeys never die; but that ain't a bit of comfort!" And throwing himself on the ground, he gave up to his tears.

Jeannie felt that her heart was broken by the loss of the pet, and Tommy's grief added another straw to crush her. So, forgetting her mother's advice, she cried:

"Oh, Tommy, please, don't cry so hard; it makes me feel awfully! Now listen to me. You know if I am going to be your little wife you ought to let me comfort you now. Won't you, Tommy?"

This little appeal was made so modestly and earnestly that the boy looked up and allowed himself to be comforted.

Years passed away. The boy and girl were separated. He went to school, and she was taken abroad by her parents to be educated. For a long time letters were exchanged, but gradually they dropped off altogether. At last Jeannie was on her way home. A storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked. Nearly all on board were lost. Jeannie, however, escaped, but her parents were both lost. Her first impulse, on reaching her native land, was to visit the scenes of her childhood. She went back to the old home, and, in spite of the sad changes, it was a pleasure to wander about among the old haunts.

Tommy had been educated because, with the childhood that now, of course, he was brought to her mind very forcibly. Here they had made their little gardens; here they had built a little house of branches, and called it their home; and so on through many childish reminiscences. She wandered on toward the place where *he* had made pretty much his home, and to her dear joy, now, and if he had forgotten all that. As she drew near the place she was startled to see a man leaning against the very tree, and in his ear was lying the body of a donkey, surely *dead*. He looked up, hearing her step, and their eyes met.

"Jeannie!"

"Tom!"

That was all they said, but they *looked* a very lively conversation. At last Tom held out his hand.

"This is poor Flora, Jeannie. Just think of it! I never found her until to-day. Is it not strange you and I should meet here after such a long, long time? In spite of the old tradition, Flora died a natural death. She has wandered back to her old home and died here. Is not that fitting! how much we loved her, didn't we? Jeannie, do you remember the lock of her hair I gave you?"

"Yes, Tom, I do remember it;" and she blushed with the recollection of having hung so near her heart.

"Did you keep it long, Jeannie?"

"Yes, for some time."

"How long?"

"A number of years."

"As many as ten, Jeannie?"

"Why, do you ask, Tom? I dare say you have lost yours long ago."

"You dare say! Look, here it is, proof of my honesty." And he showed her the lock.

He took it from his vest pocket (which is next a man's heart all through the day). It was in a little morocco case, with the gray lock, tied with a faded blue ribbon. Jeannie blushingly took from her neck a little gold locket with a locket suspended, and, opening it, showed Tom the other part of the lock from poor Flora's head. Tom's face was radiant.

"Now, Jeannie, you *have* kept your promise, and you must keep it still. I've got you, for no locks together in your locket, and I'll put in my little case a curl from your head."

"But, Tom, I haven't kept my promise, you know."

"Ah, yes, but I made it for you, and you have kept it: so you'll be my wife *now, of course.*"

He was the same authoritative individual, determined to have his own way, that he had in days gone by. He had not forgotten how his little playmate confessed him when Flora was gone, and now he exerted himself to comfort the tender girl. It would be impossible for me to put down all he said, but the last time I saw them they were in a pretty little house, and she was making tea for him. But they didn't have old Flora. She has gone to the happy donkey-land, I hope, because I her spirit inhabited another form. At all events, she *died!*

NEWTON INVESTIGATING LIGHT.

THE picture on our first page tells us in a graphic way an interesting historical fact. The Rev. J. A. HOUSTON, of the Royal Scottish Academy, represents one of the early experiments with the prism, one of the most important and beautiful discoveries in regard to the nature of light, which formed the ground-work for subsequent researches in optical science. Marvelous progress has been made since his time. The wonderful phenomena of the polarization of light, its chemical and actinic properties, the theory of its undulatory transmission are manifestations which have been investigated with surprising sagacity and patience. While FARADAY and others have brought the inquiry into the affinities of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and galvanism to the very threshold, as it would seem, of a universal and grand system of the physical forces, the most interesting verification in photography, as not which has illustrated the latent forces evolved to its own disadvantage—the very different activity or actinic power of rays of different colors.

The data for NEWTON's conclusions respecting the composite nature of light were founded, as we all know, upon a simple experiment with a prism—an experiment which a child might have made; and not more likely to lead to a great discovery, unless reasoned upon by a philosopher, than was the fall of an apple likely to suggest the great law of gravitation which sustains and regulates the universe.

The manner in which NEWTON made his early experiments is shown in the picture. "I shall consider and effective picture. The shutter of a room are closed on a sunshiny day, but a single beam is admitted through a small orifice; a prism of glass is placed in this beam, and the light passing through it is decomposed or detached into its constituents as it falls on any object within the room, because it is seen that the beam is composed of rays of different degrees of refrangibility, according to the colors into which they resolve themselves. We need only add that the artist has indicated some of the other principal instruments and labors of our great philosopher by the telescope, books, and so forth, introduced in the back-ground of the picture.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

VERY simple and unpretending was the funeral of the great novelist, Charles Dickens. Early in the morning of June 14 the remains were conveyed from his residence at Gad's Hill to Westminster Abbey. Three plain coaches followed the hearse, containing the mourning family. The body of Dickens was interred in the Poet's Corner, near to Addison, Macaulay, Mendelssohn, and Cumberland. Dean Stanley read the burial-service. During the day thousands who had known and loved the gifted man, chiefly through his writings, crowded to the Abbey to look upon the resting-place of his dust, and to cover the grave with fragrant flowers. Some time before his death Mr. Dickens had selected to be buried in an old cemetery near Rochester. It is reported that this burial-place has since been closed. Indeed, it seems fitting that the remains of one who, though his works, belongs in no pre-eminently to the literary public, should rest in the sepulchre of fame among the renowned dead. Yet there is something both touching and pleasing in the fact that the grave of Dickens is situated in the rural service of Charles Dickens. Upon the coffin-plate were inscribed the simple words:

CHARLES DICKENS,
Born February 7, 1812.
Died June 9, 1870.

Some months ago it was accidentally discovered by a French workman that varnish was an excellent medium for engraving, and since then some remarkable cures have been performed by its instrumentality. Recently, also, the same discovery has been proved in an excellent pain-relieving application, and it is recommended for horse and rabbit. Many experiments have shown that crude oil is better than the distilled article, that the heaviest oil is to be preferred, and that the refuse of the oil, which has no lubricating (such as is used for lubricating purposes), is the best of all.

Professor Seeley, author of "Ecce Homo," has just completed a course of lectures to women on Roman History, at the Philosophical Institution of Kensington. There were two hundred in the class. The lecture-rooms at Cambridge University have been thrown open to women. A short time ago the first examinations ever opened to women in Ireland were passed by twelve candidates at Trinity College, Dublin. The Dutch are alarmed at a decree of the government, which forbids the sale of gunpowder by apothecaries to women. The Russian government has opened the doors of medical schools to women, and a commissioner has been sent from France to England for the purpose of investigating this "movement." So the work goes on.

"Spotted Tail," one of the most powerful of the Indian Chiefs, does not seem to be intimidated, although the Government contract exiled him at the head of a man's power. He thus expresses his views to an intercepted letter: "Some white men in the south of this sea. His hate are like the trees of the forest. His horses are iron. Their speed is lightning. He has a path wire that goes over the great country. It reaches a hundred nations. He blows through the wire. The white men hear the great blower. The wire is a mouth go to the ends of the earth. They call up warriors and send answer to the south. But the soul of Spotted Tail knows no fear." How the letter was intercepted, we know not; but "Spotted Tail" writes very well!

The Ohio Legislature has just enacted a very stringent law against the sale of dangerous kerosene. The standard is 110° Fahr. For the Brooklyn Fire Dept. and the sale of an oil which flashes below this temperature is prohibited. In case a death ensues from oil flashing below 110° Fahr., the seller is to be punished for manslaughter.

Physician's fees in Prussia are regulated by law, and are fixed upon a very reasonable basis. For a first visit within the city limits a physician is allowed to charge from 12 to 20 silbergroschen (equivalent to 25 to 50 cents. If at a distance of from one to five miles, he receives a charge for the first visit easy to from 75 cents to $1 50, and subsequent ones from 50 to 75 cents. For a first visit at night he may charge, in town, from $1 50 to $2 25; if more than a mile out of town, from $2 25 to $3; following night-visits between $1 50 and $2 25 in town, and $3 in the country, from $1 12 to $2 25. He may not charge for more than two visits a day unless for special request, and he must his fees for all attendance on any one patient during a month in no case exceed $8 25. The scale of fee in the list is awarded to the surgeon who performs lithotomy—namely, from $18 to $37 50.

Autobiographies are the fashion just now. Rossini has written his memoirs. He has given the history of the commencement of his, and Dieraeli is said to have his hand lovingly with the continuation.—VICTOR HUGO has $37,000 from his publications last year, but spent more than twice that amount in which he was to establish the *Rappel* newspaper in Paris.—The King of Saxony, who is a scholar as well as a king, has just begun to learn Polish and Russian languages. He wishes to translate into German some of the gems of Scandinavian literature.

A Parisian banker invented an ingenious plan to prevent defalcation by his cashier. He placed on iron cage before his safe and announced that the cashier should be locked in it until his cash account was verified at the close of the day. He could find only one man willing to accept this condition. "You must enter the cage at 4 o'clock, and you will be released at 5, after your account has been verified," said the banker to the applicant. "Agreed." "You must not leave the cage," said the banker. "Agreed; I'll keep the key in my pocket." "All right. I am used to being locked up. I have been in prison for 12 in the penitentiary during these last fifteen years."

The selection of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education caused by the late retirement of Judge Richard Larremore appears to give general satisfaction to the friends of education in this city. He is a gentleman of experience and capacity, and in all matters appertaining to practical school wants his action will doubtless be judicious. Mr. Bernard Smyths, who succeeds Judge Larremore as President of the Board, brings to this position a thorough knowledge of educational matters, gained which may be taken as a guarantee that the interests of education will not suffer under his regime.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, eldest son of the Emperor Napoleon's brother Jerome, died in Washington, on June 17, from cancer in the throat. In 1803 Prince Jerome Bonaparte visited the United States, and in Baltimore he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a young lady of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. On Christmas-eve of the same year, having overcome the opposition of her father, he married her. Prince Jerome took his beautiful bride to Europe after a year or two; but France was closed to her by the order of the Emperor Napoleon, who also ordered Jerome to go at once to Paris. He went, but did not return to his wife. Napoleon refused to recognize the marriage, and in 1807 Jerome was married to the daughter of the King of Wurtemburg. In 1805 Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte, while in England, gave birth to Jerome Napoleon, who has just died. The mother took every means in her power to secure to her child what she deemed his rights. He was allowed to visit France, and there remained with his father, though he was not called one of the royal family, and no coolness at first with his mother was exhibited. Jerome was educated at Harvard College, and entered the legal profession. He was married in early life to Miss Williams, daughter of Benjamin Williams, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. He leaves a son, Jerome Napoleon, who graduated at West Point, and is now an officer in the French army. Madame Bonaparte, at the age of ninety-five years, both husband and son dead, it is said that she has predicted that she will live to see her grandson Emperor of the French.

Some adventurous investigator has made a visit to the lowest depths of the caisson of the East River Bridge, and don't like the amusement much. He says that he thinks he would gladly himself fail as well in the groves of Prospect Park!

When the Prince of Wales was returning from the Epsom Derby, the other day, a bevy of ladies mounted on the Queen's road to meet him and join in the party. The Prince was smoking a cigar, but instantly threw it away, and lost no return the salutation. Fortunately (for the ladies) in so doing he dropped his whip, which was picked up by one of the party, who stoop for such a trifle, and a general rush was made for the whip. The Prince looked on in a fine humor at the scramble of the ladies to become the owner of the glove, and the carriage proceeded on its way.

The story of "Edwin Drood" was commenced by Mr. Dickens in the April No. of *All the Year Round*. It is Wednesday, June 7, two days before his death.

From English journals we learn that the committee appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury to set the authorized version of the Bible has held its first meeting, and agreed upon its plan of operation. The committee is to confine itself to the consideration of the error for revision of the Old Testament, and the other for that of the New. It has also determined that it would be of its authority to invite the co-operation of any persons eminent for their knowledge of Hebrew or of any religious body they may belong. As a general principle it is to make as few alterations as may, it has been resolved to introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the authorized version consistently with faithfulness, and to limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the authorized version. The Bishop of Gloucester, in proposing to make two revisions of its text, the one provisional, and the other final. In the former, proposed changes in the text will be made on the approval of a majority of three-fourths; in the change will be reserved, as the final revision which is not considered by a majority of two-thirds. Whenever the text adopted by the committee differs from the authorized version, the attention is to be indicated in the margin. The changes are to be limited to the alteration of words, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation, and application is to be made to the Convocation for the permission to enable, to dilosse, scholars, and literary men, at home and abroad, for their opinions.

The Emperor of Brazil is a sensible man. He proposes to abolish capital punishment, and the bill has declined it, and recommended that the money should be devoted to public education.

When Emile Ollivier, the French Premier, was younger, he came very near killing himself by drinking absinthe. Now he is markedly abstemious; he drinks no wine, smokes no cigars, and eats but little.

People are becoming anxious about the sun. The spots on its surface, which have long interested scientific men, and now grown so large that, apparently, they might easily swallow up our small earth. These spots are supposed to indicate some great convulsion or catastrophe which will ruin us. It is believed by many scientific men that the sun's enormous heat in the sun causes peculiar magnetic influences upon our earth.

TENNYSON has volunteered to assist in observations upon the total eclipse of the sun which occurs next December, and which is visible in Europe. But he will not have to assist in any unknown. It may be we shall have as the result a word-painting, describing the eclipse in the poet's own language.

It is about three years since Mlle. Christine Nilsson first sang before an English audience, her debut having been made as Violetta in "La Traviata," at Her Majesty's Theatre, on May 4, 1867. On that night she achieved a perfect success, and her career has since been one of continued triumph.

An American traveler, with that enterprise which is a national characteristic, has made a proposal to the Italian government to lease Mount Vesuvius. He thinks he can make a good thing of it by lighting out roads and pleasure-grounds, building hotels, and setting up soda fountains on its summit. Moreover, he proposes to take visitors up and down by machinery. Those who want to see the show must pay a small admission fee.

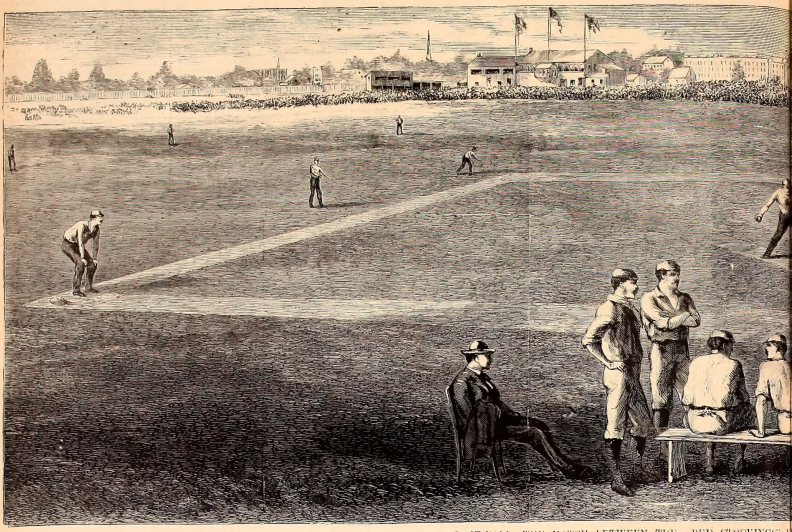

BASE-BALL—THE MATCH BETWEEN THE "RED STOCKINGS" A

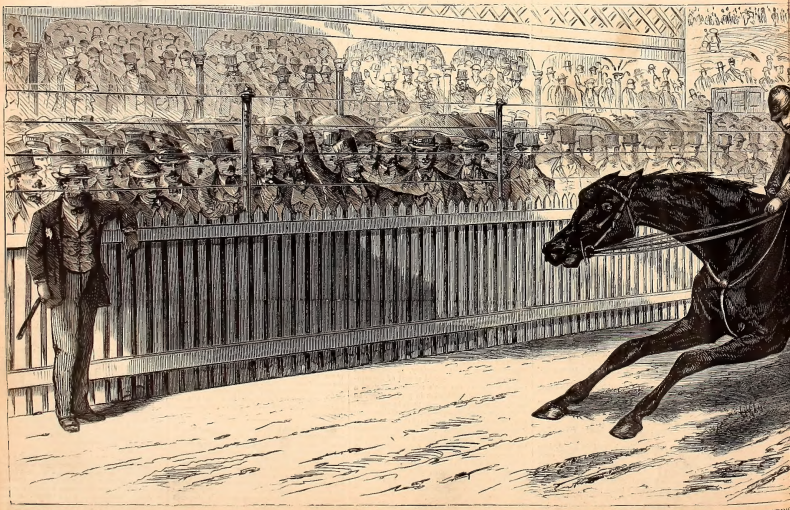

JEROME PARK—THE RACE FOR THE HUNTER'S

D THE "ATLANTICS."—Sketched by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 427.]

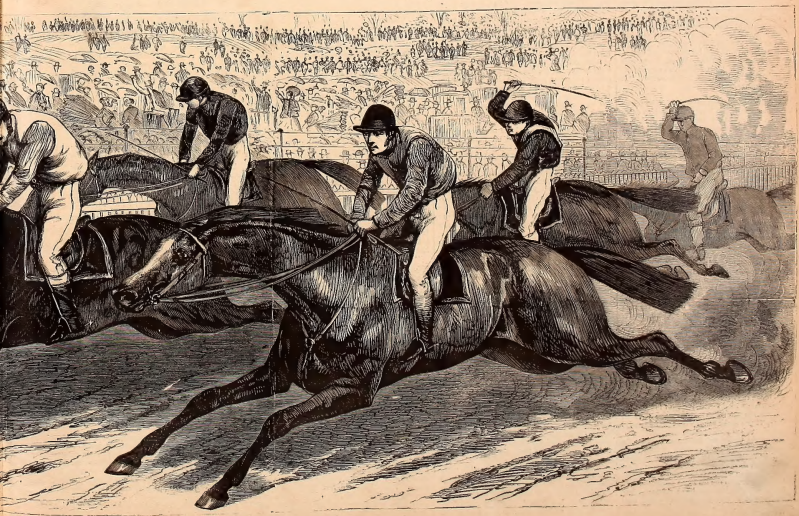

PLATE.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 427.]

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

THE MORNING.

WHEN does the vain regret find its keenest sting? When is the doubtful future blackened by its darkest cloud? When is life least worth having, and death softest of the beholder? At the terrible morning hours, when the sun is rising in its glory, and the birds are singing in the stillness of the new-born day.

Anne woke in the strange bed, and looked round her, by the light of the new morning, at the strange room.

The rain had all fallen in the night. The sun was master in the clear autumn sky. She rose, and opened the window. The fresh morning air, keen and fragrant, filled the room. Far and near, the same bright stillness possessed the view. She stood at the window looking out. Her mind was clear again—she could think, she could feel; she could face the one last question which the merciless morning now forced on her —How will it end?

Was there any hope?—hope, for instance, in what she might do for herself. What can a married woman do for herself? She can make her misery public—provided it be proved to a certain kind—and can reckon single-handed with Society when she has done it. Nothing more.

Was there, in what others might do for her? Blanche might write to her—might even come and see her—if her husband allowed it; and that was all. Sir Patrick had pressed her hand at parting, and had told her to rely on him. He was the firmest, the truest of friends. But what could he do? There were outrages which her husband was privileged to commit under the sanction of marriage, at the bare thought of which her blood ran cold. Could Sir Patrick protect her? Could the Law and Society arrand her husband with his conjugal rights. Law and Society had given me never to give, if she appealed to them—You are his wife.

No hope in herself; no hope in her friends; no hope any where on earth. Nothing to be done but to wait for the end—with faith in the Divine Mercy—with faith in the Saviour who died.

She took out of her trunk a little book of Prayers and Meditations—worn with much use —which had once belonged to her mother. She read her the window reading it. She read there she looked at the view—thinking. The parallel between her mother's position and her own position was now complete. Both married to husbands who loved them; to husbands whose interests pointed to mercenary alliances with other women; to husbands whose one want and one purpose was to be free from their wives. Strange, what different ways had led mother and daughter both to the same fate! Would the parallel hold to the end? "Shall I die," she wondered, thinking of her mother's last moments, "in Blanche's arms?"

The time had passed unheeded. The morning movement in the house had failed to catch her ear. She was first called out of herself by the sense of the present and passing events, by the voice of the servant girl outside the door.

"The master wants you, ma'am, directly."

She rose instantly, and put away the little book.

"Is that all the message?" she asked, opening the door.

"Yes, ma'am."

She followed the girl down stairs; recalling to her memory the strange words addressed to her by Geoffrey, in the presence of the servants, on the evening before. Was she now to know what those words meant? The time could not have soon be set at rest. "Be the trial what it may," she thought to herself, "let me bear it as my brother would have borne it."

The servant opened the door of the dining-room. Breakfast was on the table. Geoffrey was standing at the window. Hester Detbridge was waiting, seated near the door. He came forward—with the meanest approach to gentleness in his manner which she had ever yet seen in him—he came forward, with a set smile on his lips, and offered her his hand!

She had entered the room, prepared (as she believed) for any thing that could happen. She was not prepared for this. She stood speechless, looking at him.

Before she could recover—in a voice that was not like his own; with a furtive restraint in his manner which she had never noticed in it before.

"Won't you shake hands with your husband?" he asked, "when your husband asks you?"

She mechanically put her hand in his. He dropped it instantly, with a start. "God! how cold!" he exclaimed. His own hand was burning hot, and shook incessantly.

He pointed to a chair at the head of the table. "Will you make the tea?" he asked.

She had given him her hand mechanically; she advanced a step mechanically—and then stopped.

"Would you prefer breakfasting by yourself?" he said.

"If you please," she answered, faintly.

"Wait a minute. I have something to say before you go."

She waited. He considered with himself; consulting his memory—visibly, unmistakably, consulting it before he spoke again.

"I have had the night to think in," he said. "The night has made a new man of me. I beg your pardon for what I said yesterday. I was not myself yesterday. I talked nonsense yesterday. Please to forget it, and forgive it. I wish to turn over a new leaf, and make amends—make amends for my past conduct. It shall be my endeavor to be a good husband. In the presence of Mrs. Detbridge, I request you to give me a chance. I will force your inclinations. We are married—what's the use of regretting it? Let us begin as we ought yesterday, on your own terms. I wish to make it up. In the presence of Mrs. Detbridge, I say I wish to make it up. I wish to detain you. I request you to think of it. Good-morning."

He said those extraordinary words like a slow boy saying a hard lesson—his eyes on the ground, his fingers restlessly fastening and unfastening a button on his waistcoat.

Anne left the room. In the passage she was obliged to wait, and regain herself under the walk. His unnatural politeness was horrible; his carefully asserted repentance chilled her to the heart. Her husband had never left her at the time of his fiercest anger and his foulest language—the unutterable horror of him that she felt now.

Hester Detbridge came out, closing the door behind her. "Mr. Geoffrey has sent me," Anne heard her say, in a low tone, and held it out, with these words on it:

"Do you believe him?"

Anne pushed the slate away, and ran up stairs.

She locked the door of her room, and said to herself, "He is plotting something against me," she said to herself. "What?"

A sickening, physical sense of dread—entirely new in her experience of herself—made her shrink from answering the question. She stalking at her heart turned her faint. She went to get the air at the open window.

After some moments there was a ring at the gate bell. Suspicious of any thing and every thing, she felt a sudden impulse to look from itself be seen. she drew back behind the curtain and looked out.

A man servant, in livery, was let in. He had a letter in his hand. He said to the girl as he passed through the door, "For Mrs. Holchester; I must see Mr. Delamayn instantly."

They went in. There was an interval. The footman reappeared, leaving the door open. There was another interval. Then there came a knock at the door. Anne hesitated. The knock was repeated, and the dumb murmuring of Hester Detbridge was heard outside. Anne opened the door.

Hester came in with the breakfast. She pointed to a let or among other things on the tray. It was addressed to Anne, in Geoffrey's handwriting, and it contained these words:

"My brother has gone to Scotland. They ordders for your mo'ning. The boy will take them. You are not to trouble yourself to go to London. Geoffrey is to come down to you from the shop."

Anne dropped the paper on her lip without looking up. At the same moment Hester Detbridge's slate was passed stealthily between her eyes and the note—with these words pencilled on it. "His mother is coming to-day. His brother has been brought from Scotland. He was drunk last night. He's drinking again. I know what that means. Look out, missus—look out."

Anne looked to her to know the sense. She went out, pulling the door to, but not closing it behind her.

There was another ring at the gate bell. Once more Anne went to the window. Only the lad, this time, arriving to take his order for the day. He had barely entered the garden when he was followed by the postman with letters. In a minute more Geoffrey's voice was heard in the passage, and Geoffrey's heavy step ascended the stairs. Anne waited for the handwriting on the room to draw the bolts. Geoffrey met her before she could close the door.

"A letter for you," he said, keeping scrupulously out of the room. "I don't wish to force your inclinations—I only request you to tell me who it's from."

His manner was as carefully subdued as ever. But the unacknowledged distrust in him (when he looked at her) betrayed itself in his eye.

She glanced at the handwriting on the address. "From Blanche," she answered.

He softly put his foot between the door and the post—and waited until she had perused and read Blanche's letter.

"May I ask?" he asked—and put in his hand for it through the door.

The spirit in Anne which would once have resisted him rose indeed in her now. She handed him the open letter.

It was very short. Excepting some brief expressions of fondness, it was studiously confined to stating the purpose for which it had been written. Blanche proposed to visit Anne that afternoon, accompanied by her uncle: she sent word beforehand, to make sure of finding Anne at home. That was all. The letter had evidently been written under Sir Patrick's advice.

Geoffrey handed it back, after first waiting a moment to think.

"My father died yesterday," he said. "My wife can't receive visitors before he is buried. I don't wish to force your inclinations. I only say I can't let visitors in here before the funeral—except my own family. Send a note down stairs. Perhaps I will take it to your friend when he goes to London." With those words, he left her.

An appeal to the proprieties of life, in the mouth of Geoffrey Delamayn, could only mean that he had things. Either he had spoken in brutal mockery—or he had spoken with some ulterior object in view. Had he seized on the event of his father's death as a pretext for isolating his wife from all communication with the outer world? We shore reasons, which had not yet asserted themselves, for his dreading the result, if he allowed Anne to communicate with Blanche.

The hour wore on, and Hester Detbridge appeared again. The lad was waiting for Anne's orders for her mourning, and for her note to Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth.

Anne wrote the note and the note. Once more the horrible slate appeared when she had finished writing. Geoffrey paper and her eye, with the hard lines of warning pitilessly traced on it. "He has locked the gate. When there's a ring we are to come in by the key. He has written to a woman. Name outside the letter. Mrs. Glenarm. He has had more brandy. Like my husband. Mind yourself."

The one way out of the high walls all round the garden was closed. Friends forbidden to see her. Solitary imprisonment, with her husband for a jailer. Nothing else had been four-and-twenty hours in the cottage it had come to that. And what was to follow?

She turned round mechanically to the window. The sight of the outer world, the occasional view of a passing vehicle, helped to sustain her.

The lad appeared in the front garden departing to perform his errand to London. Geoffrey followed him, opened the gate, and called after him, as he passed through it, "Don't forget the books!"

The "books?" What "books?" Who wanted them? The slightest thing now roused Anne's suspicion. In two hours afterward the books haunted her mind.

He secured the gate and came back again. He stopped under Anne's window and called to her. She showed herself. "When you want to eat and drink," he said, "ring the bell under your own disposal." He put the key of the gate in his pocket and returned to the house.

After some moments more he decided on taking him at his word. In the state of suspense, to remain within the four walls of the house was unendurable. If some lurking snare lay hid under the far-sounding proposal which Geoffrey had made, he was less repellent to her bolder to prove what it might be than to wait pondering over it in the solitude of her dark. She put on her hat and went down into the garden.

Nothing happened out of the common. Where-ever he was in the house, he showed himself. She wandered up and down, keeping on the side of the garden which was farthest from the dining-room window. To a woman, escape from the place was simply impossible. Setting out of the question the height of the walls, they were armed at the top with a thick setting of jagged broken glass. A small back-door in the end wall (untended probably by the gardener's use) was bolted and locked—the key having been taken out. There was no way out, but by the hands of the local growers of vegetables surrounded the garden on all sides. In the nineteenth century, and in the populous neighborhood of a great metropolis, Anne was as absolutely isolated from all contact with the humanity around her as if she lay in her grave.

After the lapse of half an hour the silence was broken by the sound of wheels on the road—the public road in front, and a ring at the bell. Anne kept close out of sight on the back; determined, if a chance offered, on speaking to the visitor, whoever the visitor might be.

She heard in the dining-room through the open window—Geoffrey's voice and the voice of a woman. "I am Mrs. Glenarm," she said. "Mrs. Glenarm, surely? After a while the visitor's voice was suddenly raised. "Where is she?" it said. "I must see her." Anne instantly advanced to the back-door of the house—and found herself face to face with a lady who was a total stranger to her.

"Are you my son's wife?" asked the lady.

"I am your son's prisoner," Anne answered.

Lady Holchester's pale face turned paler still. It was plain that Anne's reply had confirmed some doubt in the visitor's mind which had been already suggested to it by the son.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a whisper.

Geoffrey's heavy footsteps crossed the dining-room. There was no time to explain. Anne whispered back.

"Tell my friends what I have told you."

Geoffrey appeared at the dining-room door.

"Name one of your friends," said Lady Holchester.

"Sir Patrick Lundie."

Geoffrey heard the answer. "What about Sir Patrick Lundie?" he asked.

"I wish to see Sir Patrick Lundie," said his mother. "I suppose your wife can tell me where to find him."

Anne instantly understood that Lady Holchester would communicate with Sir Patrick. She mentioned his London address. Lady Holchester turned to leave the cottage. Her son stopped her.

"Let us set things straight," he said, "before you go. My mother," he went on, addressing himself to Anne, "don't think there's much chance for us two of living comfortably together. Bear witness to the truth—will you? What did I tell you at breakfast-time? Didn't I say it should be my endeavor to make you a good husband? Didn't I say—in Mrs. Detbridge's presence—that I wished to force your inclinations—except my own family. Send a note down stairs. Perhaps I will take it to your friend when he goes to London." With those words, he left her.

He waited to be questioned by his mother. She asked no questions. Her face was pale, her manner was constrained. She waited, as if she expected him to say more.

He said no more. He waited, as if he expected his mother to say more.

Lady Holchester broke the silence. "Is there any thing else?" she asked.

"Nothing else," he answered.

She left the room. He followed her out, and closed the door behind her.

Anne was left alone with Hester Detbridge.

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The "books?" What "books?" Who wanted them? The slightest thing now roused Anne's suspicion. In two hours afterward the books haunted her mind.

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Nothing happened out of the common. Wher

"Your brother's generous offer deserves a better answer than that," she said.

"My answer," reiterated Geoffrey, "is—No!"

He sat between them with his clenched fists resting on his knees—absolutely impenetrable to any thing that either of them could say.

"In your situation," said Julius, "a refusal is sheer madness. I won't accept it.

"Do as you like about that. My mind's made up. I won't let my wife be taken away from me. Here she stays."

The brutal tone in which he had made that reply roused Lady Holchester's indignation.

"Take care!" she said. "You are not only behaving with the grossest ingratitude to your brother—you are forcing a suspicion into your mother's mind. You have some motive that you are hiding from us."

He turned on his mother with a sudden ferocity which made Julius spring to his feet. The next instant his eyes were on the ground, and the devil that possessed him was quiet again.

"Some motive I'm hiding from you?" he repeated, with his head down, and his utterance thicker than ever. "I'm ready to have my private pocket all over London, if you like. I'm fond of her."

He looked up as he said the last words. Lady Holchester turned away her head—receiving from her own son. So overwhelming was the shock inflicted on her that even the strongly rooted prejudice which Mrs. Glenarm had implanted in her mind yielded to it. "Is your settlement she absolutely pitied Anne!

"Poor creature!" said Lady Holchester.

He took instant offense at those two words. "I won't have my wife pitied by any body."

With that reply, he dashed into the passage and called out, "Anne! come down!"

Her soft voice answered; her light footfall was heard on the stairs. She came into the room. Julius advanced, took her hand, and held it with him. "We are having a family discussion," he said, trying to give her confidence.

"And Geoffrey is getting hot over it, as usual."

Geoffrey appealed sternly to his mother.

"Look at her!" he said. "Is she worried? Is she in rags? Is she covered with bruises?" He turned to Anne. "They have come here to propose a separation. They both hate me—I hate you. I don't hate you. I'm a good Christian. I owe it to you that I'm cut out of my father's will. I forgive you that. I owe it to you that I've lost the chance of marrying a woman with ten thousand a year. I forgive you that. Im, not a man who does things by halves. I said it should be my endeavor to make you a good husband, and it was my wish to make it up. Well! I am as good as my word. And what's the consequence? I am insulted by my mother comes here, and my brother comes here —and they offer me money to part from you. Money by Jove! I'll be ticketed if I understand. I'll get my own living. Shame on the people who involve between man and wife! Shame—that's what I say—shame!"

Anne looked, for an explanation, from her husband to her husband's mother.

"Have you proposed a separation between us?" she asked.

"Very terms of the utmost advantage to my son; arranged with every possible consideration toward you. Is there any objection to your side?"

"Oh, Lady Holchester! is it possible to ask me? Who does he say?"

"He has refused."

"Refused!"

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "I don't go back from my word; I stick to what I said this morning. It's my manner to make you a good husband. It's my wish to make it up." He paused, and then added in his former tone: "I love her."

Their eyes met as he said it to her. Julius felt Anne's hand suddenly tighten round his. The desperate grasp of the frail little fingers, the imploring terror in the gentle sensitive face as it slowly turned him to plead, said to him all of me.

"Don't have me friendless to-night!"

"If you both stop here till domesday," said Geoffrey, "you'll get nothing else out of me. You have had my reply."

With that, he seated himself doggedly in a corner of the room, waiting—ostentatiously waiting—for his mother and his brother to take their leave. The position was absurd. To argue the matter with him that night was hopeless. To invite Sir Patrick's interference was only be to provoke his savage temper to a new outbreak. On the other hand, to leave the helpless woman, after what had passed, without one other effort to befriend her, was, in her situation, an act of downright inhumanity, and nothing less. Julius took the one way out of the difficulty that was left—the one way worthy of him as a gentleman and an honorable man.

"We will drop it for to-night, Geoffrey," he said. "But I am not the less resolved, in spite of all that you have said, to return to the subject to-morrow. It would save me some inconvenience—a second journey here from town—if when going back again to my engagements—if I said with you to-night. Can you give me a bed?"

A look flashed on him from Anne, which thanked him as no words could have thanked him.

"Give you a bed?" repeated Geoffrey. He checked himself, on the point of refusing. His mother was watching him: his wife was watching him—and his wife knew that the room above them was a room to spare. "All right!" he resumed, in another tone, with his eye on his mother. "There's an empty room up stairs. Have it, if you like. You won't find I've changed my mind to-morrow—but that's your look out. Stop here, if the fancy takes you. I've no objection. It don't matter to Me.—Will you trust his lordship under my roof?" he added, addressing his wife suddenly. "I might have some motive that I'm hiding from you, you know!" Without waiting for an answer, he turned to Anne. "Go and tell old Dummy to put the sheets on the bed. Say there's a live lord in the house—she's to send in something devilish good for dinner!"

He burst fiercely into a forced laugh. Lady Holchester rose at the moment when Anne was leaving the room.

"I shall not be here when you return," she said, "and I wish you good-night."

She shook hands with Anne—giving her Sir Patrick's note, unseen, at the same moment. Julius followed her to the door, and received from her word to her second son, Lady Holchester beckoned to him to give her his arm. "You have acted nobly toward your brother," she said to him. "My one comfort and my one hope, Julius, is in you." They went out together in the gate, Geoffrey following them with the key in his hand. "Don't be too anxious," he said to Julius, ironically. "I will keep the drink out of his way to-night—and I will bring you a better account of him to-morrow. Explain every thing to Sir Patrick as you go home." He handed Lady Holchester into the carriage; and then, leaning carelessly on the door, he grew.

The brothers returned in silence to the cottage. Julius had expected it from his mother —but he was seriously uneasy in secret. Naturally prone to look at all things on their brightest side, he could find no other explanation for on what Geoffrey had said and done that night. His own views, in the future disposition of Anne's part, in his present relations with his wife, for some abominable purpose of his own, had rooted itself firmly in Geoffrey's mind. Out of the experience of his brother, the pecuniary considerations were not the uppermost consideration in Geoffrey's mind.

They went back into the drawing-room.

"What will you have to drink?" said Geoffrey.

"Nothing."

"You won't keep me company over a drop of brandy-and-water?"

"No. You have had enough brandy-and-water."

After a moment of frowning self consideration in the glass, Geoffrey abruptly agreed with Julius. "I look like it," he said. "I'll soon put myself right." He disappeared, and returned with a wet towel tied round his head. "What will you do while the women are getting your bed ready? Have my library key, if you like to smoke, and make myself—In a reformed character, you know, now I'm a married man. You do what you like. I shall read."

He turned to the side-table; and, producing a new volume of the Newgate Calendar, sat down to his brother. Julius handed it back again.

"You won't misunderstand me," he said, "with such a book as that. Vile actions, recorded in vile English, make vile reading, Geoffrey, in every sense of the word."

"It will do for me. I don't know good English when I see it."

With that acknowledgment—to which the great majority of his companions at school and college would have subscribed without doing the slightest injustice to the present state of English education—Geoffrey drew his chair to the table, and opened the new volumes of his second of crime.

The present newspaper was lying on the sofa. Julius took it up, and seated himself opposite to his brother. He noticed, with some surprise, that Geoffrey appeared to have a special object in consulting his book. Instead of beginning at the first page, he turned over many leaves in his ages, and turned them down at certain places, before he entered on his reading. If Julius had looked over his brother's shoulder, instead of only looking at him across the table, he would have seen that Geoffrey drew his chair nearer to the volumes reported in the Calendar, and marked for his own private reading the cases of murder only.

BASE-BALL.

THE New York admirers of this most manly and healthful of all out-door games were treated last week to the finest sport ever witnessed in this country. The great match game played between the "Red Stockings," of Cincinnati, and several of our own most celebrated clubs. The "Red Stockings" came here with a reputation of little less than invincibility. They had not been defeated for two years. Their practice had also been splendid, their training excellent, and their confidence well grounded on a long series of triumphs over our best players.

The first game took place on the Union grounds with the "Atlantics," on the Capitoline grounds, on Long Island. From twelve to fifteen thousand people passed into the inclosure to witness the sport; and we are sorry to say that the crowd was boisterous and noisy, and greatly marred the pleasure of the game for those who wished to look on quietly. The "Red Stockings" were not treated with the courtesy they had hitherto received, and for the first, and we trust, the last time, partisan feeling was allowed to disturb good order. Cincinnati played and to interfere with fair play. The "Red Stockings" conducted themselves like gentlemen and played from first to last with pluck and spirit. But the Fates and the crowd were against them; and, after one of the most exciting contests on record, the victory which seer.ed to be within their grasp was wrested from them, and they retired from the field defeated, but without disgrace. The "Atlantics" played with great skill and precision, and there is no reason to suppose that they lent any countenance to the partisan proceedings of the spectators. The following is the score of this remarkable game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Red Stockings.	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Atlantics	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

On the day after their defeat the "Red Stockings" played the "Unions," at Tremont, a very strong and well trained club, on whom they inflicted a Waterloo defeat, the score standing:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Unions	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Red Stockings	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

The "Red Stockings" followed up this victory by a defeat of the "Resolutes," of Elizabeth, in a very hard-contested game, the close of which the score stood:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Resolutes	1	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	7
Red Stockings	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	4

The fifth game was played June 17 with the "Eckfords," at the Union grounds. On neither side was the play very brilliant, and the "Red Stockings" won easily as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Red Stockings	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
Eckfords	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	4

On June 18 the "Red Stockings" played with the "Star," at Hoboken, and, although the play was noticeably fine and plucky. The score was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Red Stockings	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Stars	0	0	0	4	0	1	0	6	0	11

Notwithstanding their defeat by the "Atlantics," the "Red Stockings" return from their Eastern tour with undiminished laurels, and leaving behind them the impression that, in the whole land, there is no match for any club in the country. Our artist has given a spirited sketch of this contest, which must always be memorable in the annals of both clubs.

THE JEROME PARK RACES.

THE close of the Spring Meeting at Jerome Park took place on Wednesday, June 15. The most brilliant day of the day was that for the Hunter's Plate, which derived especial interest from the fact that the noble animals concerned were ridden by members of the Club. It was a handicap of all ages, two miles, and the following were the entries: "Neptune" was ridden by Mr. Berkeford, "Pontoon" by Mr. Pryer, "Edmund" by Captain Cresswell, "Lightning" by Mr. Elwes, and "Viley" by Mr. Hecksher. After one false start they got off nicely together, and after a very close contest Captain Cresswell came in winner by half a length. The day was splendid, and the attendance was very large. Among the spectators in the public stand were Rev. Cloud, Rev. Dod, Bishop Beam, Black Hawk, and half a dozen squaws. They did not appear to be greatly interested in the various events, and either dozed or fanned themselves during the whole time. Every attracted much attention, of course, and were considerably annoyed by the crowd that pressed in upon them from every side.

A CHINESE DINNER-PARTY.

THERE are plenty of eating-houses of every description in every Chinese town and village, suitable to rich or poor, and abundance of inns and road-side stalls where a good meal may be had for man or beast. Rice and noodles are not generally used, as the cook serves every thing up with oil, and the Chinaman eats with his chopsticks, with which he contrives to shovel an astonishing amount of food down and into his mouth by holding the dish nearly close to the lips. All Chinamen like good living, whether rich or poor, and he who can afford it keep most luxurious tables, and entertain very liberally. The dinners are conducted with some ceremony by the fashionable classes; the invitations are written on the finest paper, silk, or satin of bright color, the rank and titles of the guests being punctiliously set forth; and the same etiquette is observed as to the order of precedence at table on the right and left of the entertainer, who can then offer them personally some of the choicest of the dishes. Sometimes the dinner is served with small square tables to each guest; at other times at one large round table, and the dinner is à la Russe, as we should say, the table being ornamented with porcelain vases filled with flowers, sweet-meats, fruit, and pickles and other ornamental objects. When the host wishes to show any mark of especial favor, he cuts off the choice bits he can from the best dishes with his chopsticks, and places them on his friend's plate. In order to further the good endeavors to show his full relish of the good things laid before him by belching after each fresh dish is served.

A small cup of the finest tea is always the first thing served, and the tea cup with a plate and chopsticks is placed before each person, when the servants, who are plainly dressed, bring the first course of shark's-fin soup, stewed sea-slugs (*birds de mer*), preserved eggs boiled hard and sliced, dried fish, meat cooked in various succulent ways, and stewed ducks. Many varieties of cookery follow, and sometimes, though rarely, the dinner is brought to a close with a dish of Tartar soup of the Java or Sumatra swallow, the costliness of this luxury placing it beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. It is, as most people know, the nest found in the cliffs and rocks, and besides the great difficulty and danger of procuring them, as the samphire-gatherer pursues his perilous trade, they require an immense amount of careful preparation to render them fit for cooking. Sweetmeats of every kind, ginger, almonds, oranges, lichees, grapes, apples, guavas, bananas, peaches, are some of the nicest served. A wine is drunk, very much of the color of pale sherry, and the little cups are kept filled by the servants with this wine, the guests being drawn off, out of small silver vessels shaped like an English tea-kettle. Most of the wine is known as "mandarin wine," and is made by fermenting rice; but there is also wine from grapes made in North China, but not in large quantities, and very inferior in quality. This liquor or spirit called "sam-shee" is strong, and distilled from millet seed fermented; it is highly intoxicating, and is also used in the compounding as a medicine. To take wine with one another is a mark of good-breeding, and it is done much in the same manner as we do—only the Chinese gentleman considers it a point of good manners to fill a banquet, and drain the cup to the bottom. The dining-room of a mandarin, or any other wealthy gentleman's house, is furnished with chairs and teapoys, and a sofa-table, with two large massive arm-chairs; the upper third of the walls is generally carved work filled up with oiled paper instead of glass, the doorway being covered by a screen or curtain of red cloth or silk, and the apartment is not a mean one with a miniature table with a red cushion on each side of it. The house always stands on a raised terrace, and has two court-yards at least, with a veranda, in which hang many lanterns of various bright colors, in silk, paper, and horn. In the outer court the sedan-chairs of the family are kept, and the more costlier are always waiting there to answer any summons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN with four wives was brought before a Dutch justice for committing bigamy on a charge of "Four times," as stated in the advertisement added, "Four wives? Well was a very suspicious crime." "Four times no wunt," "Why?" protested the prosecutor, "why you charge him for four times? Vat you do? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I reckspicious. Of he lif mit four wives, he got humbleness enough." I'll mit you, and I got too much humbleness already."

CANNIBALS—And-others.

Sponge says, if you wish to recollect a man's name, get acquainted with his mother. For keeping your money from them, there is nothing like this plan.

IN an old edition of some the whole edition, by the exception of the single letter e at the beginning of a word is the only difference between the following:

When the last trumpet soundeth
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be changed
In the twinkle of an eye.

TO PREVENT ANY ROOM SMELLING IN THE SUMMER—Cut their noses off.

HOW TO DEVELOP THE IMAGINATION—Get the decimation treasury.

A would-be suicide at Cincinnati was pulled off the track before a coming train by a railroad man, who was then arrested for trying to "mess up the engine any such way is that."

What do opera-singers live on?—Roles.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they only rich enough. Far out upon the sea, and left bobbing with the waves without a thank to steer his theme, Tom, who has given his epitaph, excepting Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied, "Faith, I'll not be for a cowardly act of suicide; you'd be all after savin' yourselves, an' not lavin' be one another. Why I'll be Paddy Murphy that would swim to shore an' save himself, an' then come back and drown himself."

The following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:

Here lies the body of Alexander MacPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person,
He was born two years before his grandfather died,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat,
Until the day
At the battle of Waterloo,
He was killed.

The pallid cheek and the eye of fire
And came out at the back of his coat.

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on de railroad track. Why, don't you 'member what de book say? 'Dey shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.' Dat mean dat no hoss nor mule nor cow shall hurt you, for you always kept them out of danger, 'member."

"Quite correct, my dear; the natives of wards, be they ne'er so ragged, are clothed in the habiliments of civilization." So Mrs. Conkling remarked to her husband, as she saw the Fenian Brotherhood in full regalia.

A youthful witness, on being asked in the Marlboro Connecticut police court, the other day, where he would go to if he told a lie, replied, "To the reform school, I guess, ma'am."

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at a house a box of pills, and at another six live Fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions, "Swallow one every two hours."

When a girl out West is asked she looks surprised, and says, "I guess, Pap's got a bill which she swim for pills." It will give me pleasure to show you," and proceeds to give a dupli—

GREAT GERMAN COMPOSERS.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

Mr. Dorkins joins a Yacht Club, and tries on the Uniform.

Having entered for the Regatta, he proceeds to join his Fleet.

A little Awkward at first; but then he says that he has not got his Sea Legs on yet.

Off the Light-Ship they have a very Stiff Breeze. The Captain orders all hands to get well up to Windward and lie down. Dorkins every now and then Gets Washed. He wants to know if this is considered Fun.

Dorkins's Contribution to Neptune.

The Captain jibes the Yacht suddenly. Dorkins and Friends assume different Positions. (To jibe a boat is to let the mainsail swing from one side to the other, which it often does with great force.)

The Captain orders all hands to haul aft the Sheet. Dorkins asks if he shall haul out at the Bowsprit.

For the first time in his Memory, he is Forced to Decline.

Dorkins incontinently sat down directly over the Centre-Board, which just then struck a Sand-Bar, and bottled him.

The Captain requests him to Let Go the Jib-Sheets. He misunderstands, replies that he ain't Touching them.

Back to Port again. Thinks he will Ride Home.

Result of Dorkins's Yacht Experience.

THE YACHT FEVER.

GERMAN COMPOSERS.

OUR illustration on page 428 is taken from a noble composition by W. LINDENSCHMIT, one of the foremost of modern German artists, slightly altered to bring the main points of the design within the compass of the page. It would be superfluous to dwell on the merits of a work which can speak so well for itself. The grouping and the artistic portraiture are admirable; and, either as a whole or in separate bits, the composition is worthy of careful study. This work is engraved for *Harper's Weekly* from a photograph of the original cartoon published by MR. THEODORE STROEHER, 839 Broadway.

SCARRON'S MARRIED LIFE.

IN 1646, when he was thirty-six years of age, Scarron, a cripple for life through disease and medicine, went to Paris. For three years before this he had been in possession of some eternal joost at Mans, the duties of which, I suppose, some one else performed. Nor do we know why he gave it up. A lawsuit against his step-mother had turned out badly; but this was only a stronger reason, one would think, for having what he had. However, if he was poor before, he was now destitute, and had to work harder than at his three ways of making money—writing poetry, dedications, and begging-letters. All these paid. He poetry brought him money, his dedications brought him pensions, and his begging brought him gifts. So he went on writing the most and most importunate begger ever known—for fourteen years, till he died. When he was about forty-two he made the acquaintance of Françoise d'Aubigné, then seventeen years old. She was twenty-four years of age. Her father had died some years before, and she had recently lost her mother. Life looked very terrible to the poor girl when Scarron—the most reckless of his class and of a tender pity which she at least knew how to value, offered her all he could. He would make her a sufficient *dot* to enable her to enter a convent; or he would give her an asylum in his own house, at his wife. She chose the latter, and married *the powere cripeod*. This marriage is the most touching thing in the life of Scarron. When the notary naked what dowry the bride brought, Scarron replied: "Deux grands yeux mutins, un tres-bon corsage, une paire de belles mains et beaucoup d'esprit." "And what settlement do you make upon her?" "Immortality." Perhaps the immortality that the wife of Scarron got from her first husband was paled in the eyes of some by the more splendor with which she derived from her second husband; for Madame Veuve Scarron became Madame De Maintenon, wife of the Grand Monarque.

As wife of the poor crippled poet, she performed her part of the contract well. She kept perfect order and decency into the *ménage*. She tamed the wild talk of the *habitués*, and kept it within bounds; and she lovingly poked the unbridled muse with an *aspic'd* for own that soon reduced them. More than all, she cherished him for years, and softened, as well as she could, the agonies that racked his tortured frame; and, in an age when regard and infidelity was the rule, she was proud enough to preserve her reputation. "Il n'y a rien," she would say in after years, and under even more trying difficulties, "de plus habile qu'une coudette irréprochable." She was tempted by her lovers. Scarron's friend Ogliers took her in hand, but gave her up in despair. "She was too *gouste*," Ninon said.

His married life lasted eight years, when he died of a hiccough, on which he promised to write a very fine satire if he ever got over it. The hiccough, however, was too strong for him, and the satire was never given to the world. He had taken the precaution to write his own epitaph. Is it too well known to be quoted? Let us try it, at least, "newly done into English:"

"No foolish envy waste on him
Who sleeps this stone beneath:
Death's pangs he felt a thousand times
Ere yet he suffered death.
Rush! traveler; let no footstep's fall
The sacred stillness break:
'Tis the first night poor Scarron sleeps:
Tread lightly—lest he wake."

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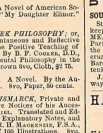

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 706.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE illustration underneath commemorates one of the most interesting events in the history of New York—the first reading of the Declaration of Independence to the American army, by order of General WASHINGTON—of which we find the following account in LOSSING'S "Field-Book of the Revolution:" "WASHINGTON received the Declaration on the 9th of July, 1776, with instructions to have it read to the army. He immediately issued an order for the several brigades, then in and near the city, to be drawn up at six o'clock that evening, to hear it read by their several commanders or their aids. The brigades were formed in hollow squares on their respective parades. The venerable ZACHARIAH GREENE (commonly known as 'PARSON GREENE,' the father-in-law of Mr. THOMPSON, historian of Long Island), yet (1855) living at Hempstead, at the age of ninety-six years, informed me that he belonged to the brigade then encamped on the 'Common,' where the City Hall now stands. The hollow square was formed at about the spot where the Park fountain now is. He says WASHINGTON was within the square, on horseback, and that the Declaration was read in a clear voice by one of his aids. When it was concluded three hearty cheers were given. HOLT'S *Journal* for July 11, 1776, says: 'In pursuance of the Declaration of Independence, a general jail-delivery took place with respect to debtors.' Ten days afterward, the people assembled at the City Hall, at the head of Broad Street, to hear the Declaration read. They then

FIRST READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

tock the British arms from over the seat of justice in the court-room, also the arms wrought in stone in front of the building, and the picture of the king in the council chamber, and destroyed them, by fire, in the street. They also ordered the British arms in all the churches in the city to be destroyed. This order seems not to have been obeyed. Those in Trinity Church were taken down and carried to New Brunswick by the Rev. CHARLES INGLIS, rector of the city at the war, and now hangs upon the walls of a Protestant Episcopal church in St. John.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

IF it is worth while to have any naturalization laws, it is most desirable to have them stringent, and efficiently and honestly administered; and there is no express authority more properly conferred upon Congress than that of providing such laws. Their object is evident. The source of such laws is respect for the suffrage. They aim to secure its intelligent exercise. They say by implication that it is not desirable that the Hottentot and Fejee should have a voice in the government before he can speak the language or understand in the least degree what the responsibilities are of a man of an American citizen are, and while his ignorance leaves him a prey to the most miserable of demagogues. The naturalization laws may suppose that there is to be a national life in this country, and that a certain homogeneity is essential to nationality. In common with all the other provisions of the Constitution, and in harmony with the feelings and convictions of the fathers, the power to establish a rule of naturalization is radically at war with the absurd theory that the Union is to be a loose league of States different in language, traditions, and sympathies, totally impotent at the very points, and for the very purposes, for which power is desirable.

Of course the efficiency of any such laws is to be proved by experiment; and every good citizen who thinks them desirable must also wish that they shall be amended as fast and as far as they are found to be defective. Now that in the State of New York, the chief point of naturalization, these laws are cruelly administered, there is no more denial than there is that such law exist. Some amendment is imperative: and MR. NOAH DAVIS, of New York, therefore introduced a bill into Congress which sought to remedy the proved defects of the present system. MR. DAVIS's bill required three years' residence in the country, and the intention to become a citizen, six months in the State, and thirty days in the county or parish. The applicant was to be fifty years old, and then in a State court of general jurisdiction. The naturalized citizen was not to vote until six months after his admission. Persons dishonorably discharged from the service might become citizens after one year's actual residence. These are all reasonable requirements. They are framed with express reference to the proved defects of the present system. They would be equally true to other States only. The Democrats bitterly oppose every measure which aims to protect the ballot and secure an honest vote. The Democratic members voted almost unanimous against it. Such a bill would be opposed by those who had local and especial interests to defeat. Therefore those who have the Chinese immigration protested. Or, again, such a bill would be opposed by politicians afraid of alienating the foreign vote, and they attacked it.

By this combined assault one of the best measures of the session was defeated. We have carefully read the debate, and can not find a single cogent argument alleged against the bill. MR. FLORENCE, who led the Democrats, who voted solid against it, said that the bill was one of the waves of the radical revolution; that it was not intended to operate in uniform rule; that it changed laws familiar to European countries owing to immigrants; and that it was inspired by bigotry, malignity, and intolerance toward foreigners and immigrants. Such talk as this can not be called argument; and it is a droll suggestion that we are not to improve our laws because in their unimproved state they are known to European men. MR. COX opposed it upon his favorite ground that New York is a terribly maligned little heaven below. The Republican objections, as we have said, were special and local. But what probably influenced many of the Republican negative votes was a feeling that to defend the principle of the suffrage by stringent naturalization laws would alienate "the foreign vote." We hope that this fear will not influence the Senate in considering Senator CONKLING's bill. Let us have a wise naturalization law honestly executed, and let not the Republican party fear to take the responsibility.

For there is no greater mistake than the constant supposition that the people of this country are not intelligent enough to see the reason of really good laws, and to support the party that proposes them. The Democratic leaders always appeal to prejudice and selfishness. Their attitude presupposes an immense popular ignorance and stupidity. The policy of the Democratic leaders is that of the old Roman tyrants, *bread and games*, to keep the people from thinking. Governor HOFFMAN, for instance, bids for "the foreign vote" by printing a telegram that he has sent somebody to bring home honorably home a man who has broken our laws and killed innocent neighbors. MR. TWEED bids higher, by offering to pay all expenses. MR. ELDRIDGE, MR. BROOKS, friends, put in their little bids by loud protests and defenses of Roman Catholics against imaginary attacks.

This is a business which may be safely left to those gentlemen. If such a course is really necessary, we are so connected with Europe that our enemies allege. But if the Republican party confides itself to the general good sense of the people, and to the desire to understand what is really for its advantage, as it did during the great debate from 1854 to 1860, which brought it into power—the debate in which it showed to every working-man in the land that slavery was necessarily his enemy, and that the Democratic party was the party of slavery—if it will trust its own great principles and the intelligence of the country, it will be as sure of the future as it is proud of the past.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

MR. SUMNER'S Cuban resolutions are an admirable supplement to the President's message. In his message the President abstains to the steps he has taken in the form of representations to the Spanish Government for the securing to the people of Cuba self-government and the right of independent self-government. MR. SUMNER's resolutions declare the sympathy of the people of the United States "with their fellow-Americans in Cuba struggling for independence," and with the people of Spain in giving the United States a model for a free and liberal institutions at home, calling upon the Spaniards, for the sake of peace, to recognize the independence of Cuba. The resolutions also, like the message, deplore the atrocities of the Cuban warfare upon both sides. The message and the resolutions together show that what we believe to be the actual intelligent public opinion upon the subject in this country.

There is an instinctive, and what may be called hereditary sympathy, in the United States with any people struggling for the establishment of a foreign power. That feeling in regard to Cuba would be much more pronounced than it is but for two facts. One is that, while the disposition at home upon that ground, would continue the BOURBON regime in Cuba. It has been therefore that the United States government has not properly plead against the new order in Spain, before it was tried, the tyranny of the Bourbons, and the unanimity of the people by which the Cuban cause has been managed has produced neither confidence nor respect. Moreover, it has been always impossible to ascertain the facts. General BANKS, for instance, understands them in one way, and the President in another. The best public opinion, in this country, therefore, while sympathizing with the general movement, has insisted that our most honorable traditions, and the most obvious duties as they are founded, demanded that the Government, under existing circumstances, ought not to interfere. It maintained that the Cuban war has undoubtedly seemed sometimes to be a want of that sympathy of which we speak, and after the emphatic declaration of the President that nothing shall be done inconsistent with that policy, it is most proper and desirable that the national sympathy of the United States with those who are striving for independence, and their desire to see elsewhere the same general liberty which they enjoy, should be officially expressed to the Spanish Government.

MR. TRUEMAN, the Democratic Senator from Ohio, says that the proposition amounts to nothing. But it amounts to a great deal. It says authoritatively to the Spanish Government that, while we do not as yet recognize revolution justified in interfering, we nevertheless watch the contest with interest and hope, and that we believe the day of foreign intervention upon this continent has passed by. The resolutions officially declare the opinion of this Government upon that point. To declare that opinion and that sympathy is to do all that can be done short of actual interference; and, therefore, it is doing all that ought to be done. MR. TRUEMAN, indeed, would have us direct Spain to recognize Cuban independence. But the public good sense of this country will decide whether, when we have recently and properly admitted so many new citizens in the late rebel States, when the forced immigration of coolies is considered so threatening by the trades unions, and when the San Domingo annexation project is still pending, it is desirable to violate our honorable policy and interfere in the troubles of another country. Such will be the inevitable consequences of such interference, for the purpose of adding to our population more than a million and a half of people wholly alien from us in principles, language, and traditions, a third of whom are barbarously ignorant, two hundred thousand of them, according to General BANKS, speaking only the language of the tribes of Africa.

HONESTY AND CAPACITY IN OFFICE.

WHILE Congress can not contain its wrath at the mere proposition to reform the civil service, the effete monarchies look over the water, having heard the excellence of the reform, pushes it still further. It is our privilege to enjoy a civil service system under which we have outright, according to MR. JENCKES, who has made a thorough study of the subject, one dollar in every four collected. And the cause of this enormous loss is that, in appointing a gentleman to appraise laces, we do not ask whether he is an honest man, who can tell a lace veil from a gunnybag, but whether he voted the regular ticket at the last election. This is the great American system, according to certain political doctors in Congress. This is the fruit of free institutions, and the logical result of the submerging principle that every body is as good as every body else. Meanwhile the poor, infatuated British Queen, in council, has ordered that any body who wishes to fill a government office in England, with a few exceptions, may apply for examination. The best qualified will receive the appointment, after a satisfactory probation of six months. How aristocratic!

So absurdly excellent is the working of this system that some of the houses supply to the government examiners for the lists of successful candidates, that they may select clerks from them. And the practice of a good examination is one of the best credentials a young man can have. Superficially, this would seem to be a simple and reasonable enough; but, as in the practice of a monarchy, it necessarily and obviously leads to an aristocracy, and no well-regulated American could think of it for a moment. To withstand the insidious wiles of the aristocratic tendency of a civil service that would put merely honest and capable men in public positions, it is our glorious privilege to increase our own taxes and to commend our inclinations to the admiration and imitation of mankind, by keeping those positions for Mr. Reddy the Blacksmith and his efficient coworkers at the polls.

THE INCOME TAX.

IN his speech in favor of retaining the income tax Senator SHERMAN sketched the history of the tax in Great Britain, and said that in 1816 and 1817 there was a loud demand for its repeal from the property holders, and a great deal of clamor against it. Now the best account of that period says that "the dislike of the rural population was as fixed as that of the inhabitants of towns." It was, in fact, a question of good faith, as it is with us; and with us also it is a constitutional question. The income tax was first proposed by MR. PITT in 1798. He first assessed incomes of £65 a year, and gradually rose to those of £200 a year. On such incomes, and all above that sum, ten per cent was imposed. It was announced as a war tax. The act declared that it was to be "for and during the continuance of the war, and no longer." SIR WILLIAM CURTIS stated afterward in Parliament that he was in the House when the tax was first proposed, and that he heard MR. PITT declare that it was a war tax only, and should positively cease on the restoration of peace. But at the end of the war the Government preferred to reduce the rate from ten to five per cent., and continue the tax. Then began what Senator SHERMAN called the "great deal of clamor." That is to say, the people of Great Britain imperatively demanded that the Government should keep its word. And after a flood of petitions and a most vigorous and exciting debate, the tax was abolished, and MR. WILBERFORCE said that the property tax had down that war and income tax were wedded together.

But in 1842, when there was a deficit of £2,000,000, and income radical measure was essential, Sir ROBERT PEEL proposed to renew the tax, laying three per cent upon incomes above £150. He showed that his proposition was based upon the fact of the situation, which offered only the alternative of an income tax or loans: and Sir ROBERT insisted the duration of the tax to three years, or to five, if Parliament should direct—a proposition which seemed to the country to be considered it to be exceptional impost, justifiable only in an emergency.

He also defended it upon the ground that it was really a war tax, the debt having been largely the consequence of the war; and Senator SHERMAN takes the same ground in the Senate. Meanwhile the income tax in Great Britain is continued; the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, MR. ROBERT LOWE, saying, in presenting his last budget, that, although a good deal could be said against it, he had no alternative to offer, and would make it as moderate and fair as possible, but could not think of striking off so great a branch of the revenue.

In this country the aggregate of taxes is $292,000,000, of which $27,000,000 are levied upon property or its income. This sum (a little less than a tenth of the whole) is paid by two hundred and seventy-three thousand persons. The other nine-tenths of the whole taxation are levied upon consumption. The argument urged against the income tax is that it is unconstitutional and vexatious, and that it was imposed under a solemn engagement that it should be temporary. The argument in its favor is that, with all its defects, to which every system is subject, it lays the burden where it can be best borne, and that it is considering all the facts, one of the best systems of a disagreeable business. If it be a direct tax, it is plainly unconstitutional; and in the Supreme Court has decided that direct taxes, in the intention of the Constitution, are those upon land and slaves, and so the rents of lands are legally regarded as lands themselves, it would seem that the tax upon incomes is a direct tax, and must be laid "in proportion to the census or enumeration." Moreover, if it lays the burden where it can best be borne, it does so only by recognizing a class of citizens in a manner not harmonious with the spirit of the Constitution. If you lay an income tax with an exemption of $2500, the man upon a salary of $3000 pays such a tax; the owner of a property of $30,000, with a revenue from it of eight per cent., pays nothing. And if you lay a tax upon luxuries, the clerk and the proprietor may choose whether they will pay it, and their choice will depend upon their ability. The defects of the system seem to be almost inseparable from it. MR. GLADSTONE says that experience has shown one fixed exemption to be better than to continue frequent alleviations, but any system is essentially objectionable which does not ascertain and consider the source of income.

In refusing to continue the tax the Senate undoubtedly conforms to the public desire.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR BREADSTUFFS.

As the date of our last issue it was stated that the French, who had suddenly appeared in our market as purchasers of wheat, had unloaded some portion of it, and had considerably receded to the limits fixed for English agents, who immediately became buyers at about $1 20 per bushel for Club Milwaukee, a continental demand for wheat again arose, and this quality, on the 23d of June, was at $1 27½ per bushel. On the 24th the French purchases ceased, and the price receded to $1 20. The subject is now absorbing one in all financial circles. It is asked, Will the circumstances continue which call for heavy purchases of grain from this country?

The telegraph informs us that a number of vessels have been fitted out at Marseilles to obtain wheat from the region about the Black Sea, and great efforts will be made to procure sufficient supplies to prevent a more important advance here. There are indications that the Government of France is urging, if not actually buying, these purchases. M'CULLOCH informs us (1869) "that, in order to keep the Parisian populace in good-humor, the bakers were compelled to sell bread in scarce times at low prices, *their loss being reimbursed to them from the public or consumers' revenue*."

There is unquestionably a political necessity for cheap bread in France nearly as great as that which the English conceive to exist with respect to theirs. There is this difference between the two situations, that, while there is no cessation on the English import, the French are adopting measures only for unfavorable seasons. MR. CAIRD, an English writer on agricultural subjects of great eminence, states that the French harvest is below the average makes a difference in the wheat crop of 17,000,000 bushels. "Large gross and green crops, or *vice versa*," he adds, "are two to use of our corn. France is exactly reversed; her corn on exhaustive crops being as two to one of her grass and green crops." The production of wheat in France is consequently from this exhaustive process lower than in favorable years. The production per acre, in English bushels, is stated by MR. CAIRD as follows: England, 28; Ireland, 24; Prussia, Spain, and Holland, 23; Belgium, 21; France, only 15½. This is due in part to the quality of the soil, that of France being in many parts a sandy instead of a clayey loam.

The English writers agree in this, that when the harvest only in England it is ordinarily felt upon the Continent, and that while in good seasons France supplies twelve per cent. of the English demand for breadstuffs, in seasons she is a competitor in foreign markets. The fact that she is so is the subject of complaint in London and Liverpool, inasmuch as the latter aspire to control this trade in all parts of the world, and expect that the Continent will obtain supplies from them.

Although within a few days past there have been copious rains in England, yet it is certain that the previous want of it will be severely felt. We subjoin a few extracts from English papers

as recently as the 7th and 8th of June. The reports from France are not less favorable.

"DOSOQUIN'S TOBASHER."—MILTON, *Monday.*—There is still no rain. With only 7½ inches of rain in 1870, and of this less than two inches since April 1, the condition of the land is one of complete dryness. The whole of the early sown turnips are lost. The land is so hot and void of moisture that it is quite vain to sow afresh, though some have ventured on that course. Where it looked the drought last year every other crop is getting rapidly worse. On Sunday, though a fresh east wind blew, the heat in the shade included 101 degrees, and the barometer rose to 30.50, steady. Put stock is rising rapidly in price, and lean cattle are becoming a drug."

"HAYNET PROSPECTS.—Mr. T. C. SCOTT, of Knaphill Farm, Surrey, publishes the result of a personal and detailed inspection of farms in the home and some of the midland counties from the 1st to the 20th inst. The following conclusions may now be arrived at in the matter of the peculiarities of the produce of that season: 1. That we shall have a good crop of wheat, notwithstanding the severe ravages of the wire-worm and slug. 2. We shall have a light crop of barley, because it has been parched by the sun and scourged by the wire-worm, and no amount of rain can now remedy its stunted growth and deficiency of plants. 3. From the same causes oats will be a light crop, but not so generally injured as barley. 4. Where oats have a favorable appearance, arising from the long continuance of black and wet weather in April and May. Spring beans look a shade better, and peas also, although the latter were early much injured in the leaf by a light, fawn-colored, beetle-looking insect, which, as yet, seems to know much about. All these cereal and pulse crops will be some much sooner in the stack than was anticipated six weeks ago, on account of premature ripening. 5. Hay will be light, though very middling my memory, because there is no bottom grass any where. Artificial grasses and clovers look rather dry, and suffer much from the caterpillars, which, when they are extensively grown, look exceedingly fresh and luxuriant; but much of these crops is now being sacrificed to the maintenance of livestock on barn pastures. 6. Mangel-wurzel will be a fair, if not a heavy crop, as it was put in in superb order, and has kept up very well, notwithstanding the drought, and luxuriates in a dry summer and weather. Swedes are still somewhat uncertain, because, although they were, and are still being, put in in perfect order, they have suffered from time to twice swept clean away by, and are still at the mercy of, the pestiferous fly, in the shape of innumerable ravages and rain soft warm weather. 7. Potatoes, although several times touched by late spring frosts, do not appear permanently injured, and look well, generally speaking, and the drought should continue and cause a light crop, it will likely be of a superior quality. 8. Turnips that year planted some potatoes on the bare earth, covering them with manure and then soil, and they look absolutely better than those planted on the manure."

The price of wheat is probably now remunerative to the farmers of the United States, and is relatively higher at Chicago than here, due to speculative tendencies. It is wise always to adopt that as the level at which the crop will leave a profit, at least on the part of those who can not hold with convenience. The policy of holding on in part of those times of those who are financially strong, in order to provide against the contingency of a short crop, is beneficial to the country. It is for others to judge of the peculiar circumstances which call for the one or the other policy; but it seems clear to us, as the land devoted to grain and the present crops in England is two to one of that devoted to grain, and as the farmer are bad, and as the wheat crop of France is injured, that there will be a demand for our breadstuffs to continue during the coming season.

THE POST-OFFICE AS A TAXING MACHINE.

DR. FRANKLIN considered the post-office chiefly as a source of revenue; but the position taken by Senator SUMNER, in the debate upon the franking system, is undoubtedly correct that it should be considered rather a means of public education and development. He would have the rates of letter postage reduced to the smallest coin, one cent. Lord ASHBURTON said in England that postage is one of the worst of taxes, that it is a tax upon the communication of the people. When ROWLAND HILL's reform was proposed, Sir ROBERT PEEL admitted that "great social and political advantages would arise from it. Viscount SANDON declared that the post-office should be used to stimulate other sources of revenue. Mr. CORNEWALL LEWIS, when the financial point, insisted that the lowest possible trading profit would secure the highest revenue. Mr. O'CONNELL said that it was impossible to exaggerate the benefits of low postage; and at last, in 1840, the reform was achieved by the bill which established a uniform rate for uniform weight, this rate the lowest unit of coin—a penny—and the abolition of franking.

In the recent debate in the Senate, Senator HOWE said that the present rate of postage is not oppressive. But Mr. SUMNER showed from testimony, as well as reason, that it is oppressive, not only directly upon various classes of the people, but indirectly, by preventing correspondence. The revenue from the post-office might be at first diminished by the smaller rate; but, as it would be promptly replaced by postage, the general advantages would be, in Mr. SUMNER's opinion, invaluable. The post-office, he thinks, should be no more expected to pay for itself than every other department of the government. But his speech, which, as usual, was most carefully prepared, admirably fortified with the history and philosophy of the subject, did not persuade the Senate. The Senators apparently agreed with Mr. HOWE that it was desirable to continue to make the Department beneficent by the free distribution of documents, but they were unwilling to risk the reduction of the rate and the abolition of the franking system.

Honorable members, therefore, will continue to send their washing home gratis in the mails, and tons of public documents will be carefully wrapped in Washington and sent out by the same mails, to be instantly ground up as waste paper. Meanwhile, we hope that Senators who favor the reform will stop vigorously the privilege left them, and frank Mr. SUMNER's speech all over the country, to help form a public opinion which will insist upon a wise substitution for the franking system.

AN EXPERIMENTAL CHRISTIAN.

IT is difficult to imagine any thing more preposterous than the idea which Bishop COLENSO was a "Christian." Those who denounce him as a novelist may wisely remember that the Master himself spoke in parables. Those who declare his life to have been a vanity of vanities should gravely reflect whether they honor the Christ by asserting that men whose spotless life and great powers are consecrated to making men better is the chief of sinners. What is essential Christianity? Is it not a right following of the great Christian example? And if, as a certain clergyman said, Sir ISAAC NEWTON was not a Christian because he could not be said upon his death-bed, "I feel I am resting on Christ with the simple faith of a child," who can imagine a Christian exactly like any Christian because he wrote, on the day before his death, in the full flush of life, "I have always prayed to God to accept me for the merits of the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it?" If words certify as saving Christian belief, certainly JESUS CHRIST died for JORDEN who visited the widow and the fatherless with a tenderer blessing than DICKENS?

A clergyman in Boston recently made him self notorious for a day by denouncing DICKENS. "What one of his books," asked he, "breathes the spirit of Christ, or is redolent with the fragrance of the Gospel?" What one of them is not? is a question which even the clergyman could not answer. In his preference above the wisdom of the suggestion of Mr. DICKENS to his children in his will, which was read in Westminster Abbey, and which for certainty in a broad spirit, not accepting the narrow construction of any man nor of my sect.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

IF a newspaper should publish a paragraph stating that "Yesterday a ordinary day Mr. PETER COOPER went into the Bank of Commerce, and, after he left, it was discovered that the bank had lost the check in the currency drawer, and we should like to know how Mr. COOPER explains the matter," we doubt if Mr. COOPER would be considered a thief; for, happily, in civilized countries, and among men of honor, character is still of some value. But if Mr. LAMBERTON were accused of being influenced in his official conduct toward FISKE by the fact that his aunt's cousin had sold a horse to Mr. FISKE's partner, and had been paid for it, it would disturb public confidence in the Prime Minister just as much as the charge that Mr. FISKE's partner's colleague to Cuba is determined by the fact that a lawyer who is his son-in-law has been paid certain fees by Senhors Cooper and Fogg.

This absurd aspersion upon the Secretary of State was repeated by Mr. FITCH in the House of Representatives; but upon his attention being called to the facts as stated in the explanation which has been published, Mr. FITCH promptly and handsomely drew the implied charge, saying that "he had never seen that contradiction, and had had no knowledge that the statement made had been contradicted." In the face of that contradiction he could do nothing more than retract what he had stated on that point."

REALISTIC ART.

We have little space for correspondence, and we do not mean by publishing the following letter to invite a discussion which, as we could not give room. But the tone of Mr. MOORE's excellent letter is not controversial, and it is an interesting matter from the point of view which it presents:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

In the notice in the *Academy* Exhibition, in your paper for June 18, are some remarks about the works of Mr. EDWARD LEAR, and without considering which I have a word or two to say which may be misinterpreted by those who have not seen Mr. LEAR's some genuine a better understanding of what we are trying to do than have attempted. I am not, therefore, in all such remarks that our principles are misunderstood, more or less, that it seems to me useful to take advantage of such occasions to state them as plainly as possible—especially now that the hostile feeling, which originated in England some years ago, toward these principles is happily passing away, and articles at kind and thoughtful as the one to which I now allude are more and then appearing, encouraged by the public, in the merits of the works produced upon them. This discussion, carried on with a desire to ascertain what is the best means of truth may lie, can not fail to be useful to artists and others, and it seems to me desirable that any or us who have any thing clearly in mind of thought and experience bearing upon the subject should write briefly for the general good. The remarks of Mr. JOHN JOHNS (the author of the article under consideration) are, like many others made about realistic works and principles, partly right and partly wrong. More attentive study of our works, together with incessant study of nature, would show him, I think, that there was still some of all the truth in his principles; but that we also appreciated principles in some respects much more important, which need to be fitted to those which he has before us.

If the whole matter can be attached.

"We are not here to paint as they do," says our kind critic. Well, perhaps not; it may indeed be that we do not at all succeed in representing what we see in such a way that another can see it. But perhaps, also, nature might be seen somewhat as we see it if a painter should look carefully enough, having in mind meanwhile certain principles upon which we work. But first it is necessary that two important facts should be understood—that nature is infinite, and is the supreme art; and that we are finite, and our perceptions and powers of expression are limited. Consequently a great or less range of nature's aspects truly; but as man are to the same extent artists work ought to be accepted for the sake of learning to see what he sees. We may be, for instance, wrong in our feeling for sunshine should. A good picture will always look strange to us at first—but it does not look strange to us after we have say thing to give us. Besides, the most adequate representation can render it impossible for the spectator to realize the landscape his picture carry receptible resemblance at once to every beholder. The more subtle an artist's perceptions become the less possibility there is in rendering them adequately—first he must invent the best possible short-hand to express his thoughts and feelings, and then the spectator must learn his short-hand before he can read.

Then to realize the poetry of artists, think of best, and, therefore, instead or exhibitions of pictures represented in the Academy and elsewhere, the wide wooden of natural beauty, and visitors who come to *learn* to see, and not merely in search of pleasant, clear pictures representing those familiar and most easily written aspects only. Such a course would be found to be as entertaining during an otherwise idle moment. Just as the student of music has to go to the most complicated pictures to the exhibitions, because if people do not find it so, they will not learn to understand its qualities, which they have learned to look for as "the kind of art," and they will give them further attention. The people are not wholly to blame for this; the exhibitions are in fault. The public should be in some respects irrespective of the mere quality of the pictures proportion to the size of the rooms, and therefore it is unbelieving that it requires a greater effort than many persons are willing to make to get the most enjoyment not for the attention to become fixed upon small and delicately painted pictures, which are almost lost in overcrowded exhibitions is, that it induces artists to resort to the most violent means and expedients in order to draw attention. Our little works which have been sent to the exhibitions have been in this position so doubt; for it has not been any part of our aim to hide want of power wherever it existed. They have had little of the attractions which command attention generally, and we have been surprised that they have been so much noticed as they have.

"Do they not comprehend, gradation, harmony?" asks our friend; "and are not these qualities in nature?" At present we are striving to learn them fully some of the wonders of beauty which we find in the plain aspects of most ordinary clear daylight, consequently we do not paint many effects of more picturesque effects of mist or "atmosphere" as vastly easier thing to do, and have little to do it, than many people know, and an expedient of great convenience for evading difficulties. We do not "paint as they do" as these qualities and enjoy them greatly; they are often among the finest in nature. But it may be noticed that when the atmosphere is most pure and delightful it is least visible. We don't "paint a fog" as such as in clear air. Our subjects are chosen, for the most part, when the atmosphere is exceedingly clear, not only because we love this clearness, but also because it is then possible to follow the lovely forms of distant mountains more fully and to draw them more entirely—that is, to realize more truth and to express more of the beauty of their wonderful structure and other than would otherwise be possible. While I write, it is a lovely June morning; the air is marvelously clear. The distant mountain is between fifteen and twenty miles distant, but I can see all the lines and larger sculpture with wonderful distinctness; there is some doubt whether I could draw all out in a picture though the most of it is, of course, so involved in mystery as to be infinitely full of suggestive beauty. Its clear color of pure turquoise and pale amethyst is lovely beyond all words, and I am sure that the full truth of beauty and expression or the mountain are in these, and that the air is filled with it. But at times when alone artists seem to call atmosphere, all these are veiled—the mountains become only a grey line against the sky, and the scene of its noble character is gone.

But what qualities in nature are those which we artists generally chose; they want "atmosphere," not the mountains, but they get it, indeed, with infinitely less pains. But it does not appear that artists generally care for the noble and the beautiful things such as involve thorough and difficult drawing of visual forms, but rather than they like the less dignified aspects, which reveal multitudinous details of early and late morning. We have to paint the atmosphere—that kind of Indian summer haze which is just enough to obscure all distant forms. This is only to be found early enough, no doubt; but we should all be sorry if Indian summer should last for ever. We all since our landscape artists have spent their time thus far, and, with a sun, in painting "dreamy haze," be it not well that it be so at last, when we have had all the wonderful forms and colors of things as they are revealed in clear and light by a sun.

As for gradation and harmony, if these qualities are not indeed in our works then we have missed the best in vain; for upon these, the first especially, depend all expression of truth and beauty in whatever. But can you not elaborately give the details without losing the landscape? This question is the one most generally understood as the main one at issue between the students of realistic principles and the mass of other artists (it is not, by any means, the main question); and the answer is that the beauty and unity which we see in nature are not to be represented in art by denying the fact of redundance; and no adequate expression of redundance is ever to be attained without most careful drawing of details. It is quite certain, however, that any artist who strives to draw details faithfully will but for a long time, comparatively speaking, be failure. He will need patience and incessant labor before he can attain such grasp and mastery as will enable him to produce finished results of any kind. The failure of the timid but if he is overpowered by nothing worse. He should hear in mind always, as a safeguard, that his careful drawing is not to be *for the sake of imitation, but for interpretation.*

It is not assumed that our works are more than studies; and in one sense they ought never to be more, or rather they ought never to be less. It is quite conceivable that art to render natural aspects in its most delicate and subtle forms which is most precious in nature and pictures constructed by such art are not to be called mere studies in the sense of sketches; but there is no chance of ever attaining such art by following the "short-hand" which the mass of other artists seem to prefer. Art truly is something more than short-hand, and is the most refined and natural transcript. C. H. MOORE.

WEST COTTAGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, June, 1870.

NOTES.

THE London *Daily News*, alluding to Professor GOLDWIN SMITH's letter to Mr. DISRAELI, says:

"Mr. DISRAELI has been engaged in a controversy conflicts with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The fact that he has declined, himself, to take the initiative, and, if possessed weapons, shown a consciousness of having been foiled in the encounter, is a powerful testimony to the skill with which Mr. SMITH has wielded his. It is impossible to read the letter to be, of all others, the most unfitted by the nature of the office for the feelings of the country, and that the imputation will give the greatest offense to the people. It is probably mistaken. The Premier is not a casuistes, in the truth of which Mr. DISRAELI himself does not believe. Mr. GLADSTONE, before the ship comes in sailor. 'Coward' is a word which is not ordinarily applied to Mr. DISRAELI. But it is applied to him in this case; and, written and setteth up he may, he may perhaps the strong hand of the Premier."

We are very glad to see that railroad passengers are deposed to protest against the summary ejectment of those who are obliged to travel upon a ticket which they have purchased and authorized to show them. If a difference arises between the most orderly passenger and the conductor, the latter can stop the train, "Put off" the passenger several times recently upon the Morris and Essex road, and when a committee of the passengers waited upon the President to make a respectful indication of a most annoying regulation, they were informed that the spirit of the regulation was in the conductors, and were metaphorically "put off" with the peremptory manner. The feeling of dissatisfaction with the irritating management of the Morris and Essex road upon the part of passengers who are obliged to travel upon a line is represented by the committee as almost unanimous. The conduct of the Company, as reported, shows all the arrogance of a confident monopoly. The appeal of the passengers, of course, is to public opinion; and it is the duty of conductors to decide whether it is for their pecuniary interest that the road should be managed with such a total disregard of the convenience of the public as to make every passenger who must depend upon it its enemy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 20.—In the Senate, the main business of the day was the Civil Rights Appropriation bill, including the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau. Senator SUMNER moved to amend the bill by striking out the words, "and no distinction in civil rights or discrimination shall be made among citizens of the United States on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," and inserting in lieu thereof the following: "That all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, give evidence, and to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property, as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishment, pains, and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding." The amendment was rejected by a vote of 38 to 9. The Freedmen's Bureau bill was adopted. It declares the State entitled to representation in Congress when it has ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments in good faith.

June 21.—No business of public interest was transacted in the Senate. In the House the Civil Rights bill amending the Patent laws was not concurred in.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The French Government having relinquished the exclusive privilege of working the Newcastle Coal Company, our Government has withdrawn its objections to the importation of the cable on our coasts.

Several heavy suits for damages have recently been decided against the Erie Railway. The latest is that of $20,000 in favor of Daniel Lyons, for injuries sustained in the "Erie Railway Disaster in Orange."

After July 1 the rates of postage between the United States and Great Britain, France, Prussia, and Belgium will be six cents per half ounce, and ten cents on unpaid letters.

A Mormon convert, Ackerman was confirmed by the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

The Government of Brazil has conferred upon Professor AGASSIZ, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the honorary title of Counselor of State.

The Government of St. Thomas has issued a proclamation again placing the island under the protection of the United States, because of the failure of the treaty of sale in the United States Senate.

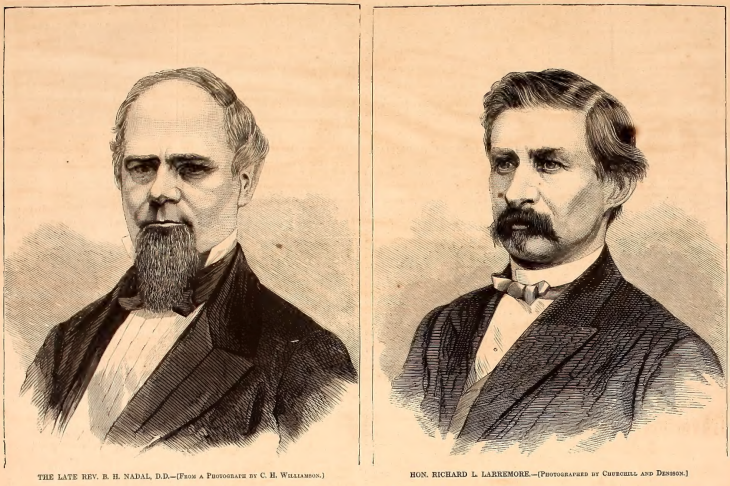

THE LATE REV. B. H. NADAL, D.D.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. H. WILLIAMSON.]

HON. RICHARD L. LARREMORE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL AND DENISON.]

THE LATE DR. NADAL.

THE Methodist Church has just sustained another serious loss by the death of the Rev. BERNARD H. NADAL, D.D., which occurred very suddenly on the 20th ult., at Madison, New Jersey. DR. NADAL was born in Maryland, in 1813; and in 1835, having united with the Baltimore Conference, became a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His early labors were in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia; and he very soon became an earnest participant in the discussion of the slavery question, which was then agitating the Church. With characteristic independence, he warmly advocated the views which a few years afterward became the distinctive feature of the Northern branch, when the denomination had split asunder.

His early education was somewhat limited, but every opportunity for culture was sedulously improved; and when, in 1847, he was appointed to a church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the seat of Dickinson College, he pursued the regular collegiate course in that institution of learning without neglecting his pastoral duties, and regularly graduated with high honors. Soon afterward he accepted a professorship in Asbury University, Indiana. Here he became known as a vigorous writer; and one of his former professors, DR. MCCLINTOCK, having become editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, encouraged him to become a contributor to its pages. He was one of the earliest of the editorial contributors to the *Methodist*, and remained on its editorial staff until his death. The movement for lay representation found in him an earnest supporter. One of the last of his published papers was a letter to a New York daily paper in defense of the junior book agent. For several years after his brief sojourn in Indiana, DR. NADAL was pastor of prominent churches in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities. On the organization of the Drew Theological Seminary he was appointed to the Professorship of Church History; and, on the death of DR. MCCLINTOCK, was selected to discharge the duties of Acting President of that institution. Up to the day of his death DR. NADAL had been in his usual health, and it is not known that he had any premonition of his approaching end—"One moment in the full enjoyment of his faculties, and the next moment gone."

DR. NADAL was a conscientious student, a thoroughly cultivated and acute theologian, and a successful preacher. His sermons were characterized by deep and earnest feeling, not less than by an effective style of pulpit oratory. Within a brief space of time, four prominent clergymen of the Methodist Church have fallen in the midst of their labors, almost without warning. Each filled his own sphere in the Church with distinguished ability, but none with more singleness of purpose and Christian fidelity than DR. NADAL.

HON. RICHARD L. LARREMORE.

THIS gentleman, who has just retired from the Presidency of the Board of Education to take a seat on the Bench, was born September 6, 1830, at Astoria, Long Island. He graduated in 1850 at Rutger's College, and immediately commenced the study of law in the office of BETTS & RONDSON, in this city. In 1852 he was admitted to the Bar. His tastes led him to avoid criminal cases, and he soon obtained a large and successful business in civil suits and in real estate. He was several times offered a nomination to the State Assembly, but always declined the honor. At the recent Commencement of the University of the City of New York the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

Apart from his distinction as a lawyer, Mr. LARREMORE has achieved an honorable reputation by his devotion to the cause of popular education. His efforts in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867 to provide for the free education of the children of this city were worthy of all praise. For several years past Mr. LARREMORE has occupied the honorable and responsible position of President of the Board of Education, and spared no efforts to improve our system of free education, and extend its benefits to the children of every grade of society. In May of this year he was elected Judge of Common Pleas, and has resigned his seat in the Board to enter upon the duties of his new position.

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

We give on this page an illustration of the recent fatal accident that took place at "Long Bridge," on the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad. It was caused by a collision with a hand-car, on which the section-master was passing over the bridge, under the impression that he had ample time to reach the next station before the arrival of the train, which he was prevented from seeing by a sharp curve until too late to avoid the shock. An iron bar on the hand-car caught under the engine, throwing it from the track. The wheels of the engine displaced the timbers of the bridge, and the baggage car, when it came to the weakened spot, fell through into the river below. The first passenger car followed in such a way that its front end shot under the rear end of the baggage car. The second passenger car fell endwise, remaining in an nearly a perpendicular position as its wrecked condition would allow. The last car did not go down, the forward truck only falling through the bridge. After the cars had gone down the engine was pulled down backward, the tender falling first, then the engine going down, leaving the forward end of the frame caught in the bridge.

Three persons were killed outright by this accident, and more than twenty seriously wounded. Our illustration is engraved from a photograph by MR. MOORE, of Athol, Massachusetts.

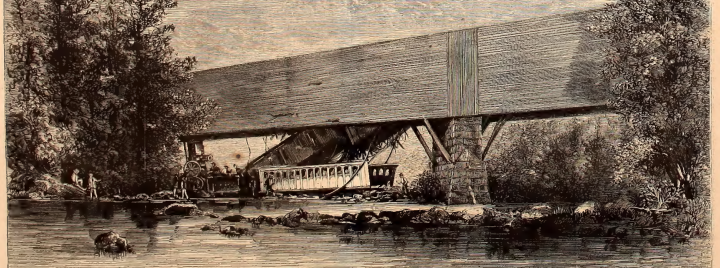

THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE VERMONT AND MASSACHUSETTS RAILROAD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. MOORE, ATHOL, MASS.]

A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER II.

A fruitless Search for Seals.—A Storm on the Coast.—A Night of Terror.—Cast Away.—Getting Ashore.—Looking to God.—Preparations for Living on the Island.

THE first thing to be done after getting ashore was to look for seals. The men had scanned the shores closely in coming into the bay, and as soon as the vessel was anchored, and the sails were secured, they continued the search over every beach, and at every point of land that was in view, but not a seal was to be seen. Mr. Raynal thought that, as it was now summer, the month of December having fairly set in, the seals might have gone up into the land to avoid the heat of the mid-day sun, and he determined to make an excursion with Captain Musgrave upon the shore and into the interior to see what they could discover. Accordingly, as soon as every thing was properly arranged on board, they took the boat and went ashore.

They rambled about for some time, climbing rocks and cliffs, exploring the little bays and indentations of the shore, and penetrating as far as they could into the thickets that grew in the interior. They found plenty of traces of seals, in the form of paths which the animals had worn in the herbage and in the bushes, but none of the animals themselves. In making these explorations their progress was very slow, being much impeded not only by the density of the vegetation, but also by the numerous chasms and "crevasses," which had been opened by the frost and by the rain, in the rocks, and often in the soft earth. These pitfalls, or "breakneeks," as Mr. Raynal called them, were the more dangerous on account of their being almost entirely concealed by thickets of shrubbery and herbage.

Quite disappointed at the fruitlessness of their search, they returned on board about sunset. Their feeling of discouragement was, however, somewhat relieved by being told by the men that they had seen two seals, of the kind called sea-lions, swimming about the vessel during their absence. The animals came, they said, to the surface at intervals, lifting their big round heads out of the water, and uttering, as they inspired the gusts of air for which they came, a kind of hoarse barking sound, indicative of anger, and of defiance of the intruders.

Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave made their arrangements for setting out the next morning for a general and systematic survey of the island, with the double object of searching for silver and for seals. They set off very early, leaving the men on board. They experienced great difficulty in forcing their way through the thickets which bordered the shore, being obliged sometimes to crawl under the branches upon their hands and knees. After reaching the interior they ascended a high hill, from which they had a view of a bay on the other side of the island, which they recognized as Monument Bay, so called from the artificial appearance which the sea had given to the rocks surrounding it, by wearing them away in such a manner as to leave arches, corridors, columns, and other architectural forms, the whole constituting a very remarkable and very curious scene. The explorers descended very cautiously to search for seals. When they reached the margin of it, however, they stopped on the crest of the cliffs which bordered it to take their breakfast, and then they clambered down to the beach below.

They saw a few seals here, though very few. As to indications of silver ore, though they had looked carefully for them all the way, they found none.

They returned to the ship by a different route from that which they had taken in coming, in order to see as much of the interior of the island as possible. On their way they came upon a village of albatrosses' nests. The nests were formed of little hillocks of turf, which the birds had contrived to heap up by scratching with their claws. The hillocks were hollowed in the centre to form the nest, and the cavity was lined with moss. Almost every nest was occupied by the mother bird sitting upon a single egg.

Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave wished to obtain some of the eggs in their nests, in order to ascertain how they would serve for food; but the birds were so tame, being "so unacquainted with man," or their maternal instincts were so strong, that it was necessary to beat them off their nests with sticks, in order to obtain the eggs. They seized in this way several of the eggs; but there was only one of the whole number that was fresh enough to be eaten. The eggs were so large, however, that Mr. Raynal said they found one egg sufficient for two persons.

After spending the day in these and similar adventures, the two explorers returned at night to the ship, very way-worn and weary, and somewhat discouraged in respect to the prospect of success in either of the branches of their undertaking. Mr. Raynal, moreover, was far from being well. The exposure and fatigue which he had endured on the voyage, while he had not yet perhaps fully recovered from the effects of his sickness at Sydney, brought on fever. He had intended to go with Captain Musgrave on a new exploring tour on the following day; but when the morning came he was too sick to leave his berth, and Aleck was taken by Captain Musgrave in his place. This sickness grew worse from day to day, and became, at length, a settled fever. He was confined by it to his berth during all the time that the vessel remained at Campbell Island, nearly four weeks. He sank, at length, so low that Captain Musgrave gave up all hopes of his recovery; and so near death did he appear at one time that the captain went

GETTING ASHORE.

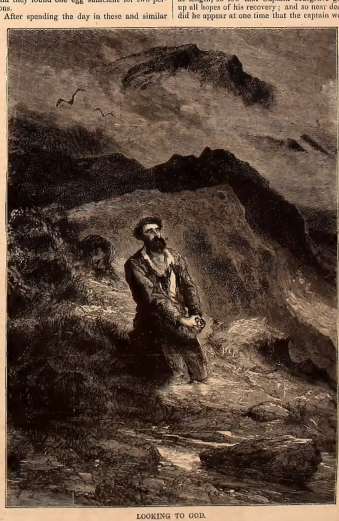

LOOKING TO GOD.

on shore and selected a place for the burial of the body. This might appear, under other circumstances, to be acting with unseemly haste: but the anticipation was justifiable, and even proper under the circumstances, since in case of death on shipboard, it is necessary, both on account of the superstition of the seamen, and also for other reasons, that the remains should be disposed of without any delay.

During all the time which Mr. Raynal was confined to the cabin, Captain Musgrave, accompanied by only a number of his men, continued his exploration of the island, searching every where along the shores for coal, and thoroughly cut the interior for metallic ores. He met with very little success in respect to either of these objects. His men killed some sea-lions and obtained a certain quantity of oil. There was one sea-lion of extraordinary size, which they captured at Christmas. He was so fat that they obtained from his carcass between thirty and forty gallons of oil; and he must have weighed, they thought, about a thousand pounds. Mr. Raynal says that he once remembered and talked about this monster for a long time afterward. They called him Old Christmas, a name which they gave him in memory of the great adventure by which he was captured.

After spending nearly a month on the island in the fruitless endeavors described above, Captain Musgrave reluctantly concluded that it would be only a waste of valuable time to remain there any longer; and accordingly, after consultation with his companions, began to make preparations for their return to Sydney. They gave up all hope of finding any valuable ores; but they did manage to touch at the Auckland Islands, on their way home, in hopes of doing something more in the way of coal hunting; but in that their voyage might not have been entirely unprofitable.

The Auckland group consists of three islands, the southernmost of which is called the island of Adam, and is separated from the second island by a narrow strait, the eastern portion of which widens considerably and forms what is called Carnley Harbor. In the northern part of the main island is another harbor, which the whalemen, with the grotesque and irreverent humor so characteristic of sailors, and in reference to the harbor at Campbell Island called Abraham's Bosom, have named Sarah's Bosom. It had another name (Port Ross) given to it by higher authorities; but the seamen always preferred the name they had given it themselves.

Mr. Raynal decided to go first into Port Carnley, and as a consequence entered that cove, upon which opened the way into it, Captain Musgrave, who was standing upon the deck, seeing with his spy-glass the different portions of the shore as they successively came into view, suddenly called out to Mr. Raynal in a joyous tone, "Good news! Mr. Raynal—good news! We are going to find there what we want. I think I see plenty of seals on the rocks. Look for yourself."

So saying, and with his countenance beaming with pleasure, he handed Mr. Raynal the spy-glass. Mr. Raynal's observation confirmed that of the captain. He saw a great number of dark objects on the rocks near the water, and he had no doubt that they were seals.

In the mean time the vessel was moving rapidly onward and entering the bay.

Their course at first was toward the west, the bay opening toward the east. After going a few rods distance the bay appeared to divide into several branches, the principal one opening toward the north. There was a high, rocky promontory which partly barred the entrance to this northern branch. This they named Cape Musgrave. After rounding this cape they stood to the northward looking out for a place to anchor. They found, however, on sounding, that the water was every where extremely deep. No bottom could be found within any depth that the chain cable could reach. There were, however, two sandy beaches to be seen on any of the shores, but only ragged and naked rocks down to the edge of the water. Here and there a few small green aloes appeared in view, but it was plain that they grew on rocky ones rising above the surface of the water and covered with herbage. In a word, the whole bay, with all its branches, was evidently only a vast, irregular, and jagged chasm half filled with water, with no indications of any kind of bottom on which an anchor could take hold.

There might possibly be some places where the water was of moderate depth in the shore by the shore; but a vessel can not lie at anchor—unless moored stern and stem—very near a shore. So in the first place, when the anchor is dropped there must be room to "pay out" a considerable length of cable to allow the vessel to be down upon its side, and to cause the line of direction in which the cable pulls more or less to some so inclined as to enable the fluke to take good hold of the bottom and to keep its hold. Then, moreover, there must be room for the vessel to "swing" with the flux and reflux of the tide. So Captain Musgrave stood on as near the shore as it was safe to go, but still keeping at a certain distance from it, and sounding continually.

They went on in this way until they came to a curve of the shore on the right hand, where a second small bay open toward the west, which is marked upon the map Shipwreck Bay—a name which was afterward given to it in memory of the terrible disaster of which it was very soon the scene. For here, where they hoped to find refuge and safety for the *Grafton*, the unfortunate vessel was doomed to be beaten to pieces and destroyed.

On their first entering this little bay their hopes were encouraged. They had no soundings, as they came up the great bay, with a line of twenty fathoms—about one hundred and twenty feet—and with a weight of six pounds for sinker, without any success; but on entering this small bay, much to their relief, they found bottom. They at once let go their anchors, for night was coming on, and it was too late to look for any further explorations. To their great joy the anchors held. Still the position was not a safe one, for they were much too near the shore, there being scarcely room for the vessel to swing to her moorings, and the harbor was moreover open from west by south and west northwest, so that in case of a gale from that quarter they would inevitably be driven on shore, either of the cables should part. There was nothing to be done, however, but to hope for the best and trust in the morning. Fortunately the night was not to be long, for it was early in January, and the long summer days of that high latitude had just begun. They had passed under the tarpaulin as it was safe to carry, and just then a strong gust came, after letting go. Mr. Raynal into the boat, they embarked themselves. Captain Musgrave was the last to enter the boat. He had previously observed several "lines," and had fastened the end of one of them to a ring in the stern of the vessel. When he got into the boat he took his place in the stern, laying the coil of the line at his feet, and as the boat was driven from the vessel, impelled by the wind, which was blowing furiously toward the shore, he paid out the line which he had so carefully fixed from the coil. In this way the boat was eased off, so to speak, toward the land, and when he thought that he had proceeded as near to the surf, which was beating in tumultuously against the rocks, as it was safe, he stopped paying out, and belayed the line. The boat was thus held back from the breakers, by which, if she had been allowed to come on shore, she would have been immediately dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The next thing to be done, if possible, was to pass a line from the boat to the shore. The brave Alock undertook this task. He took an other line, which had been laid ready for this purpose, and fastening one end of it to the bow of the boat, and securing the other end around his body, he prepared for a favorable opportunity, and plunged into the sea.

The distance which he had to pass was not great, as the boat had only been stopped in season to prevent it being dashed against the rocks.

The difficulty and danger were only in reaching solid land. In such a sea, was extreme. Alock, however, was a powerful swimmer, as well as great courage, in encountering it; and he contrived his spring to the shore at the instant when a great wave was rolling toward it and was in strength against it, while yet there was an onward movement in the water, which bore him upon its breast to a certain point in the side of which he aimed. He reached the rock, seized and clung to it as the receding wave fell back, and left him there; and before another had time to follow he had scrambled up out of its reach. He immediately took a turn with his line around the trunk of a tree which was growing near, and Captain Musgrave cast his men on board the boat drew it "taut"—and thus a connection was fairly made with the shore.

When a sailor can once get a line across any opening or abyss which he desires to traverse by that line the difficulty is over. The sailor quent steps are all plain and easy. Captain Musgrave threw across to Alock as the rock as of light as the attached to the end of it in the boat. This end he attached to a pulley which was placed in the stern of the boat. This, that is, the one which Alock had fastened to the tree. He also fastened one end of another light line to the pulley, reaching from the shore to the boat. Thus the pulley was connected by one line with the rock on the shore, and by another with men in the boat, and by these means it could be run back and forth from the boat to the shore. The next step was for the shore to be to mount quite a steep ascent, as the boat was low in the water. Alock, therefore, stood on the shore end of the main line should be fastened at a point pretty high up, in order to be out of the reach of the waves that broke on the shore.

The men then at once commenced sending to the shore the articles which they had saved. The first thing to go was the tarpaulin. They rolled it up in as compact a form as possible, suspended it to the pulley, and sent it to shore. Alock, as soon as he received it, fastened it up under a tree, a little above the reach of the waves so as to form a kind of shelter-tent for the protection of the other articles—as they should be received—from the rain and the sea.

The other articles were sent ashore in the same manner—clothes, provisions, chests of clothing, the instruments which had been saved, and whatever else they had thought it best to bring. In this manner all were all landed it remained for the men themselves to get ashore.

This was not so feasible and so much embarrassed by the exposures and sufferings of the night to exert any strength whatever. With the selfishness which was often manifested by human beings toward each other on land, he would have left on board the boat, and abandoned to his fate. For they would have had a plausible excuse for this, under the pretense—and it would be a true pretense—that the boat would come back for him as soon as the weather made it possible for him to be taken ashore. But Captain Musgrave, who was incapable of unfaithful and true to their comrades in distress. Captain Musgrave took Mr. Raynal on his back, and caused him to be landed securely there. He then grasped the hook of the pulley with his hands, and, thus suspended, and with this load upon his shoulders, swung himself over from the boat to the shore by the boiling sea.

The end of the line on which the pulley was to run was so low, being fastened to the boat, that it was necessary to wet their feet somewhat, but it aided them in keeping on the surface, and Alock pulled lastily at the other end of the small line so as gradually to draw them in. It was an herculean task, for the weight of the men as "ragged" the rope so much at the end near the boat as to make the ascent for the pulley at the shore end very steep. Alock pulled till he had brought them up this ascent as far as he could. For a moment the result trembled in the balance. Alock could draw them up no higher, and the captain's strength was nearly exhausted, while the surging sea was buffeting him and them close to the rocks. Alock hastily fastened his end of the line to a tree near by, and, with extreme haste, reaching and pulling the two men in turn, until Captain Musgrave could get hold of the rocks himself, and, with the aid of the little strength that Mr. Raynal retained, they all three succeeded in reaching a place where they could hold on safely. The breaker had come surging up around them, and spent its strength without being able to dislodge them.

Captain Musgrave and Alock half led and half carried Mr. Raynal up to where the tarpaulin had been spread, and sheltered him as well as he well as they could, while they went back to aid in bringing the other men to shore. This was not at all difficult. One after another the men grasped the hook of the pulley, and plunged into the surging sea. Captain Musgrave had done, and were pulled to the shore. This was comparatively easy, for the two land in each case only went half as great, while the force on shore to pull upon the line, and to aid the men in getting upon the rocks, was doubled for the double load, and trebled for the second. They left the boat where she was, secured by the two lines, one running to the ship, and the other to the shore.

They gathered around the tarpaulin which covered their heap of their effects, and decided some little protection for the sick man, though the others were entirely exposed to the cold and to the rain. The object of first necessity was to secure a fire, and the next to find, if possible, some more substantial shelter. Alock, for this, as it happened, had some matches in his pocket, but the others had not. These were lines, one running to the ship, and the other to the shore.

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They had now a fire, and could dry their shoes, and among their stores they had a moderate supply of tea. The first thing that they did was to make some tea. They had a little bread, which one of the men discovered not far off, and to make some tea. This they drank, and then ate it in some pieces of ship biscuit, of which they also had a small quantity among their stores.

They were now greatly refreshed by tea, and then, after remaining to warm themselves a little more, they left Mr. Raynal by the side of the fire, while the rest went off in various directions to see if they could not find some cleam in the rocks or some sheltering cliff, or, if not, some dense thicket in the woods, where they might obtain a temporary shelter.

While they were gone and Mr. Raynal sat alone watching the fire—which, as he said, sadly, was all that he was good for—he heard some sad within him to think of the terrible extremity to which he had been brought. "I thought," said he, "that I was a man, and kindred to you, who had always been very dear to me, and whom I seemed to love with a double tenderness and affection. I felt that I was separated from them by half the distance round the world. When they were with me, I felt as if I never hope to escape from this islet, lost in the middle of unknown seas, and beyond the limits of the habitable globe?' My soul sank under these reflections to an inexpressible bitterness of despair. My heart swelled within me till it seemed as if I should suffocate. Tears which I could not repress came rushing to my eyes, and I wept bitterly. I then thought of God, and remembered that He was all-powerful, and that He directed and controlled every thing in the material and moral world. I fell on my knees upon the wet ground, and implored Him to help me. He would assist His aid to me, and my companions in misfortune, and save us from an impending fate.

Mr. Raynal derived some comfort from his prayer, and returned to the fire. He dragged himself as well as he could to the bough with the kettle, which he filled with water, and then put it over the fire, in order to have tea ready for his companions on their return. They came back in about an hour, looking weary, disappointed, and sorrowful. They had been unable to find any sort of shelter whatever. They dirably disheartened and discouraged; they sat down as close to each other as they could before the fire, pulled as much of the tarpaulin as could be spared, without too much uncovering their stores as close to each other as they could, to give themselves up to utter despair. George and Harry said that they had seen no signs of life scattered in the waves. Captain Musgrave, whose manly resolution, coolness, and self-reliance had been the main source of hopefulness for the courage of the men hitherto, was silent, but he covered his face with his hands, and Mr. Raynal observed that he did so to hide his tears. He was thinking of the wife and children at Sydney, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom he had left reluctantly, and with a loving farewell, on the commencement of the voyage. Mr. Raynal attempted to encourage the men by reminding them of the arrangement which had been made with the captain of the vessel, that, in case of their not returning to the ship, they should proceed to the other end of the island, and there wait for the vessel to return. This, he said, would be in a few days, and they could then be taken off.

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The men who had made this promise, he said, were men of honor, and they would not fail of their engagement. In the mean time they must do what they could, he added, to preserve their lives until the rescue should come.

These words revived the courage of the men in a certain degree; and after some consultation they determined to make an attempt to get to the boat, and by means of it to go on board the vessel, to see if they could not procure some sails and cordage, and, also, perhaps, some boats, by means of which they might put up some kind of tent to furnish them with a temporary habitation — leaving Mr. Hayard, as before, to take charge of the fire. The mere idea of doing something revived their drooping spirits very sensibly, and they all felt a good will. Indeed, the best remedy in all cases for overwhelming sorrow and despondency, from whatever cause, is to find something to do, and to go to work vigorously in doing it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.

THIS little creature, sometimes known by the name of the "wish-ton-wish," is a rodent, and not a carnivorous animal. The reason of its popular name lies in the short yelping sound which it is fond of uttering, and which bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy. It is a pretty and rather curious animal, about sixteen inches in length, and of a yellowish-red color. It lives in very populous villages, of one of which we give a faithful illustration on page 437. The holes common in these villages are of considerable dimensions, and are dug in a sloping direction, at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. After descending two or three yards they make a sudden turn upward, and terminate in a spacious chamber.

The prairie-dog shares its subterranean home with the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake. It was once supposed that these tenants and the dogs were associated together in perfect harmony, forming a natural happy family circle. For ground. Recent discoveries have dispelled this pleasant theory, and shown that both the rattlesnake and the owl abuse the hospitality of their four-footed neighbors by devouring their young.

The scene presented by one of these dog villages is very curious. The prairie-dog is no less inquisitive than timid. On the approach of an intruder, the little creature gives a sharp yelp of alarm, and dives into its burrow, its example being at once followed by all its neighbors. For an instant the village appears to be deserted; but soon their curiosity gets the better of their prudence, and their inquisitive little noses are seen protruding from their burrows, to ascertain the cause of the alarm, a curiosity which often costs them dear. The prairie-dog is remarkably tenacious of life, and unless shot in the head is sure to escape into its hole.

SHOE-BUCKLES AND SHOE-STRINGS.

WE find buckles connected with foot-gear as early as the fourteenth century, the shoes of a skeleton of that period, exhumed in 1348, bearing marks of having been fastened in this fashion; and buckles appear upon the long-peaked shoes of Robert Attelath (who died in 1376). During the earlier part of the Tudor times enormous ribbons and roses were all the rage as shoe decorations, the white favors of York having outlived the liking of Fortune, and thereby fore of Fashion too; but long before Catherine Mary ruled the land, buckles were worn by all classes, the "upper circles" wearing silver and copper gilt, while less well-to-do folks sported copper buckles in their shoes. In one of the Church Homilies set forth in Edward VI.'s time there is a quotation from the third chapter of Matthew, making the Baptist say he was not worthy to *unbuckle* the Savior's shoes, the passage being rendered in the authorized version of the Bible, "Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear," although, in the accounts of the other Evangelists, we find it given, "Whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose"—a change of word expressive of the change of fashion which took place in the reign of the first Stuart, when Herrick sang of

"A curious shoe-string in whose true lace
I see a wild civility,"

and beaux delighted in double silk laces, with silver flings and tags; while the use of point or linen were worn by less extravagant dressers; and the commonalty held there was nothing like leather for a shoe-fastener.

When Charles II. came to take his ease upon the throne, buckles came into vogue, and those with Puritans, who prided themselves upon sumptuary simplicity. Buckles held their own nearly through the eighteenth century, and at the commencement, short-quartered, square-toed shoes, with high red heels and small buckles, were considered the proper foot-gear for gentlemen; and the ladies, not to be outdone, fastened their clogs with silver buckles, ornamented with paste or stones. In the then North American colonies the fashion of the mother-country was closely imitated, and a man would not have been allowed to remain in a ball-room if he ventured to put his foot there without a buckle; in fact, no one would have shocked the company as much as M. Roland did the court of Louis XVI., when the hurtled master of the ceremonies exclaimed, "O dear! he has no buckles to his shoes!" and was comforted by Dumourier's sympathizing reply, "Oh! shocking! we shall all be ruined and undone!" At home, the buckle assumed every shape fancy could suggest or extravagance devise; wealthy fashionables decorated their feet with diamonds, bumbler imitators wore paste. The ladies were such large square buckles that it was said to be sufficient to uncover their feet to display the enormous silver or silver-plated shields they carried. In the days when "Straw! straw! straw! every thing is ornamented with straw, from the cap to the shoe-buckle!" giving the would-be wits an opportunity for the perpetration of jokes more pertinent than polite. The era of buckles was, however, drawing to a close: in 1789 shoestrings began to appear in morning costumes, and by degrees they ousted buckles from their place.

This was an innovation of dire consequence in some quarters. The manufacture of the longreigning buckle had grown into an important one, particularly in London, Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, employing in the last three places some twenty thousand hands. The National Shoestring Act was the reason of the growth of "the most ridiculous of all ridiculous fashions, the effeminate shoestring," which for a great alarm among those whose bread depended upon the threatened manufacture. In 1792 the leaders of the trade determined to try and stem the influence of the First Gentleman in Europe in their behalf. A deputation from the Midlands went up to London and were introduced to the Prince of Wales by Sheridan. They represented that although the prince's interest had been cherished by parliamentary assistance, they did not ask for prohibition of the obnoxious shoestrings, but merely desired the personal interference of his Royal Highness, fearing that if the stagnation of trade, caused by the introduction of shoe-strings and slippers, continued, "miseries, indigations, and bloody business" consequences must inevitably ensue." Mr. Sheridan lauded their petition, declaring he had rarely met with sentences containing so much meaning, briefly expressed in a few words, as the following: "We pray your honor to observe, that the country, instead of foreign or unprofitable ornaments, wears and consumes the manufactures of this country, she gives on a decent simple form, and therefore is patriotism. When Isaac, at the same time and by the same means also presented the petition against the rich, clothes and fills the naked and hungry poor, she deserves a worthier appellation, and may be called benevolence." He urged his client, but your Royal Highness will prefer the blessings of the starving manufacturer to the encomiums of the drawing-room. Where is the use of a prince to address Fashion herself. She is void of feelings, and deaf to every sound; but, certainly, she is subject to your control. She has been accustomed to listen to your voice, and obey your commands." Similar petitions were made to the Dukes of York and Clarence, and the buckleshakers could not complain of want of influence. The Prince of Wales ordered the principal officers of his household into his presence, and told them they must from that moment discard the use of shoe-strings; while he expressed the hope that they would never afterward be missing an important an article of British manufacture.

The buckle-makers of London and Westminster followed in the stepped footsteps of provincial brethren, by publishing an appeal to the public, complaining that, however unwelcome it might to them, they were effectually the appearance of shoe-strings, the wearing of them still increased, and hoping that the influence of the Metropolitan friend to his country would, by following an evil example, virtually take part in snatching the bread out of the mouths of thousands of beneficence ranging each distinction with its inherent brightness, they requested the Duke of Kent, his son, and other distinguished members of the royal family, to wear shoe-buckles. Fashion doing an incredible trade abroad, and certainly prior to his Royal Highness's encouraging shoe-strings, "both militarily and domestically." The fates of persons have often been determined by the trifles on which they spent the prime of their youth and manhood, entered into connections, accepted and declined offers of marriage, and left having this trade for a dependence. Their hearts bleeding at the cruel inconsiderate consequences of Fashion's edicts, and their pocketbooks rise in quick succession to defeat the probability of fixing on any other branch of employment. The imperial tie, pitiably relaxed by reiterated sorrows; the children cry louder and more piteously for food; the husband remonstrates, his wronted courage fails; the wife, more delicately sensible, is the more severely hurt by the reproaching woes which crowd upon her mind. Few friends before: less than ever now! The friends of worldly fortune fall off most basely, often reminded of their bereaved trade, and no philosopher's stone to smooth the passage to honor! Now spread wide the happy cause, the prospect changes. Hope, with cheering looks, advances a better time: a time to watch the progress of our appeal to your Royal Highness. Instantly happiness flies from house to house, each other have so glorious a source of expectation! Hope, with magic power, appeased their hunger, removed their misery, shakes the insensible torturer's heart dance with joy; and the Duke and Duchess of York echoed in their cups, toast after toast. And your petitioners will ever pray."

The result of all this was that buckles were unanimously prevalent at the Queen's birthday drawing-room, held soon afterward, when the beauty and brilliancy of the buckles worn by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Earl of Fife attracted general notice and admiration. It was but a transient triumph. Royalty failed to control Fashion; and although accordingly court buckles were occasionally seen until the 1830, their fate was sealed, and by 1812 the buckle was extinct.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Fourth of July will bring, this year, the usual amount of cracking, snapping, fizzling, and firing. We infer this from the fact that not far from one hundred and eighty thousand boxes of small Chinese crackers have been imported, and over 800,000 pounds of larger sizes. Every variety of fire-works are now manufactured in this country, with the single exception of crackers; and these are imported from China much cheaper than they can be made here. Torpedoes are made by millions, mostly on Long Island, by German farmers during their long winter evenings. Small as the business is, it pays, although the loads of five different persons in the process of manufacture. An Italian member of the municipal body of fire-works are manufactured, sold, and burned up every year. The effeminate shoestring no larger kinds are equally popular. Many original designs are offered to the public every season, and those "exhibition pieces" are often exceedingly dense and elaborate. So many novelties are this year offered for sale, that those who desire to display their aptitudes by inventing a new thing of the kind, will be sorely puzzled in their choice. And also! for those who love of country would show itself in quietness! We fear they will find no rest for the sole of their foot in Gordon Pearls."

The city of Boston has given to the Trustees of the "Museum of Fine Arts" a lot of land containing nearly a hundred thousand square feet, and valued at a quarter of a million of dollars. It is situated at the corner of Dartmouth and St. James streets. It was proposed to take three hundred thousand dollars from the existing fund, for the purpose of erecting a building, but another plan is called for. A large proportion of this sum has already been raised. The Museum now has several valuable artistic collections.

The latest fad among the gilded youth of Paris is the Museum of Fine Arts' a lot of land containing nearly a hundred thousand square feet, and valued at a quarter of a million of dollars. It is situated at the corner of Dartmouth and St. James streets. It was proposed to take three hundred thousand dollars from the existing fund, for the purpose of erecting a building, but another plan is called for. A large proportion of this sum has already been raised. The Museum now has several valuable artistic collections.

The latest fad among the gilded youth of Paris is the wearing on the left arm of a bracelet, composed of a number of gold rings, each bearing the name of a mistress. The more mistresses a man has, the more rings he wears. Some young men of fashion have already been compelled to have a second bracelet made to receive the rings that will not find room on the first.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, has been invited to preach before the Queen of England during his visit to Europe

THE UNITED STATES.

Among the paintings in the French Exhibition this year none has attracted more attention than the work of which we give an engraving on this page—an allegorical representation of the United States of North America, painted by M. A. Yvon for Mr. A. T. Stewart. Thirty-four States appear in this composition, grouped around the symbolic figure of the Republic, whose hand rests in that of Washington. On the left is a group of immigrants just landing from Europe, in the costumes, and with the industrial implements, of their native countries.

One of our great rivers is represented as extinguishing in its current the torch of war, while our illustrious forefathers burst their tombs to salute the triumph of the cause to which they consecrated their lives. On the right, sanguinary traces represent the past. Archangels beat down the evil passions of war and domestic discord among the States. From the darkness of ignorance and superstition the colored races emerge into the light of knowledge and civilization—the Indians in the back-ground shading their eyes from the dazzling radiance, and the negroes emancipated and instructed by the whites.

On a rich tapestry in the immediate fore-ground, covered with fruits and flowers, are grouped the geniuses of Peace and Industry. A number of heralds about the statue of Washington proclaim to the four quarters of the globe the glory of the nation which he established.

The picture has been very severely criticised by European critics, and the Paris correspondents of some American newspapers have made it the subject of unsparing ridicule. But, while it must be admitted that the subject is one that offers better facilities for a Latin school composition than for artistic treatment, it can not be denied that the picture is the work of a man of genius, and bears the mark of a thoughtful and cultivated mind. It is somewhat singular that M. Yvon should have dressed in the Confederate gray uniform the soldier who is assisting the negro to rise. We are curious to know whether this was accidental or intentional.

It is the intention of Mr. Stewart to place this painting in his magnificent gallery in this city.

THE TREASURE STONES.

It was Christmas-eve in a small farm in the neighborhood of Ploubinec, beyond Hennebont.

No one was at house; the master, mistress, children, and servants were all gone to midnight mass. The sound of church bells was still heard across the heath, now covered with a thin layer of snow. Only an old woman, too old and infirm to go to church, was sitting up beside the fire.

A beggar was in the stable, asleep between a lean ox that drew the little plow and an old ass, worn out with carrying bundles of heather or of rushes dried in the sun. The poor man had strolled the farm after the departure of the farmer, and the old woman had given him a cake of black bread and a cup of milk, and then allowed him to go to bed in the stable.

He slept peacefully till he was awakened by voices near him. He listened, thinking it was the people of the farm come home; but he soon perceived, to his amazement, that the ox and the ass beside him were conversing in good Breton. The ass had turned toward the ox, who was reposing on his litter; and the beggar Scriven remembered he had heard it said by old people that, in memory of the hospitality shown by the ox and the ass to the infant Jesus, once a year, at midnight on Christmas-eve, the inhabitants of the stable were endowed with the gift of speech, and were able to converse about their affairs like human beings.

Scriven was sharp and clever. It was not for nothing that he had carried his wallet from parish to parish, making capital of his broken leg, and living as a beggar on the charity of kind folks. He did not make the least movement that might betray his presence, lest he should silence his bed-fellows, whose conversation he was so eager to hear.

The ox was saying to the ass, "One never does what one wants to do. If I were not tied here, I would go and take a walk on the heath, that I might be at liberty for once; and if I met Blanchik the plowman of Plavigner, I would tell him something."

"What would you tell him?" asked the ass, who seemed depressed by bad treatment.

"Ah, you don't like Benedik as I do. He does not drive you; and that good-for-nothing Kaolo has given you so many blows that you can hardly stand any more. But the master has never had such a plowman as Benedik. He talks to me as if I were a Christian; and if he pricks me at all when I go too slow, it is so gently that I scarcely feel it. He is always afraid of doing harm, and has no wish but to do good. If he looks often toward Marichik, it is no wonder, for he wants to make her his wife. If he only knew—! He would soon be rich enough to buy the farm, the furniture, and all the land; and the master, instead of snubbing him, would stand before him cap in hand."

Scriven began to listen with all his ears; and the ass, who was lying on his litter of leather, turned himself languidly round.

"You mean that you want him to find the treasure that the Stones of Plouhinec will have uncovered one of these days? By the stable of St. Joseph, if he had the cross-wort and the five-leaved clover, they would be of some use to him when the Stones go down to drink at the Laval! But it happens only once in a hundred years, and he will know nothing about it.

"Besides," rejoined the ox, "if there can not be found in these parts a baptized Christian who will give his life for him, he will be crushed by the Stones when they come back. But, after all, he would never let another be killed for him, and the good God will show him some other way of becoming rich enough to marry Marichik."

The ass had fallen asleep, and all was again silent in the stable. Scriven alone was awake, with a terrible temptation gnawing at his heart. Why should he not profit by the knowledge of the existence of this treasure, which had just been revealed to him in so strange a manner? He was tired of begging. It was no longer the good trade that it used to be; the times were hard, and although charitable people might still give the beggar the best place in the chimney corner, and the largest piece of bread, ill-natured folks often let him wait at the door, and after all threw him only a dry crust. He knew very well where to find the magical herbs—in the way as you go from the sea-coast toward the country where it never freezes, where the myrtles are in flower in winter, and violets open in February in the woods. Scriven stopped, however, in his meditations when he came to the last condition of the great enterprise. Where was he to find a baptized Christian who would give his life for him?

He did not yet dare to ask himself aloud how he should delude any one, and allure him to his death. But the devil had already suggested dark schemes to him. The treasure glittered before poor Scriven's greedy eyes. He fancied he saw handfuls of gold, diamonds, and large bags of silver, and between sleeping and waking he gave himself up to these dangerous dreams. After he was quite asleep the master and mistress, with their children and servants, returned from church.

When he woke in the morning he saw Benedik, who was arranging the litters of the animals. He did not know him, but the caresses he bestowed on the ox from time to time, as well as the sweet words he exchanged in low tones with Marichik, who was helping her mother in the kitchen, induced him to examine the plowman more carefully. Wickedness had already established itself in Scriven's heart. When he left the farm about mid-day his wallet was well furnished. He looked forward to the Stones of Plouhinec, which stood out in the snow irregular and clear, like a troop of soldiers standing still upon the field of battle. He contemplated them for a minute; then he went back to take another look at Benedik, and at last plunged into the heath, walking in the direction of the sea.

THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Three or four days had passed, and the short winter's day had begun to close. The ground was still covered with snow, and the ox ruminated softly in the stable, blessing Heaven that had wrapped the earth in a white shroud.

No work could be done, and Benedik, whistling gayly in spite of the growing darkness, was striking one of the largest of the stones of Plouhinec with a chisel and hammer. The poor fellow was not, however, really gay, for the mistress, who had observed that Marichik liked to talk to him, had warned her husband, who at once gave the Plavigner lad notice to leave. When Benedik asked the cause of this abrupt dismissal, the master answered that in twenty-four hours he would think of speaking to it.

On this poor Benedik had not more than received his wages at for the dances he had danced at the "Round" his offering on the altar like a good Christian.

To console himself Benedik, with the chisel in the big stone, when he heard a voice beside him.

"What are you Scriven; and Benedik as if the other had earth. "Does not drawings on the stone

"The master has he has done," replied fiful, and he was serious tone. "I am going self than I want, and find work. I am sure of my own master days these stones flow in the devil's

[Painted for Mr. A. T. Stewart by M. A. Yvon.]

a man who has not the pocket ought not to

ung his head, for he though he had re- ation. He had paid on the autumn to on," and he had put the priest's purse.

e thought of leaving ve something on e startled by hearing

harm now for this one to bear on it the sign of the Cross."

And Benedik quietly finished his work, completing the cross he had begun to cut upon the stone.

"Listen to me," said the beggar, in a low voice. "What would you give me if I were to make you rich enough to marry Mariemik tomorrow if you like, or even to look elsewhere and higher if you have a mind to do so?"

Benedik's tools dropped from his hands. "Rich," he gasped, in a choking voice; "Mariemik!" He was so much excited that he could not find words, but he looked eagerly at the beggar, make me rich enough to obtain Mariemik from her father," he cried, "you may take all the rest; you shall have my gratitude into the bargain, and my services by day and by night, in fair weather or foul; except Mariemik and my hope of heaven, I will refuse you nothing that you can ask of me."

Scriven smiled; but it was dark by this time, and, besides, Benedik was too happy and too trustful to comprehend the look of troubled joy that passed over the face of his companion.

"I will stay here and watch beside the Stones," said the beggar. "I have something in my gourd which will keep out the cold. You have still a little bread left, and a piece of cheese. Eat and drink, and then go back to supper, and when you look at Mariemik say to yourself that to-morrow she will be yours if our enterprise succeeds; and then at eleven o'clock come back here to me."

Scriven was eager to get rid of Benedik, for the young man's gratitude weighed upon his mind till his remorse was insupportable. "It must be," he kept repeating to himself; "and he is such a good Christian that he will go straight to heaven."

Benedik found it very difficult to conceal his joy; in the darkest moment of his grief a strange hope had risen before him. Mariemik looked at him in amazement; she had blushed when during that day her mother had said in her hearing that Benedik was about to leave them to seek his fortune elsewhere, but she had bravely restrained her tears, waiting till she was alone to weep. Now, however, the joy that she read in Benedik's face almost overcame her courage. Was he then so happy to go away from her?

Scriven had desired him, above all things, to keep their secret; but it was well that it was for so short a time, or Benedik would never have been able to be silent when he saw Mariemik and looks. He stood for a moment before the crucifix and repeated a prayer; then turning to her determined to be revenged on all who had ever slighted or repulsed him.

From time to time he glanced at his companion, who sang in a low voice some verses of a Christmas hymn, or repeated a prayer. Benedik was a little uneasy at what he was about to do; and he commended himself to God, to the Holy Virgin, and to his guardian angel, that he might be preserved from the wiles of the devil, who had doubtless in former days hidden this treasure over which the Stones of Plouhinec kept watch.

Scriven at last desired him to be quiet. "No one knows," said he, "who may be listening to you." But Benedik prayed more fervently than ever in his heart; for it seemed to him that all the elves and sprites of the heath were dancing round him.

At last twelve o'clock struck; the church was a long way off, but the twelve strokes sounded clearly across the long stretch of bare fields, now covered with snow.

Scriven had risen up, and roughly drawn his companion out of the shadow of the Stones. As the last strokes died away they began to stir, loosening themselves by a violent effort from the earth in which they were embedded; they swayed about and leaned against each other like tipsy men; then springing forward irregularly they rushed away together in the direction of the river, bounding over the frozen earth, and in their passage crushing the slender birches on the heath and the great clusters of reeds like wisps of straw.

Scriven seized Benedik's arm. "Come," he said, in a voice so hoarse that no one would have recognized it; and they both ran to the place where the Stones had stood. The ground was plowed up as if by bomb-shells on a battle-field, and in every hole were seen gold and silver and precious stones.

Benedik was so dazzled that he would have stood still to gaze at them, but Scriven forced him to stoop and pick up some of the treasure. "Take all you can," he whispered; "they will be back immediately."

As he spoke he filled all the empty bags that he had brought in his beggar's wallet. Benedik also stuffed the gold into his pockets, and both his hands were full when a loud and terrible noise made him start up suddenly.

"The Stones!" he cried; and they were in fact rushing back again even faster than they had run away, as if they were in a hurry to return to their places and to the treasures over which they watched. As they advanced they formed themselves into an immense circle, and Benedik saw at a glance that they were surrounded.

"We are lost!" he cried.

"Not I," said the beggar, drawing from his breast the cross-wort and the five-leaved clover that it had cost him so much trouble to find on the seashore. "The Stones of Plouhinec never harm any one who carries these plants with him. I must have a baptized Christian to stay here after I have carried off the treasure, and I expect this favor from you," he said, with a diabolical laugh.

The Stones turned aside as he presented the magic plants to them, and, forming themselves again into a column behind the largest one, they advanced directly upon Benedik, who had fallen on his knees in an agony of terror.

The beggar by this time had shut up his bags, and was preparing to fly.

In less time than it has taken to tell, the terrible battalion had reached the plowman of Plevigner, but at sight of him the largest stone stood suddenly still; it bore the sign of the Cross, and could do no harm to a Christian. Benedik was still on his knees, confusedly murmuring prayers mingled with the name of Mariemik, when the great stone placed itself in front of him like a rampart, and protected him with its enormous size; and the rest, separating, rolled into their places, once more hiding from human gaze those treasures on which rash eyes had ventured to look for a time.

Scriven meanwhile found the gold that he had collected press so heavily on his shoulders that he threw away his bags, losing some other time to come back and look for them. His only thought now was how to save his life, for when the large stone had accomplished its work of protection it began to roll back like the others into its place; the beggar was in front of it, and, though it held up the magic plants in his trembling hands, it had no power over the stone on which the sign of the Cross was carved. It rolled on, and left the miserable man behind it, crushed to death under its weight. His horror-stricken companion, appalled by the sight, fell forward insensible on the ground.

Benedik appeared the next morning at the farm-house loaded with gold, and staggering under the weight of the bags he had picked up on the heath; but he had grown ten years older, and it was only after many years of happiness with Mariemik and his children that he ceased to tremble when he heard the clock strike twelve at midnight.

"I know," said Scriven, "that these Stones, and he touched the large one on which Benedik had just cut the sign of the Cross, "will this very night tear themselves up from the ground on which they rest, and go to drink at the river Inlet. Under them is hidden a treasure so great that no eye has ever seen the like. A single person would never be able to carry it off before the stones come back to their place; but, if you will help me, I swear by your patron saint that you shall never again need to bow your head to any man."

Benedik seized the beggar's hands in his, not noticing how they trembled. "If you will only take one more look at the young girl, he went out to the table, where he could hide his agitation and his hopes; he caressed the ox, who looked up at the sound of his voice; and then, before it was quite eleven o'clock, he went back to look for Scriven at the Stones of Plouhinec.

The beggar seemed almost benumbed with the cold, and scarcely spoke. The voice of conscience, which he had tried to stifle so often during these two days, was now at last silenced in his heart. Dreams of riches, pleasure, and greatness filled his thoughts; he felt no desire to reward those who had been kind to him; but

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

THE APPARITION.

THE night had advanced. It was close on twelve o'clock, when Anne heard a man's voice, outside her bedroom door, asking leave to speak with her for a moment.

"What is it?"

"The gentleman down stairs wishes to see you, ma'am."

"Do you mean Mr. Delamayn's brother?"

"Yes."

"Where is Mr. Delamayn?"

"Out in the garden, ma'am."

Anne went down stairs, and found Julius alone in the drawing-room.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said. "I am afraid of being ill. The landlady has gone to bed, I am told—and I don't know where to apply for medical assistance. Do you happen to know any doctor in the neighborhood?"

Anne, like Julius, was a perfect stranger to the neighborhood. She suggested making inquiry of the servant. On speaking to the girl, it turned out that she knew of a medical man living within ten minutes' walk of the cottage. She could give plain directions enabling any person to find the house—but she was not certain that hour of the night and in that lonely neighborhood, to go out by herself.

"Is he seriously ill?" Anne asked.

"He is in such a state of nervous irritability," said Julius, "that he can't remain still for two moments together in the same place. It began with incessant restlessness while he was reading here. I persuaded him to go to bed. He couldn't lie still for an instant—he came down again, burning with fever, and more restless than ever. He is out in the garden in spite of every thing I could do to prevent him. He says he says to 'run it off.' It appears to be serious to me. Come and judge for yourself."

He led Anne into the next room; and, opening the shutter, pointed to the garden.

The window looked out; the night was fine. The clear starlight showed Geoffrey, stripped to his shirt and drawers, running round and round the garden. He apparently believed himself to be contending at the fullest foot-race. At times, as the wide figure circled rapidly round in the starlight, they heard him cheering for "the South." The slackening thump of his feet on the ground, the heavier and heavier panting in which he drew his breath, as he passed the window, gave warning that his strength was failing him. Julius, if he led to no worse consequences, would force him to return to the house. In the state of his brain and his nerves, who could say what the result might be, if medical help was not called in?

"I will go for the doctor," said Julius, "if you don't mind my leaving you."

It was impossible for Anne to set my apprehensions of her own against the plain necessity for summoning assistance. They found the key of the gate in the pocket of Geoffrey's coat up stairs. Anne went with Julius to let him out.

"How can I thank you?" she said, gratefully.

"What should I have done without you?"

"I won't be a moment longer than I can help," he answered, and left her.

She secured the gate again, and went back to the cottage. The servant met her in the hall, and proposed calling up Hester Detbridge.

"We don't know what the master may do while his brother is away," said she. "And one more of us isn't one too many, when we are only women in the house."

"You are quite right," said Anne. "Wake your mistress."

After ascending the stairs, they looked out into the garden, through the window at the end of the passage on the upper floor. He was still going round and round, but very slowly: his pace was fast slackening to a walk.

Anne went back to her room, and waited near the open door—ready to close and fasten it instantly if any thing occurred to alarm her. "How changed I am!" she thought, to herself. "Every thing frightens me, now."

The interval was the natural one—but not the true one. The change was not in herself, but in the situation in which she was placed. Her position during the investigation at Lady Lundie's house had tried her moral courage only. It had exacted from her none of those noble efforts of self-sacrifice which the highest forces in a woman's nature are especially capable of making. Her position at the cottage tried her physical courage: it called on her to rise superior to the sense of actual bodily danger—while that danger was lurking in the dark. There, the woman's nature made her what she was. Said on it—there, her courage could strike no root in the strength of her love—there, the natural instincts were the instincts appealed to: and the firmness wanted was the firmness of a man.

Hester Detbridge's door opened. She walked straight into Anne's room.

The yellow clay-cold color of her face showed a faint flush of warmth; its deathlike stillness was stirred by a touch of life. The stony eyes, fixed as ever in their gaze, shone strangely with a dim inner lustre. Her gray hair, so neatly arranged at other times, was in disorder under her cap. All her movements were quicker than usual. Something had roused the stagnant vitality in the woman—it was working in her mind; it was forcing itself outward into her face. The servants at Windygates, in past times, had seen these signs, and had known them for a warning to leave Hester Detbridge to herself.

Anne asked her if she had heard what had happened.

She bowed her head.

"I hope you haven't mind being disturbed?"

She wrote on her slate: "I'm glad to be disturbed. I have been dreaming bad dreams. It's good for me to be wakened, when sleep takes me backward in my life. What's wrong with him? Frightened?"

"Yes."

She wrote again, and pointed toward the garden with one hand, while she held the slate up with the other: "Frightened of *him?*"

"Terribly frightened."

She wrote for the third time, and offered the slate to Anne with a ghastly smile. "I have been through it all. I know. You've only at the beginning now. He'll put the wrinkles in your face, and the gray in your hair. There will come a time when you'll wish yourself dead and buried. You will live through it, for all that. Ah, and when!"

As she read the last three words, Anne heard the sound of the garden door below opened and closed again. She caught Hester Detbridge by the arm, and hurriedly led her toward the window. Suggesting heavily in the passage, gave token of his approach to the stairs. He was talking to himself, still possessed by the delusion that he was at the foot-race. "Five to four on Delamayn. Delamayn's own. Three cheers for the north, and three more. Devilish long race. Night already! Ferry! where's Ferry?"

He advanced, staggering from side to side of the passage. The stairs below creaked as he set his foot on them. Hester Detbridge suddenly released her from Anne, advanced, with her candle in her hand, and threw open Geoffrey's bedroom door. Returning to the head of the stairs and stood there, firm as a rock, waiting for him. He looked up, as he set his foot on the first step, and saw the figure of Hester Dethridge, brightly illuminated by the candle, looking down at him. He stopped, stooped, moved his head like a dog on which he stood. "Ghost! witch! devil!" He he cried out, "take your eyes off me!" He struck at her, as her footsteps were set on the stairs, sprang back into the hall—and shut himself up in the dining-room. A sound like the low, organic which had seized him once already in the kitchen-garden at Windygates, under the eyes of the dumb creature that fastened on him now for once more. Frightened—absolutely frightened at Hester Detbridge!

The gate-bell rang. Julius had returned with the doctor.

Anne gave the key to the girl to let them in. Hester wrote on her slate, as composedly as if nothing had happened: "I'll go to bed, and to sleep again, looking over into the hall below. Open the passage, looking over into the hall below. Open your bedroom door, and tell the doctor to go to him." The landlady is in the kitchen, if you want her." She returned to her room, and waited for what might happen next.

After a brief interval she heard the drawing-room door open, and the voices of the men outside. There ensued a pause—and then the unresounding Geoffrey to ascend the stairs; he persisted in declaring that Hester Detbridge was waiting for him at the top of them. After a little they persuaded him that the way was free. Anne heard them enter the bedroom, and close his bedroom door.

Another and a longer interval passed before the door opened again. The doctor was going away. He said his parting words to Julius in the passage. "I have left a draught with him, through the night, and give him another dose of the sedative powder if he wakes. He is likely to thing to be alarmed about in the restlessness and the fever. They are only the outward manifestations of some serious mischief working within them. Send for the medical man who has last attended him. Knowledge of the patient's constitution is very important knowledge in this case."

As Julius returned from letting the doctor out, Anne met him in the hall. She was at once struck by the grave look in his face, and by the fatigue which expressed itself in all his movements.

"You want rest," she said. "Pray go to your room. I have heard what the doctor said to you. Leave it to the landlady and to me to sit up."

Julius owned that he had been traveling from Scotland almost without resting. He was quite unwilling to abandon the responsibility of watching his brother. "You are not to suppose," he said, "that he should see her again, in his present state. I intend to sit in my room, and rest on the bed. If you hear any thing you have only to come and call me."

An hour more passed.

Anne went to Geoffrey's door and listened. He was stirring in the bed, and muttering to himself. She went on to the door of the next room, which Julius had left partly open. Fatigue had overpowered him: she heard, within, the quiet breathing of a man in a sound sleep. Anne turned back again resolved not to disturb him.

At the head of the stairs she hesitated—not knowing what to do. Her horror of entering Hester Detbridge's room, never extinguished. But who else was to do it? The girl had gone to bed. The reason which Julius had given for not employing the assistance of Hester Detbridge was unanswerable. She listened again at Geoffrey's door. No sound was now audible in the room to a person in the passage outside. Would it be well to look in, and make sure that he had only fallen asleep again? She hesitated once more—he was still hesitating, when Hester Detbridge appeared from the kitchen.

She joined Anne at the top of the stairs—looked at her—and wrote a line on her slate: "Frightened to go in? Leave it to Me."

The silence in the room justified the reference that he was asleep. Hester looked in, Hester could do no harm now. Anne accepted the proposal.

"If you find any thing wrong," she said, "don't disturb his brother. Come to me first."

With that caution she withdrew. It was then nearly two in the morning. She, like Julius, was sinking with fatigue. After waiting a little, and hearing nothing, she threw herself on the sofa in her room. If any thing happened, a single step would cause her to hear it.

In the mean while Hester Detbridge opened Geoffrey's bedroom door and went in.

The movements and the mutterings which Anne had heard, had been movements and mutterings in his sleep. The doctor's composing draught, partially applied in its operation for the moment only, had recovered its sedative influence on his brain. Geoffrey was in a deep and quiet sleep.

Hester stood near the door, looking at him. She moved to go out again—stopped—and fixed her eyes on him once more, on one of the inner corners of the room.

The same sinister change which had passed over her once already in Geoffrey's presence, when they met in the kitchen-garden at Windygates, now passed over her again. Her closed lips dropped apart. Her eyes slowly dilated—and fixed their gaze, from the corner, following something along the empty wall, in the direction of the bed—stopped at the head of the bed, where Geoffrey's sleeping face—fair-haired, rigid and glittering, as if they saw a sight of horror in the room. He slept on—and on—in sleep. The sound, slight as it was, broke the spell that held her. She slowly lifted her withered hand, and looked at it, as if it had been in a foul black across the passage; and, rushing into her own room, sank on her knees at the bedside.

Now, in the dead of night, a strange thing happened. Now, in the silence and the darkness, a hideous secret was revealed.

In the sanctuary of her own room—with all the other inmates of the house sleeping round her—the long-suppressed horror of the mysterious and terrible disguise under which she deliberately lived, burst its way through all restraints in the hours of the day. Hester Detbridge spoke. In low, thick, smothered accents—in a wild litany of her own—she prayed. She called upon the mercy of God for deliverance from herself; for strength to endure the possession of the Devil; for blindness to fall on her, for death to strike her, so that she might never see that unnamed thing again. She shook the whole frame of the strong woman when nothing human moved at other times. She writhed on the floor—like a wicked cheeks. One by one, the frantic words of her prayer died away on her lips. Fierce shuddering fits seized her from head to foot. She started up from her knees in the darkness. Light! light! light! The unnamed Horror was looking at her through his open door. She turned the handle—and lit the candle on the table—lit the two other candles set for ornament on the mantle-piece—and, holding one of them in her brightly burning little room. "Ah!" she said to herself, wiping the cold sweat of her agony from her face. "Ah!" she spoke to other people. God's light to *me*. Nothing to be seen! Nothing to be seen!" Taking one of the candles in her hand, she crossed the passage, with her head down, turned her back on Geoffrey's open door, closed it quietly and softly, stretching out her hand behind her, and retreated again to her own room. She fastened the door, and locked it. She bolted it—as if from this mantle-piece. After considering for a moment, she hung a handkerchief over the key-hole. Then she put a shawl longwise at the bottom of the door, so as to hide the light in her room from the observation of any one in the house who might wake and come that way. This done, she opened the upper part of her dress, and, slipping her fingers into a secret pocket hidden in the inner side of her stays, produced from it some neatly folded pieces of thin paper. Spread out on the table, the leaves revealed themselves—all but the last—as closely covered with writing from head to foot.

The first leaf was headed by this inscription: "My Confession. To be put into my coffin, and laid on my breast when I die."

She turned the manuscript over, so as to get at the last page. The greater part of it was left blank. A few lines of writing, at the top, bore the date of the day of the week and month on which Lady Lundie had dismissed her from the situation at Windygates. The entry was expressed in these terms:

"I have seen IT again to-day. The first time for two months past. In the kitchen-garden. Standing behind the young gentleman whose name is Delamayn. Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. I have resisted. By prayer. My meditation in solitude. By reading good books. I have left my place. I have lost sight of the young gentleman for good. Who will it stand behind? and point to next? Lord have mercy upon me! Christ have mercy upon me!"

Under this she now added the following lines, then cancelled them, and began the date.

"I have seen IT again to-night. I notice one awful change. It has appeared once behind the same person. This has never happened before. This makes the temptation more terrible than ever. To-night, in his bedroom, between the bed-head and the wall, I have seen IT behind young Mr. Delamayn again. The head just above his face, and the finger pointing downward at his throat. Twice before I have seen man. And never twice behind any other living creature till now. If I see IT a third time behind him—Lord deliver me! Christ deliver me! I daren't think of it. He shall leave my cottage to-morrow. I would fain have prevented this from the bargain, when the stranger took the lodgings for his friend, and the friend proved to be Mr. Delamayn. I say I like it, even now. After the warning to-night, my mind is made up. He shall go. He may like it or not, as he likes, he shall go. (Memorandum: Felt the temptation whispering this time, and the terror passing at the end of the while, as I have never felt them yet. Resisted, as before, by prayer. Am now going down stairs to meditate against it in the hope to fortify myself against it by good books. Lord be merciful to me a sinner!)"

In those words she closed the entry, and put the manuscript back in the secret pocket in her stays.

She went down to the little room looking on the garden, which had once been her brother's study. Anne was lie a lamp, and took some books from a shelf that hung against the wall. The books were the Bible, a volume of Methodist sermons, and a set of collected Memoirs of Methodist saints. Ranging these last carefully on the table, in an order of her own, Hester Detbridge sat down with the Bible on her lap to watch out the night.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

WHAT had happened in the hours of darkness?

This was Anne's first thought, when the sunlight poured in at her window, and woke her the next morning.

Her sudden immediate inquiry of the servant. The girl could only speak for herself. Nothing had occurred to disturb her after she had gone to bed. Her master was still, she believed, in his room. Mrs. Detbridge was at her work in the kitchen.

Anne went to the kitchen. Hester Detbridge was at her usual occupation at that hour—preparing the breakfast. The slight signs of animation which Anne had noticed in her overnight, were absent this morning. The dull look was back again in her stony eyes; the lifeless power possessed all her movements. Asked if any thing had happened in the night, she slowly shook her stolid head, slowly made the sign with her hand which signified, "Nothing."

Leaving the kitchen, Anne saw Julius in the kitchen-garden. He came to meet her directly.

"I believe I have to thank your consideration for me for some hours of rest," he said. "It is time to be thinking where I am going. I hope you had no reason to regret having left me to sleep? I am glad Geoffrey's sleep has found him stirring. A second dose of the mixture composed him again. The fever has gone. He is not fit to travel, poor, but in the progress like himself. We will return directly to the question of his future. I owe my brother by say you first, about a change which may be coming in your life here."

"Has he consented to the separation?"

"No. He is as obstinate about it as ever. I have placed the matter before him in every light I could think. He still refuses, positively refuses, a provision which would make him an independent man for life."

"Is it the provision he might have had, Lord Holchester, if—"

"Yes, I understand Mrs. Glenarm? No. It is impossible, consistently with my duty to my brother, to do what I owe to my profession in which my father's death has placed me, that I can offer him such a fortune as Mrs. Glenarm's. Still, it is a handsome income for him, large enough to refuse. I shall persist in pressing it on him. He must and shall take it."

Anne felt no reviving hope roused in her by his last words. She turned to another subject.

"You had something to tell me, she said.

"You spoke of a change."

"True. My brother here is a very strange person; and she has done a very strange thing. She has given Geoffrey notice to quit these lodgings."

"Notice to quit?" Anne repeated, in amazement.

"Yes. In a formal letter. She handed it to me open, as soon as I was up this morning. It is not impossible that we get any explanation from her. The poor dumb creature simply wrote on her slate: 'He may have his breakfast in the bed-room.' I said: 'Gently to my surprise (for the woman suspires him with the strongest aversion) Geoffrey refuses to go until he has had it. I have made the peace between them for to-day. Mrs. Detbridge, very reluctantly, consents to give him another seventy hours. And there the matter rests at present."

"What other motive be?" said Anne.

"It's useless to inquire. Her mind is evidently off its balance. One thing is certain—she can not keep you here much longer. The coming change will remove you from this dismal place—which is one blessing, at least. It is quite possible that new scenes and new surroundings may have their influence on Geoffrey for good. His conduct—otherwise quite incomprehensible—may be the result of some latent nervous irritation which medical help might reach. I don't attempt to dissuade from myself or from you, that your position here is a most deplorable one. But before we despair of the future, let us at least inquire whether there is any explanation of my brother's present behavior to be found in

the present state of my brother's health. I have been considering what the doctor said to me last night. The first thing to do is to get the best medical advice on Geoffrey's case which is to be had. What do you think?"

"I daren't tell you what I think, Lord Holchester. I will try—it is a very small return to make for your kindness—I will try to use my position with your eyes, not with mine. The best medical advice that you can obtain is the advice of Mr. Speedwell. It was he who first made the discovery that your brother was in broken health."

"The very man for our purpose! I will send him here to-day or to-morrow. Is there any thing else I can do for you? Shall you and Sir Patrick as soon as I get to town. Have you any message for him?"

Anne hesitated. Looking attentively at her, Julius noticed that she changed color when he mentioned Sir Patrick's name.

"Will you say that I gratefully thank him for the letter which Lady Holchester was so good as to give to me, Julius?" she replied. "And will you entreat him, from me, not to expose himself, on my account, to—" she hesitated, and finished the sentence with her eyes on the ground —"to what might happen, if he came here and insisted on seeing me."

"Does he propose to do that?"

She hesitated again. The little nervous contraction of her lips at one side of the mouth became more marked than usual. "He writes that his anxiety is unendurable, and that he is resolved to see me," she answered, softly.

"It is likely to hold to his resolution, I think," said Julius. "When I saw him yesterday, Sir Patrick spoke of you in terms of admiration—"

He stopped. The bright tears were gathering on Anne's eyelashes; one of her hands was toying nervously with something hidden (possibly Sir Patrick's letter) in the bosom of her dress. "I thank him with my whole heart," she said, in low, faltering tones. "But it is best that he should not come here."

"Would you like to write to him?"

"I think I should prefer your giving him my message."

Julius understood that the subject was to proceed no further. Sir Patrick's letter had produced some impression on her, which the sensitive nature of the woman seemed to shrink from acknowledging, even to herself. They turned back to enter the cottage. As they rose, they were met by a surprise. Hester Dethridge, with her bonnet on—dressed, at that hour of the morning, for the street!

"Are you going to market already?" Anne asked.

Hester shook her head.

"When are you coming back?"

Hester wrote on her slate: "Not till the night-time."

Without another word of explanation she pulled her veil down over her face, and made for the gate. She key had been left in the dining-room by Julius, after he had shut the door out. Hester had it in her hand. She opened the gate, and closed the door after her, leaving the key in the lock. At the moment when she door banged to Geoffrey appeared in the passage.

"Where's the key?" he asked. "Who's gone out?"

His brother answered the question. He looked backward and forward suspiciously between Julius and Anne. "What does she want to do at this time?" he said. "His she left the house to avoid Me?"

Julius thought this the likely explanation. Geoffrey went down sullenly to the gate to lock it, and returned to them, with the key in his pocket.

"I'm obliged to be careful of the gate," he said, "with the neighborhood swarming with beggars and tramps. If you want to go out," he added, turning pointedly to Anne, "I'm at your service, as a good husband ought to be."

After a hurried breathlast Julius took his departure. "I don't accept your refusal," he said to his brother, before Anne. "You will see me here again." Geoffrey obstinately repeated the refusal. "If you come here every day of your life," he said, "it will be just the same."

The kind friend Julius, Anne returned again to the solitude of her own chamber. Geoffrey entered the drawing-room, placed the volumes of the Encyclopædia Celestial on the table before him, and resumed the reading which he had been unable to continue on the evening before.

Hour after hour he doggedly plodded through one case of matter after another. He had read one good half of the horrid chronicle of crime before his power of fixing his attention began to fail him. Then he lit his pipe, and went out to think over it in the garden. However the hours passed, he was at the door when she agreed. Sooner or later, there was the dead body always certain to be found; always appearing in dumb witness, in the traces of poison or in the marks of violence, to the crime committed on it.

He walked to and fro slowly, still occupying over the problem which had first found its way into his mind when he had stopped in the front garden, and had looked up at Anne's window in the dark. "How?" That had been the one question before him, from the time when the lawyer had emboldened his hopes of a divorce. It remained the one question still. There was no answer to it in his own brain; there was no answer to it in the book which he had been consulting. Every thing was in his favor if he could only find out "how." He had got his hand with up stairs at his mercy—except to his refusal of the money which Julius had offered to him. He was living in a place absolutely secluded from public observation on all sides of it—thanks to his resolution to remain at the cottage, even after his landlady had insulted him by sending him a notice to quit. Every thing had been prepared, every thing had been sacrificed, to the fulfillment of one purpose—and how to attain that purpose was still the same impenetrable mystery to him which it had been months before!

What was the other alternative? To accept the money which Julius had offered. In other words, to give up his vengeance on Anne, and to turn his back on the splendid future which Mr. Clements's discovery had placed in view.

Never! He would go back to the books. He would set to work again in the drawing-room, and in the pages which were still to be read might set his sluggish brain working in the right direction. He went to the door, and looked round for the suspicion of any living creature, in the house or out of it, was a way that might be found you.

Could a man, in his position of life, sense in this fatal moment, refuse to take the risk merely less wrong? Surely the thought of what he was about to do must have troubled him in the past?

Pause for a moment—and look back at him in the past.

Let us feel any remorse when he was plotting the betrayal of Arnold in the garden at Windygates? For the action which followed it had not been put into him. What he is now in the legitimate consequence of what he was then. A far more serious temptation than the temptation to commit a far more serious crime. How is he to act? Is he to keep his growing cat Sir Patrick once put it), his swiftness in running, his admirable capacity and endurance in every thing that makes a man? Or is he to sacrifice all these advantages over his own selfishness and his own cruelty? No! The moral and mental neglect of himself, in which the smallest spark of pride or feeling about him has tacitly encouraged, has left him at the mercy of the worst impulse in his nature. Above all that is most vile and of all that is most dangerous in the composition of the natural man. Men of the baser kind, who have got into the common has come of this, because no temptation of the higher kind has passed their way. But with *him*, the case is reversed. A temptation out of the common has passed *his* way. He has to find his place in society as he can. It finds him, literally and exactly, what has training has left him, from the point of any temptation small or great—a defenseless man.

Geoffrey returned to the cottage. The servant stopped him in the passage, to ask at what time he wished to dine. He answered carelessly, as he inquired angrily for Mrs. Dethridge. Mrs. Dethridge had not come back.

It was now late in the afternoon, and she had been out since the early morning. This had never happened before. Julius had returned to her, one more monstrous than another, begun to rise in Geoffrey's mind. Between the drink and the fear, the old woman had lost her head, was wandering in his mind during a part of the night. Could she be at any thing out in that condition? Had Hester heard it? And was she, by any chance, at the bottom of her long absence from the house? He left the servant standing there, not letting her see that he suspected her—to clear up that doubt as soon as his landlady returned to the house.

The evening came. It was past nine o'clock before Geoffrey could bring his mind to what came to ask for the key. Geoffrey rose to go to the gate himself—and changed his mind before he left the room. *Her* suspicions might be aroused (supposing it to be Hester who was waiting for admittance) if he opened the gate to her when the servant was there to do it. He gave the girl the key, and kept out of sight.

* * * * * * *

"Dead tired!"—the servant said to herself, seeing her mistress by the light of the lamp over the gate.

"Dead tired!"—Geoffrey said to himself, observing Hester's movements with his eyes only as the passage on her way up stairs to take off her bonnet in her own room.

"Dead tired!" Anne said to herself, meeting Hester on the upper floor, and receiving from her the letter which Julius had left, addressed to the mistress of the cottage by the postman, who had met her at her own gate.

* * * * * * *

Having given the letter to Anne, Hester Dethridge withdrew to her bedroom.

Geoffrey closed the door of the drawing-room, in which the candles were burning, and went into the dining-room, which was dimly lit by light. Leaving the door ajar, he waited to intercept his landlady on her way back to her quarters in the kitchen.

Hester wearily secured her door, wearily lit the candles, and opened her desk and ink on the table. For some minutes after this she was occupied in writing down, and ruling her accession," out of the secret pocket of her stays—turned to the last page of the manuscript—and began. Slowly, under the entry made on the previous night.

"This morning I gave him notice to quit, and offered him his money back if he wanted it. He refuses to go. He shall go to-morrow, or I will burn the place over his head. All through to-day I have avoided him by keeping out of the house. No rest to ease my mind, and no sleep to close my eyes. I humbly bear my cross as long as my strength will last me."

Her pen dropped from her fingers. Her head nodded on her breast. She roused herself with a start. "No sleep!" she said, drowsily: sleep brought dreams.

She unfastened the window-shutters and looked out at the night. The peaceful moonlight was shining over the garden. The clear depths of the night sky were soothing and beautiful to look at. What! Fading already? clouds? darkness? No! Nearly asleep once more. She roused herself again, with a start. There was the moonlight, and there was the garden as bright and clear as ever.

Dreams or no dreams, it was useless to fight longer against the drowsiness that overpowered her. She closed the shutters, and went back to the bed; and put her Confession in its customary place at the head of the pillow.

She looked round the room—and shuddered. Every corner of it was filled with the terrible memories of the past night. She might wake from the tortures of the dreams to find the terror of the discovery reaching at her bedside. Was there no remedy? no blessed safeguard under which she could resign herself to sleep? She thought crossed her mind. The good book—the Bible. If she slept with the Bible under her pillow, there was hope in the good book—the hope of sleeping in peace.

It was true—she had put on the gown and she stays which she had taken off. Her shawl would cover her. It was equally needless to take off her shoes. The lower shutters would not be closed at that hour; and if they were, she could find her hand on the Bible, in its place on the parlor book-shelf, in the dark.

She removed the Confession from under the pillow. On the way to a minute could she prevail on herself to leave it in our room while she was away from it in another. With the manuscript folded up, and concealed in her hand, she slowly descended the stairs again. Her knees trembled under her. She was obliged to hold by the banisters with the hand that was free.

Geoffrey observed her from the dining-room, on her way across the stairs. He waited to see what she did, before he showed himself, and spoke to her. She went out of going out into the kitchen, she stopped short, and entered the parlor. Another suspicious circumstance! What did she want in the parlor, without a candle, at that time of night?

He left the book-case—her dark figure plainly visible in the moonlight that flooded the little room. She staggered and put her hand to her head, giddy, in all appearance, from sudden fatigue. She recovered herself, and took a book from the shelf. She approached him—but shall after she had possessed herself of the book. Too weary, as it seemed, to get up stairs again without a light. He scrambled on his knees—but he was not. Better rest, for a moment or two, to be had in that room could be got by leaning against the wall. She sat down heavily in the chair, with the book on her lap. One of her arms hung over the side of the chair, with the hand closed, apparently holding something.

Her head sunk on her breast—recovered itself—and sunk gently on the cushion at the back of the chair. Asleep? Fast asleep.

Geoffrey took off his heavy shoes, and entered the drawing-room with his stockings. He picked up the white thing on the floor. It proved to be a collection of several sheets of thin paper, neatly folded together, and closely covered with writing.

Writing? As long as she was awake she had kept it hidden in her hand. Why hide it?

Had he let out any thing to compromise himself with Anne, in the conversation with the dear the night before? and had she taken it down in writing to produce against him? Possessed by guilty distrust, even that monstrous doubt assumed a look of probability to Geoffrey's mind. He left the paper in the place where he had entered it, and made for the candle-light in the drawing-room, determined to examine the manuscript in his hand.

After carefully smoothing out the folded leaves on the table, he turned to the first page, and read these lines.

"PRIVATE."

All secrecy is injurious in its nature. We do not mean to say that man can conduct the private business of his life without secrecy in his affairs which require privacy. Where is the man who can boast that he has kept free from the prudence of a skeleton in his cupboard? But the fewer that we have of these promising inmates the better for our own easiness and all those who are concerned with us. A secret, if we think of it, has a sort of quality of the skeleton. It is to us a secret because the divulging of it would be injurious to us. It is kept hallowed, not because it is bad, but because it might become a pain. No doubt there is an excitement about a secret—a sense of relief—which, to a certain extent be pleasurable. The knowledge of that which is unknown to others has an allowance of pride in it, and a sense of power. But, as stands apart from the general good or evil of secrecy in the abstract, it is to us, and there is a secret which is rather reticence than secrecy, which is born of modesty, and can hurt no possessor of it. It is the reticence which induces us to be silent on our own affairs, because to tell them aloud to the world around us would be an impertinence. A man does not speak to every one he meets in the street of his balance at the banker's, or of his wife's excellence, or his own hopes and fears in regard to saving grace. He has certain reticences which prompt him to be wholesome, but which are not kept as secrets because to divulge them would be dangerous or unhealthy. I also have a secret, but not reason—and we all have such secrets—is surely a burden and a sorrow and a skeleton in the cupboard which may come forth some day and grin at us before our friends.

The less of secrecy we have in our lives the better. He who has none, though he may suffer sorrow, is free from that fear of his fellow-men which is the worst of suffering. But the friend, or acquaintance, or stranger, who sends us a letter and writes "private" on the top of it, at once places upon us an added burden, a new secret, another weight, from the bearing of which, in nine cases out of ten, no advantage can accrue to ourselves. There are those attached to most of us, for whom to bear such burdens is the privilege of our existence, and he who has no compact, written or unwritten, with any friend, rendering himself liable to such obligation, is indeed to be pitied. To be subject to no call for private aid can only be the lot of him who can make up his mind to endure on his own behalf. Such a one must be fatherless, childless, wifeless, brotherless, and friendless. But before we allow the claim it will at least be well to consider the position of the claimant, and to ask ourselves whether he has a right to demand from us that we should bear this load which he seeks to impose upon us. If he have no such right, or no claim based upon previous mutual engagements, we hold that he can not establish it by writing "private" either on the inside or the outside of a letter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RULING PASSION.—A famous saucer of Paris being on the deathbed, a certain friend presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken within him the last sentiments of piety. On tying the ribbon, after kissing the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, Lord! you have put a very small ruin on such a pledge."

Eighty-one dozen of eggs given to a minister in Illinois as a "donation visit" is called "a big activity."

Jail yards are called hanging gardens.

A new name for the Gorman is "Hugging set to Music."

HUMAN pledges can go no further. The negro voters of Louisville carry a ballot-box on their backs. We will insist hereafter on a vote with the Democratic ticket.

THE PARLIAMENT.—A country poet, after looking about with a "domain view" is called "a rural."

"Oh, I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could;
But I would like to live as long as it,
For I couldn't if *i.* would."

A business house is one of the little villages of Fayette County, Kentucky, with a post-office, of which we give a true copy below:

Johnson
Aldi And
Aldi Ind.

HARD TO BEAT.—Carpets.

There is no stated rule for writing love-letters. You should write as the feeling prompts, and let your heart do as you can, using words of such burning love that they will melt the icy pulse of the pen. You also advise to sling in a bunch of pathos occasionally, such as "Dearest, darling, precious, I long for you hourly, as an elephant; I think of you every day, and by-and-by I shall be with you once more; I shall think of you twice a day." It is also well to put on ink-blot in the letter, with the exclamation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or, "I bore a sigh in this vicinity."

It has been scientifically discovered that we have an inch more room in a thick boot than in a thin one. It is made better and cheaper by a new process. Dots must go into some other business.

AT SAN FRANCISCO, when the Chinamen were leaving the city recently, and there was high elevation on the sidewalk, a Celestial would step down, look at it, and then step up again, which was carried on day after day with the talls on it. "Sure they're China antlers from the Flowery Kingdom," replied Pat, "or I'd like to be the gardener that would set them out under the trees. I keep them planted deep till next spring, an' then for their ordinary I'll write somethin' on 'Talks from Darkness,' an' I'm off."

A Rondout grocer notifies the public that he has "Know Styler for Sail."

A NEW DISCOVERY.—A father was questioning his children one day, when he found that they had been written in Genesis descriptive of the construction of the ark. "Then how high," asked he, "was the ark?" I guess they next it enough," shouted an impertinent opposition.

"Oh, Brandt! Brandt!" he cried in pain.

BAWL DOESBURG—Baby clothes.

A coppersmith, who figured largely in ward-room politics, at a meeting the other night, finding the fun turning against him, exclaimed with a magnanimous air, "I'll not be put down by the tyrants." I guess they next it enough," shouted an impertinent opposition.

An old hotel-keeper, in Washington, once posted on his dining-room door the following notice: "Mem-bers of Congress must not take the table cloth to the gentlemen. Boarders and blackguards must not mix their drinks in the tumblers, as it is liable to injure the other."

A new Hampshire farmer wanted a farm hand, and was applied to by an Irishman who wanted to work. "Can you be depended to ringing the bell at meal time?" two Irishmen previously in the employ had died on the premises. "Sure, I can," was the reply. "I'll try ye," said Pat. "Faith and I'll bring you ricomindations from every place where I've worked that I never played such a trick."

"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now can't you keep you eagle to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. B——," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more, for I have to drive down every week each long factor that I have from the ground to go over."

The North Scituate (Massachusetts) stage overturned lately, having three passengers inside, none of whom were injured. The driver fell inside, but was not one to know often, and who seemed to think that it was all in the day's work. Looking out of the window, after the coach had upset, and called to the driver, saying that "stick" was broken, "Never mind, my boy, up the hill, if the pesky thing was going to ride so unsteady."

THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

"PORT of Liverpool, granted number 2020. Bonded and drawback stores in the *City of Ragusa*, J. C. BICKLEY, master, for New York: two men. No passengers or troops. No guns. Two tons." So runs the victualing bill of this tiny vessel, which left the Mersey on the morning of the 3d of June for a run across the Atlantic to New York, and, should that first experiment be a success, a run back again to Liverpool. This vessel formerly belonged to the ship *Breeze*, which foundered in a terrific storm in the Channel, fourteen of the crew succeeding in reaching Ramsey, Isle of Man, in the boat which has thus shown her sea-going qualities. She has since been decked over, with a small cockpit aft; her cabin has been made as comfortable as the limited space will permit, and she carries three months' provisions and one hundred gallons of water, which can be pumped out of the tanks should it be desirable to lighten the vessel. She has been rigged as a yawl, and can also set square-sails on both masts, spreading about seventy yards of canvas. In addition to her sailing power, she is fitted with a two-bladed screw propeller, which can be raised when not in use, and is worked by hand in the same manner as a ship's pump. The crew consists of two men and a Newfoundland dog, all told. The *City of Ragusa* is the smallest vessel ever cleared at the Liverpool Custom-house, and the gentleman who performed that duty for her also cleared the *Great Eastern*. After being out a few days she put into the harbor of Cork, Ireland, to repair, having sprung a leak. At last accounts she was again ready for sea, and only waiting for a favorable wind to start. Her captain expects to make the voyage in about fifty days.

THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

GOING TO MASS.

THIS characteristic illustration represents the people of an Irish hamlet, in their Sunday attire, on their way to attend mass. There is a marked difference between their present and their everyday appearance. There is no tattered and loop-holed ragged ness now, but in decent attire, they are going to those devotions in the observance of which, to their credit be it said, the Irish peasantry are so regular. The parish would appear to be a populous one, to judge from the congregation that is gathered about the chapel. There are burly well-to-do farmers, country women, shop-keepers, the gentry who have come on their outside car, and the typical peasantry of the country with their long-tailed coats and high-crowned hats, who reverence the priest, till the land, and exercise their time-honored privilege of grumbling. That is a privilege which every body claims, and if Pat has been louder and more persistent in his wailings than others, it must be confessed that he has had hard matter-of-fact wrongs to suffer, as well as many sentimental grievances which others are apt to laugh at, but which are, perhaps, still harder to bear than the practical burdens of real life.

THE ENGLISH GUARDSMAN.

THE histrionic proclivities of the guardsman render him, as a rule, remarkably serviceable in the management of amateur theatricals. On such occasions it is clearly his mission to be utilized to the utmost extent. It is a real charity to teach him to occupy his time. And, on the whole, he does not dislike the sense of the importance which attaches to him as a man idle, indeed, by nature, but capable of great things by art. Once fairly rouse him into energy, and he is indefatigable. He will hunt up acting editions with exemplary patience, will go into the mysteries of theatrical costume; nay, if he has any dexterity with his pencil—an accomplishment not so uncommon with the class as might be expected—he will very likely condescend to devise a dress himself. There is something quite touching in the spectacle of the careful study which the bearded warrior will give to the part that he is called upon to get up. He carries it about with him in his pocket; you may see him taking fitful glances at it in the smoking-room of his club; it lies on his toilet-table while he is occupied with his back hair; he will ask you, in beseeching tones, to dodge him in it, for the purpose of testing his perfection. For two or three whole weeks before the eventful night you may know, from his preoccupied look, that there is seated upon his manly bosom the burden of a great care. In his solitary moments he rehearses before the looking-glass; when he is in company he is given to fits of moody reverie, during which you may observe his lips mechanically moving, as if in silent soliloquy with himself. The poor fellow is, in truth, repeating to himself the lines which he has to commit to memory and to deliver to an enraptured audience in a West End or country house drawing-room. Society is under a great debt to its self-sacrificing hero.

But the demands of society upon its guardsmen do not end here. It is well worth while to notice the effect of the entrance of one of these tawny mustached, immaculately arrayed warriors into a drawing-room of fair occupants.

"By Jove! enough to make a fellow nervous, you know; ain't much up to that kind of thing, you know," the poor fellow will tell you; "but hang it, positively feel inclined to blush. By Jove! those girls, they literally mob one when one comes into the room; expect you to know every thing, you know—who's dead, buried, or married; who's eloped with who." Strict grammatical accuracy is not always our guardsman's strong point; perhaps we should rather say it is the exception. "What's the betting on Mrs. Flinder's bolting with Skyaway before the season's out, and all that sort of thing, you know. Gad! a fellow feels quite overcome, you know."

GOING TO MASS.

And as Captain Fitzinnin finishes this unusually eloquent address, he sinks down into his easy-chair exhausted, overcome with a sense of the commensurate magnitude of the claims of society upon him, and his own policy of enterprising self-sacrifice. As the man of war refreshes himself with nicotine, the true nature of his position begins to dawn upon him. He begins vaguely to comprehend that a man who

honor," continues our friend, "to hear the way in which they suggest dinners at Richmond, picnics, and the deuce knows what else, would fancy that a fellow only lived to please 'em. By Jove! I swear I've engagements half a dozen deep for the next three weeks. Can't dine quietly without having to rush off to some infernal place. Gad! it's killing me. I think I shall make a premature bolt for the moors."

The benches on which the children are placed are erected in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, rising in graduated tiers to a considerable height. The spectators are seated in the centre of this amphitheatre, and on graduated benches in the aisles. The children of each school sit together—the boys being placed above the girls—and the effect of the differently colored costumes, which are the distinguishing marks of

voices of happy children not harmonious?—can hardly fail to move the heart and excite the charity of the most churlish spectator.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that polygamy is the custom of the country. The law forbids

CHARITY CHILDREN IN LONDON.

plumes himself on nothing to do, may gradually discover that there is nothing which he is expected to leave undone. *Nonnunn avaris negotiosa quam otiosa*—we beg the captain's pardon for troubling him with "that confounded Latin," which he probably left behind him when he quitted Eton; but we can not repress a quotation which is so singularly apt.

"People work me like a galley-slave. Think we can be always at their beck and call: on my

LONDON CHARITY CHILDREN.

We give on this page an illustration of the London Charity School Festival, which took place on the 8th of June, in St. Paul's Cathedral. This festival, which was established in 1704, is carried on by a society of about a thousand persons, and the sum realized by the festival is divided between the most needy of those charities which take part in the ceremony.

each institution, is most striking and picturesque. The services consist of singing and other musical entertainments by the children and the cathedral choir, and a prettier and more touching spectacle can hardly be imagined. The sight of several thousand children who have been rescued from a miserable, and possibly vicious mode of living, and who are now clothed, educated, and frequently started in life, and the sound of so many harmonious voices—and when are the

this, and enjoins a man to have only one wife, and this most precious object of the domestic circle is, oddly enough, called "Tey." Her children take precedence of any others, of which there are, it must be stated, generally some in every household who can not claim the wife as their mother. These children are those of the handmaids, as they may be called; and these handmaids correspond pretty much to the old Oriental term of concubine, only that they are in

a great measure servants to the wife, and expected to make themselves generally useful, and on no account to pretend to be equal to the real mistress of the establishment. A gentleman does not hesitate, nor is it any discredit among them, to indulge his fancy for any number of these handmaids that his purse will enable him to keep. They are generally of inferior birth, and bought of their parents, becoming the estate and sole property of the buyer, who, precisely like the slave-owners, is at liberty to sell them or give them away as presents at any time. A man does not, however, take unto himself a handmaid if his wife has borne him a son, as the great desire of every Chinese is to perpetuate his name and family, so as to insure the ancestral rites being paid him at his funeral. If he has no son either by wife or handmaid, he often adopts one of his relatives, and even goes so far as to purchase a boy—plenty of whom are ready to be sported with, unfortunately, in China—and makes him up as his own, carefully concealing the parentage of the child. It speaks well, however, for the liking of the Chinese male sex, that the universal desire is to marry as soon as a man can support a wife and family. They marry very early—the men from sixteen to twenty, the women from twelve to fifteen. The marriage laws are very strict. No man and woman of the same surname may marry, neither can any couple within certain degrees of consanguinity. If a woman has been formally betrothed, she can not marry any other person. No government official can marry in the district, town, or city in which he holds office, nor may he marry an actress or woman of low degree or occupation. A few days before the wedding, which is generally fixed in the month of February, the bride-elect has her hair dressed in the fashion of a married lady, flowers and ornaments. Presents are made by friends to both bride and bridegroom, and in the evening of the day the bridegroom goes in a gaudily decked sedan to the house of his bride's parents, accompanied by troops of friends and a band of music. The lady is placed in the sedan, and carried off by the friends of the bridegroom to his house, where a grand feast is prepared. The happy pair drink some wine out of the same cup of chance," as it is called, and then the husband leads her to her chamber and unveils her face, to admire her and give the key of it to have, hanging by her back to the company to receive a kind of benediction from the oldest matron lady relative of the party, and then the consequet proceeds. The next day offerings are made to the gods, and the honey-moon is passed in merry-making.

WHY BE DISFIGURED

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 707.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New-York.

PEA-NUTS.

OUR illustration on this page represents a scene which is perfectly familiar to those who have visited our Southern cities: and we dare say some of our readers who have sauntered along the Savannah docks may recognize the features of the good-natured and almost superannuated aunty whose bent figure, sheltered by the tattered umbrella, and surrounded by heaping baskets of roasted pea-nuts, forms the principal object in our picture. It was drawn from life, greatly to the delight of the old woman, who had never before been honored by the attentions of an artist.

The pea-nut, though almost universally liked, is considered very "ungenteel." Its cheapness, and the ease with which the soft shell is broken, make it a favorite with boys; and it is rare indeed to empty a little fellow's pocket and not find among its wonderfully miscellaneous contents two or three pea-nuts or the debris of their crumbling shells. Outside of boy-dom the popularity of the pea-nut is chiefly confined to people who frequent such places of amusement as the Bowery Theatre, the atmosphere of which is always redolent of the pea-nut stand and the beer gardens. Such people, indeed, munch them every where—as they walk the street, on the cars, in the stages, and aboard the ferry-boats, scattering the shells abroad with the utmost indifference, and littering the dress of every person in their neighborhood. Pea-nuts impart a pungent odor to the breath, which makes the eater almost as great a nuisance in a crowd as one who indulges in the luxury of Limburger cheese.

In this city there are hundreds of stands where pea-nuts are sold, and the trade in them must be very large, if not particularly remunerative. There must be several hundred old men and old women in New York alone who make their living at these stands—their entire sales consisting, on any day, of a few shillings worth of pea-nuts, with perhaps a dozen or two apples, whose surface shines with a polish too suggestive of the process by which it is obtained for delicate stomachs. Occasionally you may see a gentleman purchasing at these stands; but generally it is done with a furtive glance to see that nobody is near whose observation might be unpleasant. If one likes pea-nuts, and is thus sensitive, it is convenient to have the protection of a little son or nephew, who may not, however, in all cases reap the benefit of the purchase.

The pea-nut is not recognized in polite society. It is never found at dessert. Yet a few years ago an American in Munich placed on the dinner-table of the Hôtel de Bavière a dish of these with other nuts peculiar to this continent, for the benefit of his German friends, and the unanimous verdict of the foreign members of the party was, that the pea-nut was most excellent eating. Thus pea-nuts, like prophets, are not without honor save in their own country; and it is not likely they will ever rise above their present position here where the whites and the red men seem fated to wage a warfare that can cease only with the extermination of the aboriginal inhabitants.

The scene of our artist's sketch is the interior of a strongly built cabin, just at daybreak. The young mother has snatched the sleeping babe from the rude cradle in the corner, and is trying with the fight. The house will be bravely defended; and let us hope that murderous hand may be driven off, with a lesson that shall make them keep clear of that cabin for many a long day.

Late advices from the frontier, where the settlers are in constant danger of attack, show that the Indians are very much disturbed and discontented, and that very little provocation is required to bring on a general war. SPOTTED TAIL has returned home from his Eastern journey to find his favorite wife dead. In his ignorance he attributes this bereavement to the machinations and misgivings of the whites, and in her grave buries all his presents and all his new-born friendship for his civilized brethren. His present mood is said to be extremely warlike. The situation is certainly precarious, and unless wise measures of precaution are taken at once our far Western frontiers may witness many terrible scenes of bloodshed and devastation.

PEA-NUT SELLERS IN SAVANNAH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

CORAL REEFS.

MR. DARWIN, some years ago, prepared a map in which were put down all the reefs of coral which surround the numerous islands in the Pacific. In one almost straight line of ten thousand miles, from Pitcairn Island to Chusan, those reefs stud the vast ocean. The reefs are classified, for convenience, into three groups: 1. The *atoll* reef is a circular or curved ridge of coral, visible at low-water, but nearly covered at high-water, and having a tranquil lake in the centre. The diameter varies from one mile to sixty miles, in different examples; and the *shape* is usually an irregular oval. There is generally a profound depth of ocean at a very short distance from the atoll. In one case, the depth is a thousand feet at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile; but, far more noteworthy than this, there is one atoll at two hundred feet from which no soundings could be found with twelve hundred feet of line; and another where seven thousand feet found no bottom at a mile and a quarter distance! The interior lake or lagoon is never profoundly deep. We may therefore picture to ourselves an atoll as the top of a steep conical submarine mountain, with a kind of crater at the summit. 2. The *barrier* reef differs from an atoll in having one or more islands within it; it forms, in fact, a barrier around an island or islands, at some considerable distance, and separated by a moat of very deep water. Some of them run along parallel to the shore: in some the islands have joined to form a continuous strip of dry land; while in others one sees the strip of land forming a very lofty mountain. 3. The *shore* reef resembles a barrier reef in having land within or near it; but the dry land is very near,

AN INDIAN ATTACK.

THOUGH not designed to illustrate an actual event, our picture on page 457 this week is something more than a mere fancy sketch. Scenes like the one so graphically imagined and portrayed by our artist are unhappily of too frequent occurrence on our far Western frontier, to quiet the cries of the boy who clings about her waist. Two young girls, awaked from sleep by the yells of the savage assailants, crouch together in terror on their bed. One of the brave defenders has already received a wound in the arm, perhaps from the arrow that lies on the floor in front of him, and the self-possessed matron of the cabin is binding it up, so that he can go on

and the red men seem fated to

and the intervening water very shallow; while in most instances there are no islands or islets, the whole reef being submerged at high-water. In all the three kinds—atoll, barrier, and shore —the reef has been formed by countless myriads of coral insects, working at the construction of their hollow dwellings. Mr. Darwin, by tracing a local connection between volcanoes and reefs, arrived at a conclusion that, wherever an atoll or a barrier reef has been formed, the bed of the ocean has subsided; while at the spots where shore reefs occur, the bed of the sea is either uprising or stationary. Islands and mountains in the Pacific have been submerged by the subsidence of the ocean bed; and when this subsidence had taken place to a certain extent, coral insects set to work at their busy labors; for, whether in the Pacific or the Mediterranean, the insect always works to the water, but at no great depth below the surface. All these facts are satisfactorily accounted for on this view, as being in three stages of development. The shore reefs are formed first, as a fringe of coral around the coast of an island; by further subsidence, each becomes in time a barrier reef; and each of the latter develops into an atoll reef, by the insects constantly building at the top of it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE GNATS.

THE newspapers that used to call Mr. LINCOLN a third-rate country lawyer, and "think" at the contrast in political ability between him and JEFFERSON DAVIS, are very busy in attempting to cast odium and ridicule upon President GRANT. Their conduct is inspired by the same spirit which led them to denounce him in the field as a butcher. But his real crimes in the eyes of his severest critics are his steady fidelity to the Union, and his unconditional victory over the rebellion. The rebellion sprang from the principles of the Democratic party. It was led by the Democratic chiefs. It was sustained by Democratic sympathy. Every great measure of the war was denounced by the Democratic conventions; and in the midst of the struggle the Democratic party virtually declared for secession to the voluntary. The *World* now frankly admits that the "War Democracy" was a "small body." And to the regret to a party which counted upon the success of the rebellion a man who silently and powerfully opposed it, and finally, by his skillful military combinations, compelled its military chiefs to surrender, can only be a target of constant calumny. Consequently no public man was ever more ruthlessly slandered by them than President GRANT. No opportunity of falsehood and misrepresentation is lost. And if the representatives of the Democratic press were to be taken as true, the most accomplished of statesmen, and the most able of Christian heroes, and the ablest of men, causes were all confounded and baffled by a shallow charlatan.

There is no invention so puerile, no insinuation so contemptible, that it does not serve the purpose of political or personal hatred of one of the simplest and most honest of Presidents. The worst motives are attributed to the plainest actions, and every word and deed are laboriously and elaborately misinterpreted. The people of this country knew that General GRANT was not a politician when they elected him President. They did not expect from him the smooth evasions of a politician. They asked of him an honest adherence to the principles upon which he was elected and to the policy that sustained him. In a country necessarily controlled by parties it is undoubtedly a misfortune for a President to be unfamiliar with political persons and methods. But, on the other hand, many men field marshals in affairs are safer with a man of honest purpose and general ability, even without political experience, than with a mere politician.

The perils of trusting exclusively to a politician were shown in the case of Mr. CHASE. Down to the autumn elections of 1867, it was thought by many that Mr. CHASE ought to be the Republican candidate. Undoubtedly he thought so himself. He had been a conspicuous Republican leader. His course had been consistent. He had been in the van of the party. Every body knew that he coveted the Presidency, but every body conceded his ability and experience. "He understands politics," was the general remark. There was reason, however, who felt that circumstances designated General GRANT as the proper candidate, and he was selected by acclamation. But Mr. CHASE remained in May. In July, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR received from a Democratic convention, of which Mr. ALEXANDER HAMPTON was chairman, a nomination which he had meant to offer to Mr. CHASE; and while Mr. SEYMOUR was accepting it, he had in his pocket the speech which he had intended to make upon the nomination of Mr. CHASE. That Mr. CHASE was willing to receive such a nomination is the result of what is called "politics." Those who think that it is essential to good government are impatient of President GRANT. Those who were ready to hail Mr. CHASE as a great statesman contemptuously deny to General GRANT any statesmanlike quality.

But because a man is not, in the technical sense, "a statesman," it does not follow that he is destitute of common-sense, as seems to be assumed by the clumsy opponents of the President. General JACKSON was very far from being a statesman. Mr. LINCOLN's claims to statesmanship were derided. Probably Mr. MADISON and Mr. VAN BUREN would satisfy the technical requirements. But the good sense of General JACKSON and of Mr. LINCOLN could be trusted to save the country from wicked and absurd improprieties, and so may General GRANT's.

In these days of unscrupulous assertion in the press, a charge involving the honor and discretion of the President should be judged by the character of the paper that makes it. If it has shown that its desire for truth is evidently greater than its partisan or private hostility—if it is a journal of acknowledged respectability and honor and justice, its statements prejudicial to the President will be received with concern that they may have some grounds of truth. But if otherwise, its stories about the President will be as important as the assertion of a party committee that its party is the bulwark of the Constitution.

TAMMANY FIRE-WORKS.

THE Democratic members of Congress exhaust their party bitterness delightfully reclined in the draught through his high, comfortable rooms, that the mercury marked 84° in the Havana, 87° at Savannah, 92° at Washington, 95° at Long Branch, 100° at Springfield, and 108° in Maine, and he thinks, with the newspaper, how wonderfully the world must be at work pole. The White Mountains and Mesmphremagog have suddenly ceased to fascinate him.

Or he may take it in the cool of the evening, or, if that be considered too daring a figure of speech, in the shade of the evening, and is conveyed to the Thousand Troma's concert at the Central Park Garden. He will not, indeed, expect to pluck flowers in that garden, but he will not be disappointed in his expectation of sitting in a huge hall and listening to delightful music, as he smokes the light cigar— for he have not conquered that inveterate habit —or sips Bavarian lager. Then what pleasant summer dinners he may find—at not very many places indeed—pleasant dinners at most unpleasant prices! But would he help his purse by dining at a sea-side pavilion? A great exquisite says that the only fashionable resort he has left in extreme satisfactions. The citizen condemned to town for the summer may say that when he remembers to hear. There is always a shady side to the street. And if any day he be very warm he may revenge himself by reading in the morning paper that at Newport it is the hottest weather ever known, and that at Saratoga the heat is overpowering.

TRADE—ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

THE last two weeks of the month of June, and the first two of the month of July, are the worst for trade of the year. It is in this period during which the summer accounts of stock are taken, and arrangements are made for the fall season. Although the general trade of the country is affected by great improvements in transportation and by the telegraph, the fall trade continues to be vastly larger than the spring, and August and September remain the banner months. More dry-goods are sold in those two months than in any other two of the year. The principal cause of this superiority of the fall over the spring trade, in dry-goods, is not generally known, but those purchased for fall and winter consumption are more staple in their character, both as regards quality and color, and more adapted to the wants of the mass of customers. It has doubtless been generally noticed that the gossamer-like tissues, which are known as muslins and lawns, have been in less demand than usual this spring, and that their place has been supplied by more durable fabrics. As these delicate stuffs disappear from the counters, their place will be occupied by more substantial, and the latter are consequently regarded as valuable by authority in England, and which during the next cotton year, commencing on the 1st of September, England will be supplied at *ante-bellum* rates. These estimates have been followed by a reduction of the price both here and abroad; and, as a consequence, the manufacturer on this side sells his cloth largely under guarantee; that is to say, on the agreement, if the price made by the latter shall be reduced before the purchaser disposes of his goods, he is made a correspondent allowance. This feature of the dry-goods trade communicates some uncertainty to business. But it is probable that the goods dressed in August and September will be manufactured on the basis of about eighteen cents per pound for shillings, which is that cost with Cincinnati as but flooding the market with too many goods. In this way the effects of the anticipated decline may be avoided until the increased fears on which it is based may be better understood. The estimate of the American crop for this year has been augmented on the same side to three and a fifth millions of bales, which quantity, it is supposed there, will be exceeded by the growing crop. It will be seen how much of conjecture there is in the expected fall in price. As the South has been prudent in its finances, and has had the benefit of two prosperous crops, it may be in a condition to decide for itself what shall be paid for its staple. The consequence which may attend the question of price are too numerous to allow of certainty. The competition of India has not been conducted with the favorable results expected; and the South will have itself to blame if, by extending the quantity unduly, it shall enable this foreign rival to array its interests into the shape of active competitors with each other. A diffusion of industry, so as to embrace a larger production of food, would be a corrective. Great distress has at times been occasioned in India by answering the demand of Manchester for cotton, extending the culture of cotton. It has been done at the expense of an occasional famine. All of our knowledge of the extent of the production in India, and of the quantity exported to Europe, is derived from English sources, and it is conceded that there is a variance between the returns made by the Government Board of Trade and those published in the interest of dealers in Liverpool. This is a country where all is made soon obtain, is information of the India crop derived from a well-regulated consular establishment established on the plan of the English, so that, on its diffusion over the country, a judgment may be formed of the effect of the India crop on the whole production.

The subject of the foreign demand for our grain continues to possess great interest, but we remain in the mercy of the reports from our want of knowledge of the extent of the drought in Europe and the means of supplying the wants which it will occasion. As the grain ports on the Baltic and the Black Sea have been opened for some weeks, and a great effort is being made to obtain such supplies there as may affect the price here. The railroad communication from the interior of Russia with Odessa and with Theodosia or Caffa, ports on the Black Sea, has been extended, and some hopes are entertained of a considerable excess over the ordinary supply from that quarter. The region intended to be penetrated is suitable to wheat, and embraces a wide extent of country whose connection with water communication has not been good; but agriculture in Russia is conducted unskillfully by people who are slow to adopt changes, and it may be that only a small addition to shipments from the Black Sea will be made. The export of wheat from Russia in 1859 were 12,860,328 bushels, and from Odessa exceeded 16,000,000 bushels. Other ports send large quantities of wheat and flour abroad, but it is probable that Theodosia will grow into the most consequence in this respect. It is situated on the Crimea, and has the advantage of deep water and good anchorage. For military and economical reasons, Russia intends to make it a first-class port. With the facilities and progress of this region we ought to be made familiar through our consuls. It is equally a new *campaign* with India, and a powerful competitor in English markets for many of our agricultural productions.

The progress of the drought in England was arrested by copious rains on the 16th, which laid a wide extent; but it is certain that although the harvest wheat as a whole is good, that sown on sandy soils, or in the spring, can not recover. The hay crop, except when reached by frozen fogs, was badly damaged, and must produce a resort to grain to supply its place. The importance of the crop may be seen from the abstract from the money article of the Manchester *Guardian*, written in London on the 17th, which commences as follows:

"There is rather more firmness in the stock market, *owing, in some measure, to the rain-fall of last night.*" It was this, and the occurrence of rain in the south of France, which induced the French buyers on the same day to resell a part of the wheat they had purchased on French account. But the exports of wheat and flour to Mavre from this port, for the week ending June 29, were equivalent to half a million bushels.

The *Journal Officiel*, of France, presents, among other extracts giving local information, this from the *Progrès*, of Lyons: "If there were any reason to doubt that the harvest in France would be less abundant this year than usual, it certainly will not be the case elsewhere. The wheat crops are most promising in England. In Southern Russia the cornfields look splendid, and prices have slightly fallen at Odessa, in consequence of the anticipated heavy crops. In Belgium, Holland, and Prussia, it is estimated that the harvest will be sufficiently abundant to meet the wants of those countries without resorting to supplies from abroad." But as late as the 27th of June a telegram from Berlin stated that "drought has been severe throughout Germany. Advices from all quarters as to the corn prospects are very discouraging." Another of the same date mentions that "the *Journal de Liège* says that the stock of the wooden lines of railway in France is firmer, owing to the increase of business expected from *the transportation of American breadstuffs*." These later advices, if true, indicate that the demand from the Continent for grain will be large, as it unquestionably must be from England. All this shall, it is fair to infer, have the benefit of a demand for our breadstuffs from those quarters until the harvest of 1871, although on the 28th of June No. 2 Milwaukee fell to $1 28, under supposed unfavorable advices, as well as from the results of heavy speculations at Chicago. It is unfortunate that this great interest is not protected with the sagacity, firmness, singleness of purpose, and power which are displayed in the disposal of cotton.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, the new French Minister to the United States, is now upon his way, and will be received by the hearty good wishes of the country to which he comes. The appointment of so distinguished a Liberal to so important a position is a plain indication of the wish of LOUIS NAPOLEON to prove to Frenchmen his own fidelity to his new policy, while he shows to Americans a wish to be represented by a gentleman who was a leader of the during the late great struggle in this country. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL is a Liberal of the school of GUIZOT, and with more moderate opinions. He has been the skillful advocate of the great principles of constitutional liberty, as they are understood in England and in this country, the system very different from what is called republicanism. He is an accomplished scholar, eagerly versed in English political and literature, and speaking fluently the English language. He is a member of the Academy, to which he was welcomed in the usual complimentary to the empire, that the Government found great difficulty in reaching him. But upon one occasion the paper was suppressed, and the article of M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL's bitterly censured by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Thus the author of the article should now be appointed American Minister by the Emperor, and that he should accept the appointment, show that he takes the view of the situation in France which is held by M. LABOULAYE. Between the liberalized empire and the chances of M. ROUHER there do not here seem to be, and supports the former as the better part of the imperious alternative. He has been joyously feasted by American gentlemen in Paris, including MR. READ, our Consul-General, and MR. THOMAS BALCH, long resident in that city, who enjoy friendly relations with leading Frenchmen. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL will begin his mission with the best wishes and the best hopes, and it is peculiarly important to reflect that he comes as a friend in the actual, and not in the formal official sense.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

THOSE who think that it is the manifest destiny of this country to absorb all neighboring states, and that therefore it is folly to oppose any annexation project, should remember that although all children will at some time probably fall down stairs, it is neither wise nor necessary to push them down. That the extension of free governments upon this continent may be expected is undeniable, and that certain neighboring states "gravitate," as the phrase is in the United States is evident. That this is a real gravitation, arising from identity of intelligence and sympathy, may be questioned; that it is often a mere robbery is undeniable.

Manifest destiny was a popular cry, flattering to the popular pride, and originally used by the slave party that controlled the country. This was always the annexation party. The country could extend in one direction only, around the Gulf of Mexico, and that was the territory and the climate, and offered the general conditions favorable to the extension of slavery. MR. CALHOUN urged the annexation of TEXAS upon the ground that England would possibly otherwise obtain it, and blockade the slave ports of the South with free territory. What an argument for an American statesman! But this was the policy of the Democratic party, and MR. CALHOUN and his friends controlled that policy and the cry of manifest destiny was a convenient slogan for slavery.

But slavery being ended, the manifest destiny rhetoric has become much weaker. It is not much heard in the Southern States, and even upon the Pacific slope it is a very unswering note. A flourish is very well; but while, for instance, the Democratic party was very willing to use the slave-holding Rebellion as a means both the slave territory and population and the vote based upon slaves, the Democratic party is now especially anxious for Cuba, when, by the act of annexation, if not before, it would become free. The glory of indefinite extension has never appeared to the intelligent mass of the country; and when we "rounded our lines" with the ice of Alaska it was plain enough that the manifest destiny phrase had been overtreated enough in the popular heart to occasion any very hilarious rejoicing.

The policy of wise statesmanship in this country is not to seek extension—above all not to by it—and when it can not be avoided, to make the best of it. We can not easily hold colonies. The logic of our system and traditions requires equal States wherever the population is sufficient. To acquire the Sandwich Islands therefore, or to annex new States, and States which are for no reason desirable acquisitions. To extend the blessings of free government to mankind is undoubtedly part of our mission—but not to lose those blessings. If we mean to extend them we must prove them merely by example, rather than materially by absorption. There is no reason that we should extend them by bringing all the states in the world under our government. If annexation be our policy, we should seek it northward, not southward. But if we look to the strength and harmony of the Union, we shall certainly never aim at West Indian annexation.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

THE debate upon the education bill in England will be of great advantage to that country if it produces no other result than the establishment of a general school system, which has never existed. British political thought so far outruns practice that it is not surprising to observe that the most radical reforms are proposed. There MR. FORSTER would have a pension compulsory, and the House of Commons by an immense majority refused to authorize the reading of the Bible as a part of the daily exercises. On the other hand, MR. GLADSTONE favored a provision which Rebuke any sectarian teaching in the schools to be established hereafter. But the proposition was signally defeated. This, however, is not surprising. It is not easy to see how it could have been. We must not expect that the government would free the schools from all ecclesiastical influence. It is not easy to see how it could be done. It will undoubtedly be some kind of compromise among the many pending propositions, establishing a system that will be simple and simple; partly paid and partly free; partly denominational and partly not. We observe that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, in his address before the Cornell University, said that he believed the English movement would not finally be of the character to be called established the perfection of the secular principle in education. But it is very possible that, as England proceeds in the extension of the public service system, she may adopt the principle of compulsory education while we are still debating whether it is desirable. It is remarkable, true, as MR. G. F. HOAR stated in his recent admirable speech in the House of Representatives upon education as a measure of reform, a speech which should be universally diffused—that England has lately discovered how serious a practical injury her want of system in matters of education is. The moral of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and of the actual condition of Prussia, do not long leave us. The whole technical schools of the Continent, the enforced education of the whole people, have given such superiority to continental manufactures and agriculture, that the English jurors and exhibitors, upon careful consideration, admitted that some such system was essential to continued British ascendency. England will not disdain to learn a useful lesson, even of a military despotism. And with the same wisdom she might consent to learn in any school that can teach us, and not scornfully and pertinaciously refuse to learn because the civil service is to be taught wisdom by an "aristocracy."

THE GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA.

THE Chinese question renews itself from time to time, and upon the Pacific coast it is discussed with much feeling. Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, also says that it seems as if capital had conspired to degrade labor in this country by inundating it with foreign ignorance. MR. FITCH and other gentlemen in the House were anxious to forbid the Chinese to become citizens. In the New York some representatives of the trades unions speak of opposing by force of arms the employment of the Chinese. Meantime certain facts may be wisely remembered. The country needs laborers.

It can wisely and profitably employ a great multitude more than it has. The population is very largely made up of immigrants, and, if we go back a little, we are all foreigners. Neither the principles nor the traditions of the government, nor the feelings of the people, could authorize the forcible exclusion of any foreigner honestly seeking to improve his condition by voluntary labor. The invitation of this country, which exhorts all mankind to come here and be happy.

It may be assumed, therefore, that the Chinese movement will continue. The trades unions may perplex the easy solution of the question, but they can not prohibit the immigration. If this be true, two things are evident. First, that the "cooly trade"—the enterprises of gentlemen like MR. COOPER-SCHOOP—should be absolutely prohibited. The voluntary movement can not be stayed; but the forced movement—the smuggling, we may call it, which, as we have heretofore shown, is the revival of the slave trade—should be strictly forbidden. Then the treatment of those who do come should be as honorable and generous as that which is accorded to the people of all other countries. Any attempt to outlaw the Chinese, to draw upon them a peculiar contumely, to treat them harshly and with personal abuse, would certainly be resented by the conscience and good sense of the country. The Government will do its duty if it rigorously interfere with the wholesale importation of these laborers. And if the whole subject is left to the operation of natural laws, freed from all forcing, we doubt if any honest American laborer need fear the result.

DOG-DAY DELIGHTS.

WHEN the dog-star rages, and the days and nights are what we have all recently known them to be, at the torrid apex of the year, the student of the almanac who can read between the lines discovers that this time last year "Calls for College Commencements." If we could ascertain the precise image of a Commencement which is most familiar to most persons, we should probably discover that it was a vision of a vast multitude fanning, gasping, and profusely perspiring in the air or church or theatre. A tradition haunts the Harvard Commencements that on an inexpressibly hot day, when the platform was crowded with grave counsellors of gymen, heavily swathed in thick woolen coats, listening, dripping, through hour after hour, to the oration of the graduates, one of the clerical brethren from the city, who was suffering liquefaction in the solemn company, turned severely to his neighbor, with a rising inflection in his voice, quoted the hymn,

"The heart, distrustful, asks if this be joy."

And so might the same heart ask at every Commencement celebration. But why should we not also ask, and with a rising inflection, until it is answered, why the Commencement should not be postponed until a season when our sweet, because not uncomfortable, sense? Undoubtedly the academical year is now arranged with reference to the present date. But the mere existence of a difficulty, the mere question of an abuse or a mistake, although constantly and stoutly pleaded as an argument in its favor, is not conceded to be such by intelligent persons. Why should the great and delightful festival of the college—the feast of reason, of memory, and of friendship, the day of days, and devoted to the tenderest and often most pathetic associations—fall hopelessly upon a time of the year when, by constant and long experience, is proved to be the most trying and disagreeable for the purpose? But, as it is confessed at the very moment of the inquiry, we observe that the Commencement of Brown University, which used formerly to be held in September, is now celebrated at the end of June! Those early September days were often hot. But the usual heat of September—what is it compared with the ferocity of midsummer?

Here in the city of New York there have been the Union Commencement and those of the College of New York and of Columbia College crowding each other. At the same time was the Cornell Commencement, and a little later are the great days at Union, at Hamilton, at Rochester, and Madison. Princeton, too, of an unusually genial temperature of feeling, sympathetically delights to hold her holiday with the mercury at 95°. We say delightfully, for is not that the way they do it? What "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," compels the mother of orthodoxy to burn her reasoning children as she embraces them? We should be glad to see the *College Review*, the *Cornell Era*, and the many other excellent contemporaries upon which are especially devoted to the interests of the colleges, agitating this question. Let them begin the great reform. Let them in loud and imposing chorus declare that the dog-day Commencement is not "joy." Let them solemnly ask the graduates of the country and the authorities of colleges whether they have not resolution enough to insist, and power enough to provide, that they will be comfortable at Commencement.

NOTES.

IT has certainly been very warm; but probably very few of the best-informed citizens are aware that we have all just escaped being "deeply and irrevocably engulfed into the rumbling and brain-wave of the next earthquake." The truth is that the irate bowels of the upper earth are not the only ones we can attend to, which is, doubtless, the reason that we were ignorant of our possible doom. The weather, indeed, has been so warm that the bowels of certain gentlemen have become unsteady, and they straightway declare that there has been an earthquake. But for the bulk of the city, the convulsion, like that at Thrasimene, "reeled unheededly away." However, the heat was extraordinary, and required extraordinary treatment, and nothing could be more appropriate than the return that if something had happened which didn't happen, the vast American continent would have been "deeply and irrevocably engulfed into the rumbling and irate bowels of the nether earth." In which awful case how supremely would have been the remark of LUCAS's rude street-boy, accompanied with expressive gesture, that the young gentleman going to have a tooth drawn: "Won't there be a sore-e-a-a-ch *nather*!"

THE *World* thinks that Governor HOFFMAN's veto "calculated this statesman's reputation for light." It adds that "his keen sense of responsibility impels him to examine with scrupulous care any bill presented for his signature." It was this keen sense of responsibility and this scrupulous care probably, which induced "this statesman" to sign the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous acts of legislation ever perpetrated.

WHY are the good words "begin," and "beginning" thrown into such fatuity? They are old, indeed, and they have done a great deal of service; but they are strong and racy, and worth a dozen of the bastard "commence" and "commencement," which are intriguing against them.

He commenced to write," says the reporter. But the Bible mentions a better way: "From that time Jesus began to preach." Should we improve it—"began to," "From that time Jesus commenced to preach?" So at the very beginning of the Bible—or is it more elegant to say commencement of the Bible?—what do we read? Is it that in the commencement God made heaven and earth? Now precisely as much as these familiar and solemn passages would lose in force and spirit by substituting commence for begin, does every phrase lose by the same ill treatment. When we give, don't we let "donate," and when "commence" would work, do we not begin? Long words are no more elegant words than "big" pictures are high art.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 27.—In the Senate, the Tax bill came up, and the income tax sections were stricken out without a division. The pending question was made referred to the consideration of the Texas and Pacific Railroad bill, which was debated at length, and finally passed over. In the House the Ways and Means Committee came forth with a bill reducing the duties on all classes of salt fifty per cent. to take effect on the 1st of July next.

June 28.—In the Senate, the San Domingo treaty was under consideration.—In the House, a memorial from New York gentlemen, in favor of subsidizing the Tehuantepec Railroad, was presented.

June 29.—In the Senate, a motion to reconsider the Texas and Pacific Railroad bill was carried. The greater part of the session was devoted to the Tariff bill, which on this subject was brought up by Mr. SUMNER.

June 30.—In the Senate, the House bill to protect all naturalized citizens abroad was passed. A joint resolution was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, authorizing a survey of the Tehuantepec and Nicaragua route for an interoceanic ship-canal. A protective tariff bill for Pennsylvania was rejected by a vote of 28 to 28.—The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Tax bill, and proposition for the appointment of conference was agreed to on the points of disagreement.

July 1.—In the Senate, the Tax bill came up. The first question was the restoration of the income tax, for two years, at the rate of 2½ per cent., and a half per cent. The House tax amended substitute to the Senate Funding bill was agreed.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

THE public debt statement for July shows the debt to have been increased by $11,000,000 during the month of June.

Lady Franklin has returned to Victoria, Vancouver Island, from Sitka, on account of the unfavorable weather.

It is reported that Prince Pierre Bonaparte is in San Francisco, on his way to Tahiti.

The last spike on the Missouri—was driven June 84 on the Denver Pacific Railroad, at Denver.

The Indians are still troublesome in the Western Territories. Spotted Tail has gone off to a hunting expedition, and has declared himself for the return of the Eastern vote, and promises to take peace on his return.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LORD CLARENDON, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, died suddenly in London, June 70. He was in his seventy-seventh year. The death of Archbishop Hare, of London, in his seventy-fifth year, and that of Sir James Clark, the celebrated physician, in his eighty-second year, are also announced.

Cuban advices to the 28th ult. report the Corps Legislatif to have met on the 22d, and has been referred.

Relief is referred to Cork, but there is great uneasiness in commercial circles.

An insurgent leader in Cuba, Gonzalez Jances, who surrendered and was paroled, has been executed for acts done during his career as a rebel, and condemned and executed.

THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

THE HON. AMOS T. AKERMAN, who has succeeded the Hon. Judge HOAR as Attorney-General of the United States, is a native of New Hampshire; but a residence of nearly thirty years in the South relieves him from the imputation of being a "carpet-bagger." He graduated at Dartmouth College, and immediately afterward went to Georgia, where he studied law in the office of Senator BERRIEN, who was Attorney-General under President JACKSON, and is to-day considered one of the leading lawyers of the South. Mr. AKERMAN'S first political distinction was attained in the late Constitutional Convention of Georgia, of which he was a prominent and active member. During the war he was an earnest Union man. In order to escape conscription into the rebel army, he accepted a nominal appointment in a Georgia regiment, but was not engaged in active service in the field. A writer in a Democratic paper, who professes to know him well, says of him: "I was placed in a position during our great conflict which brought me into curiously intimate relations with the few Unionists scattered through the South, and among them all there was not one man more devoted to the old flag than AMOS T. AKERMAN. Vastly as his principles differed from my own, I always respected the conscientious honesty with which he clung to them."

Mr. AKERMAN was one of the earliest and firmest friends of equal rights for all men. He is respected wherever he is known in the South, and his appointment has given very general satisfaction to the people of that section of the country, where the greater part of his life has been spent.

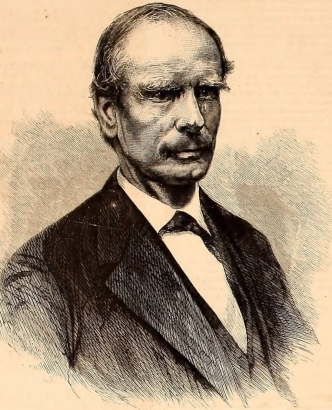

A. T. AKERMAN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

PUBLIC BATHS.

THE Commissioners of Public Works of New York have conferred a great benefit upon the community by opening free public baths in this city. There are two of these—one at the foot of Thirteenth Street, on the North River; the other at the foot of Fifth Street, on the East River. They are built of wood, and are commodious and in every way convenient. As our illustration shows, they do not differ essentially in external appearance from other floating baths; but inside they are cleaner and nicer, and more conveniently fitted up.

To these baths, under certain necessary restrictions, bathers of both sexes are admitted on alternate days, free of charge. The houses were thrown open to the public on the last day of June, and from early morning till dark there was a continued rush of men and boys to take advantage of this inestimable water privilege. At the East River house, before noon, 1,000 had embraced the opportunity afforded them; by 5 P.M., over 3000; between 7 and 8, nearly 5000. Of course none of these large numbers were all in together. About 200 can be comfortably accommodated in a batch, with room for a reasonable chance of exercise and evolution.

Our illustration represents the exterior of the East River establishment. The sketch was made July 1, when the bath was thrown open to women, by whom the privilege seemed to be no less heartily appreciated than by those of the other sex. The baths will be kept open until ten o'clock at night, and will be well lighted with gas.

PRETTY WOMEN.

LIFE becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming face, a figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of a Lady Dunkello, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman tells on her dress, how the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness, give an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet-strings. In every movement, in the very sweep of her ample folds, in the pose of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass. She may be gay or sorrowful, or quiet or energetic, but she must be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her, which moulds her whole life into graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of man into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, harmonies of color, contrasts, correspondencies, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay notes of a sonata, the easiest of couches, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry, glass-work of Murano, a hundred exquisite somethings and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The art of the boudoir tells on all but the chaos of the husband's study. Around the last refuge of barbarism floats an atmosphere of taste and refinement in which the pretty little wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this tone of the home grows the tone of society, the social laws of good-humor, of propriety, of self-restraint, of consideration for others, of gentleness, of vivacity. The very hush of the rough tones that have thundered over Peloponnesus as Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous serfdoms and idlenesses of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty women.

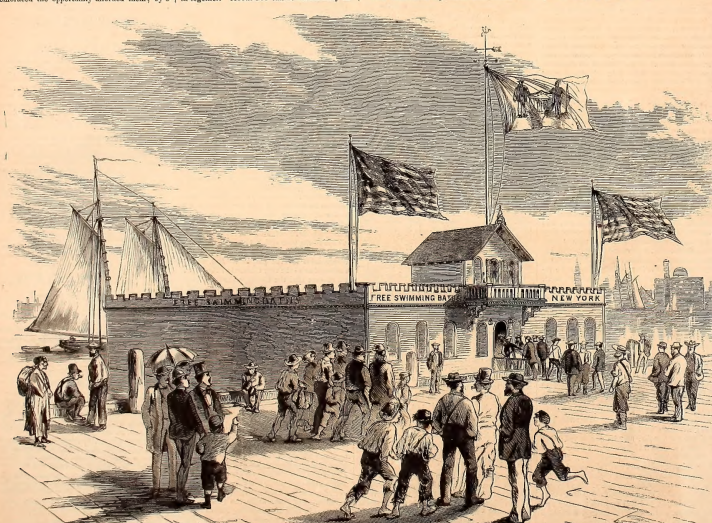

FREE SWIMMING BATHS, FOOT OF FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY STANLEY FOX.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER III.

Getting the Stores Ashore.—A Needless Alarm.—Building the Hut.—Difficulty of procuring Materials.—The Thatch.—Arrangement of the Interior.

We left the shipwrecked party huddling together under a tarpaulin before a fire which they had contrived to build, and, as the storm was now beginning to abate, forming a plan for trying to get on board the wreck, in order to bring from it, if possible, some sails and cordage, by means of which they might construct something in the way of a tent for at least temporary shelter.

This plan was at once carried into execution, and it was entirely successful. Mr. Raynal, who was really the head of the party—the whole enterprise on which the vessel had been sent having been committed to his charge—was unable to accompany the others, having not yet recovered from his illness: but the captain and the three seamen went, leaving Mr. Raynal to take care of the fire, and, if he found himself able to do so, to prepare some food for them, to be ready on their return. They had a kettle which they had brought with them at their first landing. Mr. Raynal took this to a brook which was not far off, and after filling it with water, and bringing it back to the fire, he put a piece of salt meat in it from the stores which they had saved, and set it over the fire to be boiled.

In due time the men returned from the ship, bringing with them quite a store of treasures in the shape of sails, cordage, a few boards, and other simple materials for the construction of the tent. They also had procured a number of very essential tools—namely, two pickaxes, two shovels, a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet.

Considerably encouraged by their success, the men stopped a few moments at the fire, and then went into the woods to select a spot for their tent, which they prepared for this purpose with their pickaxes and shovels. They then came back to the fire, and, as the storm had now ceased, they remained there to eat the dinner which Mr. Raynal had prepared for them while they had been at their work. It consisted of boiled salt beef, ship-biscuit, and tea. After this repast they proceeded to the tent. Mr. Raynal, too feeble to walk along, leaned upon Captain Musgrave's arm. The others went to work at transporting the stores from under the tarpaulin to the tent, where they would be much more effectually sheltered.

The stores which they thus secured consisted of a cask containing about a hundred pounds of ship biscuit, and in another cask about fifty pounds of flour. There were about two pounds of tea, and three of coffee—each inclosed in a tin box—perhaps about ten pounds of sugar, a little salt meat, about a pound of pepper, half a bottle of mustard, a little salt, and last, though probably by no means least in the estimation of the sailors, six pounds of tobacco.

They had brought up a number of other articles from the hold after the ship struck, and had secured them upon the deck—such as a stock of kitchen utensils, several bags of salt, Captain Musgrave's chest, and a large kettle, which had been put on board the vessel to be used for trying out seal oil. All these things they had been obliged to leave behind when they escaped in the boat to the shore. But they had lashed them so securely that they remained undisturbed, and they now brought several of these articles safe to land.

By the time that all these things were conveyed to the tent, and properly stowed away, the day was well spent; and as the previous night had been a night of horror for them instead of sleep, they were in great need of repose. So they all went under the tent, and, getting into the least uncomfortable positions that they could find among the boxes and packages, they went to sleep. Fortunately for them, sailors are never dependent for the soundness of their slumbers on the comforts of their bed.

Before a great while they were all aroused by a noise in the thickets around the tent. The noise consisted of a great rustling among the branches of the trees, and of something trampling over dry sticks and dead leaves, accompanied by sounds of hard breathing, with now and then a grunt, indicating that something quite extraordinary was going on. The men, alarmed, sprang up from their slumbers, and seizing what weapons there were at hand, hurried out to ascertain what was the matter. Aleck grasped the axe, and each of the others laid hold of whatever he could find that would serve for a club. On going out from the tent they found that the noise was made by seals that were scrambling in great numbers through the thickets to their various nests and lodging-places, where they were to spend the night.

Most of the animals were going along peaceably enough, and evinced no evil intentions; but there were two immense sea-lions that were engaged in mortal combat, though what had excited their hostility against each other did not appear. They were of enormous size, and the conflict between them was terrible. They raised themselves up against each other, and bit and tore each other in a frightful manner. The men wished to stop the fight, in order that they might themselves return into the tent again, and sleep in peace. In order to do this, and to drive the brutes away, George or Harry proposed to go to the fire, and bring some burning fire-brands, and throw at them. This plan succeeded. The beasts, terrified by fire, let go of each other, and fled in different ways into the thickets.

The night passed away without any further disturbance, and the men slept as well as they could till morning. But the ground was damp beneath them, and their clothes had not yet been dried; they discovered, moreover, that they had been obliged to lie were so uncomfortable that when they rose in the morning they found that they had been very little refreshed by their slumbers. Their limbs were benumbed and stiff, and their sense of weariness and fatigue was greater than when they lay down.

On going out of their tent it appeared that the seals had all left the thickets, and had gone back to the sea, in order, no doubt, to commence their day's work of fishing. After a little time, however, the men came in sight of one that had for some reason been left behind, and they immediately set off in pursuit of him, in order to see what they could make of his flesh for food.

He led them a long chase, however, before they could secure him. One would think, from the conformation of the limbs of these animals, that such would seem to be adapted solely to the water, that they would be very helpless on land. But this is by no means so. The seal in this case made his way through and among the thickets faster than the men could follow him. They met instead with several times when they were entangled among briers, or were stopped by the trunk of a fallen tree. At length, however, they succeeded in capturing and killing him, and not long afterward they were seen coming back toward the tent, each bringing a mass of the flesh on his shoulders.

They hung one of these pieces over the fire, and left Mr. Raynal to watch it, and to keep it turning by means of a stick, while the rest concluded to take advantage of the low tide to go on board the ship. Their object was to see if they could not recover and bring to the shore some more of the articles which they had brought up from the hold and left upon the deck, on the night of the wreck, for fear of loading their little boat too heavily. They were quite successful in this expedition, and returned about noon, bringing with them quite a number of articles which were likely to be of great use to them, such as the great kettle, and several other kitchen utensils, the ship's compass, the chronometer, their several chests, and some empty casks. They were very glad to get the chronometer, and to find that it was uninjured. It had not even stopped.

When they had carefully put away these articles in the tent, they set themselves to the task of eating their dinner of roasted seal. A pretty hard task they found it; for the flesh was dark, coarse-grained, and oily, and was equally unpleasant to the taste and to the smell. But, as Mr. Raynal said, they knew that they should have to accustom themselves to such food, and so they went bravely through it.

As soon as the most urgent and immediate necessities of the party were thus supplied, Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal had time to reflect a little upon their situation, and to consider what they were to do. The only possible chances of escape, as it appeared to them then, were two. First, that toward the end of the season a vessel might come in search for them, according to an arrangement which had been made to this effect with the owners of the *Gryphon*, who had bound themselves to send another vessel out to look for this party in case they should not return before the end of four months; secondly, that some chance vessel passing that way might discover and rescue them. The probability of their being saved by a vessel accidentally passing they knew was small, as the island on which they were wrecked was situated in the midst of very remote and unfrequented seas. There was every probability that they would have to remain on the island several months, even if they were ultimately rescued; and it became, therefore, of great importance to them to construct a more permanent dwelling than the tent. For the tent, although it had been invaluable to them for the time being, as a partial and temporary shelter, afforded no effectual protection from either wind or rain; and should a violent tempest occur it might at any moment be carried entirely away from over their heads.

So they determined to see what they could do in the way of building a house.

They appointed Mr. Raynal, who had some knowledge of mechanics, superintendent of the work. He was, moreover, not yet strong enough to render much aid in any other way. He formed the plans, and the men immediately engaged in the execution of them. The labor required was very great, since every thing connected with the procuring and transportation of the materials was to be done by the unaided strength of the four men; and they had very few tools to use in the construction, and no nails for the fastenings. It was many weeks before the hours, or rather cabin, was finished; but the work was accomplished at last, and it furnished the party, during the time they remained upon the island, quite a comfortable habitation. The engraving gives a correct view of the form and construction of the building, and also of the situation which they chose for it.

They could find no straight trees upon the island of sufficient size for the frame-work. There were large trees of a certain kind; but they were so gnarled, knotty, and crooked in their forms that they could do nothing with them in the way of carpentry, however beautiful some of the wood might have been for ornamental work, in finishing or fancy furniture. So they were obliged to depend for timber on the materials which they could procure from the masts and spars of the wreck.

With these, which they floated on shore when the water was smooth, and then conveyed, with infinite labor, to the place which they had selected for their building, they formed the frame. It consisted of strong posts set deep into the ground at the four corners, with beams connecting them above, and also of other posts set up in a leaning position on each side, to act as braces to furnish an additional security against the violence of the wind. There were also two posts set up, on the middle of each end of the building, to support the ridge-pole. They found in the woods poles sufficiently large to serve as rafters, and also to form a kind of lattice-work for the roof and the sides, necessary as a support for the thatch which was to form the inside covering.

The making of this thatch was a very tedious and even painful operation. They were obliged to use for this purpose, instead of straw, a plant which grew upon the island—the only one which could be procured in sufficient quantities to answer their purpose—but which was armed, along the sides of its stems and leaves, with sharp, serrated edges, which cut the hands of the men so much in gathering and tying them, that they were obliged several times to stop the work, in order that their hands might recover from the excessive soreness the contact of the plants occasioned.

For, besides the work of gathering a sufficient

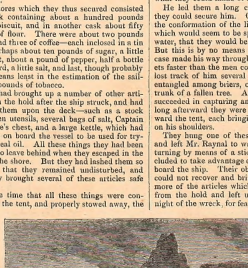

THE CABIN BY THE SEA-SHORE.

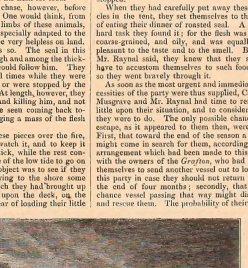

STRIPPING THE COPPER FROM THE WRECK.

quantity of the material, they were obliged to form it into very compact bundles of about the size and length of a man's arm, for convenience of laying upon the building, and to tie these bundles with cords, which they obtained by untwisting ropes procured from the rigging of the ship. They were obliged to make a very great number of these bundles; for the dimensions of the building were about twenty-two feet by sixteen, and the eaves, in the sides and roof, a large surface to be covered by the thatching. The whole number of bundles which they had to make they found, on counting them, was about nine thousand!

When the bundles were made they began to lay them, lashing each bundle to the latticework, and covering each tier over the one below it, so as properly to carry off the rain. They had to contrive a door in this way with a wooden frame, until the whole thickness was about a foot.

To protect this thatching more effectually from violent winds, they nerved it to the rafters below by means of a long needle, which they formed out of wood, and strong twine for thread, and then placed over the whole two beams of wood, one on each side, which also they secured in a very firm manner by proper lashings. Large holes two or three small openings in different parts of the side and end walls for windows. These they contrived to glaze with the sashes obtained from the cabin windows of the vessel.

Mr. Jaber explained in considerable detail the manner the walls and roof of the cabin were very great, and the work occupied many weeks; but the perplexities and special difficulties which they had to encounter become much more serious when they came to the construction of the fire-place and chimney. But they succeeded, at last, after the guidance of Mr. Raynal's ingenuity and skill, in surmounting them all. They built the chimney of flat stones, which they collected with great labor and pains from the shore, considerable distance around the spot. They were for a long time at a loss to determine what to do for a cement, since the stones, though they were the best that they could find, were not sufficiently flat in form to lie entirely together, without something to unite them. They could not find any clay, or any other kind of cement on earth. Finally, however, Mr. Raynal conceived the idea of manufacturing some lime by employing the heat to extract a great quantity of it from the shores, and burning them. The plan succeeded perfectly well. Of course the process was very slow; but after a time a sufficient quantity of lime was produced, which, when mixed with wet sand to form a mortar that answered the purpose perfectly for the fire-place, though it would have been impossible to have used it except in that way high enough above the thatching of the roof.

Mr. Raynal, finding his experiment of manufacturing lime so successful, subsequently conceived the idea of attempting to make bricks of the sand, it seems, when they first landed, and were thinking only of having their lives from day to day, had put their clothes very much into their wash with oil in bringing home on their shoulders or in their arms masses of the flesh of the seals which they had killed at a distance from the tent. No washing with water would remove this oil, and the clothes were in such a condition in consequence of it that it was almost impossible to wear them. So Mr. Raynal made a great quantity of soda by burning up a large fire for many days. These ashes he leached through a cask, with great labor lored in the bottom of it, and with the lye thus produced, and a proper quantity of seal oil, he manufactured a supply of soap which answered perfectly well to clean the clothing, and was afterward a great means both of comfort and health to the men while they were to stay on the island.

But to return to the chimney. Finding that it would be impossible to build up a chimney of masonry with such materials as they had, they finally concluded to make a smaller copy out of the copper sheathing of the vessel, provided they found that they could strip the sheathing off for this purpose.

Mr. Raynal contrived to make a tool by which the copper could be detached from the keel at bottom. He manufactured this tool in some way from a sleeker bar of iron which formed part of the rigging connected with the lower mast-head of the vessel, and with this bar stripped off the sheets of copper carefully preserving all the nails, and brought the copper and the nails on shore.

In the mean time the others at the cabin and top four posts of the four corners, and made a great stone fire-place, inclining them toward each other above, so as to bring the upper ends at the proper distance apart from the chimney above. Then they nailed the sheets of copper to these posts, thus forming a space for the passage of the smoke from the fire. When the work was finished they built a fire in the fire-place, and found that their chimney carried the smoke perfectly well.

They thought it would be necessary for them, both for health as well as comfort, to have a floor to the cabin, as the ground seemed to be every where covered to a considerable depth with the spongy sort of moss or peat, which was often entirely saturated with water, and was very cold and dry—that is, never when left to itself. Whenever the men built a fire in the open air, the ground beneath was found to be composed to so great a degree of vegetable matter that, after being dried by the heat, it took fire, and would burn to a considerable depth. So true was this that before commencing to build their fire-place they were obliged to dig out this vegetable soil to a considerable depth, and to a considerable extent in each direction, and then to fill up the cavity with stones, in order to form an incombustible foundation for their chimney.

They succeeded in finding trees in the woods with stems straight enough and large enough for sleepers to lay their floor upon, and they obtained from the vessel boards enough to cover them.

When the cabin was thus completed, the next thing was to furnish it. The dimensions of the building were, as has already been said, about twenty-two feet long by sixteen wide. The door opened in the middle of one of the sides—consequently, the side that was turned away from the sea, and was most sheltered by the neighboring rocks. The fire-place was opposite to it. Then the door and the fire-place divided the cabin into two equal halves. The part on the right hand was appropriated to Captain Musgrave and Mr. Barnul, their two beds being placed in the two corners. Between these, at the end of the cabin, they placed a kind of box, which they brought from the cabin of the vessel, and which divided within into two portions, and had a separate cover for each. These compartments, projecting in front and over the ends in such a manner as to form a very convenient table for writing and other such purposes. Mr. Barnul and Captain Musgrave made this their desk, and the office for the transaction of business. Over it they put rude shelves which they contrived to put up and fasten to the trellis-work, they placed the instruments and books which they had brought from the vessel, and they hung a small looking-glass near.

They even established a library here by appropriating one shelf to such books as they found in their chests, consisting of a Bible, a copy of "Paradise Lost," and two or three well-worn English novels with many leaves missing.

The other part of the hut, to the left of the door and fire-place, was appropriated to the use of the forecastle men. One of these beds was placed at the end, and the other two at the sides, ranged against the walls. Above the door on that side, and near the foot of one of the beds, was a small table used for what in ordinary housekeeping would be called the kitchen work. There were shelves above this table to hold the few culinary utensils they possessed, and also for hanging. There was no room for rude construction, being made of tin cans which had contained provisions, and which the cooks were made of twisted strings, and the blubber of the sea-lions furnished the oil. In the middle of the cabin, between the door and the fire-place, they set a large permanent table made of planks, supported upon a single post, and with a bench. This table was made low, so that it served the purpose of a bench to sit upon as well as a table.

In the division which was thus made incidentally, as it were, in the interior of the cabin by the door and the fire-place, they placed a bench between them, and in the appointment of the parts to the different occupants, the distinction of rank, or rather of duties, was always unconsciously recognized even in this dire extremity of want and danger. On the side of the cabin, those of the officers, the other that of the men. One side was the seat of the intelligence, the direction—the other, of execution, or of the labor of labor, of obedience, of execution. This was done unconsciously, without conscious act—a thing of course, as it were, for time to which the arrangement made to form any compact or arrange any organization, but at the moment that the vessel was abandoned, were no longer under the authority of the captain, but each one was entirely free; and the spirit of subordination which they had thus far manifested was a form of that instinctive submission of the weak and the ignorant to those whom they consider the intelligent and the strong, which constitutes an essential part of the structure of the human race and mod, and is doubtless the origin and germ from which all human government springs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

D'IZZY DIZZY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, formerly known to the London newspapers as plain "Dizzy," has written a book; and a book he has been which, if it were not a book, would not stand in awe. When a member of Parliament and a British Premier lays his thunder by, and comes down into the arena of literature, it is meet, right, and the bounden duty of all lesser gladiators to look on and admire. Dizzy has a big art. High, indeed, is this great statesman's art—so high that, as our title intimates, we fear he has overleaped himself. Dizzy, himself, bewildered by the splendor which his own pen has evoked, has produced a gorgeous, confusing, sunglory, such inexhaustible magnificence, such unimaginable wealth, seen in America outside the columns of the *New York Herald* and the *Police of our Cotton*. Certainly Mr. Disraeli approves himself to be what the Japanese call "a big man wardly." His very names strike terror into the beholder. When we have turned from the Book to the title-page, and have read that Dizzy, broken which bound us to common life, and we henceforth walk with him, converse only with Coningsbys and Theodoras, with Alberthas, St. Aldegondes, Dukes of Brecon, Lords of Culloden and Castlemaine, and the Blairmhor estates under the pressure, forgets its own christening, and brings forth the appropriate heights of an English family whose sole sorrow is that their ancestors made a low marriage with a Euphrosyne Cantaccuzene, Greek emperors, and hundreds of thousands of pounds!

The society of "Lothair" is equal to its mesmerizer. Let us put off our own shoes from off our feet. The very grooms are respectfully haughty and calmly graceful. How shambling, shame-faced, and awkward must we of the common lot seem to these aristocratic gentlemen's gentlemen! Simply for our peace of mind, we see but little of them. "Lothair" is, as it should be, made of solider stuff. We have not yet had to plump into a nest of nobles. The Duchess is singularly beautiful, and gifted with native grace of thought which needs no gift with anybody, grace we are not informed. Her husband is as distinguished as he looks. All their children, strange to say, are a reproduction of their parents. All are alike distinguished, and fully equal to anything. Every day, therefore, when this noble Duke looks into the glass, and gives the last touch to his aristocratic toilet, he offers his graceful thanks to Providence that his family are not unworthy of him!—an act of devotion which reminds us of the gentleman whose religious meditations were said to consist of an attempt to discover whether he made the Almighty, or the Almighty made him!

The one inconvenience of this high-toned duke is, that so many heiresses have married into his family and left thereon so many princely domains that, after the manner of the princes who lived in a shoe, he has so many palaces he does not know what to do. Then comes Lothair and makes a sixth—more, till the ducal embarrassment may be better imagined than described.

But the duke does not monopolize magnificence either in building or beauty. We leave Lothair—they all call each other by their Christian's England—with the large violet eyes and the rich dark hair and the radiant form of Clare Arundel, and we find the park in which Lady St. Jerome, who is never seen to greater advantage than in her own grounds, is entertaining her sad circumstances, and who is absolutely fascinating when it comes to lobster sandwiches. Anon we find Lothair among the sumptuous Cavey Hoses, in company with royalty, followed by the inspiring presence of Theodora, and escorted by a group of dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree, in a choice saloon hung with rose-colored silk and ornamented by chandeliers of crystal, and served from gold plate; and, added to the delightful scene, we have the host, who "Never was such an elegant cluster." (Cluster. Heavens! do the *quality* cluster? Is there society in which one can say *en masse* cluster?) If a lady is overturned on a heap of stones in the king's highway, she is sure to be of a singularly distinguished family, with a face as divine as that of Aphrodite, and a form as graceful as that of Hebe, or obedience, of execution. This was done unconsciously, without conscious act—a thing of course, as it were, for time to which the arrangement made to form any compact or arrange any organization, but at the moment that the vessel was abandoned, were no longer under the authority of the captain, but each one was entirely free; and the spirit of subordination which they had thus far manifested was a form of that instinctive submission of the weak and the ignorant to those whom they consider the intelligent and the strong, which constitutes an essential part of the structure of the human race and mod, and is doubtless the origin and germ from which all human government springs.

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The one inconvenience of this high-toned duke is, that so many heiresses have married into his family and left thereon so many princely domains that, after the manner of the princes who lived in a shoe, he has so many palaces he does not know what to do. Then comes Lothair and makes a sixth—more, till the ducal embarrassment may be better imagined than described.

But the duke does not monopolize magnificence either in building or beauty. We leave Lothair—they all call each other by their Christian's England—with the large violet eyes and the rich dark hair and the radiant form of Clare Arundel, and we find the park in which Lady St. Jerome, who is never seen to greater advantage than in her own grounds, is entertaining her sad circumstances, and who is absolutely fascinating when it comes to lobster sandwiches. Anon we find Lothair among the sumptuous Cavey Hoses, in company with royalty, followed by the inspiring presence of Theodora, and escorted by a group of dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree, in a choice saloon hung with rose-colored silk and ornamented by chandeliers of crystal, and served from gold plate; and, added to the delightful scene, we have the host, who "Never was such an elegant cluster." (Cluster. Heavens! do the *quality* cluster? Is there society in which one can say *en masse* cluster?) If a lady is overturned on a heap of stones in the king's highway, she is sure to be of a singularly distinguished family, with a face as divine as that of Aphrodite, and a form as graceful as that of Hebe, or

sande. It begins immediately to pass rapidly with Clare, whose violet eyes prove as fascinating as Lady St. Jerome's lobster sandwiches. In short, he is irresistibly drawn to her. He believes that the counselor he needs is Miss Arundel. The two put their heads together—to say nothing of their hearts—and conclude that the salvation of the country and the restoration of true religion depend upon the building of a huge cathedral in Westminster. Unluckily, before the plans of the cathedral are matured Lothair is obliged to leave Venice, and, when he has returned in a week it seems to him a year; but Lady Corisande heaves in sight again, and again she becomes to this gay Lothario irresistibly captivating, and we hear him sighing, "Delicious Brentham!" till Theodora is thrown upon the bosom of Lothair, when both Clare and Corisande quietly disappear, and Lothair gazes upon Theodora—Theodora, who claims that she lives only for duty and the affections—Theodora, of such a countenance as he had read in Grecian busts, in Catholic temples, in fanes of Ephesus, in the radiant shadow of divine groves. Now is the air full of Theodora. Lothair is restless. Lothair sighs, shrinks from society, absents himself from dinners, takes long walks without purpose, and before a week is out falls into sonnets and reveries, with a hair-brush in each hand, conjuring up all that had passed since the memorable morn when she appeared to him by the road-side until the last dark hour when they parted. (And ah! why could not life be ever passed in a moment!) It is a little surprising that though Lothair is immensely disturbed by the appearance of Theodora's friend, he is in no wise put about by Theodora's husband. He is greatly relieved by finding that Theodora's friend has a wife, but seems to need no relief from the thought that Theodora is herself a wife. Perhaps it is a key to it the account of his "sweet and innocent nature," or perhaps he may have been influenced by the luxurious costume of the Count. It is, as such, the discouraged Premier assures us, as no language can describe; or perhaps it is the soaps which she gave him in delicate cups of Severes china, or the wines in golden glass of Venice, or the cushions—oh, those cushions! are but as the turkeys of New Hampshire or the shad of the Connecticut to Providence.

What would have come of it all it is difficult to surmise, had not a rawbon shot—an "occasional bullet"—removed Theodora from the scene. "And now," she says, having sent away her too-complying husband to bring Lothair alone to her dying bed—"And now, my cousin, me, for I wish that your spirit should be upon me as mine departs"—an arrangement by which her husband appears to have offered no objection. Hereupon Lothair repairs to the two Greek impossible saints on the Appian isle, and finds them equally attractive. Their extraordinary beauty and unwearied care of him through the list—and bill—is captivate him. He begins to feel happy, and to wish that his life might never change, when, suddenly, Lady Agathodore comes and all changes it—for Lothair hears, like the Turk, no brother near his throne—and he remembers that this Greek bearing gifts of pocket-handkerchiefs, choice scents, and fancy dogs to the fascinating sisters. Unable to cope with them, and that he leaves the isles of Greece and returns, like a bad penny, to Venice and Corisande, where, serving that some of the happiest hours of his life have been spent at Venice; but Clare Arundel is about to take the veil, and "Clare, who is not a friend left in the world," exclaims the despairing and multifarious lover. He pronounces it barbarous and unwise, for Theodora's death has appeared to him and warned him against turning Catholic, and Miss Arundel in the flesh is no match for Theodora in the spirit. Having thus disencumbered himself—speaking after the manner of Dissenters—of "Clare who is not a friend," he proceeds to walk in Lady Corisande's garden with Lady Corisande, and has time to get to inform that young person that to one he has been constant, "in one [spring] I am unchanged—and that is, my adoration of Corisande."

The young person can not have been so well informed of Lothair's career as we, or she would would have turned pale—or, rather, she would have stopped at that. But, with her limited information, after raising pale and blushing, she gently took his arm, and then she hid her face in his bosom.

And then Lothair did what, we venture to say, no lover ever did before, either in or out of a novel.

"He soothed and sustained her agitated *frame*, and *sealed with an embrace her speechless form*. Then, with gentle thoughts and words of feeling to him, he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of them now wished might endure to be undisturbed."

Here we are forced to confess ourselves in wilderness mazes lost. Soothing and sustaining an agitated frame seems a rather anatomical cases, and we can fancy Lady Corisande objecting, like Mr. Venus's inamorata, that she does not wish to regard herself, nor yet to be regarded, in that lowly light; still, Lothair's action is not wholly incomprehensible; but how to form can be sealed, and how it can be sealed by an embrace, and how a form already speechless can need sealing, and why a form should be either speechless or speaking, are questions undreamed of in our philosophy. But we are not Southrons — we have no vast experience of the South. We are Yankees. And to whom did the soft thoughts and softer words belong? Did Corisande cling to Lothair with all this softness, or did Lothair use it to induce Corisande, like poor Jess, to moon on? And, when we are about it, what, pray, are soft thoughts?

And this, with a strong infusion of Irish Fenianism and Italian revolution is "Lothair," the work of an English scholar and statesman. Inscrutable are the ways of man. If it were the production of a Yankee, so that we were free to pronounce an opinion, we should say that with the exception of an occasional pithy and pungent sentence, it is dreamy, vapid, and flavorless to the last degree. We should say that this Yankee's hero was a milksop, was a stick, was all things wooden and insipid; that he was not saved from being puppets only by being souls; that his women are almost without exception "matter too soft a lasting mark to bear, and best distinguished by black, brown, or fair;" that he is a writer of a stiff and affected style; his sarcasm has no merit but malice, and his praise no merit at all; that his love is without passion, his enthusiasm being absorbed in his millinery; that the story is rambling, incoherent, tiresome, and that the way to read it should be sure our Yankee, with Yankee shrewdness, that his novel would not sell, and would do him small credit, did not sell; that he might publish with ease and painstaking, write respectable essays, or keep a boarding-house certainly do well in the dress-making or house-furnishing line: but that story-telling of such sort would prove his certain ruin in this world, and an extremely hazardous venture for the next.

Mr. Disraeli is not a Yankee. Nor is there any thing in his book which should induce us to fasten upon him the opposing epithet. He is a Jew, and did it; that he might write, and he has made a hundred thousand dollars by his book. We therefore die and give no sign.

THE LOVELY RIVERS AND LAKES OF MAINE.

Oh, the lovely rivers and lakes of Maine!
I am charm'd with their names, as my song will prove;
Their
Aboriginal names inspire my strain,
And I sing of the rivers and lakes of Maine—
From Cupsuptic to Cheputnaticook,
From Sagadahock to Passamaquoddy,
Ipmuock, Ipmuock,
Ipmuock, Ipmuock,
From Sagadahock to Pobesquamook.

For light serenading, the "Blue Musette,"
Bonnie Dundee," and "Yankee Doodle" do very
well:
But rivers of Maine, in their wild solitudes,
Bring a thunderous sound from the depth of the
woods;
The Aroostook and Chimenticook,
The Chimpanee and Chiquenabanticook—
Tomhook, Tomhook,
Chiquenabanticook,
The Chimpanee and Chiquenabanticook.

Behold! how they sparkle and flash in the sun!
The Matteewahsog and the Musseuguu;
The bright Penobscot, with its forks and prongs,
Kennebec, Kennebago, and Sebasticook;
The pretty Presquisle and gay Tulnbic;
The Eaz-pahquoag and little Schoodic—
Schoodic, Schoodic,
The little Schoodic,
The Eaz-pahquoag and little Schoodic.

Yes, yes, I prefer the bright rivers of Maine
To the Rhine, the Loire, the Seine, the Saone or the
Seine.
Who'd sigh do for the cockney; but give me some
good
Indian name,
Such as Ammonoosuc or the Wytopadiook,
Or the Umsaskis or the Ripogenis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis—
Squois, squois,
The Piscataquis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis.

"Away down South," the Cherokee
Has named his rivers in the Tennessee,
The Shenandoahcoe and the Ocmulgee,
The Congaree and the Ohoopee—
But what are they to Percy Detroit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wasentoquoit—
Squoit, squoit,
The Wasentoquoit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Nicatoquoit?

Then turn to the beautiful lakes of Maine
(To the Sage of Auburn be given the strain),
Their waters are grains and bright fancy makes
The earth's highest glories to shine in its lakes);
What lakes one of Mere-coque in place in the book
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook—
Omook, Omook,
The Pangokomook,
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook?

Lake Lemar, or Como, what care I for them,
Or the lake that is Moosehead or Winnipesaukeam,
And, sweet as the dews in the violet's kiss,
Wallakenpaugamaus and Pocksha,
And then I'm chaste as the frozen snows
On the Moosetookmaguntic or Mollunkunk—
Amuuk, Amuuk,
Or Mollunkunk,
On the Moosetuckmaguntic or Mollunkunk!

And Maine has the Eagle lakes, Chaupenagan,
And the lilies that bloom on the Scopan,
The spreading Sebago, the Cungomgomoni,
The Millikenett and Mooselem,
Cortlon and the fair Apmonjenagamook,
Aquassac and rare Wetokenebacook—
Accuk, Accuk,
Wetokenebacook,
Oquassac and the Wetokenebacook.

And there are the Pokebenie and Pat'quongomiti
And there is the pretty Cosscongmuntic,
Aquadocta, Pemadumcook, Chesuncook,
The Pemadumcook and the old Chesuncook,
And the Umbazookskus and Seraubocook.
Skuk, Skuk,
The Syalabobsis,
The Umbazookskus or the Syalabobsis.

Oh! give me the rivers and lakes of Maine,
In her mountains or forests or fields of grain,
In the depth of the shade or the blaze of the sun,
The lakes of Schoodic and the Bacconegan,
And the dear Wanhassee and the clear Aqueesee,
The Caubocoscook and Millinocket—
Klunk, Klunk,
The Millinocket,
The Caubocoscotic and Millenkinok!

GEO. B. WALLIS.

THE BRITISH CABINET.

THE picture on the following page gives an interesting view of a session of the British Cabinet. One distinguished member of that body, Lord CLARENDON, whose portrait appears in the composition, has died since the picture was engraved. The sessions of the Cabinet are secret, and of course the picture, with the exception that the room is faithfully portrayed and the heads are all accurate portraits, is purely an imaginative creation. It is a stiff and professional wisdom characterizes the assembled statesmen, and would not contribute much to a popular observer if he failed to recall the witty saying of the Chancellor D'ORKNEYITES: "My son, you have no idea how little wisdom it takes to be governed." Even a British Cabinet may look much wiser than it is.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A "HEATED TERM" is theoretically lauded to three days; practically, June disdained all ordinary bounds and restraints, and exercised her life away in such a way that midsummer have proved an endless series of hot days. Dismal as it was, it was not a safe or sanitary disposition as the June of 1870 has shown herself. In New York city it was warmer on some days by twelve or fourteen degrees than it was in New Orleans, the West, and other Southern cities. Many deaths occurred last week from sun-stroke, and those whose trade compelled them to be exposed to the scorching rays suffered intensely.

In the midst of all the discomforts of the heat came an additional grievance to the public. There was an increased demand for ice, and so the dealers thought they would increase their prices. Consequently many a poor family found it was forced to go without that luxury which is almost a necessity, in a heated term, to-wit. The dealers have since come down to a normal misfortune to our citizens. It is said that there is really an immense supply for all possible exigencies of the ice-houses. If this be so let us have more competition another year, more ice companies or make an artificial ice, or do something, so that we need not be at the mercy of any monopolists.

The taking of the census is beginning to develop curiosities. A Switzerland German in one of the most densely populated districts in the Seventeenth Ward displayed a most profound ignorance in regard to geographical matters and to the country of his birth. On being asked in the name of American birth, he said "Nein, nein; I bees a Pennsylvania Dutchman." Another foreigner of the old sea-coast replied to one of the question as to his American birth-right, saying that he was born in Connecticut. A minister asserted that he was born in Connecticut, West Indies, in the Isle of Long Island. Several old married couples have found it impossible to agree upon the time they became man and wife, and were not able to furnish information about how many children they had, or how long they were alive, and how many who were dead, until after a good deal of reckoning. A woman in New Hampshire gave a most serious enumerator her age as thirty years, and insisted upon the truth of her statement when the officer expressed surprise. Soon after, the age of her youngest son was asked for, and stated to be twenty-six, which solved the riddle and explained the mystery. How-ever, she might have been only a step-mother!

A church session has arisen in Paris. An Engish family took a desire to worship in the Russian church in that city visited it, accompanied by a Russian lady. The pew opener, not learning that they were Protestants, invited them out with such violence that the latter of the party nearly talented. The Russian pope attached to the embassy attempted to explain the outrage by stating that he has not sufficient funds at his disposal to keep more than one pew opener. Otherwise the family in question would have been refused admittance at the door. The church is kept up for the solely the curiosity of foreigners, but to provide for the spiritual wants of Russians. This explanation does not seem to have been very well received.

Every Monday morning the city newspapers chronicle a terrible list of fights, outrages, and murders, which seem to have occurred during the quiet hours of Sunday. The desperate affrays which our holy days and quietly the occasion for, are partly in consequence of a loose administration of the Excise Law, which prostitutes the selling or giving away intoxicating liquors on Sunday and after twelve o'clock Saturday night. Another evidence is done Sunday than on any other day in the week.

A new fish story. A coddish lately caught on Portsmouth Harbor was found to contain a pint Champagne bottle in an entire state. A portion of the contents of the fish were growing about two and a half inches in length, and the fish was in a condition respecting this curiosity have been advanced. The old fishermen of the Piscataqua and the fish must have taken the bottle from the bar at the mouth of the Merrimac.

The French Secretary of the Interior has communicated to the Academy of Science, in Paris, an interesting report concerning all the cases of hydrophobia which were brought to the knowledge of his employes during the year 1869, on the departments of France. In which statistics were obtained, three hundred and twenty persons were bitten by mad dogs. In one hundred and twenty-nine cases the biting was followed by hydrophobia, and one hundred and twenty-three cases the bitten persons suffered no evil consequence, and it was never made known what became of the remaining eighty-eight. Of all the remedies employed after a person was bitten by a mad dog, the burning of the wound proved the most efficacious, and one hundred and thirty-four persons whose wounds were burnt suffered no evil consequences without evil consequences. The sucking of the wounds, or their treatment with ammonia (muriate of) did not appear were bitten, proved salutary also in many cases; but cauterization was far the safest means of all. In every case, without any exception where hydrophobia broke out, the patients died. The number of mad dogs was very nearly equally divided through the four seasons.

The *Journal of Chemistry* asserts that of sixteen popular hair tonics, washes, and restoratives recently examined, only one was free from lead. They owe their action to this substance, and consequently are highly dangerous to the health of persons using them. Substitutes for all the remedies contain combinations of time, oxide of zinc, or carbonate of lead suspended in water. The first two classes of cosmetic are as harmless as any other white dirt when plastered over the skin to close the pores and prevent the healthy action. On the other hand, the cosmetic composed of carbonate of lead are highly dangerous, and their use is very certain to produce disastrous results to those who patronize them.

The returns of the New York Custom-house during the past year for the importations of horses and cattle bair are much less than usual. We are sorry to say this is not because women are becoming more sensible, but is largely due to the immense amount of Indian jute which is sold instead of hair. This jute is very much cheap; but it is not unfrequently imperfectly cleansed, and will cause terrible diseases of the skin.

Various expedients may be adopted to preserve cut flowers a long while. Pure water, with a little salt or saltpetre in it, is recommended, and the water should be changed every day. A little camphor, charcoal, or liquid ammonia will often revive flowers that have begun to fade. Charcoal saturated with water is a good medium in which to place the stems of flowers.

Judging from observation, if we had a city ordinance requiring all the milk cows in Russia, our streets would be immaculately clean. If persons in Russia are found drunk and incapable before public thoroughfares they are taken into custody, and condemned to work for a day at sweeping the streets; and well-dressed citizens are sometimes seen performing their task, lowas in hand.

A certain missionary report states that "there are two kinds of missionaries, one with tawny-hued caudals," and calls for a "larger supply!" Is any body ready to answer?

The will of Charles Dickens is autographic. Having had his wishes put into legal form by his advisers, he copied the whole out with his own hand. The codicil to the same document is in all the law *Record* upon his eldest son, acting editor, and which is dated only seven days before his death, practically executes the periodical being conducted on the same principles and with the same spirit as heretofore.

A Saturday afternoon concert has been inaugurated in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, which has proved so much a success that it is believed it will become a permanent institution.

The Fourth of July having passed, it is rather late to bring up the matter, but really what is the use of making a speech on such a day? Who remembers it? and who listens when he remembers? Some serious accidents have occurred on the Fourth, but that will also be thought was easily, had her cheek severely injured.

A vagrant, recently arrested, protested that he had a regular trade—namely, smoking glasses for total eclipses of the sun.

"Time is rapidly approaching when railroad trains will fly with lightning speed from one end of our country to the other without even stopping," was a fellow-traveler the way. A novel method of supplying locomotive power is now on trial in Paris, and at one time in Pa—and, is about to be introduced into our country. The Hudson River Railroad Company have already made many satisfactory experiments. The station, near Rockleth, there was constructed in the centre of the track a trough, 1,640 feet in length, fifteen inches in depth, and eighteen inches wide. This was filled with salt water, nearly saturated. The train is perfectly straight, will hold 18,000 gallons of water, and is led by a series of syringes. A scoop has also been fitted up with an ingeniously constructed pipe, connecting with the tender, and as the train moves rapidly the water is conveyed dropped into the water, while the train is running thirty miles an hour. When the above experiment was made the water rose in a pail near into the tender, filling it to the complete satisfaction of the conductor.

An amazing little incident occurred during the registration of votes in Petersburg, Virginia, not long since. An aged colored man came to the place upon the occasion, and apparently with great difficulty. The prescribed formula, "How old are you?" was asked, when the old man was thrown much perplexity. Recovering himself, however, he muttered in an undertone, which was overheard:

"Well, how old is my ole mess?"

To be honest the old man's gentleman was standing by, well acquainted with him, who promptly answered:

"Your old master is dead a few years of age."

"Well, how ole is ole mister?"

"She is about forty-five years old."

"An' Mine baby?"

"Thirty-five, perhaps, next fall."

"An' my wife?"

"Nineteen this coming August."

"Well, I be dam'd after all got together, for I knows when dey all was born."

While the inspector on a train bound east from Kansas City was looking over the tickets, Mr. Jones, Utica, Missouri, he discovered a boy under one of the cars, who had concealed himself there all the way from Kansas City. He had formed a sort of net of rope, in which he lay suspended like a spider in its web, between the axle of the forward truck and the floor of the car. The boy was rested out of his place, and quite a crowd gathered around him on the platform. He was disposed to be saucy, and stated that he and riden in that way for hundreds of miles. As the train was moving off slowly from Jefferson city the boy got in his old place again and rode as far as Sedalia, when the conductor was notified, and stopped the train. The boy was hauled out by the inspector, and taken to the station, was in the act of hurling it at the conductor, when the latter knocked him down.

What a burning satisfaction some people take this warm weather in sweating, suffering, fainting, and boasting that it has gone up a little higher than their neighbors'! A Chicago man fixed a box and thermometer so as to be a little hotter, fan themselves more, and complain louder. He then exhibited his results and their complaints. It only made the mercury will warrant it. The truth is that half the world—the lazy half, we mean—would not feel the heat so much if, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, they should, by some magic, set it to be only among the seventies. Imagination has a wonderfully healing or cooling influence!

The Board of Directors at the Ecole de Medicine, Paris, have conferred a diploma upon Miss Elizabeth Garrett. To her by them she related to have received "brilliantly that she obtained this honor.

The Earl of Clarendon. The Lord Chancellor. Mr. John Bright. Mr. Cardwell. Mr. Childers. Mr. Bruce. Lord Kimberley. Mr. Goschen. Earl De Grey and Ripon. Lord Hartington. Mr. Gladstone. Earl Granville. The Duke of Argyll. Mr. Lowe. Mr. Chichester Fortescue.

THE BRITISH CABINET IN SESSION.—[See Page 455.]

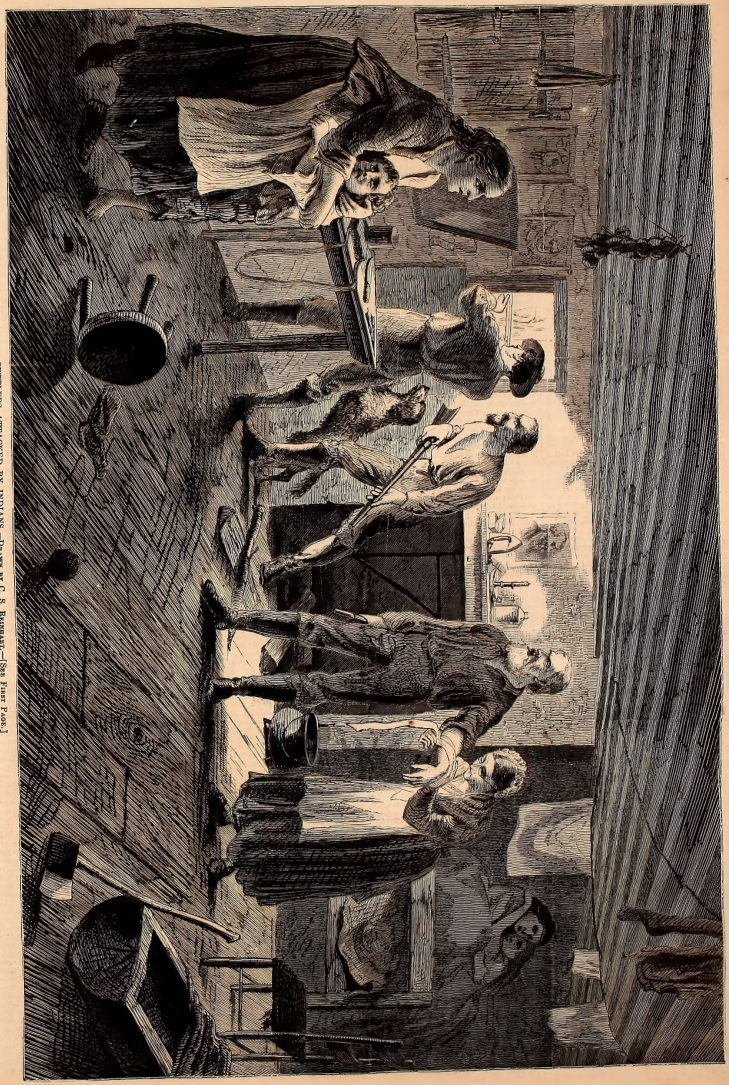

SETTLERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

1.

"My Confession: To be put into my coffin; and to be buried with me when I die.

"This is the history of what I did in the time of my married life. It is written with no other mortal creature, confessed to my Creator alone—in the truth.

"At the great day of the Resurrection, we shall all rise again in our bodies as we have lived. When I am called before the Judgment Seat I shall have this in my hand.

"Oh, just and merciful Judge, Thou knowest what I have suffered. My trust is in Thee!

2.

"I am the eldest of a large family, born of pious parents. We belonged to the congregation of the Primitive Methodists.

"My sisters were all married before me. I remained for some years the only one at home. At the latter part of the time my mother's health failed; and I managed the house in her place. Our spiritual pastor, good Mr. Bapchild, used often to dine with us on Sundays, between the services. He approved of my management of the house, and, in particular, of my cooking. This was not pleasant to my mother, who is no less jealous of my being, as it were, set over her in her place. My unhappiness in this respect is in this way. My mother's temper got worse as her health got worse. My father was much away from us, traveling for his business. I had to bear it all. About this time I began to think it would be well for me if I could get married to my sisters had done; and have good Mr. Bapchild to dinner, between the services, in a house of my own.

3.

"In this frame of mind I made acquaintance with a young man who attended service at our chapel.

"His name was Joel Dethridge. He had a beautiful voice, and when we sang hymns, I used to off the same book with me. By trade he was a paper-hanger. We had much conversation to-gether. I walked with him on Sundays. He was a good ten years younger than I was; and, being only a journeyman, his wealth was much be-low mine. My mother found out the liking that had grown up between us, and forbade my father the next time he was at home. Also my married sisters and my brothers. They all join-ed together to treat me with contempt. I was ill-treated me and Joel Dethridge. I had a bad time of it. Mr. Bapchild expressed himself as feeling much grieved at the turn matters were taking. He introduced me into a sermon—not by name, but I knew who it was I was meant for. Perhaps I might have given way if they had not done one thing. They made inquiries of my young man's enemies, and brought to me the stories of him to me behind his back. This, after we had sung off the same hymn-book, and walk-ed together, and agreed one with the other on religious subjects, was too much to bear. I was of age to judge for myself. And I married Joel Dethridge.

3.

"My relations all turned their backs on me. Not one of them was present at my marriage. My brother Reuben, in particular, when he met me first, saying that they had done with me from that time forth. Mr. Bapchild was much grieved; he shed tears, and said he would pray for me.

4.

"I was married in London by a pastor who was a stranger; and we settled in London with a fair prospect. I had a little fortune, and my own —my share of some money left to us girls by our aunt Hannah, who was named after. It was three hundred pounds. Nearly one hundred of this I spent in buying furniture to fit up the little house we took to live in. The rest I gave to my husband to put into the bank against the time when he wanted it to set up in business for himself.

5.

"For three months, more or less, we got on nicely—especially in one particular. My husband never stirred in the matter of starting in business for himself.

"He was once or twice cross with me when I said it seemed a pity to be spending the money in the bank which might be otherwise employed, instead of earning more in business. Good Mr. Bapchild, happening about this time to be in London, said over Sunday, and came to dine with us between the services. He had tried to make my husband my relations' agent, but had not succeeded. At my request he spoke to my husband about the necessity of exerting himself. My husband took it ill. I then was very unhappy by out of temper for the first time. Good Mr. Bapchild also spoke. He appeared to be less alarmed at what had happened; and he took his leave early.

"Shortly afterward my husband went out. I got tea ready for him—but he never came back. I got supper ready for him—but he never came back. It was past twelve at night be-fore I saw him again. I was very much startled by the state he came home in. He didn't speak like himself, or look like himself; he didn't seem to know me—walked in his mind, and fell all in a lump like on our bed. I ran out an' fetch-ed the doctor to him.

6.

"The doctor pulled him up to the light, and looked at him; smelled his breath, and dropped him down again on the bed; turned about, and stared at me. 'What's the matter, Sir?' I says.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know?' says the doctor. 'No, Sir,' says I. 'Why start out of a woman are you,' says he, 'not to know a drunken man when you see him!' With that he went away, and left me standing over the bed-side, all in a tremble from head to foot.

"This was the first I found out that I was the wife of a drunken man.

4.

"I have omitted to say any thing about my husband's family.

"While we were keeping company together he told me he was an orphan—with an uncle and aunt in Canada, and an only brother settled in Scotland. Before we were married, I wrote me a letter from this brother. It was to say that he was coming to London to see his brother married, and be present at my marriage, and to wish me joy and the rest of it. Good Mr. Bapchild (to whom my husband had never wrote privately of what had happened) wrote back in return, telling me to wait a little, and see whether this brother came or not.

"I had not long to wait. He was in liquor again when he came to see me. After this, Mr. Bapchild instructed me to send him the let-ter from my husband's brother. He reminded me of some of the stories about my husband, which I had refused to believe in the time before I was married; and he said it might be well to make inquiries.

"The end of the inquiries was this. The brother (who came to my husband privately (by his own request) under a doctor's care to be broke of habits of intemperance. He was using for strong liquor (the doctor was to me) in the family. They would be sober sometimes for months together. Then they would begin drinking rate. Then the fit would seize them; and they would drink, drink, drink, like sponges—like fish, the mad and miserable wretches that they were.

"This was the husband I was married to. And I had omitted all up to this time to have warned them from me, for his sake. Here was surely the duty of a husband to a woman after only a few months of wedded life!

7.

"In a year's time the money in the bank was gone; and my husband was out of employment. He always got work—being a first-rate hand when he was sober—and always lost it again when the drinking-fit came on. I had to leave our nice little house, and part with my furniture piece by piece, and go into lodgings. I thought this a mercy instead of a misfortune. In my situation (as I soon grew to know) my husband was getting a shilling a week more than he as aggravation of my hard lot.

"The state of employment I wanted was not to be got in a day. Good Mr. Bapchild gave me a character; and our landlord, a worthy man, belonging, I am sorry to say, to the Popish Church, spoke for me to the steward of a club. Still, it took many months to provide that I was the thorough good cook I claimed to be. Nigh on a fortnight had passed before I got the chance I had been looking out for. I was hired to be good spirits (for me) to report what had happened, and found the houses in the house carrying off the furniture which I had begun with my own money for sale by auction. I asked the landlord to search it over, and see to the fit. They answered, civilly enough I must own, that they were answerable for my husband's orders; and they went on removing. I had my own eyes, to the cart outside. I ran up stairs, and found my husband on the bed-room floor, in his liquor again. It is useless to say what passed between us. I shall only mention that this was the first occasion on which he lifted his fist, and struck me.

8.

"Having a spirit of my own, I was resolved not to endure it. I ran out to the Police Court, hard by.

"My money had not only bought the furniture —it had kept the house in order, and was the tax-es which the Queen and the Parliament take from us women the many things. I now went to the magistrate to complain to the Queen and the Parliament, in return for the taxes, would do for me.

"Is your furniture settled on yourself?' he says, when I told him what had happened.

"I didn't understand him, and told him. He turned to some person who was sitting on the bench with him. 'This is a hard case,' he says. 'Poor people in this condition of life don't even know what a marriage settlement means. And, if they did know it, the money is already gone by the lawyer's charges?' Upon that he turn-ed to me. 'Yours is a hard case,' he said. 'In the present state of the law I can do nothing for you.'

"It was impossible to believe that. Common or not, I put my case to him over again.

"'I have bought the furniture with my own money, Sir,' I says. 'It's mine, honestly come by, with all and receipt to prove it. They are taking it away from me by force, to sell it against my will. Don't tell me that's the law. This is a Christian country. It can't be.'

"My good creature,' says he, 'you are a married woman. The law doesn't allow a married woman to call any thing her own—unless she has previously (with a lawyer's help) made a bargain to that effect with her husband before marrying him. You have made no bargain. Your husband has a right to sell your furniture if he likes. I am sorry for you; I can't hinder him.'

"I was obstinate about it. 'Please to answer me this, Sir,' I says. 'I've been told by wiser heads than mine that we all pay our taxes to keep the soldiers and the Parliament going; and that the Queen and the Parliament make laws to protect us in return. I have paid my taxes. Why, if you please, is there no law to protect me in return?'

"I can't enter into that,' says he. 'I must take the law as I find it; and so must you. I see a man here on the side of your face. Has your husband been striking you?' If he has, summon him here. I can punish him for that.'

"How can I punish him, Sir?' says I.

"'I can fine him,' says he. 'Or I can send him to prison.'

"'As to the fine,' says I, 'he can pay that out of the money he gets by selling my furniture. As to the prison, while he's in it, what's to become of me, with my money spent by him, and my possessions gone; and when he's out of it, what's to become of me again, with a husband whom I have been the means of punishing, and who comes home to his wife knowing it? It's bad enough as it is, Sir,' says I. 'There's more that's bruised in me than what shows in my face. I will you good morning, Sir.'

6.

"When I got back the furniture was gone, and my husband was gone. There was nobody but the landlord in the empty house. He said that my husband had—kindly enough I must me, so far as I was concerned. When he was sober, he cheated my rank, and got away in a cab after dark, and found a lodging to stay in by the night. If ever there was a lonely, broken-hearted creature in the world, I was that creature that night.

9.

"There was but one chance of earning my bread—to go to the employment offered me (under a man cook, at a club). And there was but one hope that I had lost sight of my husband forever.

"I went to my work—and prospered in it—and saved my master's wages. But it's not good for a woman to be situated as I was; considering that she is out of many things that shock a pride in sold away from her, and with nothing to look forward to in her life to come. I was only a woman at cheap; but I think my beast began to get hardened, and my heart to be set upon nothing but with its own thoughts about this time. There was a change coming. Two or three days after I had earned my wages, I was informed that my husband was dead. The furniture-money was all spent. He died in the hospital, at the club. I was only able to quiet him by giving him all the money I could spare from my own necessities. The inquest on the body found the cause natural. The spirit, if the circumstance occurred again, they should be obliged to part with me. In a fortnight the circumstance occurred again. It's useless to dwell on it. They all said they were sorry for me. They were all kind to me. I went back with me to my lodgings. The next morning I caught him taking my purse, with the few shillings I had left in it, out of my trunk, which he had broken open. We quarreled. And he struck me again. I left the house, leaving me down.

"I went once more to the police court, and told my story—to another magistrate this time. My husband came to have my husband kept away from me. 'I don't want to be a burden to my husband,' I says; 'I only want to do any thing but what's right. I don t even complain of having been very cruelly used. All I ask is to be kept away from him.' Will the law protect me in the effort to do this?'

"In the matter of divorce, was the law that might protect me, provided I had money to spend in asking some higher court to grant me a separation. But the law would not interfere to help me openly of the only property I possessed—my body, my character—the law turned round on me when I called upon it in my distress, and held out its hand to be paid. I had just three and sixpence left in the world. Will the law protect me in the effort to do this?'

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"I went to my husband's brother, and asked him to lend me a shilling. I thought of Mr. Bapchild (see the book of Judges; chapter 4th; verses 17 to 21). I thought of Jael, and a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground, for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died.' She did this deed to deliver the people from fetters. If there had been a hammer and a nail in the room where I was, I think I should have been Jael—with this difference, that I should have done it to deliver myself.

"With the morning this passed off, for the time. I went and spoke to a lawyer.

"Most people, in my place, would have had enough of the law already. But I was one of the sort who drain the cup to the dregs. What I said to him was, in substance, this. 'I come to ask your advice as a madman. Most people, as I understand it, are people who have lost the control over their minds. Sometimes this leads them to entertaining delusions; and sometimes it leads them to committing actions hurtful to others or to themselves. My husband has lost all control over his own craving for strong drink. I myself have lost the control over the other madness require to be kept from attempting their own lives, or the lives of those about them. Legally, I have proved the madness with him—just as it's a frenzy beyond their own control, with me. There are a hundred other people, all over the country, of the public disposal, on certain conditions. If I fulfill those conditions, will you have deliver me from the misery of being married to a madman, whose madness is drink?'—'No,' says the lawyer. 'The law of England declines to consider an incurable drunkard as a fit object for restraint; the law of England leaves the husbands and wives of such people in a perfectly helpless situation, to deal with them as they may choose or may best can.'

"I made my acknowledgments to the gentleman and left him. The last chance was this chance—and this had failed me.

little money I had, to let me be. My good master spoke to him. It was all useless. He was obstinate and savage. If—instead of my running off from him—he had been all the other way, and he had run off from me, something might have been done (as I understood) to protect me. But he stuck to his wife. As long as I could make a farthing, he stuck to his wife. Being married to him, I had no right to have left him; I was bound to go with my husband: there was no escape for me. I bade them good-by. And I have never forgotten their kindness to me from that day to this.

"My husband took me back to London.

"As long as the money lasted, the drinking went on. When it was gone, I was beaten again. Where was the remedy? There was no remedy, but to try and escape him once more. Why didn't I have him locked up? What was the good of locking him locked up? After a few weeks he would be out of prison; sober and penitent, and promising amendment—and then when the fit took him, there he would be, the same furious savage that he had been often and often before. Where, I say, was the good, the hopelessness of it; and dark thoughts beset me, mostly at night. About this time I began to say to myself, 'There's no deliverance from this, but in death—his death or mine.

"Once or twice I went down to the bridges after dark, and looked over at the river. No. I wasn't the only one of women who took her own wretchedness in that way. Your blood must be in a fever, and your head in a flame—at least I found so—you must be hurried into it, like, to go and make away with yourself. My troubles never took that effect on me. I always turned cold under them, instead of hot. Bad for me, I dare say: but what you are—you are. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

"I got away from him once more, and found good employment once more. It don't matter now; and it don't matter where. My story is always the same thing, over and over again. There was one change, however, this time. My employment was not in a private family. I was allowed to teach cookery to a teenage women, in my leisure hours. What with this, and what with the longer time passing on the present occasion before my husband found me out, I was as comfortably off as in my position I could hope to be. When my work was done, I went away at night to sleep in a lodging of my own. It was only a single room. But I thought it—in self—partly for the sake of economy (the rent being not half as much as for a furnished room); partly from the habit of cheapness. Through all my troubles I always liked things neat about me—neat and shapely and good.

"Well, it's needless to say how it ended. He found me out again—this time by a chance-meeting in the street.

"He was in rags, and half starved. But that didn't matter. I took him home, and to do was to put his hand into my pocket and take what he wanted. There is no limit, in England, to what a husband may take from home so long as he is his wife. On the present occasion, he was cunning enough to see that it would be the loser if he disturbed me in my employments. I was while things went on as smoothly as could be expected. I remember that the work was done more usual; and I got leave (loathing the sight of him, I honestly own) to sleep at the place where I was employed. This was not for long. The fit took him again, in due course; and he came home one night with a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground, for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died.' She did this deed to deliver the people from fetters. If there had been a hammer and a nail in the room where I was, I think I should have been Jael—with this difference, that I should have done it to deliver myself.

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8.

"The thought that had once found its way into my mind already, now found its way back again: and never altogether left me from that time forth. No deliverance for me but in death —in death, or madness.

"I had it before me night and day; in chapel and out of chapel just the same. I read the story of Joel and Sisera so often that the Bible got to open of itself at that place.

"The cry of my country, which ought to have protected me as an honest woman, left me helpless. In place of the laws I had no friend near to open my heart to. I was shut up in myself. And I was married to that man. Consider me as a human creature, and say, Was this not trying my humanity very hardly?

"I wrote to good Mr. Bapchild. Not going into particulars; only telling him I was beset by temptation, and begging him to come and help me. He was confined to his bed by illness, but he could only write me a letter of good advice. To profit by good advice people must have a glimpse of happiness to look forward to as the reward for exerting themselves. Religion itself is obliged to hold out a reward, and to say to our poor nature, Be good, and you shall go to Heaven. I had no glimpse of happiness. I was thankful (in a dull sort of way) to good Mr. Bapchild when I had ended.

"The time had been when a word from my old pastor would have put me in the right way again. I began to feel scared by myself. If the next ill usage I received from that brute Sharp found me an unchanged woman, it was borne in strongly on my mind that I should run off the rails as not to get my deliverance from him by my own hand.

"Goaded to it, by the fear of this, I humbled myself before my relations for the first time. One of my sisters was married to a parson. I had wrote to beg their pardon; to say that I was sorry I proved to be what in their opinion of my husband; and to entreat them to be friends with me again, so far as to let me visit them from time to time. My notion was, that it might soften my heart if I could see the old place, and talk the old talk, and look again at the well-remembered faces. I am almost ashamed to own it—but if I had had any hope in God, I should have acted with it all, to be allowed to go back into mother's kitchen and cook the Sunday dinner for them once more.

"But this was not to be. Not long before my letter was received mother had died. They had it all at my door. She had been ailing for years past, and the doctors had said it was hopeless from the first—but they had to tell me at the door. One of my sisters wrote to my that much, in as few words as possible, considering the way to ring it. My father never answered my letter at all.

9.

"Magistrates and lawyers; relations and friends; endurance of injuries, reproaches, hope and homesickness—I had tried all these, and tried them vainly. Look round me where I might, the prospect was closed on all sides.

"At this time my husband had got a little work to do. He came home out of employment one night, and I gave him a warning. 'Don't try me too far, Joel, for your own sake,' was all I said. It was not of his sober days I was afraid, for the first time, a word from me seemed to have an effect on him. He looked hard at me (or as much so as his eyes would be worst and sat down in a corner, and held his peace.

"This was on a Tuesday in the week. On the Saturday he got paid, and the drinking for took him again.

"On Friday in the next week I happened to come back late—having had a good stroke of work to do that day, in the way of cooking a public dinner for a tavern-keeper who knew me. I found my husband gone, and the bedroom stripped of the furniture which I had put into it, and found him. The landlady came out into the passage and tried to stop me. She was a bigger and a stronger woman than I was. But I shook her off like a child. Thinking over it now, I believe she was in no condition to put out her strength. The sight of me frightened her.

"I found him. I said—well, I said what a woman beside herself with fury would be likely to say. It's needless to tell how it ended. He knocked me down.

"After that, there is a spot of darkness like in my memory. The next thing I can call to mind, coming back to my senses after some days. Three of my teeth were knocked out—but that was not the worst of it. He had had struck against something in falling, and some part of me (a nerve, I think they said) was injured in such a way as to affect my speech. I don't mean that I was downright dumb—I only mean that, all of a sudden, it had become a labor to me to speak. A long word was as serious an obstacle as if I was a child again. Names and places came to the head. When the medical gentlemen heard what it was, the medical gentlemen came crowding round me. I appeared to lay hold of their interest, just as a story-book lays hold of the interest of other people. The upshot of it was, that I might end in being dumb, or I might get my speech again—the chances were about equal. Only two things were needful. One of them was that I should live on good nourishing diet. The other was, that I should keep my mind easy.

"About the diet it was not possible to decide. My getting good nourishing food and drink depended on my getting money to buy the same. As to my mind, there was no difficulty about *that*. If my husband came back to me, my mind was made up to kill him.

"Horrid—I am well aware this is horrid. Nobody else, in my place, would have ended as wicked as this. All the other women in the world who tried as I was, would have risen superior to the trial.

10.

"I have said that people (excepting my husband and my relations) were forbidden to help me. wanted in them. So I had a roof to cover me, and a choice of beds to lie on, and money to get food. All well enough, as it would seem. But that house could speak, what tales that house would have to tell of me!

"I had been told by the doctors to exercise my speech. Being all alone, with nobody to talk to, except when the landlady dropped in, or when the servant next door said, 'Nice day, isn't it?' or, 'I think you had better put on your flannel petticoat,' I read to myself. I read like a child learning to read. I read for the sake of the words. I read the sentences over and over again, to hear how they sounded. I read the stories of murders and robberies, and of wives of drunken husbands. It was a report of something said on that subject by a London magistrate, who had held inquests on dead husbands (in the lower ranks of life), and who had his sentences respecting the wives. 'Considering all of the body (he said) didn't prove it; and witnesses didn't prove it; but he himself knew sometimes didn't prove it; but he himself knew sometimes there could be no other cause, than, when the woman could bear it no longer, she sometimes took a knife herself, and waited till her husband (drugged with his own liquor) was sunk in his sleep, and then put the towel over his throat and mouth, and cut that way without any body being the wiser. I had down the newspaper, and fell into thinking. My mind was, by this time, in a prophetic way. I said to myself, 'I haven't happened on this for nothing: this means that I shall see the end of him.'

"It was then just after my dinner-time—two o'clock, I should have said, in the afternoon when I had put out my candle, and laid me down in bed, I heard a knock at the street door. Before I had let you know, I ought to tell you, I had got a room to myself.

"I huddled on a few things, and struck a light, and went down. My landlord came through the door, 'Who's there?' And his voice answered, 'Let me in.'

"I sat down on a chair in the passage, and shook all over like a person struck with palsy. Not from the fear of him—but from the fear of acting in the prophetic way. I knew I was going to be driven to it at last. Try as I might to keep it away, I knew I should do it. I was to do it now. I sat shaking on the chair in the passage: I on one side of the door, and he on the other.

"He knocked again, and again, and again. I knew it was not how this was done, and I meant to try. I determined not to let him in till it was forced to it. I determined to keep him waiting as a slight before, and to see if the neighborhood would stop between us. I went up stairs and sat out the open staircase window on the landing.

"The policeman came up, and the neighbors came out. They were all for giving him into custody. The policeman laid hands on him. He had but one word to say; he had only to point up to me at the window, and tell the truth. It was his wife. The neighbors went indoors again. The policeman dropped hold of him and left. It was I who was in the wrong. And not he. I was bound to let my husband in. I went down stairs again, and let him in.

"Nothing passed between us that night. I threw open the door of the bedroom next to mine, and made him lay himself down on my own room. He was dead beat with roaming the streets, without a penny in his pocket, for a day and night. The bed to lie on was all he wanted for that night.

"The next morning I tried again—tried to turn back on the way that I was doomed to go: knowing beforehand that it would be of no use. I offered him three parts of my poor weekly earnings, to be paid to him regularly at the landlord's hand, if he would only keep away from me, and from the house. He laughed in my face. As if my husband, he could take what he pleased! As if he had not as far leaving the house, the house offered him free quarters to live in as long as I could afford to look after it! As if I couldn't starve and he couldn't starve, and my wife!

"I said no more. I left in the day the landlord cause. Each Corps and Union has its own lord cause. Each Corps and Union has its own lord cause. Each Corps and Union has its own l

A STUDENTS' CLUB-ROOM AT HEIDELBERG.—[See Page 463.]

MR. DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GADSHILL.

MR. DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GADSHILL.

GADSHILL is doubly illustrious in English literature — first, as the scene of one of SHAKSPEARE'S most celebrated pieces of humor, and, secondly, as the residence of the greatest and most universal humorist who has lived since SHAKSPEARE'S time. Even as a child Mr. DICKENS nourished an ambitious fancy for becoming the owner of the house at Gadshill. His father had told him that if he worked hard and minded his book he might one day live in such a house, and the speech sank deep into the child's heart. Years after, when Mr. DICKENS was contemplating a removal from the city to the country, his intimate friend Mr. W. H. WILLS

CONSTANTINOPLE FIREMEN.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

chanced to meet a lady at dinner who had recently inherited a house and grounds of which she was anxious to dispose. The house was in Kent; it had various features resembling Gadshill, which made Mr. WILLS listen with increasing interest, till presently he found that it was the very place of Mr. DICKENS's boyish dreams. So Mr. DICKENS became the possessor of Gadshill.

On page 461 we give an engraving of this interesting property. It is to be sold, together with the valuable collection of pictures gathered by its illustrious owner.

CONSTANTINOPLE FIREMEN.

A GLANCE at the second illustration on page 461 will help to explain the ravages of the recent fire in Constantinople, in which seven thousand houses were destroyed, and above two thousand lives were lost. The fire brigade of the Ottoman capital consists of a horde of half-naked, undisciplined savages, armed with clumsy little hand fire-engines, about as effective as pocket-squirting-pots to check a serious conflagration. Fires are never put out in Constantinople. A building that once takes fire is doomed, as nothing but want of material checks the flames.

VISITING IN CHINA.

A VISIT of ceremony is conducted with great politeness. Your card must be sent in before you by a special herald—a "ting-chai" (the Chinese use well up in the fashion of which, when they have long practiced)—who should be dispatched in good time to allow of proper preparation by those who are to receive you. Your rank being stated on your card, you are received according as it by the gentleman or servants you call. If he comes out a certain distance, in proportion to your rank; he bows and you bow, while such says "Chin chin," and you are invited in; but at every doorway he pauses and politely proposes you should precede him, which you decline as politely; and at last, after many protestations, he goes first, with some pretty apology. The room is entered, and each is seated, attendants enter with cups of tea and sweetmeats, and the customary conversation then passes, beginning with "Qua shing?"—"What is your honorable name?" and fifty questions which in no less half rude and almost insulting; but this curiosity toward an honorable acquaintance is not considered at all unbecoming, it would be a mark of gentleman's eyes very rude not to make all these inquiries. The exhibits half hour have passed, and the business (if any) to be transacted being over, the guest is conducted away toward the door with the same ceremony with which he came, a ting-chai is in waiting with cups of tea and sweetmeats, and the customary conversation then passed, beginning with "Qua shing?"—"What is your honorable name?"—"What is your honorable age

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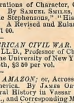

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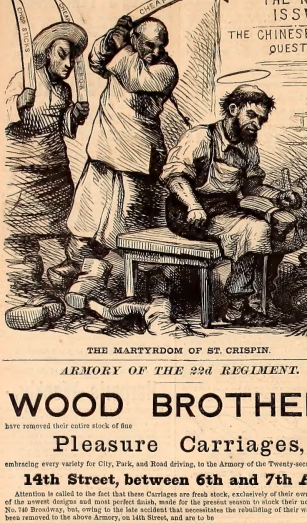

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XIV.—No. 708.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

In the extremity of the south transept of the venerable Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, is a place allotted by traditional custom to the burial or obituary record of men whose literary genius has adorned the English nation. For many ages this has been called "Poets' Corner." Here is the tomb of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the Father of English Poetry," who was also a man of official business, Clerk of the Works in the precincts of the King's palace at Westminster, including the Abbey. He died in October, 1400, at his house close by, which stood on the site of HENRY VII.'s Chapel. The first English printer, CAXTON, who set up his types and worked his press in a chapel of the Abbey, caused a simple tablet, with a couplet of Latin verse written by a scholar of Milan, to be placed above his friend CHAUCER'S grave. A century and a half later, in 1556, Mr. NICHOLAS BRIGHAM, "in the name of the Muses," erected the well-known monument of gray marble, with a full-length statue of CHAUCER, copying the head, the costume, and the attitude from OCCLEVE'S contemporary portrait. That was the beginning of Poets' Corner.

In this sacred precinct, within a few steps of old CHAUCER'S grave, lie the remains of CHARLES DICKENS. The engraving underneath shows the position of the grave in respect to the well-known cenotaph of SHAKSPEARE, which stands against the wall, with the monuments of NICHOLAS ROWE, JAMES THOMSON, MATTHEW PRIOR, SOUTHEY, and THOMAS CAMPBELL; these confronting those of ADDISON, MACKENZIE, and HANDEL, and the bust of THACKERAY. Nearly opposite the grave of DICKENS is that of Lord MACAULAY.

In accordance with the following explicit directions in his will, no costly monument will be erected to his memory: "I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. ..... I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto."

After his interment "Poets' Corner" was visited by thousands, many of whom brought flowers to lay upon his grave, which will henceforth be a sacred spot, with the New World as well as with the Old, as that of one of the greatest representatives of the literature not of England only, but of all who speak the English tongue.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the fourth Monthly instalment of*

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Six Parts of this story were completed when the author was stricken down by death. They will be given in the WEEKLY *in due course.*

☞ *Next week will be commenced the publication of*

"BRED IN THE BONE,"

a new Serial Story of great interest, founded on incidents of Prison Life in England, by the Author of "Cullyon's Year," "Off on the Fluffy," "A Struggle for Life," "Gwendoline's Harvest," and other popular Novels.

THE OLD STORY.

AT the late Commencement of Cornell University ex-Governor SEYMOUR delivered an address upon the character and institutions of New York as moulded by its founders, and its history as determined by its topography and geography. The orator stated and urged the claims of the Dutch element in our history. In Mr. SEYMOUR'S judgment, it is not from England, depressed by the long tyranny of the PLANTAGENETS, the TUDORS, and the STUARTS, but from republican Holland, that we derive our best ideas of constitutional and independent law and municipal freedom. To the Puritans, on the other hand, he thinks that we owe a certain vigor of character and opportune agitation and religion. It is the happy mingling of both elements that forms our character. Mr. SEYMOUR calls the principle of the Revolution, "no taxation without consent," a Dutch principle. But it would not be very difficult to show the ready assertion of the principle and that principle through all the tyranny of PLANTAGENETS, TUDORS, and STUARTS in England. It is not, indeed, from the English government by that tyranny, but from the England protesting against it, that American derives its impulse.

Mr. SEYMOUR devoted a considerable part of his address to the explanation of the theory and working of our system of self-government. It is a system which keeps at home the sense of political power, and which does not regard the central government as the source of authority. The center lowered the vital impulse and impeded authority, and asserted the doctrine of State rights. But in our system that is not the necessary assertion. Both reason and experience show that we need to cultivate a national rather than a local feeling. The ties that attach an intelligent people to their town or county or State are close and obvious. They are those of neighborhood, and of direct personal interest. Indeed, in the natural history of that attachment is the ground of peril to the common peace. The most powerful argument against the formation of the Union was the appeal to this jealousy of local authority; while the most convincing proof of the folly of pushing that local authority to extremity was seen in the impotence of the old Confederation. But justly measuring the relative tendencies of centralization and dispersion under a republican system among people in the condition of the colonies, HAMILTON said that, in the Union as formed, the centrifugal would be stronger than the centripetal force; and the event has proved that he was correct.

The absence of discord in this country has never been a centralising spirit, but the doctrine of State sovereignty. This disorganizing tendency began with the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, which were, in essence, the declaration of an authority incompatible with that of national power, and which, logically, restored the Confederation. Still farther and later, the doctrine of State sovereignty was invoked to justify a fatal injury to the common welfare of all the States. Mr. SEYMOUR says that "under our institutions evils are at once exposed where intelligence and virtue have shown their in their true light to the communities in which they exist." But our history shows that the greatest of all evils was first fostered by the theory of State sovereignty into monstrous and appalling proportions. It was, in the same line, the attempt was made not to remove it, but to impose that evil permanently upon the whole country. And when it was opposed, the same theory of State sovereignty attempted the common ruin by disintegration.

The way, the enormous cost of life, and the immense debt are the consequences of the inculcation of the theory of State sovereignty until it became the serious belief of a part of the country that any State was at liberty to revoke its assent to the compact of union, and withdraw. This fatal delusion was greatly due to precisely the kind of statement that is found in Mr. SEYMOUR'S address. And Mr. SEYMOUR'S own hesitating, doubtful, reluctant position during the war was owing to the ascendency which such views had obtained over his mind. The greatest of evils in a free State menaced the Union. "Let the Union go," said Mr. SEYMOUR, in substance, "rather than abolish slavery by the national authority." And plainly, if the government had been administered by those who held the views that Mr. SEYMOUR holds of it, it would not have been maintained. The advice of the Chicago Convention, of which Mr. SEYMOUR was president, to yield to the rebellion, would have been adopted.

This indifference and hostility to the Union which resulted in the war were, we say, fostered by such lessons as those of Mr. SEYMOUR'S Ithaca address. "Instead of regarding the national authority," he says, speaking of the national government, "it only receives the remnant of power after all that concern local, county, and State jurisdiction have been distributed." By such teachings the feeling of jealousy and suspicion of the Union has been fostered. Indeed, so far as necessary in our system which is naturally much the stronger, and which needs no forcing, has been stimulated. It is certain that Mr. SEYMOUR would better have used the occasion if he had devoted his unquestionable historical attainments, and his reflective powers to showing to his young audience that the vital fault of every confederation has been its weakness; that this result is the obvious lesson; that therefore our fathers designed a Union and not a Confederacy; that the harmony of our Union was constantly disturbed and threatened by the undiscriminating assertion of local supremacy; and that this assertion culminated in the latest and disastrous rebellion to destroy the Union. He might then have shown that, with a wise distribution of political duties in our system, the power of the Union is the guarantee of every thing that is most truly republican in the subordinate forms; and that while an intelligent people will love and cherish and maintain their local authority, they should constantly cherish a noble patriotism which makes the glory of the nation the glory of citizen.

This, rather than the tone of distrust of the national government which pervades the teachings of the State sovereignty school in which Mr. SEYMOUR was educated, should be the political lesson of to-day in the United States.

CONGRESSIONAL COURTESY.

THE student of the Congressional debates can not help seeing that courtesy should be numbered legislation indulges in a great deal of captious personal criticism. The manners of Congress, indeed, are sometimes reminiscent of the days when the plantation ascendency. The passages between General BUTLER and General FARNSWORTH, or between any other honorable gentlemen, are very much more tolerable than those of the time of BARNBARE, PRESTON BROOKS, and HERBERT, of Kentucky. We may not expect now, as then, to see bowie-knives opening, revolvers glistening, and swigs flying when a debate grows warm; but it is very wise to imagine a Representative going into the Senate chamber and deliberately attempting the assassination of a Senator, as in the case which some Senators look calmly on. Therefore, disagreeable and mortifying as the Republican bickering in the Democratic party, strategy to perpetuate slavery, was dominant in Congress and the country. The fact that the loud laughably calls itself "conservative" which played the bully in Congress, as it did in the politics of the country.

As the principles of the Republican party are noble instead of ignoble, civilizing instead of barbarizing, it is a misfortune that it has not also the grace of bad manners to vanish from Congress with the party of slavery. But honorable gentlemen become so interested in the advocacy of favorite measures that they are sometimes overbearing, and do not spare the unhandsomest insinuations against their own party friends. Surely a man may differ with another as to the wisdom of a method of attaining a common object without flatly exposing himself to the charge of recreancy to the object. And it is certain that a taunt is the worst of arguments. If both sides in Mr. B. are both seeking a road to a pleasant inn in three fervent days of July, and Mr. A. says that he thinks the road to the left is the shortest, and Mr. B. says that the other road is the shortest, and Mr. A. thereupon retorts that it is because Mr. B. is lately deaf and can not hear, that is not at all what must we all say of Mr. A. but that he jumps to conclusions with ludicrous celerity? That being at least, is evident, and that is, that he does not wish to convince Mr. B.

We are very sure that honorable gentlemen in the heat of debate become so blinded, wholly forget what impression will be made upon the country by the little sneers and slurs which they so freely scatter. Even the most reverence respect for distinguished Representatives and Senators can not read without very unpleasant emotions that they exchange compliments and insinuations like angry boys at school. Self-command is a very beautiful and a very important virtue; and if one honorable gentleman forgets it, it is a great pity that other honorable gentlemen should immediately hasten to follow his example. Surely it is well to remember that the meanest possible motive that can be imagined for supporting a measure is not necessarily the reason that influences the action of honorable colleagues. It was precisely this spirit which accused SENATOR GRIMES, one of the honestest men in Congress, of being a Judas Iscariot and sold for thirty pieces, because he could not see that a certain charge had been proved. It was, indeed, conceivable that a Senator might be bribed; but to insinuate that a man of the best character was bribed, because he took a different view from his accuser, was simply brutal. The gentleman of the press sneered at the idea of Mr. FESSENDEN'S claiming to have a conscience. Nobody could be surprised at such a comment who didn't agree with that particular gentleman of the press.

The offenses against courtesy of which we are speaking are, we repeat, very different from the brutality and barbarism of conduct which characterized the days of Democratic ascendency, with its stimulation policy; and he who observes the petulant carping and retort of today, and straightway concludes that things are as bad as ever, is as foolish as he who, seeing that there are objections to some Republican measures and men, immediately decides that the party itself is just like another. But as the public principles and character and history of the Republican party are the noblest in the annals of the country, the Representatives in Congress should take care that their public manners correspond.

A DEAD LOCK.

A LATE dispatch from Washington says that "upon the question of the respective powers of the two Houses in relation to treaties there seems to be a dead lock." The point of the difference is that the House of Representatives claims the right of deciding for itself whether it will appropriate the money which may be required to fulfill a treaty, and without which the treaty would be void. "This is, in fact, a question of power to make a treaty which involves the payment of money; and is it a very important question whether such authority is according to the spirit of the Constitution, or whether the House is bound by the action of the President and Senate.

When the clause in regard to treaties was considered in the Constitutional Convention this difficulty was indirectly suggested, by a proposed amendment that no treaty should be binding which was not ratified by law. Mr. MADISON suggested that a distinction might be drawn, namely, that some treaties should be made by the President and Senate, and others by the whole legislature. Afterward Mr. WILSON moved to add the House of Representatives to the Senate in the clause defining the treaty-making power. But he had very little support, and the Virginia intervention the clause was objected to, as giving the President and the Senate authority to dismember the territory of the Union. But it was denied by Mr. MADISON. The chief paper in the *Federalist* defending the treaty-making clause was written by JOHN JAY. But not in that, nor in all the discussion of the subject, was it suggested that, by refusing an appropriation essential to the fulfillment of a treaty, the House of Representatives might exercise an absolute veto upon the power expressly granted to the President and Senate.

The Constitution gives the President authority, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur;" and it provides that "all treaties made, or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." In view of these provisions, after the President and Senate had made the treaty for buying Alaska, could the House, by refusing the appropriation, have nullified it? If it could, is it not a very essential part of the treaty-making power, and one that is justly inherent in the distinct refusal of the Constitutional Convention to make it so?

The object sought by Governor SEWARD'S resolution, that a treaty should be binding until ratified by law, is secured by the constitutional provision as it stands. The clause making the treaty the supreme law of the land is its enacting clause as law. When it is made according to the Constitution, the treaty binds the United States and every department of the government, as well as the judges in every State. The House of Representatives has no more power to repeal it than to repeal, upon the ground that it does not approve it, it usurps an authority which was constitutionally withheld, and takes part in making treaties. And even if the broad claim should be made that the House holds the purse, is of course by virtue of the Constitution, which, in the case of treaties involving money, has, so far as regards the treaty stipulations, reserved the control of the purse to the Senate and President.

Yet the right claimed by the House is not likely to be surrendered. Members will plead that they can not vote money for a purpose which they do not approve, and that if they must vote, they can not evade the responsibility which by that necessity is inlodgeon them. To a treaty which, by its own terms, can not be carried out but by the action of the House, the House will claim that it is necessarily a party, and must use its discretion. It was understood long ago, when the St. Thomas treaty was pending, that, even if the Senate ratified it, the House would not make the appropriation. And certainly there was no way of compelling it. The result will be that no treaty involving the payment of money will be actually operative except by the consent of the House. Mr. WILSON'S amendment, which was rejected in the Convention, is thus virtually approved by the practice of the country; and Mr. MADISON'S objection, that, for some treaties, the concurrence of the whole legislature should be required, is virtually adopted.

A HOME QUESTION.

THE Indian difficulty seems to be almost hopeless. Two influential chiefs have just been at Washington and New York, seeking to come to some understanding. They are scarcely back again upon the plains—the RED CLOUD has been banished—when the black cloud rolls up, and we are told that we are to have a war. If it be a general war it will be a long one; a war full of atrocities and involving enormous expense; and when those comes a lull called peace, we shall find that the Indian evil is an immense increase of the debt and a slight decrease of the Indian population. It is not very easy to discover what the present misunderstanding was between the Government and RED CLOUD. His complaint, however rhetorically sweet up in the reports, was very distinct. It was the old story of bad faith. "You are the strong power," he says. "You ask us to make a treaty. We make it, and you break it." And that is undoubtedly the truth. Yet it must be allowed that the Indians are a wild and impracticable race; that contact with civilization corrupts them; and that, if we break treaties, they are also treacherous and ferocious. We must deal with facts, not with theories nor hopes nor wishes. It can not be honestly said, for instance, that the approach of the white race and civilization have made the Indian cruel. They found him so.

Shall they, then, be exterminated? If the above suggestions be denounced as inhuman, it is evident that we must do something else than fight them perpetually. But if we find that we can not manage them from without, can we not manage them from within? If, for instance, RED CLOUD and others be really chiefs of influence, why not make them effectively amenable? Why not prove to them the generous intention of the Government, show them its willingness to atone literally for injuries, explain to them the difficulties which necessarily surround the subject, persuade them that it is not hostile but friendly, and so win the hearts and command the tribes? MACAULAY, in his essay upon "RANKE'S HISTORY," says that the administrative genius of the Roman Church shows itself conspicuously in turning to account every kind of material, every whim and prejudice and fanaticism and infirmity. Instead of alienating the discontented or the zealous to withdraw as sects, it organizes them as orders. LOYOLA, at Oxford, would have heeded a secession; JOHN WESLEY, at Rome, would have been made general of a new society in the Church.

The Indian policy is as vast in the government of a country as in that of a Church. Is it wholly impracticable in our Indian policy? Is it impossible to prove to these chiefs, and to their brethren that their highest interest lies in friendly relations with us, relations that we will honorably maintain? If, indeed, it is wholly impossible—if RED CLOUD is a mere grizzly bear, and it would be as reasonable to attempt conciliation with the buffaloes—then the Indian, which seems to be the theory of some, let us act accordingly. There is no prohibition upon hunting Indians. Every hunter may go and shoot at his own risk. We propose no buffalo treaties; we have no buffalo reservations. If the buffalo are running horned herds, the only care we need have is to prevent them from goring the frontier. But if they are not buffaloes we must act differently. If we treat Indians with them, we must insist that they be observed. The Chinese question excites Congress to that extent that it passes its resolutions upon unhandsome epithets in the freest manner. Is there nobody in Congress from the West familiar with the methods of the Indian question who is interested enough to propose an honorable and feasible policy?

PRUSSIA AND FRANCE.

IF General PRIM really wishes to place a German prince upon the throne of Spain, it is the most remarkable event of the revolution in that country. That he thinks Spain must have a king, because a republic seems to him, as probably also to CASTELLAR, impracticable, is very likely; but that he supposes any other than a Spaniard could be a suitable monarch for Spaniards is very difficult to understand. The experiment of foreign kings has been tried in previous history. The Bavarian OTHO in Greece, and his successor, the Danish GEORGE, are not

enticing examples, and the fate of the Austrian MAXIMILIAN in Mexico is a melancholy warning. If Prince LEOPOLD supposes that a foreigner could sit peacefully upon the Spanish throne, he is clearly incompetent to undertake the task. If he supposes otherwise, it is inconceivable that he should wish to try it. It certainly is not an extravagant presumption that General PRIM, believing a king to be indispensable, also believes that he must be a Spaniard, and that when it is proved to be impossible to find one of the Spanish blood royal, and impracticable to crown one of any other royal house in Europe, it will be necessary to "create" a king; and since ESPARTERO is not available, who so promising as the leader of the revolution, who has vainly searched Europe for a monarch, and "which is name" is Prim!

But, on the other hand, if the Cortes—the immediate and elected representatives of the people of Spain—invites Prince LEOPOLD to become king, and the Prince accepts, it would seem to be peculiarly the affair of the Spaniards and the Prince. But does NAPOLEON declares that under no pretext would France permit a foreign prince to sit upon the throne of Spain. It is not, however, very long since LOUIS NAPOLEON was entirely willing that a German prince should sit upon the throne of MEXICO. But in the Mexican case it was an Austrian who was the humble servant of the Emperor NAPOLEON. In the Spanish case it would be a Prussian and the pupil of the French Emperor's master in state-craft. LOUIS NAPOLEON, therefore, of course, is that if Prussia under BISMARCK, which shall unite to the Rhine and which has recently eclipsed the French prestige, shall also plant itself along the Pyrenees, that prestige would be grievously diminished. To prevent such a result he would be willing to go to war; and, after the late election, he feels himself able to make it.

Such a contest begun by France would be an old balance-of-power war. If the Spaniards prefer a German PRINCE LEOPOLD to a French BONAPARTE for king—if they choose to call themselves to Prussia rather than to France—they have an unquestionable right to do so. The principle of LOUIS NAPOLEON would be intolerable, because it is one that would lead to endless disorder. It would renew the wasting war of the Spanish succession. It has been somewhere said that if Prussia persists it would be on her part a mere dynastic war. But if she persists, what is it that she persists in? Merely in permitting one of her princes to accept the invitation of the Spanish people. This makes all the difference. If PRUSSIA had asserted a claim to the Spanish throne, or had proposed to set one of her princes upon it without a request from the people, such a war would have been unjustifiable. But Prussia refusing to allow France to interfere with her acceptance of the Spanish invitation, and by no fairly held responsible for a war which France may choose to undertake—a war which, on the part of France, would be an attempt to make her self regulate the alliance of Prussia and Spain.

But the result is not one to be decided by reason. After the declaration of the French Empire, a general war would seem to be inevitable, unless Spain or Prussia should recede. And it might seem certain that one or both would do so except for the fact that BISMARCK is a greater statesman than LOUIS NAPOLEON, and must have considered every probability. The amount of firmness was of course expected by him. After the *pêle-mêle* the character of that protest could not have been doubtful. That he did not expect it is incredible. That he should be willing to withdraw when it is made is not easily conceivable; for it would be to forfeit his renown for astuteness. That he is willing to measure swords with France, or involve Europe in war, seems doubtful. The situation is, therefore, one of peculiar and profound interest.

RUNNING INTO DEBT.

WHEN the last installment of the public debt created by the war of 1812 was ready to be paid—preparations having been made for the purpose during the administration of GEORGE MADISON—its payment was delayed through the instrumentality of the Bank of the United States, in order to wait, as was charged, for the creation of an equivalent amount of State debt, so that the money might be retained in this country. An examination of the condition of the State debt at that early period will show that it grew up in the progress in which the last installments of the national debt were paid or expected to be paid. At a triennial meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of the United States, held in Philadelphia while this process was going on, a resolution was passed that the thanks of the stockholders were due to the Board of Directors "for the distinguished aid which they had furnished in preventing the payment of the public debt from interfering with the course and value of pecuniary investments, and with the currency of the country." The meaning of which is, that through the instrumentality of the bank the inter installments of the debt had been shifted over upon the shoulders of the States. The object of sending Mr. CRAWFORD to Europe as was supposed to be to gain time on behalf of the bank to pay the foreign creditor; but, although it escaped observation at the time, the true purpose undoubtedly was to negotiate for substituting the one for the other, while at home the creation of State securities was to be encouraged.

The State debt grew more rapidly in Pennsylvania, where the parent bank was located, than in any other State. The secret hostility to the policy of the administration, which, in the view of those who had a horror of debt, this action was supposed to embrace, made it quite apparent that the bank was not the agency to be trusted with that duty. Institutions of that character will seldom take part in the policy of contemporary life as involved in the sending specie abroad to pay off the public debt. An exaggerated estimate of the power of the country was made at that time because of the supposed rapid payment of the whole debt. The portion of it thus shifted over upon the States still appears as an existing charge as to which the trial of payment is still to be endured.

The United States is now repeating this experience. It appears from the statements of MR. WELLS, Commissioner of Internal Revenue—such a report of that office, addressed to MR. A. T. STEWART, we were furnished in advance of its publication—that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, the public debt balance against us for the year on the imports and exports of *merchandise*, for interest on maturities, for pensions, and for such claims as the cess of freights carried in foreign bottoms, and for the expenses of Americans abroad, was about $143,000,000. It appears from the recent approximate estimate for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1870, that the balance against us for the same items for the year will amount probably to $182,000,000. It appears that for the first ten months of the fiscal year specie to the amount of $77,000,000 had been exported, leaving the residue of the $182,000,000 to be met with *securities*!

The contingency of the public debt in frequent installments—a measure which is the distinguishing feature of the Administration—has been one of the chief reasons for keeping all manner of State, city, and corporate securities, which have been sent abroad, since the inauguration of the war, equal to the full amount largely in excess of the total sum paid off by the government. More than twelve hundred millions of securities have been sent to Europe since the termination of the war, mainly for extravagance in some of its forms, and we are still sending them at the rate of scores. The principal stands as an encumbrance to be severely felt when the process of paying interest in gold is finally abandoned, and that of paying it to the foreigner in additional securities.

The debt of Great Britain is but little felt, because it is held chiefly by subjects of the kingdom. The holder of it pays in the shape of taxes a large part of the interest due to themselves; but we are soon to find that ours, to the extent held abroad, will constitute a serious charge upon our industry, our exchanges, and incessant drain upon our resources. What the country wants is a comprehensive policy that shall stop the further creation of debt, and place its industry in a situation to meet the coming burden.

We have no means of testing the accuracy of MR. WELLS's approximate estimate submitted to MR. STEWART, in answer to inquiries from him; but supposing the amount to be correct, what are we drifting? The estimate involves a vast amount of detail which can be commanded only by the means and power of the government. The examination includes a complete view of what emigrants bring over, of the extent of the smuggling, of the excessive valuations made with a view to advances, and the under-valuation of imports, with a view to save duties. No other exposition has been attempted, and it would be vain for any private person to do so. The duty of informing the country of the true balances, and of arresting in the proprietorship and management of the paper, promise that it is not only to maintain but to advance its high character. The public is well known, and MR. SMITH brings from the Albany *Morning Express* a well-earned reputation, not only of great familiarity with public affairs, and the best editorial tact, but of admirable accomplishment, of a thoughtful and generous mind, of the loftiest principles, and of an unfailing spirit and courtesy, which are invaluable to a journalist and to any journal.

MANY ladies of the city have engaged in what is well called "The Flower Charity," the distribution of bouquets and flowers and books among the hospitals, and especially at Bellevue and Blackwell's Island. MR. BRENNAN, the Warden of the Penitentiary, very heartily acknowledges the grateful service, and we know that it is warmly approved by the physicians and surgeons in charge. There are wilderness of beautiful flowers blooming in the neighborhood of the city, flowers which would be an inexpressible blessing to the weary eyes and hearts in the hospitals, and to those who own those pleasant gardens which are wasting their sweets, we commend these words from one of the ladies, who is deeply interested in this good work:

"I wish every one who sends us flowers or fruit could see the pleasure they give, and how the women look out for us. At Bellevue, the other day, we heard a woman in bed call out: 'They're coming!' and then there was a general stir and look of pleasure among them all. One of them said to us: 'You don't know, Miss, what company the flowers are at night, when it's so lonesome.' Only a step—they do smell so sweet."

Two of our ladies went to Blackwell's Island one day with one basket of flowers, eighty bouquets, and enough strawberries to give small taste to all the inmates. The same day we took one basket and three bunches of flowers, some strawberries, and several pounds of hot-house grapes up to Bellevue. The effect was very delicious. There was one convicted old woman, especially, who had them, and said, every time one of us passed her bed, 'Them flowers I haven't tasted any thing since I lay down here that was good enough for me to put into my mouth before.'

No. 329 Fourth Avenue, between 29th and 30th street, is open Tuesday and Friday till July 30. Hours, from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 8.—In the Senate, the Naturalization bill was under discussion, but no definite action was taken.—In the House, a bill was passed for establishing the conveyance of Indian reservations by treaty to the Pottawatomie Indians from the United States, and for the protection of settlers on the public domain, and also confirming the location of public lands in certain States and Territories except under the pre-emption and homestead laws.

July 4.—The Senate was in session, having refused to take a recess over the Fourth. The Naturalization bill was taken up, and an amendment adopted to strike the word "white" from the naturalization laws.

July 5.—The Senate passed the amended Civil Rights bill, discarding the Test oath, by a vote of 38 to 9.—In the House, a bill to aid Washington, Iowa, and Keokuk railroad, in aid of the Postal Telegraph, presented a report in favor of the bill, which was ordered printed, and recommitted the session as near in operation throughout the United States. The report was ordered to be printed, and to be taken up for consideration in December next.

July 6.—In the Senate, the Naturalization Committee on the Currency bill reported that they had adopted the bill as passed by the Senate, with a modification adding that the currency to be issued at fifty-four millions. Provided that the Secretary of the Treasury may issue of this fifty-four millions to the United States, and for a redistribution when the issue of the fifty-four millions has been made. The report was adopted, and the bill was adopted. Most of the session was devoted to the discussion of the Naturalization question.

July 8.—In the Senate, a bill to relieve about seventy-five Revolutionary pensioners from civil disabilities passed, after the names of Gustavus W. Smith and Basil Duke had been stricken out. In the House, the General Civil Disability bill, relieving about five thousand of persons suffering from disabilities, was passed after certain names had been stricken therefrom.—In the House, the Naturalization bill was taken up, and after debate the Democratic substitute for the Republican Declaratory bill, for which both parties claimed the authorship, and repudiating the mode of ratifying Constitutional amendments was passed by a vote of 138 to 54. The bill makes it lawful for the United States officers to certify a repeal of a naturalization when once made, and affixes a penalty of fine and imprisonment for a person who by repeal such naturalization when once consummated.

July 9.—In the Senate, the Civil Rights bill passed very nearly as reported. The question of a pension to Mrs. Lincoln was discussed, but not acted upon. The appropriation for the Polar expedition was reduced to $50,000.—In the House, the Senate bill to amend the Act of 1868 and 1870 relative to the naturalization of persons, striking out all special taxes, was concurred in. The Senate bill in relation to the Civil Rights bill, making the rate two and a half per cent., was sustained. The Democratic substitute for the Republican bill was rejected. The amendment in regard to sugars was then adopted. The bill as amended was passed, and ship and railway bags each a quarter per cent. per pound were both adopted. The Senate bill as amended was acted on, and those non-concurred in were referred to a Conference Committee.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On Monday, July 4, the oath of office was administered to the Judges of the Supreme Court of the people of this State, at Albany, where the Court is now in session.

During June of this year 34,097 immigrants, and among them 15,000 Germans, arrived at this port, against 41,837 immigrants, and among them 19,981 Germans, in the same month of 1869.

Another large fire occurred in Boston, brought eight days, which destroyed property valued at $1,000,000, and rendered homeless 1,000 persons. Subscriptions to the amount of $50,000 to relieve the suffering occasioned thereby.

Preparations are being made at many of the Ute Indians has recently taken place near North Park, Wyoming Territory. The bodies of the murdered settlers were shockingly mutilated.

It is reported that the Red Cloud is in camp on Tongue River, north of Fort Peterman. The belief is expressed that he is gathering his tribe to take the warpath.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is great stagnation and excitement in Europe over the threatening attitude of France and Prussia. The former has already been driven to the last extremes to sovereign, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and accepted the Spanish throne. Napoleon claims that the future of an insult and menace on the part of Spain and Prussia. The Spaniard had the French minister withdraw. Prussia explained that the Prince was not a candidate for the throne, but that if the people should prefer him to any other, and that either course would be agreeable to her sovereign. England and Austria decline to be drawn into the dispute. It is reported that Prussia has refused to withdraw the candidature of Prince Leopold, and that France has refused to accept the withdrawal from the candidature. Spain and Prussia declined

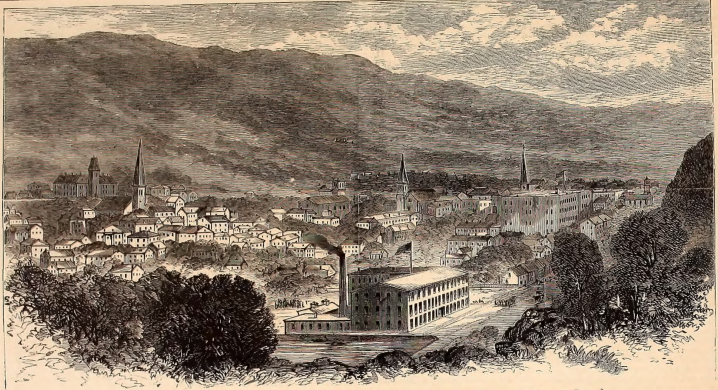

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND—NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE illustrations on this page afford our readers a view of the locality of the new movement which has created such a furor among the working-people of the Northern States. The story is a brief and simple one. Mr. SAMPSON, a large shoe manufacturer of North Adams, Massachusetts, finding that the expenses of his business were fast outrunning his profits, proposed to his workmen last spring a slight reduction in wages. After taking the matter into consideration the workmen sent him word, through a committee, that, if he would permit them to inspect his books, they would decide whether the state of his business required such a reduction. Mr. SAMPSON naturally declined the inspection of his private affairs; and finding the workmen unwilling to come to an understanding on any other terms, he determined to see what could be done with the Chinese. Accordingly he sent a confidential agent to San Francisco to procure the services of a certain number of Celestial immigrants. The agent, as is well known, succeeded in this mission. It should be understood that the immigrants came east of their own volition, and that Mr. SAMPSON's enterprise has no connection whatever with that of Mr. KOOPMANSCHOOF.

One of our illustrations represents the workroom in Mr. SAMPSON's manufactory, where the Chinese are employed. They are put to one branch only of the business—that of fastening on the soles. The cutting, stitching, and finishing are operations performed by others in other apartments. The men are intelligent and smart, and very readily learn the management of machinery. Since their arrival in North Adams their department has been excellent, and the prejudice at first existing against them is said to be gradually giving way.

North Adams, as our sketch of the place shows, is a pleasantly situated, thriving manufacturing village. The large building in the centre of the fore-ground is Mr. SAMPSON's factory, where the new experiment with imported laborers is going on.

DISLIKE TO SERMONS.

WHY is it so much the fashion to profess a dislike to sermons? At first sight there would seem to be a certain branch of our ordinary customs. Few men, and scarcely any women, would have the courage to say that they disliked the prayers; why should it be permissible, or even respectable and proper, to avow a dislike for the preaching? After all, if our religious professions have any meaning, and if we hold that religious truths are more or less applicable to modern souls, we should be glad to hear the application made by an honest and able man—and there is no want of preachers who well deserve those epithets. The suggestion that the truths are too trite to be impressive would be to the purpose if it were the function of preachers to demonstrate first principles of morality; but it is the highest task of all poets and orators to exhibit the eternal freshness of great truths; and they are never more effectively employed than in giving new force to the most obvious of maxims. It would be as sensible to say that landscape painting is henceforth impossible because the sea and the sky have been represented so often. It is equally far from the real point to say that we can read instead of listen. We do not go to a great speaker to be persuaded, but to be infected. The whole theory of eloquence depends upon a law of nature which has been illustrated by innumerable anecdotes. Such, for example, is the old story of the man who persuaded a crowd that a certain stone lion wagged his tail by the simple expedient of asserting it in public with an air of conviction. There is no proposition, however ludicrous, for which you can not obtain proselytes, if you will only persuade people not that it is capable of demonstration, but that you personally believe in it.

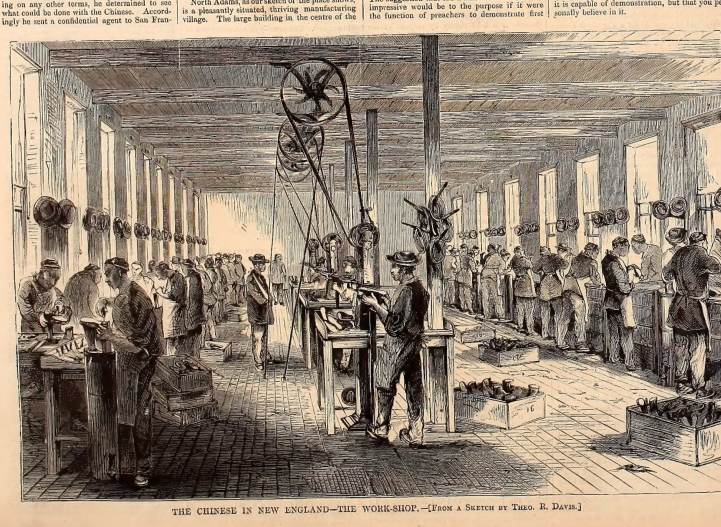

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND—THE WORK-SHOP.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER IV.

Exploring Expeditions.—The Signal Station.—Shooting Cormorants.—Adventure with Seals.—Picturesque Coast Scenery.—Forcing Way through the Thickets.

THE work of building their cabin and constructing the furniture which they provided for it consumed a great deal of time. The labor extended, in fact, through the summer, and the month of March, that is the commencement of the fall, set in before they were ready to occupy it. During the time while they had been chiefly employed in this work various excursions were made by different members of the party, with a view of exploring the shores and the interior of this island. Some of these expeditions were connected with their work, having for their object the finding and bringing in of materials required in the construction. Others were for observation, in hopes that they might see, from an eminence, some vessel passing by. On one of the first of these excursions they set up a signal flag, to call the attention of the people on board any such vessel as might come in sight. They chose for this purpose a high and prominent peak near the mouth of Port Carsley, the great bay into which they had entered when they first arrived at the island, and in one of the inner branches of which the vessel was wrecked. They went down the bay to the place which they had chosen for the signal, in the boat, taking with them the materials necessary for the work. When they reached the spot they set up a tall and stout pole, with a flag displayed at the top of it. The pole was braced by cords fastened to stout stakes set in the ground at a short distance from the pole, on different sides. Underneath the flag they lashed securely to the pole a bottle, tightly corked, and containing written directions for finding their camp, for the guidance of any person who might see the flag and come to the spot.

Several of the excursions were made on the water, by means of the boat. In these cases they coasted along the shores of the great bay, and explored the various islands and capes and inlets, to see what discoveries they could make that might promise to be useful to them. Sometimes they met with unexpected good fortune in these expeditions. In returning from their excursion to the mouth of the bay to set up their signal pole, in coming round a certain point of land, they started up a large flock of sea-birds, called cormorants, from the rocks before them. Mr. Raynal seized his double-barrelled gun, and, by the discharge of both barrels, brought down twenty-six of the birds, which the men took with them to their camp. They found the flesh rank and oily, but it was less disagreeable than the flesh of the seals. And at any rate it was a change for them.

They saw at different times, in the course of these excursions, a great number of seals. Sometimes the seals were swimming in the water, and sometimes basking in the sun along the shore. As is generally the case with animals living upon uninhabited islands, they showed very little fear of man. Indeed the sight of the boat and the men in it seemed to awaken in them sentiments of anger and ferocity rather than of fear. At one time a great number of sea-lions were swimming in a bay which the boat entered, and as soon as the boat came in sight they gathered around it, actuated, as their motions seemed to indicate, partly by curiosity and partly by a feeling of rage and defiance. They perhaps regarded the boat with its occupants as some novel kind of marine monster, and soon appeared to conclude that it was an enemy, and began to gather around it, evidently with hostile intentions. Some of them, more bold than the others, came up near and began to bite at the ends of the oars. At last one of them—a monster in size and strength —seized the bow of the boat and came very near upsetting it, which he would probably have done if Aleck had not in an instant grasped the boat-hook and hit him a blow with it upon his head, which made him let go his hold and swim away roaring with rage and pain. He left deep marks of his teeth on the gunwale of the boat. The men kept the others at bay by striking at them with their oars and with the boat-hook until they had passed out of their way.

They found a favorable place for landing soon after this; and on going on shore they discovered two young seals asleep under the trunk of a fallen tree. They killed them and carried them home in the boat. They found the flesh of these whelps much more tender and palatable than that of the mature, or nearly mature, animals that they had eaten before.

Some of the excursions which they thus made by water along the coasts were quite extended, and not unfrequently they found the scenery and the conformation of the rocks extremely picturesque. As they had a sail to their boat, they could go to considerable distances with comparatively little fatigue. At one time, however, when they were about ten miles from home, they found the wind coming in dead against them, on their return, and they were obliged to row back against it all the way. They reached their tent—for this was while the cabin was in process of construction—almost entirely exhausted by fatigue. Besides these little voyages along the coast, they sometimes made excursions into the interior, though these were, of course, attended with much greater difficulty than expeditions by sea. Within a very few days after the wreck two of the seamen, George and Harry, made the first attempt to penetrate into the interior, with a view of reaching, if possible, the summit of a mountain which rose a short distance from the place where they had landed. They accomplished their object, though they met with very great difficulty in making their way through the almost impenetrable thickets, which they found extended from near the shore to the foot of the mountains. These thickets were so dense, and the branches of the trees and bushes grew so low, and were so gnarled and stiff, that the men had to crawl on their hands and knees through an opening made by the seals, over wet and boggy ground, and swamps interspersed with pools of water. In some places they had to stop and cut their way with their knives. They, however, finally succeeded, and gained the comparatively open country which lay around the base of the mountain. There they had only steep and nearly naked rocks to climb till they reached the summit.

There they were repaid for their fatigue by the magnificence of the view which extended all around them. The whole group of islands lay at their feet. Their eyes could follow the contour of the shore, and could trace the forms of the smaller islands, which were separated from the central one, on which they stood, by narrow and tortuous channels of water. The interior consisted of bold and rugged peaks of rock, rising high in the air, the sides and summits nearly destitute of vegetation, but hemmed in below by the dense and entangled thickets which they had been passing through. The peaks and pinnacles which were seen in all directions were of the most fantastic forms. To some of the most prominent of these they gave names. There was one they called the Giant's Peak, and another near it, which bore some fancied resemblance to a sepulchral monument, received

CLAMBERING THROUGH THE THICKETS.

SHOOTING CORMORANTS.

THE SUNDAY SERVICE.

ne the name of the Giant's Tomb. The men returned from their excursion at night entirely spent with fatigue and exposure, and they sat down in the tent to their supper of cold roast seal with a most excellent appetite.

In some of the excursions that they made by land they followed the coasts, instead of penetrating into the interior; but this was difficult, on account of the broken and precipitous rocks and the deep chasms and indentations which every where bordered the shore. In some of the first of these attempts to follow the shore on land very soon after they commenced building their cabin. For some time they encountered great difficulty on account of the roughness of the way. At length they came to a stream, which they were obliged to ford. After passing this stream they came suddenly upon something like a beach, which afforded them for a time easy walking; and they found it perfectly delightful to be able to walk along on smooth and level ground without any difficulties or obstructions. It was the first time since they landed that they had enjoyed such a luxury.

Their chief object, in this expedition, was to procure seals for food. Soon after they passed the beach a monstrous sea-lion came up out of the sea, and advanced to attack them. George went forward to meet him, and hit him as hard a blow with a club with which he was armed as he could muster. He immediately turned and began to kill him on the spot. He described the sound as terrible, like a howling sound in the thicket, and on going to the place they found two young seals in their lair. It was probably to protect his family that the old seal had come out of the water to attack the intruders.

The young seals looked up piteously to the men, as if imploring mercy; and their eyes had so sad and intelligent an expression that they found it very hard to resist their appeal. But their own necessities were too urgent to allow of their yielding to any feelings of sentiment; so they killed the poor things, and carried them home.

CHAPTER V.

A Government regulated.—The Rules and Regulations.—The Civil Service.—Mr. Raynal's experimental Finding.—Among the new Mechanicals.

THE work of finishing the cabin and making explorations consumed the whole summer. It was not until the 5th of March that the party was ready for occupancy. Thus far there had been no organization of the party of any kind, nor any authority or subordination of any sort, the natural deference and submission felt by the seamen toward those who had been clothed with official authority on board the vessel, but whose authority, of course, ceased entirely when the vessel was wrecked. The subordination that is resulting from habit was doubtless greatly strengthened and increased by the conviction, on the part of the men, of the superior education, intelligence, and skill of Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave, and of their ability to judge best in respect to what was to be done. Every thing had gone on tolerably well thus far under this system.

There had been some disputes, and occasionally some practical inconvenience, from the want of an organized government and authority in theory; still the work had gone on, upon the whole, very satisfactorily. Mr. Raynal thought, however, that now since it was possible that they might be obliged to remain on the island during the whole winter, even if they were declined ever to be released, it was desirable to establish some formal system of organization, and that the time of taking possession of the cabin would be a favorable opportunity for inaugurating it.

The 5th of March was the day, as stated above, on which the cabin was finished, ready for occupancy. They built a great fire in the fireplace on the morning of that day, and spent the forenoon in moving in their goods and chattels from the tent. Most of the remainder of the day was occupied with arranging things and "getting settled;" and, when night came, they made up their beds upon the rude bedsteads which they had erected for bedsteads, and went to bed, when the time came, each in his own room.

During the night, Mr. Raynal revolved in his mind the particulars of his proposed organization, and made up his plan. He began to get the forenoon in moving in their goods and chattels,

d from the crowded and not over-cleanly streets the neighborhood.

In February, 1864, the greater part of these buildings was destroyed by fire—a large hall devoted to the purposes of a museum, and in which we accumulated a large and valuable collection specimens illustrating the natural history and ology of the Pei-chih-li province, alone escaping n flames. New buildings were, however, speedi erected, the Chinese officials themselves assisti g in laying the foundation-stones; and one of e most complete mission stations in the East ok the place of that destroyed. The authorities China were justifiably proud of this establishment, the principal portion of which—the cathedral—has, according to the confirmed telegram, been burned down.

Although it is stated that Prince does not intend to dispatch a special expedition to China, e may rest assured that the French squadron in he China seas will exact ample reparation for he outrage. Napoleon III. has long wanted an excuse for taking possession of the Northern provinces; and we shall not be surprised to learn, next, under the pretext of holding a "interni guarantee" for the fulfillment of terms improperly made almost impossible of fulfillment, the French ricolor will before long be found waving over the richly auriferous district of Shantung. Such an event could not fail to exercise a marked and, perhaps, unfavorable influence upon American interests in North China.

THE BOYS' CELL.

[See Illustration on Page 474.]

Warns the frowning walls of the sombre Tombs
Look dismally down,
There, 'mid the studded and echoing glooms,
In the heart of the town
That with noise and trouble and tumult chafes,
Is a cell for the boys, those vagrant waifs,
Caught in their school
Where vice is the rule,
And virtue a flower that never blooms.

In that gloomy cell, which no sunbeam cheers
With its mellow ray,
Where at dull intervals one hears
All through the day
The clang of the iron-grated doors,
And the echo of feet on the cold stone floors,
These boys, from the gloom
Of their dungeon-room,
Stare at each visitor's face that appears.

Some of them mere children yet,
With no home but the street,
Just such vermin as have no notice of fear
With shoeless feet,
Sweeping the pavements clean and dry,
Or blacking the boots of some passer-by;
And others older,
With bigger bulder,
On whose features the seal of vice is set.

All huddled together in that grim cell,
Where such clothing does
Sounds in the subject like a knell,
And the city's care
Is scarce heard through the thick and frowning walls;
There, where the shade of the twilight falls
Early each day,
And where no sun's ray
Of God's beautiful world creeps in to tell.

Only a plank upon which to lie
Through the lonely night,
While the long, dark hours go silently by
In their noiseless flight,
Forming a picket-guard to keep,
There in the cell, while the others sleep,
The rats at bay
That, till break of day,
With hungry purpose in dozens draw nigh.

Just outside of the grated door,
Gloomy and vast,
Is the corridor, with its hard stone floor,
Where the grim watch are kept
Deeper gloom, and where all night long
The loathsome whiskered enemy throng,
Wrangle and scold,
And, with hunger grown bold,
Force their way in through the iron-barred door.

So, with these grim walls bounding their view,
Here in the cell,
With never a glimpse of the sky's sweet blue—
How long who can tell?
Till their foster-mother, the City, shall make
Some other provision for charity's sake.
These boys must remain,
Living again
Each day over with nothing new.

Oh, you who have homes, and to whom the joys
Of your hearths are dear,
How different your lot from the lot of these boys,
Your comfort or cheer!
How different your lives, with the feeling of love
Making each like the home of the angels above,
To the liver dark with doom
In the direst prison's gloom!
Oh, God bless our homes and hallow their joys!

PLEASURE-HUNTING.

We really do not know how to amuse ourselves, and are forced to snatch at the first pretext that offers itself, and to make believe so hard that we are really enjoying ourselves. It is a duty we all yet generally recognize—namely, the art of pleasure-hunting. We are no more capable of amusing ourselves than of fencing or playing the fiddle without careful training and long practice. If the object of recreation were to increase the sum of human happiness, we should certainly inculcate the cultivation of the faculties which are immediately pleasant to the individual, as well as of those which are more indirectly profitable to his race. It is a very good thing to be scrupulously honest and industrious; but the most industrious and honest of men may lead a wretchedly bare and unprofitable life. Why should he not study the theory of deriving the greatest possible amount of innocent enjoyment from the world which he inhabits, as well as that of doing good to other people? Two practical rules would probably result from such an inquiry. The first would be the extreme importance to every man of providing himself with a good serviceable hobby. Even a cultivated taste for cookery or wines is better than nothing, so long as it is kept within certain bounds; and not only provides a man with an interesting pursuit, but certainly promotes the comfort of his friends. We may admit, indeed, that this is about the lowest limit of permissible pleasure-seeking; but is it a fair question with humanity, whether it is better to spend a day better in yawning about a race-course without any taste for horse-flesh, or in pursuing by moderation a course of experimental inquiry into the art of dining? There is another rule, however, which is of equal importance, and may be more unreservedly stated. What an enormous advance would be at once made in the art of happiness if people could only be persuaded to a tolerable degree of sincerity! The principle would run thus: Do not waste those pleasures which every body really likes, but for which, for some arbitrary fashion, it is considered a sort of contempt; as there are many things which every body hates, and yet which every one is afraid to denounce. Let us have more pretensions to sound art, is, that both artists and their admirers are by no means inclined to it, and we recommended by some preconceived theory as to overlook the important question whether they really give and receive pleasure. It is true that, when we know whether a poem or a picture pleases, there is a further question whether it ought to please; but when the fashion is perpetrating such kind leaves us in complete uncertainty as to the first point, subsequent handwriting is apt to be very unsatisfactory. There would be in our sense no disputing about tastes if we only knew which tastes were really there. We might still ask whether they were elevated; but as it is, the first, and almost the only question is, whether we really like a so-called pleasure, or only persuade ourselves that we like it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ALMOST every summer there comes a time, after a long season of drought, when a warning-note is sounded to indicate that there is a short supply of Croton water. So simple are our reservoirs, and so accustomed are our citizens to a lavish use of this indispensable article, that there is a general impression there is no possibility of any failure in the supply. The Commissioner of Public Works, however, appears to be a prudent man, who forestalls the evil, and means to guard against it. He has issued a notice of the great waste of water, particularly on the piers in the lower part of the city, and warns the consumers that a waste of reckless expenditure. That there is need of care may be inferred from the fact that it is stated that the water supply over that 50,000,000 of gallons used every day in the city during the last season. All good citizens should heed their aid to insure compliance with such measures as will prevent even the fear of a lack of water.

Working-women are wanted in Colorado. Reliable reports say that a thousand could find immediate employment there, and at high wages. A competent girl commands better wages there than a male laborer.

Great Salt Lake has been a sort of mystery to scientific and geographic explorers. It has been supposed that its waters were kept at a uniform level by the process of evaporation, since no outlet was known, and yet it was fed by many streams from the Rocky Mountains. Recently, however, the mystery is thought to be solved in the discovery of a subterranean channel in a voyage on the lake a schooner was caught in the vortex of a maelstrom. The captain of the vessel states that during the detention caused by the accident the deck was far lower than the water outside the whirlpool, and that he owes the safety of vessel and men to the stiff breeze which fortunately sprang up at the time. The theory is that the waters at the bottom are noted that some mighty airless cavity below gave strength to the notion, and the fact that floating trees above was like the boiling of a mammoth caldron. It is inferred from this that there is a subterranean Salt Lake, and that probably there may be other similar outlets.

Relapsing Fever has, to a very great extent, disappeared from New York city. About nine months ago this disease have been recorded since its first recognized appearance, and about one hundred and fifty deaths.

A favorite actress was recently singing a new song, entitled "Guess Who," and when she came to the lines,

"Some one I'm wishing and longing to see,
Some one I'm thinking of constantly,"

an enthusiastic individual in the parquet sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Hold on, madam! I'll bet you a dollar and dollars if I was the man!" The audience were slightly amused.

Victor Hugo is reported to be suffering with a disease of the eye, which necessitates his dictating whatever he desires to have written.

The famous Russian violinist, M. De Kontski, and his daughter Vera, the pianist, appeared performed before the Sultan, in Constantinople. His Majesty was so delighted with both artists that he conferred the decoration of the Medjidie on the father, and added a donation of 10,000 francs for the evening's entertainment.

A well-known Protestant clergyman has been for some time visiting Roman Catholic houses for the purpose of thoroughly fitting himself to write an important work on Romanism. This has given rise to the rumor that he has become a Catholic.

At Brussels the first communion of the Princess Louise has been the great event. The young Princess has just attained her twelfth year, and is considered the living likeness of her aunt, the Empress Charlotte. The Empress is in a sling state, but no opinion was made to her case to the usage, independent in all Catholic countries, of seeking a benediction from every one in the family upon the day of the first communion of her daughter. The Empress is one of greater consequence than even the Princess Clementine. Even the poor Empress had been made to understand that a ceremony of importance was about to occur, and she insisted on rising from her bed and attiring herself in her favorite dress of white silk, trimmed with black lace, and putting on her most beloved ornaments to welcome her young relative. Many presents had been prepared—for it is the custom always to bestow some gift upon the day upon the new communicants—and the poor Empress sat in her arm-chair propped up with pillows, regarding with childish impatience the entrance of her little dame. The red morocco case containing the necklace and earrings she was to bestow upon her young friend, the gift of the Princess Clementine, and the little figure, attired all in white, with the snowy veil thrown over her head and bosom, passing for a minute on the threshold, advanced joyously toward her, some account of her own pride, some reminiscence of the veil and flowers, must have come across the mind of the Empress, for she spoke to the ground, and seizing the hands of the Princess Louise, covered them with kisses, looking all the while into her face with such wistful and eager expression that the poor child, quite overcome, sobbed aloud. After a while she became calm. She knelt at the Empress's footstool, and laid down the ground, shook her head mournfully, and taking from her hand a rosary

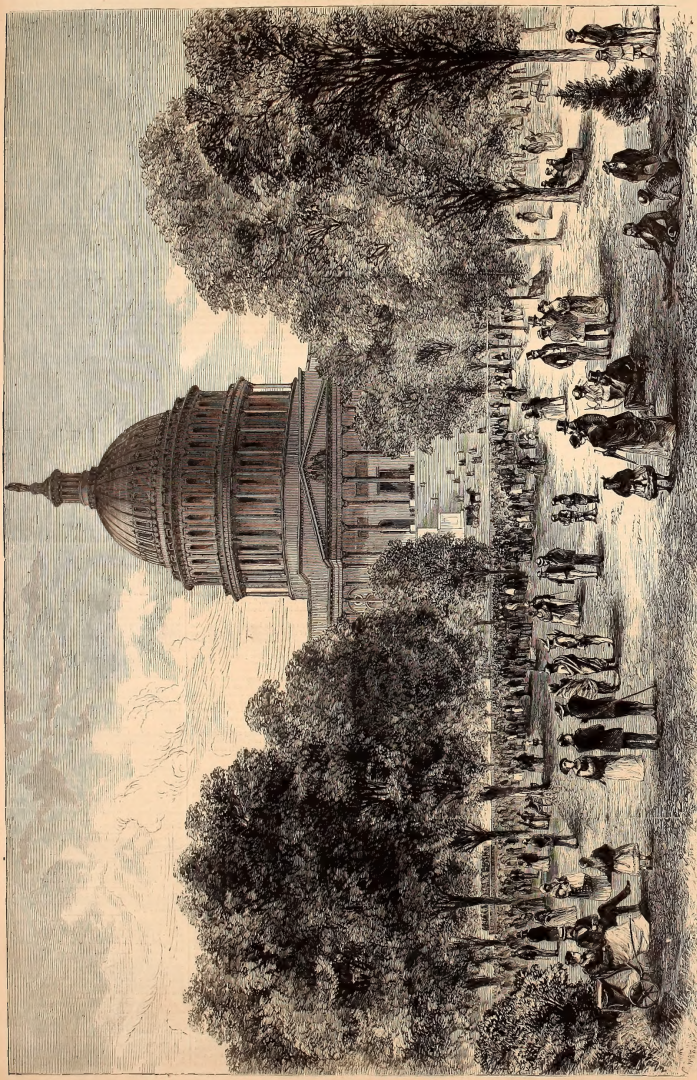

MUSIC EVENING AT THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—DRAWN BY T. H. NAST.—[SEE PAGE 473.]

"OUT OF THE WORLD."

IN this most interesting picture MR. LEHMANN represents a scene which he witnessed years ago at the Franciscan monastery at Tivoli. In a whitewashed cell a young monk sits playing the harpsichord—one of those old-fashioned instruments still used in remote districts on the Continent, where the modern piano has not yet been introduced—and an elder monk stands listening to him. Inside the harpsichord was inscribed, in monkish Latin, this distich:

"Me vivum in silva fecit natura tacere:
Me cassum ars cogit, dulce sonare loqui:"

which is closely enough rendered by the lines:

"Living a woodland tree, to be dumb was decreed me by nature;
Dead, how I sing! how I speak! such is the magic of art."

The figures in this picture compose unaffectedly; and it is said that in the original picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, the simple coloring accords well with the sentiment of repose and retirement proper to the subject and title. The broad masses of color formed by the warm brown of the monks' frocks and the low-toned red pavement tiles harmonize pleasantly with the pale greenish-blue, heightened with gold, of the harpsichord-case and the cool gray of the cell wall, relieved by light and shade.

Such scenes of quiet and repose are now rare since the dissolution of so many monasteries; but, however false and mischievous the monastic conception of life, some care-worn, overtaxed toilers "in the world" may, without reproach, occasionally sigh for peace and rest as complete as is here indicated—for a refuge "out of the world" "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

THE BOYS' CELL IN THE TOMBS.—DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 471.]

THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, WASHINGTON.

EVERY pleasant Wednesday evening all Washington crowds to the beautiful grounds at the east front of the National Capitol, to listen to the splendid music furnished by the Marine Band. There may frequently be seen the most distinguished personages in the city, the President, the heads of the several departments of the government, members of Congress, foreign embassadors, etc. The pleasantest feature of this weekly out-of-door concert is the delight which it affords the children of the city, who on these occasions are allowed the freedom of the grounds. Even running on the grass is permitted—a privilege of which they are not slow to take advantage.

In former days these concerts were always honored with the presence of CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, J. Q. ADAMS, and other great men of the generation which has just passed away, who took great delight in the society of children, and loved to take part in their innocent pastimes.

"OUT OF THE WORLD."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

(Continued.)

THE SANCTUARY.

"We finished the job on the wall just before dark. I went to my cup of tea, and he went to his bottle of rum.

"I left him, drinking hard, to put our two bedrooms tidy for the night. The place that his bed happened to be set in (which I had never remarked particularly before) seemed, in a manner of speaking, to force itself on my notice now.

"The head of the bedstead was set against the wall which divided his room from mine. From looking at the bedstead I got to looking at the wall next. There was something about it that was made of. Then to napping against it with my knuckles. The sound told me there was nothing but lath and plaster under the paper. It was the same as the wall we had been at work on down stairs. We had cleared our way so far through this last—to certain places where the repairs were most needed—that we had to be exceeding hot to burst through the paper in the room on the other side. I found myself calling to mind the caution my husband had given me while we were at this part of the work, 'and to mind what he had spoken it. '*Take care you don't find your hands in a nest of vermin.*' That was what he had said down in the parlor. Up in his bedroom I kept on repeating it in my own mind—with my eyes all the while on the lath, which he had moved to the inner side of the door to look himself in—till the knowledge of what it meant burst on me like a flash of light. I looked at the wall, at the bedstead, at my own two hands—and I shivered as if it were in the room.

"Hours must have passed like minutes while I was up stairs that night. I lost the sense of time. When my husband came up from his drinking, he found me in his room.

12.

"I leave the rest untold, and pass on purposely to the main narrowing.

"No mortal eyes but mine will ever see these lines. Still, there are things a woman can't write of even to herself. I shall only say that I suffered the last and worst of many indignities at my husband's hands—at the very time when my first saw, set plainly before me, the way to take his life. He went out toward noon next day, to go his round among the public houses; and my mind being then strung up to deliver myself from him, the good and all, when he came home I was ready.

"The things we had used on the previous day were left in the parlor. I was all by myself in the house, busy on the part in question of which he had taught me. I proved myself an apt scholar. Before I had finished it in the street I had my own way prepared (in my bedroom also) to help me by laying my own hands on him—after he had locked himself up for the night.

"I don't remember feeling either fear or doubt through all those hours. I sat down to my bit of supper with no better and no worse appetite than usual. The only change in me that I can call to mind was that I felt a singular longing to have somebody with me to keep me company. Having no friend to ask in, I went to the street door and looked long at the people passing this way and that.

"A strange thing about, came up to me. Generally I dislike dogs and beasts of all kinds. I called this one in and gave him his supper. He had been naught (I suppose) in my go his hind-legs and beg for food: at any rate, that was his way of asking me for more. I thought—it seems impossible when I look back at it now, but for all that it's true—I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks, at the little tricks of his haunches, with his ears pricked up and his head on one side and his mouth watering over the victuals. I wonder whether I was in my right senses? I don't know.

"When the dog had got all he could get he whined to be let out to roam the streets again.

"As I opened the door to let the creature go his ways, I saw my husband crossing the road to come in. 'Keep out' (I says to him); 'to-night, of all nights, keep out.' He was too drunk to heed me: he passed by, and Slumdevil his dog with him. I followed and saw that I heard him open his door, and bang it to, and lock it. I waited a bit, and went up another set of stairs. I heard him drop down set to his bed. In a minute more he was fast asleep and snoring.

"It had all happened as it was wanted to happen. In two minutes—without doing one single thing to bring suspicion on myself—I could have smothered him. I went into my own room. I took up the second of the two I had ready. I was within an inch of it—when there came a rush of something up into my head. I can't say what it was.' I can only say the horrors laid hold of me and hunted me then and there out of the house.

"I put on my bonnet, and slipped the key of the street door into my pocket. It was only half past nine—or maybe a quarter to ten. If I had any one clear notion in my head, it was the notion of running away, and never allowing myself to set eyes on the house or the husband more.

"I went up the street—and came back. I

went down the street—and came back. I tried it a third time, and went round and round and round—and came back. It was not to be done. The house held me chained to it like a dog to his kennel. I couldn't keep away from it. For the life of me, I couldn't keep away from it.

"A company of gay young people in omnibuses passed me, just as I was going to let myself in again. They were in a great hurry. 'Step out,' says one of the men; 'the theatre's close by, and we shall be just in time for the farce.' I turned about and followed them. Having been goaded, brought up, I had never been inside a theatre in my life. It struck me that I might get taken, at it were, out of myself, if I saw something that was quite strange to me, and heard something that was quite unlike the things in my head.

"They went in to the pit; and I went in after them.

"The thing they called the farce had begun. Men and women came on to the stage, turn and turn about, and talked, and sang, and danced. Before long all the people about me in the pit were laughing and clapping their hands. The noise they made was deafening. I don't know how to describe the state I was in. My eyes wouldn't keep off the players: my ears wouldn't close to, and to hear what the rest of them were seeing and hearing. There must have been something, I fancy, in my mind that got helped between me and what was going on upon the stage. The play began to change for me, before the hour and a half before my husband should be home. No human ear could hear me. Alone, in the morning, I knew the worst. Alone, in the night, no human ear *was* heard me. Alone, in the night, no human ear *will* hear me, to the day of my death.

"What had the people come to speak to me, as usual. They found me dumb.

"What had happened to me in the past, when my head had been hurt, and my speech affected by it, gave a likelier look to my dumbness than it would have worn in the case of another person. They took me back again to the hospital. The doctors were kind to me, and they spared me the shock of what had taken place in the house, comparing on the back of the other shock, might, for aught they knew, have done the mischief. And others said, 'She got her speech again after the accident; there will have been no new injury time that time; the woman is shamming dumb, for some purpose of her own.' I let them dispute as they liked. No human talk was possible now to me. I had set myself apart among my fellow-creatures; I had begun my separate and silent life.

"Through all this time the sense of a coming punishment hanging over me never left my mind. I had nothing to dread from human justice. The judgment of an Avenging Providence—that was what I was waiting for.

"Friday.—They held the inquest. He had been known for years past as an inveterate drunkard; he had been seen overnight going home in liquor; he had been found locked up in his room, dead. The doctor said the door, and the latch of the window bolted also. No fire-place was in his room: nothing was disturbed or altered: nobody by human possibility could have got in. The doctor reported that he had died of congestion of the lungs; and the jury gave their verdict accordingly.

14.

"Saturday.—Marked forever in my calendar as the memorable day on which the judgment descended on me. I had dined three o'clock in the afternoon—in the broad sunlight, under the cloudless sky, with hundreds of innocent human creatures all around me. Hester Detbridge, saw, for the first time, the Appearance which is appointed to haunt the rest of my days. I was alone and the sunshine and the cool green of trees and grass would be with me. The nearest place at which I could find what I wanted was the Regent's Park. I went into one of the quiet walks in the middle of the park, where the horses and carriages are not allowed to go, and where old people can sun themselves, and children play, without danger.

"I sat me down to rest on a bench. Among the children who were in a beautiful little boy, playing with a brand-new toy—a horse and wagon. While I was watching him busily plucking up the flowers and loading his wagon with them, I felt for the first time—what I have often and often felt since—a creeping chill come slowly over my flesh, and then a suspicion of something hidden near me, which would steal out and show itself if I looked that way.

"There was a big tree hard by. I looked toward the tree, and tried to see the something hidden appear from behind it.

"The Thing stole out, dark and shadowy in my pleasant sunlight, and I felt I saw only the dim figure of a woman. After a little it began to get plainer, brightening from within outward —brightening, brightening, brightening, till it was before me the vision of MY OWN SELF, repeated as if I was looking before a glass—the double of myself, looking at me with my own eyes, saw it move over the grass. I saw it stop behind the beautiful boy. I saw it stand and listen, as I had stood and listened at the door of morning. I saw it look through the morning silence was still and dead, *he* was still and dead with it.

15.

"The rest of this history is counted in my mind by days and hours—Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday. After that it all fades off like, and the new years come with a strange look, being the years of a long life.

"What about the old life first? What did I feel, in the days that followed the morning, when I had done it?

"I don't know what I felt. I can't remember it, or I can't tell it. I don't know how I can write the history of the four days, and that's all.

"Wednesday.—I gave the alarm toward noon. Hours before, I had put things straight and fit to be seen. I had only to call for help, and to leave the people to do as they pleased. The neighbors came in, and then the police. They knocked, uselessly, at his door. Then they broke it open, and found him dead in his bed.

"But the ghost of a suspicion of guilt in that the mind of any one. There was no fear of human justice finding me out: my one unutterable dread was dread of an Avenging Providence. I had a short time—that night, and a dream, in which I did the deed over again. For a time my mind was busy with thoughts of confessing to the police, and of giving myself up. If I had not belonged to a respectable family, I should have done that. From generation to generation there had been no stain on our good name. It would be death to my father, and disgrace to all my family, if I owned what I had done, and suffered for it on the public scaffold. I prayed to be guided right from Heaven, and found a meeting, of what to do.

"I was commanded, in a vision, to open the Bible, and turn on it to set my guilty self apart among my innocent fellow-creatures from that day forth; to keep my thoughts into my hand, silent life; to dedicate the use of my speech to the language of prayer only, offered up in the solitude of my own chamber, when no human ear could hear me. Alone, in the morning, I saw the vision of the Bible. Alone, no human ear *has* heard me from that time. No

what Geoffrey could have to do with them (being at the moment with a nurse at Ipsley Court), and why Hester Dethridge should have shown the violent agitation which had been described, were mysteries which it was impossible to penetrate.

Anne dismissed the gig with a little present and a few kind words. Under other circumstances, the incomprehensible proceedings in the house might have made her seriously uneasy. But her mind was now occupied by more pressing anxieties. Blanche's second letter (received from Hester Dethridge on the preceding evening) informed her that Sir Patrick persisted in his resolution, and that he and his nieces might be expected, some what might of it, to present themselves at the cottage on that day.

Anne opened the letter, and looked at it for the second time. The passages relating to Sir Patrick were expressed in these terms:

"I don't mind darling, you have any idea of the interest that you have roused in my uncle. Although he has not spoken to me about it, I have, with being the miserable cause of the sacrifice that you have made, he is quite as wretched and cross as he can about your ass Lawa. We talk of nobody else. He said last night that he did not believe there was ever a couple in such a fuss. Think of that from a man who has such terribly sharp eyes for the faults of women in general, and such a terribly sharp tongue in talking of them! I am pledged to secrecy; but I must tell you one other thing, which concerns Mr. Julius Hollebone's announcement that his brother refuses to consent to a separation put my uncle almost beside himself. If there is not some change for the better in your life in a few days' time, Sir Patrick will find out a way of his own—by hook or not, he doesn't care—for rescuing you from the dreadful position in which you are placed, and Arnold tells my full approval of that. Oh, him. As we understand it, you are, under one pretense or another, keep a close prisoner. Sir Patrick has already secured a post of observation near you. He and Arnold went all round the cottage last night, and examined all the doors and back garden wall, with a locksmith to help them. You will no doubt hear further about this from Sir Patrick himself. Any don't appear to know any thing of it when you see him! I am not in his confidence—but Arnold is, which comes to the same thing exactly. You will see us (I mean you will see my uncle and me) to-morrow, all quite of those who keep you under restraint, I believe. Arnold will not accompany us; he is not to be trusted (my friend himself says) with his indignation. Courage, dearest! There are two people in the world, to whom you are inestimably precious, and who are determined to see to their happiness be sacrificed. I am one of them, and (by for Heaven's sake keep this a secret also!) Patrick is the other!!!"

Absorbed in the letter, and in the conflict of opposite feelings which it roused within her, during when it turned her thoughts inward on herself, and fatigue when she was surrounded by it of the coming visit—Anne was called back to a sense of pre ent events by the reappearance of the servant, charged with a message. Mr. Bygrave well had been for some time in the cottage, and he was now waiting to see her down stairs.

Anne found the surgeon alone in the drawing-room. He apologized for disturbing her at that early hour.

"It was impossible for me to get to Fulham yesterday," he said, "and I could only make sure of complying with Lord Holchester's request by coming here before the time at which I receive patients at home. I am sorry for Mr. Delamayn, and I have requested permission to say a word to you on the subject of his health."

Anne looked through the window, and saw Geoffrey smoking his pipe—not in the back garden, as usual, but in front of the cottage, where he could keep his eye on the gate.

"Is he ill?" she asked.

"He is seriously ill," answered Mr. Speedwell. "I should not otherwise have troubled you with this interview. It is a matter of professional duty to warn you, as his wife, that he is dying."

He may be seized at any moment by a paralytic stroke. The only chance for him, a very poor one, I am bound to say—is to make him alter his present mode of life without loss of time."

"In one way he will be obliged to alter it," said Anne. "He has received notice from the landlady to quit this cottage."

Mr. Speedwell looked surprised.

"I think you will find that the notice has been withdrawn," he said. "I can only assure you that Mr. Delamayn distinctly informed me, when I arrived charge of air, that he had decided, for reasons of his own, on remaining here.

"Another in the series of incomprehensible domestic events! Hester Dethridge—on all other occasions the most immovable of women—had changed her mind!)

"Setting that aside," proceeded the surgeon, "there are very preventive measures which I am bound to suggest. Mr. Delamayn is evidently suffering (though he declines to admit it himself) from constant anxiety. If he has the chance for his life, that anxiety must be set at rest. Is it in your power to relieve it?"

"It is not even in my power, Mr. Speedwell, to tell you what it is."

The surgeon bowed, and went on:

"The second caution that I have to give you," he said, "is to keep him from drinking spirits. He admits having committed an excess in that way the night before last. In his state of health, drinking means literally death. If he goes back to the brandy-bottle—forgive me for saying it plainly; the matter is too serious to be trifled with—if he goes back to the brandy-bottle, his life, in my opinion, is not worth five minutes' purchase. Can you keep him from drinking?"

Anne answered sadly and plainly:

"I have no influence over him. The terms we are living on here—"

Mr. Speedwell considerately stopped her.

"I understand," he said. "I will see his brother on my way home." He looked for a moment at Anne. "You are far from well yourself, he resumed. "Can I do any thing for you?"

"While I am living my present life, Mr. Speedwell, not even your skill can help me."

The surgeon took his leave. Anne hurried back, up stairs, before anybody could enter the cottage. To see the man who had laid her on the bed during the previous night, and who had looked furtively at her out of his eyes—at the moment when sentence of death had been pronounced on her—was an ordeal which she felt every finer instinct in her nature shrunk in horror.

Early by hour, the morning wore on, and he made no attempt to communicate with her. Geoffrey was evidently keeping himself secluded. The servant came up stairs to say goodby; and went away for the holiday. Shortly afterward, certain sounds reached Anne's ears from the opposite side of the house. She heard the strokes of the hammer, and then a noise as of some heavy piece of furniture being moved. The mysterious repairs were apparently being begun in the spare room.

She went to the window. The hour was approaching at which Sir Patrick's visit to Anne might be expected to make the attempt to see her.

For the third time, she looked at the letter.

It suggested, on this occasion, a new consideration to her mind. The interference which Sir Patrick had taken in secret indicate alarm as well as sympathy? Did he believe she was in a position in which the protection of the law was powerless to reach her? It seemed just possible. Suppose she was right in her conjecture—true, and to won to him (if words could express it) the vague presentiment of danger which was then present in her mind? Suppose she had to produce to satisfy the mind of a stranger? The proofs were all in her husband's favor. Witnesses could testify to the incriminating words which he had spoken to her in their presence. The presence of her self-accuser in the cottage dead that he had preferred to sacrifice his own pecuniary interests rather than consent to part with her. She could not even appeal to him on the plea of her own innocence, for interfering between herself and the man who had married her. She could not produce to satisfy the mind of a stranger? The proofs were all in her husband's favor. Witnesses could testify to the incriminating words which he had spoken to her in their presence. The presence of her self-accuser in the cottage dead that he had preferred to sacrifice his own pecuniary interests rather than consent to part with her. She could not even appeal to him on the plea of her own innocence, for interfering between herself and the man who had married

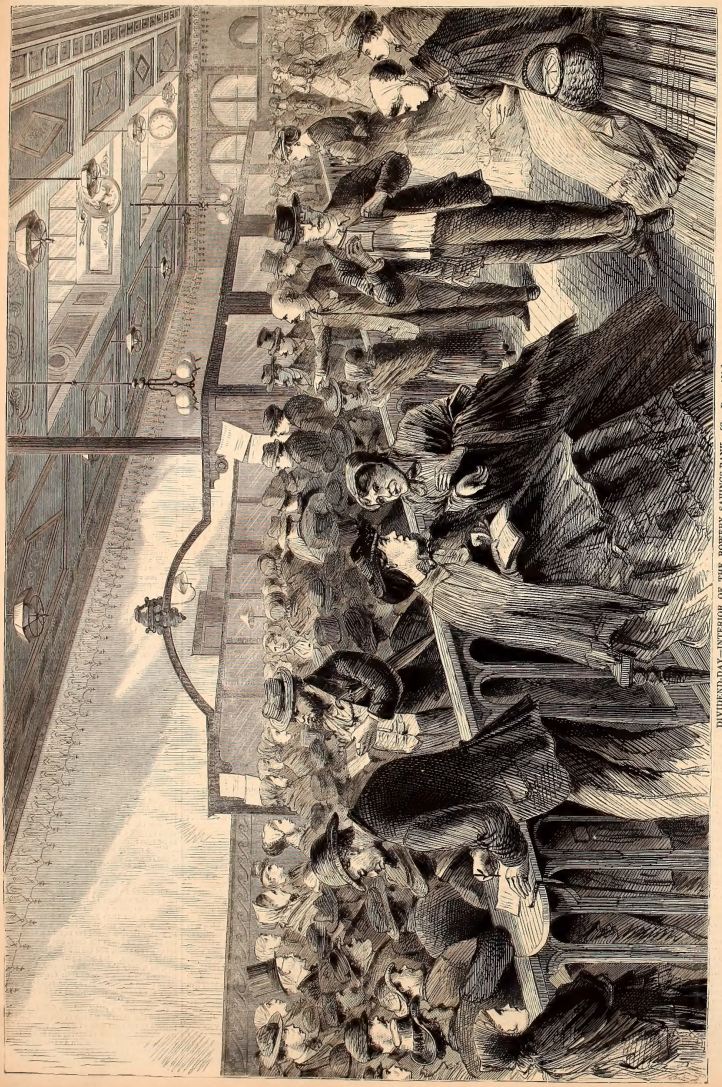

DIVIDEND-DAY.—INTERIOR OF THE BOWERY SAVINGS-BANK.—[SEE PAGE 470.]

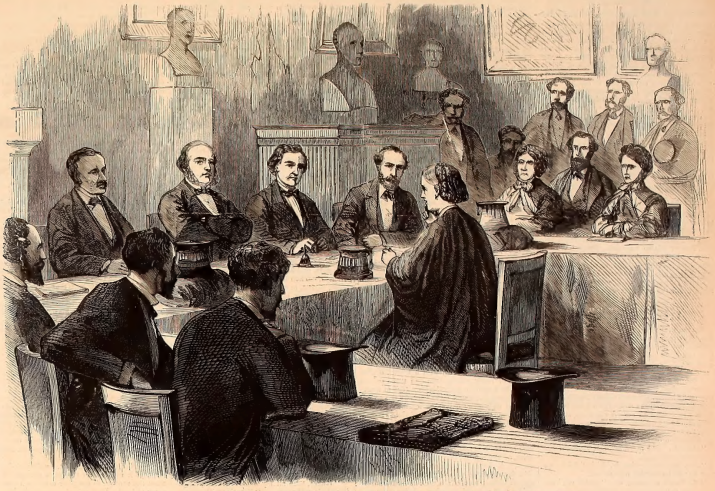

MISS GARRETT BEFORE THE BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS AT PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT WOODSTOCK.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

MISS GARRETT.

THE lioness of the week, says a French journal of June 25, is Miss GARRETT, Doctor of Medicine of the faculty of Paris. This young lady is an American. According to the same authority she speaks French with a more than piquant accent and extraordinary facility. Met at every step with opposition from the Minister of Public Instruction and the Medical Faculty, she persisted with feminine energy, and at last presented herself, on the conclusion of her studies, for examination. She chose as the subject of her thesis, "Morgin, its causes and the means of cure." She was dressed, as the illustration of the article on page 477 will show, in a student's robe. Her family and many spectators were present, drawn by interest as well as curiosity. The examination was long, thorough, and strictly impartial, the doctors assuming to forget the sex of the candidate; but she passed through it triumphantly, and at the close was awarded the well-earned diploma.

THE FOURTH AT WOODSTOCK.

THE celebration of our National Anniversary held at the town of Woodstock, Connecticut, this year derived unusual interest from the attendance of President GRANT, General SHERMAN, the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, General WOODBURY, and other notable public men, whose presence drew together a large number of people from New York and the New England States. We give on page 477 an illustration of the pavilion where the addresses were made.

LITTLE DAME TROT.

WE were very young, Dick and I, and he was dreadfully poor in his sure; but then so he had nobody but me who cared particularly about him, and I thought that rent ought economize Aunt Becky to live with, why, we thought we might as well work together as wait till we were pray before we ventured to marry.

Nevertheless, it was with very shaky knees and very chilly hands, squeezed tightly together in a nervous fashion, that I slipped into Aunt Becky's room, where she sat by the fire knitting at those everlasting blue woolen stockings, and, stumbled out, "Aunt Becky, Dick and I have been talking over our prospects"—and then stopped short.

"Humph!" said my aunt, and twitched her spectacles angrily.

"And we think—that is, Dick thinks—we may as well be married now as wait."

"Ha!" said my aunt; and I felt rather encouraged by my stunning announcement.

This was not encouraging. I kicked my slippers on the hearth-rug, twisted the ring poor Ring Dick had given me round and round on my finger, then took courage, and blushed out,

"And, aunt, you know I must have some clothes; and, if you please, I should like the husband dollars that Dame Trot left me, though don't think us foolish, aunt. We—we love each other very much."

"Oh, make fools of yourselves, if you choose," returned my aunt. "It's all one to me. Only don't come bothering and begging to me afterward, that's all."

I fumed with indignation. The idea of Dick begging! However, poor old soul, I don't suppose she ever had a lover, or was in love herself, she knew nothing of my exalted sentiments—I feel I can afford to be magnanimous! Mean-while Aunt Becky slowly rose, unlocked the big shining mahogany bureau, and took out of a pigeon-hole a little soiled chamois-leather bag.

"Here, child," she said. "Don't spend it in foolish finery."

"Oh, aunt, how good of you! Thank you a thousand times. Indeed, I will spend it sensibly, Indeed!"

The old lady was not altogether hard-hearted, after all. "You've been a good girl, Margaret," she said, slowly. "I hope you'll get along well. There's a lot of poverty and misery. When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." But Richard Dalton's face was a study, as he puts me in mind of—" Here my aunt stopped abruptly, and locked up the desk with a loud snap; then resuming her knitting in her usual manner at the same time, she added, "There, there don't cry, child, about bothering me. You've made me drop six stitches already."

I spent fifty dollars; it was the "good old times," reader, long before the war, and it was only to be a poor young architect's wife, you know; and hid the other precious fifty for a rainy day.

"I hope you won't mind it's being a queer place to take a baby," said Dick to me, a little anxiously, as arm in arm we walked to the down-town church that grey June morning.

"Oh no, Dick; if you don't mind I don't," I said, hopefully, looking up—a long way up—into his face, for I am only a blue-eyed specimen of a woman, and Dick full six feet high.

"There happened to be these two vacant rooms back of the office, and the church-yard is very green and cheerful, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I took them just as a beginning. I was afraid you will laugh at my 'grande appartement en famille,' but I know you can make it cheerful, Dame Trot."

"I don't believe your furnishing will be one bit queerer than my housekeeping. We are both greenhorns—that's one comfort."

"We shan't be much troubled with company, at all events;" said Dick, laughing. "Our swell acquaintances won't bestir themselves very often, I fancy, to climb up to the fourth floor of St. Thomas's Buildings for a morning call. But you'd rather live so, wouldn't you, than in a stuffy boarding-house?" And Dick's handsome face expressed intense disgust.

At this moment, however, the church was reached. Morning prayers were just over; the few piously disposed individuals who had strayed in were coming out, the white-robed choristers had disappeared within the sacristy, and the clergyman was following. A verger stepped quietly up and whispered something in his ear; he paused, turned, and came back to the communion-rail. A few sight-seeing country people, and a little ragged news-boy peering round the pew nearest the door, were the only witnesses to the ceremony. We knelt, the service for the dead was done, and I walked out of church—Dick's wife! Was I dreaming? Was this the answer to a rake singularly little notice of such a remarkable event.

St. Thomas's Buildings, as all the world knows, stand not a stone's-throw from the church where Shepperd Dives performed, in such a most masterful way, into Mrs. Richard Dalton. I mounted breathlessly up four flights of an iron stairway, in walks deserved every stone passed upon me, to gain pertaining to the occupants of the numerous offices, and paused, panting, on the topmost floor, before a shabby little door, half ground glass, on which was inscribed the legend, "R. Dalton, Architect." We entered; a large drawing-board screen stood at a short distance within, concealing the office beyond, and forming a sort of outer apartment.

There was no carpet; but the floor was waxed and polished in the French fashion. The walls were painted pale green, with a bright, quaint border of many colors here and there twined round by a scroll inscribed with a text in medieval letters. A round table stood in the centre covered with green baize, on which were some brass lamp and a tiny vase full of violets; scattered about the room were a few chairs, roughly seated, green-framed. Plants bloomed in the open window, through which the sun came streaming, and altogether gave one the idea of study and spire of the church, and the waving boughs of trees, of which many were visible, combined to give a cheerful, but subdued, and quiet effect.

"Do you like it, Dame Trot?" asks Dick, bending his stately head very near mine.

"Like it! I think Aunt Becky never was any room so charming. And I know you'll have orders, decorations and made that killing screen—cost you nothing."

"Yes; we 'keeps a painter,'" says Dick, laughing; "but he can only work off-hours, unluckily.

"Then that was what made you so late every evening last week, was it?" I said, and then paused you of neglecting me, when all the time you were working for me! Oh!" and I hid my face in his rough coat, crying on your journey through the golden Indian Summer weather.

"Why, Dame Trot, what's this?" and unfastening the cravat, Dick threw back his collar and took singularly little notice of such a remarkable event.

St. Thomas's Buildings, as all the world knows, stand not a stone's-throw from the church where Shepperd Dives performed, in such a most masterful way, into Mrs. Richard Dalton. I mounted breathlessly up four flights of an iron stairway, in walks deserved every stone passed upon me, to gain pertaining to the occupants of the numerous offices, and paused, panting, on the topmost floor, before a shabby little door, half ground glass, on which was inscribed the legend, "R. Dalton, Architect." We entered; a large drawing-board screen stood at a short distance within, concealing the office beyond, and forming a sort of outer apartment.

There was no carpet; but the floor was waxed and polished in the French fashion. The walls were painted pale green, with a bright, quaint border of many colors here and there twined round by a scroll inscribed with a text in medieval letters. A round table stood in the centre covered with green baize, on which were some brass lamp and a tiny vase full of violets; scattered about the room were a few chairs, roughly seated, green-framed. Plants bloomed in the open window, through which the sun came streaming, and altogether gave one the idea of study and spire of the church, and the waving boughs of trees, of which many were visible, combined to give a cheerful, but subdued, and quiet effect. Tastefully exquisite painted designs, stood on a carved walnut bracket; a rack of open shelves held a bookcase, and a little door in one side and sink were marked by a second screen, covered with yellow paper, on which some artist had left a scroll and leaf work; through its many lines grotesque monsters peered and writhed themselves. A chromo in gilt frame hung over some saintly, glowing scene in Italy, and a few of Dick's designs were pinned carelessly round. Through a door beyond a bedchamber was visible, shining, spotless, and still.

"Do you like it, Dame Trot?" asks Dick, bending his stately head very near mine.

"Like it! I think Aunt Becky never was any room so charming. And I know your orders, and decorations and made that killing screen—cost you nothing."

"Yes; we 'keeps a painter,'" says Dick, laughing; "but he can only work off-hours, unluckily.

"Then that was what made you so late every evening last week, was it?" I said, and then paused you of neglecting me, when all the time you were working for me! Oh!" and I hid my face in his rough coat, crying on your journey through the golden Indian Summer weather.

"Why, Dame Trot, what's this?" and unfastening the cravat, Dick threw back his collar and took singularly little notice of such a remarkable event.

"Horrid, of course! I had a serious idea of breaking off the engagement in consequence. Well, Dick, I'm glad you've got a lover in your nest a while, and go to work. I'll come for you by-and-by, and we'll go and have a little exploration of dining out to-day. To-morrow we must begin to forage for ourselves, Dame Trot." And nodding most kindly over his mantle, the young eyes looking lovingly into mine, my husband left me.

I don't know why or wherefore, but my first proceeding thereafter was to sit down and enjoy a good, steady, old-fashioned cry—crying from which, refreshed like Dr. Watts's rose after the shower, I betook myself to the task of arranging my whole wardrobe, which Dick had had sent from Aunt Becky's the day before. I took off my grey cotton bonnet and blue flannel gown, the pale grey silk, my best, and my wedding-dress, and folded neatly and carefully in the closet; it seemed like taking leave of them at home, that first betrothal of my garments. Then, with a great little cry of joy, I thought, "I'll think it should be *true*, and I am your wife!" I go about work singing gayly as a lark.

"the melody of a heart content.

"Dame Trot," said Dick to me one evening late in November, "I will go and enter for this competition at Philadelphia. It would be a thousand pities, as my pocket, to begin with, if my designs are accepted, for the decorations of the building besides, to say nothing of other work following it."

"What is it, old man?" I asked, resting my chin on his shoulder as he sat, leaning on the table.

"Why, this; don't you see?" pointing to a circular letter he had received, inviting architects to furnish plans for a certain public building.

"Well, why don't you go in? Of course you can cut the other old stupids out in a minute," I said, confidently.

"I have no objection to try and accomplish that desirable end, certainly; but how the dickens are we to live in the mean time?" It will be six weeks' hard work to get out the plans, and I shan't be making a cent; and I've just twenty-five dollars in the world at present." And Dick crammed his hands into both pockets with a long and dubious whistle.

"How lucky I resisted that black silk last June!" I thought, and slyly unfastening from the corner of my dress, where I had kept it pinned all this time for safety, the little chamois bag, I held it demurely before his eyes, saying, "Small change for current expenses, I suppose."

"Why, Dame Trot, what's this?" and unfastening the cravat, his shining eagles are poured out on the table. Fifty dollars!" "Where did you get it?"

"Inquired it, of course; don't you know I'm a fairy?"

"No—but seriously."

I curled my arms about his neck, and told him the story of poor father's little legacy, and how I had laid it by for my some good use.

"Oh my pet! my darling! All your money that you have saved so long! I can't take it from you, little birdie."

"Nonsense! I saved it for you. Besides, I consider it a very good speculation, to make a thousand dollars out of fifty."

"But if I miss the competition?"

"You won't lose it. I know you will win it for me, Dick, because—" and here, with a blushing face and the manly, fearless gaze of a wife, I whisper in his ear something which makes him start, and his brown eyes flash with joy and triumph. Then he takes me very closely to his heart, saying, in a low, broken voice—half pain, half rapture—"Oh, my God! bless my darling! God keep her, and"—a long, silent kiss finishes the sentence.

I think we both worked over those drawings. Day after day, for a long six weeks, when housework was done, I sat at my chair beside Dick, and sat perched there with my feet on the rung, after the fashion of little people, watching him, and praying for his success; an line upon line, first rough sketch, then careful elevation, perspective drawing, elaborately worked up and colored, emerged from under his steady, practiced hand. I'm sure he couldn't have thought harder or more over those famous plans than I did.

Then came a week—two weeks—of breathless suspense, for me at least; and then, one joyless afternoon, my husband returned, looking ravishingly haggard and anxious, came flying up stairs and burst the sitting-room, waving a slip of paper, and shouting "Hooray!" like any school-boy.

"Huzza, with all my heart!" I cried, laughing at his excitement. "What's up?"

"Read that, just!" and the slip of paper was tossed to me. I looked—it was a telegram from Philadelphia:

"Your design is accepted. The committee will wrote you to-morrow to come on. Congratulate you, old boy!" It was signed by an old friend of my husband's, of whom he had often spoken.

"Oh, let us be joyful!" sang I; and, catching Dick's hand, I dragged him in a wild carnagade about the sitting-room, and stopped at last breathless with laughter and singing.

"What's up, my darling, though!" said Dick, exultingly. "It shall be your wedding present, Dame Trot!" Then looking pale, my darling; the change will do you good. Come, what do you say to drying out? This ought to be a real-lete day, for I've got a thousand dollars. She has been so wonderfully helpful—such a good, little wife."

We went. In three days we had locked up our new house in dingy St. Thomas's Buildings, and started joyfully on our journey through the

The great building was founded; its massive walls began slowly to rise from the ground. As Dick had predicted, other business quickly followed upon the success of his noble birdie. The case in this world; and now a new spirit began to show itself in my ever-gay companion. He had always been industrious, now he burst to his work with savage energy; he spared hardly an hour in which to take his meals; he sat up working till two or three o'clock in the morning—long after he had sent me to bed. The more work he had, the more he sought after—eagerly, hungrily. He no longer whistled and sang over his drawing, as did formerly, but worked himself any rest on the week-days, and all day Sunday, he would be apparently quite exhausted on the very pretty cottage we had added to our small furniture, his eyes closed, and his face very pale.

"Don't work so hard, my darling," I said to him one winter evening, when, quite worn out, he had fallen asleep over dinner, after dinner, and as he often did now, begged me to turn the light out as soon possible. "Why should we be in such haste to get rich? I would rather a thousand time live in my 'airy parlor' ten years to come than have you wasted our like this. And I am sure you will injure your eyes with so much fine drawing."

"Who told you any thing ailed my eyes?" he asked, hastily, almost angrily.

"Why, you—only the light seems to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Dame Trot! Don't have such ridiculous fancies. You ought to cheer me up when I am working so hard—not discourage me with doleful ideas."

"I did not mean to discourage you, Dick; please don't think so."

"Then why do you talk in that way?" he retorted, capriciously; then, seeing that I could not keep back my tears, he put his arm around me, saying, fondly, "There—don't cry, my darling. I'm afraid I am often cross and stupid nowadays; but you know what we hope the summer will bring us, and I feel as though I ought to strain every nerve to get the means of making my darling comfortable in her great trial."

"Your eyes are more to you—and me—than any thing else," I whispered. "I'd rather go to St. Luke's than your sight should be injured."

"Nonsense—don't talk so, birdie," Dick said, with a little nervous shudder. "Besides, there is nothing the matter with my eyes. They smart and feel queer of evenings, to be sure; but that's nothing: a good night's rest makes them all right. Come—take the Builder and read to me a while—sufficient for the day," you know—that's horror reading. Dame Trot."

His words only half reassured me; but I did as he bid me, with a secret prayer that no harm might come to my brave darling who loved me so well.

The long winter months slowly dragged themselves out. Spring came, soft and balmy, with crocuses and violets in her hands, and midsummer, all golden and golden, smiled over all the land. On my breast lay a wee white daisy—Baby Margaret; but I was still in my lofty chamber, and Dick was—blind.

Yes—God help us! the blow had fallen. Shall I ever forget his awful shriek as he staggered in from his office and threw himself on his knees beside my bed, gasping out, "Margaret! oh, my poor darling! my punishment has come! I have been stricken all in a moment. My God! I had been stricken all in a moment. My God! I had almost become of us?"

Aunt Becky rose from her seat beside me. The old lady had softened wonderfully since the first beard of the new hope that had come to us. She was a most convenient visitor and helper of late, and was now my tender, faithful nurse.

"Children!" she said, "this is a terrible dispensation—terrible indeed. You must feel it almost unbearable just now; but pray—pray if you can for patience. Give me the baby, Margaret. You ought to be alone with your husband, and I must go for help directly. It may not be too late."

She took the sleeping child from my arms, wrapped in her flannel blankets (I have reserved that she left her in the care of the janitor's wife), and disappeared from the room. Then my poor, poor husband—my strong man who was the joy of the best beside me, and we just cried in company and held my hand.

"You will recover from this *first* attack, Mr. Dalton," said the calm, kindly voice of the ophthalmic surgeon, after a long and painful examination.

"Thank God!" spoke Dick, bending his head.

"But it will not do to risk a second. You must not venture to use your eyes for a year to come at least. Total rest is necessary."

"But, Doctor—good heavens! My wife—my child! How can I leave work for a year? I have no resources save than my professional income."

"Have you no friends who would assist you? If you wish to recover your sight you should not only give up work, but it would even be better for you to go to some way-shire—to change, air."

"Impossible!"

There was a momentary silence. Then dear old Aunt Becky, brushing away the tears that had gathered beneath her spectacles, took Dick's poor white, shaking hand in her brown wrinkled one.

"Richard," she said, "I am an old woman now. I have nothing to live for but to make you young folks happy. I've been saving up a little money these years, and it comes to a tidy little sum now. Will you take it from your cross, crabbed old aunty, and go on this journey? Margaret and baby shall be safe with me till you come home. Will you, my dear?"

I don't know what he did, but certainly either Richard hugged my aunt, and gave her a sounding kiss, or Dr. Blount did. I think, upon the whole, that it was Richard. I lying on my sofa, to which I had been promoted for the first time, could only sob out, "God bless you, from my heart, I pray, dear, dear Aunt Becky!"

A month afterward Dick went. It was a hard struggle parting from my bonny darling for that long voyage, that longer absence in a foreign land; there was no help for it, and we paused him to do more than just glance at objects through the strange blue spectacles they put over his unfortunate eyes. Baby Richard and I went to my aunt's old-fashioned house—unchanged since I left it to be a wife. The clear little room in St. Thomas's Buildings were closed and locked, the offices let to an architectural friend of my husband. How happy I was when the first letter came, after three months! Only a few lines, but enough to show that the dear eyes were better. How I longed and ached for my darling when the time drew near for his return! Aunt Becky and I and the two children should behold the steamer—rushing down to the office in the most unreasonable way, to know if there had been a telegram, long before there was any possibility of such an event! And when the summer-day was at its height once more, and Becky plotted safely into the harbor; and through the golden sunset and the golden hours, as during many a time two years ago, came my Richard, restored, thank God! to perfection of sight and health.

We are rich people now. Our house stands stately among the homes of the wealthy of the land. Its rooms are filled with every luxury that sense could demand or artistic taste require; but on an upper floor is a little room that is dearer to us than all the rest besides. No carpet, no curtains, nothing, indeed, but a cane chair, with one tiny, shabby green couch among it; a brass lamp stands on the green-covered table; a few books and papers lie about the mantle, over a quaint screen of Gothic design beneath. And

here, in the soft twilight, often come the master and mistress of the mansion. There is sound of children's voices below. The glittering lights and festal, flower-crowned table seem to tell that a brilliant dinner-party is soon to begin. But Richard lingers yet; and putting his arm around the "blue-eyed marvel of a woman" beside him, he whispers: "I am happy now. God has given me all I could have asked; but I never can be happier than when I first brought home my darling wife—my own precious Little Dame Trot!"

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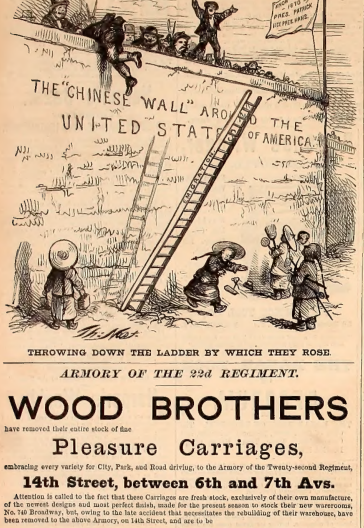

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 709.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

THE beginning of a war between France and Prussia, in which the whole of Germany, if not the whole of Europe, may become involved, again brings the principal personages of the royal family of Prussia prominently before the public; and we therefore lay accurate portraits of them before our readers.

The King, WILLIAM I., was born in 1797, and was the second son of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. When his elder brother, King FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.—a most amiable but weak-minded man—became insane, in 1858, WILLIAM, then commander-in-chief of the PRUSSIAN ARMY, was declared Regent. His first act was to dismiss the cabinet of his elder brother, composed entirely of leaders of the aristocratic party, and to establish a new administration, to whose energetic and liberal policy the kingdom owes much of its material and political advancement. His insane brother died in 1861, without issue, and the Regent became King, under the title of WILLIAM I. The great events of his reign thus far have been the annexation of the Elbe duchies and the important campaign which ended in the humiliation of AUSTRIA. A proud, headstrong monarch, and a firm believer in the divine right of kings, he only tolerates constitutional government because he can not help himself, and his rule is as nearly despotic as a strong will can make it.

His Queen, AUGUSTA, is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She is a very ambitious woman, fine-looking, and is said to be personally very kind and amiable.

The only son, and the heir to the throne, is the Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, who is represented standing on the left of the King. He should not be confounded with his cousin, the Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, who is represented on the other side of the engraving—an error which is sometimes made by American writers, owing probably to the incidents of name and title, and to the fact that each commanded a corps of the army in the campaign of Sadowa, and that both were equally gallant and distinguished on that bloody field. The Crown Prince was born in 1831. Just before his father's elevation to the throne he married the eldest daughter of Queen VICTORIA. His wife and their second child, Princess CHARLOTTE, are represented by the side of the Crown Prince. The eldest child of the young couple, Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM (the sixth of the name), is represented at the feet of his grandparents.

The Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, the nephew of the King, is commander of a corps of the Prussian army. He was born in 1828. King WILLIAM is fortunate in having in his own family two commanders of such pre-eminent ability as the Crown Prince and the Prince Royal.

The Grand Duke of Baden, Prince FREDERICK, is a son-in-law of the King of Prussia, having married, in 1856, the only daughter of that monarch, Princess LOUISA MARY, who is represented at his side.

Prince Frederick Charles. Queen Augusta. Grand Duchess of Baden. Prince Frederick William. Grand Duke of Baden. King William I. Prince Frederick William. Princess Victoria. Princess Charlotte.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

THE POLITICAL SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WE have more than once stated that one of the gravest objections to the ascendency of the Democratic party is, that it has not acquiesced in the results of the war. As its principle of State sovereignty justified the rebellion, so the same principle denies the validity of the measures of reconstruction. And as the chief necessity of the country is repose and relief from the spirit which sought its destruction, and which it has vanquished, it is not justly the disposition to cherish and develop that spirit, which is the disposition of the Democratic party. It is because this is so plainly and notwithstanding a certain dissatisfaction with the Republicans, there is a profound distrust of the Democrats, and a real reluctance to intrust them with power. Whatever difference there may be between the tone of a party press in opposition, and the policy of the same party in administration—however true it may be that the measures of a government will be very unlike the resolutions of a convention, there is yet no doubt that the intelligent people of the United States would see with the utmost apprehension the party that virtually consented to the destruction of the government seven years ago now in control of the government.

Nor ought any good citizen to fail to observe the signs of the times. At this moment the Democratic leaders believe the Republican party to be hopelessly demoralized. The recent outbreak upon the electoral vote of New York, by means of the system of fraud which they have perfected, and the objectors to which, in their own party, they have effectually silenced. They see the elections every where favorable to them, and they have no doubt that the division among Republicans will deepen and widen during the next two years. Their reasoning is simple, and the grounds of it are obvious. Success, indeed, seems to them so sure that they do not think it necessary to conceal their confidence nor their opinions. As a party they are not prepared to equivocate in the great measures of reconstruction. They consider nothing settled, and they will not hesitate to repeat every question that the legislation of the last five years has concluded. Even the later Amendments to the Constitution they repudiate. The gap which pallisaded the armed rebellion of defeated voters, which, during the war, counseled submission to it, and which, since the war, has concealed its preference of rebels to loyal citizens, greedily seizes every opportunity to denounce the policy of reconstruction as a policy of tyranny, and nominates its judges to the highest court in the largest State with the declared expectation that they may be called upon to array the State against the Union.

The Democrats of Kentucky refuse to consider the question of equal suffrage settled. Those of a county in Ohio proclaim the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment a shameless mockery, and reaffirm that this is a white man's government. And Mr. FERRIS, a Republican Representative in Congress from New York, brings all the Democratic members of his House to book by a resolution that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been duly ratified and are a part of the Constitution, to which all the Democratic members vote no. It is true that the Democratic majority in the New York Legislature substantially recognized the Amendments. But the national representatives of their party decline to do so. It is true, also, that certain Democratic members of Congress recommended that certain questions be regarded by the party as dead issues; but the vote of the same members in the House shows that they do not consider the validity of the Amendments among the settled questions. The *World*, indeed, sneers at the Kentucky members of its party as "hide-bound." But the value of the *World* as a representative and influential party organ may be readily estimated. It preferred Mr. CHASE as a Presidential candidate in 1864, and Mr. SEYMOUR was nominated. It opposed any repudiating tone in the platform, and it was made to favor virtual repudiation. It called upon Governor HOFFMAN to withdraw, and its party cursed it. It denounced the Ring in New York, and the Ring put it in its pocket. The Ring may be worse than its party, but it does not in the least influence the party policy. Its breaches of discipline are remembered against it, and its suggestions are received with suspicion by the real party managers.

If the Democratic party in 1868, when the Republicans were firmly united by opposition to the mischievous purposes of ANDREW JOHNSON, and by enthusiasm for the hero of the war, General GRANT, did not hesitate to place itself under the leadership of WADE HAMPTON, and to declare for repudiation, how little likely is it to shrink, should it be successful in 1872, from undoing every thing that has been done, and from opening every vexed question? It can not be too often urged upon the voters of this country that the Democratic party for many a year has been directed by its most unscrupulous managers. Its policy was the extension of slavery. Its masters were, therefore, the great slave politicians of the Southern States; and their ends could be accomplished only by encouraging the very worst passions of human nature. Slavery is gone, with many of the politicians who served it. But the ignorance and demoralization of the party remain, and it has such managers as such elements require and imply. Having no statesmen for leaders, it has no ability to adapt a party to a new policy. The most positive element in the party to-day is hatred of the negro and sympathy with the rebel doctrine and spirit. As a party, it was Copperhead during the war, and it is Copperhead still. Should it carry the country at the next election, it would plunge us into a confusion of which it is impossible to foresee the end.

Congress has failed to apprehend this fact. The Republican majority has not seen the vital necessity of party union. When Congress adjourned the country should have been able to see at a glance the Republican platform. That platform should have been a firm adherence to the settlement of the Union; a vigorous system of defense for the purity of the polls; a palpable reduction of taxation; a wise and liberal spread of the currency; a foreign policy vigorously maintaining our just rights, honorable to our laws and treaties, and consistent with liberties and peace, and there is time enough fully to comprehend the situation and to secure the future. The Republicans of Congress the plain House, but they will not lose a majority. They will easily retain that majority if they nominate men who stand for such principles, and who have the courage of their opinions. They can not, however, select a single issue and think to succeed upon that, as to subsist upon universal excitement and able men, who have decided views upon maintaining the national settlement, upon reducing taxation, upon improving the public service, and who are wise to comprehend what is called the necessity of the case, which implies concession and conciliation to the most dangerous hostility, are the men whom the Republicans should nominate and elect; and these are the men who would make Republican success as sure in 1872 as it was in 1868.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

WHEN PRINCE LEOPOLD, wisely for himself, consented to withdraw from the candidature for the Spanish crown, it was hoped that the Emperor of France would be satisfied with this decisive step, and would refrain from any further act of the King of Prussia, and allow the peace of Europe to remain undisturbed; but it is now evident that the last step was the first, and that the war was only too ready to seize upon any pretext for a quarrel. He was not inclined to be nice about pretexts. From the moment that he found himself out of the way, the French Minister at the court of Berlin provokes an insult from the King of Prussia. The King of Prussia refuses to be an insult, and that is sufficient for his imperial master. Forthwith all France is in a blaze. War against Prussia is the cry of the French legislative body and by the Emperor, and the immense armies of France are set in motion toward the Rhine.

To the French Emperor war with Prussia was, perhaps, a political necessity. He had been overwhelmed too long by BISMARCK, the astute and able statesman who suddenly emerged from comparative obscurity, a few years since, and did, at one blow, what LOUIS NAPOLEON had vainly tried to do—freed Italy and humbled Austria. BISMARCK likewise reorganized Germany, while LOUIS NAPOLEON was comparatively humiliated in Mexico; and while the presence of France was under the Emperor, the Prussian Minister gave him the mortification of LOUIS NAPOLEON has, of course, felt what all the world has seen—his waning political reputation.

Some decisive and, if possible, splendid blow, either of conquest or of glory, was necessary to cover his position; and as the chance was suddenly presented of fighting Prussia and pushing armies to the Rhine, he luckily found the national pride seconding his individual desire, so that the declaration of the French Foreign Minister, that France would not permit a German prince to sit upon the throne of CHARLES V., was echoed by the nation, which saw all the possibilities. And as he found France universally ready for war, he did not hesitate to seize upon a flimsy and transparent pretext to precipitate a conflict which may involve several other nations, and work as many and as important changes in the map of Europe as did the wonderful Seven Days' campaign against Austria. The military position of the two nations is not unequal. Both have been preparing for this conflict for more than a score of years. There can be no question as to the military strength of Prussia. Her army in the field amounts to nearly 800,000 men, led by some of the ablest generals of the day; and her National Guard, organized in response to the mobilization of the Prussian Landwehr, adds more than half a million of fighters, soon to this colossal force. On the other hand, the military condition of the victors of Sadowa is not less perfect than that of Prussia. Between the troubles in Schleswig-Holstein and the question of Luxembourg, BISMARCK has never lost sight of the fact that the struggle between France and Prussia was merely an armed truce. That France should gain the coveted left bank of the Rhine is, therefore, at least doubtful. As we write a rumor comes that a Prussian "raid" upon the Eastern Railway line in the direction of the fortified city of METZ, where three hundred thousand troops are concentrating under MARSHALS BAZAINE and M'MAHON, has been crushed by the French—the first success in a struggle the end whereof no man can foresee.

In the awful conflict which the ambition of NAPOLEON has forced, and the obstinacy of another have thus forced upon Europe, American citizens may justly withhold their sympathy from both sides. No more needless war was ever begun. It involves no great principle. On neither side is it properly a war of defense. It is simply a struggle for personal power between the Emperor of France and the King of Prussia, and the main question to be decided is, which of these two potentates has the stronger army and the more skillful generals. In forcing the conflict at the present moment, NAPOLEON is certainly in the wrong; but the arrogance of King WILLIAM, and his readiness to accept the challenge which his own conduct has provoked, are proofs of provoking, and have an equal partner in the guilt of involving Europe in a needless war.

PARTY COURAGE.

THE Naturalization bill of Mr. NOAH DAVIS, which was an admirable and necessary measure, was defeated in the House, and another was finally passed which offers the opportunity of some precautions against fraud at elections. The *Tribune* says the new bill removes all the evils. The *World* says that it is a revival of the Know-Nothing crusade, and is really aimed at the exclusion of foreigners. This, of course, is nonsense. But it is precisely the kind of objection, namely, an appeal to prejudice, which the Republican party ought to have decisively met, and which defeated Mr. DAVIS's bill. Honorable members were afraid of alienating the foreign vote. But they might have spared their fears. The intelligent foreigner will always vote with those who pander to him most unscrupulously; and in that contest the Republicans will always have the best side. The intelligent foreigner, however, knows who is his friend. It is as with the new colored vote in the Southern States. The worst part of it will be lost to the Republicans. But the intelligent part will remain.

The Republican party is peculiarly the friend of the foreigner, because it maintains the great, original, and fundamental principles of the government. It is the party of free labor, free trade, free soil, free ballot, and free men. It demands the equality of all citizens before the law. It refuses to disqualify a man from voting because he is poor, or because he is of any color. It discourages all hostility of sections or classes. It insists upon the most universal education. And every where the promoters of the order, the sobriety, and the morality which are now invoked by the honest laborer are usually to be found among Republicans. Every man who knows the history of this country knows that the Democratic party was the supporter of a system which stigmatized and disgraced labor; which authorized a man to buy and sell the sinews of every trade, if they were colored; and which insisted, by one of its chief leaders and lawyers in this State, that the children of O'CONOR, that the Irish who owned blackamoths and gardeners, as if they were his cattle, should be allowed to vote. Every New York, and hold them hereby as property, side by side with the free blacksmiths and gardeners of New York.

Every man who knows our history knows that it was the perception of this degrading and un-American policy, sustained by the Democratic party, which led to the formation of the Republican party. He knows that the Republicans showed how the great Democratic leaders, being slaveholders, sought to obtain possession of the territories of the United States, so that when the free laborers from New York went there to settle he would have found the great proprietor of slave laborers his immediate rival, and his wages measured by the amount necessary to support a man kept as nearly like a brute as possible. He knows further, that the exposure of this fact aroused the great mass of intelligent Americans, who live by their own labor; that they expelled the slave party calling itself Democratic from power, and have since put down the rebellion waged by the leaders of that party in the interest of slavery, have abolished slavery, removed the stigma from labor, and passed a homestead law. These are the most familiar facts of our later political history, and these show plainly enough which party is the friend of the laboring man.

Why, then, should any Republican fear that if the same party passed the most energetic laws to protect naturalization and to purify the polls, the native intelligence would misunderstand it? While the Republican party pursued its great purposes of subduing the rebellion, and so abolishing and punishing the Know-Nothing spirit, and firmly, it was every where victorious. Courage inspires confidence. No party that is not bold is powerful; and what it becomes timid it is death-stricken. If it can be frightened from one point it can be driven from all. The grasp of the Republican party upon affairs has become a little relaxed. It does not hold them as a master, but rather as a suppliant. It is looking about and wondering whether it will be supported. While it wonders it is in danger. Let it not fear to do and to say what it heartily believes and what it wishes to do. It knows the enormous frauds at the polls. The whole country knows them. And a plain resolution that the national authority should stop these frauds would instantly bring the country closer to the party. The hostility to a proper law of naturalization, or to that to the purity of every evil in our system, which bitter experience has revealed, springs from the source of all the troubles in our history, which Republicans called "the monster" of State sovereignty.

PARTY ORTHODOXY.

IN opposing the confirmation of Mr. MURPHY as Collector of New York, Senator FENTON is reported to have laid the utmost stress upon his want of party loyalty, charged that he supported Mr. HOFFMAN for Governor in 1868. Senator CONKLING's reply to his colleague is understood to have been very severe. He tried his fellow Senator by his own test, and stated that in his own State Senatorial district, which is largely Democratic, Senator FENTON had supported an independent nomination, which secured the election of the Democratic candidate. Senator CONKLING was also aided by Mr. *Evening Post's* opposition to Mr. MURPHY upon similar grounds, and quoted well-known cases of "bolting" upon the part of that party, and declared that some of the free criticisms of its editor upon those with whom he differs. The report describes the speech as very caustic, and it was followed by an extraordinary unanimity of the Senate in favor of the confirmation of Mr. MURPHY.

It has the merits of this case in a single proposition to enter. But, since the arena and the character of the debate have given it a degree of general interest, it is right that Republicans elsewhere should know that in the State of New York there are no better or more consistent Republicans, no abler public men, and no more spotless citizens than Senator CONKLING and Judge FOLGER, who appeared as the especial friends of Mr. MURPHY. The bitterness of the debate was but the public proclamation of a difference that has existed for some time in the Republican party of New York, and which explains much of the apathy that has been observed in its ranks, and the untoward result of the recent elections. The consequences of the violent public rupture between the two Senators, which was sooner or later inevitable, can not be foreseen. But certainly it was not the issue sought by Senator CONKLING. He favored the confirmation of Mr. MURPHY, and his colleague opposed it. And when his colleague arraigned Mr. MURPHY at length, attacking in detail his political character and consistency, and insinuating, if not charging, personal dishonesty, there was no alternative but for Senator CONKLING to take up the gauntlet, and to come out and fight the question. His duty was now worked out by the position of the case. It was founded, but that similar political charges could be sustained against the accuser. This he did with emphasis.

This painful debate will be useful if it serves to show what an extremely dangerous weapon, as the locomotive said, a charge of party infidelity is. It is apt to recoil, because, happily, intelligent men will not surrender their convictions to party names. Here are three conspicuous Republicans—Senator FENTON, Mr. MURPHY, and Mr. GREELEY—and it appears that each of these has differed from what they esteem proper, "bolted" the regular party action. Certainly they are not the less to be respected for their independence, for a man's highest duty to his party is often the refusal to yield to its discipline; nor can any satisfactory arbitrary standard be devised to determine party fidelity. The men who boast that they have always voted "the straight ticket" are men to be suspected and watched. They are certainly not the men for public functions requiring impartiality and breadth of view. When JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, as a member was mere, was opposed to the War of 1812, was reproached with not supporting a

candidate nominated by his party for the Assembly, in Westchester County, he said, for himself and those who acted with him, what may be well remembered: "We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and agree to uniformly concurred in it; that concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nominations which should be so made. But it is equally certain that such concurrent did, does, and ever will rest on the condition, trust, and confidence that such nominations only be made as we could or can support without transgressing the obligations we are under to preserve our characters and our minds free from hesitation and reproach. We are, and will be, faithful to the peace party; but we will also be faithful to our sense and conviction of what is decent and becoming for us to do."

A RAT DIET NOT IMMINENT.

In the reported speeches of Generals BUTLER and HAWLEY, on the Fourth of July, at Woodstock, it is not easy to see the difference of opinion which seems to have been uttered by them. General BUTLER said that the cody trade was really a slave-trade, and he was undoubtedly correct. But he distinctly said that he was not hostile to what may be called natural immigration. General HAWLEY said that he did not see how the gates of the country could be locked against foreigners. In that he, too, was unquestionably correct. But he can, of course, see how they can be opened against a slave-trade. The importation of coolies by contract is no more immigration than the importation of slaves. It is a system by which the worst classes of foreigners would be thrown into this country in the greatest numbers. It would be an unfriendly and unnecessary increase of the difficulties with which the country has to deal. We presume that General HAWLEY is no more favorable to such a system than General BUTLER; and we understand him to mean only that we ought not to oppose a normal and natural immigration from any part of the world.

The British colonial experience shows exactly what the cody trade is. It is not prosecuted for more than twenty years in the English and other colonies in the Gulf of Mexico, and the British Government has made laws for its regulation, and appointed agents for its supervision. As we stated a few weeks since, it is characterized by the strictest of the slave-trade. Kidnapping and fraud precede embarkation, and the horrors of the middle passage are common. A little more than a year ago a ship left Calcutta for Demerara with 468 coolies, and arrived with only 364 still living. The gentleman who has lived for twenty years in Jamaica said in a paper before the Anti-Slavery Conference in Paris, two years ago, that the cody trade was the most atrocious form of the slave-trade, and that, as the observer's interest in the cody is limited, he is really worse off than a slave. In Cuba they are disposed of in open market like cattle; and the parliamentary blue-book of a year or two since showed that 6,581 Chinese had been imported into Cuba within a period of twenty months. In Peru not more than 16,000 coolies are living of 100,000 imported within twenty years, and not more than 100 have returned to China.

These are the facts of the cooly contract system in small states like Cuba, Peru, and the Gulf colonies. What are likely to be the results of such a system in a country like the United States, with its opportunities and demands for labor? That demand and opportunity will bring the laborers. It is only necessary to prevent the artificial stimulus given to the movement by the contract system. The Chinese current of population began to flow toward this country in 1848. Between that year and 1868, for twenty years, the yearly average of the immigration was not quite 6000. Last year it was 12,000. That is not alarming average, and even that is artificial. This country can annually assimilate a great many more Chinese than 12,000. Let us prohibit any kind of slave-trade, and the Crispins will not fear that they will be compelled to eat rats.

THE MINORITY A PART OF THE PEOPLE.

THE new Constitution recently adopted by the State of Illinois is so full of excellent provisions that it is very likely to serve as a model for all the States that hereafter may make any fundamental law. The general applause with which it is received by the country shows also the wisdom of vigorous and radical action by the Constitutional Convention. When a system has been shown by experience to be inadequate, Hamlet's advice is the true counsel—"Out with it altogether." Undoubtedly the Constitution proposed to the State of New York by the Convention of 1867 would have been more generally approved if it had been a new instrument instead of an old one patched and darned. We do not mean, of course, that a Constitutional Convention is to seek novelty as of itself an advantage. But experience reveals in every fundamental law certain imperfections and weaknesses, unsound principles and practices, and these should be shorn away. For instance, the present Constitution of this State is unwisely jealous of appointed officers. But there are offices to which, from their very nature, it is better that men should be appointed than elected, and experience therefore proves it. But the New York Convention was afraid that it would be accused of seeking to take power from the people. That timidity was the bane of the Convention, and ruined its work. The Constitution seemed to have no friends. Even the party that controlled the Convention was unwilling to recommend its work.

The Judiciary article of the Constitution of 1867 was the weakest and most thorough in it reforms, and that was adopted. What a farce has one point like the new Illinois Constitution. It gives the minority a chance. Thus, in the late election for Judges of Appeals, under that article, although there appeared a majority of the party ninety thousand against the Republican ticket, two Republicans from the five nominated were elected. In like manner, in Illinois, it is proposed to allow cumulative voting in the elections to the lower branch of the Legislature. This is a system which secures a representation of the minority. Each Senatorial district in the State is to send three members to the Lower House, and every voter may cast his three votes at his pleasure. He may give one vote to each of three candidates, or he may give one to one candidate and two to another, or he may give all three to one. If the minority in the district is decided, it will, of course, concentrate all its votes upon one candidate, and so secure a representative. If the district be evenly divided, it is not so easy to foresee the result. Both parties would then nominate an entire ticket, and there would be the same trading that there is now. But such a system would certainly be likely to put forward its best man.

The adoption of the system, however, whether experience shall show it to be wise or unwise to its purpose than some other, or not, is a most significant fact. It marks the progress of political science. It shows that every principle in our system is to be investigated and proved. It indicates the perception that our system itself demands revision, and that while the majority may be heard, inasmuch as the system is that of the government of the people, and not a part of them, the rights of the minority are also first and rudest, but by no means the final and sure method of ascertaining the popular will. The same logic and reasoning which led the wisest of the Revolutionary fathers to perceive that slavery was a constant satire upon a government professing to derive its powers only as it sent, lead their children to see that the will of a hundred persons can not be truly expressed by fifty-one, and that the government can not endure only until a better, because more accurate, system is devised. Nothing could show more clearly the political intelligence of Illinois than its perception of the propriety of some such provision; and no political experiment could be watched with more interest by all sagacious political thinkers in the country.

"THE MUCH-MALIGNED CITY OF NEW YORK."

THE death of FLORENCE SCANNEL, and the monstrous assault of the Roman Catholic firemen upon the Protestants, on Sunday, women and children, at their late picnic upon the anniversary of the Boyne, are very significant facts.

FLORENCE SCANNEL was a young man of twenty-three and a Democratic politician. He was emphatically "a representative of the dangerous classes." And, after rioting through the streets one night in last December with a party of desperadoes like himself, he burst into a liquor shop and was shot in a drunken brawl. After lapsing paralyzed for several months he died a few days since. A great crowd of his friends met the city. The Board of Aldermen passed resolutions of respect for his memory. Municipal officers and politicians followed the dangerous classes." And, after rioting through the his funeral

NAPOLEON III.

THE latest telegrams received at the moment of writing announce that the Emperor of France will take the field in person against Prussia; and as King WILLIAM I. will probably place himself at the head of his own army, as in the campaign against Austria, the new war may present the spectacle of the crowned heads of the two greatest military powers in Europe meeting on the field of battle—not in personal combat, of course, as in the olden times, but as leaders and manœuvrers of immense armies. King WILLIAM is a trained soldier, and the Emperor NAPOLEON has approved himself an eminent strategist. He commanded the French army in person in the Italian war, which resulted in the expulsion of the Austrians; and it is admitted that the success of the campaign was largely owing to his military skill. He is now matched against a more formidable antagonist.

It is a singular fact that while the two grand divisions of the Prussian army are led by young men, under the general direction of the veteran MOLTKE, the great Marshals of France on whom the Emperor relies for the conduct of his armies are veterans in years as well as in service. The principal army operating against the Rhine is under the command of Marshal M'MAHON, who distinguished himself in the last two great wars of France, that against RUSSIA, and that against Austria—in the former of which he was the "hero of the Malakoff," and in the latter the "hero of Magenta." He is a Frenchman by birth, but descended from an ancient Irish family. For his achievement in the Austrian war he was created Duke of Magenta. He is 63 years old. Marshals CANROBERT and BAZAINE are also over 60 years of age. Marshal FOREY is 66, Marshal RANDON 75, Marshal VAILLANT 80, and Marshal CHANGARNIER, who has been placed in command of the French reserves, is 77 years old.

COUNT VON BISMARCK.

THIS energetic statesman was the right-hand man of King WILLIAM I. in the affair of the Duchies and the war with Austria. The fatigues and terrible responsibilities of the famous Seven Days' campaign which broke the military power of Austria told severely upon the strength and health of the Prussian statesman, who since that time has lived chiefly in retirement. The war with France will draw him once more to the side of his sovereign, who has never found him wanting in times of emergency. King WILLIAM will find his prompt counsel and unhesitating decision invaluable in the present contest, opposed to such a nation as France.

NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

GENERAL LEBŒUF.

On the death of Marshal NIEL, in 1869, General LEBŒUF, commanding the Sixth Corps d'Armée, was appointed to succeed him as Minister of War; and when M. OLLIVIER reorganized the Cabinet early in the present year, General LEBŒUF was retained in that important position.

The General is said to be physically the biggest man in the French army. He was born in 1809, and entered the service through the Polytechnic School, and the École d'Application of Metz, whence he emerged a full-blown Lieutenant of artillery in 1833. His promotion was very rapid. His brilliant conduct at the engagement of the Iron Gates, in Algeria, attracted the attention of the Orleans princes, who took a leading part in that engagement, and he obtained his Captaincy in 1837. Like his predecessor, Marshal NIEL, he distinguished himself greatly in many engagements, and was rapidly promoted. In 1854 he went to the Crimea as head of the artillery staff, with the rank of Major-General, and took a prominent part in the battle of the Alma. He was appointed Lieutenant-General in 1857, and two years later the whole of the artillery of the Italian expedition was placed under his supreme command. The French say but for his timely aid in bringing up an overwhelming number of guns to bear on the Austrian right, commanded by BENEDEK, VICTOR EMANUEL'S army at Solferino would have been crushed, and the position of the French army seriously compromised. He is said to possess great administrative ability.

COUNT OTTO VON BISMARCK.

GENERAL LEBŒUF, FRENCH SECRETARY OF WAR.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparations for Winter.—Seal-Hunting Again.—An Aged Patriarch.—Exciting Chase.—A Violent Storm.—Repairing Damages.—Adventure with a Sea-Lion.—A Dreadful Night.

THE Auckland summer—that is, December, January, and February—was entirely gone before the cabin was finished, and the period of short days and long evenings and nights was coming on. The days were, in fact, scarcely long enough for the work which it was necessary to perform.

The work of procuring a sufficient quantity of wood involved a great deal of labor. The wood was very difficult to cut, being not only hard, but knotty and gnarled. The axe—their only one—had become extremely dull, and there was no means of sharpening it. Then the wood had to be brought from a considerable distance over the roughest and most impracticable ways. The first thing done in the morning, commencing as soon as it was light, was to attend to this duty.

The difficulty arising from the dullness of the axe became at length so serious that Mr. Raynal found it absolutely necessary to devise some means of overcoming it. He tried for a long time in vain to find some stone on the island that would answer the purpose of sharpening a tool. At length it occurred to him that the stones used for ballast on board their vessel were masses of a kind of sandstone which might perhaps be suitable. So he went on board, and after groping about for a time, up to his middle in water, in the dark hold, and feeling with his feet in the muddy sediment which had accumulated there, he at last found a stone which seemed to be of the proper size, and he finally succeeded in getting it up and carrying it ashore.

He then contrived to manufacture a kind of "cold-chisel" out of a bolt which he obtained from the vessel; and with this and his hammer he succeeded after a while in smoothing his stone at the sides and rounding it at the edge, so as to give it the required form. The bolt through the centre gave him the greatest trouble; but he at last succeeded in overcoming this difficulty too. The grindstone thus made he contrived to mount between the trunks of two trees which grew close together near the cabin; and it served an excellent purpose in grinding the axe, and all the other tools, during the whole time of the stay of the party upon the island.

During the remainder of the day the great occupation of the men, when the weather allowed it, was making hunting expeditions after seals, the flesh of these animals being their chief reliance for food. In these excursions they met with a great variety of adventures, and were often exposed to extreme hardship and danger.

On one occasion, soon after they moved into the cabin, they took their boat, and, leaving the one whose turn it was to attend to the housekeeping at home, they set off across the bay to hunt for seals on an island which they had named Figure Eight, from its form. They found, on their arrival at a certain part of the island, a great number of young seals together, engaged like so many kittens at play. Their mothers were among them, and in the centre was a very large and apparently old seal, who had the air and appearance of an aged patriarch witnessing with pleasure the gambols of his children.

The hunters advanced cautiously and by stealth toward this group, and watched them for a moment, without allowing themselves to be seen. The old seal, besides other appearances indicating age, opened his mouth once or twice, and showed that his teeth were nearly all gone. His countenance wore that mild, gentle, intelligent, and almost human expression, so characteristic of the species. The hunters, or, at least, Mr. Raynal, felt some compunction at the thought of murderously breaking into this charming domestic scene with slaughter and death. But their own wants were imperious, and they prepared for the attack.

HUNTING SEALS.

In the mean time the old seal—they afterward named him the Royal Tom—spied them, looked alarmed, and came forward to meet them, growling in a subdued voice. The hunters immediately sprang forward, and, with their clubs, knocked down the young seals so fast as they could reach them. They killed seven. They then gave all the clubs to Harry, so as to have, each of them, except Harry, two hands free. Each of them seized two of the young seals by the tail, and ran for the boat. Harry followed, with the clubs under one arm and a seal in the hand of the other. This was done so promptly that the old seals could not move quick enough to intercept them. The men pushed the boat off from the shore, and rowed for their lives—Royal Tom and the bereaved mothers following after them, and growling and bellowing for their young.

The distress of the poor mothers was painful to witness. They followed hard after the boat, and one of them, coming up alongside, leaped out of the water in an attempt to get on board. The men were wet with the spray which her fall back into the water threw up into their faces. At last Mr. Raynal, seriously alarmed for the safety of the boat, fired at them. The report of the gun frightened them off. They gave up the chase, and returned disconsolate to the shore.

By this and some other successful expeditions they procured a store of food somewhat in advance of their wants; and, anticipating the possibility of scarcity to come, they took measures to cure and preserve a portion of their supply. They accordingly cut up the flesh of these young seals, to be packed with salt in a cask; and afterward, when they thought them sufficiently salted, suspended them to the roof of their cabin. In this way they succeeded in curing and preserving a large quantity of food.

It was necessary for them to have some supply of food in store, for the stormy season was coming on, and it was to be expected that their hunting expeditions would sometimes be interrupted by the weather. Indeed, toward the end of March, there came on a terrific storm, which lasted many days, and made it impossible for them to do any thing out of doors. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and was accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, with storms of hail, and sometimes with deluging torrents of rain. The trees were stripped of their leaves and of many of their branches by the gale. Fortunately the cabin held its ground securely, and was not damaged.

The party made an excursion in their boat, as soon as the storm subsided, to examine the signal pole, which, it will be remembered, they had set up on the shore at the entrance of the bay. They found the pole standing, but the flag had entirely disappeared. Even the bottle had been carried away. They found it at some distance from the pole, lying on the ground and half covered with leaves and rubbish.

They at once went to work to make and set up a new signal, out of materials which they had brought with them, in anticipation of the emergency. They replaced the flag with a board, which they thought they could make more secure. This board was whitened by means of a pigment made of chalk and seal oil; and Mr. Raynal had painted a large N upon it, in black, which letter was intended to denote the direction in which persons observing the signal must go to find the shipwrecked men. They fixed this signal in a new place, fastening the board between two poles set up in a place such as would bring the board in full relief against a dark background formed by the side of a mountain, and thus, as they hoped, would make it conspicuously visible from vessels in the offing.

The violence and the duration of this storm made the party feel more than ever the necessity of having a store of provisions in reserve; and accordingly, immediately after it was over, and they had returned from replacing their signal,

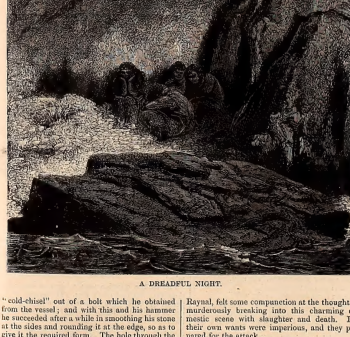

A DREADFUL NIGHT.

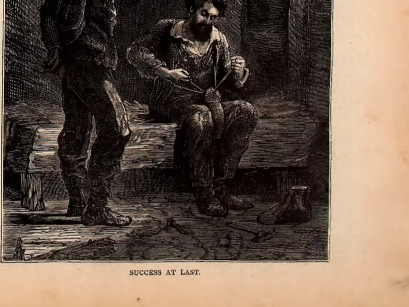

SUCCESS AT LAST.

they went again to Figure Eight in search of seals. This expedition was very successful, and the store were replenished by it for a considerable time. But as the season advanced, and the days grew shorter and the cold more severe, they often ate made long and very fatiguing excursions almost or entirely in vain. On one of these nearly fruitless expeditions they were out all night, and suffered severely. It was early in May—a month which, with them, corresponds with our November. They set out a little after noon, the early part of the day having been occupied in bringing in wood and in other similar duties. They left Harry at home, it being his turn that week to attend to the housekeeping. The other four, armed with their clubs, left the cabin together. Their destination was the isthmus which connected the two islands together, and which, being low and level, and covered with the moss which was meant to be used for clothing. After leaving them all in the house at Seal Island, they were laid upon a flat floor, prepared for the purpose, and spread out smooth, one upon the other, in a pile. Boards were then placed upon the top, and heavy stones laid upon them, to subject the skins to pressure, in order to get the water out. They were then packed into the running brook for a second washing. When they were thought to be thoroughly soaked, they were immersed in the decoction of astringent bark not to be named. It was necessary to have them here in large quantities, as there were continually, at this time, and it was found that the process was going on at least one half of the time, if not oftener, but it was very slow. After some weeks the thinner and lighter skins could be taken out for use, but at no time were the heavy ones taken out less nearly all the winter before they were completely tanned.

When at length a sufficient number of the skins suitable for shoes were ready, they were taken out of the water and laid on the floor to dry. Then came the work of making them into shoes. Here the difficulties to be overcome in this undertaking were numerous, and some of them very embarrassing. First an awl was required. This was made by taking a needle and fixing a handle to hard wood. Then thread, to serve for "waxed ends." These were manufactured by the hemp of seal-cloth unraveled and twisted into threads of the right size, and tipped with bristles for the purpose of waxing. Last of all, there was the whole party were occupied several evenings in making candles, by saving out bacon fat, and, with the proper size, by means of a saw made of an iron hoop, and then splitting the blocks up into strips. Cutting the lasts for the shoes might seem a matter of great difficulty. On the first trial, after a mold had been formed over the foot, the last could not be got out, and Mr. Raynal was obliged to rip his work open again to release it. But Raynal made his foot first over in soft wax, with a wedge between, so that when the shoe was finished he could first withdraw the wedge, and then the other two pieces could be easily removed.

At length, however, all the difficulties were surmounted, and Mr. Raynal succeeded in finishing an excellent pair of shoes. The others, having watched the progress of the work, followed his example, and in a short time they were all provided with somewhat rude but very effectual, means of protection for their feet.

The shoemaking was succeeded by tailoring—the skins of the young seals from the hair still upon them, being employed as the material for making the clothes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.—RUTH.

[Continued.]

THE SIGNS OF THE END.

THERE was a supply of water to the cottage, on the upper floor. The bedroom jugs and cans, usually in their places at an earlier hour, were standing that night at the cistern. An empty pail was left near them. Directing the lad to bring his own supply of provisions, Geoffrey tore down the curtains in a flaming heap, putty on the bed and the bedding, and set it. Using the can and the pail alternately, as the boy brought them, he drenched the bed and the sofa. It was all over in little more than a quarter of an hour. The cistern was saved. But the bed-furniture was destroyed; and the room, though the fire was soon rendered uninhabitable, for that night at least, and probably for many nights to come.

Geoffrey and the boy left the room, after turning to Anne, pointed across the passage.

"You won't be much inconvenienced by this," he said. "You have only to shift your quarters to the spare room."

With the assistance of the lad, he moved Anne's boxes, and the chest of drawers, which stood, escaped damage in the opposite room. This done, he continued her to be careful with her candles for the future—and went down stairs, without waiting to hear what she said in reply. The lad followed him, and was dismissed for the night.

Even in the confusion which attended the extinguishing of the fire, the conduct of Hester Dethridge had been conspicuously purpose. She kept herself on the extension of Anne.

She had come out from her bedroom, when the alarm was given; had looked at the flaming curtains; and had drawn back, stolidly submissive, into a corner to wait the event. There she had stood—to all appearance, utterly indifferent to the possible destruction of her own cottage. The fire extinguished, she still waited impenetrably in her corner, while the chest of drawers and the bedding were being carried from the locked the door, without even a passing glance at the scorched ceiling and the burned bed-furniture—put the key into her pocket—and went back to her room.

Anne had hitherto not shared the conviction felt by other persons who were brought into contact with Hester Dethridge, that the woman's mind was deranged. After what she had just seen, however, the general impression became her impression too. She had thought of putting certain questions to Hester, when they were left together, as to the origin of the fire. Reflection decided her on saying nothing, for that night at least. She crossed the passage, and entered the spare room—the room which she had declined to occupy when it was at the cottage, and which she was obliged to sleep in now.

The lad had effected very little change in the disposition of the furniture of the room.

The bed had been moved. The head—set, when the bed had been in it, against the side wall of the cottage—was placed now against the partition wall which separated the room from Geoffrey's bedroom. The new arrangement had evidently been effected with a settled purpose of convenience. The hook in the ceiling which supported the curtains (the bed, unlike the bed in the other room, having no canopy attached to it) had been moved with it, to adapt itself to the change that had been made. The chairs and the washhand-stand, formerly placed against the partition wall, were now, as a matter of necessity, shifted over to the vacant space against the side wall of the cottage. In the rest, no other alteration was visible in any part of the room.

Anne's first impression on any event not immediately intelligible on the face of it, was an event to be distrusted. Was there a motive for the change in the disposition of the bed? And was it, by chance, a motive in which she was concerned?

In the present unsettled state of her mind, before a startling suspicion succeeded it. Was there some secret purpose to be answered by making the bed in the spare room? Did the question which the servant had heard Geoffrey put to Hester, on the evening of the storm, refer to it? Was the fire which had so unaccountably caught the curtains in her own room, been, by any possibility, a fire purposely kindled, to force her out?

She dropped into the nearest chair, faint with horror, as those three questions forced themselves in rapid succession on her mind.

After waiting a little, she recovered self-possession enough to reconsider the first alarm by necessity of putting her suspicions to the test. It was possible that her excited fancy had filled her with groundless apprehensions. For all she knew to the contrary, there might be some undeniably sufficient reason for changing the position of the bed. She went out, and knocked at the door of Hester Dethridge's room.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

Hester came out. Anne pointed to the spare room, and led the way to it. Hester followed her.

"Why have you changed the place of the bed?" she asked, pointing from the wall there, to the wall here?"

Sullenly submissive to the question, as she had been stolidly submissive to the fire, Hester Dethridge wrote her reply. On all other occasions she was accustomed to look the persons to whom she offered her slate steadily in the face. Now, for the first time, she handed it to Anne with her eyes on the floor. The one fine written word left no direct answer: the words were these:

"I have reasons for changing the position."

"I ask you why you have moved it."

She wrote these four words on the slate: "The wall is damp."

Anne looked at the wall. There was no sign of damp on it. Stronger she passed her hand over it. Feel where she might, the wall was dry.

"I . . . is not your reason," she said.

Hester stood silent.

"There is no dampness in the wall."

Hester quietly rubbed out with her pencil to the four words, still without looking up—waited a moment for Anne to read them again—and left them.

It was plainly useless to call her back. Anne's first impulse when she was alone again was to secure the door. She not only locked it, but bolted it at top and bottom. The mortise of the lock and the mortises of the bolts, when she tried them, were firm. The jarring treachery—whatever else it might be—was not in the fastenings of the door.

She looked all round the room: examining the place, in the first instance, as its shutters, the corners of the wardrobe, the hidden space under the bed. Nothing was anywhere to be seen, the closest search could justify the most timid person living in feeling suspicion or alarm.

Satisfied—even as they were, failed to convince her. The presentiment of some hidden treachery, existing in the room, remained secure in her in the dark, had roosted itself firmly in her mind. She sat down, and tried to trace her way back to the clue through the earlier events of the day.

The effort was fruitless: nothing definite, nothing tangible, rewarded it. Worse still, a new doubt grew out of it—a doubt whether the motive which Sir Patrick had avowed (through Blanche) was the motive for helping her which was really in his mind.

Did he sincerely believe Geoffrey's conduct to be animated by no worse object than a mercenary one? Or had he some ulterior purpose in wishing to remove her out of her husband's reach, to force Geoffrey's consent to their separation on the terms which Julius had proposed? Was this really the side and that he had in view? or was he secretly convinced (knowing Anne's position as he knew it) that she was in personal danger at the cottage? and had he considerately kept that conviction concealed, in the fear that he might otherwise encourage her to feel alarmed about herself? She looked round the strange room, in the silence of the night, and she felt that the latter interpretation was the likeliest interpretation of the two.

The sound caused by the closing of the doors and windows reached her from the ground-floor. What was to be done?

It was impossible to show the signal which had been agreed on to Sir Patrick and Arnold. The window in the room in which the fire was the window of the room in which the fire had broken out—the room which Hester Dethridge had locked up for the night.

It was equally hopeless to wait until the policeman passed on his beat, and to call him. Even if she could prevail upon herself to make that open acknowledgment of distrust under her husband's roof, and even if help were near, what valid reason could she give for raising an alarm? There was not the shadow of a reason to justify any one in declaring her under the protection of the law.

At a last resource, impelled by her blind distrust of the change in the position of the bed, she attempted to move it. The utmost exertion of her strength was not sufficient to displace a piece of furniture out of its place, by so much as a hair's breadth.

There was no alternative but to trust to the security of the locked and bolted door, and to keep watch through the night—certain that Sir Patrick and Arnold were, on their part, also keeping watch in the neighborhood of the cottage. She took out her work and her books; and returned to her chair, placing it near the table in the middle of the room.

The last noises which told of human life and movement there died away. The breathless stillness of the night closed round her.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

THE MEANS.

THE new day dawned; the sun rose; the household was astir again. Inside the spare room, and outside the spare room, nothing had happened.

At the hour appointed for leaving the cottage to pay the promised visit to Holchester House, Hester Dethridge and Geoffrey were alone together in the bedroom in which Anne had passed the night.

"She's dressed, and waiting for me in the front room," said Geoffrey. "I've wanted to see me here alone. I've got away from her for a minute or two. What is it?"

Hester pointed to the bed.

"You want it moved (from the wall?" Hester nodded again.

They moved the bed some feet away from the partition wall. After a momentary pause, Geoffrey looked again.

"It must be done to-night," he said. "Her friends must believe she's the girl may come back. It must be done to-night."

Hester bowed her head slowly.

"How long will it be before you leave the house?"

She held up three of her fingers.

"Three last mean three hours?"

She nodded her head.

"Will it be alive in that time?"

She made the affirmative sign once more.

Thus far, she had never lifted her eyes to his. In her manner of replying to him while he spoke, in the slightest movement that she made when necessity required it, the same lifeless submission to him, the same mute horror of him, was perceptible. He had, thus far, silently resented this, on the ground that the point of issuing the room the restraint which he had laid on himself gave way. But the first look, the first word, roused it.

"Why the devil can't you look at me?" he asked.

She let the question pass, without a sign to show that she had heard him. He angrily repeated it. She wrote on the slate, and held it out to him—still without raising her eyes to his face.

"You know you can speak," he said. "You know I have found you out. What's the use of keeping the truth with me?"

She persisted in holding the slate before him. He read these words:

"I have nothing to you, and blind to you. Let me be."

"Let you be!" he repeated. "It's a little late in the day to be scrupulous, after what you have done. Do you want your Confession back, or not?"

As the reference to the Confession passed his lips, she looked at him at last. A faint tinge of color showed itself on her livid cheeks; a momentary spasm of pain stirred her deathlike face. The first interest that she had shown in the ways and interest of recovering the manuscript which had been taken from her. In that appeal she answered intelligence still faintly assailable—and to no other.

"Remember the bargain on your side," Geoffrey went on, "and I'll remember the bargain on mine. This is how it stands, you know. I have taken your Confession; and I find one thing wanting. You don't tell how it was done. I know you smothered him—but I don't know how. I want to know. You're dumb; and you can't tell me. You must do it again here, as you did it in the other house. You run no risks. There isn't a soul to see you. You have got the place to yourself. When I come back you shall tell me all like the other wall—at that small hour of the morning you know, when you were writing

with the towel in your hand, for the first stroke of the clock. Let me find that: has either tomorrow you shall have your Confession in your own hands.

As the reference to the Confession passed his lips for the second time, the sinking energy in the woman leaped up in her once more. She matched her slate from her side; and, writing on it rapidly, held it, with both hands, close under his eyes. He read these words:

"I won't wait. I must have it to-night."

"Do you think I keep your confession about me?" said Geoffrey. "I haven't even got it in the house."

She staggered back; and looked up for the first time.

"Don't alarm yourself," he went on. "It's sealed up with my seal; and it's safe in my banker's keep ing. I posted it to them myself. You don't catch me, Mrs. Delafield. Ha! I had kept it locked up in the house, you might have forced the lock when my back was turned. But I had kept it about me—I might have had that towel over my face, in the small hours of the morning! The bankers will give you back your Confession—just as they have received it from me—on receipt of an order in my handwriting. Do what I have told you; and you shall have the order to-night.

She passed her apron over her face, and drew a long breath of relief. Geoffrey turned to the door.

"I will be back at six this evening," he said. "Shall I find it done?"

She bowed her head.

His first condition accepted, he proceeded to the second.

"When the opportunity offers," he resumed, "I shall go up to my room. When you hear me ring the dining-room bell you will follow me up—and you will show me how you did it in the empty house?"

She made the affirmative sign once more.

At the next movement the dust of the passage below was opened and closed again. Geoffrey instantly went down stairs. It was nothing to him Anne might have forgotten something; and it was necessary to prevent her from returning to her own room.

They met in the passage.

"Tired of waiting in the garden?" he asked, abruptly.

She pointed to the dining-room.

"Have you given me a letter for you, through the grating in the gate," she answered. "I have put it on the table in there."

He went in. The handwriting on the address of the letter was the handwriting of Mrs. Glenarm. He put it unread into his pocket, and went back to Anne.

"Step out!" he said. "We shall lose the train."

They started for their visit to Holchester House.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

THE END.

At a few minutes before six o'clock that evening, Lord Holchester's carriage brought Geoffrey and Anne back to the cottage.

Geoffrey prevented the servant from ringing at the gate. He had taken the key with him; and he left home earlier in the day. Having admitted Anne, and having closed the gate again, he went on before her to the kitchen. Sophia presented to Hester Delbridge.

"Take some fresh water into the drawing-room, and fill the vase on the chimney-piece," he said. "The sooner you put those flowers into water," he added, turning to his wife, "the sooner they will last."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a nosegay in Anne's hand, which Julian had gathered for her from the conservatory at Holchester House. Leaving her to arrange the flowers in the vase, he went up stairs. After waiting for a moment, he was joined by Hester Delbridge.

"Done?" he asked, in a whisper.

Hester made the affirmative sign. Geoffrey took off his boots, and led the way into the spare room. They noiselessly moved the bed back to its place against the partition wall—and left the room again. When Anne entered it, some minutes afterward, not the slightest change of any kind was visible since she had last seen it in the middle of the day.

She removed her bonnet and mantle, and sat down to rest.

The whole course of events, since the previous night, had tended one way, and had produced the same delusive influence over her mind. It was impossible for her any longer to resist the conviction that the bold distrusted agreement was the slightest reason, and that she had permitted purely ceaseless suspicion to get the better of her.

Geoffrey was alarmed. In the firm belief that she was in danger, she had watched through the night—and nothing had happened. In the confident anticipation that Geoffrey had promised what he was resolved not to perform, she had waited, to see what excuse he would find for keeping her at the cottage. And, when the time came for the visit, she found him ready to fulfil the engagement which he had made. At Holchester House, not the slightest interference had been attempted with her perfect liberty of action and speech. Resolved to inform Sir Patrick that she had changed her mind, she had described the alarm of fire and the events which had succeeded it, in the fullest detail—and had not been once checked by Geoffrey from beginning to end. She had spoken in confidence to Blanche, and had never been interrupted. Walking round the conservatory, she had dropped behind the others with perfect impunity, to say a grateful word to Sir Patrick, and to ask if the interpretation that he placed on Geoffrey's conduct was really the interpretation which had been formed by Blanche. They had talked together for ten minutes or more. Sir Patrick had assured her that Blanche had correctly represented his opinion. He had formed no conviction that the rash way in, in her case, the right way: and that she would do well (with his assistance) to take the initiative, in the matter of the separation, on herself. "As long as he can keep you under the same roof with him,"—Sir Patrick had said—"so long he will speculate on our anxiety to release you from the oppression of living with him; and so long he will hold out with his brother (in the character of a penitent husband) for higher terms. Put the spirit in the window, and let him go penniless to-night. Once find your way to the garden door, and I answer for keeping you safely out of his reach until he has submitted to your own condition, and has signed the deed." In those words, Anne had found the encouragement which she received, in return, her promise to be guided by his advice. She had gone back to the drawing-room; and Geoffrey had seen no opportunity in her absence. She had returned to Fulham, alone with him in his brother's carriage; and he had asked no questions. What was more natural, with her means of judging, to infer from all this? Could she see into Sir Patrick's mind, and detect that he was deliberately concealing his own conviction, in the face of all that might paralyze her energies if he acknowledged the alarm to her that he really felt? No. She could only accept the false appearances that surrounded her in the disguise of truth. She could only adopt, in good faith, Sir Patrick's assumed point of view, and believe, on the evidence of her own observation, that Sir Patrick was right.

Toward dusk, Anne began to feel the exhaustion which was the necessary result of a night passed without sleep. Her head ached, and she asked for some tea.

Hester Delbridge answered the bell. Instead of making the usual sign, she stood considering —and then wrote on her slate. These were the words: "I have all the work on my hands. The girl has gone. If you would have your tea in the drawing-room, you would save me another journey up stairs."

Anne at once engaged to comply with the request.

"Are you ill?" she asked; noticing, faint as the light now was, something strangely altered in Hester's manner.

Without looking up, Hester shook her head.

"Has any thing happened to vex you?"

The negative sign was repeated.

"Have I offended you?"

She suddenly advanced a step; suddenly kneeled at Anne; checked herself with a dull moan, like a moan of pain; and hurried out of the room.

Concluding that she had inadvertently said, or done, something to offend Hester, Anne pondering. Anne determined to return to the subject at the first favorable opportunity. In the mean time, she descended to the ground-floor. The dining-room door, standing wide open, showed her the parlor waiting for her. She wrote a letter—with the fatal brandy-bottle at his side.

After what Mr. Speechell had told her, it was her duty to mention, by the appointed hour, without an instant's hesitation.

"I prefer to have my tea sent up," she said. "I think you have forgotten what Mr. Speechell told you about thin."

She pointed to the bottle. Geoffrey looked at it; looked down again at his letter; and impatiently shook his head, as if he could not attempt at remonstrance—again without effect. He only said, "All right!" in lower tones than were customary with him, and left the room. The captain. It was useless to court a third repulse. Anne went into the drawing-room.

The letter on which he was engaged was an answer to the letter received that day from Mrs. Glenarm. He had read the two overflowing sentences when Anne spoke to him. They run as follows: "I am happy to say that there is no fear long, which you don't look for. Stay where you are through to-morrow, and wait to hear from me."

After sealing the envelope, he emptied his glass of brandy and water; and waited, looking through the open door. When Hester Delbridge crossed the passage with the tea-tray, and entered the drawing-room, he rose and followed her. She agreed on. He rang his bell. Hester came out again, closing the drawing-room door behind her.

"Is she safe at her tea?" he asked, pointing to his heavy boots, and putting on the slippers which were placed under his chair.

Hester bowed her head.

He pointed up the stairs. "You go first," he whispered. "No sound; and no noise."

She ascended the stairs. He followed slowly. Although he had only drunk enough to clear his head and water, his step was uncertain already. With one hand on the wall, and one hand on the banister, he made his way to the first landing, and listened for a moment; then joined Hester in his own room, and softly locked the door.

"Well?" he said.

She was standing motionless in the middle of the room—and, in reply, she pointed to a machine waiting to be set in movement. Finding it useless to speak to her, he looked round, with a strange sensation of shrinking in him as he did so, and, at last to the partition wall.

The hanging roused her. She drew a deep and vacant face—moving as if she was making in her sleep—she led the way to the paper—and, knelt down at the skirting-board; and, aking out two small sharp nails, lifted up a r g strip of the paper which had been detached on the plaster beneath. Mounting on a chair, she turned back the strip and pinned it up, out of the way, among the two nails, which she had kept ready in her hand.

By the last dim rays of twilight, Geoffrey looked at the wall.

A hollow space met his view. At a distance of some three feet from the floor, the laths had been sawn away, and the plaster had been ripped out, piecemeal, so as to leave a cavity, sufficient in height and width to allow free power of working in any direction, to a man's arm. The cavity completely pierced the substance of the wall. Nothing but the paper on the other side prevented eye or hand from penetrating into the next room.

Hester Delbridge got down from the chair, and made signs for a light.

Geoffrey took a match from the box. The same strange uneasiness which had already possessed his feet, appeared now to possess his hands. He ran round them, as he struck the match on the paper, and broke it. He tried another, and struck it too lightly to kindle the flame. Hester took the box out of his hands. Having lit the candle, she held it low, and pointed to the skirting-board.

Two little books were found into the floor, near the part of the wall from which the paper had been removed. Two lengths of fine and strong string were attached to one or two round the books. The loose ends of the string, extending to some length beyond the twisted parts, had been coiled away against the skirting-board. The other ends, driven tight, disappeared in two small holes drilled through the wall, at a height of a foot from the floor.

After first untwisting the strings from the books, Hester rose, and held the candle so as to light the cavity in the wall. Two more pieces of the fine string were drawn out, resting loose upon the uneven surface which marked the lower boundary of the hollowed space. Following these hidden strings, Hester lifted the loosened paper in the next room—the lower strings, which had previously held the paper firm, and flat against the sound portion of the wall, working in their holes, and allowing the paper to move up freely. As it rose higher and higher, Geoffrey saw thin strips of cotton wool lightly attached, at intervals, to the back of the paper, and so effectually to prevent it from making a grating sound against the wall. The last of the strings (till it could be pulled through the hollow space, and pinned up out of the way, as the strip previously lifted had been pinned before it. Hester drew back, and made way for Geoffrey to look through. There was Anne's room, visible through the wall! She softly parted the light curtains that hung over the bed. There was the pillow, on which her head would rest at night, within reach of his hand!

The deadly dexterity of it struck him cold. His nerves gave way. He drew back with a start of guilty fear, and looked round the room. A pocket flask of brandy lay on the table at his bedside. He snatched it up, and emptied it at a draught—and felt like himself again.

He beckoned to Hester to approach him.

"Believe in my efficient further," he said, "if you can. One thing I want to know. How is it all to be put right again?" Suppose this room is examined? Those strings will show."

Hester opened a cupboard and produced a jar. She took out a pot of white paint, and a mixture inside which looked like glue. Partly by signs, and partly by help of the slate, she showed how the mixture was to be applied to the back of the loosened strip of paper in the next room—how the paper could be pressed to the proper part of the wall by tightening the strings—how the strings, having served that purpose, could be safely removed—how the same process could be followed in Geoffrey's room, after the hollowed space had been filled up again with the materials waiting in the scullery, or even without filling up the hollowed piece if the time failed for doing it. In either case, the refastened paper would hide every thing, and the wall would tell no tales.

Geoffrey rose from the table. He pointed next to the towels in his room.

"Take one of them," he said, "and show me how you did it in the empty room down stairs."

As he said the words, Anne's voice reached his ear from behind the door of Mrs. Delbridge's.

It was impossible to say what might happen next. In another minute, she might go up to her room, and discover every thing. Hester pointed to the wall.

"Put it right again," he said. "Instantly!"

It was soon done. All that was necessary was to fit the two strips of paper drop back into their places—to fasten the strip to the wall in Anne's room, by tightening the two lower strings—and then to replace the nails which held the loose strips of paper in front. In a minute, the wall had resumed its customary aspect.

They stole out, and locked over the stairs into the passage below. After calling uselessly for the second time, Anne appeared; crossed over to the kitchen door, and, returning again with the kettle in her hand, closed the drawing-room door.

Hester Delbridge waited unnecessarily to receive her next directions. There were no further directions to give. The hideous dramatic representation of the woman's crime for which Geoffrey had asked was in no respect necessary: the means of concealment were ready, and the manner of using them was self-evident. Nothing but the opportunity, and the resolution to profit by it, were wanting to the last way to the end. Geoffrey signed to Hester to go down stairs.

"Get back into the kitchen," he said, "before she comes out again. I shall keep in the garden. When she goes up into her room for the night, lower yourself by the back-door—and I shall know."

Hester set her foot on the first stair—stopped—turned round—and looked slowly along the two walls of the passage, from end to end—shuddered—shook her head—and went slowly down the stairs.

"What were you looking for?" he whispered after her.

She neither answered, nor looked back—she went her way in silence to the kitchen.

He waited a minute, and then followed her.

On his way out to the garden, he went into the dining-room. The moon had risen; and the window-shutters were not closed. It was easy to find the brandy and the jug of water on the table. He mixed the two, and emptied the tumbler at a draught. "My head's queer," he whispered to himself. He passed his handkerchief over his face. "How infernally hot it is to-night!" He made for the door. As I was open, and plainly visible—and yet, he failed to find his way to it. Twice, he found himself trying to walk through the wall, on other sides. The third time, he got out, and reached the garden. A strange sensation possessed him, as he walked round and round. The night-air, the moonlight, the trees, were all intoxicate him. His mind, in a dull way, felt the same as usual; but his body was like the body of a drunken man. He felt himself advanced in the shade of Putney Church steak ten.

Anne appeared again from the drawing-room, with her bedroom candle in her hand.

"Put out the lights," she said to Hester, at the kitchen door; "I am going up stairs."

She entered her room. The insupportable sense of weariness, after the sleepless night that she had passed, weighed more heavily on her than ever. She looked her door, but forbore, on this occasion, to fasten the bolts. The dread of danger was no longer present to her mind; and there was little or no objection to using the bolts, that the unfastening of them would increase the difficulty of leaving the room noiselessly later in the night. She placed her candle on the table, and hair from her temples—and peered to and fro in the room, without thinking. Geoffrey's habits were irregular; Hester seldom went to bed—not Two hours at least—more probably three—must pass before it would be safe to communicate with Sir Patrick by means of the signal in the window. First warning, then bed. If she persisted, for the next three hours, in denying herself the repose which she sorely needed, the lighted candle on the table would be her friend through sheer exhaustion, when the time came for letting the fatal soul making the effort to escape. Sleep was falling on her even now—and sleep she must have. She had no fear of failing to wake at the needful time. Falling asleep, with a special necessity for rising at a given hour present to her mind, (like most other sensatively organized people) could rarely fail herself to wake at the given hour, instinctively. She put her lighted candle in a safe position, and laid down on the bed. In less than five minutes, she was in a deep sleep.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LAWYERS have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking of the latter as number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "we are charged with manslaughter, but as we are in the trap, I will prove that we were locked up in the engine-house in a state of intoxication."

THE LADY'S SETTLEMENT—The chignon.

Haydn had the weakness of being unable to bear being represented as an old man. When he was about sixty-three years old he was one morning engaged with a painter who represented him as he then was. "Stop, stop!" cried Haydn, "I will not be put down as old! I will look fresh and youthful!" Haydn at seventy-eight years of age had by this means a very youthful look.

A rugged little urchin, begging in the street the other day, was asked by a lady, who filled his basket, if his parents were living. "Only mother," said the boy. "Then you have enough in your basket to feed them," said the lady. "Please not," said the boy. "Oh no, I haven't neither," said the lad; "for dad and me keep mother." He also the same—only, instead of dad, he watched."

A POOR MOUTH EXAMINATION—Opening dead letters.

"Do you ever swear?" said a coach to a servant lately. "your case is a scrutinatory complaint." "Pray, doctor, what is that?" "It is the inflammation of the nerves, ma'am; the nerves having fallen into the pleura, which makes the patient swear, cough, and the head sees fourteen." "Ah! doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have cured my leading complaint."

The artless generosity of youth is illustrated in an incident told of a little Albany boy, in the house presently with muslonary. He was one Saturday in the house, reading up from the river flourishing a dirty shingle, and exclaiming, "Oh, Bill! Bill! got a new jackknife!" "Oh, Bill! Bill! got as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a new jackknife!" "Oh, Bill! got a new pavement—bushel all to scrape!"

PRESUMPTION AND INFIRMITY—Both staring a person in the face.

THE WORST STRADDAFF FOLLOWERS OF OUR FOURTEEN—Our clothes.

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the latter she gets, the shorter her horse becomes.

"When he's drunk he's more quarrelsome," said Mrs. Wiley as a cue cauchere has tested, or courses.

A voice comes from Washington Territory, saying, "Send us cradles, and a deceased unhappy Democratic respond, "Take ours!"

"MR. S——, is your customer D——a man to be trusted?" "I don't see any more so. He is to be trusted forever—he never pays."

A paper out West has for its motto: "God-will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news, and making money."

Josh Billings says: "Hunting after fame is like hunting after bees—hard to ketch, and sure to make you sweeny if you git one kind ketch."

A man in Portland wanted to gain admission to a panorama at half price, on the ground that he had but one eye.

A man in Council Bluffs is both a liquor-saloon keeper and an undertaker. One business helps the other.

A passenger on an Ohio railroad was aroused from a serene slumber the other night by the tooting of the whistle, and exclaimed, "The train has caught up with that confounded ox!"

"Bill Jones," said a bullying urchin to another lad, "I'll lick you!" "I'll catch you about dinner time, thing." "Well," replied Bill, "I ain't often much alone—I commonly have my legs and fists with me."

UP THE HUDSON.—DRAWN BY A. E. REHSE.—[SEE PAGE 489.]

UP THE HUDSON.

A FEW years ago an honest and truly democratic gentleman from one of the Western States, who then represented this country at the court of Berlin, sat on the deck of a Rhine steamer, and listened, with undisguised uneasiness, to the rapturously expressed delight of a young American lady as they steamed by ruin after ruin. At length a rather slighting allusion to the Hudson, and the absence of romantic ruins on its banks, roused the old gentleman to an honest and quite amusing outburst of indignation against what he was pleased to call an un-American fancy for old tumble-down heaps of stone. "For my part," said he, "I can't see any beauty in them. Here we've been traveling most a week, and I've been dragged here and dragged there to look at ruins, until I'm fairly homesick for the sight of a good new barn."

The practical old gentleman undoubtedly felt what he said; but the romantic delight of the young lady was no less genuine, and her preference for the Rhine over the Hudson is a sentiment shared by thousands of Americans, who yet are not insensible to the magnificence and beauty of our own river. And every one, we fancy, who takes the sail illustrated by our artist, receives ten times the enjoyment from those portions of the river which the genius of IRVING, HOSMAN DRAKE, and HALLECK has illuminated, or which were the scene of some memorable action of the old Indian wars or the struggle for independence, than from the showiest and most expensive villas that adorn its shores.

Leaving out the romantic element of ruins and legends, there is nowhere in the world a more beautiful and enjoyable sail than that up the Hudson from New York to Albany. The Palisades and Highlands, and especially the bold scenery about West Point, present views unsurpassed in any part of the world. Even the famous scenery of the Rhine is less picturesque, with the exception of passages near St. Goar and Bingen; and those who enjoy landscape beauty for its own sake, will find here the most lovely combinations of water, hill, mountain, rocky cliffs, and verdure-clad slopes; and perhaps, for the sake of all this, almost any one might consent to overlook the absence of what is associated with the greatest wrongs as well as the most exalted virtues of the ancient time.

AN ODALISQUE.

THE engraving from RICHTER'S beautiful picture of an Oriental slave girl, which we give on this page, requires only a word of explanation.

AN ODALISQUE.—[FROM A PICTURE BY RICHTER.]

An "odalisque," or, as it is sometimes written, *odah-lic*, is a female slave in the harem of the Turkish Sultan, the name being derived from the Turkish word *odah*, signifying chamber. They are selected from among the most beautiful of the slaves brought to Constantinople, and are changed at the caprice of the Sultan, whose taste in such matters is said to be very fickle and changeable.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CAREW OF CROMPTON.

HAD you lived in Brookenchâtre twenty years ago, or even any where in the Midlands, it would be superfluous to tell you of Carew of Crompton. Every body worth knowing was acquainted with him either personally or by hearsay. You must almost certainly have known somebody who had had an adventure with that eccentric personage —one who had been ridden down by him, for that mighty hunter never turned to the right hand nor to the left for any man, nor paid attention to any wire fence; or one whose fly-rod, tentasle, had been "cleared" by him on his famous black horse *Trebizond*, as animal only second to his master in the popular esteem. There are as many highly colored pictures of his performances at the Spring flag fair in memory as there are of "Dick Turpin clearing the Turnpikegate." Sometimes it is a small tradesman covering down in his cart among the carrots, while the gallant Squire hurries over him with a "Stoop your head, butcher." Sometimes it is a wagoner, reminding one of Commodore Trunnion's involuntary deed of "derring-do," who, between two high hurdles, perceives with horrified astonishment his portent flying over himself and cargo. But, at all events, the thing was done—perhaps on more than one occasion, and was allowed on all hands not only as a fact, but as a characteristic of brave sporting skill. "Carew all over," or "Just like Carew."

This phrase was also applied to many other heroic actions. The idea of "keel-hauling," for instance, adopted from the nautical code, was said to be practically enforced in the case of a famine, rumored, and other objectionable persons. In the isle of Crompton; while the ingenious invention of pannelings to poachers and agriculturists generally, by the athletic Squire, was the theme of many a joke. These punishments, though severe, were much sought after by a certain class, the same to which the pugilistic fancy and indiscriminate voter belongs, for the clenched fist invariably became an open hand after it had done its work—a golden moment, by the way, always applied after these inflictions, such as healed all wounds.

Carew of Crompton might at one time have been member for the county, if he had pleased; but he desired no such thing except in the saddle, the driving-box. He showed such skill in riding, and with "the ribbons," that some persons supposed that his talents must be very considerable in other matters, and affected to regret their misuse; but no one ever spoke but he knew better than his own chaplain; and was, or had been, so diligent a student of Holy Writ, that he could give a chapter and verse for every thing. But it must be allowed that others were not wanting to suppose that these proofs of scholarship were greatly exaggerated, and that all the wonder lay in the fact that the Squire knew any thing in matters at all; nay, a few even ventured to express their opinion that, but for his recklessness and his savagery, there was nothing more remarkable in Carew than in other sportsbirds; but this idea was never mooted within twenty miles of Crompton. The real truth is, that the time was unsuitable to the display of the Squire's particular traits. He would have been an eminent personage had he been a Norman, and lived in the reign of King John. Even now, if he could have retired to some establishment to Poland, and assumed the character of a Russian proprietor, he would doubtless have been a great prince. There was a savage magnificence about him, and also certain degrading traits, which marked the Heathen Lord. But, unfortunately, he was a Squire in the Midlands. The contrast, however, of his splendid tastes with the quiet time and industrious locality in which he lived, while it diminished his influence, did, on the other hand, no doubt enhance his reputation. He was looked upon (as Wanderoll and Mytton were) by his acquaintance as an eccentric, an altogether exceptional personage, to whom license was permitted; and the charitable divided the license, for his alms, by his sins. Women, and Carew.

The same philosophic few, however, who denied him talent, averred that he was half mad; and indeed Fortune had so lavishly showered her favors on the Squire in his birth, that it would be that they had turned his head. His father had died while Carew was an infant, and all of the surplus income from his vast estates had accumulated to an enormous sum when he attained his majority. At the same time, his mother, who her had supplied him with funds out of all proportion to his tender years. At the same time, he had a pack of harriers of his own, and hunted the county negatively twice a week. At the public he refused, where he was with difficulty prevented to remain for a short period, he had an allowance the amount of which would have been ample for the needs of a professional man with a wife and family, and yet it recorded of him that he had the audacity—"by jing he had!" as the man," and it was "so like Carew," they said—to complain to his guardian, a great lawyer, that his means were insufficient. He also demanded a lump sum down, on the ground that (being at the ripe age of fourteen) he contemplated marriage. The reply of the legal dignitary is preserved, as well as the young gentleman's application: "If you can't live upon your allowance, you may starve, Sir; and if you marry, you shall not have your allowance."

You had only—having authority to do so—to advise Carew, and he was positively certain to go counter to your opinion; and did you attempt to oppose him in any purpose, you would infallibly insure its accomplishment. He did not marry at fourteen, indeed, but he did so clandestinely in less than three years afterward, and had scarcer but at the age of five-and-twenty, when our stage opens, he had neither wife nor child, but lived as a bachelor at Crompton, which was sometimes called "the open house," by reason of its profuse hospitalities and sometimes "Liberty Hall," on account of its freedom. Otherwise it was never called any thing but Crompton; never Crompton Hall, or Crompton Castle, and once or twice, when the fact was known to himself only, his name was never used at all. The Squire's own consciousness of this fact made him more contumerous and reckless than ever. "Time," he swore, "I shall call my play *Ina* tricks. He was as good a man as ever he was. There was no reason why he should be more or less, to be put through yet, and, by Jove, he would see it out!" Of course he did not swear by Jove; for, as we have said, he was a Heathen, and was therefore by heathen.

One of the arguments that the mothers of those young ladies who sought his hand were wont to make use of, to their great comfort, was that Mr. Carew was a gentleman. There was a private chapel at Crompton, the existence of which, of course, explained why his presence did not greet his parish church. Then his genealogy was of the most satisfactory description. Carews had dealt out Crompton in direct succession for many a century. Charles I., it is almost unnecessary to state, had slept there—the most honorable testimonial to a house that honored all old English mansions with a night's visit—and had written a letter from the room in which Queen Elizabeth had also been most graciously pleased to visit her subject, John Carew, on which occasion the royal arms over had been erected for her in the park, from which to see "ten bucks, the having been slain, pulled down with great soundes;" she shot deer, too, with her own virgin hands, for which purpose "a crepe-bowe was delivered to her, with a quiver with a sweet song." These things, however, were in no way commendable to Carew, who, in the days of his youth, egotism swallowed up historical association. His favorite female bull-dog, with her pups, slept in the royal nursery-bed, and the Princess in Crompton Chase held remarkable were those days when the Squire's cover had made an unprecedentedly long shot, or had beaten off one of the wild Turtle without wings, or had run down a dog in fact. The Carews as no relic of ancient times preserved whatever, except that as middle-aged men, in the most wry economical mood, was kept of driving the red deer round the park, and then swimming them through the lake before the house—a spectacle, by-the-by, to say how those who have been accustomed to "drive deer." One peculiar virtue of Carew—he was not relaxed, however, by all his riotous, and some of his squads, as "Squire" only—was, we had almost forgotten to say, his regard for truth, which may truly be said to have been "passionate," if we consider the effect produced in him by the slightest departure from one had told him a falsehood. He would fall upon them tooth and nail, if they were in his house, or in a bagged one was his delight), he was guilty of much worse things. However, this is certain, that Carew of Crompton never told a lie.

CHAPTER II.

WAITING FOR AN INTRODUCTION.

WE have said that Carew was not exclusive; so long as he had his own way in every thing he was very good-humored with every good-looking person he permitted not only his friends but his dependants to be present at his revels. Even if he had a tyrant only by fits and starts, and in the mean time there was anarchy at Crompton. Every night in the year the young lords, the gamekeeper's guests, down to the earth-stopper's assistant, who came for the occasion of ale to the back door, did pretty much as seemed right in his own eyes. There were times when every thing had to be done in order to render the master's eye, no matter at what loss, or even risk to limb or life, but another time when he was indifferent to any thing—except dinner. The guests arose in the morning, or lay in bed all day, exactly as they pleased, and left their marks in public or in their own rooms; but when the great dinner-hour (again) a the time dinner-parties at Crompton—and there was a party of the most heterogeneous order. The dinner-parties, therefore, very gay affairs; the banquets was sumptuous, and the great cellars were laid under contribution liberally. Of a guest did happen to be unpunctual, from whatever cause, even if it were illness, the host would send for his best, or his half-dozen bull-dogs, and proceed to the sick man's room, with the unvowed intention (and he always kept his word) of "drawing the badger." In spite of his four-legged auxiliaries, this was not always an easy task. His recklessness, though not often, did sometimes meet with its match in that of the badger; and in one charge of door and bedstead they found themselves on a couple of bullet-holes, which showed that assault was the only way to know.

With such rough manners as Carew had, it may seem strange that he was never called to account for them at twelve paces; but, in the first place, it was thoroughly understood that he would have "gone out" (a fact which has doubtless given pause to many a challenge), and would have shot as straight as though he were partridge-shooting; and secondly, as we have said, he had a special license for practical jokes; the subjects of them, too, were not men of delicate susceptibilities, for none such, by any accident, could have been his guests. The consideration of good fare, good wine, a good mount in the hunting-field, excellent shooting, and of a loan from the host whenever they were without funds, men over good position were found to "put up" very good-naturedly with the eccentricities of the master of Crompton, and he had his heaven for all the year. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the servants were equally willing to compound for some occasional ill usage, in return for general laxity of rule, and many uncosidered trifles in the way of perquisites. His huntsman and whips got now and then a severe basting; his grooms found it very inconvenient when "Squire" took it into his mad head to sally forth on horseback across country by moonlight; and still worse, when he would have the whole stud out and set every servant in his employ, not excepting his fat French cook, in the saddle, to see how they would comport themselves under the unaccustomed excitement of a steeple-chase. But upon the whole, the servants at Crompton lived in any berth of it, and seldom voluntarily took their discharges.

Perhaps the best situations, as being less liable to the *per contra* in the shape of the master's inconsiderate whims, were those of the game-keepers, of whom old Walter Grange was one. He was a hunchback, almost all of whose life, it was not good for any one with wife or daughter (if these were young, at least) to take service with Carew of Crompton; and living a quasi-courtage, far too large for him, in the very heart of the chase, Grange thought it no hurns to take a wife. The unfortunate old woman did not like siesats and kept his rooms tidy would do the same office for another who was not particular in his food, and could rough it a little in other respects; and such a one had Walter luckily found in the person of a wagging gamekeeper, Richard Yorke. This gentleman was a bachelor, and had no domestic encumbrance; but having (as he said) happened to see a certain guarded advertisement in the *Times* headed, "To Armies and Navies," had hastened in the midst of forces scenery could be procured for that serene purpose next to nothing, he had come down from London in the autumn on the chance, and found them suitable.

"To poor or painter's eye, indeed, the lodge was charming; it was small, of course, but very picturesquely built, and afforded the new tenant two new-invented sitting-room, with, of school such as few dwellings in England, and probably none elsewhere, can boast of. The front ground was an open lawn, on which scores of fine-plumaged pheasants strutted briskly, and myriads of rabbits sunned themselves or ran to play and dibble—bordered by crops of fern, above which moved steadily the antlered deer. A stream of no two of mighty girth guarded this open space; but on both sides vast glades shut in the prospect with a wall of deep-colored light and shadow, and deepened into sylvan gloom. But right in front the impending mass of the Mount Hazel, and exhibited all varieties of forest scenery; copses with "Autumn's fiery finger" on their tender leaves; still, shining pools, where water-fowl bred and dwelt; broad pathways, across which the wilder deer could bound at leisure; or one would leap in haste, and half a hundred follow in groundless panic. The wealth of animal life in that park astounded, where the vegetable was not hardly ever heard, was prodigious; the rarest birds were common there; even those who had been accustomed by the sea were entertained lured to this as silent spot, and skimmed above its unbroken calm as on the billow. The sea-gull and the osprey had been caught there; and, indeed, a specimen of each was caged in a sort of aviary, which Grange had built and constructed at the back of the lodge; while Yorke's sitting-room was generally stuffed full of these strange, feathered visitants, which had fallen victims to the keeper's gun. The horse-hair rein had a nodal cover of deer-skin; the chairs, foot-stool and the legs were made of furs, or skins that would have fetched their price when they had been living ones, although once worn by British beast or "varmint." The walls were stuck with antlers, and the very handle of the bell-rope was the hoof-part of a stag. Each of these had its story; and nothing pleased the old man better than to listen to his lodger to his long-winded tales of how and where and when the thing was slain. All persons whose forms are framed in the open air, and who experience solitude, seem in this respect to be descendants of Baron Munchausen; their sentences expressions and unnecessary prolixeness as to date and place by the patience of all other kinds of men, and this was the chief cross which Grange's lodger had to bear as an offset to the excellence of his cookery. It must be confessed that he did not bear it meekly. To stop old Walter in mid-talk—without an open quarrel—was an absolute impossibility; but his youthful companion would turn the stream of his discourse, without much ceremony, from the records of badgers into another channel (almost as natural to it)—the characteristics and peculiarities of his master Carew. Of this subject, notwithstanding that that other made him free and fume so, Yorke never seemed to tire.

"I should like to know your master," he had said, half smusingly, after listening to one of these strange recitals, soon after his arrival at the lodge, "I should like to know your master," he had said, half smusingly, after listening to one of these strange recitals, soon after his arrival at which Grange ha' answered, laughing: "Well, Squire's a very easy one to know. He's just as blind,

by every road-side, without much troubling himself as to who they are, I promise you."

The young man's face grew dark with anger; but the idea of self-respect, for less of pride, was necessarily strange to a servant of Carew's, or a Grange went on, unconscious of offense: "Now, if you were a young woman," he chuckled, "and no good-looking as you are as a lad, there would be none more welcome than yourself up at the big house. Pretty gals, bless 'ee, need no introduction yonder; and yet one would have thought that Squire would know better than to meddle with the mischievous hussies—the trade looking sorely enough, at all events. Why, he married before he was your age, and was as much of a man to look at as another. You have heard talk of that, I dare say, however, in London?"

Richard Carew, as the keeper had stated, was a very handsome lad—brown-cheeked, blue-eyed, and with rich clustering hair in black curls; but at this moment he did not look prepossessing. He frowned and flushed a furious glance upon the speaker; but old Grange, who had an eye like a hawk, for the objects that a hawk desires, was as blind as a mole to any evidence of human emotion short of a punch on the head, and went on unheeding:

"Well, I thought you must ha' heard o' that too. We folk down here heard o' nothing else for all that year. She got hold o' Squire, this ere woman did, though he was but a school-boy, and she did enough to be his mother, bless ye, and was second to him. And they kept it secret for six months; and that's what bangs me most about it all. For Carew, he can keep nothing secret—nothing: he hasn't got the art, and that's why he seems so much worse than he is to some people. Oh, she must have been a deep one, she must!"

"You never saw her, then?" asked Yorke, carelessly shutting his eyes, as though from the westering sun, which Midas-like, was turning every thing it touched in that broad landscape into gold.

"Oh yes, I see her; she was here with Squire near half a year. Mrs. Carew—that's what the menus—was at Crompton then; and the young one—though she was no infant neither—must have tried to get her turned out; but she wasn't clever enough, cleve as she was, for that job. Carew loved his mother, as indeed he should, for she had never denied him any thing since he was born; and so, in that pitched battle between the women, he took his mother's side. And in the end she did lady took his, and with a vengeance. I do think that if it had not been for that, the old madam would have held on—Why, what's the matter, young gentleman? That was an oath fit for the mouth of Squire himself!"

"It's this cursed toothache," exclaimed Yorke, passionately. "It has worried me all day, and now you begon to speak that I should have gone mad if I had not let out at a bit. Never mind me: I'm better now."

"Well, that's like the Squire again," returned the keeper, admiringly. "He always was a one to hit himself better for letting out at things, and at people too, for the matter of that. To hear him sometimes, one would almost think the ground must open; not that he means any harm, but it's a way he's got; but it does frighten folks as is not used to him, surely. I mind that day when he first took the fox-hounds out, and Mr. Howard the sheriff as was that year—he's dead and gone long since, and his grandson is sheriff now again, which is curious—well, he happened to ride a bit too forward with the dogs, and our young master— Oh dear, dear, and the old man began to chuckle like a hen that has had two eggs at a time, "how he did swear at the old man!"

"For were talking about Mrs. Carew the old-er," observed the artist, coolly.

"Was I? True, so I was. Well, she and the young Squire was for all the world like a deer with her fawn—all tenderness and timidity, so long as he was let alone; but when they got a man came, as she considered his enemy, she was as bold as a cock-sparrow—ay, and as quarrelsome. It was through her, I say, that the bride got the neck at last; and when that was done the old lady seemed to have done with life, and was content enough when her son portioned her off, and graciously let her live on the dower house at Morden; and indeed she could hardly have stuck at Crompton, with such goings on as there are now—deceivings and fightings at every turn."

"Just so," interrupted the young painter; "she got her way, I know. But with reference to the younger lady, Mrs. Charles Carew, what was she like, and what did people say of her?"

"Well, not much good, I reckon. They could they say of a school-mistress who marries her pupil?"

"A school-mistress, was she?" said Yorke, in a strange husky voice. "We never heard that in London."

"Well, she was summat of that sort, Sir, though I don't know exactly what. Young as she was, Carew was not quite eighteen, and not at a dame's school, that's true. But she was not a mere governess, as some said, neither. For she could play and sing—ay, songs that pleased him too—and she had book-learning. I've heard, such as would have astonished you or me, about folks said she was a witch, and had the devil's help to catch Carew. But it wasn't nothing of the sort, magic, bless you, to come over a lad of seventeen —not she. What nonsense people talk! If any pretty girl about Crompton was to take a fancy to you now, as is like enough, she you suppose—"

"But I thought you and that Mrs. Charles Carew was not a girl?"

"Nor more she was: she was five-and-thirty if she was a day; and yet—there was the wonder of it—she did not look much over twenty! I've heard our gentlemen, when out shooting with her to some fine Frenchwoman as never grew old, and was fell in love with unbeknown by her grandson. Now, what was her name? I got it written down somewhere in my old pocket-book; it was summat like *Longchêne*."

"*Nivon de l'Eschet?*" suggested Yorke, without a smile.

"Ay, that's the name. Well, Mrs. Charles Carew, as you call her, was just like her, and a regular everlasting! She was not what you could call pretty, but very "taking" looking, and with a bloom and freshness on her as would have deceived any man. Her voice was like music itself, and she moved like a stag o' ten: and the Squire was like a man in a pretty rage. I promise you; though to get to know him, as I do, is easy enough, if you only take him straight at it. If you were a good rider, for instance, and could lend the field one day when the hunting begins, he'd ask you to dinner to-morrow; or if you could drive stags—why, he would have given you a hundred pounds last autumnwhen he wouldn't get the beasts to stir, for sake. There's a pretty mess come o' that, by-the-by! I don't like what reports, and would much sooner not be there to see 'em. There will be mischief some day with it yet, for all that old Lord Orford, and Squire Howard, and many years ago, used to do the same thing, they say, at a tin mines that stood where the Grange now in-hand, even by Carew. However, the Squire was his wager; and we haven't seen none o' his old work o' late years, and I hope we shall again say day."

"I had heard of that strange exploit," observed Yorke; "but as driving deer, even in the ordinary way, is not my calling, and as I am no great rider, except on a hack, I never went. I am to introduce myself to your mad Squire, and yet I have a great fancy for his acquaintance."

So you think he'd buy any of these drawings, taken in his own park, from his own timber?" The young man nodded. "Well, then, I'm well stocked with studies of oak and beech. "Here is a sketch of the Decoy Pond, for instance, with the oldest tree in the chase beside it. I would not that interest him, think you?" You think not?"

"Well, Sir," replied the keeper, "I'll answer frankly, "if I say no, it ain't that I mean any slight to your drawing. It's like the tree enough, for certain, with the water and all; but I can't count it with my own hands twenty years ago—and I'm the same since then—for any money. I care this winter's out; but I don't think the Squire cares much for such matters. He might, maybe, just give a look at 'em, and say, 'Ah, you go to the devil for a paper-staining son of a quill-wing;' and then he'd kick me down a fagthing, bless ee, for all the great pictures in his own gallery, though they cost his grandfather a mint of money, and are worth a few sight—so far as the frames go. And, on the other hand, if he happens to be over-persuaded to buy, he might tear it up before you could say 'Hold,' and kick you down the Hall steps into the horsepit, and he has done such things. That's Squire, it is, you see, the Squire is no chance."

"I don't think he would kick me down Hall steps," said Yorke, grimly.

The keeper grinned. "Well, you see, nobody can tell what he'll do. He's a fine sight—a fine brawiser, I promise you, though I grant you are a strapping young fellow, and you have told me that you have been used to your fists. He's a great thing, mind you, for a man to be hearty; a man better than does not fear him at all, I reckon. Folks talk of life-preservers and pistols, but there's nothing like a good pair of well-handled fists when one has to deal with a bully. Squire, at Crompton, man and boy, these fifty years, and has had a many rough-and-tumbles with that sort, and I have never had the worst of it yet. It prevents bloodshed on both sides: for if you haven't no shooting—and I'm sure Mr. Englishman poachers or not, who will draw trigger on you; and as for a bludgeon, it's a thing you've got in hand as another's after the first half minute."

"Is there much poaching now at Crompton?" inquired Yorke, mechanically, as if he had been plan to any less obtuse observer than his companion that he no longer gave him his attention.

"Well, no; nothing to be called serious has happened since they; though I dare say we shall have some scrimmages as the winter comes on, there's like to a good deal of what I call handy-cuffs work in the dark season. Women and children —especially children—will come into the park, under pretence of picking up sticks, and I don't say but what a new dropped fawn in their bundles, if they get the chance; and then they take it home, to be reared until it grows up, and can be sold for venison."

"I should have thought there would have been no market for such a commodity—that is, in the case of people such as you describe, observed Yorke, yawning.

"Market!" echoed the keeper, contemptuously. "There's no market for any commodity on the whole herd o' our wild-cattle, if they were but to be stolen; there'd be a market for a rhinoceros or a hedgitor, if he happened to keep 'em, bless 'on, as easy as for a sucking pig! But I don't call that poaching—I mean the lawstealing. It's the professionals from the Midland towns as come by tens and twenties at a time as is our trouble. We generally gets wind of em beforehand, and then out we all goes, and begin with no more deadly leves a fight—and then there's broken crowns and bloody noses; but, thank God, there's been no murder done, at least, not in my time, at Crompton. And that reminds me, Sir, that it's time for me to start on my evening round."

"Well, when you next have any news of such transactions, then let me know; you will let me make one of your party," said Yorke, good-humorously. "I can hit out straight from the shoulder; and perhaps I might get to be of the Squire *that way*."

"Ay, and a lucky a road to lead you into his good graces, Sir," said the keeper, rising, "as any I know. Are you for a walk round the park this fine evening, Sir?"

"No; not to-night, thank you, Grange. I have got to fill in this sketch a bit ibag I took this morning."

"Then, good-night, Sir, for I shn't return before dayfall."

But it was not till long after the keeper had taken his departure that Richard Yorke turned from his work of unfinished drawing. He sat staring straight before him with steadfast eyes and thoughtful brow for hours, murmuring to himself disjointed sentences: and ever and anon he started up and paced the little room with rapid strides. "He shall see me, and know me, too," muttered he, at last, between his clenched teeth, "though he could deer it, and all our lives. She shall not say I came down to this wilderness, like some hunted beast to covert, for nothing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AUTHORS and publishers are always, and very properly, careful concerning their copyrights. By a law which has recently passed Congress, copyrights are no longer to be taken out in the District Courts, but by application to the Secretary of State, who will attend to the steps required were to transmit a copy of the title of the work intended publication to the clerk of the United States District Court of the district in which the author or proprietor of the work resided; and after publication he must send one copy to the clerk and another copy to the Library of Congress. Now the whole business of entering copyrights will be done at the Congressional Library. The title-page is to be sent down to be recorded, and the two copies are to be forwarded to the library for its shelves. They go free by mail.

The same law makes many other changes in the law of copyrights, and also in that of patents, on which subjects we propose to give a few paragraphs next week. The recent statute may be regarded as the last-drive of the Congressional Committee some time ago to revise all the laws of the United States, as it is founded upon a bill which that Committee framed. The commission as now constituted, composed of Judge Hunter of Philadelphia, Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, and Mr. Victor C. Barringer, are proceeding with the preparation of the laws on other subjects.

Last week, at the regular weekly session of the Board of Health, only one case of smallpox was reported, and not a single death had occurred in this city during the previous week from that disease. This is the first week in nine months without a death from smallpox. Dr. Elisha Harris, one of the Health Officers that cases were announced as having occurred in that city. Either vaccination or something else appears to be protective of good results here.

A few days ago a young girl of fourteen, living at Port Jervis, was kindling a fire, and using kerosene to hasten the work, when the flames communicated to the can, and a terrific explosion followed, by which she was terribly and frightful manner. There is no more dangerous compound in the hands of the ignorant or careless than such kerosene as is commonly sold at a cheap price.

Queen Isabella did not make the renouncing of her throne a mournful business. She made a gala toilet for the occasion, and appeared—bedecked and bejewelled covered with white lace, a splendid *parure* of pearls, and a diamond coronet; and with that command of countenance which seldom fails to reward long practice in the profession of royal hypocrisy, she took an extremely merry look. As she took her seat in a throne-chair, Queen Isabella, in a high-pitched, excited sort, stood on her right hand, simply dressed in a short black jacket and knickerbockers. Queen Isabella smiled graciously to the assembled courtiers before she read her abdication. When the ceremony was over, the youthful King of Spain, apparently not particularly impressed by the honors conferred upon him, left for the Pacific coast. It seems to be most of the finest cements, and also is a valuable fertilizer.

De Cordova is preparing a lecture on Dickens; so is Miss Kate Field.—The Pope has received a present of a medal from a military maiden lady of Monterey, who is now in Rome.—Vinnie Ream is busily putting the finishing touches to her statue of Farragut, preparatory to its visit to this country.—The Queen of Denmark is a good woman, for it is reported, she spends only $100 a year for new dresses!

The General Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau states that "considering their previous condition, the advance of the freedmen in all material and moral respects unquestionably surpasses that of the white people of the Southern States. Two thousand are hundred and seventy-one day and night schools, with 1,324 night pupils, 1,061 teachers, and 98,209 pupils; 28 normal or high schools, with 3854 pupils; the advance of about 4000 pupils in the higher branches; the accumulation of $12,000,000 in savings-banks, besides nearly $11,000,000 drawn out chiefly for improvement purchases, are guarantees of the future prosperity of the freedmen, as well as evidences of the important work accomplished by the Freedmen's Bureau."

The North Adams Oriental are all young—none over twenty-two, it is said, excepting the two cooks, who are over thirty, and are the only married men in the party. All wear the national sprees. These queer men effect of great length, and tied at the end with a ribbon. When at work they are worn coiled around the crown, looking ludicrously like a lady's chignon.

Punch announces that during the present oppressive heat one of the prominent Cabinet Ministers will be "dark." Also that private refrigerators, to hold four pounds, will be furnished to the members gratis, fresh air will be given by the orchestra every half hour. The performances will commence with the farce of "Cool as a Cucumber," after which the entertainments entitled "The Sun of Tecy" to conclude with the laughable afterpiece entitled "Nothing to Wear."

Paris is repairing its streets by steam-power. The machine consists of a small steam-engine on wheels, driven by one horse, to the rear of which is attached the "paver," which is forced upon the ground by a blow from the engine, and slides on a bar some six feet long, and can then be directed by the driver to any stone which requires forcing home. The machine is now at work in the Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, and is considered a success.

When Dickens's death was first announced in the papers a prisoner in the Newcastle gentleman sent a Boston friend in the streets of that city, and naturally the compositor turned upon the subject of his work. In reply to a remark of the Bostonian that Dickens's death was a great loss, the workman exclaimed, "Dickens! Dickens? I've heard of the name. When is he to meet? Will he be buried in Mount Auburn?"

Some time ago the ship *Fortuna* arrived at San Francisco from China. The captain reported that after the vessel had been out three days, Henry Williams, the way sixteen years old, fell overboard, supposed in lashing the life buoys to the taffrail, and was drowned. Recently it has been ascertained that the boy is in New York, alive and well. His own statement is that while he was on the taffrail he became dizzy and fell overboard; that he called for help, but no one heard him, and that he began to think his time had come, when a piece of cord-wood floated by him, and he swam for it. He remained in the water by the aid of this piece of wood for eleven hours, when a steamer came in sight. He hailed her, a boat was sent after him, and he was taken on board the ship. Certainly this is a most remarkable escape from death.

The new French Minister, M. Prévost-Paradol, recently arrived at Washington, accompanied by his young son, and his daughter about seventeen years old. M. Paradol is apparently a man of culture and ability, and is received with much warmth by the community. During the civil war he was a consistent and influential friend of the Union and Union cause; and on the defeated Lincoln he wrote an able article in the *Journal des Débats*, by which he showed his warm appreciation of the character of the martyr President. The Paradols expects to spend a part of the midsummer at Newport.

Commissioner Tweed has issued still more stringent regulations regarding the waste of the Croton water, and has announced his intention of maintaining a rigid surveillance over the use of it until such matters are generally attached, when the parties using water will be carefully about wasting it, and will be charged for all the water passing through the meter.

It appears that dogs are not to be slaughtered this year in the wholesale manner which has prevailed in former summers. It has been discovered by some scientific investigators that hydrophobia is not necessarily coincident with an elevated temperature, and in proof of this theory it is stated that there are fewer cases of it in the midsummer months than during several other seasons. In a recent lecture given by Dr. John P. Garrish at the quarterly meeting of the Medical Board of the Kansas Dispensary, it was shown, however, that the months in which the largest number of cases of the disease have occurred are September, November, and December. This indicates, considering the long period usually required for the development of the poison, that the greatest number of persons are bitten about the time of the dog-days. The period between the poisoned bite and that a man dog begins to show the presence in the system varies from a few days to two weeks, very rare more than that period. A remarkable experiment, in the interest of humanity, was made in Paris, and recently reported which did rather been bitten by mad dogs or inoculated with the virulent frothy exhibited by mad animals. Of nine number of were mad—a few within a week—died in great agony at intervals of one to 30 days. It appears that instances of hydrophobia occur much less frequently in southern than northern latitudes, and that persons are safe for a time from the bite. This peculiar malady has thus far almost baffled medical skill. Cases when a person has been bitten by a dog supposed to be rabid he suffers greatly from apprehension, and control the symptoms of a rabid animal with a wounded or abraded surface is required for the development of hydrophobia, and frequently when an animal utes through the clothing the poison does not reach the system. Dr. Garrish stated that a mad dog never has the; that the existence of epilepsy is a view great that there is no rabies; also that they do not shun the water. Dr. Garrish read the tap the water with no spasm attending the effort to swallow, but when offering little sensitiveness of the inarticulate paralysis of the muscles about the jaws and throat; also, that when the rabid dog bites he does not. It was thought a while ago that bromide of potassium would prove a remedy for this much-dreaded disease; but recent experiments, both in this country and in Europe, have proved that it is of no benefit. A celebrated veterinary surgeon, who has himself been bitten on several occasions, says that crystal of nitrate of silver rubbed into the wound will positively prevent hydrophobia. An eminent French physician recommends the Russian bath as a successful remedy. His system once having been inoculated with virus from the saliva of a patient suffering with hydrophobia, he experienced symptoms of the dreadful disease. He took a steam bath, and when it reached the heat of seventy-five degrees centigrade, all the symptoms disappeared as if by magic, and he experienced from that moment no disease. Dr. Garrish also gives his own decision in favor of the vapor bath as an effective means of eliminating the poison from the system.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. DAHLGREN, one of the most distinguished as well as one of the most useful officers of the United States Navy, died in Washington, July 12, at the age of sixty years. His health had been indifferent for some time, but the immediate cause of his death was disease of the heart.

The public career of this officer was long and honorable. Born in Philadelphia, in 1810, he was appointed a Midshipman from Pennsylvania in 1826, and made his first cruise in the frigate *Macedonian*, then attached to the Brazil squadron. Two years later he was transferred to the sloop of war *Ontario*, and remained on the Mediterranean station until 1832. He was on coast-survey duty from 1836 to 1842, was promoted to Lieutenant in 1837, and commanded the frigate *Cumberland* in the Mediterranean in 1844–45. On returning to the United States, in 1847, he was assigned to ordnance duty, and during the ten years devoted to this service he completed the invention with which his name is inseparably connected—the Dahlgren gun. In 1855 he was promoted to the rank of Commander. On the breaking out of the rebellion he was placed in command of the Washington Navy-yard, and shortly afterward was appointed Chief of the Ordnance Bureau. When the navy was reorganized in 1863, he received the commission of Rear-Admiral, and was assigned to the command of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, relieving Rear-Admiral DUPONT. He co-operated with General GILLMORE in the reduction of Fort Wagner and Morris Island, and assisted in demolishing the outer walls of Fort Sumter. In 1864 he established communication with General SHERMAN, when that officer reached the coast after his famous march through Georgia, assisted in the capture of Savannah, and shortly afterward occupied Charleston. After the restoration of peace he was in command of the South Pacific squadron for two years, and was then returned to the head of the Ordnance Board. In the fall of 1869 he was ordered to the command of the Washington Navy-yard for a second time, and held that important position up to the time of his death.

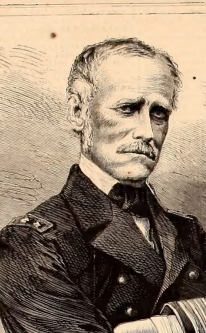

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.—[PHOT. BY M. B. BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE ELM PARK RIOT.

We give on this page an illustration of the terrible riot which took place in this city, July 12, between a party of "Orangemen" and a mob of Irish Catholics. The Orangemen, to the number of about twenty-five hundred, including many women and children, had assembled in Elm Park for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, when WILLIAM III. defeated the forces of JAMES II. While thus peacefully engaged, they were suddenly set upon by a ferocious mob, composed of about six hundred of the lowest class of Irish Catholics, armed with clubs and pistols, who broke through the Park palings and began a wild assault upon the Orangemen, regardless of the presence of women and children. With the assistance of the police, who were promptly summoned, the rioters were repulsed, but not until several had been killed or mortally wounded on both sides, while the list of minor casualties was quite large. After the fight in the Park the mob attacked the Eighth Avenue cars, containing a large number of the Orange party, and, but for the timely interference of the police, the loss of life would have been much greater than it was. Our illustration represents the first rush of the rioters into the Park after breaking down the palings.

THE RIOT AT ELM PARK.—[DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.]

WATER WE SHOULD NOT DRINK.

WATER visibly containing organic matter no man will drink if he can avoid the draught. He may be told by the highest authorities that the presence of organic matter does not necessarily make the water unfit for drinking, but he declines to shake his thirst from such a cup. In this imagination may wrong him. He errs, it is true, upon the side of safety, but the distinction must be maintained. The water issuing from near a peat bed may be dark in color, unpleasant to the taste, and full of organic matter, and yet be far less unwholesome to drink than a colorless or dimly transparent water, which may have many germs, drawn from some pretty nook of a shaded stream where the current moves slowly among rank weeds.

All organized bodies are formed of the same elementary substances—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, with frequently nitrogen. The vegetable supplies food for the animal, and the atmosphere is necessary for the existence of both. So there is a mutual necessity of being, and the continuance of one is dependent upon the permanence of the others. From this similarity in the composition of the vegetable and animal it must be difficult to distinguish the products of one from those of the other when in decomposition.

To test the organic contents and condition of a water is possible only to a chemist, but there is a simple method of examination which may always be adopted. It consists in placing a glass of water where the sunlight falls and the temperature is favorable to the production of vitality. If the germs of life are there, the vessel may in a few days be filled with microscopic forms. If nitrogen abound, animal life may appear and decomposition actively commence. But this will depend upon the state of the organic impurity. Two grains of animal matter may in the water of one locality give birth to many disagreeable creatures, while a much larger quantity in water from another locality may not contain any such miniature monsters. The nature or kind of the organic matter, therefore, must determine whether the water is fit for drinking, and till this is done let it be avoided.

Water brought into a house for domestic use in lead pipes, or from lead cisterns, should be examined before it is accepted as a safe drink. This experiment may be approximately made by placing for a few hours a piece of polished lead in the suspected water. Should the metal surface be tarnished, the water in which the film is produced has been made poisonous by its passage through lead pipes.

AH SING.

THE CHINESE IN NEW ENGLAND.

LAST week we gave our readers a sketch of North Adams, where the Chinese shoemakers have settled down, and of the general work-room where they are employed. This week we continue the series, with illustrations that give some insight into the life and ways of this peculiar class of immigrants.

The first illustration is the portrait of AH SING, the foreman of the band, who is considered one of the most intelligent Chinamen in America. He has lived some time in this country, chiefly in San Francisco, where he attended an evening school, and learned to speak and read and write English with considerable fluency and correctness. He is a smart, wide-awake specimen of a Chinaman, and exhibits no little tact in the management of his countrymen in their new situation.

The Chinese have their own culinary department, as they would find it impossible to adapt themselves to the style of cookery prevalent in most New England towns, which must be acknowledged to be almost as barbarous as their own. They also have a general sleeping apartment, fitted up with bunks very much in the manner of the steerage of an emigrant ship.—These are kept in the neatest order and scrupulously clean. As yet, the Chinese associate but little among the townspeople; though they are not molested in any way, and have their own playground for exercise and recreation. Their quiet behavior and steady application to work have done much to conciliate their neighbors, who begin to feel that even the Chinese in this country, when they behave themselves and attend to their own business, have rights which all are bound to respect.

THE PLAY-GROUND.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE MESS-ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

AN ARAB MEAL.

THE basis of the Arab *ordeen* is, and has been for centuries, the *couscoussou*, also called in different countries *kouss* and *mezzeefouf*. The *couscoussou* is made of wheaten flour, which has been ground in portable hand-mills by the women of the camp, and then passed through a sieve, rolled with the fingers, cooked by steam, and finally sprinkled copiously either with broth or with milk. The richer Arabs add to this preparation mutton, fowl, hard eggs, beans, with artichokes, sugar, dried grapes, and sometimes, when near the coast, potatoes, which they purchase from the Christians. This is, as we have said, the national dish, perfectly suited to the climate and the habits of the people. Rich and poor equally delight in it and they are never tired of it from one end of the year to the other. It must be well cooked, and it is never eaten cold.

The staple food, however, of the poorest Arabs is the *dchicha*—roasted corn—which they pound and then boil with butter; or it may even consist of roasted barley or beans, which they pound also, and then wet with water, and they carry sometimes a supply of it in the corner of their *burnouse*.

In the way of such preparations of meal, the Arab also has the *mersuez*. The *mersuez* is made of unripe ears of barley, lightly roasted, and pounded in the hand-mill. These are then moistened with water or milk, and mixed with salt meat and butter. And there is also another compound called the *cherchem*, made of corn boiled in salt and water, with which they provide themselves when on expeditions in countries devoid of resources, and by the aid of which they find they can the most easily dispense with all other kinds of food.

The richer Arabs have, however, excellent bread, while the poorer folk content themselves with flat cakes of meal cooked hastily in earthenware dishes. Bread of new barley is a luxury for every Arab. For condiment the Arab not only has salt, but he makes abundant use of black and red pepper, of which the quantity he eats is enormous. It is the great delight and joy of the poor Arab: it replaces wine as a tonic; goat-skins, acquires a rancid flavor, which, however, as is the case in other parts of the world, becomes preferable to that of fresh butter by acquired taste. The Arabs, too, are passionately fond of all sorts of preparations of milk, even to their horses, esteeming it better for them than barley, and believing that for horse and man alike it is the most strengthening of all kinds of diet.

Such is the broad and simple basis of an Arab's meal; to which may be added, in the case of richer folk, roasted mutton (*el kebeb mechoui*), or roasted fowl, partridge, etc. And Arabs are pronounced by General Daumas to be the first *rôtisseurs* in the world. There may be also the *kibeb*, consisting of pieces of mutton roasted on a skewer; or the *terbiya*, a stew of mutton, with eggs and tomatoes; *el khoresa*, another kind of mutton stew; *el mekhetter*, a fricassee of fowl, with *garbanzos*; the *dolma*, a dish of meat stuffed with vegetables, and seasoned highly with Cayenne pepper; or there may be *el berouaja*, one of the triumphs of the Arab cuisine—a breast of mutton cut up in pieces, and arranged with butter, eggs, wild artichokes, grated cheese, and spices; *el kobeina*, a stew of mutton again, to which parsley and onions give the prevailing flavor.

Leaving unnoticed other dishes which form the *pièces de résistance* of an Arab dinner, it may be mentioned that soups also are not wanting to the hospitality of a rich Arab. Nor is the Arab pastry-cook altogether contemptible in the way of cakes and sweetmeats: the crowning glory of his workmanship is said to consist in the *sebou el arouous*—the "finger of the bride;" a sweetmeat most in renown at Bagdad, but which is said to be unknown in Algeria.

The Arabs, moreover, eat fruit in abundance, and when an Arab of the poorer sort leaves his tent to go to market to purchase provisions for his family, his wife winds up her list of commissions by crying after him, "And don't forget the pepper."

The butter of the Arabs, from being cured in and especially of curds and whey; they rarely drink the pure milk of the cow, and, indeed, esteem it injurious. Of goat's milk and ewe's milk they consume a great deal in different fashions. But of all sorts of milk the most prized is that of the camel, which they give

THE KITCHEN.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

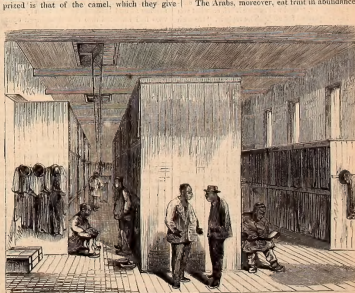

THE DORMITORIES.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

and generally not quite ripe. Grapes are the most prized of fruit; then come melons, cucumbers, figs, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, apples, pears, cherries, peaches, apricots, dates. These ought to be eaten either with the *couscoussou* or with milk, otherwise they are not wholesome.

All account of Arab gastronomy would be incomplete without notice of the *kouat*, which is the prawn of the desert; but which must be taken alive and killed by Mussulmans to be fit to be eaten by Mussulmans. They are stripped of their heads, their wings, and their claws, and then roasted or boiled with the *couscoussou*. Horses are very fond of them, but for horse and man they are considered nourishing food.

Coffee is a luxury for the rich alone; the ordinary drink is of a bitterer taste called. His servant with the grounds and with the foam of ebullition on the surface of the cup, whose long patience has bitnated to the Eastern way of preparing coffee, return to the coffee of Europe with some disappointment.

Of such viands will the meal of the guest of the Arab host be composed. Women, as is well known, never appear before strangers; indeed the latter, if he knows the rules of Arab etiquette, will never even talk of women to his host; and this not only out of regard to the host himself, but because the wife may very probably be on the other side of the curtain which separates the man's compartment from the woman's in every tent, and whom gossip would infallibly be excited by stories of too live. ly a nature about Ayesha or Fatima. Yes, the Arab's wife is in all probability there behind the curtain, curiously watching the stranger and his habits, after having superintended the preparation of his meal. French officers who have partaken of the hospitality of Arab tents have, in fact, sometimes heard something very like a titter going on behind the curtain, which was supposed to be caused by the dimsiness which they put down to supper. For it is not only for an European in the Sahara, unaccustomed to it, to assume the seat on the carpet in Oriental fashion without making a rather ridiculous figure in the course of his exertions to the ground, as General Daumas found on one occasion when invited to dine by a native merchant—that Mussulmans do not breathe. But the difficulty of tight pantaloons and straps was not the only one experienced by General Daumas; at the moment of sitting down he perceived that at the dinner to which he was invited there were no knives, no bottles, and no glasses—not even a plate or a knife or a spoon. There was no apparatus for dining at all; for the use of cutlers and other manufacturers of crockery and glass were would infallibly have to shut up—the Mussulmans of the world were to adopt Arab habits.

The dining-table, or rather dining-carpet of leather, the *sofra*, was laid in the middle of the tent on the ground, and there was nothing whatever thereon, when the guests squatted down on all sides of it, like tailors about to go to work. How was the French general, after having surmounted the difficulty of passionate and strange, to eat his dinner? He hit at last upon the plan of observing his neighbors, two venerable gentlemen with white beards, who could not refrain at times from exchanging an ironical smile, which the general interpreted thus: "How will the Infidel get on here?"

The *couscoussou* then made its appearance in a large wooden platter, and each of the guests plunged the finger and thumb of his right hand into the mass, made a little ball of it, and tossed it into his mouth. The general followed the example of his neighbors. After this dish round button appeared, which was eaten out of the fingers. At the end of the dinner—Arab etiquette requires that a meal shall drink last—a vase of the end of the dinner—water and sour milk were passed round in wooden and earthen bowls, and then a water-pot and basin. Soap was not presented for all to wash their hands.

When the guest wishes to leave he announces his intention. His beasts of burden are prepared, his horse is brought to the door, and he is accompanied by his host to a certain distance.

When host and guest take leave of each other, the guest invokes the Divine blessing by ejaculature, or, "God will restore it" (*i. e.*, what you have expended for me). The reply is, "Go with a blessing." Inshallah by happy-go-lucky, "If God's good beful there." "Demand thy happiness!" that is to say, "Look now to yourself, and see you were my guest your happiness was my affair; now it is your own."

If an Arab receives a Christian, he will observe the same rules with him as with an Arab. If he is a stranger, he is in malicious, however he has a hundred ways of playing tricks upon his guest without violating the rules of hospitality. He will be sure to set the latter of the best of good right, but the spirit of performance will militate grievously against their efficiency. It is a challenge to confound his Christian friend as much as possible with his Arab usages; he will have his food cooked with the most rancid butter that can be got; he will maliciously pitch his tent for him where he will be sure to be bitten by mosquitoes, by the side of a stream or on the site of an old encampment; he will either a newly weaned camel shoe by him, who will keep its mother the whole night long, or a male donkey, who will bray from sunset to sunrise; and in the morning he will come and inquire with such an innocent face and such polite salutations how his guest has slept that the latter, if he is a wise man, will do no otherwise than reply, "Excellently well. May God be merciful to the authors of thy days," and not give his host the triumph of reading any dissatisfaction in his face. If the Arab can no longer carry on the holy war against the infidel, this is a slight substitute for it; and you may perhaps continue to be guests with him in the same polite fashion, and he will respect you the more.

BABOON LIFE IN AFRICA.

NEAR the Winterberg, a mountain to the north of the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, some years ago, there were several troops of baboons, young and old, which resided in the deep rocky ravines, and ganuboled among the fearful precipices around. They had their habits and manners in their appearance and habits, especially when suddenly alarmed. The mammas were then to be seen to slip their young ones, who clung round their parents necks, and were thus carried rapidly to the summits of the rocks, whither they would gramince and cough out their defiance at the intruder who had ventured into their domains.

An enemy, however, once found his way into their stronghold, and this was an enemy huge, grey, cunning, and fierce. It was a Cape leopard. Crouching down among the long grass, or among the crevices of the rocks, the leopard would suddenly spring upon a young baboon, and actually devour it before the eyes of its screaming parents. Strong as a baboon be, the leopard is yet far stronger, and with its terrible claws could soon tear to pieces the largest male baboon.

During some days the leopard feasted on his booty, and then, having recovered from its wound, and jaunily attacked the leopard. But this time really seem to rue a grim visit, for these creatures evidently knew and respected his great powers. They had, too, as the result proved, determined on a safer and more crafty method of protecting.

They began by forming the combined strength of his adversaries, left their neighborhood, and retreated across country, but he was followed by nearly all the troops. One went before the leopard; and on followed the baboons. The day was hot, and the leopard dilated its panting nostrils, and began to seek a retreat and a shelter from the heat. Then it was that the baboons showed much sagacity. They, in fact, too, by degrees, began to thirst, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and the white foam covering his jaws.

Then a scout appeared by the hunted brute, and to this it rapidly made its way. But now the baboons became aware of the scout as to the leopard, some by their great activity actually tearing him with their sharp teeth, and the greater number by their loud and angry yells and voices one another, and some could eat and drink too, while their companions maintained watch on the leopard.

During two days and a night the country for several miles along the course of these creatures was the scene of a fearful and strange pantomime, and several farmers were witnesses from a distance of portions of the drama described. They would not interfere, but watched the baboons method of administering justice.

Worn out with exhaustion and thirst, the leopard at length could totter on no further. Then to the ground at a point of the baboons, who, in spite of his claws and teeth, which were yet formidable, attacked him with their whole force, and tore him to pieces, while they themselves escaping with only a few severe scratches.

The victorious troops then returned rapidly to their stronghold, where they were welcomed by their females and young with choruses of loud and triumphant barks, which were continued during the greater part of the night, while for several days the excitement did not seem to quite down, but was shown by the unusual noises which proceeded from this curious colony.

Another curious baboon habit which is related by a credible witness.

Amidst the deeply wooded ravines of a range of mountains in the eastern frontier of the Cape of Good Hope a large colony of the pig-faced baboons were found. These creatures will feed there a safe resting-place for many generations to store and dangerous were the cliffs that no creature except a baboon could climb among them, and so the animals were safe and happy.

The traveler in that wild region would find his arrival announced from hill-top by a chorus of wild and hard-throated barks. To these sounds, human animals could be seen on the side of naturally formed walls of rock, standing and gesticulating at and threatening the solitary traveler who had intruded into this domain—a domain of which a king might be proud.

This part of Africa has been gifted with a love for climate, and the rocks are clothed with soft effects similar to those produced by quaffing Champagne. No wonder that the chameleon should find in this neighborhood a genial life, leisurely and to feed on air—for it has a glorious habit of to feed on the scented air of the Amatola Mountains.

Here are steep, rocky precipices; sheltered glen, where the wild fig-tree grows, in whose purple and crimson blossoms give a distinct coloring to the scene. It is also a favorite spot of mighty hills rolls, one after the other, far as the eye can reach, boundless and desolate, yet lovely in its magnificence. It is among these rocks and the gray vultures floats like a thistle-down high up in the clouds, and where the baboon roams through the air on his prey, and where the baboon roams peers at will, the legitimate and hereditary possessor of the soil.

Human-like almost in form, the baboon seems to have human in his passions, as the following anecdote will show.

Some miles from the Amatola, and separated from them by an intervening plain, was another rocky stronghold, in which another colony of baboons were located. These latter, to the inexperienced eye, showed no distinct peculiarities from their neighbors in the Amatola, yet there were men whose keen perception were able to discover distinct peculiarities between the two races, and to be able to tell which was an Amatola baboon and which a denizen of the Chumie.

The baboons themselves did not fraternize, and if by chance stray baboons from each colony met one another in their wanderings, a regular fight ensued.

When the sun sank beneath the Chumie Hills, the baboons from that region would sit on the most giddy precipices, and bark forth a defiance to the distant mountains. In that clear atmosphere sound travels a long distance, and is heard during a still evening at almost fabulous distances. The Amatola were then on the qui vive, and the baboons at one district were heard and replied to by the creatures some miles off, in the Amatola.

To the uninitiated these mere animal barks seemed to mean nothing; but to the keen ears and comprehensive senses of the baboons they conveyed the direst insults and most defiant challenges.

Human nature has its limits of endurance, and so has the baboon nature, after a particularly warm summer day, during which, probably, the creatures had become additionally heated, the evening challenges were given and answered with unusual vehemence. The moon rose bright and full, and the air was calm and lovely, and it seemed strange that all nature should not be at peace; but shrieks and barks and the fiercest oaths and precipices resounded with screams, barks, and fiend-like sounds, as though a legion of demons had broken loose and were fighting among themselves.

The hours these fearful sounds were heard, and the settlers then in their neighborhood listened with astonishment, not knowing whether these sounds were the expression of unusual force, or were the indicators of some convulsion of nature. Toward daybreak they gradually subsided, and men whose rest had been disturbed armed themselves and cautiously approached the scene of the night's battle.

The cause of the alarming disturbance was then manifest. The baboons of the Amatola had long borne the challenges and insults of their neighbors of the Chumie; they had listened to their taunts, and had burned with a desire for vengeance. At length an attack was organized, and on the night in question the male portion of the Amatola assembled the colony of the Chumie, and a fearful fight ensued.

The battle was fought of course in a singular and formidable; his muscular power is enormous, while the crushing power of his jaws is inferior only to that of the lion alone; when once he grips with his jaws, however, he can hold on, as it is said, with a vice. His better people have found to be all but it was clenched to be; and hence it is popular, and known well.

(*July 30, 1870.*

CHEGARAY INSTITUTE,

English and French, for Young Ladies and Misses, Boarding and Day School, No. 8 East Twenty-Second Street, New York.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th.

The French language of the Institute is constantly spoken in the Institute.

MADAME D'HERVILLY, Principal.

PAIN KILLER
FROM
1840 1870

It is a very significant fact, that notwithstanding the many periods of TWENTY YEARS that the "PAIN KILLER" has been before the world, its popularity has not diminished, but on the contrary, it is called for it has steadily increased from the first discovery. And as no previous time has the demand for it been so great, or the quantity made been so large, as it is at this day. It is therefore people have found it to be all but it was clenched to be; and hence it is popular, and known well.

(*July 30, 1870.*

STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS.

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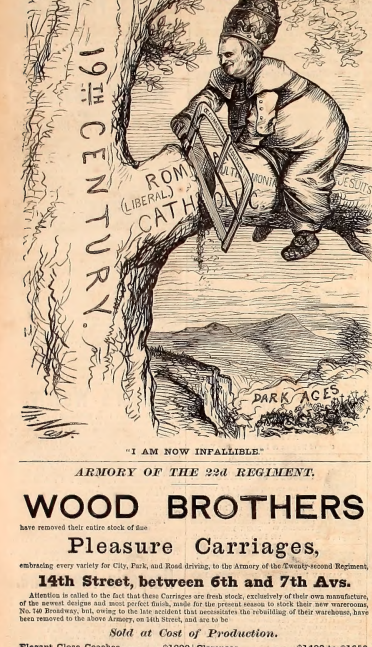

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 710.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

GOING TO MARKET.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. L. PERRAULT.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

SENTIMENTAL STATESMANSHIP.

THE recall of MR. MOTLEY from England is the real reasons for which are thus far withheld from the public—and the appointment of MR. FRELINGHUYSEN, which in itself is received with general favor, reopens a little the interest in the *Alabama* question. There has been, also, a brief synopsis published of correspondence between MR. MOTLEY and Lord Clarendon upon the subject. In this report MR. MOTLEY is represented as making a very wise remark to the British Foreign Secretary, a remark, indeed, which MR. EVARTS suggests and urges other American Minister must repeat to the British Government until some settlement is reached. The remark was, that the first step toward the establishment of friendly relations between the two governments is to see the case as we see it, and to understand the deep sense of wrong which we feel. This view of the subject is usually sneered at as sentimental diplomacy; and it is statistically said that nations don't pay damages for wounded sensibilities, but for merchandise illegally destroyed. MR. SUMNER has been reproached for treating the question sentimentally, and for a display of emotional statesmanship; and MR. MOTLEY is supposed to have sympathized with what is called the Senator's folly.

But what is derided as sentimental statesmanship is merely regard for the life of the feelings and passions are the real motives in human affairs. International differences of dollars may be compounded or forgiven. They are very trivial. But as a man thinketh, so is he. If one man attacks the child of another, the difficulty is not settled, nor the peace re-established because the assailant pays a fine for assault and battery. The real injury is not to the body of the victim, it is to the feelings of the parent. That law operates with the same force in international affairs. And it was the perception of this truth which led DR. FRANKLIN, one of the most practical of men, to suggest a purely sentimental clause in the treaty of peace between America and Great Britain which closed the Revolution. In a paper of hints as to what was advisable but not essential in such a treaty the Doctor proposed "some sort of acknowledgment in some public act of Parliament, or otherwise," of the British error "in distressing those countries so much." The English negotiator, who mentions the fact, adds: "A few words of that kind, the Doctor said, would do more good then people could imagine."

FOOT RICHARD was never more practical, nor more shrewd, than in this "sentimental" suggestion. It was not indeed adopted. Governments, we are told, can have no emotions. But that the Doctor was right, who denies? And was his proposition, if adopted, would have done good, who questions? That there would have been a very different feeling between the two countries, which might have avoided the jealousy of 1794, the war of 1812, and the alienation of 1861, is evident. Now, it is precisely in this spirit that MR. SUMNER made his famous speech. He demanded nothing. He said only, this is the case as we understand it. It has two aspects: one of pecuniary damage, the other of national feeling. The outcry was made because he was supposed to have demanded a pecuniary settlement of the feeling. But what he did demand was, first, recognition of the wrong—exactly what DR. FRANKLIN asked; and, second, a consideration of the national losses growing out of this wrong. The computation in money of such losses is indeed difficult; you do we believe that the country asks more than the recognition of the wrong. But whatever is asks, the question of a proper consideration is to be determined wholly by the purposes of a treaty.

What, then, is the real end to be sought in an *Alabama* treaty? Permanent peace and friendship between the two countries. Any other object is foolish. A treaty not inspired by that purpose would be only another source of discord. But does any body imagine that such an object can be attained without proper feeling? What was the moral of the rejection of the JOHNSTON treaty? As a method of ascertaining certain computable pecuniary losses and indemnifying the losers, it was a very good treaty. But under the circumstances it was a body without a soul. It was a monster, and instantly repelled. It lacked any provision whatever which bore in any degree upon the chief difficulty—upon the national sense of wrong. Great Britain says that we made the treaty. Technically we did; but actually MR. SEWARD made it, and he was not in sympathy with the country. Great Britain continues that, having rejected our own treaty, it certainly is not her place to propose another. Technically, again, this is true. But unless there is a statesmanship which can rise above technicalities, there will be no settlement except such as that in which PRUSSIA and FRANCE are now engaged. IN DR. FRANKLIN'S phrase, then, what is "advisable?"

Another treaty can, of course, be made providing for the settlement of claims and leaving the "wrong" untouched. The precedents established by Great Britain may remain unquestioned and our money bill be paid. Then what? Then the instant Great Britain is drawn into war, every one of these precedents will be turned against her as with fire. Such an arrangement, therefore, is no settlement. It can not secure the proper objects of a treaty between the two countries. And the government of Great Britain plainly does herself and the just purposes of a settlement the utmost wrong when she plants herself upon a purely technical position. She is not asked to go down upon her knees to cry *peccavi*. She is not asked to renounce the right which we ourselves claim, that the British President so strongly stated in his first annual Message to Congress, and in that upon the Cuban question—the right to maintain a clear independence for itself when to acknowledge belligerency. She is asked to consider whether she should not be willing to refer to arbitration the question whether the precedents established by her conduct during the war should be sustained as a part of international law. Are they, in fact, precedents by which she is willing to stand?

If the object of a treaty at the present time between the United States and Great Britain be not only to satisfy just pecuniary claims, but to establish good-will, it is mere folly to expect that it can be done by any merely economial manner and by a total disregard of feeling. The arrangement must have some reference to the real springs of human action. And what those are the dryest diplomatist knows.

THE WANTON WAR.

IT is not surprising that the Duke de Grammont, the French Foreign Minister, complained that the tone of the English press would produce uncomfortable irritation in France. The means, of course, in the French Government, which has precipitated a most monstrous and wanton war. It is natural that they should be able to such a government to hear the firm and indignant protest of the intelligence of other nations. It is no immediate and beneficial justification of the remark of M. THIERS: "Public opinion will turn against us; the journals of Europe will be against us." M. THIERS is an old journalist. He knows the real power of the press. He feels that a war condemned by its general voice is not likely to end glory. He sees only too clearly that no adequate response to the charge of France incalculable suffering, sorrow, and loss which are let loose upon Europe by the French declaration of war; and he knows that the Duke de Grammont who would make uncompromising hostility to Prussian ascendancy the spring of the French foreign policy.

France stands accused at the bar of civilization of renewing all the miseries of European war. What is her defense? It is to be found in her official statement of grievances, which are three: the French Embassador has been insulted; the Hohenzollern candidature compelled the withdrawal of France because the Spanish people compelled the withdrawal of PRINCE LEOPOLD's candidacy; and the King allowed the PRINCE to accept it for himself. The insult was the result of the fear of Prussian ascendency, which has been urged as the real justification of the French attack upon Austria in 1866. The insult pleads. And it is not mentioned because of the simple fact that the withdrawal of the PRINCE removed every cause for complaint. When the candidacy was abandoned, France had no more reason to attack Prussia than she had to attack Holland. Undoubtedly France wants the Rhenish frontier. But she did not dare gravely to allege her cupidity as a justification for a tremendous war. That pretext she pleads. And it is not mentioned because of the simple fact that the withdrawal of the Prince removed every cause for complaint. When the candidacy was abandoned, France had no more reason to attack Prussia than she had to attack Holland. Undoubtedly France wants the Rhenish frontier. But she did not dare gravely to allege her cupidity as a justification for a tremendous war. That pretext she pleads. And it is not mentioned because of the simple fact that the withdrawal of the Prince removed every cause for complaint. She believed herself strong enough to break the peace of Europe in the hope of acquiring more territory in the universal tumult, ravage, anguish, and desolation. The hope of civilization must be that such a crime may be punished as it deserves. No wonder that the old German love of father-land bursts into a flame in the hearts of Germans beyond the sea; nor that an English journal exclaims that the BONAPARTES have exhausted Heaven's patience!

Of the issue of a struggle between two nations so military and so inflamed, is, it course, beyond human speculation. It is certain that the war continues, that feelings long slumbering will not awake. The memories of the days when the value of the Rhine Provinces to England Germany in blood will kindle every heart in that great land, so that its sternly disciplined martial valor will be backed by a boundless enthusiasm. Indeed, the war which LOUIS NAPOLEON hopes will frustrate the designs of BISMARCK, and humiliate their author, will only further his policy. For his great object, which is actual German unity, will be promoted much more readily in war than in peace. Bavaria and Hanover may be jealous of Prussia; but Bavaria and Hanover are Germans, and they will fight to the last to prevent a French victory over Germans upon German soil. Community of hopes and perils and struggles, of reverses and successes, will weld them all the more closely, as the common fortunes of our Revolution knit the colonies into a nation.

The other powers will prefer absolute neutrality. If they must take part, Russia and England would gravitate toward Prussia. German Austria could not easily see Frenchmen humbling Germans. The King of Italy is related to the possible heir of the French empire, and the old tyranny of Austria made the Germans cursed—*audaces Tedeschi*—in the Italian mind. As for Spain, her own independence is Prussia, and has not forgotten Villafranca. It certainly could not join heartily with Austria or France. Spain must desire to keep wholly out of the fray. Denmark would gladly see Prussia humbled. Sweden wants no war. It is, indeed, easy to see that such a maelstrom as this war may suck in the most reluctant victims. But it is to be hoped that the pretext of foreign intervention for a war so wickedly provoked by France may be steady and strong enough to confine it to the original belligerents, and to hasten the restoration of a peace so wantonly disturbed.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE prompt refusal of the Republican majority in Congress to accept the recommendation of the President to allow the purchase of foreign vessels for the foreign trade of the country during a limited time is of great political significance. That at a moment when the shipping interest is prostrated, and the imminence of a war, that may be of European extent opens the amplest opportunities for American commercial enterprise, a Republican majority should refuse to co-operate with a Republican President, shows that the question involved is powerful enough to destroy party unity; that is to say, it has already divided the party, and has become, therefore, an immediate practical issue.

Under any present tariff building ships is a ruinous business. Suddenly we want great numbers of ships immediately. They can be bought cheaply in Europe, and in a few days, then, to-day, says the President to his party in Congress, and turn them to account, even if we again destroy to buy them to-morrow. And his party divides. A portion of it wishes to follow his advice. The other portion wishes to have no ships that we do not build ourselves. But meanwhile we build no ships. The carrying trade which founded our commercial prosperity speaks to us again, and in vain. We swing our feet, and done in our silent and crumbling ship-yards, and drowsily reply that we will somewhere build ships at home. And, meanwhile, English and other foreign ships triumphantly carry off the advantage that we disdain.

This means that the question of protection, free trade, revenue tariff—whatever we may choose to call it—has become a cardinal point in practical politics. We have always insisted that issues can not be arbitrarily chosen. They arise from the natural development. They assert themselves; and they assert themselves precisely in this manner, by showing that they are strongest in the prevailing party traditions. The experience of this session has shown that a House with a large Republican majority might be found to join the next Congress which should not contain a single member that would support the recommendations of the Republican Administration. In the House which has just adjourned there were no more positive Republicans than MESSRS. BLAIR, KELLEY, MORRILL, and MCCULLOCH. Yet had all the other Republican members agreed with them the final and urgent recommendation of the Republican President would not have received a single Republican vote.

This most important fact must not be forgotten in the preparations for the next Congress. It is for every reason connected with the power and permanence of the party desirable that the two parties whose conventions should express themselves distinctly upon this subject, which the action of Congress proves is now one of paramount importance. No party can divide upon such questions and retain its ascendency. If half the party in Congress intend to support the President when he opposes him, the party fate is foreshadowed in that of the Kilkenny cats. The arbitrary will of the President is not, indeed, to be the law of the party; on the contrary, the President has declared that the will of the people shall be his law. But how can he determine what that will is, if the representatives of the majority do not agree? Unanimity in essentials is the vital condition of the party association, and that must be the objective point of the Republican party at the Congressional elections.

PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

THE kindly feeling that welcomed M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL to this country was deepened by the circumstances under which he began his mission, and his made his sudden and tragical death peculiarly mournful. He was the first victim of the war; and, although personally little known to us, there will be none likely to be more lamented in the United States. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL had made his election between the empire with liberal guarantees of liberty as it offered, and the chances of RÉPUBLIQUE and a red revolution. It was a sorry alternative, and, in taking his part, a mind so acute, a temperament so sensitive, a wit so subtle, must have been sorely tried. Arriving in a foreign country with which he had profound sympathy, and charged with grave duties in which he was wholly inexperienced, physical prostration by a sea voyage, and the exhausting climate, he learned, as he landed, that he was the representative of a man whose crime in plunging the country into war had not only covered him with deeper odium in the American mind, but must also have more clearly revealed to the Minister the nature of the regime he had sustained at the expense, as it had unjustly seemed to many, of personal honor. Doubtless he wished to leave the country right, and justified himself, while he knew that others could not justify him—a thought that he could not have. His mind wavered. He wrote pathetically, "Je me tue," and all was over.

We speak elsewhere of his one official act; for such we may call his unauthorized declaration to the Secretary of State. It showed a readiness to assume responsibility, which is of the highest value in a Minister under such circumstances; and it showed also a determination that, so far as depended upon him, his country should not lag behind any other in the humane alleviations of war. It was his sole act as the Minister of France in America, and it was one to be greatly remembered by those who loved him. No European Minister ever came among us with fairer promise or brighter hopes; and FRANCE has scarcely long among her best sons before she finds one to whom the American heart will welcome as it welcomed PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

UNDUE HASTE.

IT was obvious that President GRANT's Cuban Message would be carefully scanned in England in the most unfair justification of meaning might offer for the conduct of the British Government toward the United States during the rebellion. And it is not worth while to suffer any misapprehension or misstatement of the British press to gain strength by want of exposure of its falsity.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* praises the Message. It quotes the President's remark that, "The question of belligerency is one of fact, to be decided by sympathy for or prejudice against either party." And again, "Fighting, though fierce and persistent, does not constitute public war. There must be military forces acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war; flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners." The *Gazette* then politely says, as if it settled the question of the British declaration in 1861: "Whether the recognition conferred on the existence of these conditions was certainly not wanting in the case of the civil war."

Undoubtedly these conditions did exist during our civil war. But the question is, did they exist when the British Government issued its proclamation of belligerent rights in the rebellion? Had there been that array of military forces acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war, those cartels, those exchanges of prisoners, which, beside mere fighting, are essential to the idea of war? This question is answered by the facts. The complaint of MR. FISH, in his note of September last recapitulating the circumstances, is simply "undue haste." Was there haste, or was there not? If there was, the *Pall Mall Gazette* labors in vain to justify the British action by the PRESIDENT'S principles.

Now the facts are that, on the 6th of May, LORD RUSSELL stated in Parliament that the Government had consulted the law officers, and had decided that "the Southern Confederacy, according to the principles which seem to them to be just principles, must be treated as belligerents." The law officers advised no action. They said only that the Government was "entitled" to consider belligerency if it desired. When LORD RUSSELL announced the decision the news of the battles south upon Fort Sumter was not ten days old in England. No other act that had the least appearance of a warlike character in the United States Government; and the new American Minister, specially charged to communicate the policy of the United States Government, had not yet arrived. On the 11th of May the British Government was officially informed of President LINCOLN's proclamation of blockade; and on the 13th of May the Queen's proclamation, conceding belligerency, issued. Thus, five days before the British Government had any official knowledge of the fact by which that proclamation is now justified it had resolved to issue it. MR. FISH complained of "undue haste." Could words be more exactly used?

The conditions which the *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes from President GRANT, as sanctioning a concession of belligerency, did not exist at the time Great Britain conceded belligerency to the rebels. Lord Clarendon, with the same purpose as that of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, cited in his reply to MR. FISH, as facts showing that there was war, the President's summons of the

3d of May for more troops; various captures of vessels at sea—some, which he mentions, as late as the 15th of May; the declaration of the efficiency of the Carolina blockade; and the assertion of Mr. SEWARD, of the 4th of May, that it was "open, flagrant, deadly war." Perhaps it was. But the British Government knew nothing of all these things on the 6th of May. The grounds of its justification are wholly an after-thought. The very paragraph with which the *Pall Mall Gazette* seizes upon the President's words shows its consciousness of the necessity of defense, while the attempt merely reveals its inability to offer any that has not been riddled by the facts.

VATICAN THUNDER.

The adoption of the dogma of Papal Infallibility by the Œcumenical Council has excited scarcely a remark. The Council was called for that purpose, and it has done what was expected. It is, indeed, a subject of much more importance to the members of the Pope's Church than to any body else. There is something purely amusing and partly humiliating to a spectator in the solemn declaration by four hundred and fifty very fallible gentlemen that a certain other gentleman is infallible. For of all qualities that might be supposed to establish themselves infallibility is the chief. To decide by the majority vote is an exquisite comedy. To suppose that the vote confers infallibility is ludicrous. To suppose that it merely recognizes a fact is to defy history. The significance of the declaration is that the Jesuit element which controls the Roman Church finds it convenient.

We say that it chiefly concerns the members of that Church because the only protests against it have proceeded from eminent Roman Catholics. The more intelligent Roman Churchmen see that nothing can be gained by asserting something which is already universally believed by all those whom the assertion can be supposed to influence; while it compels those whom it can not influence to a positive dissent. The mass of the members of the Roman Church already practically believe in the infallibility of the Pope. Their most familiar acts of faith are charged with the absurdity of such a belief, and their attention drawn to the irreligious conduct of certain popes, in the vain hope that Pope is fallible, but as Pope he is infallible! That those who use this argument have any clear idea of what it means can not be supposed. But it is, nevertheless, a very common assertion.

The four hundred and fifty gentlemen in Rome who have just voted that the Pope is infallible seek, indeed, to limit the infallibility in a similar way. They confine it chiefly to certain abstract religious bounds, because they see the risk of empowering any ignorant or foolish or fanatical man, such as the Pope generally is, to declare absolutely, for instance, what is essential to salvation. They know that such a man might declare something which mankind would presently disprove. He might assert that to be true, and faith in it indispensable to salvation, which would presently be universally shown to be false. Therefore they do not say that if the Pope alleges that two and two make five they do so. They give him no authority to pronounce upon points cognizable by experience or science, but only upon those which are purely speculative, and of which, as no human being can possibly know any thing, he may safely make such statements as he chooses. Thus a pope may proclaim that one has to believe this or that will damn a soul eternally. The damnation can not be disproved, and, therefore, infallibility is in no danger. To this extent, therefore, the assumption is safe.

But as establishing and confirming the Jesuit supremacy in the Roman Church the decree is significant. It tends to concentrate and strengthen ecclesiastical action. The Council has declared very generally the Church authority against liberty and toleration. It has specified the points of its hostility. It has resolved that the Roman Church shall oppose the progress of civilization. The liberal and humanizing tendencies of Churchmen like MONTALEMBERT and HUSSEY, and of the Congress of Catholics, is utterly rejects. It defies science and the human mind. What then? "Mr. STEVENSON, suppose your chronicle at full speed, and proceed a cow upon the track. What then?" "So much the worse for the cow!" replied Mr. STEVENSON.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

The telegram from Count BISMARCK to the Prussian Minister at Washington,* Private property on the high seas will be exempt from seizure, without regard to reciprocity," is a significant sign of the progress of civilization. This protection transcends that of the Treaty of Paris, to which Prussia was a party. The Treaty of Paris abolished privateering, and made neutral goods safe under an enemy's flag, and enemy's goods safe under a neutral flag. The United States, however, declined to assent to the treaty, because the abolition of privateering was necessarily perilous to a great commercial nation without an ample navy. But they were willing to assent upon condition of the absolute freedom of the private property of a belligerent from seizure by the public armed vessels of the enemy.

This freedom, which is beyond that secured by the Treaty of Paris, is now conceded by Prussia. The security of private property "without regard to reciprocity" means the property of a belligerent, not contraband, under the enemy's flag. It is what Mr. MARCY demanded of the Congress of Paris. Now, Prussia will make all private property exempt from capture at sea we will cease privateering." Prussia declares the immunity of all merchant ships in a lawful trade. It is an immense progress. Yet it is strictly logical. A distinguished French statesman says: "No one can but admit that private property which is free even in the enemy's land ought to be still invaded by us on your victorious, and invested with the right of conquest, can be justly taken and plundered on the sea—on that element, that is free, which is neither friendly nor hostile territory."

It is interesting, at this time, to recall that, in the temporary treaty of 1785 between the United States and Prussia, which was drawn up by Dr. FRANKLIN, the contracting powers promised that in privateer-war against each other they should still further, engaged that all merchant vessels of either country, employed in regular commerce, should be unmolested on the high seas. These were signs of the constant tendency of international law upon the subject. It is a tendency founded upon reason and humanity, rather than upon mere force. The rights of neutral trade—to say nothing of the peaceful commerce of belligerents—have been more generally secured. The old rule, with exceptions and variations, was the will of the strongest maritime power. It was, in effect, that neutral goods are safe and enemy's goods unsafe under any flag. The present general rule, under the Treaty of Paris, is, that free goods make free goods. The rule virtually laid down by Prussia, in COUNT BISMARCK'S dispatch, is, that enemy's goods are free at sea.

Upon hearing of this humane measure of Prussia, M. PREVOST-PARADOL, the lamented French Minister, immediately sent word to the Secretary of State and assured him that France would exempt from seizure at sea all private property, without regard to flag. He said that he had no instructions, but he knew that France would not do less than Prussia. It is what an admirable conference of words with M. PREVOST-PARADOL, and showed him to have the readiness and boldness of a skillful diplomatist. With a rule of humanity more full and comprehensive of Prussia, with a small navy, than for France, with her powerful fleet. But M. PREVOST-PARADOL probably knew that the world was changing. The feeling of this country is evidently not friendly to France in the war, and if she should seize less ingenuous than the Prussian rule would be the rights of neutrals, that feeling would become even more pronounced. The action of the French Minister, therefore, was ingenuous, and will, unquestionably, be approved by his Government, unless it had issued contrary orders.

These are humane facts that relieve the dense gloom of the impending conflict. Not less significant of a spirit of humanity growing in the code of international warfare is the remark of SECRETARY FISH, that were he a merchant he should not think it worth while to insure against the risk of a war risk. In older times a war between maritime powers imperiled all peaceful commerce. Now, at best peaceful commerce gives laws to war.

MARRIED WOMEN IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

It is curious that, while in England the House of Lords refuses to give to married women the control of their own separate property, in the United States seven excellent members of Congress propose not to intrust them with a voice in the disposition of their property. Would not these good ladies feel still more relieved if Congress should forbid their holding or acquiring any property? For they are aware, of course, that the giving and the receiving property go together. If the public money is squandered it is generally because the tax-payers do not protest. And if they do not protest it is because they dislike the trouble of protesting, they certainly offer good reason for suspecting that they could be far less grateful. The argument of the ladies—which suggests the belief that it proceeds from their husbands—over shoots the mark. For if, as their petition alleges, because of many reasons, including that of the higher sphere," which is more familiar than flexible, it is improper that women should be allowed to enjoy the just responsibilities of property, it is plainly improper that they should be allowed to own property.

We must assume, therefore, that these American married women approve the refusal of the House of Lords to give English married women the control of their property as a step at least in the right direction. We beg any one of the excellent ladies who may chance to read these words to read also the story of Hester Detbridge in MRS. GASKELL'S "Mary Barton." It is now published, and they will see the necessary consequences of the system which springs naturally from their principle. Perhaps upon reflection they will admit that it can not be for the advantage of the state that half of the citizens should abdicate their share of the responsibility, or be deprived of it by the other half; and that the interests of the working-women of the country, for which these good ladies profess a profound concern, can not be promoted by those who are in favor of their property being taken from them without their consent. Nor, because these worthy ladies are unwilling to bear their share of the fair duty of every member of society, are we either why they should request or Congress resolve that other equally worthy ladies who do not agree with them should be prevented from doing their duty.

PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

THOUGHTFUL Frenchmen probably now see a peculiar disadvantage in the personal government which, under changed conditions, still prevails in France. Except for the personal feeling of LOUIS NAPOLEON it is very doubtful if war would have been declared against Prussia. The Corps Legislatif did what it knew the Emperor wished to do. The Foreign Minister spoke for the Emperor, without knowing what the Prussian policy would be. But if the war project had been laid before an assembly honestly elected by the people, an assembly acting without fear of the Emperor, it is not at all certain that it would not have voted with M. THIERS rather than with M. ROUHER, and decided that France did not wish to go to war because the French Minister had insulted the King of Prussia. Indeed that Minister, a gentleman personally versed in diplomatic etiquette, would not have violated the official proprieties but for his subservience to the imperial will. Nothing more plainly shows the mendacity of the Ollivier era in the government of France than the war with Prussia. It is a move in LOUIS NAPOLEON'S game with Bismarck. But, like all his moves, it is, as THIERS called it, a blunder.

Undoubtedly there is popular enthusiasm for the war. Frenchmen and Prussians do not love each other. They are each proud in their own way. They each profess to love liberty. Perhaps the French are more passionate; the Prussians more obstinate. They are very near, as the saying is, "to fight a well known foe, doth wash the city of Cologne," but also it washes much shore upon the French side which is yet not France. Therefore a good excuse to fight Prussia would undoubtedly have been sought even by a government of the people. But no such excuse as the present would probably ever have been suggested except by a personal government. And as civilization advances merely the interests of the people will more declares war." If it had provided that the representatives of the people declare war, the world would have been spared the ghastly spectacle it is about to behold.

A SWEET SIGHT.

WHO would believe that "corruptionists of the Ring," who perpetrate "shameless and damning frauds" would give a great city a "good government?" And how weighty the denunciations of fraud against opponents are when they proceed from corruptionists of its own party!

Last summer the *World* said that it had seen

"By what shameless and cunning frauds each corruptionists of the Ring as WILLIAM M. TWEED and WILLIAM T. SWEENY have become the lawful rightful rule of the electors of HOLLAND SWEENY."

This summer the *World* says:

"The amount of work which Mr. TWEED, Mr. HALL, and Mr. COZZENS are each turning out and going through with in the most workmanlike manner is perfectly astonishing. It is, in fact, a marvel how they get through it all, hood as they are all the time, night and day, with scores of applicants for office. But the energy which they exhibit, and the close attention which each pays to the details of every thing he undertakes, shows that they are, as far as it lies within their power, determined to give the city a good government, and redeem their promises. At any rate, they are making all departments efficient, and before one year rolls around the public will begin to see the beneficial effects of the change in our city government."

We have beautiful to see brethren dwelling together in unity!

RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

MR. SMITH puts his point vigorously:

"Mr. ERICSON, of Connecticut, a passenger has been forcibly put to the effort to protect passengers from abuse, etc., at the hands of railroad monopolists. I take the liberty of making a suggestion, and hope that you will think the point of sufficient importance to attract your attention.

"It is this: All carriers of passengers should, by legislative enactment, be made subject to the same restrictions, penalties, and rules that govern common carriers.

"As the law now stands, a carrier of freight and passengers is obliged to see more care in the transportation of a box of cobble-stones or straw than a car of human beings.

"In the former case he is answerable for every damage except that done by the act of God and national enemies: in the latter, only for negligence—which can never be proved.

"Yours, etc., JOHN SMITH."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW YORK "repeater" was recently convicted on the charge of attempting to vote in another name last May, and sentenced by Judge Barnard to two years' imprisonment.

The conductor and engineer of the accommodation train, and the conductor of the mail train, on the New Hampshire Northern Railroad, have been indicted for manslaughter, in causing the death of the engineer of the mail train in the collision on that road July 13.

The Rev. Dr. ADAMS, pastor of the Church Temple of Peace, Philadelphia, has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the brotherhood of Indian Reformers, a call for a convention of the "Irish nationalists of America, irrespective of past differences or organizations," to be held in Chicago, August 15, in Cincinnati, and such measures as will promote the cause of Irish independence.

Our Canadian friends recently undertook to enforce the fishery laws, and with a praiseworthy feeling for pleasure among their toast, and actually seized boats and tackle from Yankee fishermen. The United States Government, however, take a more sensible view of the matter, and, while they will not surrender any of the commercial privileges, the Canadian penalties remain will be forwarded if applied for, which will relieve the hearty pleasure parties against annoyance.

Lady Franklin has been in conference with Captain C. F. HALL in Washington, and proposes to go to the Arctic Ocean. She still hopes to obtain more definite intelligence respecting the death of her husband.

The provisions of the postal convention, by which a uniform rate of postage on letters and inland, are in operative, at present, in consequence of the French Government having not all mail matter from the United States and countries beyond will be sent by closed mail via Great Britain, as has been established for that class of communication.

Upon application for artificial limbs by officers and soldiers, wounded in the service of the United States, orders will be given by the Surgeon-General at Washington upon such application, directing that the artificial limb tends to furnish good and satisfactory limbs without extra charge to the soldier, and authorization to and from the place of fitting the limb will also be furnished.

The Indian war has not interfere progress, if the authority be sanctioned upon the Pacific railroad, which has been set apart from them to furnish employment and how to fill the sell, and then return them to their tribes, with such implements as may be necessary for farming. In this manner he thinks the Indians can be civilized.

It is stated that M. Trellland, the present French Minister to the United States, will be accredited as the successor of M. Prevost-Paradol.

The Japanese Embassy has arrived at Prescott, Arizona, and assumed command of the Department. His first order was to establish a military post at the Moqui Indians as hostile. The reports from the Territory in reference to the crops are looking very favorable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London *Times* of July 28 publishes a projected treaty submitted by France to the Prussian Government, which was rejected by Prussia. The terms of the proposed treaty are as follows:

The preamble sets forth that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the French, desiring to remove all obstacle or friendship between the two governments and nations, etc., have cordially conclude the following:

In the first article, Napoleon admits and recognizes the acquisitions of Prussia from Austria.

In the second, the Prussian King engages to facilitate the French annexation of Luxemburg.

In the third, the Emperor acquiesces in the union of the North German Confederation with the South States.

In the fourth, France finally if necessary to absorb the Prussian army in the event of a general war.

The fifth article is the usual one of offensive and defensive alliance between the two nations.

Up to the time of the correspondence no engagement has taken place between the two armies of Marshal Bazaine and the Prince Frederick Charles upon Sarlouis crossed the French border to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Metz. After proceeding a short distance they met a troop of French chasseurs, who fired on them, and a brief skirmish ensued with a loss of several killed. French troops have also made a reconnoissance in the direction of Saarbruck.

The telegraphic war sent by France to Prussia declares that the Emperor of the French was obliged to consider the proposition to elevate a Prince Prussia to the throne of Spain as an attack on the security of France; that he decided to ask Prussia about it; that the scheme, which Prussia refused to do, receiving her refusal in a manner by circumstances which that the Emperor was forced to consider this determination as a menace, preparing to France and Prussia, and the Hohenzollern, and, particularly, as it was rendered the more threatening by the communications which, according to the Cabinets of Europe, giving an account of the refusal of Prussia to the French Ambassador. The telegram concludes:

"The French Government, therefore, is taking steps to secure its rights in honor and dignity, and having adopted all measures which the circumstances require, is determined to defend, if need be, with France."

The Italian Government has issued a proclamation of the Italian troops from Rome, and the Papal Chamberg are to the effect that Austria and Russia will protect the Pope.

General Ortolle is said to have left Rome for Florence. General Dumont of Prussia was never better prepared for war. The Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince William will command the South German armies. Prince Frederick Charles will command the army on the North.

Several large Fenian demonstrations in favor of the French have taken place in Ireland.

The Pope has several times declared and reaffirmed, the news of the Pekin massacre at length appears to have been true. The full details of the horrible occurrences have been received in London, and the first accounts, it is said, were not exaggerated. The Chinese authorities at Pekin have refused to punish the ringleaders or persons were burned to death in the houses destroyed.

The dogma of Infallibility was promulgated on the 18th of July by the Pope, with imposing ceremonies. The decree was received with very general dissent all over Europe. The press in Catholic Spain ridicule the new doctrine. The Pope of the distinguished historian, HENRY MARTIN, published an article in the Siecle, in which France is urged to take up arms "against the ground" that the extravagant pretensions of the Pope are a menace to the liberties of Europe. The Pope is mediated with new promulgation of the dogma, and the prelates hastened their departure from Rome. It is said that the Pope is in fear of his life, "surrounded by bands, and leave as sheep—will shorn." A pamphlet has been issued in Rome, ascribed to Archbishop Dechick, of St. Louis, with the title, "What has Passed the Council." It is said to be a somewhat sensational, but formal complaint was lodged against it.

In the French High Court, at Blois, July 19, a motion for a postponement, on account of the approach of the war, of the trial of the Orleanist Princes, was refused, and the trial was proceeded with. Baron Rothschild, who was drawn on the jury, failed to appear, and a fine of 900 francs was imposed on him.

It has been reported that the Cuban volunteers in Havana refused to command the power of the citizens of that place, and that the ladies in the city were obliged to take up the arms in the chaingang. Advices from the court dispatch from Havana pronounces the story of the volunteers refusing, and asserts that nothing of the kind has occurred.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.
SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL STRATEGIC POINTS ON THE RHINE AND THE COAST.
NORTH
SEA
LONDON
Cambridge
NORWICH
Yarmouth
Ipswich
Harwich
Colchester
Maidstone
Canterbury
Dover
Ashford
Hastings
Rye
Brighton
Portsmouth
Southampton
Winchester
Salisbury
Basingstoke
Reading
Oxford
Aylesbury
Guildford
Dorking
Kingston
Windsor
Staines
Hounslow
Richmond
Hampton Court
Chertsey
Woking
Farnham
Aldershot
Alton
Petersfield
Chichester
Arundel
Worthing
Shoreham
Lewes
Eastbourne
Hastings
Tunbridge Wells
Sevenoaks
Gravesend
Rochester
Chatham
Margate
Ramsgate
Deal
Canterbury
Ashford
Folkestone
Hythe
Romney
Dungeness
Boulogne
Calais
Dunkerque
Gravelines
Ostende
BRUGGE
GENT
ANTWERP
Malines
Louvain
Tirlemont
Namur
Liege
Verviers
Spa
Stavelot
Malmedy
Eupen
Aachen
Montjoie
Prum
Bitburg
Wittlich
Daun
Mayen
Andernach
Neuwied
Coblenz
Ehrenbreitstein
Boppard
St. Goar
Bingen
Kreuznach
Simmern
Zweibrucken
Landau
Germersheim
Speyer
Worms
Mannheim
Heidelberg
Darmstadt
Aschaffenburg
Hanau
Offenbach
Frankfurt
Wiesbaden
Mainz
Bingerbruck
Kirn
Oberstein
Idar
Birkenfeld
Trier
Saarbruck
Saarlouis
Thionville
Metz
Pont-a-Mousson
Nancy
Luneville
Epinal
Remiremont
Gerardmer
Colmar
Schlestadt
Strasburg
Kehl
Rastadt
Carlsruhe
Durlach
Pforzheim
Stuttgart
Ludwigsburg
Heilbronn
Hall
Crailsheim
Ellwangen
Aalen
Heidenheim
Ulm
Biberach
Memmingen
Kempten
Lindau
Bregenz
Constance
Schaffhausen
Basel
Solothurn
Bern
Thun
Interlaken
Brienz
Lucerne
Zug
Zurich
Winterthur
Frauenfeld
Wesel
Emmerich
Cleves
Xanten
Duisburg
Ruhrort
Crefeld
Dusseldorf
Elberfeld
Barmen
Solingen
Remscheid
Cologne
KOLN
Bonn
Siegburg
Coblenz
Koblenz
Neuwied
Altenkirchen
Siegen
Dillenburg
Wetzlar
Giessen
Marburg
Frankenberg
Fulda
Hersfeld
Eisenach
Gotha
Erfurt
Weimar
Jena
Naumburg
Merseburg
Halle
Leipzig
Dessau
Wittenberg
Bitterfeld
Zerbst
Magdeburg
Brandenburg
Potsdam
BERLIN
Frankfurt
Custrin
Stettin
Swinemunde
Stralsund
Rugen
Rostock
Wismar
Lubeck
HAMBURG
Altona
Harburg
Celle
Lueneburg
Uelzen
Salzwedel
Stendal
Tangermunde
Havelberg
Perleberg
Ludwigslust
Schwerin
Wismar
Rostock
Neustrelitz
Pasewalk
Anklam
Greifswald
Stettin
Oldenburg
Bremen
Verden
Soltau
Celle
Hanover
Minden
Osnabruck
Munster
Lingen
Meppen
Leer
Emden
Groningen
Leeuwarden
Harlingen
Sneek
Franeker
Dokkum
Amsterdam
Haarlem
Leyden
Delft
Rotterdam
Dordrecht
Utrecht
Arnhem
Nimeguen
Hertogenbosch
Breda
Roosendaal
Bergen-op-Zoom
Middelburg
Flushing
Ostend
Bruges
Ypres
Lille
Roubaix
Tourcoing
Douai
Valenciennes
Arras
Cambrai
Bapaume
Peronne
Albert
Amiens
Abbeville
Montreuil
Boulogne
Calais
St. Omer
Hazebrouck
Dunkirk
Gravelines
Dieppe
Rouen
Elbeuf
Evreux
Vernon
Gisors
Beauvais
Pontoise
Meaux
Paris
Versailles
St. Germain
Rambouillet
Dreux
Chartres
Nogent-le-Rotrou
Mantes
Evreux
Lisieux
Caen
Bayeux
Cherbourg
Coutances
Granville
St. Lo
Avranches
Fougeres
Vitre
Laval
Mayenne
Chateau-Gontier
Angers
Saumur
Tours
Amboise
Blois
Vendome
Chateaudun
Orleans
Montargis
Gien
Auxerre
Joigny
Sens
Nogent-sur-Seine
Troyes
Bar-sur-Aube
Chaumont
Langres
Vesoul
Gray
Dijon
Beaune
Chalon-sur-Saone
Autun
Macon
Bourg
Lyon
Vienne
Grenoble
Chambery
Annecy
Geneva
Nantua
Belley
Culoz
Aix-les-Bains
Modane
Briancon
Gap
Digne
Sisteron
Forcalquier
Apt
Avignon
Carpentras
Orange
Montelimar
Valence
Romans
St. Etienne
Le Puy
Brioude
Clermont
Issoire
Thiers
Riom
Vichy
Moulins
Nevers
Cosne
Gien
Montargis
Fontainebleau
Melun
Provins
Nogent-sur-Seine
Arcis-sur-Aube
Vitry-le-Francois
Chalons-sur-Marne
Epernay
Rheims
Soissons
Laon
Hirson
Rocroi
Mezieres
Sedan
Montmedy
Longuyon
Briey
Conflans
Metz
Thionville
Verdun
Commercy
Toul
Nancy
Luneville
Sarrebourg
Phalsburg
Saverne
Molsheim
Schlestadt
Colmar
Neuf-Brisach
Huningen
Altkirch
Mulhausen
Thann
Belfort
Montbeliard
Porrentruy
Delemont
Moutier
Biel
Neuchatel
Yverdon
Lausanne
Vevey
Montreux
Martigny
Sion
Brieg
Visp
Zermatt
Andermatt
Altorf
Schwyz
Glarus
Chur
Davos
Coire
Ragatz
Sargans
Feldkirch
Bregenz
Lindau
Kempten
Immenstadt
Oberstdorf
Fussen
Reutte
Landeck
Innsbruck
Kufstein
Rosenheim
Traunstein
Berchtesgaden
Salzburg
Hallein
Golling
Werfen
Bischofshofen
Zell-am-See
Kitzbuhel
Kufstein
Rosenheim
Wasserburg
Mühldorf
Landshut
Dingolfing
Deggendorf
Passau
Straubing
Regensburg
Kelheim
Ingolstadt
Neuburg
Donauwerth
Augsburg
Landsberg
Schongau
Weilheim
Murnau
Partenkirchen
Mittenwald
Garmisch
Oberammergau
Ettal
Linderhof
Fussen
Füssen
Kempten
Memmingen
Ulm
Biberach
Ravensburg
Friedrichshafen
Meersburg
Constance
Radolfzell
Donaueschingen
Villingen
Triberg
Offenburg
Kehl
Strasburg
Rastadt
Carlsruhe
Bruchsal
Philippsburg
Germersheim
Landau
Zweibrucken
Kaiserslautern
Neustadt
Worms
Mannheim
Heidelberg
Mosbach
Heilbronn
Hall
Crailsheim
Ansbach
Gunzenhausen
Weissenburg
Nuremberg
Schwabach
Erlangen
Forchheim
Bamberg
Coburg
Hof
Plauen
Zwickau
Chemnitz
Freiberg
Dresden
Meissen
Leipzig
Halle
Merseburg
Naumburg
Weimar
Erfurt
Gotha
Eisenach
Fulda
Hanau
Aschaffenburg
Darmstadt
Wurzburg
Schweinfurt
Kissingen
Meiningen
Suhl
Ilmenau
Arnstadt
Sondershausen
Nordhausen
Halberstadt
Quedlinburg
Aschersleben
Bernburg
Dessau
Wittenberg
Torgau
Eilenburg
Grimma
Altenburg
Zeitz
Weissenfels
Merseburg
Bitterfeld
Wittenberg
Luckenwalde
Treuenbrietzen
Juterbogk
Baruth
Zossen
Teltow
Potsdam
Brandenburg
Rathenow
Nauen
Spandau
Berlin
Charlottenburg
Frankfurt
Custrin
Landsberg
Soldin
Arnswalde
Friedeberg
Schwedt
Angermunde
Prenzlau
Templin
Neustrelitz
Strelitz
Pasewalk
Anklam
Greifswald
Stralsund
Rugen
Stettin
Swinemunde
Wollin
Cammin
Treptow
Rugenwalde
Stolp
Lauenburg
Neustettin
Schneidemuhl
Bromberg
Inowrazlaw
Thorn
Culm
Graudenz
Marienwerder
Dirschau
Neustadt
Danzig
Elbing
Marienburg
Konigsberg
Pillau
Memel
Tilsit
Insterburg
Gumbinnen
Goldap
Lyck
Johannisburg
Sensburg
Rastenburg
Allenstein
Osterode
Neidenburg
Soldau
Mlawa
Plock
Warsaw
Skierniewice
Lowicz
Kalisch
Konin
Gnesen
Posen
Meseritz
Crossen
Frankfurt
Guben
Cottbus
Spremberg
Hoyerswerda
Kamenz
Bautzen
Lobau
Zittau
Gorlitz
Lauban
Bunzlau
Liegnitz
Glogau
Sagan
Sprottau
Grunberg
Sorau
Forst
Muskau
Weisswasser
Hoyerswerda
Elsterwerda
Torgau
Oschatz
Grimma
Leipzig
Borna
Zeitz
Naumburg

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER VIII.

Destitution and Despondency.—Migration of Seals. Gathering Mussels at Low Tide.—An Earthquake Shock.—The Beginning of Winter.—The Contest in the Chasm.—The Return by Night.

In the mean time, while the long and tedious operation of making shoes, described in the preceding chapter, was going on, the autumn and early winter months were passing away, bringing with them nothing but hope deferred. The weather became almost continually stormy. Sometimes for a fortnight the sun was not seen. This gloomy aspect of the skies added a deeper tinge to the despondency which was gradually gaining possession of the spirits of the men. Their health began to suffer seriously from the effects of their unwholesome food, their severe exposures, and their incessant mental anxiety. In all of them the operation of these causes began in the end to produce a morbid condition of the nervous system, which caused them great distress and suffering. Sights and sounds which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been regarded with indifference, produced indescribable but irresistible emotions of gloom, and even of terror. The noise of the surf rolling in continually upon the shore, and the perpetual roaring of the wind among the trees, became almost insupportable. They seemed like demoniac voices incessantly calling to the wretched outcasts, and installing them with the hopelessness of their cruel destiny. In a word, they were on the verge of insanity.

Fortunately for them, they were aroused from this condition of despondency and gloom by a phenomenon which suddenly appeared and strongly attracted their attention; which, by the surprise and wonder which it awakened, turned the current of their thoughts. They observed, in the midst of the calm, an unusual agitation of the waters of the bay, at first without apparent cause. They soon found, however, that the commotion was caused by a multitude of seals, swimming about hither and thither, and increasing in numbers every moment. They were at first overjoyed at this sight, thinking that now they should be provided with an abundant supply of food. But their joy was soon turned into alarm at finding that this extraordinary concourse was the gathering of the seals of that vicinity for their annual migration. The whole school in a short time proceeded in a body down the bay, leaving the men in dismay at what seemed to be the final loss of their only resource for food during the winter that was coming on.

Their supplies of food were chiefly confined, after this, to the occasional captures which they could make among the few seals which had been left behind in the migration of the main body, and to the half salted, half smoke-dried meat which they had preserved. They found it necessary at once to put themselves upon a daily allowance, though they eked out their scanty fare

GATHERING MUSSELS AT LOW TIDE.

to some extent by gathering mussels among the rocks along the shore when the tide was low. It is not wonderful that under these circumstances their health began seriously to suffer, and their spirits became more and more depressed. Mr. Raynal says that nothing but their resolution in keeping themselves incessantly busy saved them from sinking into utter despair.

Perhaps the gloomiest and most sorrowful and despairing night that they passed during this time of their sorest trial was a short time after this, when they were all suddenly aroused from their slumbers by the shock of an earthquake. The shock was not very severe; but it is not difficult to imagine how terrible the effect of being aroused out of sleep at midnight by such an alarm must have been upon minds so morbidly sensitive as theirs had become.

The shock was but momentary, but, while it lasted, was attended by the usual rumbling sounds, and by the shaking of the cabin, and the rattling of every thing contained in it. Some brands were even rolled out from the fire upon the floor, so that they had to spring out of bed to save their cabin from a conflagration. In ten or fifteen seconds, however, the commotion died away, but the men were too much oppressed with the sense of awe and solemnity which it had inspired to return to their beds. They gathered in a circle around the fire, and Captain Musgrave, to cheer and comfort them, took the Bible and read passages from it here and there. He selected such as referred to the goodness and mercy of God, and the watchful providence which He exercises over all His creatures, even the most lowly, and the special regard that He felt for man, whom He had created above all the rest of His creatures, and whom He loved with the love of a father for his children.

These gracious words cheered and comforted the men very much. They listened to the reading with the most devout and solemn attention.

The men had now given up all hope of being rescued that season, for the winter had fairly set in. When, however, they had passed the solstice, and the sun began to return toward the south, and the days began to lengthen, the extreme depression of their spirits began to be somewhat lightened, aided by the effect of constant employment during the day, and by the occupation of mind afforded by the evening school, which was still regularly continued. The work connected with the operation of tanning the leather and making the shoes gave them all much employment; and when the weather allowed they went on hunting expeditions after seals; for, in the migration, many, it seems, had been left behind. Among the rest, Old Tom remained, and the men encountered him at his old abode not long after the others went away. This happened one day when, after a long storm, the wind had subsided, and the sea was comparatively calm, they set out on an excursion in their boat to the western branch of the bay, in hopes of finding some remaining seal. They were all sick and weary, and could advance only slowly and with difficulty, and were obliged to stop often to rest.

At one of these stoppings, while Aleck was fastening the boat to a point of the rock, Captain Musgrave called to them to listen. He heard, he thought, something like a low, muttered growl above them.

The men seized their arms—Mr. Raynal his gun and the others their clubs—and climbed up the rocks. There they found Old Tom, and two females with him as old as himself. It seemed that they were too feeble to accompany the rest in their migration, and had concluded to remain, in their old age, at their summer home, leaving the younger ones to incur the fatigue and danger of seeking a change of climate. Old Tom seemed to recognize his visitors, having encountered them several times before, and he came forward to meet them growling. The men seemed to feel quite a sentiment of compassion for this old patriarch and his wives in their solitude and isolation, and would gladly have spared their lives. But their necessities were imperious. They killed all three of them, put their carcasses into the bottom of the boat, and returned to their camp, with hearts much lightened at having obtained a supply of even such food. They reached Epigwait at four o'clock, but it was so near the time of the winter solstice that it was dark before they arrived.

When the supply thus obtained was exhausted Aleck went off one day on foot along the coast to the northward to see what he could find. The others had little expectation that he would meet with any success, but, to their great surprise and joy, in about an hour they saw him coming in sight, among the rocks, bearing a heavy burden on his back. They ran to meet him, and were overjoyed to find that it was a young seal that he was bringing. He had found it with its mother on the shore, and had killed them both.

After relieving Aleck of his burden the whole party set out to bring in the carcass of the mother. They all went on together for some distance, and then Mr. Raynal and George separated from the rest to go through the thickets a little way inland, in order to avoid a place near the shore which was encumbered with sharp rocks, rendered dangerous by wet sea-weed clinging to them. Pretty soon they came to a brook which issued from a deep chasm. This chasm was about six feet wide and thirty feet deep. The water of the brook, on issuing from it, spread itself out over the level ground toward the shore and formed a bog difficult to pass.

A remarkable peculiarity of this chasm was that it was closed over at the surface of the ground above, for about one hundred feet, by the

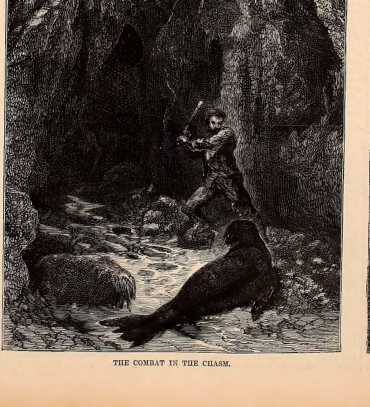

THE COMBAT IN THE CHASM.

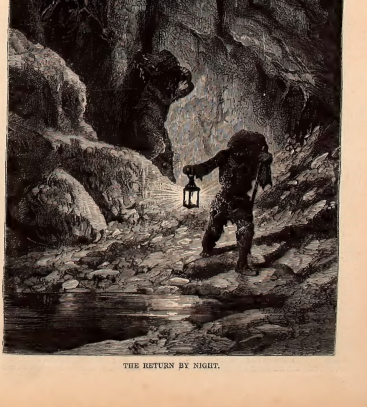

THE RETURN BY NIGHT.

roots of trees and vines and mosses, and other creeping forms of vegetation, which had reached across it and grown so thick as to form a bed sufficiently dense at a certain part to enable a person to cross the chasm upon it as by a bridge. It was, in fact, a natural bridge formed by the luxuriance of the vegetation.

Mr. Raynal and George, in making their way through the thickets, came to this spot, climbing as they advanced over the fallen trees, and pushing aside the vines and bushes. Suddenly, they heard a rustling among the leaves and branches not far from them, and, instantly advancing, saw a seal. They immediately set off in pursuit of him. Several times Mr. Raynal was on the point of reaching him with his club, but, being so much impeded in his progress by the difficulties of the way, the seal always got off. In two minutes more he heard a crash, followed by a sound like the fall of a heavy body. The seal had leaped through the bridge of roots and moss, and tumbled into the chasm below. Mr. Raynal, being close behind him, came very near falling through too.

He immediately called to George to run down and endeavor to intercept the seal before the brook issued from the chasm, to prevent the seal from escaping into the sea. He himself resolved to follow the seal, by hanging his club to his back by the cord which was attached to the end of it, in order to get his way through an opening in the covering of the fissure, and lowered himself down by means of the roots and vines hanging by the side of it. He could not reach the bottom, and then let himself drop to the ground. When he had thus reached the bottom he found himself in a dark tunnel, as it were, for the chasm was so densely covered by the vegetation above that the light was almost entirely excluded.

He groped his way along in the direction which the seal had taken, feeling his way by the roots and vines hanging from the walls, and walking in the ice-cold water of the brook. As he advanced, and his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he could see his companion, but before long he arrived at a place where the shrubs and roots from the sides, and the long vines and creepers trailing down from above, almost closed the passage. He made his way through these, and found himself in a hall which seemed a dark cavern. There was a small opening in the thickets which closed the passage at the lower end, through which he could look out toward the sea. Near this opening was the seal, motionless. He had come upon it before George watching to intercept him at the exit from the chasm, and he stopped, as it seemed, to consider what was best for him to do.

As soon as he saw Mr. Raynal and perceived that he was there, he hastened in between his deadly foes, without any way of escape, he seemed to grow desperate. He began to advance at once toward Mr. Raynal, with the wild grunt of rage and defiance. There was just light enough for Mr. Raynal to observe this much of the scene, and he waited for his adversary with his club raised in the air, ready to strike. His situation was very critical, for he knew well the strength and the obscurity, in bringing down the club, he should miss its mark, or even fail to give an effectual blow, he would be himself in the power of the ferocious animal. "Now here he is," said Mr. Raynal, concluding the sentence as the seal came reach. "Down comes my club upon his head. He drops, stunned. He beats the ground a moment with his paddles, and dies."

Mr. Raynal rolled the carcass into the brook, in order to lighten it in some degree for the passage, and dragged it in this way to the outlet of the cavern. There he found George, who aided him in forcing it through its opening, which was, however, so narrow that he himself, in following, was obliged to creep on his hands and knees through the water. The seal was then cut up into quarters, and each man taking two, they conveyed him home.

They found on their arrival at the cabin that the other seal had not returned. Harry had left their lantern—one which they had procured with the other articles that they had saved from the ship—and went in pursuit of them. He had recollected that they had gone to bring home the carcass of the famous watch dog, which they had had left on the spot in order to carry home the young one and procure help. They found their two comrades at the place where they had left the lifeless hay; but they had been so much delayed by the labor of cutting up the carcass and preparing it to be transported, and by other difficulties and delays, that it had become too dark for them to find their way back over the hills and rugged rocks. So they had come to the conclusion that they must spend the night in the open air, and had chosen for their place of refuge the sheltered side of a fallen tree. There Mr. Raynal and George, by the light of their lantern, found Harry huddled together, shivering with the cold, and wearily looking for the long night to come.

They were, of course, overjoyed to see their friends coming, and with a lantern too. With the aid of the light they thought that they should have no difficulty in making their way home, even though embarrassed by the heavy burdens which they had to bear. So they took severally their respective shares of the load, one of them bearing the lantern and leading the way.

That night the interior of the cabin presented a festive and joyous spectacle. The abundance of food which they had secured relieved the men from all immediate anxiety. Harry, who had charge of the interior arrangements that week, had built a blazing fire, and had set the table with unusual care. He had nicely brightened up the plates and all the utensils required, and had arranged them upon the table in a very precise and symmetrical manner, as though he were preparing to receive company on a festive occasion. Thus, not only was the warmth of the cabin extremely grateful to the men, coming in from the night-air, but the whole interior wore so bright and cheerful an expression that their hearts were cheered and gladdened by the influence of the scene itself upon their senses, as well as by the joyous thought that they were once more abundantly supplied with food. After relieving themselves of their burdens, and enjoying for a short time the warmth and the cheering influences of the fire, they gathered round the table, in the centre of which Harry had placed a large piece of roast seal, smoking hot: but before they commenced their hearty meal, at Curtius Dhue's suggestion, to render their united thanks to Almighty God for having interposed so effectually to relieve them in their distress, and to bring all their trouble to an issue so full of comfort and joy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

(Continued.)

THE END.

The church clock struck the quarter to eleven.

Hester Dethridge showed herself at the back garden door, shuffling creepingly in, and joined her. The light of the lamp in the passage fell on his face. She started back from the sight of it.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

She shook her head and pointed through the dining-room door to the brandy-bottle on the table.

"I'm as sober as you are, you fool!" he said. "Whatever else it is, it's not that."

Hester looked at him again. He was right. However unsteady his gait might be, his speech was not the speech, his eyes were not the eyes, of a drunken man.

"Is she in her room for the night?"

Hester made the affirmative sign.

Geoffry ascended the stairs, swaying from side to side. He stopped at the top, and beckoned to Hester to join him. He went on when she obeyed, and, signing to her to follow him, closed the door.

He looked at the partition wall—without speaking—and, as Hester waited, behind him.

"Is she asleep?" he asked.

Hester went to the wall, listened at it; and made the affirmative reply.

He sat down. "My head's queer," he said. "Give me a drink of water." He drank part of the water, and poured the rest over his head. His unsteadiness made the task slow to have him. He instantly stopped her. "I can't unwind the strings. Can't lift up the paper. Do it."

She alarmed him by the delay. He rose tolerably opened the door to leave him. "Do you want your clothes changed?" he asked. She closed the door, stolidly submissive in an instant; and crossed to the partition wall.

She lifted the large map of paper on either side of the wall—pointed through the hollowed place—and drew back again to the other end of the room.

He rose and walked unsteadily from the chair to the hollowed place. He looked through a crack of the bed, he waited a little. While he waited, he became conscious of the return of the strange sensations that possessed him. A feeling as of a breath of cold air passed over the right side of his head. It became steadily colder. He could calculate his distances: he could put his hands unerringly on the right spot to open and close the light curtains, hanging from the hook in the ceiling over the head of her bed. He could look at the sleeping face.

She was dimly visible, by the light of the candle placed at the head of the bed. Her hair, worn and wavy look had disappeared from her face. All that had been pursed and sweetest in it had softly become steady and composed. Even the deep sleep that held her gently. She was young again in the dim light. She was beautiful in the calm repose. Her head lay back on the pillow. Her upturned face was in a position which would have compelled the attention of the man under whose eyes she was sleeping—the man who was looking at her, with the merciless resolution in him to take her life.

After waiting a while, he drew back. "She's asleep like a child there is no struggle," he muttered to himself under his breath. He glanced across at the candle. Hester Dethridge. The lighted candle which she had brought up stairs with her was burning near the place where she stood. "I shall have no more use for it," he never moved. He repeated the direction. There she stood, deaf to him.

What was she doing? She was looking fixedly into one of the corners of the room.

He turned his head, and inspected the hollowed place in the wall. He looked at the peaceful face on the pillow once more. He deliberately revived his own vindictive sense of the debt that he owed her. "But for you," he whispered to himself, "I should have won the race: but for you, I should have been friends with my father: but for you, I might marry Mrs. Glenarm." He turned back again into the room while the sense of it was at its fiercest in him. He looked round with round him. He took up a screwdriver—fell for a moment; and threw it down again.

A new idea struck him. In two steps he was at the side of his bed. He seized on one of the pillows, and looked uncertainly at Hester. "It's not a drunken brute, this time," he said to her. "It's a woman who will fight for her life. The pillow's the safest of the two." She never answered him, and never looked toward him. He made sure more for the place in the wall: and stopped midway between it and his bed—stopped, and cast a backward glance over his shoulder.

Hester Dethridge was stirring at last.

With no third person in the room, she was looking, and seeing nothing. She was like the following a third person along the wall, from the corner. Her lips were parted in horror: her eyes opened to their widest, stared rigid and glittering at the empty wall. Step by step, she stole nearer and nearer to Geoffry, still fixing her sense unnatural Thing, which was stealing nearer and nearer, too. He asked himself what it meant. He was aware of the deed that he was about to do more than she was: he could hear? Would she burst out screaming, and wake his wife?

He hurried to the place in the wall—to seize the chance, while the chance was his.

He stended his strong hold on the pillow.

He stooped to pass it through the opening.

He paused at the sound of a sleeping face.

At the same moment he felt Hester Dethridge's hand laid on him from behind. The touch ran through him, from head to foot, like a shock of fire. He drew back with a start, and faced her. Hester, never staring straight over his shoulder at something behind him—looking as her had looked when he left the room. Windgates.

Before he could speak he felt the flash of her eyes in his eyes. For the third time, she had seen the Apparition. And for him, the homicidal frenzy possessed her. She flew at his throat like a mad beast. The feeble old woman attacked the athlete!

He dropped the pillow, and struck a terrible right arm full at her from him, as he might have brushed an insect from him.

Even in the act of striking a frightful distortion seized on his face. As if with an invisible hand, it dragged down the brow and the eyelid on the right side: dragged down the mouth on the same side. His arm fell helpless: his whole body, on the same side, became dead. He dropped on the floor, like a man shot dead.

Hester Dethridge pounced on his prostrate body—knelt on his chest—and fastened her ten fingers on his throat.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

THE SHOCK.

The shock of the fall woke Anne on the instant. She started up—looked round—and saw a gap in the wall at the foot of her bed, and the candle-light shimmering in the next room. Panic-stricken; doubting, for a moment, if she were in her right bed, she came back, waking—listening—looking. She saw nothing but the glimmering light in the room; she heard nothing but a confused noise of some person laboring for breath. The sound ceased. There was an interval of silence. Then the head of Hester Dethridge rose slowly into sight through the gap in the wall—rose with the glittering light of madness in its eyes; and with the hair.

She flew to the open window, and screamed for help.

Sir Patrick's voice answered her, from the road in front of the cottage.

"Wait for me! God's sake!" she cried.

She fled from the room, and rushed down the stairs. The door opened to her, she had opened the door, and was out in the front garden.

As she ran to the gate, she heard the voice of a strange man on the other side of it. Sir Patrick called to her encouragingly. "The policeman is with me," he said. "I met him at the gate—at night—he has a key." As he spoke the gate was opened from the outside. She saw Sir Patrick, followed by the policeman. She strangered toward them as they came in—she was just able to say, "Make haste!" before terror stilled her. Sir Patrick saved her from falling. He placed her on the bench in the garden, and hurried into the cottage, while Arnold and the policeman hurried into the cottage.

"Where first?" asked Arnold.

"The room the lady called from," said the policeman.

They mounted the stairs, and entered Anne's room. The gap in the wall was instantly observed by both of them. They looked through it.

Inverary Dalmsyan's dead body lay on the floor. Hester Dethridge was kneeling at his head, praying.

Epilogue.

A MORNING CALL.

The newspapers have announced the return of Lord and Lady Holchester to their residence in London, after an absence on the continent of more than six months.

It is the height of the season. All day long, within the mansion in Grosvenor square, the door of Holchester House is perpetually opening to receive visitors. The vast majority leave their cards, and go away again. Certain privileged individuals only, get out of their carriages, and enter the house.

Among these latter, arriving at an earlier hour than is customary, is a person of distinction who is positively bent on seeing either the master or the mistress of the house, and who will take no denial. While this person is parleying with the chief of the servants, Lord Holchester, passing from one room to another, happens to cross the inner end of the hall. The person instantly darts at him with a cry of "Dear Lord Holchester!" Julius turns, and sees—Lady Lundie!

He is fairly caught, and he gives way with his best grace. As he opens the door of the nearest room for her ladyship, he furtively consults his watch, and says in his inmost soul, "How am I to get rid of her before the others come?"

Lady Lundie settles down on a sofa in a whirlwind of silk and lace, and becomes, in her own majestic way, "perfectly charming." She makes the most affectionate inquiries about Lady Holchester, about the Honorable Lady Holchester, about Julius himself. Where have they been? Are they very tired? Are they sure and thoroughly cured them to recover the shock of that dreadful event, to which Lady Lundie dare not more particularly allude? Julius answers everything, and a little absently. He makes polite inquiries, on his side, as to her ladyship's plans and projects. She spends a most unusually extensive of the inexorable hour of time, and of certain probabilities which that hour may bring with it. Lady Lundie has very little to say about herself. She has already touched on: acknowledged that she could not find herself in London without feeling an act of duty involved in making inquiries at the house in which Hester Dethridge is employed for life; announces that she has not only made the inquiries, but that she has seen the woman herself, has spoken to her, has found her unconscious of her dreadful position, incapable of the smallest exercise of memory, resigned to the existence that she leads, and likely (in the opinion of the medical gentleman attended) to live for some years to come. Having stated these facts, her ladyship is about to make a few of those "remarks appropriate to the occasion," in which she excels, when the door opens; and Lady Holchester, in search of her missing husband, enters the room.

II.

There is a new outburst of affectionate interest on Lady Lundie's part—met civilly, but not cordially, by Lady Holchester. Julius's wife seems, like Julius, to be uneasily conscious of the lapse of time. Like Julius again, she privately wonders how long Lady Lundie is going to stay.

Julius makes various signs of impatience, unseen by Lady Holchester, which Lady Lundie is too much absorbed to notice. He says something—and she says it not. Is she going to say it? Yes. She is going to get, by a roundabout way, to the object in view. Julius makes another inquiry of Holchester sort to make. May she be permitted to resume the subject of her visit? Will Lady Holchester excuse her? They have been at Rome. Can they confirm the shocking intelligence which has reached us of the "sway" of Mrs. Glenarm?

Lady Holchester can confirm it, by personal experience. Mrs. Glenarm has assumed the position, and has taken refuge in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. Lady Holchester has been her a witness at Rome. She is passing through the period of her probation; and she is resolved to take the vei. Lady Lundie, as a good Protestant, lifts her hands in horror—declares the topic to be too painful to dwell on—and, by your leave, goes straight to the point at last. Has Lady Holchester, in the course of her continental experience, happened to meet with a friend of hers—Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth?

"I have ceased, as you know, to hold any communication with my relations," Lady Lundie explains. "The course they took at the time of our family trial—the sympathy they felt with that wicked woman—I am not even sure that I ought to name more particularly—alienated us from each other. I have heard, however, that Holchester; but I hear no malice. And I shall always feel a motherly interest in hearing of Arnold's welfare. I have heard that he left and her husband were traveling, at the time when you left Rome. Lord Holchester were traveling. Did you meet with them?"

Julius and his wife looked at each other. Lord Holchester looks at Lady Lundie.

"We saw Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth at Florence, and afterward at Naples, Lady Lundie. They returned to England a week since, in anticipation of a certain happy event, which will possibly increase the members of your family circle. They are now in London. Indeed, they will you that we expect them here to lunch to-day."

Having made this plain statement, Lady Holchester looks at Lady Lundie. (*If that* doesn't hasten her departure, nothing will!)

Quite useless! Lady Lundie holds her ground. Having heard absolutely nothing of her relatives for the last six months, she is burning with curiosity to hear more. There is a name she has not mentioned yet. She places a certain construction upon herself, and mentions it now.

"And Sir Patrick?" says her ladyship, subduing her voice to gentle melancholy, suggestive of past injuries condoned by Christian forgiveness.

Lady Lundie's tone and respect tells her. Did you meet with Sir Patrick at Florence and Naples, also?

Julius and his wife look at each other again. The clock in the hall strikes. Julius shudders. Lady Holchester's patience begins to give way. There is an awkward pause. Somebody must say something. As before, Lady Holchester replies:

"Sir Patrick went abroad, Lady Lundie, with his niece and her husband; and Sir Patrick has come back with them."

"In good health?" her ladyship inquires.

"Younger than ever," Lady Holchester rejoins.

Lady Lundie smiles satirically. Lady Holchester notices the smile; decides that mercy shown to *this* woman is merely misplaced; and announces (to her husband's horror) that she has news to tell of Sir Patrick, which will probably take his sister-in-law by surprise.

Lady Lundie waits eagerly to hear what the news is.

"It is no secret," Lady Holchester proceeds —"though it is only known, as yet, to a few intimate friends. Sir Patrick has made an important change in his life."

Lady Lundie's charming smile suddenly goes out.

"Sir Patrick is not only a very clever and very agreeable man," Lady Holchester resumes, a little nervously, "he is also, in all his habits and ways (as you well know), a man younger than his years—who still possesses many of the qualities which seldom fail to attract women."

Lady Lundie starts to her feet.

"You don't mean to tell me, Lady Holchester, that Sir Patrick is married?"

"I do."

Her ladyship drops back on the sofa; helpless, really and truly helpless, under the double blow that has fallen on her. She is not only struck out of her place as the chief woman of the family, but (still on the right side of forty) she is solemnly recommended, as the Dowager Lady Lundie, for the rest of her life!

"At his age!" she exclaims, as soon as she can speak.

"Pardon me for reminding you," Lady Holchester answers, "that plenty of men younger than Sir Patrick's age. In his case, it is only due to him to say that his motive raises him high above the reach of ridicule or reproach. His marriage is a good action, in the highest sense of the word. It does honor to him, as well as to the lady who shares his position and his name."

"A young girl, of course!" is Lady Lundie's next remark.

"No. A woman who has been tried by no common sorrow, and who has borne it nobly—but not nobly. A woman who deserves the colmer and the happier life on which she is entering now."

"May I ask who she is?"

Before the question can be answered, a knock at the house door announces the arrival of visitors. For the third time, Julius and his wife look at each other. On this occasion, Julius speaks first.

"My wife has already told you, Lady Lundie, that we expect Mr. and Mrs. Brinkworth to lunch. Sir Patrick, and the new Lady Lundie, accompany them. If I am mistaken in supposing that it might not be quite agreeable to you to meet them, I can only ask your pardon. If I am right, I will leave Lady Holchester to receive our friends, and will do myself the honor of taking you to another room."

He advances to the door of an inner room. He offers his arm to Lady Lundie. Her ladyship stands immovable; determined to see the woman who has supplanted her. In a moment more, the door of entrance flies open, and is thrown open; and the servant announces, "Sir Patrick and Lady Lundie. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth."

Lady Lundie looks at the woman who has taken her place at the head of the family; and sees —ANNE SILVESTER!

THE END.

THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

BY referring to our carefully engraved map on page 500, which shows the greater part of France and Prussia, our readers will be able to follow without difficulty the accounts of the movements of the hostile armies.

On the left bank of the Rhine the principal strategic points are Metz, Thionville, and Forbach. The first-named city, lying in the confluence of the Moselle and the Seille, is one of the most strongly fortified places in France. It contains a population of about 50,000, and in 1728 the town was nothing but a collection of narrow streets, dirty and badly built; but since that time it has been so thoroughly reconstructed that but few souvenirs of its ancient picturesque squalidity remain, and it is now provided with all the modern improvements of wide, well-shaded streets and courts, good drainage, well-built and deciphered promenades. The houses are constructed solidly of stone, are generally of a very simple architecture, and have rarely four floors. A great number have garrets attached. Some streets on the right bank of the Moselle are very steep, and are impassable for carriages. Confined now in narrower limits than it was formerly, the city of Metz no holds a part of its monuments, its abbeys, and its churches replaced by immense fortifications, of such extent that a besieging army of at least 120,000 men would be required to invest it thoroughly. The city has not been taken since it was surrounded by a wall. The approaches to the town are defended by two forts, six lunettes, and one earth-work. The two forts were built by the celebrated CORMONTAIGNE. That of Belle Croix, with the lunette of Gisaucourt, presents a development of galleries of mines of about 10,000 metres, and crowns on the east the heights from which one can leap into the city. The other fort, called Fort Moselle, or the "Double Crown," is situated toward the north. Its works, composed of ditches full of water and flanking fortifications, make it very difficult of approach.

Thionville, on the left bank of the Moselle, and nearer the Rhine, is scarcely less important than Metz, in a military point of view. Its fortifications are of great extent and strength, though the town itself consists of only a few streets and courts. Perhaps no other city in the world has changed masters more often than Thionville. It belonged to the Saxons in 1443, to the Duke of Bourgogne in 1514, two years later to LADISLAS V., King of Hungary and Bohemia, to the Dukes of Bourgogne from 1467 to 1477, to the imperial house of Hapsburg up to 1599, to the Kings of Spain up to 1643, and finally passed into the possession of France, of which it originally formed a part. In 1814 the town was besieged by the Prussians, who were forced to retire with heavy loss.

Forbach, in whose vicinity an unimportant engagement is reported to have taken place, is a delightfully situated town on the northern bank of Moselle, lying in a pleasant plain at the foot of a mountain called Schlossberg. Its streets are narrow and winding, and it derives its chief importance from its industries, and its position as one of the principal inlets from Germany into France.

Further up, on the left bank of the Rhine, lies the important city of Strasbourg, capital of the German town, where the French army under Marshal BAZAINE is concentrated. At this point a bridge of boats crossed the Rhine to Kehl, a small village of Baden, a few miles south of the important German fortress of Rastadt. Immediately on the declaration of war by France this bridge was destroyed from the German side.

Owing to the severe winds and heavy movements of troops in France it is difficult to ascertain the position of the forces engaged for the invasion of Prussia. The army of the Moselle, it is reported, will be under the command of Marshal BAZAINE, whose headquarters are fixed at Metz. The army of the Rhine, under MARSHAL MACMAHON, is concentrated at Strasbourg, where an attempt may be made to cross the Rhine for an invasion of South German territory. At the time of writing no movement has been made on either side; but the period of preparation can not last much longer, and by the end of the time these words come under the reader's eye the hostile armies will have met in the first great shock of the war.

On the right bank of the Rhine there are several very strong positions in the northern part of Prussia. First, there is the fortress of Rastadt, in Baden, considered one of the strongest fortifications in Europe. Should the French succeed in forcing the passage of the Rhine at Strasbourg, Rastadt will be the first place to be taken.

Further down the river lies the ancient city of Mainz, or Mayence, very strongly fortified. It is a very old and picturesque city, and, according to legendary records, was founded either by certain grandsons of NOAH, shortly after the Deluge, or by the fugitives from Troy, after the destruction of that city by the Greeks. As neither legend has any claim to credence, the reader may accept either or both.

The most important fortress, as well as the strongest, on the right bank of the Rhine, is that of Ehrenbreitstein, commonly called the Gibraltar of Germany. It is situated on a rock on the immense rock opposite the city of Coblentz. Vast sums of money, and the best efforts of military engineering skill, have been for years past expended in making this strong-hold as nearly impregnable as fortification can be made. Here are kept immense quantities of military stores and munitions of war, and a vast army could find shelter under its protection. The position on the river, and the nature of the surrounding country, almost insure it immunity from siege operations.

The fortifications at Cologne, as well as the Germans write the name of that city, consist mainly of earth-works, which can be rendered very formidable, on short notice, should a hostile movement be made in that direction.

GOING TO MARKET.

M. L. PERRAULT, the painter of this picture, was a pupil of M. HOUSSEMAN; and although still young, his work closely rivals that of his master. M. HOUSSEMAN has not, however, attempted subjects so ambitious as some of those by which M. BOUGUEREAU is known. His pictures are generally drawn from humble, and frequently child life, as in the picture engraved, and a larger composition in the same exhibition, entitled "The Orphans." The manner in which these simple subjects are treated may, however, be instanced as typical of the style of the entire art. Take, for example, the present picture. A little peasantess is resting on her way to the market, held at a neighboring town. Her assembly all the produce which can be spared from the immediate necessities of the support of the French farmsteads, owing to the law which ordains equal division of the land among the members of each family. A heavier burden than this could scarcely be selected or devised. The child is not weak or ill-formed, and is an evident aim at largeness of style not unworthy of an important historical theme, and it is, at all events, endowed with a careful anatomical completeness which we are accustomed to see in the best examples of modern French painting. There is, of course, a good and a bad side to this peculiar mode of dealing with incidents of common life. Carefully executed it is always acceptable, and here the workmanship is certainly of the highest order. Moreover, it may have the wholesome moral effect of enlarging our sympathies to see the loveliest pictorial material occupied in doing a vehicle for noble, refined, and finished art. On the other hand, one is apt to feel some incongruity between the subject-matter of the class of painters to whom we allude, and the polish (sometimes manifestly superficial and excessive) in which they too generally indulge. A sense of artificiality and of insincerity in the artist is very liable to arise; and the evil reaches its climax when, as is frequently the case, one is reminded more of Academical conventionalism than of true unsophisticated nature. To be just, however, decidedly the better side of the treatment is exemplified in the charming picture given on our first page.

CHINESE ART.

THE works of art of the Chinese are well known for their great beauty of color and form in porcelain, and the extraordinary fineness as well as originality of design in carvings of wood and ivory; while the bronze objects which represent the antique art of China are often most remarkable for the skill and fancy with which the forms of natural objects, plants, and animals have been treated in composing the ornament. The grotesques, for which they have an especial liking, are also far beyond any that European artists have designed; many of these are carved in the jade, which is almost as hard as diamond, and can only be worked by great labor. The roots of trees are also very cleverly carved into grotesque figures and animals, displaying the most curious and imaginative fancy. In painting they are great imitators; and, having good models, they succeed in painting birds, flowers, fruit, animals, and figures of men and women in the brightest and finest colors, but without any idea of very correct drawing or placing the object in perspective. In this respect they are behind the Japanese, who show a much more artistic feeling for natural beauty and picturesque arrangement. The lacquer work is another branch of their ornamental art, which is now familiar to our shops. One of the most wonderful of all their feats in delicate work is the magic mirror. The Italian artists of the sixteenth century engraved ornamental devices in their metallic mirrors, and on the back of the plate they often bestowed the greatest labor; but nothing approaches the Chinese work. Their mirrors appear bright, and like any ordinary looking-glass; but in certain lights the design shines out brilliantly upon the polished surface, thus not interfering with the use of the mirror for seeing in it. But then this curious thing is, that, on looking at the back of the plate, there we see the design again, so delicately that it is completely deceived by the appearance of transparency thus most cleverly given. The Chinese, however, have not yet approached to any real perception of the beauty and power of art as the European nations have felt so many centuries back; in this they are among the youngest of nations, although no doubt, they can claim an acquaintance with art that reaches as far back as the ancient Egyptians. They have long had their portrait-painters, and they make some attempt at painting subjects, such as assemblies of mandarins and people of importance—all very closely imitative in the work, rather stiff, as we see in all early works of this nature. The intercourse with Europeans will, however, be sure to encourage the native artists, for ornamental objects and pictures, and we shall see this last development of a people's civilization arising as the railroad, the locomotive, and the electric telegraph make their appearance in the Celestial Empire. The latest leader in the movement of outer barbarism into the preserves of Celestial civilization happens to be Sir Frederick Bruce, Commissioner Lay, who is already contemplating a visit to this country, to prepare the way and make the acquaintance of our great engineers.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"IN afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will cause forgetfulness." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

THE MARE NAPOLEON AIDS AT—Bismarck.

During the long French war two old ladies in Strasbourg were talking by the kirk; the one said to the other, "Was it not a wonderful thing that the Prussians were sae victorious owre the French?" "Ou, ay," was the answer; "but, ye ken, Providence aye favors the party in the right!"

"Not a bit," said the other; "for I'm sure the Prussians are the warst!" "Ou, but their prayers before gae to heaven better!" The other replied, "But canna the French say they're prayers as weel?" The reply was quite characteristic: "Hoot, jabbering bodies, they could understand them!"

Last week a gentleman of this city was going over what he'give a young friend, and finally decided it should be a ring. "Now, my boy, what kind of a ring would you like?" "Oh, I'm very particular; there are so many sorts." "Well, Mr. Johnson—one, you know, don't like to raise a shade in these matters—little delicate—you understand—but really, if you insist upon it, I will tell you why. I should like an engagement ring dearly; are the lines not regular?"

A beggar went into the store of a popular wholesale and retail confectionery dealer and asked for a penny. Mr. Morgan was busy at him a moment with some important commercial eminence, and then replied, "I don't like to be strong, don't you? I never give away money, but you can send if you asked for a few cents worth of candy." "Well, then, give me a few cents, was the quick reply. This was too much for our dealer, and he gave up—he cents.

A Western editor contributes the following to the paragraphed that 'notice had not been taken him' is the remark that it was 'very lucky for him.'

"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Doolin takes his physic regular, and a doctor's boy has to wheedle it into him." "Cause cry, he's getting well no precious fast."

The answer lately given in a French court by a prisoner accused of violent assault is likely to give law, with a smile, "Well, Monsieur le President, you know every one has his little failing."

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down East that's so industrious that he works twenty-five hours a day." "Come in fast, Cully; there are only twenty-four hours in a day." "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, and stops after dark."

"May I ask the time of day, Sir?" said a stranger to Mr. Buffum. "By all means, Sir—by all means," replied the amiable Mr. Buffum. "Well, Sir, what time is it?" "Upon my word I don't know. I have not watched the time lately."

A fellow, having a spite at a sausage-maker, rushed into his shop, which crowded with customers, threw a large dead cat upon the counter, and said: "That makes fifteen!" "Well sir!" the man says no ne bose?" and made his exit. He was, of course, followed by the sausage-maker, amid great laughter.

Lillie — and her brother called at a house on their way to school, one cold morning, to get some biscuit. Some doubts were expressed as to her brother being old enough to attend school. "Oh yes" said Lillie; "he is six; and mother says if he hadn't been sick he would have been as much as seven or eight."

A San Francisco school-teacher received the following note from the "*estensible*" parent of one of his pupils: "I hope se to my John, you will flog him just as ofte as you kin. Hes a bad boy—Je John. Altho I've bin ladin of teachin him myself, it seems to me he never will never,ben nothing—his spellin is strange, his writin is scrawl, Wallop him well, we pay a will uncle my Bargin."

P.S. What accounts for John bein sich a scholar is that he is my uncle's son by wife's first husband."

The following singular advertisement appears in a Canada paper:

"All dete people what I owes,
I'll not ax dem for dat;
But will dem people what owes me,
Must pay me immediat."

A cream-taker recently asked a servant-girl in the vicinity of Boston how many regular customers she had there were in the house. She informed him that there were fifteen besides in all, but "most monk's fear of 'em is steady; the rest is dimocrats!"

A wife asked her husband if druggists kept dyestuffs for sale. He replied: "Most druggists keep little else but die stuffs."

There is a farmer in Yorkshire who has a mile of children. He has a dozen boys, and a mile of four boys and four girls. Eight farthings makes one mile.

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Tom, I don't dare say, if you'll keen through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter, Bill?" "Well, you know Bob's brother, don't you, Peter?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did?" "Yes." "Well, I'll tell you what she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that manner."

Judge K——, of North Carolina, is a great stickler for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The judge bids him to hold up his right hand. "Can't do it, Sir," said the man. "Why not?" "Got a shot in that arm, Sir." "Then hold up your left." The man said that he had got a shot in that arm too. "Then," said the judge, solemnly, "you must hold up your leg. No man ever can be sworn, Sir, in this court by law, unless he holds up something."

"I understand you make very good cider?" "Yaw," said the Dutchman; "Haze, my poy, go bring a mugful." Here entered a pedlar with a mug brimming full, and handed it to the Dutchman, who drained it to the bottom at one draught. Then turning to his astonished visitor, said: "Dere now, if you dont not dink dat tis vare cider, you'd petter not puy any."

A pretty good story is told of an expressman from Boston, who on delivering trunks was very punctilious. He one day received an order from a physician for a five-pound Britannia syringe. The next morning the worthy doctor was considerably astonished by receiving five pounds of *Britannia sausages!*

GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE.
LE RADEAU DE NOTRE PERE.

LOUIS NAP draws the Sword. The Drawing is all correct enough, but how about the Effect?

ON THE BLUFF AT LONG BRANCH, AT THE BATHING HOUR.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

THE NEW COMET—A PHENOMENON NOW VISIBLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

He crouches and buries his face on his knees,
 And hides in the dark of his hair;
For he can not look up to the storm-smitten trees,
 Or think of the loneliness there—
 Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,
 And turn to their covers for fear;
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass
 Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear—
 With the nullah, the sling, and spear.

Uloola, behold him! The thunder that breaks
 On the tops of the rocks with the rain,
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the lakes,
 Have made him a hunter again—
 A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering thought;
 But he dreams of the hunts of yore,
And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he fought
 With those who will battle no more—
 Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills
 Goes moaning and moaning along,
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,
 And he starts at a wonderful song—
 At the sounds of a wonderful song.

And he sees, through the rents of the scattering fogs,
 The corrobboree warlike and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,
 To watch, like a mourner, for him—
 Like a mother and mourner for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,
 Like a chief, to the rest of his race,
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons, and stands,
 And gleams like a dream in his face—
 Like a marvelous dream in his face?

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

It was an easy thing enough, as Walter Grange had said, to make acquaintance with Carew of Crompton, and possible even to become his bosom friend at a short notice, for his friendships, all made in wine, at play, or in the hunting-field, were soon cemented; but then, if the introduction was effected in an unpropitious time or manner, it was like enough to end in affront or downright insult. A gulf might be fixed just where you wanted a causeway, and of this—though he had feigned to inquire about it so innocently of the honest park-keeper—Richard Yorke was well aware. He had, as has been hinted, come down to Crompton with the express view of throwing himself in the way of its eccentric master, and to do so opportunely, and he was content to bide his time. Thus, though the autumn had far advanced, and the time had come for men of his craft to hasten from the dropping, dripping woods, no longer fair, to hive at home their sweet memorials of the summer time, Richard remained at Crompton, not willingly, indeed, nor even patiently, but with that sort of dogged resolve which is engendered, even in a restless spirit, by long watching. He had stopped so long that he would not now give up his watch; the fortress, indeed, showed no more sign of breach than when he first sat down before it; but still he would not raise the siege. This persistency excited no surprise in his house companion; Walter Grange was no gossip, nor curious about other men's affairs; it was easy, even for him, to see that his tenant had a proud stomach, and he had set down his talk about desiring an introduction to Carew as merely another phrase for wishing for a good chance of disposing of his wares to best advantage in that market to which so many of such various callings thronged. He did not think, as he had honestly confessed, that there was much chance of the Squire becoming a patron of the fine arts, but he wished the young fellow luck, and was glad, for more than one reason, that he staid on.

It was at least three months after his young lodger's arrival that Walter burst into his sitting-room one afternoon, without his usual knock at the door, with the great news that he had just had word, by a safe hand, that a gang of poachers would be in the Home Park that very night, and that all the staff of keepers would be out in waiting for them.

"You know," said he, quite indignant that the young man did not show his enthusiasm, "you told me I was to be sure and let you know, Mr. Yorke; but, of course, you needn't make one of us unless you like."

"Oh yes, I'll come," laughed the young fellow—"that is, provided it is fine. I can't fight in the rain, even for the game laws."

"It'll be a lovely night, Sir, with just enough of moonlight to know friends from foes," went on the keeper, rubbing his hands, and unconsciously moistening them in his excitement. "I knew you'd come. I said to myself: 'Mr. Yorke 'll never turn tail;' and we shall be really glad of your help, for the fact is we are short-handed. Napes is down with the rheumatics, and two of our men are away from home, and there ain't time to send to the out-beaters. So we shall be only nine—including yourself—in all. Let's see," continued the old man, counting on his fingers: "there'll be Bill Nokes, and Robert Sloane, and—"

"Spare me the roll-call, Grange," interrupted the painter; "and tell me where I am to be, and when, and I'll be there."

"Very good, Sir," said the keeper, musing. "I'll put you at the Squire's oak—the one as you drawed so nicely—that'll be at the Decoy down yonder, and close to home. You have only to use this whistle, and you'll get help enough if you chance to be set upon; there will be a fight, no doubt. They must be a daring lot to poach the near park, within sound of the house: they ain't a done that these ten year; for the last time they brought Squire and his bull-dogs out, which was a lesson to one or two of 'em. However, he's for town, they say, to-day."

"All right, Grange; we must do without him, then," returned the young man, cheerfully. "What time am I to be on guard?"

"You should be there at ten at latest, Sir. There'll be plenty of us within whistle-call, you understand. But nobody will come aneist you as has any business there; so whoever you see you must go in at."

Yorke nodded, smiling, and doubling his white fists, hit out scientifically with his right.

"You're one after the Squire's own heart," exclaimed the keeper, admiringly; "and I do wish you could foregather with him. What a reach of arm you've got, and what a play of muscle! The fist is the weapon for a poacher—that is, I mean *agin* him—if you only know how to use it. I can depend on the Decoy being guarded by ten, Sir, can I? for I must be off to the head-keeper's with the rest."

"Yes, you can."

"Then, good-by, Sir, for the present."

"Now what a poor fool is that!" soliloquized the young painter, contemptuously, as the door closed upon his late companion. "To think that I should risk my life against a poacher's on even terms! Of course, if they suffice, I shall only treat him to my knuckles; but if not—if he be a giant, or there be more than one of them—then here is a better ally than mere bone and sinew." Yorke took out of a drawer a life-preserver, made of lead and whalebone, struck with it once, to test its weight and elasticity, then slipped it into his shooting-jacket pocket. "That will enlarge their organs of locality," said he, grimly; "they will not forget the Decoy Pond in a hurry whose heads knock against this."

He made a better supper than was usual with him that night; filled his pocket-flask with brandy, and his pouch with tobacco; and then making sure that the whistle Grange had given him, and which he had hung round his neck, was within easy reach of his fingers, sallied out, well wrapped up as to his throat, and with his hands in his pockets. If Richard Yorke was doomed not to have life made easy for him, he made it as easy as he could. He never omitted a precaution, unless it gave him trouble to take it out of proportion to the advantage it conferred; he was never imprudent, unless the passion of the moment was too strong for him; but sometimes, unfortunately, his mere whims were in their intensity passions, and his passions, while they lasted, fits of madness. He was a landscape-painter, partly because he had some taste that way, but chiefly because he hated regular work of any sort. He had no real love for his art, and not the least touch of poetic feeling. He knew an oak from a beech-tree, and the sort of touch that should be used in delineating the foliage of each; a yellow primrose was to him a yellow primrose, and he could mix the colors deftly enough which made up its hue. His education had been by no means neglected, but it had been of a strange sort; every thing he had learned was, as it were, for immediate use, and of a superficial but attractive character. The advocates of a classical curriculum would have shaken their heads at what Richard Yorke did know, almost as severely as at his lack of knowledge. He had read a good deal of all kinds of literature, including much garbage; he could play a little on the piano, and speak French with an excellent accent. In a word, he had learned every thing that had pleased him, as well as a little Latin and some mathematics, which had not. He knew English history far better than most young Englishmen; but the sight of tomb or ruin had never made his heart pulse faster with an evoked idea by a single beat. Historical associations had no charm for him. This mighty oak, for example, under the shadow of which he now stands sentry, and which he had transferred so deftly to his port-folio, has no longer any interest for him. He has "done it," and its use and pleasure are therefore departed in his eyes. He knows quite well that though it is called the Squire's, in token, probably, of some wholesale slaughter of wild-ducks effected by Carew from its convenient cover, that this tree is hundreds of years old—the oldest in all the chase. He has read the "Talking Oak," for indeed he can quote Tennyson by the yard, and in dulcet voice; and it would have been natural enough, one would think, in such a time and place, that some thoughts of what this venerable monarch of the forest must have witnessed would perforce come into his mind. The same moonlight that now shines down between its knotted naked branches must have doubtless lit on many a pair of lovers, for it was ever a favorite place for tryst in by-gone years. The young monk, perhaps, may here (when Crompton was an abbey) have given double absolution, to himself and to the girl who confessed to him her love. Roundhead maiden and Cavalier gallant must many a time have forgotten their political differences beneath this oak, as yet a tree not sacred to royalty; nay, perhaps even those of York and Lancaster may here have been compounded for, in one red rose of a blush. Bluff Harry had haply hunted beneath its once wide-spreading arms, and certainly the martyr king had done so, with a score of generations of men of all sorts, dead and gone, God alone knows whither. Though no more the bugle sounded, nor the twanging bow was heard, there was surely an echo of their far-away music in the young painter's ear! No, there was none.

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter,

was a line Richard Yorke had read, perhaps, but certainly had not understood. He heard the bare branch creak and sway above his head as the wind slowly took it; he heard the night-jar croak, as it flew by on silent wing; and now and then he heard, or thought he heard, the sound of the voices of his fellow-watchers a great way off, which was his only touch of fancy. They were all silent, and in close hiding.

It is not to be supposed, however, that his mind was fixed upon the matter in which he was engaged, so that other subjects were thereby excluded from it. The repression of night-poaching was not a matter that interested him either in principle or practice. He would just as soon that the keeper had not reminded him of his offer to share his watch—the whim that had once seized him to do so had died away; but having once promised his company, he was not one to break his word. So here he was.

The young man's thoughts were busy, then, neither with the past nor the present, but with the future—that is, *his own* future. The path of life did not lie straight before Richard Yorke, as it does before most men of his age, and in fact it came, so to speak, abruptly to a termination exactly where he stood.

In such a case, the choice of the wayfarer becomes boundless, and is only limited by the horizon and circumstances. As matters were, he had scarcely enough to live on—not nearly enough to do so as his tastes and habits suggested; and yet, by one bold stroke, with luck to back it, he might, not "one day" (*that* would have had small charm for him), but at once, and for his life-long, be rich and prosperous. He could not be said to have expectations, but his position was not without certain contingencies, the extreme brilliancy of which might almost atone for their vagueness. It was from a dream of future greatness, or what seemed to him as such, wherein he saw himself wealthy and powerful, surrounded with luxury and with the ministers of every pleasure, that he was suddenly and sharply awakened by a trifling incident—the snapping of a dead twig in the copse hard by. In an instant the glittering gossamer of thought was swept aside, and the young fellow was all ear and eye. The wind had dropped for some time, and the silence was intense; that solemn hush seemed to pervade the forest which some poet has attributed to the cessation of spiritual life, as though the haunters of the glade were *waiting* for the resumption of their occupations until the interloping mortal should pass by. Nothing stirred, or, if so, it was motion without sound, as when the full-feathered owl slid softly through the midnight air above him. Not a dead leaf fell; and where the leaves had fallen there they lay. How was it, then, that a twig broke? The deer were couched; the pheasants sat at roost, their heads beneath that splendid coverlet, their wing; and though there were creeping things which even midnight did not woo to rest in that vast wilderness, Yorke had imbibed enough of forest lore to know that the noise which he had heard was produced by none of these. A rat in the water-rushes, or a stoat pushing through the undergrowth, would have announced itself in a different fashion. Again the sound was heard, and this time it was no longer the crackling of a twig, but the breaking of a branch; then cautious footsteps fell upon the frosty leaves, and, with a light leap on the bank that fringed the copse, the poacher stood in the open.

That such he was, Yorke had no doubt whatever; the moonlight streamed full upon him, and showed him to be none of the Crompton keepers, unless, indeed, he was disguised. For an instant, it passed across his mind that this might be Walter Grange himself—he was about the same height and build—come to play a trick upon him to test his courage, for the man's face was blackened like a burglar's; but this idea was dismissed as soon as entertained. The keeper, he reflected, thought far too seriously of the night's doings to make jest of them, and besides, he could never have sprung upon the bank as yonder fellow did, his limbs, though sturdy, being stiff with age and occasional rheumatism. The intruder seemed quite alone, and it was probable, while his confederates paid attention to the pheasants in the Home Park, that he was bent upon making a private raid upon the sleeping water-fowl. He had no gun, however, nor, as far as Yorke could make out, any other weapon; and as soon as he had got near enough to the pond to admit of it the watcher sprang out from beneath the shadow of the oak, and placed himself between the stranger and the copse from which he had emerged. Yorke was the taller by full six inches, and believing himself to be more than a match for his antagonist, had not so much as laid finger on his concealed weapon; but if he had now any thought of doing so, it was too late; for, with a cry of eager rage, the man turned at once, and sprang at him like a tiger. It needed all his skill and coolness to parry the fierce blows which fell upon him like hail, and which he had scarcely time to return. Yorke was an adept at boxing, and in the chance encounters into which a somewhat dissipated and reckless youth had led him, he had been an easy victor; but it now took all he knew to "keep himself." An instant's carelessness, or the absence of a hand in search of that which he would now have gladly seized, and his guard would have been broken through, and himself placed at his foe's mercy. Nothing but his long reach preserved him from those sledge-hammer blows, which seemed as though each must break the arm they fell upon. As for using his whistle, the opportunity, of course, was not afforded him; and, moreover, he had no breath to spare for such a purpose. Breath, however, was also a desideratum with the poacher, and the more so inasmuch as he accompanied every blow—as Brian de Bois-Guilbert was wont to hammer home his mace-strokes with "Ha! Beauseant, Beauseant!"—with some amazing oath. It is recorded of an American gentleman, much given to blasphemy, that he could entertain "an intelligent companion" for half a day with the mere force and ingenuity of his expletives; and this singular talent seemed to be shared by Richard Yorke's antagonist. That one of the most accomplished roughs of the Midlands had fallen to the young painter's lot in that night's *mêlée*, he could not for a moment doubt; but this reflection did not go far to soothe him. He did not care for fighting for its own sake, while his pride revolted against thus being kept at bay by a brutal clown. If he could but get the chance, he made up his mind to end this matter once for all, and at last the opportunity seemed to be afforded. The poacher suddenly stepped back to the very margin of the pond, a long oval piece of water, and not very deep, and quick as thought, Yorke drew his deadly weapon. But at the same moment there was a sound of racing feet, and down the drive there came two men at headlong speed. Yorke did not doubt that they were poachers; but his blood was up, and he was armed—he felt like an iron-clad against whom three wooden ships were about to pit themselves. "Where I hit now I make a hole," he muttered, savagely, and stood firm; nor did he even put his lips to the whistle that hung round his neck.

But as the men came nearer, in the foremost he recognized Walter Grange, and at the same moment saw his late antagonist plunge wildly into the ice-cold pond, and begin to wade and swim across it.

"Cuss him! I durst not do it," gasped Walter, just too late, and mindful, even in his passionate disappointment, of rheumatic pains. "Dash after him, Bob, while Mr. Yorke and I run round."

But Bob had had the rheumatism too, or had seen the unpleasant effects of it in others, and shook his shaggy head.

A mocking laugh burst from the poacher, already nearing the opposite bank.

"Dang him! If I'd got a gun, I'd shoot him. Run, man!" cried Walter, excitedly—"run, man, run! He can never get along in his wet clothes." And off the two men started in hot pursuit.

Yorke watched them toiling round the pond, while the poacher landed, shook himself like any water-dog, and leisurely trotted off.

"It was lucky for him," murmured he, as he replaced his weapon in his pocket, "that the help came on *my* side;" then lit his pipe, and leisurely walked home.

Three hours later returned the keeper (for whose arrival he had been sitting up), with twinkling eye and a look of triumph.

"Well, you caught the beggar, did you, Grange?"

"Oh yes, we caught him fast enough," responded the other, grinning; "we caught the whole lot of them. And who d'ye think they were? Why, it was the whole party from the house, as had come out to play at poachers! Who ever heard of such a game? Some on 'em got it hot, I reckon, in the new spinney yonder. But *that* was no matter. We've all had our skins full of rum punch, and a sov. apiece, because Squire says we proved ourselves good watch-dogs. And here," continued the old man, exultingly, "are a couple of sovs. for yourself. 'Give them to that tall young fellow,' says Squire, 'as you posted by the Decoy Pond, for he knows how to use his fists.' Why, that 'ere chap as you had the tussle with was Carew hisself!"

A deadly paleness overspread the young man's cheeks.

"Was that Carew?" he said.

"Yes, indeed, it was; though none of us know'd it. You needn't look so skeared. He ain't annoyed with you; he's pleased, bless 'ee, and here's the proof of it."

"You may keep the guineas, Grange," said Yorke, gravely; "only keep my secret too. If he thinks I was a night-watcher, let him continue in that belief."

"Why, it's the best introduction to Carew as you could have!" insisted the astonished keeper. "You have only to go up to the great house to-morrow, and say: 'Here's the man as proved your match last night,' and—"

"You must allow me to be the best judge of my own affairs," interrupted the young fellow, haughtily; "so you will be so good as to say nothing more about the matter."

"Just as you please, Sir; and I am sure you are very kind," answered the keeper, slipping the coins into his pocket. "Squire hisself could not be more liberal, that's certain. You are tired, I see; and I wish you good-night, Sir, or rather good-morning."

"Good-night, Grange."

"Now, that's what I call pride," said Walter, grimly, as he closed the door upon his lodger; "and I am sure I hope, for his sake, it may never have a fall."

When Richard Yorke was thus left to himself he did a curious thing; he took out the life-preserver from its receptacle, and having made up the fire, placed it in the centre of the burning mass, so that in the morning there was nothing left of it save a dull lump of lead.

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.

A day or two passed by, and nothing more was heard of Carew's combat with the young watcher; some other mad frolic had doubtless entered into the Squire's head and driven that one out. The hot punch imbibed after his swim in the Decoy Pond seemed to have averted all evil consequences, or perhaps he was case-hardened to such things. It was not uncommon with him to spend whole winter nights on a neighboring "broad," in pursuit of the mere-fowl that haunted it, in water or ice or swamp. He treat-

ed his body as an enemy, and strove to subdue it—though not for the good reasons of the Apostle—by every sort of harshness and imprudence; or rather he behaved toward it as a wayward friend but whom his child—at one time with cruel severity, at another with the utmost luxury and indulgence. No other man, probably, ever gave his heir so many chances of inheritance, or excited in him so many false hopes, as did the Squire of Crompton, who had no heir.

The hunting season had begun with him after its usual fashion; he seldom missed a meet and a fox, but turned one out of a bag to insure sport, or ran a drag over the most difficult and dangerous country that could be selected.

Yorke had almost made up his mind to take the keeper's advice, and discharge them all by putting his neck to the same risks as Carew, on horseback, in order to recommend himself to his master, when a sound occurred by which he divined his end is another way.

Tired of the park, wherein he had dwelled so long, and which every day the approach of winter made more bare and desolate, he had taken a solitary walk along the highway which led to the market-town. He was returning, and had reached the top of the long hill which rises at once began, and a high solid gate—so that no dogs could enter—gave access to that wild domain, when a thousand murmurs of the human race caused him to look back. For a mile or more the road was straight, and the leafless trees and hedges left the prospect open in all its directions; at the extremity of the road was some huge moving object, which, although at the great speed, disclosed the Squire's mail phaeton, drawn by four scattered stags, and followed at some distance by three or four mounted grooms, apparently unable to keep up with him. Carew himself was driving up this new conveyance at full cry, and, although he already outstripped the very wind, was having about him frantically with his whip, to keep the bill the flattened carriage wheels from overturning. The reason of this headlong speed was the shouts of applause evident by the appearance of a pack of hounds, which, followed by a numerous field in scarlet, was crossing the grass land in the hollow below. The spectacle, though weird and strange, was by no means without a certain grandeur and even barbarous pageant. Yorke understood the situation at a glance. He had heard the keeper say that, not content with his wild propensities within the park, the Squire had sworn to drive his stags one day into the market-town, and this he had doubtless actually accomplished; but, on his return, he had the misfortune to be caught sight of by one of his own pack of harriers, which were now in full pursuit of him, like another Actæon. The terrified stags, with that deep-mouthed menace of their natural enemies sounding in their ears, at once threw off all control, and had left their grooms behind in half a mile of headway. If only the harness held, they would be at the lodge gate in a very few minutes; but, on the other hand, the hounds were nearer at the moment which they were approaching diagonally. They were running, of course, by sight, not by scent; hounds, and with greyhounds' speed. Above their eager mellow notes, and the mad shouting of the excited sportsmen, and the continual yelping of the disregarded horn, above the thunder of his own wheels, and of the hoofs of the strange steeds upon the wintry road, rang out Carew's hoarse tones: "The gate, the gate!" If only that wooden wall could be interposed between his stags and their pursuers, all might yet be well. But, though the lodge-keeper had been drawn by the tumult to his door, the gate was like one amazed and fascinated by the spectacle before him, and paralyzed with the catastrophe that seemed impending.

"Gate, gate, you gaping idiot!" roared the Squire, with a frightful curse; but the fear of shaking wretch had not the power to stir; it was Yorke's friend who dashed at the gate and threw the long gate wide to let the madman pass, and then slammed it back upon the very jaws of the hounds. They rushed upon it with a solid wood like a living battering-ram, and howled with baffled rage; and some among the pack got their fore-paws over it, and would have got in yet, but that Richard beat them back with his horse hunter.

In the mean time Carew and his stags swept up the gate with a whirlwind, and, instead of coming to a corpse, the frightened creatures dashed into it, doubtless for cover, where wheel and rein and rather, tangling with trunk and branch, soon brought them to a full stop.

"Good lad!" exclaimed Carew, as Yorke hurried up to help him; "you are a good plucked one, you are; you shall keep the lodge, if your will, instead of that lily-livered scoundrel who was too frightened to move. Oh, I ask pardon; you are a gentleman, are you?"

"Sir, I hope so," answered the young man, stiffly, his anger only half subdued by the necessity for controlling it.

"Then, come up to the house and dine, whoever you are; I'll lend you a red coat. Curse those grooms! what keeps them?" One cast sit upon a stag's head to quiet him as though he were a horse. (Two of the stags were down, and butting at one another with their horns.) "What a pace we came up White Hill! I tried to time them, but I could not get my watch out. You moved yourself like a flash of lightning, else I thought we must have joined you against the gate. It was well done, my lad, well done, and I'm your debtor."

The Squire held out his hand, for the first time, for Yorke to shake.

"Why, what's this?" said he, peering into the other's eyes. "I have seen your face before, my friend."

"Yes, Sir; a week or two ago I played the part of night-watcher in your preserves—it was a mad prank; but"—and here the young fellow smiled ruefully—"it was better than poaching, you must admit."

"What!" cried the Squire, delighted, "are you the fellow that had that bout with me in the Decoy-Pond? Why, I thought you were one of my own men, and sent you something; but, of course, my scoundrels drank it. I'm glad to see you, Sir, by daylight. It was the uncertain moonshine that hampered me, else, by Jove, I'd have given you one, too." We must have it out another day, for a drawn battle is just the thing I like. What's your name, young gentleman, and where do you live?"

"I live close by, Sir; I am in lodgings for the present."

"Ay, ay, for the hunting, I suppose," said the impetuous Squire, turning to his dogs—devils of dogs; they are howling yet; they would have had my stags by this time but for you. Well, well; mind that for your promotion, and take up your quarters at Crompton; you shall have a hunter whatever; only don't be late for dinner—seven, Sir, sharp. Here are my keepers coming at last."

And, under cover of the fire of imprecations which the Squire poured upon his approaching subordinates, the young landscape-painter withdrew. He had obtained his end, and was free from all fear to retire before Carew should put that question to him for a reply—namely, our knowledge respecting his constitution has been steadily progressing. One wonderful discovery has been made since another, and the end is not yet. The spectroscope, new forms of lens have been successfully invented, give to science more remarkable facilities for observation. Astronomers turning over the tremendous interest of the wild progress of solar tornadoes, and record the results for the benefit of the race. Truly we live in a wonderful age!

It is almost time for the yearly plague of mosquitoes. This is said to be a good dose to give them: Take a piece of gum camphor about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over the coal of a common fire until it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes.

In 1834 Mr. Charles Dickens was offered one hundred pounds to give two readings on behalf of a large working-man's educational institute in Bradford, Yorkshire. The following letter was received from Mr. Dickens's secretary a few weeks afterward in reply:

"Mr. Charles Dickens desires me to say that he has not been able to reconcile it to his feelings to do what you require for nothing. He has, if you like to wait for next Christmas time, he will be very glad to do it for fifty pounds."

Accordingly, to the great satisfaction of the committee who had invited him, in bend, Mr. Dickens read "A Christmas Carol," on the 28th of December, 1854, in St. George's Hall, Bradford, to a crowded audience. He utterly refused to take any thing even for his own traveling expenses, and the institute realized a handsome sum.

An exchange recommends sprigs of arbor vitæ, oil box, wormwood, southernwood, and sage to be laid in the bed or wherever which are infested by those pests—black ants.

A lady who has long been a resident of San Francisco gives a curious account of the imitative powers of the Chinese. Coming to have her parlor painted, and not being able to procure the services of a paperhanger, she undertook it herself, and sent her Chinese cook, adjoining, and pointing to the wall inquired if he could paper that? "Sure, me do. He sighted the wall. Procuring handsome paper, and making the paste, she left him, with a countryman to assist, to begin the job, then went out to spend the day. Returning in the evening he informed her it was finished, and led the way for her inspection. The walls were papered, but it so happened that the room she showed him was an oilcloth, and the paper was laid on the floor. The rain, penetrating, had run down the walls in streaks, leaving the paper in a sad condition, in leaving unsightly stains of discoloration and mould. She had been cheated and wonderfully imitated as to hangings of green and gold, and the artist was evidently proud of his success.

At Saratoga it is the rule to drink a quantity of the waters mentioned in the morning. Some people, however, seem to have no idea of the propriety of drinking themselves sick, but exhibit a considerable capability of drinking as much in one day as should be a week's supply. The fitness had a decent time drank a day is rather too much even of a good thing.

The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, in an interesting communication on the treatment of burns, after giving a list of remedies which are useful for immediate application to a burn, says:

"We have known the preference to carbolic acid and glycerine, in the proportion of from five to ten drops of the former to a teaspoonful of glycerine, with two ounces of the latter. Spread it on with a camel's hair brush, and the tissues will heal over the cavity, over which a rubber bandage is neatly adjusted to the parts, and the miracles of cure begin."

Among the Chinese woman is treated as a menial of the lowest order. She learns nothing except what will make her a good servant. She has no duty to be with her husband and sons. She is simply an article of furniture, to be purchased with considerable cost. It is usually on the principle of economy, as it is a man's wife, and the latter is the necessity of buying the other. If the Chinese live in this country, they will find that a different order of things prevails.

A wealthy arab ordered two magnificent book-cases of the finest Spanish mahogany bound volumes. He ordered that he was not particular as to what books were selected, but wanted only Waverley's novels, as he had read them highly spoken of.

AT the risk of inserting in this column a quotation which may not exactly suit our readers, we can not refrain from giving our readers the opportunity to read the following letter, which was written, in English, by a little boy only nine years old, to his father, Colonel Lewis Downing, principal chief of the Cherokee Nation, while the latter was in Washington on business. What wide boy of nine years could express himself with more simplicity and directness?

TAHLEQUAH, Feb. 1870.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have a little pony to ride. I go to school in the morning; in the afternoon I carry my lessons at home, and then take a ride on my pony. I know you would like to be with me now. I am sitting in my arbor, which is covered with vines. I have my little writing-desk in it, and a table, and a long bench, with my pail, tin cup, and comforter, where I take a nap when I feel like it. In one corner of the arbor is a bird's nest with four young ones chirping in it; the whole corner has my squirrel cage, where funny little Nero plays every day for me from its windows. The goose Gerard was the best squirrel I ever had, but the dogs killed him. In the other corner is my bookcase, with a glass door, where I can watch the busy little bees make their honey. At the door of the other arbor sits my dog. His name is Watch. Here I learn my lessons, speak my pieces, and write my letters and compositions; it is a very green study. I want you now to shut your eyes and see if you can not imagine you are here with your boy.

"Last week *Harper* had a picture in it of the Indian Chief Red Jacket, Seneca Tail, where it says, 'Red Jacket' (the name of the paper published in the Cherokee Nation). I hope that a great many will be invited to visit Washington. If the people of the United States were like the Indians in becoming civilized, they ought to send them to see us. They may think they can not become civilized people; but I have seen many of their Cherokee brothers, and remember that our capital, our schools, our churches, our farms, our cattle, our orchards, our fields of corn and grain, our comfortable houses, and our people, will show them what we tell them about us; and then they will think they can do as much as Cherokee Indians, and they will be glad to try to do like us. I hope that the President to send them through our country if he wishes them to become civilized. I will show them all my pictures, and glad for them on my organ, and do all I can to entertain them. I wish much that I would stop fighting and scapping, and learn to love God and do what is right. Your affectionate son,

"L. J. DOWNING."

There is a boy somewhere in Ohio who made a good item for a Cleveland paper by losing his cap by one non just as another boy touched it off! That was brought to be out only item in the way of the doctors got him around in a week or two, and then the lads, in trying to have a target gun, seized the cork down his throat, and the surgeons worked twenty-four hours to get it out. The Cleveland paper says the keep that boy on hand, and remarks: "That boy is invaluable for those men but neighboring towns need not try to hire or steal him, for I have him engaged."

One of the most remarkable medical cases of the age was that of Nathaniel Wilson, who lately died in Boston. He was born in Gilsum, Keene, and in a child, was ragged and healthy. When sixteen years old sixty-five "swelling could be seen, which progressed so that an extraordinary extent that he was known as the living skeleton, and exhibited as a wonder of the age. Medical skill was baffled, his appetite was good, and he would eat and kind of food; he possessed much natural strength, and his mind was above the ordinary. Within a couple of years, however, the health had failed, and he was confined to his bedroom, and a consumptive cough unfit his death. A post-mortem examination showed his right lung to be filled with abscesses, and the liver to be much diseased. He arms possessed but two and a half inches around at the time of his death.

A large amount of valuable property, estimated to be worth $60,000,000, and situated on Canal Street, in the city of New York, have come into the possession of two descendants of Robert Edwards, living in Gadsbury, Cheshire, England, conveyed to them on ground by King George of England to Robert Edwards, about two hundred years ago, the grant was made by Trinity Church, which to-day, by reason of that grant, is the wealthiest ecclesiastical organization in the world. The property was leased for ninety-nine years. This lease has expired, and the persons now in possession of the property will be compelled to hand it over when the heirs prove their identity.

The ships belonging to the German North Polar Expedition were all at sea in July; and nothing now remains but to hear from them until their return.

The taking of the cruses still continues to develop curiosities. A daughter of the Emperor Claudius has a census-taker that she had never yet told her age to any one. She had the marshal might put her in prison, yet she would refuse to reveal her secret. The census-taker was obliged to exercise his judgment. Reporting a decision of Lieutenant Governor Beverley to the residence of one of our wealthiest citizens, the census-taker met with a servant who remarked of the lady on whom seventy-five winters had left their impress. "She pon de front room?" inquired he. "Yes, honey and God Almighty, for he is every where." After having taken down the name of the mistress of the mansion: "Jet what I do, Sir? Sure it's not for the likes of me to be doing any thing, Sir; I am living only by the kindness of the ould lady in the Street of Charity. I bet my two fine boys in the army—God rest their souls!" He old lady of the house had a list of the names of hovels, but she herself was possessed of much taste and culture. She was the author of many pretty poems of considerable merit, but only a few had been published.

For the benefit of those who meditate spending some of the hot months in Alaska, we would mention that Mr. Cuykendorpeke Yakutskolimbike Sakiskityiltsakoosinge Kakeekoosklokoorte Kakeekoosklokoorte keeps an hotel at Sitka.

Mr. Sam Bing and Miss Gat Quill were the Chinese couple married in New York recently. Their names—Ehmo-Charles-Antoine-Gustave-Edouard-Theodule is the name of the gentleman who has left Ehmo.

A phrenologist—as the story goes—once asked leave to examine Mr. Dickens's head. The novelist sent the following answer in reply:

"DEAR SIR,—At this time I require the use of my skull; but when it is done with, be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."

An intelligent colored man in Springfield has been to Richmond twice lately to bring colored workmen and their families to Springfield. They have come there to work in good families, shops, and hotels in that city. With the influence and example of these men we hope to be no lack of domestic help, and ladies may consider themselves on having better times in the kitchen.

A countryman walked into a wholesale drug store in Portland not long ago and noticed a barrel containing seed, as he supposed. Putting a handful in his mouth, he turned to one of the clerks and said: "Wuhk, now what kind of seed do you call them?" "Seed!" said the clerk; "those are not seed—they are cochineal." "Cochineal!" said the countryman; "what's cochineal?" "Why, they are a little bug," replied the clerk. "Bug!" roared the countryman, and he hastily left the premises, the crimson dye running from the corners of his mouth.

ARCHERY IN THE REGENT'S PARK.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who was in most respects one of the most practical and prosaic of men, cherished a pet theory of his own on the subject of bows and arrows, maintaining that archery, as a branch of warlike science, had a weapon of precision, and the bow, in the hands of a skilled archer, could doubtless be trusted to send a more certain message; but nowadays, what with Enfields, Needle-guns, Henrys, and Chassepots, this time-honored implement of warfare is never likely to regain its ancient importance. Lovers of the picturesque may be soldier who had experienced the sulphureous clouds and the ear-cracking thunders of the Wilderness, of Solferino, or of Sadowa.

The engraving represents the recent "Ladies' Match," in the grounds of the Royal Toxophilite Society, Regent's Park. The society consists of gentlemen, but ladies are allowed to practice ness it is to keep scores, to pick up arrows, and to make themselves generally both useful and agreeable to the fair archers here assembled. As in all there are twenty targets, there are ten sets of marks women and ten target captains. In the engraving the lady who holds her bow extended has just shot off her arrow, and is

ARCHERY.

fallen into undue neglect, and that a corps of sharp-shooters, armed after the fashion of Cressy and Agincourt, would be no mean adversaries to encounter in the modern battle-field. There was more force in the doctor's arguments a hundred years ago than there is at present. The old Brown Bess musket could scarcely be termed pardoned for regretting the disuse of the bow as a weapon of war. Although even in the old days before the invention of gunpowder every battle of the warrior was with confused noise, as the Hebrew prophet tells us, yet the comparative silence and clearness of atmosphere upon an ancient field of strife would startle a modern every day except Friday, and once a year they have this match among themselves. Only ladies are suffered to participate in the shooting, and no gentlemen are permitted on that occasion to trespass on the ground where the contest takes place, except certain favored beings who are styled Captains of the Targets, and whose business it is to keep scores, to pick up arrows, and to make themselves generally both useful and agreeable to the fair archers here assembled. As in all there are twenty targets, there are ten sets of marks women and ten target captains. In the engraving the lady who holds her bow extended has just shot off her arrow, and is watching its flight; the lady in the fore-ground talking to the captain (who is in uniform, green coat, brass buttons, and green cap) is stringing her bow. The target from which they are shooting is not visible, as they stand five yards in advance of it. The shooting is at the ordinary distance, sixty yards.

THE HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN, MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

THE LATE M. PREVOST-PARADOL.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS.

THE Prussian Needle-gun, tested at Sadowa on a grand scale, and the French Chassepot rifle, which did wonders at Mentana on a small one, are about to have their respective qualities put to a severer trial. The Needle-gun did more than conquer the Austrians at Sadowa. It kept France from intervening against Prussia when that power aggrandized itself by appropriating the territory of its helpless neighbors. It kept France from precipitating hostilities when BISMARCK refused compliance with the Emperor's demands in regard to Luxembourg. And but for the invention of the Chassepot rifle, which is claimed to be superior to the Needle-gun, it would have kept France back from the present war. A brief description of these celebrated weapons, of which we give engravings on this page, is especially appropriate at this time, when their qualities as implements of destruction are to be tested on so grand a scale.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

The Prussian Needle-gun is the invention of HERR DREYSE, a gun-manufacturer, who spent thirty years in trying to construct a perfect breech-loading rifle that would be of practical use in war. The barrel is 36.06 inches long, and is rifled with four grooves down to the breech, where the chamber, or bed for the cartridge, is smooth and a little larger than the bore. The bed enlarges slightly to the rear, so as to admit the cartridge freely; and the lower part of the bore, for a distance of 6.17 inches, is enlarged so that the ball is gradually compressed into the grooves. The rear of the barrel is conical, and is called the mouth-piece. Over this part there is a six-sided cylinder, which holds all the mechanism of the piece. The air-chamber,

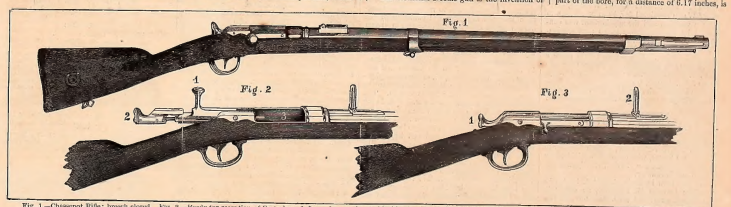

Fig. 1.—Chassepot Rifle: breech closed. Fig. 2.—Ready for reception of Cartridge: 1, Lever for opening and locking breech; 2, Head of the plunger, containing needle for exploding cartridge; 3, Chamber for cartridge. Fig. 3.—Rifle loaded and closed: 1, Plunger drawn out ready for explosion of cartridge; 2, Sight raised for long range.

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS—THE CHASSEPOT.

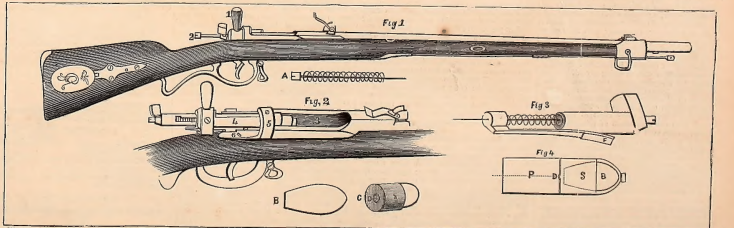

Fig. 1.—1, Lever that locks in cylinder; 3, Needle drawn back ready for projecting into cartridge. Fig. 2.—3, Chamber for cartridge; 4, Cylinder holding needle-case; 5, Cylinder that passes under hand; 6, Trigger that pushes on spring, F, in Fig. 3. Fig. 3.—Case containing needle: F, Spring lifted by trigger, 6, in Fig. 2. Fig. 4, Section of cartridge: P, Powder; D, Detonating powder in hole of shot; S, Sabot holding the ball; Dotted line shows passage of needle on to detonating powder at D, through the gunpowder, marked P. A, Needle in spiral spring. B, Ball. C, Sabot containing ball; D, Detonating powder at end of sabot.

THE RIVAL BREECH-LOADERS—THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.

next to the cylinder, has the needle pipe screwed into its breech. The cartridge is inserted at the rear, and the ignition is produced by the intrusion of a needle into the fulminate attached to the cartridge. The ball is sphero-conical, and the powder charge is 56 grains. The weight of this gun is less than 11 pounds. The mechanism can be taken apart without screw-driver, vice, etc. It can be safely and easily cleaned, and the gun being small, is particularly adapted for use in the contracted space of loop-holes, on horseback, etc. The objections to the Prussian Needle gun are, the danger of a weakening of the spiral spring, and the possibility that the needle may not be propelled with sufficient force to pierce the cartridge.

THE CHASSEPOT.

The French claim that this gun, which is the invention of M. Chassepot, is the most efficient weapon ever put into the hands of an army. It bears some resemblance to the Needle gun, but has this advantage over that arm, that its mechanism is much more simple and less liable to become clogged or to get out of order. The Needle gun, after it has been discharged several times in quick succession, becomes hot and dazzles the shooter, owing to the inability of the gas which comes back after the explosion of the cartridge to escape. The muzzle soon becomes hot, and the soldier is required to take his piece apart and clean it. The French gun is subject to none of these disadvantages. It allows the free escape of gas after each discharge, and can be cleaned from dirt or rust with very little loss of time. The Chassepot projectile is a rather long slug, with the end rounded and pointed like that of a ball. The cartridge, which is attached to it in a paper covering, is composed of a peculiar powder, specially manufactured for the purpose. At a distance at which this gun carries with certainty it is very considerable—over 1000 metres.

HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

We give on the preceding page the portrait of the HON. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, who succeeds Mr. MOTLEY as United States Minister to England. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN was born on the 4th of August, 1817, at Millstone, New Jersey. He was educated at Rutgers's College, graduated in 1836, immediately studied law, and in 1839 was admitted to the bar, where he rose to eminence and soon gave him a leading position. His political career began in 1860, when he was elected as a delegate to the Whig National Convention at Chicago. The following year he was appointed Attorney-General of New Jersey. He filled this position for five years with distinguished ability, and at the expiration of this time was appointed, immediately after the death of United States Senator WRIGHT, Governor WARD appointed Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN to fill the vacancy, and the appointment was confirmed by the Legislature at its next session. While in the Senate Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN served on the committees on Naval Affairs, the Judiciary, and Claims. Few Senators have made more favorable impression in a shorter time than did Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN; and, with the exception of Mr. ADAMS, we have had no other Minister in England who could be called his superior in knowledge of state affairs and natural abilities.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL.

On page 509 will be found the portrait of the late M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, French Minister to the United States, who committed suicide, in a momentary aberration of mind, shortly after his arrival in this country.

He was born in Paris, August 8, 1829, of a marriage between M. PRÉVOST, an officer in the French army, and MLLE. PARADOL, an actress of distinction. His mother's brother was for his earlier years was remembered in one of the finest productions of his pen, a little book which he published, in 1857, "Du Rôle de la Famille dans l'Education," bears abundant testimony to the influence of home, and the watchfulness of maternal solicitude in directing his youth. At an early age he displayed unusual quickness of intellect and quickness at school, and received many prizes for high scholarship. When only twenty-six years old he became Professor of French Literature in the Faculty of Letters at Aix, a position which he occupied with a few months. In 1856 he engaged in journalism as the writer, alternately with M. LOUIS ALLOURD, of the leading articles, which appeared in "Premier Paris," of the *Journal des Débats*. In this position he exhibited remarkable power and facility of invention in the art of attacking the government, without saying any thing which would lay his paper open to prosecution. He likened the press of France, under the perpetual threat of "warnings," "suspensions," and imprisonment, exile, to the fair Scheherazade, who was compelled every night to furnish a story, with the expectation of being made the victim to the cord as soon as the sun and the Sultan should arise. So sweeping of these covert attacks became that at length the *Journal des Débats* received a private intimation from the government that the "Premier Paris" of that paper must no longer be contributed by M. PARADOL. Subsequently he attached himself to the *Courrier du Dimanche*, in which he carried on the same kind of journalistic warfare that made him feared in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*. The paper for many years vibrated between warnings, suspensions, and fitful issues. In June, 1860, he himself was fined 1000 francs and suffered a month's imprisonment for the publication of a political pamphlet entitled "Les Anciens Partis." The paragraph which caused the fine and imprisonment of the *Courrier du Dimanche* was from his pen. We append it as a specimen of the sort of writing dreaded by the Emperor of France:

"In GULLIVER'S voyage to the Flying Island the traveller is told of a great court lady, very beautiful, loved by a handsome man, who yet flies from her home to go out and live with a deformed footman. She is stripped and beaten; she sinks into deeper degradation from day to day; but she likes the footman. Gulliver is too form from her worthless lover. That story returns to my thoughts whenever I see France actively living beside to the voice of the *Constitutionnel*, and, in the midst of her destiny, lost in the vapors of lying oracles."

In America this would be considered very mild political writing; but Frenchmen take a keen delight in this kind of warfare, and the government is extremely sensitive to ridicule.

In 1863 M. PARADOL published three volumes of essays on political and literary subjects. His most important work is his "Etudes sur les Moralistes Français." In 1865 he was elected to the French Academy, and was received by GUIZOT. In 1868 he published a work of a satirical but recognizable tone on the government, entitled "La France Nouvelle." He was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the Corps Législatif.

During the late war in this country the symphathies of M. PARADOL were warmly with the South. On the evening of July 20 he purchased a pair of small pistols, while walking out with a friend, and went home to bed, having placed himself for bed, shot himself immediately over the heart. He left behind several notes, which proved that he had meditated suicide. A coroner's jury found that the act was committed while the deceased was laboring under temporary alienation of mind.

MUSCULAR EDUCATION.

THE rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. The first object is a good, for labor means, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air, and the production of steam depends on an unusual extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is applied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread, and water; his smoke and ashes must be got rid of somehow; yet, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the place he has to go, and the longcontinued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine have to be kept in order by constant working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores every twenty-four hours, is the chief one. Physiologists have paid the closest attention to the skin, whether in training habits or otherwise. The Greeks used a scraper called a *strigil*, and they sometimes anointed with the dust of the olive-ground anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Friction is excited when the skin is in regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, and by occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute net-work of vessels all over the body is assisted. Men in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of waste matter daily, but when hard in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of the greatest importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the waste matter is got rid of, besides a good deal of steam, or in other words, carbonic acid gas and watery vapor. In ordinary good health, and moderate about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course a man undergoing great exertion in training will have more than this. Then the light, fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, smoke, and watery vapor, and various animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent. of effete material got rid of in the day. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called "good wind;" his lungs must be sound, and his chest must rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream, without distress. Hence we see that the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though by moderate and gradually and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, healthy food, no excesses, and early hours.

The delicacy of the trainers is open to criticism upon some points. They prescribe a dry meat diet, on the supposition that it makes the flesh firm, and keeps the blood from watery watery. This is quite an error; for we know that the strongest men are composed of as much water as other men, and that this apparently idle and harmless fluid is a most vital one, for it forms no less than seventy per cent. of the whole body. The muscles would be mere shreds if deprived of their water; and the singular thing is, that this is not easy to accomplish even in dead muscle, for the water is not contained as if by a sponge, but is not be squeezed out of the flesh except by a weight which destroys the fibre; therefore it is, essentially, what water is an essential constituent of muscle. The nerves, which are really the source of all muscular energy, actually consist of 800 parts water in 1000. Old Thales was not far out when he taught his pupils that water was the life of all creation. It is possible to live on water alone for some time, but unitedly deprived of it, death results in less than a week. The trainers are right, however, as to not taking liquids in large draughts; this is productive of flabbiness, and is liable to produce a chill or shock of a dangerous kind. It is not advantageous that strong, well-made men of sound constitutions, should not be quenched; but this should be done by small quantities taken while the system is heated, and not in large draughts immediately after the exertion is over. It will be found that water is by far the best beverage to be drunk during any strong exercise, as in long walks over hilly ground in hot weather, and in any of the more arduous feats of running and walking. Tea, if taken cool, is, however, a very light and stimulating drink; it allays the nervous system, and spirits are fatal to all great efforts. A diet of lean meat and bread, with scanty vegetable, is decidedly not favorable to robust health; experience has long taught us to follow the inclination for varieties of many kinds of wholesome food, even to efficient training, may be kept up by partaking of these, always excepting sweet meats and veal, which is not only immature but half diseased, from the poorness of daily bleeding which is adopted in the cruel process of rendering it delicacy. A diet in which flesh is the chief article is indispensable to our climate and our habits.

It can not be too strongly enforced that, no matter how intellectual the calling, or how sustained by mental excitement health lies at the root of all. The brain must have its fat and its phosphates, the heart must be touched with the bright and pure life-stream, and the pure begins to slacken, and the machinery yields to the ravages of time, and to long dead. It is not too much to say that the greatest achievements await those who, having pursuits not necessarily favorable to health, nevertheless make it of the first consideration to attend to the culture of the body. Good eating and drinking, as it is called, is far too much relied upon; in fact, it is this that in these habits are chiefly to disease and short lives; it is absolutely necessary to combine good food with invigorating and refreshing exercises, and all the more violent can be borne, so much the better. If gymnastics were esteemed with us as important as they are in the military schools of the Romans, and practiced habitually by them, there is no doubt that the public health would be raised, and new fields of enjoyment would open out to the multitude, who are always wondering what ails them, or what on earth they can find to do. Among the Greeks, it was thought impossible for the mind to be in a vigorous state unless the body was. Philosophy, physician, and gymnast were united in one person—Galen of Pergamus, the famous physician, was, in his dislocated his shoulder, when supervised the diet and training, he also superintended the fracture had its gymnasium; and here poets came to recite, philosophers to dispute, and the fashionable public to look on and gossip. The great contests were in running, jumping, leaping with weights in the hands, boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus (a sort of quoit-play), and hurling the spear. And these were practiced also by boys; and they had a favorite game of pulling a rope against one another. The gymnasium among the Romans became rather a place for military training; and the athletic sports changed into the fights of the gladiators, and combats with wild animals in the amphitheatre. The bath, however, with frictions of the skin and gymnastic exercises, was the delight of the Roman people, and their *palestræ*, which were richly adorned with works of art. The Roman boys were not trained as the children of the Greeks were, and gymnastics were certainly not so rigidly practiced for their own sake; the Romans preferred the magnificence and display of the circus and the amphitheatre. They would not have knocked a boy through life with a ball to welcome a victor in the Olympic Games, esteeming him too great a personage to enter by the ordinary gate as the Greeks did. Rough never have been a prey to the Goths had the been satisfied with the Greek model of the Roman Emperors, cast so they are in such a noble mould, would never have become the irritable, indolent, and malevolent race they are, and most athletic sports and manly exercises been lost by the people and disappeared from the world. Whether they will be regenerated by the example of their manly kings, and the enlightened exertions of their statesmen, is a subject of the deepest interest to all who admire the splendid organization of the Italians, and remember the deep debt we owe to Italy.

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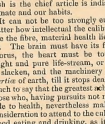

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 711.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

COBLENTZ.

On a triangular point of land, at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, opposite the strong-hold of Ehrenbreitstein, lies the picturesque old town of Coblentz, or Koblenz, as its name is generally given on German maps. It is surrounded by powerful fortifications, and is connected with the fortress, on the right bank of the Rhine, by a bridge of boats. The railroad from Mayence to Cologne, on the left bank of the Rhine, crosses the Moselle on the massive bridge shown in our illustration. By means of this road, which runs entirely in German territory, troops can be massed with great rapidity at any point along the frontier where their services might be wanted. Usually Coblentz is a quiet town, with very little business; but now, with trains of soldiers constantly passing through, and all the bustle and excitement caused by the preparation for the great conflict, it must present a very lively appearance. The large building shown in our illustration was formerly the palace of the Bishop of Trèves, by whom it was built in 1778. It has been fitted up by the King of Prussia for a summer residence.

THE LONG BRANCH RACES.

On page 521 we give an engraving of the Hurdle Race which opened the first season at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, on the 30th ult. Our sketch includes a view of the Grand Stand in the centre of the Park, which is capable of seating 7000 persons. It is 450 feet long by 30 feet wide. Three Mansard pavilions, capable of accommodating 250 persons, rise above the steep French roof, and both the latter and the former are encased in variegated slates, laid in fantastic designs, so that the structure reminds one in no degree of the cheap and flimsy frame edifices generally erected on race-courses. The front of this structure is entirely open, so that from every seat the whole extent of the track is distinctly visible. The jagels, music platform, pool-stand, stables, and all other buildings appertaining to a race-ground, have been built after very light and tasteful designs, and they can all be seen from the Grand Stand.

Near the Grand Stand is a pleasant old farm-house, which, with excellent judgment, has been permitted to remain undisturbed, and forms an agreeable feature in the landscape. A little

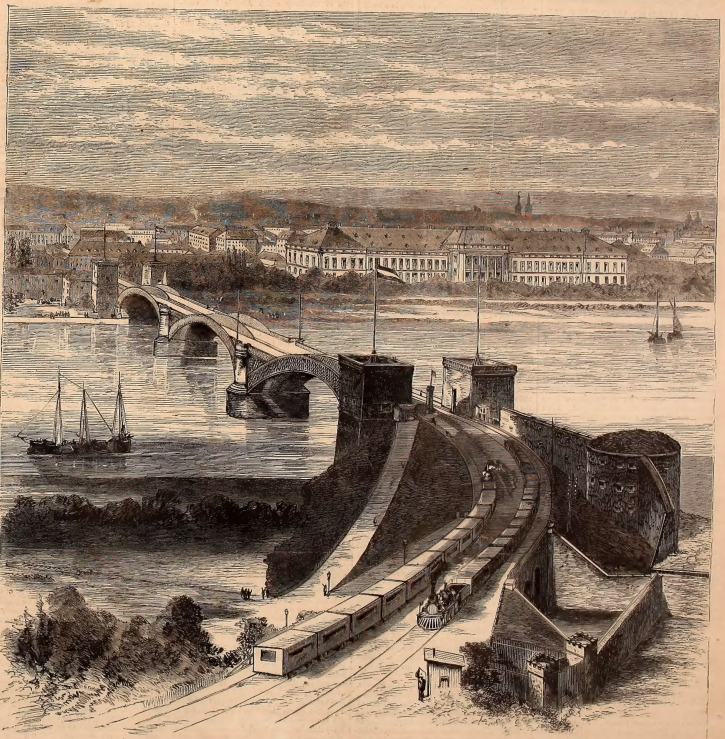

THE CITY OF COBLENTZ.

stream which run back of this farm-house has been widened into a monkey lake, with an area of about twenty-five acres. The Park gates are elaborately ornamented with appropriate designs. The track, exactly a mile in length, is a parallelogram with semicircled ends, and has the advantage of long straight sides and broad turns. It is eighty feet wide, well graded, and the soil is so hard that the heaviest rain has but little effect upon it. Taken altogether, Monmouth Park is certainly one of the finest race-courses in the United States.

TWO.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

All in the deep and dewless dark
They watched the young moon's tender spark
Go down between the hills, and said,
The world is dark, and love is dead.

Two lovers in the star-lit gloom—
The hand below in drooping bloom:
The laden south wind blowing past,
Sweet with the rose it rifled last.

The rustling branches bowing down
Around them in a leafy crown,
A hidden bird, beside his nest,
Pouring the mystery of his heart—

After the peaceful river's flight,
Taking that burden of delight
Beneath the moving mystery
And dusky splendor of the sky.

Two lovers in that summer weather
Watching the lustre fade together,
All lately gay around them shed,
Yet life was dark, for love was dead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1870.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WAR.

WHATEVER may be the chances of the war, whatever "glorious victories" may be won, its guilty author must not be forgotten. No success, however splendid, and no reverse, however signal, should be allowed to hide him. The public opinion of England and America lays the responsibility of all the consequences of the unfeeling inexpensible from such a contest upon the Emperor of France. It is doubtless in his opinion a just and terrible arraignment, and from a secret consciousness of guilt, that he has caused profuse explanatory declarations to be issued. But they have not been skillfully drawn, and have failed to arouse the sympathy and approval of intelligent neutrals any where. The pretexts originally advanced by the Emperor were puerile, as we showed last week. His ambassador was certainly not insulted by receiving the sign of which his country was the intentional solicitation; nor, under any recognized or practicable code of international courtesy, is one government expected to apply, enforced, the dictation of another. The feeling with which, under the circumstances, the declaration of war was received by intelligent public opinion, was one of utter and indignant amazement.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs then made a declaration to the Senate. He said that France had advanced no other grievance than the HOHENZOLLERN candidacy; that this had been withdrawn, and that France had then, "in moderate terms," made "the moderate demand that the King should give a pledge for the future." But, as the epithet "moderate" is no argument, the case was not improved. Then came the Minister's circular to the French agents. In this he declared that Prussia threatened the balance of power, and that France had taken up its defense. That is very well, but the zeal of Prussia to promise that it would not prevent any HOHENZOLLERN from becoming King of Spain, disturbed the balance of power. This preposterous assertion was followed by the Emperor's proclamation, which is unmeaning except in the charge against Prussia of arousing distrust in Europe.

The real accusation, therefore, is that the European balance of power is threatened by Prussia, and endangered not by yielding to the choice of a Prussian prince by Spain, but by not promising that the never will do it. The cry of the balance of power is a phrase denoting the necessity laid upon great contiguous states to limit the disproportionate aggression of any one of them. But, if the possible candidacy of a HOHENZOLLERN, at any time, for the Spanish throne really menaced European repose, Russia, England, Austria, and Italy would be vitally interested in the question. They, however, evidently do not perceive any such menace to exist. Indeed, they have not been disturbed by apprehension at any period of the trouble. They declared their neutrality at once, and did not hesitate to do more than insinuate that they saw no cause for war. The balance of power, if threatened at all, is threatened for every European state. If only one declares it to be so, the presumption is that the declaration is a mere pretext. Nobody doubts that that of France is so. There is, therefore, not a single reason offered by the Envoy of Paris in 1866. And if we come to traditions, it is not to France nor to Celtic civilization that we owe the great muniments of American freedom. At this day, in France, most of those who call themselves republicans, and earnestly strive for the overthrow of LOUIS NAPOLEON, show as little comprehension of the vital and fundamental principles of liberty as the tyrants of '93. A century ago the French government, already rotten with the vices of despotism, which were about to plunge the country into revolution, recognized the independence of the American colonies, and substantially aided them. It was the chivalric magnanimity—it was sheer selfishness. It was not because the Bourbon government lived liberty, or the descendants of the Bourbons wished to encourage rebellion, but because it hated England, and would gladly see a power upon this continent that would hold it in check. And it was the Bourbon government in France, not the republic, which helped us. The republic did what it could to humiliate us. It is an American party flattered it because it called itself republican. Then came the BONAPARTE successor of the Bourbon despotism. He restored slavery in St. Domingo, and sold us Louisiana because he knew that he could not keep it for himself. And when slavery in the United States, incidentally strengthened by the expansion furnished by the Louisiana purchase, sought to destroy the republic, he lifted an empire based on slavery, the descendant of BONAPARTE lent it all his sympathy and aid, seizing the chance to supersede the Mexican republic by an Austrian empire.

Meanwhile, whatever the arrogance of the Prussian King, the recent political action of Prussia has been to transfer to itself the leadership of Germany which Austria had exercised since the last settlement of Europe. Is that a calamity for liberty? Prussia has also secured the independence of Italy. Do lovers of liberty decry her for that? She aims, unquestionably, at the unification of Germany. What else has been the dream and hope of the best Germans for a century? It is, therefore, because unification would make the old foe of all whom the representative of such tendencies and principles that SENATOR SUMNER defends the Prussian King. He says the CROWN PRINCE sternly suppressing republican movements in Prussia; it is the King refusing to yield to the mad requirement of the people of the victor of Jena, who imposed a fine of a hundred million of francs upon Prussia; it is the King resisting, in the name of humanity and civilization, the demand of the hereditary enemy of liberty and Europe, that a German republican of '48 with all his heart approves and defends.

MORE GNATS.

THE President of the United States, having left Washington in the interim of Congress, and at a most disagreeable season, for a rural retreat, is, of course, at once the object of partisan sneering. It appears, according to certain critics, that to go to the sea-side is unparalleled barbarism; to show the profoundest indifference to the state of the country and to the complications in Europe. So also, to pipe, like any day-laborer, and it was not supposed that he forfeited public confidence or respect by that indulgence. General GRANT is a most silent and simple and unassuming of men; but we doubt if the country regards his silence as indifference to the public welfare, or his tranquility as dull disregard of his official duty.

Nothing is so easy as to dog the footsteps of any man, and listen to every word he utters, and then to make spurt of him and them. Of all men who ever sat in the Presidential chair the most Democratic here, General JACKSON, was the most exposed, by his willfulness and ignorance, to this kind of ridicule. A letter of the General's was lately published which is certainly very comical, but it certainly does not diminish any sensible regard for him. This is the letter:

"The President, with his respects to the acting Secretary of the Navy, and requests him to write to the Secretary of the Treasury, that I request his written order as soon as his convenience will permit him."

What sparkling sport could not have been made of such a performance as this! How a complete official letter-writer might have been constructed to satirize the President! What a Democratic writer might not the Whig journals have deplored that the most illustrious station in the world was filled by a man ignorant of the most common forms of intercourse! To what solemn blatherskite over the degeneracy of parties and republic opinion might not the readers of that day have been treated!

The truth was that the people knew the President whom they had elected, and they did not expect him to excel in letter-writing. They therefore smiled and did not distrust him. It was not a matter of which one ought to be proud, as it is not a subject of pride to the State of New York that its Governor does not appreciate the proper difference between the words "shall" and "will." But if this were the chief criticism that could be made upon that officer, it would be indirect testimony to his official excellence. And when the country hears General GRANT elaborately and solemnly indicted for passing the hot weather by the sea, or for the want of an Addisonian grace in his letters, it is because it remembers that he has not passed every summer of his public service on the sea-shore, and is not wholly incapable of expressing himself with effective simplicity. Such places as Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the banks of the James; and such expressions as, "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" and "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," are not entirely unfamiliar to Americans.

THE RHENISH FRONTIER AND ALSACE.

AN interesting article in the Boston *Traveller* asserts that if France is trying to push her frontier to the Rhine, she is only seeking to recover what was hers under NAPOLEON I., and what was wrested from her without war, on the other hand, Prussia means to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from France, provinces which have been hers by right for a hundred and sixty years and a hundred and thirty-five years. If FRANCE, the *Traveller* argues, were to obtain the Rhenish provinces, she would not be stronger relatively to Prussia than she was four years ago, before Prussia's enlargement had disturbed the equilibrium. France, while she would not should obtain Alsace and Lorraine, she would become so menacing that a new general alliance must be essential to preserve order.

To this it may be answered that, if Prussia had picked a quarrel with France upon the ground of Spanish Queens' wall and determine how he would act in a possible contingency which had not arisen, the verdict of the world would be that Prussia was the aggressor as it now is against France. And if, under cover of such a pretense, Prussia had proceeded to invade France with a view of intimidating to conquer and retain them, she would be as guilty as France now threatens to be. Or, again, if a war had been provoked between that Prussia, upon what were acknowledged to be valid grounds, and, after hard fighting, the Rhenish provinces had been conquered by France in a fair fight, that they would undoubtedly have been general acquiescence.

But this is not the situation. Personal reasons have persuaded LOUIS NAPOLEON to declare war. The firmness of his declared pretenses will, as elsewhere considered, be invokes a horrible calamity upon Europe for no sound reason. By all the acknowledged principles of international law, if he should be beaten, he can not complain if he should be compelled to pay the penalty of his crime by a loss of territory. If it be urged that it would be very hard to make France suffer for the offenses of its ruler, the answer is that France acknowledged no regret at his crime, and that every people must suffer for the acts of those whom they permit to rule them. It is true, also, by our principles, that a Bourbon would have done what the BONAPARTE hopes to do. That, indeed, shows one to be no better than the other; but it does not justify the conduct of either. And even supposing that Prussia had engaged in a peaceful intrigue to place a HOHENZOLLERN upon the Spanish throne with the consent of the Spanish people, and that the intrigue had been successful, it does not follow, by any principle, that a Bourbon would have been dangerously increased; not that her conduct would have justified a war by France, or would have been regarded by Europe by conquering the Rhenish provinces. The people of Spain have as plain a right to elect a HOHENZOLLERN as the people of France to elect a BONAPARTE emperor.

The *Traveller*, therefore, imagines a wholly different situation, and that LOUIS NAPOLEON really exists. If the simple question were proposed whether the peace of Europe would be more threatened by the occupation of the Rhenish frontier by France than by that of Alsace and Lorraine by Prussia, there would still be a great many considerations to be discussed. And even supposing that war between two such hostile and adjoining nations was sooner or later inevitable, and that upon the whole the Rhenish frontier offers the best security of European peace, war would still not be justified by any reason which was not satisfactory to the public opinion of the world; and there is no pretense of such a reason now.

FENIAN EXHILARATION

THE prospect of a war is full of exhilaration to the Fenian brethren. They have been busily declaring their sympathy with that eminent friend of man, liberty, and Ireland, the Emperor of France. One eloquent gentleman at a French meeting held at Delmonico's was as lavish in his promises as he was ardent in his expletives. He announced that, "if" this was a war between the SAXON and Celtic races,

"ve" accept the challenge. Delmonico's fairly rocked with the tremendous enthusiasm that greeted this remark. The tables thundered. The glasses rattled. The scene and the sound must have been equally enlivening. When the feelings of the meeting permitted, the exuberant orator proceeded. But one of his hearers, who had been too deeply pledging the health of the French imperial apostle of peace, began to interrupt in the English language, which was imperfectly understood by the meeting, and the chairman was hustled out. Then the gushing Fenian continued; but also in the same unknown tongue. This made trouble. But when he acclaimed, "We are with you, men and money," the prospect of the aid of the Fenian military chest was so reviving to the spirits that tumultuous cheers again arose until the welkin rang.

Before yielding to the evident wish that he should sit down, the orator continued, in the same strain: "The Germans propose to send men over; we will do the same. Here, again, torrents of enthusiasm broke loose. And with one final effort the speaker declared, "If" the United States connives at the sending of assistance from these shores to France, "we will send a million of men, if necessary, to fight for France. The force of Fenian eloquence could go no further. It was characteristic and delightful. One thing only was lacking, and that was to have declared that "if" the Prussian armies were assisted by the United States, the identical Fenian gentleman then visibly participating in the flesh before the eyes of assembled France in Delmonico's, would be one of five million Fenians to depart by the next steamer for the seat of war.

THE DICKENS AUCTION.

WHY the most interesting and personal objects left by Mr. DICKENS were immediately sold at auction does not appear. There were many things in the collection which were peculiarly associated with him, and some which had a tenderly exceptional value. But there seems to have been no discrimination. Every thing was brought to the hammer. The pictures that were presented to him, and had no other interest, said to him, which were painted by famous artists to illustrate his works, shared the same fate. But really an explanation is due of the sale of MACLISE'S portrait for $105. The attachment between the author and the artist was long and most affectionate. DICKENS'S letters to MACLISE were a tribute to one of the R. A. Dinner on the 24th of May, he said: "For many years I was one of the two or three intimate friends and constant companions of the late Mr. MACLISE." In a few beautiful and touching words he continued affectionately describing the character of the friend whose portrait of DICKENS himself is so familiar. Scarcely is DICKENS dead, when this portrait is sold at auction as a curiosity and disappears. Was there such a pressing necessity for parting with it? We look in vain in all the columns of the sale for an explanation of this extraordinary proceeding.

The auction itself served to show how kindly the memory of DICKENS is cherished. The rooms were crowded not with private and personal friends, but with the readers and lovers of the author, that vast invisible phalanx of his great popular writer, of which he can not think but with awe and pathos. How conscious of his sensibility to all his friends' likes and dislikes was is constantly evident in his books. And that they not only admired the author, but loved the man, as the unparalleled tributes to his memory prove, shows how deeply he had impressed the world with the sincerity of his declarations. I have always had and always shall have an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful pleasantness and enjoyment, and believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen."

THE QUESTION OF FRENCH FAILURE.

THE publication of the secret treaty which the French Government proposed to that of Prussia suggests the inquiry how many more such secret projects of LOUIS NAPOLEON are likely to appear? Meanwhile the treaty itself throws a curious light upon the French Emperor, and invites consideration of the personal consequences of failure in his present monstrous enterprise. The project of the treaty recalls the beginning of the century, when Napoleon carved out, however, consulting other people, arrange the map of Europe to suit himself. Was there ever such hearing as LOUIS NAPOLEON, or such an opportunity squandered? His first and clearest perception should have been that he could not be his uncle; and the second, that his uncle could not do in 1870 what was practicable sixty years before. In looking back over the nephew's career, and in reading such a summary as that of EDMOND ABOUT'S, which is merely the history of the second empire, KINGLAKE'S contemporaneous estimate of NAPOLEON seems to be justified. He has meddled every where, but has touched nothing with the hand of a master. At the end of twenty years he has alienated every power; not one is friendly; not one cares to be his ally; not one has some especial grudge against him.

The confidence of Frenchmen has so declined that he has felt himself obliged to instigate Casarism by certain concessions to constitutional freedom. But the discussions at the time of the *Plebiscite* showed how grudging those concessions were. The governing power is secured upon him; he alone amends the fundamental law which he has himself enacted; and he declares war. The result of the *Plebiscite* showed that there was no wise organization of the liberal sentiment in France, and the truest liberals voted for him in the unhappy alternative offered them. But had the vote been, in any proper sense, free, the Imperialists would be to-day the strongest ruler in the world. While, in fact, there is nobody who does not think that nothing is more serious than the peaceful succession of his son.

The telegraph, in the few days immediately following the reception of the Ollivier ministry with the tidings of the reported enthusiasm of the French population. But the speech of THIERS in the article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *Debats*, and the statement of the *Tribune*'s correspondent, corrected the delusion, and it was evident that the Emperor was not at the head which is manufactured to order, upon great occasions, by the police. It is plain, therefore, that without the support of an army which can be lent to the war but in victory for France, she spoke with an instinctive consciousness that failure would be fatal to her hushing of the public consciousness which will make LOUIS NAPOLEON reckless to the last. A signal defeat would certainly dismay the whole French people, and a defeat, also, promises for France a situation not agreeable to contemplate. The system of Chauvinism is not so alternative but anarchy; and it will be sad and discouraging indeed if the experiment of the empire does not prove to all intelligent Frenchmen that the true empire of ress can not now be permanently secured in that country but by a free constitutional government.

NOTES.

THE ocean yacht race was very closely contested, and although yacht racing is not a sport it is very remarkable that the American yacht, the *Dauntless*, was about two hours behind, and that on the second day out the last boat was in fact behaving to a save two men, who were unfortunately drowned. Every thing seems to have been "fair and square," and, as usual, in the "international" matches, nothing whatever is determined by the result. It is not proved that the model of the *Cambria* is finer than that of the *Dauntless*, nor that her sailing qualities are superior, nor that English seamanship is excellent. The only evident conclusion is that, upon the whole race, the American yacht was slower. The disappointment among American yachtsmen was undoubtedly very great. Reasons were assigned for the superiority of the *Dauntless* did not win, but they were no more satisfactory than those which the political friends of BUTLER, the fat fact in the latter case is that the other party had more votes, and in the former that the English yacht came in first. But, although the prestige of success rests with the *Cambria*, it is not to be considered the equality of the vessels under the circumstances, shows the *Dauntless* to be as fast a sailer. And in that conclusion we ought all to be happy.

THE HARPERS have just published a correct, lent and timely volume of the "Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens," with a sketch of the author by GEORGE GILFILLAN, and JOHN STANLEY'S sermon in Westminster Abbey. MR. SALA says that he was as illiterate as blind child. Mr. DICKENS himself says, in writing but of a retentive memory. The solace of his life was to hear his sister read "Pickwick" to Boz," and when he recovered his sight, it was from "Pickwick" that his sister taught him to read. The first DICKENS periodical was the *Pic Nic* was 1836, and "in literature served him fully-fledged as a lecturer." MR. SALA'S sketch is very interesting, and will be very useful in its detail of facts to any biographer of the novelist. His praise of his master is fervid and boundless. As for the speeches of DICKENS, which were most of dinner speeches, their fame is founded on that of models of their kind. Exuberant, flowing fanciful, humorous, earnest, generous, and grace ful, they were always delightful to hear. Neither too trivial nor too serious, they struck the happy mean of feeling and good sense. It is impossible to open them any where without perceiving the cheery spell of his genius and admiring its unparalleled facility. The letters, sparkling, and the sermon of DEAN STANLEY is a fine and thoughtful tribute to a great social teacher, and, by implication, a noble rebuke of those who have been gibing at him over his grave.

ALTHOUGH MR. MOTLEY has been recalled, his country certainly has no reason to be dissatisfied with him. He has not been allowed to open the *Alabama* negotiations, but he has concluded the treaty which involves the subject of indefeasible allegiance, and according to the most honorable American traditions and policy. During his brief official term no other great question has been discussed. When the war began in 1861 Mr. MOTLEY was in Europe, and his letters published in the good exact; and his explanation and defense of the Union cause, both in private circles and in the *Times*, was so vigorous and hearty and conclusive that the English sentiment which was hostile to this government did not forgive his trenchant eloquence. That sentiment preferred the cautious reserve of the Democratic Minister at the time, Mr. DALLAS. When Mr. MOTLEY appeared as the successor of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON his official presence was a declaration of the English friends and allies of the rebellion that the United States proposed to maintain the principles for which they had fought and which they had established. This was intensely disagreeable both to the English people and to their American friends. As Minister, Mr. MOTLEY'S public course has been truly dignified and American. The duties of honorably have been discharged with characteristic grace and urbanity. The newspapers of the party of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON have taunted Mr. MOTLEY as Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON have taunted Mr. MOTLEY as a snob. A snob is defined by the best authority as one who admires things meanly. Those, therefore, who loudly praise Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, who have always lived in a position of honor before the aristocracy that had hoped for the destruction of his country; and Mr. BUCHANAN, who appointed a Democratic Minister at the Court of St. James was acting as bottle-holder to the SLAVOCRACY, who conspired to secure the extension of slavery; and Mr. DALLAS, who yielded without even a protesting sigh to the hopes and sneers of the British aristocracy against the Union—those who praise these American Ministers to England are delivered from accusing their successor of snobbery. Mr. MOTLEY at home and abroad, as one of the most eminent scholars of his own country, and one of its most honored and conspicuous representatives in Europe, has been always true to what is noblest and most characteristic in the American principle and tendency; and, despite the bitter taunts of party spirit, he will rise in the public mind as Mr. ADAMS, will probably be quite as honorably remembered, both as man and as gentlemen, as the three famous Public Ministers to Great Britain.

AMONG the new lecturers for the year will be MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, whose scholarly accomplishments are familiar to all readers, and MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM. The latter is the most popular and famous of all the literary works of the war. MR. WHITE'S lecture will be on "Words and upon the use of the English language have been universally remarked for their careful and shrewd observation and discriminative illustration. He will probably select some of the literary subjects which he is so able to treat with force and roughness and popular interest; and we welcome him heartily into the growing brotherhood of the platform.

We are glad to observe that the good cause of the rights of travelers continues to advance and to triumph. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that a personal injury from an accident upon a railroad train is presumptive proof of negligence, and that the company must prove that it is not guilty of its own negligence. This is much more sensible than the general English rule, that the passenger to prove that it was the result of such negligence, which he could not certainly know. Last November, MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER, a passenger upon the steamer *Bellona*, published a letter, showing her unfitness for the sea. Other letters of his friends in the New York *Globe*, were sent to the agents and owners, and led to promises of reform. Upon this the *Bellona* was broke her shaft, and MR. WILLCOX returned to the charge. The ship was ordered to sail again about this time, but her name has disappeared from the advertisements, and she has been sold for other service. Publicity is an admirable purge of abuses.

IN a recent interview with the editors of French newspapers, M. OLLIVIER assured them that the Emperor never approved or accepted the project of a non-defensive secret treaty alleged to have been drawn up by Count BENEDETTI, and that BISMARCK'S prompting idea was actually that of a defensive alliance. Meanwhile, Count VON BISMARCK publishes in the Berlin *Anzeiger* his version of the project, which flatly contradicts the statement of M. OLLIVIER. Assuming the German account of this affair to be substantially correct, there seems to have been bad faith by BISMARCK into submitting propositions to the Emperor which were monstrous and extreme had no intention of agreeing, but which he foresaw could be used to advantage against the Emperor in the event of war.

THE *Tribune* recently published some very surprising statements in regard to crime in New York, well calculated to shake our faith in the old-grown belief that we are "well off." These returns for the year 1865 show that in the city of New York there were 71 cases of murder, and 71 clear cases of homicide, while only 33 persons were arrested for these crimes, and the records of the courts show only 15 convictions. That is to say, of the perpetrators of unmistakable murders, more than 50 per cent. were arrested, and more than 80 per cent. went unpunished. The readiness with which the knife and pistol are used in New York to settle the most trivial disputes is, perhaps, explained by these remarkable statistics. Mr. HORACE REYNOLDS, who ran for from right in believing that hanging "was played out" in *New York*.

GENERAL SHERIDAN sailed recently for Europe, to observe the operations of the French and Prussian armies. Both governments, however, have decided to refuse military officers of foreign powers permission to visit their respective camps; and probably no exception will be made in the case of General SHERIDAN, notwithstanding the fact that this country is not liable to be drawn into the contest, as England or Austria may be.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ocean yacht race between the *Dauntless* and the *Cambria* ended July 31, the *Dauntless* arriving at Queenstown harbor at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, an hour and forty minutes ahead of her rival. The voyage of more than three thousand miles this is probably the closest race ever sailed. The *Dauntless* was thrown over three hours by accidents at sea, and lost two of her company overboard.

A terrible railroad disaster occurred in Texas July 14 between a cavalry force of fifty men, belonging to the 6th U. S. Cavalry, under Major MCCLELLAND, and two hundred Mexican soldiers, thought to belong to the Ocampo and Kinney band. The Mexicans were completely routed, leaving forty-eight dead, eighty-six badly killed and eleven wounded. The Indians were among the Mexican ranks.

There are more troubles in Utah. Mr. George Crosby, a Gentile merchant, was shot at Brigham Young, was recently found dead at Salt Lake City, under circumstances which point to the suspicion of foul play. At a reception recently given there to General Augur by the Mormon authorities, a large epic called Polly was sung in front of the house, insulted those within, and finally broke the windows.

The murder of Mr. Nathan Bedford was committed in this city on the morning of July 26, and the murderer, Mr. Thomas Nudd, was arrested. Mr. Nudd alleges that Mr. Bedford was a gentleman of very great wealth and high social position, and that the latter had first tried to kill his wife in his residence at No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, near Fifth Avenue, and had then attempted to kill himself. Mr. Bedford, in the statement of murder being a heavy iron bar, known by students' slang as a "jimmy." Mr. NATHAN, who is a perfect health on Thursday night, and the murder was not discovered until the next day. Public opinion is the most remarkable feature of the tragedy is that, though Mr. Bedford was a man of high social position and wealth, and though the murder was committed in his own house during the night, Mr. Nathan has met with unusual sympathy and support. Mr. Nudd, on the other hand, has had no satisfactory theory in regard to the murder has yet been developed. Mr. Nathan was a gentleman of large benevolence and pure life, and is not known to have had an enemy in the world.

General John O'Neil, of the Fenian army, who was arrested in Vermont for violation of United States laws in the movement on the Canadian border, has been sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars and to be confined for the term of six months in the crime the services he had rendered the country in the war with Mexico. Judge ADAMS, who presided at the trial, was also entrusted to imprisonment—one for nine and the other for six months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Emperor of France set out from St. Cloud July 28 to join the army, and arrived the same afternoon at Metz. On the 29th he reviewed the troops, who were enlisted. Just previous to his departure he addressed the following letter to the commander-in-chief of the Garde Nationale of Paris:

"I am glad to take this opportunity to express on my part to the Garde Nationale of Paris the confidence I have in its patriotism and devotion. At the moment when a portion of the army of the line I have to leave Paris with the confidence which I repose in its well and ability to maintain order. It is the first condition for the security of the regency of the Empress. It is becoming to the dignity of nations, according to the manner in which they, shall add to the safety of the country."

The Empress Eugenie issued a proclamation, and the Emperor issued the following proclamation to the army:

"I am about to leave to take my place at your head, to defend the honor of the soul of our country. Upon the first encounter will rest the fate of our arms. The enemy is numerous, but our soldiers are valiant as this have not been able to resist your shock. I count on you to do your duty. The war which you are going to make be long and hardly contested, for its theatre will be the scene of former victories. You will find there traditions; but nothing is beyond the preserving efforts of our soldiers and Africa, Italy, and Mexico. You will prove once more what the French army is able to accomplish when it unites the impetuosity of the national with by discipline, influenced by love of country. Whatever may be the result, success our fatherland will find here its glorious reason of our fathers, and we will show ourselves worthy of them. Soldiers, I shall follow you with all my heart. I shall be with you day and night. Watch over my son. Upon our success depends the fate of liberty and the future. Let us march, and with the help of the God of battles will be with us. NAPOLEON.

"Given at the Palace of St. Cloud, July 28, 1870."

"Given at the Palace of St. Cloud, July 28, 1870."

King William of Prussia has also taken his place at the head of his army. On leaving for head-quarters he issued a proclamation to the people of Prussia and the North German States, in which he gives to fight for the honor of Germany, and calls on the whole nation to unite.

A Berlin dispatch states that the French attacked the Prussians in a large force on the morning of August 2d, but were vigorously repulsed.

A Paris dispatch of the 3d announced a skirmish, which took place July 30, give some indication of the relative forces of the French and Prussian armies. It states that the Prussian bullets fell a hundred metres short in a wood, and that consequently the French were obliged to withdraw. The same dispatch says:

"At an interview with the Parisian editors M. Ollivier declared that the Emperor had no intention of the publication of accomplished facts. At Metz several newspaper correspondents, chiefly American and English, were recently arrested as spies. They were soon liberated, however, on the order of the chief of staff of the army in future.

The question of neutrality by England has caused bitter disappointment in Germany, and the German papers are loud in their denunciation of Lord GRANVILLE. They assert that England has purchased her neutrality by the sale of Heligoland to Prussia. The London *Times* declares that England supplied Belgium with cartridges to slaughter Germans.

Austria is making formidable war preparations, as she fears the infringement of her neutrality by Bismarck. The movement of the Austrian army of observation will be given to the Archduke Albrecht, whose reputation as a general is unrivaled. The Austrian corps is also to be organized, the Chambers at once having voted an extraordinary credit for that purpose.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Two British gun-boats have started for the port of Apia, to demand satisfaction for the outrages there committed. The foreign residents of Shanghai have been warned to leave for an approaching storm with the same destination. The French will send a naval force to the Levant from Bulgaria, and the struggle to be inevitable.

The British government, it is stated, have entered into a contract for 300 American cannon.

The Spanish Government has ordered Japan an indemnity of $20,000 for the murder of a Spaniard, and in the case in which 1400 persons were slaughtered.

The Spanish Cortes met on Monday, July 25, at Madrid, to vote, in reply to a demand for the Infanta's coronation, a proposal that the negotiations should where they did eighteen months ago, and that, America having declined the offer made by England, the next advance was due from the United States.

Ninety persons were killed and many wounded by a recent explosion in a colliery at Llansamlet, Wales.

Rumors are current in London that, unless the Republicanity doctrine is considerably qualified, American will be refused admission to Ireland.

The official journal of Vienna announces the suppression of the concordat between Austria and Rome, and that Austria has thus been liberated of the action of the Austrian government.

The twenty-fifth city of London has just been conferred upon M. De Lesseps.

Blessed Adam will, it is said, replace the late M. Fandel in the French Academy.

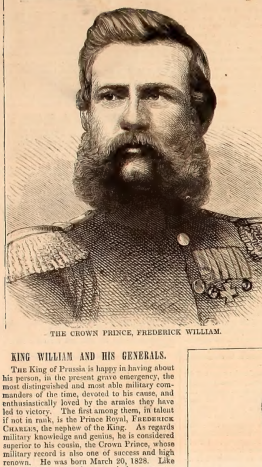

THE CROWN PRINCE, FREDERICK WILLIAM.

Bohemia, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, who knew the Austrians to have occupied a formidable position on the heights beyond the Bistritz, requested the Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, to come to his assistance with the Second Division of the army, but attacked the enemy on the morning of July 3, without awaiting his arrival. The Prussians fought desperately, but the position of the enemy was so well chosen, and their artillery so favorably placed, that the Prince could not gain a decided advantage over them, and it was not until the arrival of the Second Division, under the Crown Prince, that the enemy lost ground, retreated under the deadly fire of the Prussians, and was finally completely routed, running in all directions, and in the wildest confusion. Thus ended the celebrated battle of Sadowa."

In the present war the Prince commands the Army of the Rhine.

The CROWN PRINCE, FREDERICK WILLIAM, only son of WILLIAM I., and heir to the Prussian throne, was born in 1831. At the age of seventeen the Prince was sent to the University of Bonn. At the conclusion of his university career he was recalled to Berlin, and began his military studies as a private in the Guards, as rank affords no exemption from the strictest military service in Prussia. Prince and peasant stand upon the same footing in this respect—with a difference, however, in the matter of promotion. After a short term of service in the ranks he received command of a company, and rose by rapid promotion to the grade of General. In 1858 he married the eldest daughter of Queen VICTORIA. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince took part in the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which the little kingdom of Denmark was despoiled; and, though not engaged in actual fighting, cheerfully shared in all the hardships suffered by his troops during the winter campaign, and achieved, in consequence, a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. During the war with Austria he again commanded the Second Army Corps, and took part in the great battle of Sadowa. His timely arrival, after his cousin Prince FREDERICK CHARLES had been engaged all day with the enemy, decided the fate of the battle, which, like Waterloo, might have ended otherwise but for the reinforcement of one side by fresh and enthusiastic troops. Though considered inferior to his cousin, the Prince Royal, in military knowledge, the record of the Crown Prince as a soldier is one of courage, ability, and success. He is in command of the Northern Army of Prussia.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

KING WILLIAM AND HIS GENERALS.

THE King of Prussia is happy in having about his person, in the present grave emergency, the most distinguished and most able military commanders of the time, devoted to his cause, and enthusiastically loved by the armies they have led to victory. The first among them, if talent if not in rank, is the Prince Royal, FREDERICK CHARLES, the nephew of the King. As regards military knowledge and genius, he is considered superior to his cousin, the Crown Prince, whose military record is also one of success and high renown. He was born March 20, 1828. Like all Prussian princes, he entered the army at a very early age—he was scarcely ten years old; and his innate love of every thing connected with the army soon became apparent in the rapid progress he made in the military school of instruction. The study of the life and glorious deeds of FREDERICK THE GREAT filled his leisure hours, and it is said that he was on several occasions severely reprimanded for passing entire nights over the history of the "Seven Years' War" and the study of the plans of battle adopted by that illustrious captain. He distinguished himself in the Schleswig-Holstein war, but won his highest renown in the late war against Austria. A distinguished military writer, describing this campaign, says of the Prince:

"At the outbreak of hostilities between Prussia and Austria in 1866, Prince FREDERICK CHARLES was called to the command of the First Division of the Prussian army, immediately marched his troops to the frontier, which he crossed on June 23, and, in ordering the attack upon the forces of the enemy, addressed his men with the words, 'May your hearts beat toward God and your fists upon the enemy.' A succession of splendid victories at Liebenau, Turnau, Podol, Münchengrätz, and Gitschin, having forced the enemy into the interior of

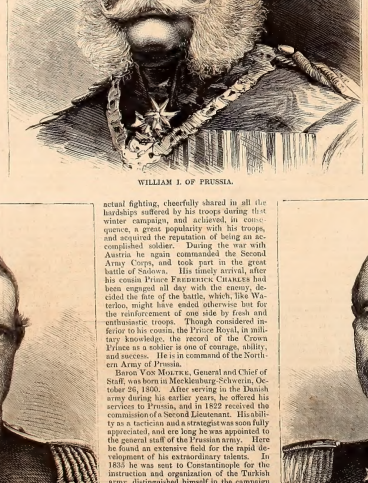

WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.

BARON VON MOLTKE

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Baron VON MOLTKE, General and Chief of Staff, was born in Mecklenburg-Gewerin, October 26, 1800. After serving in the Danish army during his earlier years, he offered his services to Prussia, and in 1822 received the commission of a Second Lieutenant. His ability as a tactician and a strategist was soon fully appreciated, and ere long he was appointed to the general staff of the Prussian army. Here he found an extensive field for the rapid development of his extraordinary talents. In 1835 he was sent to Constantinople for the instruction and organization of the Turkish army, distinguished himself in the campaign of the Sultan against the Viceroy of Egypt, and returned to Prussia rich in honors and experience. He made rapid advances in the army, until he was definitely appointed Chief of Staff in September, 1858, in which position he has remained up to the present day, and has rendered such services in his reorganization of the Prussian army, the skilful planning of campaigns and all military operations, as can never be overestimated. He planned the campaign against Denmark, and won great distinction in this field. But his genius as a strategist was displayed in its greatest brilliancy in the war with Austria in 1866. It is said that not only was he in constant possession of information about every movement of the army, but that he was never at a loss one single moment how to counteract all his adversaries' operations, and turn them to his own advantage. His character is as firm as a rock, and, when once engaged in the planning of a military movement, nothing can detain him from carrying it out, as long as he feels morally convinced that he is in the right, and that there is a chance of success. In spite of his seventy years he is still robust, and capable of taking an active part in the operations of the field.

HERWARTH VON BITTENFELD.

General HERWARTH VON BITTENFELD is considered one of the bravest, most skilful, and talented commanding officers in the Prussian army. He is older than MOLTKE, having been born September 4, 1796. He entered the army at the age of fifteen, fought at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in the invasion of France by the Allies in 1814, where he served with distinction in several engagements and at the siege of Paris. During the second campaign in Schleswig-Holstein, in 1864, he achieved a brilliant victory over the Danish army, and virtually brought the war to a close by taking possession of one of the most important positions of the enemy, the Island of Alsen, and by almost annihilating the troops who were ordered to defend the place. The war of 1866 again called him into active service. He was assigned to the command of the Elbe army, and gave many proofs of his superior talents as a military leader. He took part in the battle of Sadowa, and expects to see active service in the field during the present war.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER IX.

A Volcanic Crater.—Fog on the Mountain.—An Excursion down the Bay.—An Ambuscade.

On one occasion when the winter was drawing toward a close, so that the days began decidedly to lengthen, and something like warmth was imparted by the rays of the sun, Mr. Raynal and Aleck set out to ascend a mountain at some distance in the interior, in the rear of the cabin. They attained the summit without any difficulty, and though they found it intensely cold, they were somewhat repaid for their labor by the grandeur and sublimity of the view. All around them were the peaks and summits of bare and rugged mountains, and beyond, in every direction as far as the eye could reach, the open sea. They scanned the horizon most carefully all around, but no sail was to be seen.

Their attention was attracted by a singular peak at a moderate distance from them, which presented what seemed to be the opening of a dark and deep cavern. They determined to visit

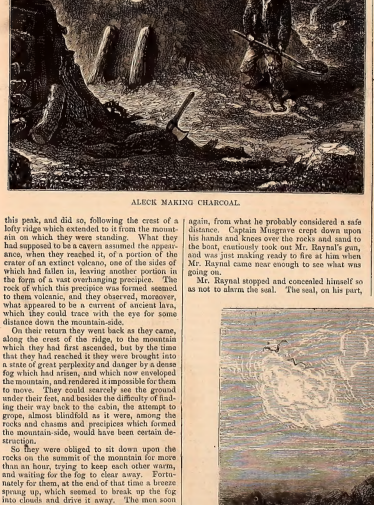

ALECK MAKING CHARCOAL.

this peak, and did so, following the crest of a lofty ridge which extended to it from the mountain on which they were standing. What they had supposed to be a cavern assumed the appearance, when they reached it, of a portion of the crater of an extinct volcano, one of the sides of which had fallen in, leaving another portion in the form of a vast overhanging precipice. The rock of which this precipice was formed seemed to them volcanic, and they observed, moreover, what appeared to be a current of ancient lava, which they could trace with the eye for some distance down the mountain-side.

On their return they went back as they came, along the crest of the ridge, to the mountain which they had first ascended, but by the time that they had reached it they were brought into a state of great perplexity and danger by a dense fog which had arisen, and which now enveloped the mountain, and rendered it impossible for them to move. They could scarcely see the ground under their feet, and besides the difficulty of finding their way back to the cabin, the attempt to grope, almost blindfold as it were, among the rocks and chasms and precipices which formed the mountain-side, would have been certain destruction.

So they were obliged to sit down upon the rocks on the summit of the mountain for more than an hour, trying to keep each other warm, and waiting for the fog to clear away. Fortunately for them, at the end of that time a breeze sprung up, which seemed to break up the fog into clouds and drive it away. The men soon warmed themselves by going briskly down the mountain-side, and so returned safely home.

A few days after this the men set off to make an excursion down the bay in their boat. They went on for several miles, and at length turned into one of the branches of the bay, and after exploring its sinuosities for some time they came to a beach where they landed, and after drawing up the boat began to ramble about, each one by himself, to search for seals.

Mr. Raynal, having become somewhat separated from the rest, observed at a distance, on the margin of a wood, something red which attracted his attention. On going to the spot he found some bushes entirely covered with a kind of red berry, which, of course, had grown the season before, and had remained upon the bushes during the winter. Mr. Raynal ate some of the berries, and says that he found them delicious. The intense craving which he elsewhere states the men had all along felt for some kind of vegetable food probably made him very easy to be pleased.

After eating a few of the berries, and finding what a treasure he had discovered, he set off in haste to call his companions. As soon, however, as he came in sight of the boat and the shore, his course was arrested by seeing Captain Musgrave crouched in ambuscade behind the boat, watching and aiming at a seal that was swimming in the water, at a short distance from the shore.

It seems that while Mr. Raynal was away the other men had seen this seal coming, and had concealed themselves where they could watch his motions unobserved, in hopes that he would come to the land so that they might reach him and kill him with their clubs. He came at length to the beach where the boat was lying, and began examining it, apparently with great curiosity. He clambered up by the gunwales so as to look into it, went first on one side, and then on the other, and finally concluding, as it seemed, that there must be some lurking danger connected with an object so novel and strange in form, he plunged into the water and swam away.

The men were afraid that they had lost him, but he did not go far. After swimming a little way he stopped and turned to examine the boat again, from what he probably considered a safe distance. Captain Musgrave crept down upon his hands and knees over the rocks and sand to the boat, cautiously took out Mr. Raynal's gun, and was just making ready to fire at him when Mr. Raynal came near enough to see what was going on.

Mr. Raynal stopped and concealed himself so as not to alarm the seal. The seal, on his part, continued swimming to and fro, now and then rising head and shoulders out of the water, to obtain a better view of the boat. After waiting till he obtained a fair aim, Captain Musgrave fired, and killed him.

The men waded out and brought the body to the shore and put it on board the boat. Mr. Raynal then conducted them back to the place where he had found the berries, and they ate all that they could find, with the greatest avidity. Mr. Raynal said never in their lives had they enjoyed so luxurious a collation.

Thus the winter passed away, bringing with it alternate seasons of abundance and of famine. When, at length, the month of September was gone, and the time of summer was drawing near, the spirits of the men began to revive, for they thought that now they could soon begin to hope for the arrival of the vessel, which it will be recollected was to have been sent for them if they should fail to return to Sydney within the allotted time. This vessel was to have been sent out for them in the fall of the previous year. But they imagined a thousand accidents or causes of detention which might account for the delay, and so endeavored to quiet their anxieties. But sometimes, on the other hand, their suspense and solicitude, and their weary watching of the never-changing line of the horizon, became overwhelming, and their spirits would sink to the lowest state of impatience, distress, and despondency.

At length, however, as the spring advanced, one event occurred which filled their hearts for a time with the greatest gladness. The seals returned from their migration. They saw one morning a large school of them coming into the harbor, and on successive days other troops came in. They now felt secure of abundance of food. This change not only relieved them from all anxiety about their means of subsistence, but promised to afford them time unemployed which they might appropriate to any undertaking that they thought desirable. They determined to give up depending exclusively on help to come from abroad, and to see what they could do toward helping themselves to escape from their perilous situation.

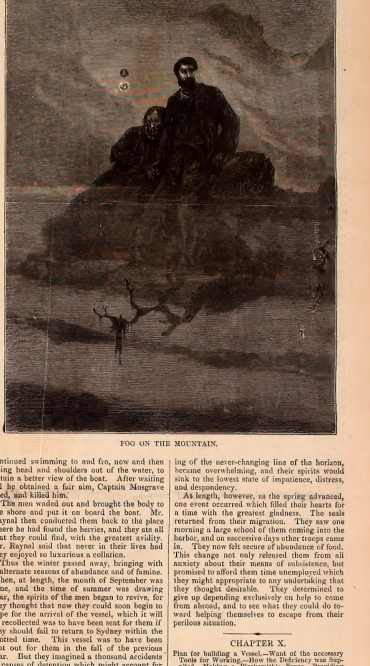

FOG ON THE MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER X.

Plan for building a Vessel.—Want of the necessary Tools for Working.—How the Deficiency was Supplied.—Making a Blacksmith's Forge.—Providing Charcoal.

It will be remembered that it was in the spring of 1863—that is, in what was spring in the south-

AN AMBUSH.

ern hemisphere—that our shipwrecked party sailed from Sydney, and that she was wrecked in a bay in the Auckland Islands early in January—that is, nearly at midsummer. An arrangement had been made with the owners at Sydney that, if the vessel did not return before the fall had fully set in, another vessel was to be sent in search of the party. But the fall and winter, and part of the second summer, had passed away, and the shipwrecked men saw no signs of any one coming to rescue them. They built a cabin, and had established themselves in it in a somewhat regular and systematic manner. They had set up a signal-pole on a cliff to call attention to them in case any vessel should pass that way. But months and months were passed idly, and were in the midst of lonely and unfrequented seas, and no vessel came near. At last, six months had passed away, the hope of being rescued by the intervention of others gradually faded away from the minds of the men; and they had begun to revolve more seriously than ever the question whether they could not do something to rescue themselves. He finally proposed to the men that they should undertake what seemed to them, when he proposed it, the herculean task of building a vessel large and strong enough to take them to New Zealand, which lay six or seven hundred miles to the northward of them, and was the nearest inhabited land.

Mr. Reynal conceived of this idea in darkness, a day which, he says, was one of joy and gladness throughout the whole world, but to them was sad and sorrowful indeed, since it only reminded them how fast the summer was passing away and no one coming to their aid. He proposed the plan to his comrades, and they all with common accord condemned it as utterly impracticable and hopeless.

Instead of attempting to argue the case with them he determined to convince them by example, by facts, which he said were more effectual in influencing men than all the reasonings in the world. And in the argument, in which he was any argument, was altogether on their side. For how could they expect to be able to build a vessel large enough and strong enough to make such a voyage over those stormy seas without tools, without materials, and without any provision in any of them of any special mechanical skill? Mr. Reynal, however, undertook to begin himself alone, in hopes that the others might be convinced, by seeing how much he could himself accomplish in the preliminary work, that the case was not as hopeless as they were inclined to suppose.

In reflecting upon the steps to be taken, Mr. Reynal considered that the first thing to be done would be to make the necessary tools. All the tools which had been saved from the wreck were an axe, which was now nearly worn out by use, a hammer, and a gimlet. He thought that he might obtain iron from the wreck, and perhaps more articles made of iron, which he might work over so as to make the tools that he would require—tools which, though clumsy, they would be very rude in construction, might possibly answer his purpose. But to make these tools some kind of forge was necessary, and so a forge an anvil, bellows, and a supply of charcoal were required. The principal difficulty seemed to be the construction of the bellows. He thought that one of the "pigs" of iron, of which the ballast of the vessel was principally composed, would serve for an anvil. So Mr. Reynal determined to begin with the bellows, in hopes that, if he should succeed in making them, the men would be encouraged to join him in his undertaking.

He accordingly went, at low tide, out to the wreck of the *Grafton*, and there contrived to rip off from the bottom of the vessel a number of sheets of copper, carefully preserving the nails. He also procured some boards, though they were not wide enough for the purpose. He, however, contrived to put several of them together, side by side, joining them by cleats, and securing the cleats to the boards by wooden pegs, as he had no nails to spare for that purpose. Of course he had no means of fitting these boards together very closely, to make the top and bottom of the bellows, and so he called the joints with a kind of oakum, which he prepared from the raveliugs of ropes, and by this means made them tolerably air-tight.

He required three of these composite boards, for the bellows's bellows, in order that it may give a continuous blast, must have two compartments, and these require a central board, fixed, and two others, one above and one below, movable, with valves in the middle and lower one. When the boards were made they fitted one of them to a proper form—that is, shaped them nearly to a wedge—to suit the curve of their rear compartment could pass through it. He then joined the three boards together at the place which the pipe had been fixed, with hinges made of his seal-skin leather. Thus the frame—or, as he called it, the skeleton—of his bellows was finished. He next covered the sides with this sealskin leather, which he first cut into the proper form, and then nailed securely all around the edges of the three boards. He had previously made the necessary valves in the middle and lower boards.

The work of constructing the bellows occupied a full week. When it was finished Mr. Reynal showed it to his companions. He tried it in their presence, and showed them that it would give a full and continuous current of air, entirely sufficient for the purpose intended. The men were astonished at his success, as indeed Mr. Reynal himself was. They considered the bellows a master piece of mechanical art, and all their doubts and fears about the possibility of building a vessel were dispelled. They were ready to go to work immediately, under Mr. Reynal's direction, and see what could be done.

Mr. Reynal had once formed a system of organization for the regular and methodical prosecution of the work. It was now adopted, and Harry should take charge of procuring food, by hunting seals, and also of the cooking and all the interior work of the cabin, while their the other three, being released from all participation in the duties of the household, should devote themselves exclusively to the work of building the vessel.

The first thing was to provide a supply of charcoal. This work Alcek undertook; and a very heavy undertaking it was. He was obliged to procure from the vicinity of wood from the neighborhood forests, equal in amount to one or two cords. This he made into a charcoal pile, and covered it carefully with turf. He then set the pile on fire in the usual way, and continued burning coal into a hole left for the purpose in the centre of the pile. But the most difficult and laborious part of his duty was the watching of the heap while it was burning. The turf covering would be affected by the heat, and would open cracks through which the burning wood within would continually burn into flame. These flames it was necessary to extinguish immediately by closing the opening with more turf, so that poor Alcek had no rest day nor night. Sometimes he was awakened several times in a night to suppress the flames, which, if they had not been arrested, would have consumed the store of wood which he had collected with so much labor into ashes instead of coal. As they required an unremitting attention, and as they were lowering, their ship-building operations were going on, Alcek was subject to continual fatigue, and labor and almost sleepless vigilance for many long weeks, but his resolution and his patience never failed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAVED BY THE SEA.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

A SORT sandy beach, with a back-ground of clayey cliffs. Above them a road to the top, and, leading, when you had climbed them, like duck's webbed-foot-walk, to right and left the country of flat fields and hedgerows and trees; a *caserne*, and lines of ramparts and fortifications; a tall column in the distance, surmounted by a magnificent figure; on the beach, bathing-boxes and machines, and every professional and amateur bather, whose sex is only indicated by negations such as the lack of positive beard; on the beach, too, groups of passages, and groups of idle boatmen burrying in and out of the water; on the water, a few fishing-boats and a few pleasure ones or two; on the cliff, soldiers in blue coats and white gaiters; to the right, if you look from the water, a port, a pier, and a town. Such is the ruins of an old fort; and over all, a bright, blue, cloudless sky, in the light of which every object looks sharp as if cut in card-board: these are the chief components of the scene which serves as a stage for the story I am about to tell. Perhaps needs to be told that I have been describing a watering-place on one of the coasts of France. Well, you will find it, to a great extent, the paradise of rowdyism, British and American, of the passage and protecting altar of the fraudulent bankrupt, the Alsatia of the broken-down swindler, and the refuge of ruined reputation. The resting-spot to which discomfited blackguardism falls back for a fresh spring. Here are the cheap lodgings just outside the town and the hotels and lodging-houses and the *établissement* and the news-rooms, you will come upon a life so utterly false, so utterly unscribing as the life to be found five miles inland from the villas of Brighton, Trouville, or the Villebiests or St. Goar—is to that which you meet at the steamboat stations.

There came to this French town some years ago, fate-impelled, a young American gentleman and his sister. They were orphans; they had some fortune—not much, but enough to live quietly and travel on—and one of the two, the boy, was in weekly want. They went about Europe a good deal in search of health for her, and that did not find it. They came, at last, to this particular town, and there, by what must have been a singular chance, its fresh, sharp sea-breeze, and its especial attraction, seemed to do good to the invalid and revive her, although most of the physicians had pronounced her case past such a locality. She took, in fact, a liking to the place: and so her brother hired lodgings for her and themselves in the house under the cliffs. They lounged along the beach in the sunny days; they had their little entertainments; the girl, to whom no medicine in the world could do any good, was happy, or as happy as she might be, with a consumption to lay siege there. The place could not give her life, but it gave her some little brightness during the closing days of her life, and a happy delusion under which she believed in her own possible restoration to health and to her native land. When she died—which came to pass rather suddenly, and almost without pain—the physicians were surprised that she had lived so long, and attributed the fact in great measure to the liking she had taken for the place, and the influence of the sea-beach and its scenery gave her. Therefore her brother felt gratitude toward the spot which she had loved, and which had cheered her fading days; and he lingered there, vacant of purpose, but bound to the place, after her remains had been laid in the Protestant church-yard.

The young American girl had not made many friends, and, of course, had not mixed at all in the queer French society, English and American chiefly, which gained for the town its odd reputation. Two especial friends of her own sex she had, and, of course, being her friends, they had the friendship of her brother as well. One of these friends would have been, in the general opinion of society on the beach, little credit on the American lady. The wives and sisters and daughters of the shady and seedy of the bankrupt refugees in the town would doubtless have steered clear of knowledge any friendly relations with such a person. For it was a fisher-girl—a poor, simple fisher-girl—who carried a basket on her head, and commonly tramped the beach with skirts, or a skirt—I doubt if she had more than one—so much above the knee-pocket, and no stockings or *sandbots* or any covering whatever for the well-developed, firm, symmetrical legs, which she ran over to fetch or scrub the waves to drench and any one with an eye for form to admire all day long. The other friend of our American sister was a young French lady about her own age, Lucille Desterre by name, who lived with her father in an oddly shaped, rambling white house, with fantastic gables and green *jalousies* and a weather-cock, which stood in a field right over the cliffs, and sometimes flashed in the sunlight like a meteor across the eyes of passengers on the deck of the Anglais steamers miles away.

The American girl had made the acquaintance of both of these on the beach, and the acquaintance had ripened into warm and sincere friendship. Both the free ways of unmarried women in her own country, she talked to the bareleged fisher-lass as frankly as to the young French lady, and her brother were frequent visitors at the *chateau* on the heights, and her death, which occurred during a serious illness, found the fisher-girl into passionate prayer before the shrine of the Virgin, Star of the Sea, whereof to confess him, all hedizzee, with glaring blue and gold, looks out everlastingly across the waters.

The point of all this introduction is that Frank Churchill, the young American, grew to be deeply in love with Lucille Desterre, and unconsciously taught her to love him. He began to have thoughts of settling down in the French town with Lucille, and grew of his sister and the home of his love. M. Desterre, the father, quite approved of the hero's plans, love projects and all, and our hero had no one else to consult on the matter. Every thing ought to have gone perfectly smooth, and would doubtless have done so, but that two emperors intervened. The Emperor Napoleon, the ill-fated young man who was called for a short time Emperor of Mexico struck a heavy blow at the peace of our hero. The Emperor Nicholas was an old soldier, and a devoted Bonspartist, and he went in with Napoleon the Third to oppose the projects of the Mexican intervention, which Churchill, as a true American and advocate of the Monroe Doctrine, felt bound to oppose and condemn. So they debated and then disputed, and at last Churchill's conscience would have a quarrel, but declared, with all possible solemnity, that his daughter should never, never have his consent to marry one of a family so obviously an enemy of Napoleon, and, by necessary consequence, a foe to France, and an obstructer of her high privy Imperial interests.

By this time, too, the American civil war had unrolled its scroll of horrors. Churchill grew ashamed of himself for vegetating on a sunny foreign sea-beach, while his friends at home were in the front of their country. We be a favored and happy lover, were he a bridegroom of twelve hours' date, he felt that he must now the less have gone to take a post in the Federal army; and now that clouds looked so black at his horizon, he could see nothing more for him to do than to go to the war and fight and die in a good cause. So he told Lucille felt the parting, she saw only too clearly that it was inevitable. Time, she hoped, would change her father's determination. Time—ever in France—sets daughters at last free to choose husbands for themselves, independently of their fathers' will; and, meanwhile, it was not hard to persuade a spirited French girl, child of an old soldier and patriot, that her lover owed a duty to his country more immediate than even the fealty which he owed to his love. "I could wait," she said, "and, indeed, loved I not honor more, we noble words which Lucille Desterre could have appreciated better than a hundred better than most girls. The late civil war has taught most American girls to feel and value the spirit of honor and patriotism.

I have already said that at the extreme left of the picture presented to one who looked out on the water on the scene I have described stands an old ruined fort. It is built on a low-lying cliff, and immediately which straggles into the sea. The changes which such a shore is constantly undergoing by the action of the waves, and attrition of this poor rain as to subject it, twice a day, to a sea-bath, rising nearly to its battlements, on the ground on which it stood has been steadily sinking for generations; and now the sea has encroached so much that a little more has been meant to guard the harbor and dominear over the sea, stands far down below the level of the cliffs and the table-lands of fields and roads; and, indeed, the rising tide sometimes menaces to submerge it altogether. One can easily climb its ruined stairs, mount to the grass-grown floor at the top, and there watch the waters swell and break and then sink within a few feet of the spot whereon you stand, and you seem almost as isolated from the land as if you out on a lonely rock in mid-ocean. Indeed, a very pleasant, pigeon-cold, romantic sort of sensation may be enjoyed by mounting to the top of this ruin, and the tide yet about five, and there, seated safely, watching the waves rise and rise till they surge and splash almost to your very feet, and you look abroad over a waste of sea which seems every moment as if it would swallow up your resting-place and yourself—until, at last, the waters begin to recede, and you see your way to land again.

But people in general did not trouble themselves to enjoy this sensation. The residents of the town and the military had no knowledge of such a thing, and it need hardly be said that the visitors of a season from Paris and London cared only about dressing for the hour of dressing for the promenade, and dressing for the *table d'hote* dinner and the ball at the *établissement*, and so on. Churchill, however, with the recklessness and desire for new situation properly belonging to his country, soon and often explored the old ruin, and enjoyed the sensation of being surrounded there by the fiere-looking, brimless hats of the fishers, but he could no longer have Lucille at her house, the lovers, I grieve to say, turned their grins and were right run to ruin a new and unconcenial purpose—they meeting it a rendezvous, and had some sad, sweet meetings and partings there. Every day Churchill is going away—actually going for Heaven knows how long—going to war, and going to death! Just the old story—old in the days of Andromache—in the days of the Crusaders; as fresh and real as ever in the hours of Arcadia and Castlewood—the lovers go to the war, the woman remains at home and weeps and hopes and prays and is sick at heart.

The sun was sinking red and fierce behind heavy clouds as Churchill and Lucille met here of Lucille, and they yet stood safe from observation on the summit of the unbroken ramparts of the old fort. They were renewing for the hundredth time or so in that one meeting their mutual pledges of eternal fidelity.

"You will write often, often, to your Lucille?"

"I will never fail, dearest. It makes me happy to think that your letters at least will reach each other. That dear, good girl will take care of that."

"Yes. Is she not a faithful creature, that good Nanette? And I will lay fresh flowers every morning on our lovers' grave, dear."

"Your father, dearest, will not object to that, however he may now dislike me."

"Oh no, no; he is too good and kind—"

"Kind!" repeated Churchill, rather bitterly.

"Kind in his way, now and then. He do judge him harshly by my sake: He will change—he will yield—he will be sorry and glad when you are gone."

Churchill shook his head sadly.

"And dear," he said, with his left dimmed and moist eyes, "I must return home, my loved one. My father will expect me."

He looked down over the broken rampart and stated.

"Lucille, dearest child, we have allowed the time to go by—at least *I* have—and the sea has risen far above the doorway."

"Mon Dieu!" she screamed with a wild alarm, and she looked over the wall and saw that what he said was too true. "Oh, what to do? My father, what will he think?"

"*M'amie*, it is but a short delay—two or three hours or so, and I will be with you again. You are safe here—as safe as if you were at home."

"Oh, Frank, you did not mean this—you did not keep me purposely?" she added, anxiously in his face.

"I, love? I never thought of it; my mind and memory were wholly wrapped up in you. But now that we are made prisoners here, I can not—I will not—I am very glad that I can indeed! I feel rather grateful to the sea. This is our last meeting."

"If my father should know! If the people should hear!"

She paused perfectly white and trembled. Her fear and agony were intensely real. Poor Churchill, in his joy, had not been long enough to have realized sufficiently to himself the cramped and manacled position of a French girl. The exclamation of Lucille's face now told the cruelty of the situation only too plainly to his mind. Interest by the sea which imposed on Churchill and Lucille, and the strip of strand between the fort and the cliffs was now a green channel of dashing bold. Lucille clasped her hands and looked almost as one in despair. Churchill had read Octave Feuillet's "Romance d'un Homme Homme pauvre," and began to think the only course left for him was to imitate the hero of that famous story, and to brave the rod of the father and his chances, thus at least securing Lucille from scandal.

Perhaps Lucille had read the book too, and guessed what was passing in her lover's mind, for she suddenly flung her arms around him and held him to her heart with a fond and enfeebled.

"No," she exclaimed, "never! You shall not risk your life in that sea. Better any thing than danger, love. I can easily and safely get to shore, and then I will send help to you."

"Never! I will leave this place if you do. You shall not go. Ah, no, Lucille, the sea has seen us, and sends help. Look yonder—a boat!"

Indeed, a small boat had put out from the shore some distance off, and having gone a little way out to sea, apparently to get out of the force of the ground-swell, was now making for the fort. It came nearer and nearer, and the lovers watched it with eyes of hope and anxiety. At last they could see that there was only one rower in the boat, and that it was the fisher-girl, Nanette.

The sea was not high enough to allow the lovers to get into the boat from the roof.

"*Vite! vite!* the lower windows!" cried and gesticulated the stalwart fisher-girl, as she stood in the tossing boat, firm and steady as if her feet rested on the beach itself. Churchill, who had a little of the artist's soul, could not refuse even at that moment to admire the strength and lithe and composure of her attitude; the supple, strong form which had never been cursed by a corset; the round, straight limbs which high-heeled boots had never disjointed.

"Nanette!" he exclaimed, a flash of joyous humor succeeding to the pain of the previous moment, "you are worth ten thousand lectures on Woman's Rights! Come to my country, and you shall take the lead of Lucile Grahame!"

The speech was wholly lost on poor Nanette, who could not and showed not by a sign that half intelligible to Churchill; but what he could not quite understand he guessed at. The fisher-lass now seated at her oars pulled as if she had enough to do to keep the boat from being dashed against the old fort, for the sea was very rough, and the last flashes of angry red across the heavy cloud-banks in the west seemed to promise a very bad quarter of an hour to come.

Churchill hurried Lucile down the broken stairs. Even the lower floor was almost water run. The centre had all given way, and fallen through. A portion of the flooring still clung to the side where the staircase was, and thence you might creep along a narrow ledge to the window which looked on the sea. But the window was large enough for any one to get out of, and it had a wide and strong ledge on which two or three persons could cling at once. The sea was now nearly level with this window.

Lucile trembled for a moment as she reached the step of the staircase which was level with this crumbled floor, and she saw the narrow ledge along which she would have to travel in order to reach the window. Churchill, holding her hand, knew that she startled and shivered.

"Indeed, Lucile, you are nervous! You are afraid! Do not venture. Come back to the roof again, and wait it out there. It will be hours, and you will be safe there. Nanette will stay with us. Come back!"

"No, no, it is impossible! I dare not. Oh, you do not know what would be said! I am not afraid to go and hold my hand. You will see that I am not afraid."

"Turn your face, then, to the wall, dearest. Come, that is right! Courage! Why, this ledge is broad enough to dance on. You should see Bkotin! How happy he would be in this pretty little feet. There would be room enough for the feet of two such Cinderellas on a side walk like that. Good again! Let me bind Nanette calling? Capital lungs that girl has. Now, then—*one*—over—more—give me both your hands, *ah, vous y êtes!*"

Thus talking and laughing—partly to keep up her courage, partly to relieve his own vivid excitement—Churchill crept along the ledge, firmly holding Lucile's hand, and watching with keen, eager eye, that treacherous step through the growing darkness, every step he made. Where he could get a single grip of any stone in the broken wall he felt comparatively happy and safe; for he thought that, even if Lucile should miss her footing and slip, he could hold her up and raise her to the edge of the broken floor. At last she crouched on his left safely in the deep old window, and Churchill drew a long breath of relief, although they were now in the teeth of a fierce wind, that howled through the aperture which held but did not shelter them.

Tossing in her boat outside sat the bold Nanette. She had been rowing round the old fort, lying to as well as she could, after every considerable risk of having an oar broken by the fierce, chopping blows which the sudden waves dealt. When she saw the lovers on the window sea set her teeth hard and began to row cautiously toward them, while she talked to the angry waves, and argued with them and scolded them, as if they were naughty and mutinous young sisters.

"*Or, chien!* Will you again? *Vo, donc, misérable!* Strike again, will you then? That costs! That says be quick! *Malaigne*, you there. That blinds the eyes, though, and one can not see! For all that, I come round again! Softly, now, and gently! Ah, little pigs of waves! So, once more! Courage, beyond there! *Voilà, Nanette*, who comes to save the sweet demoiselle!"

Churchill had one arm round Lucile's waist, while with the other he held firmly to the window. He knew that if Nanette could succeed at a favorable moment in bringing the boat close up to the window, not a second must be lost. The little craft could not keep tossing and dashing there a minute of time without being crushed. So he watched, with eager, fierce eyes, for the one favoring instant when he could lift Lucile into the boat—and then it did not matter about him. He could return to the roof and wait there until the tide turned; and it would, indeed, be better so, for then no one could see him landing with Lucile; and so all talk and wonder and scandal would be avoided.

Now, Nanette! now, Churchill! The moment is coming; the boat draws cautiously near and near. Nanette is a brave oarswoman, and has the eye, the wrist, the nerves, of one who is at home on the sea, and to whom danger is only a stimulant and a quickener. With skill and care and courage she approaches, her teeth set hard, her eyes wide open. One instant more—alas! a wild, fierce gust rushes over the sea, "*straight* from the sunset," dashes the waves into a more wild and broken fury than had yet been seen, and smashes the boat again, again, and again, up to the rugged stones of the tower's wall. The waves and the stone seemed to crush, or rather to crunch, the poor little boat, as the jaws of Martin, the bear, might crunch a nut; and while Lucile gives a wild scream, and Churchill a deep, savage cry of disappointment and vexation, the boat goes down, and Nanette is seen vainly tossing and struggling in the water, and the next minute clinging, like a wild cat, to the ledge of the window. Then Churchill flings his arm round the dripping girl, and lowering himself so far out of the tower that the waves lashed him and almost blinded him, he dragged Nanette safely into the frame-work of the window.

"*Tonnerre*, this twice in a season, that!" was the first exclamation of the undaunted lass. "And the boat gone down! Up, Mademoiselle Lucile! up, monsieur! No time to lose! Must not stay here any longer or we shall have the sea for a lodger. The roof!"

Yes; there was no time to lose. The boat was gone, the sea was growing ever wilder and wilder; darkness was setting in. It was hopeless to think of any rescue until the sea should go down, and hour upon hours before the tide's ebb could bring them release. They hurried along the narrow ledge of floor again, the haste and excitement of the moment giving them no time to think even of Lucile's danger. They scampered, like mad school-boys, up the stairs, and when they got to the roof Nanette flung herself down and rolled about on the sea with pure power of delight. The whole thing was quite a wild, delicious adventure to this absurd girl, who now indulged, first, in a fit of wild laughter, and then in a hysterical fit, to relieve the exuberance of her mermaid spirits.

It must be owned that Churchill, too, had liked the adventure well enough so far. But he could not now doubtfully across the driving waters, and help Lucile's hand firmly in his own, as she clings to a loved being in some moment of supreme crisis.

Instead Nanette gave over her gleesome *carnowonde* and looked out over the water too. She became serious in a moment. She pushed back the hair which had fallen over her eyes, then cleared the eyes of the sea-spray which had gathered on them, and steadily studied the scene. Churchill read the expression with which she turned to him.

"The sea will rise high to-night," said the fisher-girl, "high, monsieur, over this tower. If no one sees us and the wind comes out—ah, well, *c'est fini!*"

"I know it," said Churchill.

"And I," exclaimed Lucile, passionately—"and I am not afraid! I am glad that we perish together!"

"Ah, yes, *par exemple*," murmured the poor fisher-girl. "but *my lover, à moi*, is yonder, away in the town!"

That evening M. Desterre sought wildly every where for his daughter. He thought that he ont after sunset was strange; and when the storm came on he was filled with almost frantic fear for her account. He ran about in the beach, and there heard the startling news that a plank of a boat known to belong to the fisher-girl, who was Lucille's special friend and *protégée*, had been flung ashore by the rising tide, and that the girl's lover was in despair about her. M. Desterre at once assumed that his daughter had gone out in the girl's boat, had been overtaken by the storm, and had perished. The wretched father's agony was intense, and it was imbittered by the knowledge that he had trampled on his daughter's love scheme. When things went well with M. Desterre he was a tremendous Voltairean; but now, in his prostrate misery, he collapsed into the most abject of devotees. There was on the beach, as has been already stated, a flaring shrine and hideous image of the Virgin. M. Desterre flung himself before it.

"*Marie sanctissima!*" he exclaimed; "give me back my daughter! Star of the Sea, save my Lucille. Send her to me once more, and—and—*par Dieu*" (and all the eloquence of the prayer broke down into a sob and ample anathema), "she shall marry my one she likes to-morrow!"

"*Fiend of heaven*," M. Desterre cried a cheery voice in his ear, and Frank Churchill, dripping, bruised, bleeding, with a wondering crowd after him, stood before the astonished father and held out a wet hand.

"M. Churchill! Where do you come from? Where is my daughter?"

"Your daughter! I will restore to you in twenty minutes, with the help of a stout boat and any two brave boys here. She is in the old fort with Nanette, the fisher-girl; but there is not a moment to lose, for the sea is almost level with the roof!"

Needless to say that the boat was manned and launched, and the two girls were rescued. There was, indeed, no time to lose. What had happened was simple. When Churchill saw that it was idle to think of attracting the attention of any one on the shore, he gave Nanette a quiet hint of his determination; and while she threw her arms round Lucile he flung himself into the sea. A wild shriek from the fort rang in his ears as he plunged into the dark, cold, angry water. He felt very confident of reaching the shore, for he was a stout swimmer, and the tide was rising fast. His great danger, indeed, was that he might be driven above too soon, and so dashed against part of the rocky promontory, on the extreme point of which stood the fort now so nearly submerged. But he kept out as well as he could until he was borne in front of the beach by the flowing waves; and then he allowed the waves to fling him ashore as they would, and they flung him almost at the feet of the Virgin's statue, and of M. Desterre, who prayed and vowed to her. The waters that night flowed high for the old town.

M. Desterre kept his word. His daughter was affianced to Frank Churchill the very next day. But Churchill, nevertheless, went out to fight in his country's great battle. He served all through the war, and returned none the worse, save for the marks of a wound or two, after the fall of Richmond. He is very happy with his French wife now, and they were in Washington only last year.

"We have to thank the Virgin for our happiness," said Lucille to him, piously, one day.

"The Virgin?" replied Frank. "Oh, yes, certainly—and also the old fort, and the rising tide!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PARIS lady abruptly entered her kitchen the other day and saw the cook skimming the soup with a silver spoon. "Why, Jane!" she said, in surprise, "I certainly forbade you to use the silver in the kitchen." "But, ma'am, this spoon was dirty!"

A little boy in the infant class of a Sunday-school was asked by his teacher whether he had learned any thing of a book known to belong to the fisher-girl, who was Lucille's special friend and *protégée*, had been flung ashore by the rising tide, and that the girl's lover was in despair about her. M. Desterre at once assumed that his daughter had gone out in the girl's boat, had been overtaken by the storm, and had perished. The wretched father's agony was intense, and it was imbittered by the knowledge that he had trampled on his daughter's love scheme. When things went well with M. Desterre he was a tremendous Voltairean; but now, in his prostrate misery, he collapsed into the most abject of devotees. There was on the beach, as has been already stated, a flaring shrine and hideous image of the Virgin. M. Desterre flung himself before it.

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"I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a friend to a recently widowed friend. "It must be such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good; and then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband she has got, but one can not tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

TOBACCO.

ESSAY BY A SMALL BOY.

Tobacco grows somewhere else cabbages; but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and I have heard men say that cigars that was grown to them on election day for nothing was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are somewhere kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and they hold in their hands a cigar during the hours of business, which the right hand is Injun's hands and is made of wood also. Higgs did not like tobacco the first time he tried it. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, as they had never seen a steamboat, they were frightened. My father used to say, I don't know whether he likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as he would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the portiere is open." Then he lighted his cigar immediately. My brother Tim smoked his cigar, and he said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Would to Injun some other of my business. I took a little small once, and then I sneezed.

"I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Partington, as she looked over the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good natured boy to her relative, when she saw her bonnet in the air; "as soon as the kite comes down we will give it to you."

"Jennie," said a husband to her help the other morning, "Jennie, was there any fire in the kitchen last night when you went to bed?" "Why, sir," replied Jennie, with a look of injured dignity, "I always looked regularly at Bennie; but the innocent girl was not aware of her real business." Easy Learning.

Why should Bonnet not have cared for the month of June?—Because it was not July yet (duley).

A lady who is trying to cure her husband of smoking has resorted to music for his relief. She tells complains that "it is rather an expensive habit for two."

"Bob, is your sister at home?" "Yes; but she won't be, Bob, to-night." "Why? Now seem to be said she was going to have one more seem of onions and never go out another hour."

A lawyer of this city has conspicuously displayed in his office the following suggestive notification: "Gentlemen are requested to smoke cigars outside the office. Private sanctum."

Probably the notorious baron of Paris recently took hold of the common Dumas's button-hole and worried him with Monte Christo-dies about his last which challenged even more than the others the baron's credulity. "Is it possible?" said he. "Now seem to me astonished!" The dramatist replied: "Yes, but not by your story; what does astonish me is, that you should ever find cars to pour your story into so long as people have legs to run away from you."

Policeman, stare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a boy from out his muddy hair. O, policeman was a pup, we know, but recently, he lapped his milk from a cup, when hungry, at a jump. And now he's grown to be so fierce in their place, he toil at eating bread upon our hands and feet, yes, you will surely let him be. O, policeman, have you no heart to be insensitive and prize for life—and lead. Go, put the muzzle now and put upon his mouth, and stop that bite, that wow, and tendency to growl, for in our children's pet, compassion of their joy; you will not find, O, policeman, and their hopes destroy. Go, put the muzzle now and put upon his mouth, and stop that bite, and

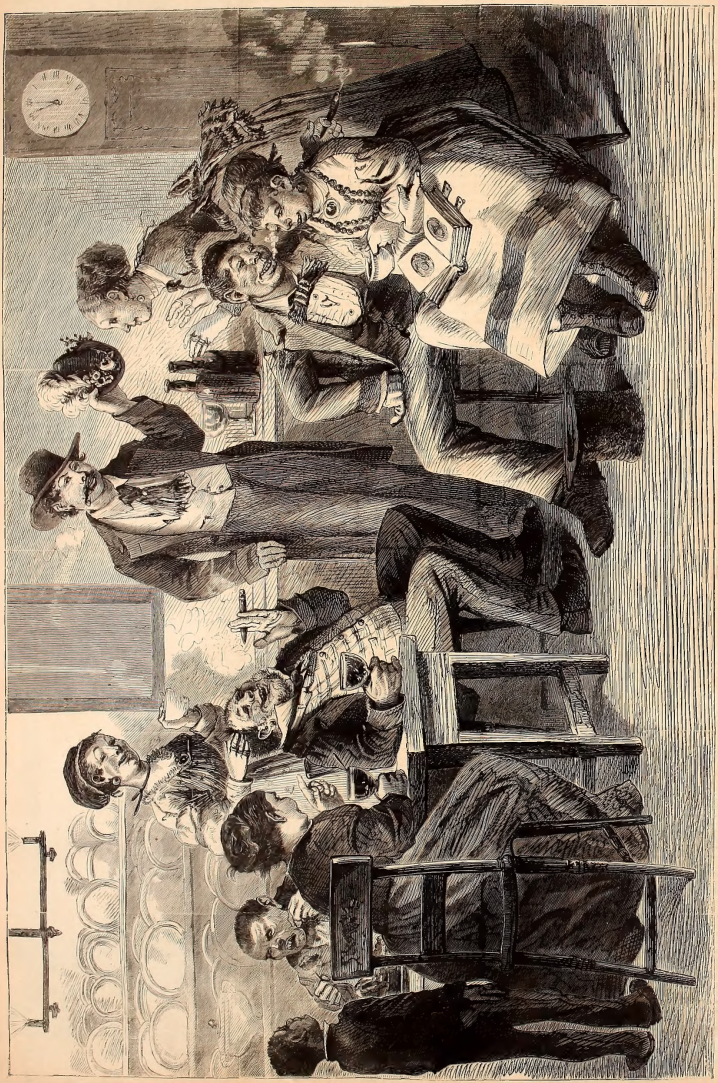

"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."—DEDICATED TO THE ABSENTEES AT SARATOGA AND LONG BRANCH.—[DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE, JR.]

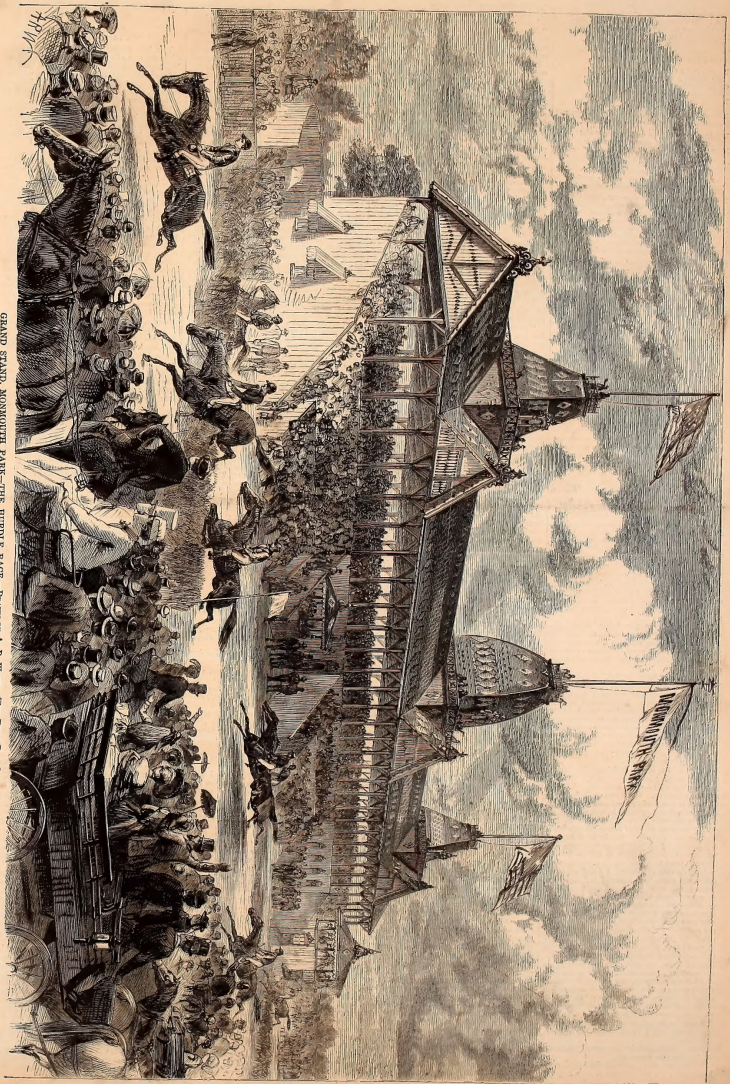

GRAND STAND, MONMOUTH PARK—THE HURDLE RACE.—DRAWN BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

A COQUETTE'S ANSWER.

You tell me that my life is bound in fetters
Of folly, fashion, vanity, and pride:
That I have made my strongest taints abettors
In trampling my best virtues till they died;
That glitter for true gold my heart has chosen,
And dreamy it pays the certain cost—
The fountains of its sweetest impulse frozen,
The graces of its noblest longings lost!

You say that I have learned to value lightly
The happiness of human souls, and look
On pretence and deception flatly, rightly,
As pages of some long-familiar book.
You say that nature's gifts, in golden largess,
My acts and aims to barren use apply:
That never, unbarred, dwell upon your changes?
No word among their many I deny.

Yet, friend, it were more needless than denial
To wake the old and story once again—
Its memories of miserable trial—
The darkness and asperities of their pain!
The days when all grew desolate and cruel
That once I decked imperishably flower!
The days when I beheld hope's precious jewel
Roll reckless to the black bleak of despair!

You know, my friend, what divine completeness
Was the ambition of my woman's faith was blest;
You saw with what unutterable weariness
I bore the dreadful silence of my breast.
But, ah! the gorgeous dream-world is unwearying!
Have you forgotten, then? Would so might I!
As life had fed my fervor of believing,
And love had given obedience to its law!

Sharp agony—stern self-control—the seeming
To move in some strange pressed vagueness far
From that all-cherished part, an icy dreaming,
And view my fellow-mortals as they are!
Such disenchantment followed. How I pardoned
The scoffing world that wrought it for me! No.
Inhibited, haughty, skeptical, and hardened,
I deal—and without mercy—blow for blow!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Passionate Heretic's Book," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

AT CROMPTON.

After the bold avowal made at the conclusion of the last chapter, Richard Yorke and his father (for such indeed he was) stood confronting one another, for more a minute, without a word. The tempest of evil passions swept over Caren's swarthy face, and his eyes flashed with a fire that seemed to threaten personal violence. The bull-dog, too, as though perceiving his master's irritation with displeasure, began to growl again; and this, perhaps, was fortunate for the young man, as affording a channel for the Squire's pent-up wrath. With a great oath, leveled alike at man and brute, he raised his foot, and kicked the latter to the other side of the room.

"Impudent bastard!" cried he; "how dare you show your face beneath my roof?"

"How dare I?" responded the young man, excitedly, and with his handsome face aglow, "Because there was naught to fear at home by day were, I should not have feared it."

"I'll, by—! I wish a game could never have entered into your young head. Your mother must have set you on to do it—come, Sir, the truth, this time."

"She did not set me on, father," insisted the other, earnestly. "I came here of my own will. I have been dwelling within a stone's throw of your house these six months, in hopes to see you face to face. She told me not to come—I even she did."

"So much the better for her," ejaculated the Squire, grimly. "If I thought that she had any hand in this, not another shilling of my money should she ever receive. It was apparent between us," he continued, passionately—"and I, for my part, am a man who knows his own mind—that she and hers should never meddle more with me and mine; and now she has broken faith."

"Nay, Sir, but she has not," returned the young man, firmly. "I tell you it was against her will that I came hither."

"The devil it was!" exclaimed the Squire, suddenly bursting into a wild laugh. "If you got your way *or her*, when she was against 'em, you must be a rare one. You are my son *for certain*, however, or you would never dare to stand here. It was a rash step, young Sir, and it might have ended in the horse-pond. I had half a mind to set my bull-dog at you. Since you are here, however, you can stay. But let us understand one another. I am your father, in a sense, and I am father, for aught I know, to half the parish; but as to being lawfully so, the law has happened to have decided otherwise. I tell you frankly, you would say about 'the rights of it;' but that's beside the question: the law, I say, for once, is on my side. And I stand by it. You shall have good reason to do so; and if your mother had been your wife, as she was not, you would be with me so far. Now, look you," and here again the speaker's manner changed with his shifting mood, "if you come again you venture to enter the house by your father, or to boast of me as such, I will have you turned out neck and crop. And as for Richard Yorke, my guest, you will be welcome at Crompton, so long as we two suit each other; only beware, young Sir, that you keep your place. I shall soon get rid of you on these terms," continued the Squire, with a chuckle; "for to speak truth must be as difficult to you, considering the stock you come of, as dancing on the tight-rope. Your mother, indeed, was a first-rate rope-dancer in that way, and I rarely caught her tripping; but you—"

"Sir," interrupted the young man, passionately, "is this your hospitality?"

"Hospitality!" sneered the Squire, good-humoredly; "I had intended to have forgotten Madam Yorke's existence. Well, Sir, what *are* you?—what do you do, I mean, for a livelihood —beside 'night-watching?'"

"I am a landscape-painter, Sir."

"Umph!" grunted Caren, contemptuously; "you don't get flat on that pasture, I reckon. Have you never done any thing else?"

For a single instant the young man hesitated to reply; then answered, firmly—

"You are quite sure of that?" inquired the other, suspiciously.

"Quite sure."

"Good! Here, come with me."

His host led the way into the main corridor, hung with tall pictures of their common ancestors, and opened the door of another apartment. It was of a vast size; and even when the Squire had lit the candles upon the mantle-piece, and those which chandeliers of ormolu of the great pier-glass, the darkness did but give place to a sort of gloomy twilight. The effect of this strange effect was the peculiarity of the furniture: the walls were of bog-oak, relieved, like those of the corridor, by silver-wrought chairs were of the same material. The curiosity of the room was, however, a sideboard, of the same dark metal size, and adorned above with ostrich feathers, which gave it the appearance of a fairy vessel cur; it was more of solid sheety as were also the carved head and foot boards; it was hung with the same quaint contrivance, and was draped and piled upon its coverlet of purple silk by a quit of Brussels point lace of exquisite design.

"I will have your traps brought in here," said Caren, throwing open the end of his cigar, and drawing from his pocket a heap of fibrets; "it will be more convenient. You will find a room through yonder door, where you can wash and point to your heart's content."

"You lodge me to splendidly, Sir, that I shall feel like Christopher Sly," observed the young fellow, gratefully.

"Ay, ay enough, I'll warrant," returned the Squire, who had just cracked a nut and found it a bad one. "That's Bred in the Bone with you, I reckon," took yonder!" As he spoke, a peculiar sour cloud upon the chimney-piece struck the half-hour, and a gilt-gorgeous clock on a pedestal, showing its fang, which was set in brilliants. "That's my forgent clock, which always reminds me of Madam, your mother, and more so, because it goes for a twelvemonth, which was just the time she and I lived in double harness. But here are your clothes, and you must be quick in getting into them, for we dine at any rate, within the hour. Now, my son and heir," and him fetch a red coat for this gentleman.—"you have the pedigree, Mr. Yorke, and before dinner is served." And with a careless nod to his guest, and a whistle to his four-footed companion, the Squire walked off.

The young man would have given much to even had he been sure of his position; but there was the events of the last few minutes, and to reflect upon his present position; but there was no time to do so. He had not the moral courage to his host by being late. He therefore and, but before the end of half an hour from his a mere exhibition of magnificence, the design was had failed; it was only Yorke's self-esteem that had been compromised; the fact was that the young fellow was of that character on whom superiority of any sort had its effect; while in the present case the signs of wealth about him gave him self-confidence, rather than any feeling of inferiority. He was not even ashamed to show himself "by rights," as the Squire had said, the best of all his sons; and by no means displeased of becoming so, not only *de jure*, but *de facto*. Certainly, as he now regarded himself in the glass, he had but little cause to do so; and as he considered at the he reflected complacently that, so far as personal appearance went, he was not likely to find a superior in any of the company he was about to meet. A handsomer young fellow than himself could scarcely be found among some moss of the Crompton gong.

He had no difficulty in finding his way to the drawing-room, for a stream of red-coated guests was already setting thither from their respective apartments, and was easily to them unannounced. This was the only apartment in the house which did not bear evidence of modern improvement, because, as on the present occasion, it was used for exactly five minutes every evening, and at no other time. Throughout the year, under the Squire's guests invariably adjourned to the billiard-table or the library, and the former of these rooms was left alone in its magnificence. This neglected apartment had probably existed since the days of the Cromptons, for each of the Crompton, although there were drawing-rooms galore there, as well as one or two such exquisite boudoirs as might have been expected from her consort. It was a burning shame, said the matrons of the district, that Caren did not make use of the county should not have a lawful mistress to grace it; and it was not their fault on has been denied that deficiency had not been supplied. It was really a splendid room, not divided any way, but long and lofty, and of vast extent, but comprehending every description of architectural vagary—bay-windows, in each of which half a dozen persons might sit and move, and recesses where as many could ensconce themselves, without their presence being dreamed of by the occupants of the central space.

At present, however, the flood of light that poured from chandelier and bracket, and flashed upon the gorgeous furniture and on the red coats of the guests, seemed to forbid concealment, and certainly afforded a splendid spectacle—a diplomatic reception, or a fancy-ball, could for brilliancy scarcely have exceeded it, though the parallel went no farther; for, with all this pomp and circumstance, there was not the slightest trace of ceremony. New guests, like Yorke himself, flocked in, and stood and stared, or paraded the room; while the less recent arrivals laughed and chatted together noisily, with their backs to the fire—of which there were no less than three alight—or lolled at full length upon the damask sofas. These groups were but, upon the whole, of an aristocratic type; many of them, indeed, were of good birth, and all had taken the usual pains with their costume, but a life of dissipation had set its vulgarizing mark on them: on the features the glass and the haunted look of the rose was indeed rarely seen—country air and rough exercise had forbidden that—but drain and the living had written their autographs upon them in another and worse handwriting. Blotches and pimples had usurped the place of that original likeness to gentlemen that is was even whispered by the scandalous that it was to prevent the contact with this resemblance, that must needs have otherwise arisen, that the Squire of Crompton compelled his sons to wear red coats. The *habitues* of the place, who were the contemporaries of the Squire, had, as it were, gone to seed, and had not the sprinkling of a better class, or, at all events, of a class that had not as yet sunk so low as they in the scale of debauchery: a young lord or two in their minority, whom their parents or guardians could not coerce into keeping better company, and other young gentlemen of fashion, in whose eyes Caren was "A devilish good fellow," and "Quite a character, by Jove!" and "A sort of man to know."

Among these last was Mr. Frederick Chandos, who had an eye-glass in one of his expressive mums with his gig-wheels, and Mr. Theodore Clare, who had been at Eton with Lord Mayo, and who had been at Oxford with Lord Mayo, and who had been at Cambridge with Lord Mayo. His Falstaff to the Squire's Prince Hal was a rotund and portly man, like his host, and somewhat florid and portly man, like his host, and somewhat florid in complexion. His smile was winning yet cool, in spite of his load of years and fat, he still considered himself a match for any lad to the fair sex.

For this information and much more, respecting the character of his fellow-guests, who were inducted to a knowledge of their patronage, who had introduced himself to him as "Parson Whyte, Sir," and whom he knew to be the Squire's chaplain. The reverend divine was as proud of that office (and infinitely more comfortable in it) as though he had been bishop to an archbishop. He was the only man present who wore a black coat, and he was conscious of a certain priestly manner, which really did smack something of the pulpit.

"Mr. Yorke," said he, blandly, "I make no apology for introducing myself to you; Caren has told me all. Having a talk about your art, and he has no secrets from his ghostly adviser. I take your hand with pleasure. I seem to feel it is the first time I ever shook hands with Poet or no, but I am, be sure, no effort of mine to be wanting to let you make a consummation."

Yorke flushed with pleasure, not at the honest terms, but that the parson will they evidently, for at the news itself—the fact of his father having revealed their relationship to him seemed so full of goodness—that he resented the man's professions, the audacity of which seemed certainly to imply that he had taken for a fool.

"I am sure, Mr. Whymper," said he, stiffly, "I ought to be greatly obliged to you."

"Hush! not Mr. Whymper, if you please, for that's a fine here. Every body at Crompton calls me 'Parson Whyte,' Sir. Not at all, we're only natural that, being what I am, I should wish you well. The law, it is true, has decided against your mother's claim, but the Church is bound to think otherwise. In my eyes you are the Squire's only son and heir, he made a whispering-gallery of his brawny hands, and added with great significance—"and heir."

"I see," said Yorke, smiling in spite of himself.

"Of course you do; and you think I was trifling with your intelligence? I tell you that it is quite on the cards that you may recover your own estate, and not lose even the money your own again. Caren is delighted with you, not so much because you saved his stags as because you are his son, and legal battle with him by the Decoy Pond. He has been consulting me professionally as to whether it would be expedient to the tables of affinity to have another set-to with you. I am sorry my reply was in the negative, but I fear it was so. I do believe you would have thrushed him; but I was so afraid of his getting the better of you, which might have ruined your fortunes."

Richard could only repeat his thanks for the kind sympathy expressed for him. "Your body here, I suppose," observed the latter, "and, with a few exceptions, which I will name to you, we all going to-morrow except Ryan Kyll. That's old Ryan yonder, with the whiskers, and his hands behind him; he has nowhere else to put them, poor fellow." And here Parson Whymper launched into biography as aforesaid.

The clock on the chimney-piece, on which the two were leaning, broke in upon the divine's scarcely less dulcet accents with its silver quarter.

"This is the first time," said Whymper, "that I have ever known your father late; and to you belongs the honor of having caused him to transgress his own immutable rule."

His wife was speaking a hunting-horn was blown in the hall beneath, and the whole company turned en masse, like a field of poppies before a sudden wind, to the door where Caren was standing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FEAST OF LAPITHÆ.

That host himself led the way down stairs, while the rear of the party was brought up by Mr. Whymper, to whom Yorke attached himself.

When they reached the dining-room, and before they took their seats at the ample table, the chaplain, with sonorous voice, gave a view holla! which was the Crompton grace.

"It is very distressing to me to have to act in this way," whispered he to his young friend, whose countenance betrayed considerable astonishment: "but it is the custom of the house; and, after all, there is no harm in it. *Ut nisimis non curat lex*, you know."

"That does not hold good with respect to the law of affinities, parson," answered Mr. Bryan Ryll, who sat on the other side of him, "if, at least, I have not forgotten my Ovid."

"I always understood that Burns had very loose views upon such matters," returned the chaplain, demurely.

"My dear parson, your remark is like that excellent gentleman which I wish I could see at this critical well-provided table—cavaier to the multitude. Why is it not furnished? You have only to say the word." Here he addressed him self to Yorke: "This worthy divine who sits at the bottom of the table, young gentleman, and who has appointed his duty in not having introduced us, is all-powerful here; and we all endeavor to make friends of him; but in the circumstance, it is whispered, the only respect in which he resembles the mammon of unrighteousness."

A shadow of annoyance crossed the parson's smiling face.

"Mr. Richard Yorke," said he, "this is Mr. Bryan Ryll, our unlicensed jester."

"Not unlicensed, on the contrary," retorted the other, with twinkling eyes, "is our Vice, and gives himself every license. What is the matter with Caren to-night? He looks glum. I dare say he has been eating greens and bacon for his dinner, because, and is now regretting the circumstance. He has no moral courage, poor fellow, and knows not how to deny his appetites.

"You never did such a wasteful thing in your life, Parson Whyte," said the host, smiling; "and yet some say that you have been a profligate."

"Know it," replied the gourmand, shaking his head; "and I forgive them. They call me a glutton, and I don't quarrel: if it be so, I have ever a master of some capacity, which is not the case with every body."

"I am hearing something about me, you big fat man," cried Caren, from the other end of the table, and he must have had a very unpleasant grasp in it. "Come, out with it!"

"If our venerable friend does not stoop to deception," answered the reverend Mr. Whyte's ear, "he will now find himself in an ugly hole."

"I was observing that you did not like your lampreys, Squire," said the stout gentleman, "and remarked that you were in no want of a fish."

"What's a feeder!" returned the host, ill-humoredly; "there's a fish, you'll own, not one yourself, for, egad, you're getting near your second childhood!"

"I must have been my plumpness and innocence which suggested that idea," responded the other, smiling. "But if you have not got a feeder, or will you have missed a great advantage, Squire. When you dine with my Lord Mayor on Monday, as always asked, Will you have a feeder, or will you not? If you say 'Yes,' you pay your half-guinea, and get him. But if you say 'No,' you get a guinea's worth for myself, and much resembles a beneficed clergyman. He annually inducted into his benefice the fossil, and delicately suggests what it is best for you to eat, to drink, and to avoid. 'No; no salmon,' he murmurs, 'if you have had turbot yesterday;' and, 'Now, a glass of Burgundy, if you please, Sir;' or, 'Now, a glass of sherry.' If an indigestible or ill-compounded *entrée* is handed, he will whisper: 'No, Sir; neither now nor never,' with quite the authority of a eminent indigestible, and he will suffer you to take Gruyere cheese, nor port with it. Sixteen. The consequence is, that the next morning feel as lively as though you had not feasted on the previous evening, and convinced what you make a good investment of your half-guinea in securing his services. If there was a feeder at Crompton," concluded the gluttonous parson, sighing, and with a hypocritical look, "it would be a boon to some of you young fellows, who might possess a healthy and devout age."

"That's a good one!" "Well done, Hyam!" "Yes you have it, Whyte!" exclaimed the guests, for such were the terms in which the gallery at Crompton expressed their approbation, whether of wit or of the beast; but Mr. Frederick Chandos and a few others, inclusive of Mr. Theodore Fane, kept a dignified silence, as over a thing that was beyond their capacities—they reserved their high approval for "gentlemen's stories" only. Even the gallery, the grim Sir whom alone the narrative had been served and garnished, sat so very quiet a moment, that Caren upon it, that "when he had used up old Ryan's brains he should now have the less scruple in turning him out-of-doors, inasmuch as it seemed there was a profession in town that was just suited to him."

How wondrous is the power of naked wealth—of the mere money! Simply because he had a large rent-roll, and that Caren could find not only companions of his own calibre—reckless good-for-naughts, or dull debauchees—but could

command grayheard experience, wit, the art of pleasing, in one man; and in another, all that was not less destitutive of, and needed more, politic management and common-sense. We do not say, as the Squire himself sometimes did, when in a good-humour with his two satellites, that Parson Whymper and Byam Rydl had more brains in their little fingers than all his other friends had in their whole bodies, but it was certain that, even when drunk, they were wiser than the others when sober: the one had acuteness enough for a great statesman (or what has been so such in England) to hold the most discordent elements together, and to make what is now seem almost sound; and, indeed, without his chaplain's dexterous skidding, Carew would long ago have irretrievably lost social caste, and dissipated his vast means to the last shilling. On the other hand, Byam Rydl was gifted with manner qualities; he was essentially a man of mark and character, and might have made his fortune in any pursuit by his own wits: had he not early had been ready-made when he came of age, and he had accepted himself very agreeably instead in getting through it, in which he had quite succeeded. Parson Whymper, who had never known what it was to have a ten-pound note to call his own, was now no worse off than he. They would both have frankly owned, had they been asked, that they detested work of any kind. Yet the chaplain had almost as much business on his hands as the lawyer of a great nobleman. The administration of Carew's affairs, besides filling an office which was by no means a sinecure, in that of its master of the ceremonies, from the rudeness in that house would have been bitterly avenged, and many a quarrel would have had a serious termination, but for the good offices of Parson Whymper. Nor would Mr. Byam Rydl have been considered by every lady to have an easy livelihood in making jests out of every occasion, to tickle the fancy of a dull general audience and of a patron, as often as not, morose: yet the flesh-pots of Egypt had attracted both these to the Squire's table, and to the property as well as their will conenting; and in exchange for meat and drink, with which at the best, they had sold themselves into slavery. Upon the whole, they were well disposed to one another: the kind of intelligence they used against the rich "roughs" with whom they had to deal; they fitted together, side by side, against the *canaille*; yet each, from the better consciousness of his own degradation, took pleasure in the humiliation or discomfiture of the other, at the rude hands of their common master.

"Profession," said Chandos, in reply to Carew's last remark, "is a good, your profession is lucky to have found one in these days. They will be the only young gentlemen who will be living without answering questions, writing down things, drawing wages, and passing. What the deuce do they call them?"

"Hanged if I know," said the Squire. "Ask Byam; he knows every thing."

"I beg Mr. Byam," drawled the young man, somewhat insolently, but without being aware that he was addressing a lawyer, "to tell me, Captain name, 'Carew says you know every thing. What is it that a gentleman is now obliged to go through before he can get any of those sort of things one used to get for the asking? What is the confounded thing one has to pass?"

"Master," answered Rydl, derisively, as though it was a riddle.

Carew laughed aloud. The nearer a retort approached to a practical joke, provided it was not at his own expense, the better he liked it.

"What did the old beggar say?" inquired Mr. Frederick Chandos, his fair face crimson with anger.

"He asked for the mustard; he didn't hear you," answered the Squire, mischievously; "he never does hear a fellow who lisps.

"I asked you, Mr. Byam," repeated the young man with dignity, "what it is that one has to pass those examinations?"

"The name of the gentleman on my left, Mr. Chandos," said Rydl, and not Byam—except to his intimate friends," interposed the chaplain; "and the name you are in want of is *examination*."

"That's it," said the young man, slapping the table, and forgetting both his mistake and his anger in the consciousness of ridiculing the solicitor. "Competitive examination is what they call it. Well, you know, there was my young brother to confound him!—looking to me to pay his bills and, in fact, having nothing to live upon, poor devil, except what I give him. So, of course, I was anxious to get him off my hands."

"Very natural," assented Carew. "For my part, I could never see what younger brothers were born for."

"You! you see it less if you had one to keep," continued Chandos. "In old times, now, I could have got a few scratching words out of some old governor, or in the colonies; and so I should now, but for one thing—that he had to pass one of these cursed examinations first. Of course, as it had to be done, and as Jack, according to his own account, was as much out of form for one as another of them, I recommended him to try his luck for something in India; for as long as you can keep a fellow on the other side of the world he can't bow you—not to hurt; it sin't like cutting a fellow!—and you need never read his letters unless you like. Well, India's in, 'says Jack; 'that's as good a place as any other;' though, in my opinion, he never expected to go there. He thought he had no chance whatever of pulling through, and so did I, for the fact is, Jack is a born fool."

"Did you say he was your brother, or only your half-brother?" inquired Mr. Byam Rydl with an appearance of great interest.

"My very own brother, Sir," replied the unconscious Chandos, flattered to find such attention paid to him; "and as like to me as one thimble, I mean as one pea, is to another. Well, the strange thing is, the dence alone knows how it happened, but *Jack got through*." Here he took a bumper of port, as though in honor of that expression. "In a perfect marvel, but the best thing for *him* (as well as for me) in the world. Nobody ever went out under better auspices, for the governor at Madras is one of mine and Jack was to school with his private sec.: it's a first-rate connection. Our family has been connected with India for ever so long. I'll tell you how."

"It is a most admirable connection," observed Mr. Byam Rydl; "and the whole circumstances of the case will, I have no doubt, be interesting in the highest degree to the new Lord Bengal. Your brother should embody them in a neat speech, and deliver it from the deck of the steamer before he lands."

It is probable that Mr. Frederick Chandos would have no further opportunities of this observation as to have accepted it as a compliment had not Carew given utterance to a wild laughs, which brotReead high approval, and was one of his few tokens of enjoyment. He had received unmistakable proofs of weariness and boredom before his intellectual henchman had been struck to his latsalf, or was even really gratified for the rescue. Chandos was mustering some drunken words of insolence and anger; but Carew bore of no reply.

"Pooh, pooh! Old Byam was right!" cried he, with boisterous mirth. "I dare say all that long story of yours may interest the public by-and-by; but for me, I care nothing about it. It's all rubbish. Be quiet, Byam, and don't let's to0 early yet for buffets. Here, bring the beaker."

This was a magnificent tankard, the pride of Crompton, which, at the conclusion of dinner, was always filled with claret, and was then passed round the table. It was lined with silver gilt, but made of ivory, and had a cover of the same, richly finely carved. On the top was represented a Forest Scene, with Satyrs pursuing Nymphs; on the lid was the Bacchic Triumph, while the stem was formed by a sculptured figure of Hercules. If the artist, Magnus Berg, who had fashioned it long ago at Rome, for the Duke, had had foresight of the sort of company into whose hands his work was in these days to pass he could not have left it in a more fit condition. His Satyrs and his Centaurs had here their representatives in the flesh; while the tense uneasiness of the son of Alcmena had their counterpart in those of the man who now stood up at the head of that splendid table, and poured out a draught as though the port were porter. It was a feat to hold it even when empty, but Carew drew did so; but to empty it at a draught was, even for him, an impossibility, for it held three bottles of wine. Byam Rydl was known to be acquitted of entertaining reverence for any thing human or divine, and with the same equanimities regard for his beaker, and believed that so long as he held it his possession—like the "Luck of Eden Hall"—it would never be taken from him. He attached all the importance of a religious ceremony—and, indeed, to him it was one—to the precise moment when the liquor should be practical—to the using of this goblet, and on every conceivable occasion. The stage was, that one held the beaker in his left hand, and drank with his right, after a ceremonious bow to him: and it fell to the lot of the clerical Chandos to perform this latter duty immediately after dinner, and when there was still much wine in the goblet. Carew rose as to his footing, and, having sight of its elevation, as well as with the weight of his burden, he hesitated to drink. Perhaps, in his already overwhelmed brain, he had some notion of first passing the vessel on, and thereby showing his magnanimity. Such a thought, however, would have been unfortunate for him, for, with a fierce ejaculation of impatience, Carew crammed the great lid on the young man's head, and, lifting the huge helmet of Ormaita, came down over nose and chin. Blackened with the contents of the goblet, and the contents of the goblet into what he thought was the Squire's face, but which was indeed the private face of his own wounded minister, Chandos rose and then began a scene that Smollett alone could have described with fitting vigour. Carew, as he was unfortunate for him

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

PRINCE LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern, whose candidature for the Spanish throne was so eagerly made the pretext for war by the Emperor of France, is a quiet, reserved, and rather studious man of thirty-five, with a disposition quite the reverse of bellicose. Possessed of great wealth, and taking no part in military or political affairs, he lives the pleasant life of a gentleman of leisure, and probably nothing but his bigoted attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, which may require a firm hand to support it in Spain, induced him to listen to the overtures of General PRIM.

The HOHENZOLLERNS, to whom the reigning family of Prussia belongs, date back to the beginning of the ninth century. Its most ancient progenitor mentioned in history is Count THASSILO, whose romantic story is narrated in CARLYLE'S history of "Frederick the Great." The territory, which since 1849 has formed an administrative division of Prussia, derives its name from a fine old castle, situated on the very summit of a mountain near Hechingen. It lies between Wurtemberg and Baden, and contains an area of about 400 square miles, and 60,000 inhabitants. The castle, as well as its situation, as may be seen from our engraving, is exceedingly picturesque. The region it overlooks is one of the most beautiful in all Germany. The mountains, though not attaining any thing like Alpine grandeur, present a charmingly picturesque variety, and every locality has its poetic legend and its association with the old heroic age of Germany. We fancy that Prince LEOPOLD could ill afford to exchange this peaceful retreat for the vain honors of a crown.

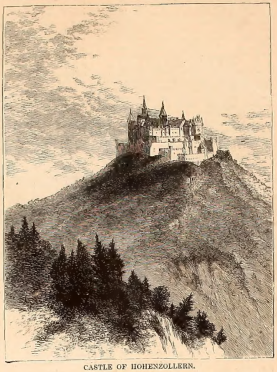

CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

MOVING TO THE FRONT.

IT is reported that LOUIS NAPOLEON counted upon disaffection in South Germany as a strong element in his projected promenade across the Rhine, and that the delay in the movement was caused by the unwelcome discovery that he had reckoned without his host, and that the disaffection was confined to a few princes whose importance had been lessened by the overshadowing greatness of Prussia. The mass of the people were found to be true to their old dream of German unity, and as soon as the news of the declaration of war against Prussia was published in Germany an uprising of the people took place very similar to what was witnessed in this country immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter. Throughout all the northern and southern states alike, the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Every government responded readily to the call for troops, and at once placed its forces at the disposal of Prussia. From every part of the country they were rapidly transferred to the front, and before NAPOLEON was ready for his dash across the Rhine he found himself in the face of an army equal to his own in numbers, and animated by a far higher enthusiasm. His great opportunity was lost.

GERMAN TROOPS MOVING TO THE FRONT.

THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH.

THE cottage purchased by President GRANT at Long Branch, where he has retired for a brief interval of much-needed repose from the responsible duties of public life, is, as may be seen by our illustration, a very tasteful and elegant bit of summer architecture. It stands directly on the Bluff, some distance beyond the most western of the long line of hotels, and commands a fine view of the ocean on one side, and of the village and landscape on the other. The side of the cottage shown in our illustration fronts the road, from which a winding drive-in leads up to the door. The appearance of the grounds is somewhat barren and dreary; but this is a disadvantage in which all the cottages on the Bluff share alike, as the strong sea-breeze renders abortive every attempt at landscape-gardening. Neither tree nor shrub will flourish there; and the utmost that can be done is to cultivate a lawn. Turf, fortunately, appears to flourish; and, with a proper amount of culture, a fine, smooth, velvet lawn can be secured, which lovers of croquet can appreciate. Most of the cottages along the Bluff are thus surrounded, and the wide piazzas, in many cases extending on every side of the building, supply the place of natural shade.

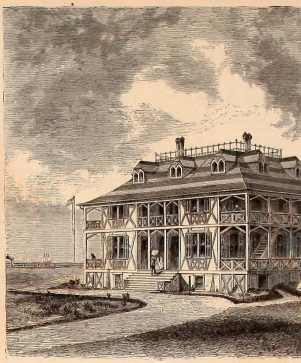

PRESIDENT GRANT'S COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH.—[PHOT. BY E. W. PAGE.]

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THIS pretty and attractive sea-coast picture, engraved from an admirable water-color drawing by Mr. J. D. WATSON, a popular English artist, represents a scene at Cullercoats, a favorite bathing resort on the English coast. A little fisher-girl, barefooted, and with a mass of tangled hair falling over her forehead, is dragging a huge fish, almost as big as herself, by the gills, and looking down upon it with evident complacency. It is low tide, and the stretch of sand is broken by protruding rocks, among which lie still, bright pools of water; in the back-ground one long breaker stretches across the picture beneath a sweep of cloudy sky, a gleam of light on the left being reflected in the quiet pools. But is it not almost saddening to reflect how much prettier and more picturesque such a subject is in a painting, from a master's hand, than such a scene in real life would be?

THE LAST SMILE.

We have all seen in print, and most of us perhaps on real living lips and faces, what is called a sardonic smile. Not all of us may be aware of the alleged origin of that expression. The sardonic laugh of the ancients was an involuntary distortion of the muscles of the mouth, occasioned by a poisonous plant grown in Sardinia; and persons who died of this poison had a smile on their countenances—whence came about the meaning of a forced, or affected, and grimacing smile.

To a mere muscular mechanical movement is referred, by physiologists, the smile, so sweetly the reverse of sardonic, which is to be observed so often on the faces of the dying and of the dead. But under the spell of that suggestive aspect, one is inclined to scout a physiological reduction of it to its lowest terms, in the style of Horatio's objection to a certain post-mortem examination on the part of the Prince of Denmark, that "twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Edgar Poe adverts somewhere to what he calls "that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death."

Chateaubriand claims, at the time of the exhumations of 1815, to have at once recognized the head of the Queen, "by the smile which this head had directed toward me at Versailles," and which imagination, or some correlative force, so conjuncently but so unmistakably saw there still. Beattie's letter, announcing the death of Lord Lyttleton, records a "fixed smile on his lifeless countenance." When the amiable doctor, some twenty years later, had to record the death of his own promising son, he was careful not to omit in his instance the like record of a settled smile. Of Geoffrey St. Hilaire it was that Edgar Quinet wrote, "Il approche, *en souriant*, de la vérité sans voile"—and this was literally true *in articulo mortis*. "Surely the angels had *strolled* him," said one of the children of that venerable Jameson of Methven who, renowned for a life-long smile, was found dead one morning on the hearth-rug—"*the* smile shining all radiant on his face," as having defied and survived death. Wordsworth devoutly commemorates in a sonnet the "heaven-revealing smile" on the face of the "dear sister, become Death's bride," he lost in 1836. To him that vision sanctified the sway of Death.

Father Eustace, in Scott's "Monastery," is described gazing on the pallid corpse of the Lady of Avenel, "from which the spirit had parted so placidly as to leave a smile upon the thin blue lips"—lips so long wasted by decay as to have parted with the last breath of animation without the slightest convulsive tremor.

Nicholas Nickleby, watching poor Smike in the slumber that preceded a deeper slumber that knows no waking, saw the closed eyes open, and a placid smile come on the pale face; for the dying boy's dreams had been tranquillizing, even joyous. Soon the slumberer slumbered again, and again smiled—died smiling.

The bereaved mother in MRS. Gaskell's "Tale

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. D. WATSON.]

of Manchester Life," who can not realize her bereavement, would fain persuade herself that her murdered Harry is pretending to be asleep—"Harry is so full of fun"—and playfully defying them all to waken him. "Look! he is smiling now; he hears I have found him out. Look!" And, in truth, the lips, in the rest of death, did look (we read) as though they were a smile; and the waving light of the unsmiled candle almost made them seem to move. In the same writer's pathetic story of "Ailie," the daughter pauses at the look of the dead woman's "beautiful, calm, still face, on which the last rapturous smile still lingered, giving the youthful look of bright serenity."

Lord Lytton's closing page of the "New Phædo" details the last moments of the dying philosopher. And here is the last of all: "I heard a slight sigh, and knew he was awake. I bent over to look into his face. The light from the window came full upon it, and I was struck—appalled, by the surpassing beauty of the smile that rested on the lips. But those lips had fallen from each other." For the life was departed; but the smile remained. So in "Harold" we have the hero gazing intently, lamp in hand, on the countenance of the father that he just lost: "That strange smile of the dead, common alike to innocent and guilty, had already settled on the serene lips;" and the old man seemed sleeping in his prime. In a later fiction from the same pen we have the old man whom life has been smileless, dying with a smile. In yet another we have the lady dying in pain—shrieking, and without a groan; and Leonard closes tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covers the face, the lips smile a moment farewell. And of the Susan Mainwaring of the same author we read that she "lingered days and days" more, and then, for the first time since William's death, she smiled—that smile remained on the face of the corpse. In "Ernest" your eyes rest on Mr. Sherwin; in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Basil," when the servant drew the curtain aside that night, the mistress still slept, and saw that her eyes were closed, and that "a lovely, happy smile, such as had never once been seen on that face for both years and years, was visible on it now."

The late Caroline Lucas Lytton of "Wuthering Heights" is pictured with smooth brow, her lids closed, her lips wearing the expression of a smile—"almost a smile of recovery—of the last thoughts to pleasant early days. Isabel, the Doctor's Wife, has a sense of any pretense when she tells that her husband is dead than Charles Raymond's significant assurance, "I never saw such a smile upon a human face as I see there now on his." The best glimpse M. Edmond About allows us of Colette is when the dying face resembles to analyze, for the last time, that flower of virtue and beauty: "Her face was calm and smiling; . . . it had effaced all the ravages of disease: Tulla was again, for one day, the prettiest girl of Rome." Like Elaine, in the "Idylls of the King,"

> "——and that clear-featured face
> Was lovely, for she did rest on it still,
> But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

Or, like Edith, found by Arvingus within the cave,

> "——stark, as you see:
> Thus smiling, as some fair battle-field slumber,
> Not as death's dust, being fought of."

SUCCESSFUL ORATORY.

THERE is one essential condition of successful oratory, which we are rather apt to overlook in discussing the causes of its rarity, and which, nevertheless, has something to do with its question. That condition is simply that the speaker should believe in what he says. All the supposed methods of teaching elocution and securing a correct style may be very excellent in their way; and nobody can say that we do not feel the want which they recognize. It is painful to see men try to perform on the elocutionary pianos, all instruments, their own voices, without trying to understand the methods of rendering them effective. But such methods are not enough, because the greatest successes have been attained without them. Every public speaker who is skillful as Garrick or Lord Chatham in the management of voice and gesture, speaches might still be a weariness to the flesh; and we have all was as clumsy as the poor clergyman stuttering through his first sermon, this century ought to be as moving as the clumsy pleading for his life of an innocent man. If speeches are generally dull, we must ask how they are manufactured—whether they are likely to be the utterance of genuine conviction, or an attempt of the orator's ego to swagger themselves into a conviction.

What are the speeches which really rex our souls, and make us denounce the wrong or be rhetoric as an imposition and a bore? These is the kind of speech which may be expected to produce among eggs, where the performer is naturally anxious not so much to be graceful or vigorous, as to keep clear of producing a general smash. We admire the dexterity of his manœuvres; we smile as we see him approaching some plump down upon some forbidden conclusion, and yet by one dextrous twist at the last moment put ourselves himself from the threatening inevitable catastrophe. He advances and retreats, and winds in and out, and puts on a bold countenance on his dangers, that we are half-persuaded, for the time, that the movements are spontaneous and natural, and that he is not keeping an eye all the time upon the dangerous topics which it is his real object to avoid. Everyone as the feat may be, and completely as it may sometimes take in the initiated, even the uninitiated are dimly conscious of a certain constraint in the performer, which prevents them from catching the desired contagion. No man can speak really well who is not speaking freely, and who is haunted throughout by the dread that his genuine feelings may slip out at some temporary relaxation of his care. Equally painful is that variety of speech which is so often made by an official personage, who has to defend some grievance which, in the days of his independence, he had been the first to attack. Nobody has yet invented a mode of throwing dust in his own eyes and those of his hearers, so as to excite genuine enthusiasm. Or, again, it may be observed that political converts have generally very poor success as orators. Sunday morning. June the 18th, 1815; his father held him by the hand, and the two were walking to Hythe Church in Kent. To their surprise they found the congregation standing outside the church door, although it was not cool, and service was commencing within. They were anxiously listening to the first reverberations of the cannon which came from the east. It became afterward known that the clock of the church of Nivelles struck eleven at the moment when fired from the French centre at Waterloo on that day; and it was a fair inference that the sound of Hythe proceeded from those guns, although the distance can hardly be less than a hundred and ten miles. It was impossible to distinguish the sound, except in one account, the battle did not begin till half past eleven. But on this there was a explanation that, if the clock near the field of Waterloo kept Brussels time, and that at Hythe kept Greenwich time, there was, at the time, the difference of longitude would go far to fill up this gap. Hythe was in the county of Kent, in southeast of England where, it is believed, the noise of the Waterloo guns was heard. On the afternoon of that eventful Sunday a party of gentlemen residing at Walmer was walking in his garden, when his attention was arrested by a sound which he supposed at first to be sandy soil as if it were being invisibly shaken. He called the attention of his old gardener to this circumstance, inquiring of him: "Then, Sir, there's going going on t'other side; I have seen this before when there has been fighting." It is not recorded that the natural sound was heard on this occasion; but this kind of earth-trembling is another well-known effect of such phenomena. Some difficulty arises in understanding these matters when it is asserted that the sound of the same guns was heard at Sir General Colville's four counting the Mons road at a distance of not more than a hundred and fifty miles. Men of science, however, are conversant with the fact that different layers or strata of atmosphere, however great a particular spot may, in hot weather, have different degrees of density and moisture, reflecting sound in their power of conveying a curious vibrations to a distance. Nevertheless, the facts ought to be stated honestly, whether they seem to be for or against any particular theory. Not only in Kent, but further north, was the sound held. In some of the Midland counties at Stairvell Gap, near Aldborough, in Suffolk, heard sounds at the very time of the battle, which seemed to have come from the German Ocean.

As to meteorological and volcanic phenomena, which lie beyond the limit of man's control, it is scarcely possible to guess the maximum distance to which sound may penetrate. When the meteor or fire-ball of 1719 burst in the air, at a height of nearly seven miles above the earth's surface, it sounded like a large cannon, or even—as some said—a broadside. When the great meteor of 1783 fell a mile in diameter—rushed along with a speed of twenty miles a second, and set a height of fifty miles, it gave out a sort of hissing noise at first sound. These distances may not appear very great; but we must bear in mind that at such high altitudes the atmosphere is of extraordinary tenuity, little fitted to convey any sonorous impulses whatever. Geologists and physical geographers have placed upon record the fact that, in 1815, the Tomboro Mountain, in the island of Sumbawa, in the course of a volcanic activity from April to July; and that on one particular day the noise of the frightful convulsion was heard at the city of Ternate, seven hundred miles, and even at Sumatra, nine hundred miles distant in the opposite direction. Extending to the second given by Sir Stamford Raffles this must have been one of the most terrible volcanic eruptions on record. Of twelve thousand persons living on the island all were destroyed except a mere handful. Hurricanes arose which carried up into the air men and horses as well as trees uprooted from the ground. The sound was heard in the neighboring islands as to darken the sir no or three hundred miles off, and to form a bed in the sea two feet thick and several miles wide, which produced a shoal on the west side of Sumatra. In Java these ashes produced a darkness more than midnight at mid-sight. The sea rose suddenly on the coast of Sumbawa from two to twelve feet, coming a wave which rushed entirely up all the rivers, and placed the town of Tomboro under water. So far as we are aware, this distance is the greatest at which sound has ever been heard.

THE MENDICANT ORDERS.

THE idea of the mendicant orders originated in the head of Johnn Bernardini, the good-for-nothing son of a shop-keeper in Assisi, in Umbria. He is known under the name of St. Francis of Assisi, or "the poor man." All that, however, well in his father's business he became a soldier, and was taken prisoner, and fell sick. It is not clear how he became a saint, for at first he appeared to be an idiot; of whom the infallible Pope Honorius himself said, "that he was a simpleton." He kept the lowest company, wore the most filthy rags, and piously robbed his father to get means for the restoration of a ruined Church. However, the Bishop of Assisi took him under his protection, and seems to have seen about the country begging for his Church, with such unexpected success that he conceived the idea of instituting a mendicant order. Though Pope Honorius despised him, Innocent III., equally infallible, confirmed the code which Francis drew up for his new order, notwithstanding his infallibility's having called it, at first, "a rule for pigs, but not for human beings."

"Alms," Francis declared, "are our heritage, alms are our justice, begging is our purpose and our royal dignity; ignominy and contempt are our honor and our glory on the day of judgment." Francis was the best example of humility. In the commencement he was very much laughed at; but after nine or four years the reputation of his sanctity stood so high that the clergy and people came to meet him in procession when he approached a city, and the bells of all the churches welcomed him. The more the street boys threw dirt at or pelted him with, the better he was pleased. When he went about begging in Assisi he got every kind of alms that he received into the same pot, and when he became hungry he fed from the heterogeneous mess. Once, invited to dinner by a cardinal, he did not touch any of the dainty dishes, but stuck to his pot, to the disgust of all the guests. He loved the lower animals very much, and called them his brothers and sisters. He frequently prayed and to geese, ducks, and fishes; and when once the swallows and sparrows disturbed him by their twittering, he asked his "dear sisters" to keep quiet. For recreation, he rolled himself on thorns, went up to the neck in freezing ponds, and lay in the snow. He died in 1226; but during his life the number of Franciscan monks was very great, and after his death increased to 5,000 monks and 8,000 nuns in the ten-there. The Franciscan General offered Pope Pius III. an army of fifty thousand Franciscans if he was war against the Turks. Though a great many convents were destroyed by the Reformation, there was still existing, at the beginning of the last century, seven thousand monasteries and nine hundred nunneries of this order.

The sworn enemies of the Franciscans were the Dominicans, whose origin dates from about the same time. They are named after St. Dominicus, a Spaniard, whose name was Dominic Guzman. He was sent to France to convert some heretics (the Waldenses), and there contrived the idea of instituting a monks' order for the instruction of the people. He received permission from the Pope; and to this order the Romish Church owes the introduction of the Inquisition and the censorship of books.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 712.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. [$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

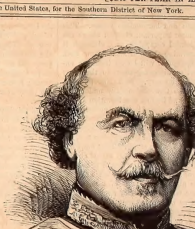

MARSHAL CANROBERT.

FRENCH COMMANDERS.

WE give on this page the portraits of five of the most eminent of the French commanders now opposed to the Prussians along the Rhine. First in ability and renown is Marshal M'MAHON, Duke of Magenta, who was born at Sully, July 13, 1808. He is a descendant of an old Irish Catholic family, attached to the STUARTS. He entered the military school of St. Cyr in 1825, won his first laurels in Algeria, where he fought in numerous battles and minor engagements, and became conspicuous through his bravery and daring during the assault on Constantine. His superiority as a tactician became soon apparent, and was fully appreciated and rewarded by rapid advancement. His long career as a military commander in the colony, and his never-ceasing activity in behalf of the firm establishment of French authority in Northern Africa, were interrupted, for some time at least, by his recall to France in 1855. It was not, however, the intention of the government to let him remain inactive; he was, on the contrary, immediately assigned to the command of a division of infantry, forming part of the army under Marshal Bosquet. Here he laid the foundation of his military glory by the ever-memorable and successful assault on the Malakoff fortifications at Sebastopol, which had generally been considered impregnable. In 1857 he returned to Algeria, forced the revolting Kabyles into submission, and was soon after appointed commander-in-chief of all the French forces there on land and sea. The outbreak of the Italian war, in 1859, caused his return to France, when he was assigned to the command of the Second Corps of the Army of the Alps. The victory of Magenta has been mainly attributed to the brilliant action of Marshal M'MAHON, who was accordingly created Duke of Magenta on the field of battle.

Marshal CANROBERT was born June 27, 1809. He was admitted to the military school of St. Cyr in 1825, which he left in 1828 to enter the 17th regiment of the line as Second Lieutenant, and soon after joined the military expedition to Mascara, fought bravely in several engagements against the hostile tribes in Northern Africa, and assisted at the storming of Constantine in 1837. He was sent back to France in 1839 for the purpose of forming a battalion for the foreign legion out of the dispersed bands of Carlists. He succeeded in this, and returned to Africa in 1841, where he was intrusted with the command of a battalion of chasseurs à pied and of the 64th regiment of the line, suppressed the rebellion of Bon Maza, and during eight months of desperate fighting forced most of the revolting tribes of Kabyles into submission. He was engaged in various parts of Northern Africa for nearly eight years, led some of the most daring and adventurous expeditions into the interior, and every where distinguished himself by his coolness, bravery, and quick adaptation to the warfare he had to resort to. Returning to France, he proved by his services to LOUIS NAPOLEON that he meant to be a firm supporter of the new regime, and in fact he has ever since been one of the staunchest friends and firmest adherents to the Second Empire. He was made General of Division in 1853, took part in the expedition to the Crimea, and when Marshal ST. ARNAUD felt his end approaching he transmitted the command of the entire French army to CANROBERT. This was in accordance with an order given in a private letter by the Emperor NAPOLEON himself. Having won new laurels at the sanguinary battles of Inkermann, Balaklava, and Eupatoria, he conferred with Lord RAGLAN, commander of the British forces, and urged him to participate in an immediate assault on Sebastopol. The two commanders being unable to agree, and Lord RAGLAN steadily refusing to co-operate in the intended movement, CANROBERT resigned in favor of General PELISSIER, and left the Crimea two months after. During the Italian campaign, in 1859, he commanded the Third Army Corps, fought at Magenta, and afterward contributed most essentially to the decisive victory of the French army at the battle of Solferino.

MARSHAL M'MAHON.

Marshal BAZAINE was born February 13, 1811. He studied at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and entered the army in Africa when twenty years old. After six years of uninterrupted warfare against the Kabyles and other hostile tribes, he was assigned to the foreign legion, and sent into Spain in 1837 to suppress the Carlist movement in that country. He returned to Algeria in 1839, joined the expedition against Milianah and Morocco, and was for several years Governor of the Arabian subdivision of Tlemcen. During the Crimean war, where he was in command of a brigade of infantry, he is said to have distinguished himself by his bravery and by his talent for organization. When the Russians had evacuated Sebastopol, BAZAINE was made Governor of the place. He took no part in the campaign against Austria in 1859, but was intrusted with the command of the expedition to Mexico in 1862. The Emperor NAPOLEON, taking advantage of the civil war then raging in the United States, conceived the idea of establishing an empire at our southern frontier, hoping thus to prepare the way for the final supremacy of the Latin race on this continent. The attempt proved a failure. French pride was humiliated, and the army compelled to re-embark toward the close of 1866. As to the prominent part of Marshal BAZAINE in this unlucky enterprise, it will be long remembered by the Mexican people. From the time of his landing at Vera Cruz until his hasty exit from the country of the MONTEZUMAS, he is known to have looked upon the Mexicans as a mongrel race of barbarians, to whom, however, he was only too ready to set an example of barbarism not equaled in civilized warfare.

General FROSSARD, commander of the Second Army Corps, was born April 26, 1807. From 1825 to 1827 he was a pupil of the Polytechnic School. During the administration of General CAVAIGNAC he was made a Lieutenant-Colonel, and took part in the expedition which put an end to the Roman Republic. Having gained the reputation of being one of the most eminent officers in point of military science, and in particular in the art of fortification, he was appointed, in 1852, director of the fortifications of Oran, in Algeria, with the rank of Colonel, and subsequently, after being appointed General of Brigade, member of the Committee of Fortifications. In 1859 he took part as General of Division in the Italian campaign. After serving as aid-de-camp to the Emperor, and member of the Committee of Defense, General FROSSARD was, by decree of March 15, 1867, made Chief of the Military Household of the Emperor and Governor of the Prince Imperial, whose military instruction he is said to have conducted with military rigor. At the beginning of the year 1869 he was appointed President of the Committee of Fortifications.

General DE FAILLY was born in 1808. He received his military education at St. Cyr, and was at the time of the revolution of 1848 Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of the line. He took part in the Crimean war as Brigadier-General, and greatly distinguished himself at the battles of the Alma, of the Mamelon, and of the Malakoff. He commanded a division in the Italian campaign, and was wounded at the battle of Solferino. He was afterward appointed Governor of Paris, and Commander-in-Chief of the Second Army Corps.

GENERAL FROSSARD.

GENERAL DE FAILLY.

Jon-Vert, and of Tract tit. After his return he was made aid-de-camp of the Emperor, and during the Italian war he commanded a division of the army corps of General NIEL, and distinguished himself at Magenta and Solferino. In 1867 he was selected to put down the Garibaldian movement, and in this campaign made the first trial on a large scale of the chassepot, which, as he said in his report, worked wonderfully at Mentana. In October, 1869, General FAILLY was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army Corps, and is now at the head of the Fifth Corps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

THE CAMPAIGN AT HOME.

THE Republican party in New York will hold its Convention for the nomination of Governor in September, and its own condition and the situation of the country require a plain and emphatic declaration of principles, and the most vigorous and harmonious action. That will be the most important election before the next Presidential campaign, and, although it will not determine the position of the New York in that campaign, it will be an immense encouragement or discouragement to the party throughout the country. It is, therefore, essential that the Convention fully understand the situation, and its first consideration should be that it must address itself to actual questions. The war is over. Reconstruction is accomplished. The Democratic party, which perplexed and prolonged the war, has not, indeed, acquiesced in the result. That must not be forgotten. And if that party should choose to contest the Presidential election of 1872 upon the ground of a refusal to acknowledge the validity of the amendments, and of a resolution to reopen the whole subject of reconstruction, it would be as overwhelmingly defeated as it was in 1864 upon a platform of surrender to the rebellion, or in 1868 upon that of repudiation and rebel acceptance.

But although the folly of that party seems to be exhaustless, it is not expedient to take it for granted. A wise general credits his antagonist with sagacity that his own victory may be surer and more splendid. The country knows that the Republican party has saved the integrity and honor of the Union, that it has reconstructed it upon principles of justice, and has confirmed its great work by constitutional amendments. It knows, also, that the party will defend its own work. But it does not seriously believe that the Democratic party will undertake to disturb the settlements, and the public attention is, therefore, fixed upon other points. Perhaps the most immediately pressing and unnerving question is that of the financial policy. What is the Republican principle on this subject?

Take no project of it—that of taxation. The country is heavily taxed. Taxes must necessarily continue to be heavy for a long time. But upon what principle shall they be laid? Shall the country be taxed now to pay the debt, or shall the burden be shared with those who follow us? In other words, shall taxation be reduced?

It is a proud fact that during the year and a half of General GRANT'S administration the decrease of the public debt has been $156,138,784 01. Meanwhile, also, Congress has sometimes reduced taxation. But is the Administration stronger, is the continued ascendency of the party surer for those facts? And if not, what is the reason? Is it not that the policy of reduction is not believed to be a general and acknowledged party policy? The debate upon the tariff, the action upon the income tax, the declaration of leading Republican journals that the burden ought to be temporarily borne, showed plainly enough that the reduction was rather a chance than a policy. Now, upon such a subject at this time, no party can hope to succeed if it has not a distinct and declared principle. It can not shuffle and evade. Shuffling is confusion. Evasion is defeat. It must pronounce plainly in the expectation will, for a reduction of taxes or against it.

It is further desirable that this be done, because, after the action of Congress upon the President's proposition to buy foreign ships, every candidate for the House must satisfy his constituents as to his views of a true revenue system. A great party can not have two opinions upon that subject when that subject is of immediate and commanding importance. It is useless to say that the Democratic party also has no unanimity upon that point, because we ought not to depend upon the folly of the enemy. Their action may be no wiser than ours. But they have the immense advantage of professing only; they can not be tried, as we are, by practice. Every faithful Republican wishes to be just to the general patriotic purpose of the late House of Representatives. But every Republican member of that House, looking calmly at the proceedings and results of the last session, must doubt whether, upon the whole, its action was an advantage to the party. It is contended on every side that the Democratic party will largely increase its force in the next House. And what was the reason of the discord of this last session, and of the party dissatisfaction with its results? It is very plain. It is that the House was dealing with questions for the consideration of which it was not elected. Consequently its last act was the extraordinary one to which we recently alluded as so significant. It refused to approve the recommendation of the President to enable the country to take a proper advantage of the opportunity presented by the war in Europe.

Now the Republican majority in the next House will be smaller, and if, upon so vital a subject as the general prosperity and policy of the country, it has no opinion, or has two very positive opinions, the Democratic minority will control legislation, and the Republican Administration will be paralyzed. We can not expect, if that should be the case, that the country in 1872 will support a party which has shown that what it thinks upon the gravest public questions. It does not seem to us possible to avoid the necessity of plain action in the party platforms. It certainly will be impossible for Congressional candidates who hope to be elected. And the party leaders should have learned that of all policies timidity and obscurity are the worst. When the rebellion was thundering at the government and people, the Democratic party did not falter. It called a rebel, rebel; and a Copperhead, Copperhead. It laid heavy hands; it decreed a draft, and it drafted men. No party ever did a greater work more gloriously.

All this is not to be forgotten. On the contrary, it is to be perpetually remembered, but remembered for instruction and inspiration. And the party leaders should have learned that of all policies timidity and obscurity are the worst. When the rebellion was thundering at the government and people, the Democratic party did not falter. It called a rebel, rebel; and a Copperhead, Copperhead. It laid heavy hands; it decreed a draft, and it drafted men. No party ever did a greater work more gloriously.

All this is not to be forgotten. On the contrary, it is to be perpetually remembered, but remembered for instruction and inspiration. The party leaders should have learned that a gunmount purpose, to which every member was answeringly devoted. That purpose was plainly declared and fearlessly pursued. It is the secret of political success. But are we not becoming timid and, therefore, feeble? In the apprehension of losing the support of this interest or of that, are we not compromising the essential conditions of victory? The want of a unanimous policy apparent in the action of Congress has placed us somewhat at a disadvantage. But an appeal to our old glories, inserted in their day, will not restore them. Are we the men for this? Let us prove it by showing the same faith, the same sagacity, the same devotion. The past is never enough. Even Marathon could not save MILTIADES.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

IF the report be true that General DE RODAS in the Spanish Governor-General of Cuba, has asked for fifteen thousand troops, it is evident that the struggle upon the island is not yet ended. It has all the general characteristics of the revolution of the Spanish American colonies in the earlier part of the century. That was a conflict which began in 1810, and smouldered along for twenty years. Spain steadily refused to acknowledge the independence of the colonies although it was a manifest fact. They had established governments which, were in full and successful operation; collecting revenue, raising and maintaining armies, and beginning navies. They had strengthened themselves internally, and had concluded treaties of amity and commerce with other states. Great Britain and the United States appointed consuls to reside at South American ports; and the declaration of Monroe doctrine was a very distinct growl of sympathy with the colonies upon the part of the United States.

Yet this was apparently aloof from the struggle. It knew that the principle of armed intervention in foreign quarrels is destructive of civilization. That principle practically asserted by the Holy Alliance in Spain, and its adoption by the United States would have been the dissolution by the great republic of the most monstrous modern claim of despotism. They were not, however, bound to conceal their sympathy with liberty, and they did not conceal them. In 1825 Mr. CLAY, as Secretary of State, instructed Mr. MIDDLETON, our Minister in Russia, to use that government to use its influence with Spain to acknowledge the facts of the situation in South America. But Russia was the champion of the Holy Alliance, and, of course, declined. In his letter Mr. CLAY said:

> "In the war which has so long been raging between Spain and her colonies the United States have taken no part, either to produce or to sustain it. They have been interested lookers-on spectators of the progressions. Their frankness forbids, however, that they should say that they have been indifferent to the feelings of indifference. They have, on the contrary, cautiously refrained from any act which a just neutrality should require and enjoy that independence with which, by the valor and the patriotism of the countries or their liberty, they have been, under the favor of Heaven, so greatly blessed. But, in the indulgence of this sympathetic feeling, they have not, for one moment, been unmindful of the duties of that neutrality which they had deliberately announced. And the best proof of the fidelity with which they have strictly fulfilled its obligations is furnished by the fact that during the progress of the war they have been unjustly accused by both parties of violating their declared neutrality."

These words well state the attitude of the United States during the present contest in Cuba. They have not, indeed, declared neutrality, for obvious reasons. But they have been morally neutral. They have faithfully enforced their own laws and observed their own treaties. But American citizens who sympathized with the efforts of the revolutionary party in Cuba have frankly declared themselves. That there has been the same unanimity or warmth of sympathy which attended the earlier South American struggle or the contest of recent years in Europe we do not believe, and the reasons of this apathy we have heretofore mentioned. It is undeniable that the situation in Cuba is generally regarded with languid indifference, and the exhaustion, doubtless, is the feeling which could not have existed in the earlier revolution, but which results from the experience of the colonies since their separation from Spain, that the prospect of liberty and self-government in Cuba, after its independence, is almost hopeless. The experience of South America has shown that the name of republic is not a security either of freedom or prosperity.

The recent expedition of General DE RODAS to the scene of the revolution in Cuba has manifestly failed. Although he has a large force of Spanish soldiers and the volunteer army, and although the ports and chief towns, which the insurgents are sternly armed, and the expeditions to aid them are frustrated, the war has not ceased. It is the earlier day in South America, and at the end of the second year the Governor invokes heavy reinforcements. The home government will hardly wish to spare good soldiers just as a war begins in Europe, of which the condition of Spain has furnished the occasion. In this situation, therefore, Cuba will apparently be indefinitely prolonged, unless some peculiar complication should invite the interference of other governments.

THE NORTH CAROLINA TROUBLES.

THERE has been in certain quarters, notorious for sympathy with the late rebels and rebellion, such a vehement denunciation of Governor HOLDEN of North Carolina, as a peculiarly malignant "satrap," who was waging fiendish war upon "the people" of North Carolina, that it is well to understand the facts. The organization of the KU-KLUX Klan has been especially vigilant in that State, where the comparative weakness of the colored population promised what a rigorous system of terror and coercion would practically annul their vote. To this end the offices of the KU-KLUX have been directed. Of the existence and operations of this body there is no question. We have ourselves given thousands of its proceedings from the most "conservative" authority. It is the natural result of the war. It is a sucker from the root of the rebellion.

That there must be disturbances of all kinds in the States of the rebellion there was, of course, no question. That great care and forbearance would be necessary upon the part of the civil authorities was evident; and that it was very desirable to restore the normal condition of society as soon as practicable was unquestionable from the first. It was the duty of the civil officers of the States to postpone appeals to military interference to the last possible moment; and this was most desirable, not only in itself and upon general principles, but, for the Republican party, upon partisan grounds. For it was clear that an appeal to force would injure the party in two ways: first, it would suggest the suspicion that it was, as has been alleged of the present difficulty in North Carolina, organized for party purposes; and, in the second place, it would be cited as proof of the inefficiency of Republican reconstruction. So for every reason, therefore, it was most desirable that the civil authority should be every where paramount.

But it was equally evident that in the condition of society which the war left in the States of the rebellion there must necessarily be such occasional explosions of the peace, so organized, so persistent, so formidable, that the ordinary civil processes would not avail. It was unreasonable, and that the disordered States would be restored to a normal situation without very serious troubles, in which military interference would be wholly justified. And precisely this is the case in North Carolina. The crimes of the KU-KLUX defied the civil authorities. The Governor, who is by the responsible executive officer, states, as a fact, what all the probabilities confirm, that the organized resistance and assassins laughed at proclamations, exhortations, and the civil process, and he was compelled either to tolerate crimes which he knew, or to use military force. He decided not to surrender to the rebels, and placed certain counties under martial law, and invoked, as the Constitution authorizes, the assistance of the national power, which was promptly granted. Governor HOLDEN did what Governor KING, of Rhode Island, did in the "DORR war" in that State in 1842.

Of course, a Governor is to be held responsible for his invoking national aid before it is necessary; if he does not exhaust the lawful resources of the State before this final appeal; and if he permits any abuse of the military interference when it becomes indispensable. But the passionate assertion of his partisan opponents can not be accepted as evidence of his guilt. We have the testimony of the Chief Justice of the State, that the power of the civil process was exhausted. And while there is unquestionably exaggeration in all the reports, no one who has been a faithful student of the spirit and methods of the KU-KLUX Klan will believe that the action of the Governor has been merely a partisan trick to carry the election.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

THE advantage of adhering to a humane principle in public affairs has been recently very conspicuously illustrated. When, in the early days of the late war, Captain WILKES, upon the *San Jacinto*, took Messrs. SLIDELL and MASON from the British mail steamer *Trent*, there was a loud shout of exultation in this country, answered by a stern alternative from Great Britain of immediate surrender of the prisoners or war. The belief in the United States was very general that we had a right to hold the prisoners. Mr. EVERETT, one of our most accomplished students of international law, took substantially that ground. Governor ANDREW asserted it in Faneuil Hall. The feeling of the country was thoroughly aroused, and it was only deepened and exasperated by the crisp and haughty tone of Great Britain. But Mr. SEWARD promptly replied to the demand of Lord LYONS, the British Minister, and assented to the surrender upon American principles; and in reply to the question, what he considers the most critical moment of the war, Mr. SEWARD afterward said that it was the time which elapsed between his informal communication of the purport of his note and the rejoinder of Lord LYONS that it would be satisfactory. "I knew," said Mr. SEWARD, "that I had gone as far as public opinion would tolerate, and that if my note were not satisfactory then would be war."

It is well afterward Mr. SUMNER made his admirable and conclusive speech upon the subject. He showed clearly, from the British admiralty precedents, and from the action of the British government, that every objection made to the conduct of the American officer in the case of Messrs. SLIDELL and MASON was justified by British precedents; but he contended that the best American precedent and practice demanded their release; and, therefore, in obedience to our own just and honorable principles of maritime rights and neutrality, the prisoners should be surrendered. They were surrendered, and the country acquiesced without a word. This lofty position in regard to neutral rights was taken at a time always critical, and when the Congress of Paris proposed to elevate the standard of international comity, the United States said, "We will agree if you will secure it a little higher." The Congress declined. But that principle, harmonious with the national practice and precedent, has been indistinguishably the United States, and we now see the signs of its speedy adoption into international law.

It was recently stated, Prussia, one of the parties to the treaty of Paris, declares that the American principle shall govern its conduct during the present war. Secretary FISH, in acknowledging the official communication of this decision from the Prussian Minister, refers with true pride to the traditional tendency of the United States upon the subject, and hopes that their government and people may soon see their principles generally universally adopted as another humanising rule of war. The Prussian Minister responds that he sincerely trusts his government will co-operate to that good end, the United States have no reason to be ashamed of their contribution to international law. In the case of Ireland the right of visit was, as asserted by the greatest maritime power in the world, and that right is abandoned. In 1856 we stood upon the inviolability of private property upon the ocean, and that inviolability is now acknowledged by one of the greatest states in Europe, and one not fond to become practice of civilization. "Meanwhile," as Mr. SUMNER said at the end of his speech upon the *Trent* case, "we shall remain for us to uphold the perpetual policy of the republic and to stand fast on the ancient ways."

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

THE profound feeling caused by the murder of Mr. NATHAN is not due to the event nor to the circumstances alone, but to the general feeling that the community is defenceless against criminals. In a society which covers with *ôdium* successful crime of a certain kind, all crime is encouraged, and a great city which is full of "dangerous classes," whose favor is unscrupulously propitiated by demagogues, and which elects criminal judges and prosecuting officers by the popular vote, is a place in which great crimes must be expected. It is not necessary, therefore, to jump to the conclusion that popular governments foster crime; but it is necessary to perceive that popular governments of themselves are no security against it.

We may be very sure that there is a not very obscure connection between such facts as the

career of FLORENCE SCANNEL and his honorable absorption and the murder of Mr. NATHAN. In a city where one of the chief magistrates, elected by popular vote, busts into a drinking saloon with riotous intentions, and is shot in the attempt to shoot others, and afterward dying is buried with honor, the officers of police and criminal judges attending, and a clergyman preaching over the coffin that of such is the kingdom of heaven—in such a city it is surely not surprising that a worthy citizen is murdered in his own house, and in a most public quarter. The remedy lies not in changing the system of police. If we wish to repress crime we must flatter criminals. If persons of position, who are technically called respectable, do not hesitate to countenance voters and judges, why should any body be surprised at disorder? A successful swindling on the great scale covers a swindler with good-honored society, why should forgers despair of humorous repute, or murderers be shunned?

To remodel a police system, yet still to leave it in the control of those who depend upon the favor of the criminal classes, and who invoke their aid to break the laws upon election day, is to imitate the hunter in the old story, and merely to change the emphasis: "You may take the river, and I'll take the shore, or *I'll* take the turkey, and you may take the crow." Those, therefore, who support the infamous abuse of the present system in New York, who think the interest of their party, whatever it may be, superior to the welfare of the community—those who sustain, by speech and voting, the demagogues who directly use the criminal classes for political ends—are really responsible for the feeling of security which follows the murder of a respectable citizen.

Universal disorder, as well as general corruption, is one of the consequences of a politicized party spirit. And until the intelligent and sober citizens of New York resolutely combine, regardless of party, in stigmatizing and suppressing the demagogery which repeats in their city the excesses and abuses of the old European republics, all superficial changes in the police system will be futile; men like Mr. NATHAN and Mr. ROGERS will still be mysteriously murdered, and judges and politicians will still follow with honor the coffin of FLORENCE SCANNEL.

THE ERMINE AND THE TIARA.

Now that papal infallibility is declared, there must be somebody to explain the explanations of it which we offered. BUTORDA, the founder of one of the most widely received religions of the world, was called omniscient by his earliest pupils. But it was presently discovered that he made the same mistakes with regard to the shape of the earth and similar subjects that every body else did. Thereupon the Buddhist doctors limited his infallibility to the religious doctrines of his system. They said, gravely: "BUDDHA does not at all times exercise his omniscience. This is evidently proved by facts. It would clearly be a great blunder to declare a man infallible upon any point susceptible of proof; and upon those that are not very many may flatter himself that he is infallible, or agree that any body else is so.

We have been reminded of the Buddhist doctors by the report of a recent discourse by DR. STARRS, a Roman Catholic clergyman in this city, in which he undertook an explanation of the inexplicable. The Pope, it seems, according to the Doctor, is fallible as a man, but infallible as the mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost as Pope. That he may be fallible as a man is incontestible. Pope Alexander the Sixth, RODRIGO BORGIA, is a striking illustration of that truth. But the Œcumenical Council might well have been troubled by the question that was asked about him: "Was Pope RODRIGO BORGIA goes to—the place of torment, what will become of poor Pope Alexander?" And it is not quite an awkward requirement to have the absolute truth upon the holiest subjects delivered by one of the very worst of men? Or shall we say the worse the Pope the greater the miracle?

But DR. STARRS, with consummate infelicity, compares the decisions of the Pope to those of the Supreme Court, because there is no appeal, and the country submits to them as final. But is infallibility any more than this? Is it a convenience of organization? The Chief Justice does not assume to declare what is just, but only what is law. Nor does he claim any thing more than that the necessity of the case requires that the opinion of the Court shall be accepted as law; and when declared it stands only until it is reversed. If infallibility means nothing more than the decision of a majority in a presbytery, or the governing body of any Church, which from a corresponding necessity of the case must be accepted as the final ruling by which the Church is to be governed, then the Œcumenical mountain has produced the very smallest of mice.

Unquestionably, under the decree of infallibility, the decisions of the Pope so far resemble the decisions of the Supreme Court that they are final. But they are so not upon any ground of mere convenience or necessity, as in the case of the Court, but for reasons totally different. The decree of infallibility expressly declares: "This gift of the truth of faith with which faith fails not has, therefore, been divinely accorded to Peter and to his successors in the chair." Thus, when the Pope speaks upon a point of faith, under this decree his word is the infallible statement of absolute truth, from which there is no appeal, not because there must be an arbitrarily final decision somewhere, but because it is essential truth. A chief justice may, indeed, be a very bad J., as was a very good lawyer. But neither his character nor his learning determine the fit, or the fitness, of his judgments. That finality rests solely upon the ground of social convenience. But the dogma of infallibility, as expounded by the doctors, involves the absurdity that in a finally unreasonable and unjust and especially adapted to human beings the absolute divine truth upon vital points of faith may be proclaimed by a man whose life may outrage every moral law and every pure instinct of humanity.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY AND MANUAL LABOR.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from Vice-President RUSSEL of Cornell University. It relates to one of the questions of hundreds of young men in the country, and will save them and the authorities of the University the trouble of a more particular correspondence.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The case presented by you in a very common one—that of a young man anxious to be educated, but without the means of certain support. That means are, in the absence of money, skilled manual labor or ability to teach. Any one who comes here with skill or ability to teach, and with moderate means, can generally find work enough in the village to support him economically. In the present demand for carpenters there is no difficulty in finding employment. Printers, too, do very well, either in the village or out in the country, on which we employ a printer. Mr. Stone-cutters do not keep up with the demands for stone for the fine buildings. The present fine demand is subject to fluctuation; but, as a general rule, a skilful and steady workman will find ample employment here to pay the expenses of his education.

"You are correct in supposing that the University assumes no responsibility for work, neither promising work nor guaranteeing that there will be any. It is always give the students the preference as to any work of our own; but in every other respect they stand in the same position as other mechanics seeking employment. Does your friend understand printing? If so, Stone-cutters do not keep up with the demands for stone for the fine buildings. The present fine demand is subject to fluctuation; but, as a general rule, a skilful and steady workman will find ample employment here to pay the expenses of his education.

"You are correct in supposing that the University assumes no responsibility for work, neither promising work nor guaranteeing that there will be any. It is always give the students the preference as to any work of our own; but in every other respect they stand in the same position as other mechanics seeking employment. Does your friend understand printing? If so, grading will favor; a small number attend at the compositor's table. Students board themselves in clubs or messes.

"Suppose, however, that he should find employment of this kind, how far would it support him? Twenty-five hours a week, all he could work, at fifteen cents an hour, all he could get, would be about four dollars his expenses, which can hardly be reduced below $3 a per week, to pay for washing, fuel, lights, books and clothes. There is, therefore, no safety in relying on unskilled labor as a means of education.

"One of those days Mr. CORNELL, if he live, will establish workshops for giving manual training on unskilled labor. The students in the departments of Mechanic Arts will be taught to make models, which may be sold. Our projected bookbindery will employ some, and our printing-office will employ a growing business, will need more hands. Every thing in the future is encouraging; and I see no reason to doubt that, in time, facilities for such work will be provided for all who need it as a means of paying for their education.

"For the present, however, we must wait while our institution grows, and for the growth of its business. It is hard that young men like the one on whose behalf you write should not pay for their education as ardently, which would add so much to their usefulness and happiness, and to the general working power of society; but the same has always been the case, and we are now so keenly sensitive to the same evil that we just now begin to see how it can be remedied.

"When Mr. CORNELL's wealth increases by fifty large rivers generally flow near large cities,' somebody will ask why the hydraulic power of Fall Creek is not then been waited for centuries of summers and winters. Should he cannot do anything for the present. But he did Nature place an unfailing power for industry and steady employment and education for the multitude of every one who desires to learn? Can you set your manufacturers thinking about it? It is a simple problem. Given mountains with mines, many, but needing men and water-power; water-power roaring for employment; men needing employment; a University, with education, but needing money; how to get the most of all the supplies?

"If some of your smart men will solve that, we shall never again be troubled by the cry that rich merchants' sons who come to us for education, offering their arms and brains and all for the privilege of work. Until then, however, I can not encourage your young friend to come.

"WILLIAM C. RUSSEL, Vice-President."

NOW AND THEN

MR. GLADSTONE was loudly cheered in the House of Commons when he said that "If soldiers are chartered to attend the rect of a belligerent, to supply coal, they will, to all practical intents and purposes, become store-ships attached to that fleet." The general rule is, that only contraband of war for a belligerent may be justly seized in a neutral vessel. But here the rather hopeless wilderness of distinctions in international law begins for what is contraband of war. Provisions have been sometimes considered as contraband, and bovines. One definition embraces whatever may be useful in war. But what may not? General current decencies forbid arms and ammunition of all kinds to be contraband. But the question always arises upon articles in themselves innocent. Treaties usually define what shall be considered contraband. The latest authorities, however, agree that, since articles of direct use in war are from time to time changing, new articles, such as steam-engines and coals, can be considered contraband only when there is satisfactory proof that they are for the direct uses of war.

This is precisely the case stated by Mr. GLADSTONE, and it is the duty of the British Government to prevent such transactions. But as we read of the admirable alertness of Great Britain in the matter of her neutral duties in this war, it is impossible not to wish that she had been always as solicitous and ready. For how very long a time the *Alabama* was allowed the most satisfactory proof that the *Alabama* was intended for the direct uses of war by a belligerent before Earl RUSSEL and the Government were able to see it! How loudly the House of Commons which cheered Mr. GLADSTONE on the other day, cheered Mr. LAIRD years ago! Mr. GLADSTONE said that neutrality required the Government to stop the sale of coal to a belligerent. Mr. LAIRD said that neutrality authorized him to sell ships to a belligerent. The excited House equally applauded both. It is not doubted that the people of England will see and consider these facts; and ask themselves whether, if the vigorous care of 1870 be honorable neutrality, the easy-going care of the indifference of 1862–63 was equally creditable?

NOTES.

THE most exciting news for some time will probably reach us to-day, and the *Tribune* and London correspondents has shown great zeal in forwarding interesting intelligence. But we hope that the news is not to be fed during our way. REUTER loved the rebels, and served up his AMERICAN news with a true rebel flavor accordingly. The *Tribune*, with the rest of the world, loves the Prussians in this war; but we trust that its love will not blind it to the fact that it is its first duty to those who rely upon it to tell the truth, and not what it wishes to be true. On the 23rd of July the London correspondent telegraphed that its special Paris correspondent wrote on the 24th, "I have just returned from the French with less enthusiasm or more distrust of success," etc., etc. But on the 2d of July its regular Paris correspondent wrote: "I have been a spectator during our great war, which was popular on the part of the people, and can say emphatically I am seeing now with what I saw at home, I can not for a moment doubt that in throwing down that glove in the face of the Government had, and knew it had, the vast body of the people at its back, and that the new news of the firing upon Sumter.....There is a prodigious surface enthusiasm for the war, but below this boiling there is a deep, strong, serious current sweeping all before it." It is very evident that the special correspondent is not to be trusted again; and certainly nothing will be gained in sympathy for one side by belittling the feeling and success of the other.

We can readily believe that Governor HOFFMAN did not write his letter declining to commute the punishment of RICAL without pain. He was doing the most difficult official duty that devolves upon a humane man. But his great predecessor, Governor SEWARD, truly stated the principle that should govern executive action under appeals for mercy. "The power of pardoning is committed by the Constitution to the prudence and discretion, and not the wishes or feelings of the pardoning power." It is plain that in RICAL'S very few convicts would be long imprisoned..... To pardon or not to pardon does not depend upon any will, but upon judgment; and for the impartial and discreet exercise of this authority I am not ought to be held responsible." With the same conviction Governor HOFFMAN says: "My judgment, however, tells me that the prisoner was justly convicted of murder, and that the interests of the community demand that he should suffer the penalty." It is the peculiar function which belongs to the case of REAL has exercised, and the undeniably growing humility in the public mind in regard to capital punishment, supervisory suggests the question whether the penalty of murder would not be more surely inflicted, and the ends of justice more conveniently attained, if the punishment were changed.

SOME of the more devoted members of the New York branch of the American Freedmen's Union Commission have been unwilling to relinquish their good work, and have continued it by means of subscriptions and the personal control with them. During the last year the "Continuing Committee" has employed, for different terms, fifty-five teachers, of whom forty-two were colored, and of these fourteen were born in the South. They have been two normal schools in Virginia, and one in North Carolina. The other schools have been chiefly in Maryland and Virginia, the people supplying the fuel, buying the books, and paying the board of the teachers. The largest number of scholars at one time was 2377, with an average attendance of 1969, about forty-four pupils to each teacher. Two of the schools of the year have been to many of the schools during the year, and report very satisfactorily. The interest of the younger children was especially remarkable. The committee naturally linger over a work so beneficial and so interesting. Virginia will do nothing for her colored schools for a year at least: and, in thirty of her hundred counties the freedmen have never had a school. Elsewhere in the State they have helped themselves so gallantly that they deserve to be helped. It is with the hope that the cause itself is irresistibly eloquent that the committee once more appeal to their friends, reminding them that the treasurer is MISS ELLEN COLLINS, 97 West Eleventh Street, New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EX-SECRETARY SEWARD, in view of his proposed visit to China, has been tendered by the Emperor a reviewer the use of the palace of the Imperial Legation at Pekin during his residence in that city.

The steamer Costa Rica arrived at San Francisco from Panama on the 10th inst. She brings $1,000,000 in treasure. She had been detained by the bluffs of St. Juan del Sur, to investigate the state of affairs there, reports a most complete calm. All the exile-killed were not restored to the legal limit; and other abuses had driven the Sitka Indians to trade at the English ports. The outcomes in some of the islands were in a state of crop failure.

General W. J. Smith, a member of Congress, and Judge John Trimble, have recently had an altercation in the street in Memphis, Tennessee, and the former has left the city. Some of the preliminaries to the duel have not been settled, and fresh difficulties have arisen.

Commodore Greene, of the flagship *Congress*, in a letter dated at Port Mahon, City, Greece, gives an interview with Baco, who says the republic is in a terrible state. The people do not believe that the government manifests a desire for the annexation of the Ionian Islands. Commander Greene learns from other sources that the rejection of the treaty caused despondency. But Dendra, Argos City, and East Rome possess there are disposed to attribute the failure to mismanagement and bad faith on the part of the British-American government. Commander Greene is of opinion that the failure of the proposition to annex the Ionian States and the subject of association would lead to a revolution by Cabral.

The election in North Carolina has resulted in a Democratic victory. The majority is somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000. The Democrats of the Legislature the Democrats claim a two-thirds majority.

The Cincinnati Chimes laborers have been engaged to complete the Lowe Tunnel in Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 3d of August the French advanced from Metz to Forbach, driving back and attacked Saarbrück, a town a short distance across the frontier. The Prussians, however, had fallen back on the 2d, and the next day the French found them in force. The engagement was of no importance, as the Prussians did not seriously defend the town. The success caused great rejoicing in Paris. On his return to Metz, after the battle, the Emperor sent the following telegram to the Empress:

"Louis has received his baptism of fire. He was admirably cool and little impressed. A Prussian Frossard's command carried the heights overlooking Forbach. The Prussians made a fine defense. Prince Louis and I were in front, where the bullets fell about us like hail. Louis had a ball picked up. The soldiers wept at his tranquillity. We lost an officer and ten men."

On the 4th the first real fighting of the war took place. The largest force of Prussians, under command of the Crown Prince, advanced between Weissenburg and Wörth, and attacked Marshal MACMAHON'S army, driving the French advanced posts, and destroying the camp of the 1st division. The Prussians, after advancing, along which MACMAHON was probably posted with the main body of his army. The Prussian artillery, which was handled in the best form, were carried at the point of the bayonet after an obstinate resistance. The general in command of the French was killed, and the French encampment, one piece of artillery, and many prisoners, including many Turkos, fell into the hands of the Prussians. On the 5th the battle was also in full and apparently has also very severe.

There was fighting all along the line through the 5th and 6th, ending on the afternoon of the latter day (Sunday) in a victory for the Prussians. The French were in a critical position, promptly and entirely defeated them. Two heavy engagements have thought come to the west of Saarbrück, in which the Prussians assaulted and drove back the French under General FROSSARD. The first battle at Sarguemines, commenced on the 6th, and the Prussians under the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince FREDERICK CHARLES on both sides were immense. The Prussian claim to have captured 4000 prisoners, 12 French cannon, and six mitrailleuses. The dispatches are contradictory and unsatisfactory. It appears that the Prussian successes have forced the French to fall back upon Chalons, and to leave Metz and Strasburg.

The following are the French official accounts of the battle:

METZ, *August 7—6 A. M.*

The Major-General of the Army of Operations of the Interior:

After a series of engagements, in which the enemy brought heavy forces into the field, Marshal MACMAHON was forced to fall back from the line of the Sauer. One of General FROSSARD'S divisions was attacked by three corps of the enemy, and was forced to retire across the Sauer. The retreat was effected in order, and the division rallied at Reichshoffen.

METZ, *August 7—8 A. M.*

My communications have been interrupted. We learn that M'Mahon. I am going to place myself in the centre of the army.

BAZAINE.

METZ, *August 7—8 A. M.*

The Major-General of the Army of Operations of the Interior:

After a series of engagements, in which the enemy brought heavy forces into the field, Marshal M'MAHON was forced to fall back from the line of the Sauer. One of General FROSSARD'S divisions was attacked by three corps of the enemy, and was forced to retire across the Sauer. The retreat was effected in order, and the division rallied at Reichshoffen.

The announcement of the defeat caused great excitement and consternation in Paris. The Emperor was not at the Ministry, declaring the city in a state of siege, in order to facilitate the organization of defense, and appealing to the patriotism and energy of the people. The Empress has issued a proclamation, in which she assures that the opening of the war has not been favorable to the French arms, and adjures all good citizens to maintain order. The Prince Imperial has retired to Biarritz.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

FIVE HUNDRED has written a letter, which has been published in Rome, announcing acceptance of the dogma of papal infallibility. It has created a sensation, and he is said to be about to do author, with reviewers, by the Catholic press.

The Duke of Sutherland was recently waited upon in London by a deputation from Newfoundland, asking that the British troops now in the province might remain as a protection in case of a Fenian raid. They were given to understand that the provinces must protect themselves.

The last detachment of the French troops left Rome on the 5th of August, and the papal government is now without a protector. Efforts have been made to induce the Prince Humbert to Malta.

Napoleon, it is said, will issue a decree making the Empress Regent during the war. The decree has been countermanded by the French Cabinet. Ollendorff has composed a war-song entitled "God Speed the Emperor."

THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN NATHAN.

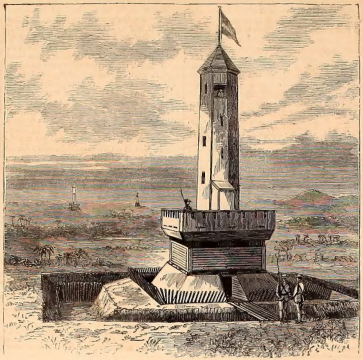

A SIGNAL TOWER IN CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

BENJAMIN NATHAN.

SINCE the BURDELL tragedy in 1857, no murder has been committed which has excited so great indignation and horror as the brutal assassination of Mr. BENJAMIN NATHAN in his own house, at No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, on the morning of July 29. The deed was discovered by the sons of the murdered man, who slept in the same house, at six o'clock in the morning. The physician who was immediately summoned pronounced that Mr. NATHAN must have been dead for about three hours. It is needless here to enter upon the horrible details of a tragedy which has awakened an excitement so universal that all of our readers are familiar with the circumstances of the case. There was every evidence of a prolonged struggle between Mr. NATHAN and his murderer, or murderers. Yet no one in the house was alarmed; and the assassin, who had rifled the safe of his victim, appears to have left behind him no clew likely to lead to his detection. At least, up to the time of this writing the whole affair seems wrapped in a mystery which puzzles our sharpest detectives. It is a curious fact in connection with the murder that Mr. NATHAN, a few days only before his death, was heard to congratulate himself upon the perfect security of his place of residence.

Since the commission of the crime the wildest excitement has prevailed, and for days afterward the vicinity of the murder was thronged by thousands of citizens not less indignant than curious. Long before the hour appointed for Mr. NATHAN's obsequies, on the 1st, Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue were crowded, about 10,000 persons being present to witness the departure of the funeral cortége for the Cypress Hills Cemetery. The wide-spread interest manifested on this occasion was due not merely to the sympathy awakened by the fearful tragedy, but chiefly to the fact that, by this midnight murder, New York had been deprived of one of her best citizens. As the Rev. J. J. LYONS said at the funeral: "A tyrant, murdered under similar circumstances, would excite grief and pity, and how much more does this case of our friend, struck down by the hand of an assassin; a blow which brought down a doting father, a fond husband, a generous, upright man!" His name was a synonym for honor and benevolence. In private life he was kind and affectionate; in public life kind and just. His charity was catholic, limited to no creed, race, or nationality."

Mr. NATHAN was descended from one of the older Portuguese families which were driven to this country by the Inquisition. He was a native of this city, as was also his father. He was born in 1813. His mother was before her marriage Miss HENRIQUES, belonging to an ancient Knickerbocker family, and a famous belle in the early part of the century. He received a careful and thorough education, was a good classical scholar, and a connoisseur in art, his collection of pictures and articles of vertu ranking among the finest in the city. At the early age of twenty-two he was taken into partnership by his father, and was so successful in his business career that he accumulated an immense fortune. A Hebrew in race and in faith, he at an early age was called to play an important part in the direction of the affairs of the congregation to which he belonged. For nearly a third of a century he has sacredly observed the anniversary of his mother's death, and he remained in the city during the last night of his life—instead of retiring to his country residence at Morristown, New Jersey—in order to again perform the same devotional duty. He was one of the founders, and for several years the president, of the Mount Sinai Hospital. Other institutions of his Church were also the objects of his care and philanthropic charity. In personal appearance Mr. NATHAN was distinguished: his form was of the medium size; and his face, though marked with strong lines, was genial and attractive.

The coroner's inquest in the case of Mr. NATHAN's murder commenced its investigation on Thursday, August 4. No new facts have up to this time been elicited by the jury.

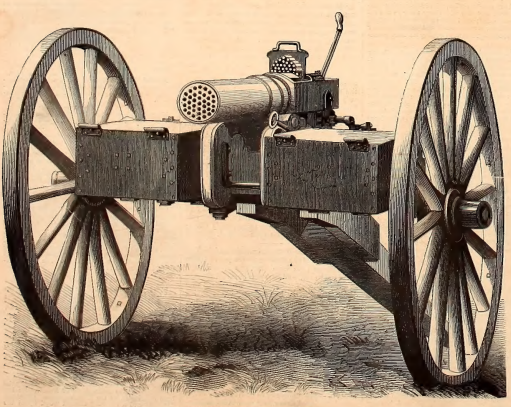

THE MITRAILLEUR.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

THE QUEEN'S CUP.—PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD. [SEE PAGE 535.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER XI.

The Construction of the Forge.—Making a Pair of Tongs.—Mr. Raynal as a Blacksmith.—Altering the Boat to make her Sea-worthy.—Launching the *Scorpion*.

In the mean time Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave devoted themselves to the construction of the forge. They first built a rude but substantial shed to protect the blacksmith work from the weather. They covered the roof of this shed with sheets of copper from the vessel, and inclosed it sufficiently at the sides to afford the necessary protection for the workmen and the fire. When this structure was completed, they built a forge within it of flat stones and set up the bellows behind, placing it between two stout posts which they had fixed in the ground for the purpose. For an anvil they contrived to bring in from the wreck one of the masses of cast iron which had been placed in the lower hold for ballast. When all was ready they kindled a fire, and Captain Musgrave began to work the bellows. The wind came briskly and steadily through among the burning coals, producing the well-known blowing sound so characteristic of a forge in action, which both Mr. Raynal and the captain listened to with delight.

The first piece of work to be done at the forge was to make a pair of tongs. Mr. Raynal had great difficulty in accomplishing this task. He failed in many of his attempts, but by patience and perseverance he finally succeeded. He was then all ready to begin his work of making the necessary tools and implements for the construction of the proposed vessel. The shelter which they had provided was so effectual that they could continue this work uninterruptedly in the stormiest weather.

REBUILDING THE BOAT.

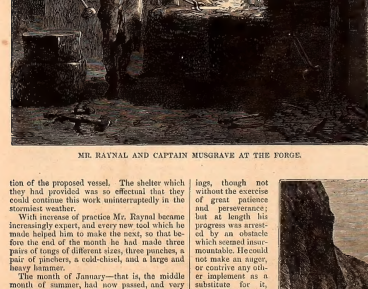

MR. RAYNAL AND CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE AT THE FORGE.

With increase of practice Mr. Raynal became increasingly expert, and every new tool which he made helped him to make the next, so that before the end of the month he had made three pairs of tongs of different sizes, three punches, a pair of pinchers, a cold-chisel, and a large and heavy hammer.

The month of January—that is, the middle month of summer, had now passed, and very little but the most preliminary work had been done. Still Mr. Raynal was now beginning to acquire so much skill as a blacksmith, and the facility afforded by his increasing supply of tools aided him so much, that he accomplished more during the first week in February than he had done during the whole month preceding. He procured his materials, in the way of iron and steel, for all this work, from the wreck of the vessel, partly from the structure of the vessel itself, and partly from implements of various kinds found on board, which were of no service to them in their actual forms, but which could be made to furnish supplies of iron and steel. For example, from the pickaxes which had been put on board when the vessel sailed to be employed in mining operations, and which were pointed with steel, he made chisels and gouges. The blade of a shovel furnished him with a steel plate, out of which he manufactured a very good plane iron, and also the material for forming the cutting edges of an axe and two hatchets. He made a saw plate from an iron hoop taken from one of the casks intended to contain seal oil. He first straightened the hoop and then cut out the teeth with a cold-chisel, and lastly stretched the saw plate thus made in a wooden frame.

He succeeded quite well in all these undertakings, though not without the exercise of great patience and perseverance; but at length his progress was arrested by an obstacle which seemed insurmountable. He could not make an auger, or contrive any other implement as a substitute for it, which could be employed to bore a hole. The difficulty in the case of the auger was to make the gimlet-like point which, by the action of its screw, draws the cutting part of the auger forward into the wood as the tool is turned. He spent two days in trying to devise some means of accomplishing this object, but in vain. At last, weary of his repeated efforts, and disheartened by his failure, he began to feel discouraged about the whole plan, and to inquire whether, after all, he had not engaged in a hopeless undertaking. After reflecting upon the subject for some time with much anxiety, he concluded to bring the whole question again before his companions, that they might consider it anew, and also that he might propose to them certain modifications of the plan which he had in mind.

In accordance with this conclusion, he made a statement to this effect. He said that, although they had accomplished as much, perhaps, during the six weeks which they had devoted to this labor as they ought to expect, he confessed that, although he had himself proposed the plan, and it was in accordance with his wishes that they had consented to engage in the undertaking, he found that the difficulties were very great, and the time which would be required, even if they were ultimately successful, would be longer than he had at first supposed. A vessel large enough to convey such a number of persons, with the necessary provision of food and of water, ought to be certainly not less than of ten or fifteen tons burden; and when he considered the quantity of wood which would be required, and the number of nails and of bolts, the other fixtures and appointments that would be necessary, all of which they would have to prepare themselves with the comparatively few facilities and resources at their command, he began to feel that they had undertaken a great work. They could not hope, he said, to complete it in less than one or two years.

Still, if they thought it best to persevere, he was ready to go on with the work as long as any hope remained of its final accomplishment. But that, if they thought that the task which they had undertaken was too great for them, there was another plan which he had to propose. This new plan was that, instead of attempting to build a new vessel, they should strengthen and enlarge the *boat*, so as, if possible, to make it sea-worthy. They could put on an extra keel, lengthen her, build up her sides, so as to give her the necessary capacity, and make a deck. In this way he thought they might make her large and strong enough to carry perhaps three of their number. She would not be large enough to take all of them, and this was the great objection to the plan, since two of them, at least, must be left behind. But then it was to be considered that the chances of the two who were left would be as good, or nearly as good, as those who went away; for these, in attempting to make such a voyage in so frail a craft, would expose themselves to the most imminent danger; and, even if they succeeded in reaching a port, those who were left would share the benefit of their success in having succor immediately sent to them.

The work of altering the boat in the manner thus described he thought might be done in three or four months, while the building of the larger vessel anew would require perhaps two years.

All the party, except Harry, at once evinced a disposition to approve of this new plan, not as the most desirable, but as the most practicable. Harry considered it entirely chimerical. If they were to alter the boat, however, in the manner proposed, there would be no difficulty, he said, so far as he was concerned, in determining who should be left behind, for he, for one, would never consent to put to sea in such a craft. He should infinitely prefer to be left behind.

This view of the case on the part of Harry rather helped than hindered the decision, for it tended to relieve them of what might otherwise have been a very serious difficulty—namely, that of determining who should be left behind. So it was finally decided to give up the original design of building a vessel anew, and to see, instead, what they could do in the way of enlarging and strengthening the boat.

They all at once set themselves at work upon the new plan. While George and Harry continued in charge of the duty of procuring and pre-

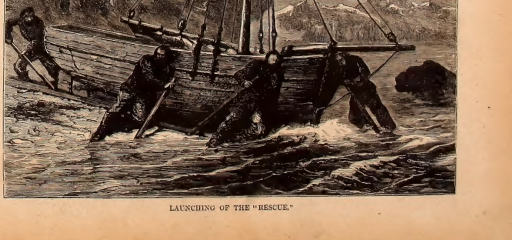

LAUNCHING OF THE "RESCUE."

of food, and attending to all the interior affairs of the cabin, and Aleck went on with a work of making charcoal, Mr. Raynal and the captain commenced operations upon the boat. They first selected a convenient place upon the shore, where the ground sloped gently toward the water, and there laid a platform of timber for the "ways." They then put the new keel upon the boat. This keel was made of a thick plank obtained from the wreck, and was firmly secured by iron bolts. They then placed the boat upon the ways with the bow toward the water, supporting it in a horizontal position by blocks increasing in thickness down the incline. They also put up braces on each side, to secure it in its position.

They then went to work very industriously and perseveringly to make the necessary alterations. It was now March — the commencement with them of the fall of the year—and they were very desirous of getting the boat completed so as to set sail before the winter should set in. So they commenced their work every morning as soon as it was light enough to see, and continued it, with the exception of a short respite for dinner, until dark. The evenings they spent in the blacksmith's shop, fabricating the necessary irons. They found some of the requisite additions in the length of the boat—securing the new part to the old by strong iron bands. They put in some four new ribs long enough to rise two feet above the others, and also a new stem-post, which left was secured by similar bands of iron extending from top, where they came together, by a ring to secure the end of the bowsprit.

The frame thus constructed was finished at the end of the first week in March. The next thing to be done was to make and put on the planking.

It was not possible to procure materials from the wreck for this work, so they went into the woods. It was very difficult to find straight trees soon enough for the right size for their purpose, but they gradually procured a supply. These they first squared, and then, with their white lead, sawed them into planks, or rather boards, about an inch thick and five inches wide. They spent the evenings in making planks. Before nailing these boards on it was necessary to steam them, in order that they might be bent so as to be fitted to their places. This they did by inclosing them in a rank together with a bottle of boiling water, which, as time went on, rendered them sufficiently manageable. They were aided in this operation by the fact that the wood was green, and by the mere heating of it produced in some measure the same effect as the steaming of wood that was seasoned.

The labor of making these planks, and fitting them to their places, including the manufacture of the nails, was so great that two months and a half were expended in accomplishing it. This was not until the middle of June—which was their December—that the "carpenter work" of the hull was completed. Then followed the task of constructing a rudder, and of forging the iron-work necessary for supporting it. At the same time also the tools necessary for opening the seams and driving the oakum in. Instead of pitch they made a kind of resin of lime and seal oil, with which they coated the whole outside surface of the hull, after the oakum was driven in. They found among the spars of the wreck timber for a mast and bowsprit, and also, from what remained of her rigging, the materials for making a set of new sails. Mr. Raynal also recollected having seen at one time a large quantity of fragments of the wreck which were strewn along the shore. This he looked up and put in order, and found that it would probably answer their purpose well in case of rough weather and great laboring of their little vessel, while it would be less result in admitting a good deal of water through the imperfect joints of the outside planking and of the deck.

As they knew that it would be necessary for them to be at sea nearly all the time, especially in bad weather, they cut three scuttles in the deck, in a line with each other, fore and aft—one for each of them—so that they might sit upon the margin of the openings and have their feet in the hold below. All around these openings they nailed seal-skins, which they could draw up over them when they were seated there, supporting the upper part by straps over their shoulders, but leaving their arms free for such management of the sails and rigging as was practicable from those positions. There was very little, in fact, that was not practicable; for, as the boat was only about six feet wide, they could easily reach to each side from their stations in the centre.

Still, as they knew that they would often be required to leave these places of refuge, they set up posts all around the outside of the deck, and connected them with a stout railing, in the way of bulwarks, in order that they might have something to cling to for support in case of boisterous weather.

For a supply of water they cut a cask in two and fitted a cover over the open part, making it as nearly as possible water-tight. They then made a small opening in the middle of this cover just sufficient to admit a tin cup and the hand, and rhoused this opening with a lid working on leather hinges.

The compass, which they had saved from the ship, they secured in its proper place at the helm.

These things being all the arranged, the boat was ready for the launching. It was seventeen feet long, six feet wide, and a little more than three feet deep. They calculated that its burden was about two and one-half tons.

To prepare for the launching they laid, at low tide, a platform extending down from the bows to where, at high tide, the water would be deep enough to float the boat. They made this platform by first laying short transverse logs, as sleepers, at proper distances apart, securing the ends to posts set deep in the gravel, and then laying a flooring of boards over the sleepers. Every thing was ready for the launching on the 12th of July. On that day, when the tide was up, they piled up the boat with long levers so as to take out the blocks from under her, and, after the blocks were removed, let her down upon the ways. Next day she slid into the water easily and partly by the prying and pushing and guiding of the men, she was slowly urged down the platform until, to the great satisfaction and joy of her builders, she was fairly afloat. They named her the *Arrow*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"IF I wasn't so infernally considerate of the feelings of others, I wouldn't be in this scrape, you know," said Fred Bellamy to Jack Hawkins's face was most doleful.

"How do you make that out?" asked Ralph Avery.

"Why, when I saw how poor little Annie Bush loved me, and how I pitied her, and all the time, of course I had to ask her—it was just the time and place for such a scene, down in the woods by the brook, in the cool of the afternoon —and, of course, she said yes."

"And you, you villain, you married her to say so."

"No, I didn't. There's where you are mistaken. I never was so happy in my life as when she put her little hand in mine, blushing like a rose, and whispered—you know what."

"Why couldn't you tell well enough alone, then?"

"That's just it. Why couldn't I? It's because I'm so confoundedly accommodating and considerate, I tell you—nothing else. I had been flirting a little with Annie, just to show she was bound to lead me on, and I couldn't bear to disappoint her. So I proposed, and I'll be hanged if she hasn't gone and taken me at my word, and, of course, I had to be considerate in my turn

know of that? Has the wretch been telling you, after cautioning me?"

"There! I was a blunderer!" exclaimed Ralph. "I have ruined him in your estimation."

"His uncle—"

"Bother his uncle! That's all a fiction."

"You amaze me.

"Yes, and I must tell the whole story now. I wouldn't, if I did not think so much of you. But you shall not be the victim of his folly any longer. The truth is, he is rather a wild young fellow, and not half good enough for you. He wanted me to help him out of a scrape. He engaged himself both to you and Annie Bush."

"What are you telling me?"

"The truth. When I came here he confessed all to me, and induced me to pretend to be a spy acting on behalf of his fictitious uncle. He doubtless told you about it, and repeated the same story to Annie Bush. This was to keep the matter quiet, so that he could have time to devise some means of getting out of the scrape.

"The wicked fellow! It would serve him right for both of us to cut him altogether."

"Oh no! Fred is a good-hearted fellow, more indiscreet than wicked."

"Indiscreet! I should think so. But," she added, laughing, "it was rather an awkward position for him. I don't envy his state of mind. He ought to be punished, though."

"So he had. I wonder how it could be done?"

"Can't you think of any way?"

"I don't know," said Ralph.

"Think," said Mrs. Delorme. "Oh, I have it! Suppose somebody—you, for instance—should marry one of his sweet-hearts—not Annie!" Somehow she was utterly very fond him just then, and her hand was where he could conveniently reach it. He grasped it suddenly, and a new light came into his eyes, as he burst out:

"Oh, Mrs. Delorme! oh, Lucretia! if you only would! What a glorious plan that would be! Give yourself to me, and, with all my roughness, I think I could cure for you lovingly. For I love you with all my strength. Not alone to punish him, but to fill the great yearning of my soul. Oh, say that you will be mine!"

His arm was around her by this time, and, as she did not resist him, he drew her closer to his with a tight embrace, and kissed her ripe lips over and over again. Then he exclaimed, "Say yes, darling, that I may be assured of this great happiness!"

She uttered the desired syllable softly, for which she was rewarded with another ebullition of Ralph's pent-up feelings.

"Then," he said, pushing him gently away, "That will do now. What are you going to tell Fred?"

"The exact truth. He wanted me to help him out of his scrape, and I've done it in a manner that will slightly astonish him, I imagine."

Ralph found Fred looking rather gloomy that evening.

"Cheer up, old boy" he cried. "I've fixed it all right for you."

"You have?"

"Yes. Congratulate me," holding out his hand.

"What do you mean?"

"Congratulate me, I say!" and he seized Fred's hand and shook it violently.

"I don't understand."

"You'll have no more trouble with the widow."

"How—why?"

"I'm going to marry her myself."

"The devil!"

"Congratulate me, I say, and tell me you wish me joy. Come!"

"But what do you mean? Are you in earnest?"

"I never was more so. Now go and marry sweet little Annie Bush."

"Ralph," said Fred, solemnly, "I always thought you were my friend."

"I hope I am."

"Then why have you played me false in this way?"

"Played you false! What do you mean, you villain? Didn't you want me to help you out of your scrape? And haven't I done it, and done it well?"

Fred was silent, and pondered gloomily. "I'm disappointed in the widow," he muttered.

"Now don't make a fool of yourself any longer," exclaimed Ralph, impatiently. "Act like a sensible man, if you are capable of it. You can't marry them both, and you know you love Annie."

Fred was again silent, but this time a smile gradually crept over his features. "Ralph, you are a brick," he at length said. "Certainly I'll congratulate you, and heartily too." He jumped up and seized Ralph's hand. "I wish you the greatest joy that this earth affords."

"My dear Annie, there is no longer any necessity for concealing our engagement."

"Oh, I'm so glad! But your uncle?"

"Oh, he has relented."

"How good of him!"

"That is, I don't believe he ever would have raised any serious objection."

"Ah! And are we to see him?"

"In fact, Annie, I have to own that—"

Annie looked up in mute amazement.

"Now don't be angry, Annie, dear. There were other reasons. I have won another—there is, I was hampered by serious embarrassments that rendered it necessary to—ah—keep certain parties concluded—conciliated—that's it. But it is all past now, and you wouldn't care to listen to particulars, so we'll say nothing about it."

"You don't love any body else, do you, Fred?" with a look of pitiful appealfulness.

"No, indeed, my little rose-bud. You alone fill my heart. You are the light of my existence. My whole love shall always be given to you."

She nestled her arm more closely within his as they walked along under the spreading elms.

Just then they met Ralph Avery and Mrs. Delorme. Fred turned all colors, and his mind was in a perfect frenzy in his efforts to invent some excuse for turning back. Before he could collect himself, however, the couples met.

Mrs. Delorme's face was calm, happy, and serene, though she darted a significant look at Fred. The latter was afterward heard to declare that that moment was the most uncomfortable one he ever passed in his whole life. Ralph enjoyed the scene hugely, and was also heard to express himself in terms of what was passing in the minds of the other three.

But what mattered it? Fred's trouble was over, Ralph was no longer in a bachelor, and were supremely happy, and—isn't that enough?

THE QUEEN'S CUP.

THIS elegant cup, won by the yacht *Aurora* in the great Royal Victoria Jubilee Regatta at Cowes, England, in 1851, and by the yacht *Mosquito* in the recent yacht race from Cowes, Staten Island, round the light-ship, is twenty-seven inches in height, and weighs 135 ounces Troy. It bears the following inscription:

Schooner *Aurora*, 170 Tons,
Commodore John C. Stevens.
Bull Dog, Mr. Hogarth,
of
New York,
Beat
100 Guinea Cup,
Won August 22, 1851, at Cowes, England,
By Yacht Squadron,
at the
Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta,
Open to all Nations;
Beating

Cutters.	Tonnage.	Schooners.	Tonnage.
Volante,	98 Tons.	*Beatrice*,	161 Tons.
Arrow,	193 "	*Brilliant*,	392 "
Alarm,	83 "	*Constance*,	218 "
Wyvern,	392 "	*Corsair*,	356 "
Bacchanal,	392 "	*Gipsy Queen*,	291 "
Freak,	60 "	*Brilliant*,	392 "
Beligo,	40 "		

Presented to the
New York Yacht Club,
by the
Challenge Cup,
Open to all Foreign Clubs,
by the Owners,
John C. Stevens, Gen. J. Schuyler,
J. Beekman Wright, Hamilton Wilkes,
Edwin A. Stevens.

On page 532 we give an accurate engraving of the cup.

THE MITRAILLEUR.

THE system in use in the French army is kept a secret, as therefore is that of Christophe and Montigny, which is adopted at Berlin, Vienna, and Riga, and in Belgium.

The mitrailleur of Messrs. Christophe and Montigny is the result of an ingenious breechloading device combined with a number of guns united. The specimen shown in our engravings is a mitrailleur of 37 guns, weighing 1,800 lbs. in minute. It has the appearance of a small field-gun, except that the part simulating the cylindrical piece holds thirty-seven rifled barrels of cast steel, of a calibre of from ten to fourteen millimeters or eleven to fifteen in juxtaposition, as to form a fasces, and enveloped in a wrought-iron cylinder. On the back and in the prolongation of the cylinder are placed as it will appear, recesses down the cartridges into the chamber of the guns, and, at the same time, drives the percussion-primer against the fulminate. The guns are then only necessary to raise the detent lever, to pull laterally and vertically the crank of the battery, to discharge all the guns singly or simultaneously.

The discharged plate is instantly removed by means of the rear lever, which is raised, and replaced by a second charged plate, which the lever in falling shoves into the gun.

The mitrailleur rests, at its centre of gravity, on a pivot, which moves in a revolving rest fixed on the carriage; so that a semicircular rotatory movement to the right or the left of the axis of the battery, to discharge all the guns singly or simultaneously.

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The mitrailleur is actuated by the movement of a crank, which, in firing, produces the effect of a raking fire. A graduated fixed sight permits of its firing at distances exceeding 1,000 meters, or a little over 1640 yards. Lastly, two counter-plates, one at the other, form the cartridge-box, simplifying cleaning, and remounting the piece, etc.

The experiments that have been made at Brunswick, Leipic, England, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, have given such satisfactory results that Messrs. Christophe and Montigny for both field and garrison, has been adopted almost every where, not only in the countries which we have just named, but in Turkey, which has just been received for them from China. The reports of foreign officers testify that the mechanism of the Christophe-Montigny gun is a master-piece of simplicity and precision.

The absolute average variation of a volley of 37 balls is 1.28 in 700, .77 in 450, and so on. At the distance of 200 meters an 18-pounder ball gets literally cut to pieces; and the penetrating force at 600 meters, through pieces of wood, is about 25 centimeters, or a little over 9 inches.

The projectile weighs 37 grammes, or a little over an ounce. The charge of powder is from 6 to 8 grammes. The last amount is that considered by the inventors.

The mitrailleur of 37 guns weighs 180 kilogrammes, or 400 pounds, without the carriage, and can be worked by two men. It was found, however, at Vienna, in December, 1869, that to obtain the most rapid firing, or 481 balls per minute, five men were necessary to work the piece.

The front carriage contains from 48 to 56 boxes for loading, and the two caisson hold 16 breechplates furnished with cartridges. The projectile is, therefore, provided with 2368 cartridges; and a battery of 5 mitrailleurs can hurl on an attacking column 2,400 effective projectiles per minute.

In the recent engagement at Saarbrück the mitrailleur was found to be a most effective weapon. But the Prussians claim that they have produced a weapon of the same character which is as much superior to the mitrailleur as they believe the needle-gun to be to the chassepot.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the early founders of a city could, with prophetic eye, look forward a century or so, what a blessing would it be to their posterity! If the veterans of Jackson with memories of the battle of the Yazoo City had understood the commercial advantages of the location, and what a great metropolis was to grow out of small beginnings, how differently would they have laid their plans! Or if, in more recent times, a wiser forethought had preserved the ruins of the city, what benefits would have rested, like a benediction, upon us! Adobe California and Pacific Bars are only small misery acres of public parks and squares in New York. What are these among so many? Where, in many of the small parks have been so utterly neglected that they are any thing but attractive. This great and crowded population should have more breathing-places to preserve both physical and moral health. It is gratifying to know that the new Department of Public Works have already commenced to renovate existing public squares, and to make them beautiful and attractive resorts, and even propose to establish new ones. What a blessing will the proposed park at the Five Points be to that locality! A wooded grove, inclosed by an iron railing, will be a delightful rest and retreat in that wilderness of brick and mortar. Nay, more. An attractive park at the Five Points, or in any wretched quarter of our city, will exert a positive moral influence, and prove itself to be a valuable investment even to the people. Let us, then, gladly hail every addition and improvement in this department. Before the close of the present the Battery will be laid out in large grass-plots and tastefully ornamented; important improvements are projected for Washington Park; and to the lower part of the city several open tracts of land are to be inclosed and beautified for the good of the public.

English papers state that Mark Lemon's notes on the origin and history of *Punch* have been found among his papers, and are to be published.

The saddest episode of the trip of the *Dauntless* occurred on the third morning of the voyage. Wallie engaged in fueling the flying fish, two men, Charles Scott and Albert Sweeney, were up in the bows, a heavy gale prevailing at the time. Buoys were thrown to them, and all provided with all possible dispatch, but the search for the missing men, though protracted, for hours, proved fruitless. Both were good seamen, and was undoubtedly hurt in falling. Demar was not present. He was—as was ascertained from letters in his chest—a German baron abandoned by his family. His sister is the wife of a colonel in the army of the Grand Duke of Baden-Baden. The hours lost in searching for the missing men, and the depression of spirits in consequence of the disaster, were, perhaps, the cause of the *Dauntless* arriving here second in the race.

A biography of Charles Dickens has just been published in London, and has been reprinted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which is said to be the best which has appeared. The compiler, in addition to the usual means of acquiring information, has received assistance from many of the friends whom most intimately knew, but the contents of the work are thoroughly reliable. The career of Dickens, from the first publication of the "Pickwick Papers," in 1836, to his latest Christmas story, is traced with much great fidelity, and the various incidents of his life are eloquently dilated upon. The volume contains numerous illustrations, among which are five portraits of Dickens taken at different periods of his life.

Since the first indications of war with Prussia the French Government has repeatedly taken a new breechloading rifle. All symptoms of gout, with which he has been tormented for many years, have entirely disappeared, and he is all animation and vivacity.

The best mode of traveling, remarks one who appears to know, is on foot or in the saddle; next in an easy carriage; then by railway, and almost any mode of traveling by water, is, in general, useful; but it would be a serious punishment to any one to be sent to strike an invalid to seek for health in a railroad car.

President Grant, for good reasons of his own, declined to attend the races at Long Branch. People called to attract the races at Long Branch. People called to attract the races at Long Branch. People called to attract

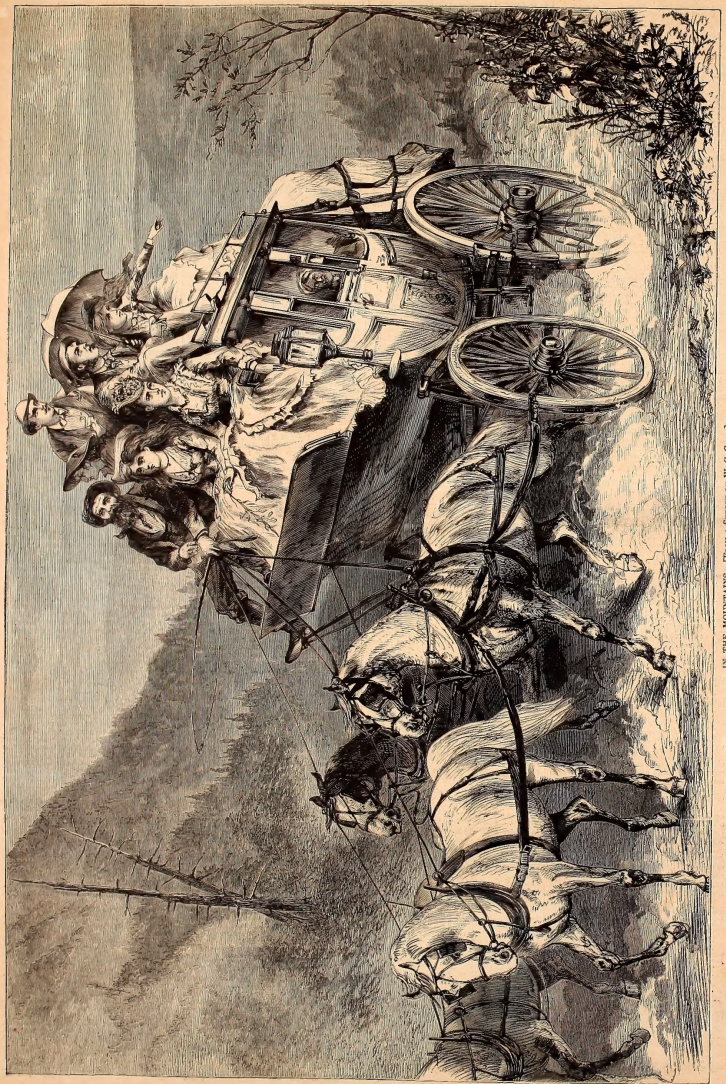

IN THE MOUNTAINS.—[From a Sketch by W. C. Cary.]

OLD TREASURES.—[SEE PAGE 540.]

LONG AGO.

O run days of long ago!
In summer days of long ago
Still the June promise breaks out in a glow
Of intense blue sky; and sweet runs bloom,
And woodlands are green with a golden flush,
And along the meadows the mowers go;
But o'ercrowning it all a shadow lies—
Is it from the sun, or over our eyes?
No shadows rested there long ago!

O the flowers of long ago!
The primrose banks of long ago!
The woodbine climbers in every hedgerow;
The cowslip fields with their harvest-like gleam,
The fragrant wild pinetop beside each stream—
The ponds with gay lily-buds all aglow.
The daisies—all daisies were sweet to my mind
Like the pink-edged daisies we used to find
In the May-time meadows long ago!

O the friends of long ago!
The parted friends of long ago
Alas that we ever could let them go!
We have wish to be under friends since then—
Strong-hearted women, true and steadfast men;
We've tried them, proved them, and found them so;
But
We miss—if the truth we dare confess—
The trust and the loving unselfishness
Of the dear old friends of long ago!

O the love of long ago!
The fond, every love of long ago!
It was not of foolishness now we knew;
It made no vows, it was speechless
Of opening doors and of listening ears
For the voice and the thinkin had thus to grow.
With longer and fuller love now we're filled
Yet an angel glanteth the mem'ry still
Of our first young love-time, long ago!

O the hopes of long ago!
The heavy, vain hopes of long ago!
The passionate longings for want and woe
That came into earth God send us to help!
We meant to stand ever firm to the right,
That the world through us should be better grow.
We felt strong as young giants in our might;
But woe of us all to have left out the fight,
And kept to the faith of long ago!

O the sunny long ago!
The cardinal sins long ago!
Sorrow, sorrow, in Time's never-ceasing flow,
As the backward glance through the gathering haze
Of dreary years, and still deeper days,
To the friends, the hopes, and the lilies' glow;
And we utter cry of longing and woe
For the life that we never can live again,
That died in our spring-time long ago!

Yearning so for long ago,
Wailing so for long ago,
A hope arises that softens the woe—
Of a land where all things will ripen youth,
And wear the white robes of unwarring truth;
And walk in the fields where the asphodel grow,
And meet a Friend who has ever been true,
And look on a Son whom no sinfulness pursues,
And never more wish for time long ago!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "Lost Sir Massingberd," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

YORKE REPORTS PROGRESS.

I TRUST it will not be imagined, and far less hoped for, by any reader of this sober narrative, that the physician's concluded the last chapter implies that he or she is about to be introduced to bad company. The fair sex will not be without their associations in our story, and that from soon; but they will not be such as blushed unseen (if blushed at all) in the bowers at Crompton. Mr. Ryll's suggestion, "Let us join the ladies," was only an elegant way he had, and which was well understood by his audience, of proposing an adjournment to the billiard-room. If that worthy old gentleman could be said to have had any source of income whatever, it was the billiard-table; and hence it was that he was always ready to proceed thither. Nor had he boasted without reason, a while ago, of his powers of self-denial; for he would often forego a glass of generous wine (when he felt that he had had enough), in order to keep his hand steady for the game of pool, which invariably took place at Crompton after dinner. His extreme obesity, though it militated with him of some advantages in the way of "reach," was, upon the whole, a benefit to him. His antagonists lost the sense of his superiority at skill in their contempt of his ridiculous and constrained postures in which he was compelled to place himself, and he was well content to see them laugh and leer. He was a first-rate player could have held his own among that company, whose intelligence was much affected to this particular pursuit for most of their natural lives; and even "Tom Ryll," as they called him behind his supplement his deficiencies by means to make success secure. His liveliest allies, his bitterest foes, were all reserved for these occasions, so that mirth or anger was forever unstringing the nerves of his competitors, and diminishing their chance of skill. It was difficult to smirting the nerves of Parson Whymper, who ran very close to him in point of promises divided the spoil with him; but on the present occasion he had a wordy weapon to baffle even that foe. His consistent and unbroken opposition to the latter's supposed reversionary interest in the living at Crompton, the incumbrance of it was ancient and infirm, and which was in the Squire's gift. This piece of preferment was the object of his physician's dearest hopes, and on that subject he would have chosen to jest upon, especially in the presence of its patron.

"Is he to have it, Squire, or is he not?" would be Tub Ryll's serious inquiry, just as it was the parson's turn to drive home, or, "Is it to be for the vicar elect?"—observations which seldom failed to cost that expectant divine a sovereign, for the play at the Hall table, although not so high as was going on in the Library with those who patronized cards, was for considerable stakes. Carew, who enjoyed, above all things, this embarrassing pleasantry, would return an ambiguous reply, so that the problem remained without a solution. But when the disgusted chaplain at last threw up his cue, in a most unusual fit of

dudgeon, the Squire put the question to the company, as a case for cheerful preferment of which he was unwilling to take the sole responsibility. "The same," he said, "which had been offered to him for the next presentation would exactly defray the cost of his second pack of hounds, which his chaplain himself had advised him to put down; so the point to be considered—"

"The hounds, the hounds!" broke in this impatient audience, amidst roars of laughter. And nobody knew better than Parson Whymper himself that this verdict would be more final than that of most other ecclesiastical synods, and that he had lost his preferment. It was Carew's humor to take jest for earnest (as it was to turn into ridicule what was serious), and the opinion of the world was pledged to decisions to which nobody else would have attached the slightest weight. It pleased him to feel that he had made a new outlaw, or perhaps it was a part of the savage moderation which he affected to be a virtue.

Ryam Kyll felt a genuine regret that he had pushed matters so far, though Whymper himself was to blame for having shown too much, and thereby precipitated the catastrophe. But he did not play the less skillfully on that account, and, moreover, had no rival to divide the pool with him.

"I would give five pounds if somebody would beat him," muttered the discontented parson within a hearing of Yorke, who was standing aloof with his cigar watching the game.

"I think I could," said the young man, quietly, "if I had five pounds."

As the pool was two pounds, and the lives were one, this was exactly the amount of money in the parson's purse, and which want of the necessary funds had alone prevented the young man from incurring.

"Here is a fiver," replied the parson, softly.

"But I really have no money," remonstrated Yorke, though his face for a moment, a moment with delight (for he was a gambler to the core), "nor any prospect of having."

"Yes, yes; you have expectations enough," answered the other, hurriedly. "You may give me that bond of yours—who knows? You can't sell a bull, man—take a bull."

When the game commenced, the young landscape-painter, who had spent at least as much of his short life at those boards of green cloth called public tables, as he had in the verdant haze of nature, made one of the combatants, and not a little astonished them by his performance. He had the eye of a hawk, with the lightness of a young panther; and his prudence during the first debutant days served to the steadiness of hand. Mr. Theodore Fane had the misfortune to be his immediate predecessor, and was "potted" at long distances.

"By Jove!" exclaimed he, sulkily, upon losing his last ball by a double, "you must have lived by your wits, young gentleman, to have learned to play pool like that."

"I have," returned Yorke, without moving a muscle, and preparing to strike again. "You will soon be able to buy a bull, if you stick to this game—but your end will not be protracted."

"You will starve to death with considerable rapidity."

"My dear Mr. Yorke," said Ryam Kyll, approachingly, "I assure you we shall really be—I can't afford to let you win my sovereigns; I like you, but I must kill you off, I see."

"Indeed!" said Yorke.

"Unless what?" inquired Ryll, as he made his stroke at a difficult ball, and made it quite safe and grazed it with his own, which, gliding off another ball, found its way into a pocket. "For mercy, he had nearly allowed himself to be "put on" his aim.

"Unless you commit suicide," replied the young fellow, smiling.

"I was about to warn you of the danger of that kiss.

"I have never seen a highway robber, young Sir," said the annoyed old gentleman.

"Nor I, Tom," returned Yorke, "for I take my money and your life."

The young fellow repaid his loan that night, besides pocketing a dozen sovereigns of the host's own pocket; and there was no more talk of that investment.

Carew was delighted with his son's skill, though his wit was somewhat wasted on him. "Why the deuce don't you play for a fiver a game?" said he, when the party broke up to adjourn to the hazard-table. "I suppose it was your confounded cunning (and here he gave a grave dark, as though with some recollection of his own gain), "to make them think you a muff before you pitted yourself against them—did you? How like, how like!"

"I had no motive," said Parson Whymper lent me some."

"Eh, Dick, that is it—was it?" said the Squire.

"Well, well, that was not your fault, lad, nor shall it be mine—here, catch," and out of his breeches-pocket he took a fiver and tossed it, and flung them at him; then suddenly turned round to Yorke, who was grounded like a motherseed excretion at his own folly.

Yorke did not risk this unexpected treasure on the chance of his winning it back, but left the room. It was a dainty chamber, as we have said, and offered a most delightful contrast to his late sleeping-room in the keeper's lodge. He opened the door of communication by which the Squire had referred, and found himself in a sort of boudoir, in which, as in his own room, a good fire was burning. By the lover of art-furniture, this latter apartment would have been pronounced a perfect gem. Here also every article was of ebony, and flushed back the blaze from the red coals like dusky mirrors. Yorke felt the resemblance—desired it, even—and a genius soul in peril sees in his mind's eye, and promises to his saint—and looked around him with curiosity. Like the little Marchioness of Mr. Richard Swiveller, he had never seen such things, "except in shops;" or rather, he had seen single specimens of such exposed in windows of great furniture warehouses, rather as a wonder and a show than with any hope to tempt a purchaser. On one hand stood an ebony cabinet, elaborately carved with fruit and flowers—it was divided into three parts, and their shut doors faced with plate-glass gave it the appearance of a tripartite altar with its sacred fire kindled. A casket almost as large glowed close beside it, covered with pictures and landscapes, but with shining locks and hinges, as he afterward discovered, of silver. A book-case filled with some precious wood was filled with volumes bound in scarlet—all French novels, superbly if not richly bound, and printed on fine paper. The article which astonished the new tenant of this chamber was the quiet exercitone that occupied its centre, with every thing set out for ornament or use that is seen on a lady's writing-table. It was suspended by a little nick-sacks as he there beheld could be intended for male use, and still more for such purposes as were Squire's guests. Did this chamber and its neighbor apartment usually own a female proprietress? and if so, why was it placed there? This idea by no means alarmed the young landscape-painter, who had no more *sensitive bonds*, nor dislike to adventure in gallantry, than Gil Blas de Santillana. He sat down at the secritoire, and, taking up a gilt pen with a ridiculous silk tassel, began a letter to the same person to whom that day he had already dispatched a missive; but this time it was not to tell of the day of brilliant dice and illuminated addresses had not as yet set in, so he wrote in the dark. It was a communication of a cold free hand, the word Crompton! and put a note of intimation after it. Had you seen his face as he did so, you would have said it was a note of triumph.

"My dear Mother,—*Veni, vidi, vici*—I have come, I have seen him, and I am at all events victorious. The perilous moment was when I told him who I was. He said he was half disposed to set his bull-dog at me, but he has not got a terrier, he at once had the exchange my bachelor's quarters for the two chambers I am now in, and which are exactly the one of the *Arabian Nights*. I have never seen any thing like them; the furniture of both is of the same, but the various part of the affair is that they are evidently designed for a lady. Imagine your friend lying under a coverlet of the real Brussels lace. Every thing in the house, however, is magnificent, or was so once, before the servants commenced revel. Such quiet ones as I have witnessed to-night would seem incredible. If I wrote the Arabian Nights' *Entertainment* of old Hogarth will supply you with the *dramatis personæ*; but the splendor of the surroundings completely heightened the effect of all. Carew and his friends might have sat for Alnaschar and his rich carousing amidst the wreck of the art treasures of Rome. Nothing that he has affords him any satisfaction; though, if it is a great one, Squire Carew's but ever to be devises a momentary pleasure from its willful damage. This man and one other are the only friends I possess on earth about Carew; but even they have no influence with him that can be depended on. If matters are not settled speedily—indeed, I might consider myself deceased. You were right there, I own; but you must needs allow that I understand this adventure completely to your advice I have effected something. The Squire is evidently speculating upon my future fortunes, and he knows his patron better than my body; at all events, if I am turned out of house to-morrow (which I will not agree to on the cards), I shall have three hundred pounds in my pocket, which seems to me a fortune. Then drew me in notes, exactly as you throw a chicken-bone to *Tansky* as he sits on his hind-legs, though I dare say he is not. Yet, then, I do assure you the immediate cause of my being invited hither was as follows: the writer described his exploit with the stags]. This, with our match at fisticuffs by moonlight, had greatly inclined Carew to favor me. When the disclosure of my identity was made, I thought for a moment all my pains were lost. He resented the intrusion exceedingly; but as he had himself invited me to be his guest; and he holds his word as good as his bond—and you know, for them, I do assure you me, it will soon be held something better, for even his vast estate is crumbling away, acre by acre, beneath the feet of his expeditious creditors to bear. There must be much, however, at this rate, to be picked up among the *débris* of such a fortune.

"I am aware that it is in the best degree improbable that I shall ever be persuaded to make a will in *my body's favor* at present. He imagines, I think, that he can live as long as I, and his sole enjoyment—it almost might be so, for all he sees to the contrary—and never dreams that he will die. But it is quite certain that he will die early; and more than likely that he will come to grief, when he has lost his nerve, in one or other of the mad exploits which he will be too proud to discontinue. Then will your Richard become the most wondrous and painstaking of nurses that ever honored crack-brained patient. But there! I have not the slightest intention of what is to happen, and this is but a specimen. Who can tell? I may be heir of Crompton yet, or I may come back to you or nowhere like a bad penny, and with what the vulgar describe as a flea in my ear.

"It will not surprise you to learn that you are personally held in great disfavor here, though the chaplain (who has heard all from the Squire's lips) speaks of you with due respect. The last thing that is desired is your return, and even the return of its lawful mistress. Carew himself in very bitter against you, which is doubtless owing to the good offices of grandmamma. The clock has just struck four, which bids me close this letter, though of all the Squire's guests, to judge by the wrangling that is going on in the *Library* below stairs, the first to retire will be your affectionate son,

"Richard Yorke.

"P.S.—I forgot to say that Carew made the most pointed inquiries as to whether I had any other profession than that of landscape-painting. Would it not be strangely comical if he should bestir himself to get me some Civil appointment! Parson fancies that he must have been thinking of doing so, from some scraps of talk I heard him let fall at dinner. Curiously enough, by-the-by, who should have been sitting at his right-hand, but Frederick Chandos, Jack's brother! 'Good Heaven!' (you will say,) 'suppose it had been Jack himself;' however, it was not."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW BENEDICT BECAME A BACHELOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late hour at which Yorke had to his own sumptuous couch, he was up the next morning betimes. He was restless, and eager to explore the splendors of the house, that had been so nearly his inheritance, for it was not without a stubborn contest that the law had deprived him of what he still believed to be his rights. Nor had Crompton, in his eyes (as we have hinted), only the interest of Might-have-been; it had that of Might-be also. If not absolutely sanguine, he was certainly far from hopeless of his success, having him that great enemy, at all events, while the opportunity was afforded him, which he well knew might be lost for ever by his own imprudence, or through the caprice of another, he resolved not to neglect it. It was broad daylight, yet not a soul was stirring in all the stately places; nothing but the echo of his own footsteps, and the trod the corridors, entered the great Picture-gallery, now his attentive ear. The collection of old masters at Crompton was varied and valuable, he could have spent hours among them with infinite pleasure, if the intoxicating thought that they all might be one day his own, had not been present to mar their charms. He regarded them less as an admiring disciple, or a connoisseur, than as an acquaintance. The homely life-scenes of Jan Steen, the saintly creations of Paul Veronese, the warmth of Rubens' art, and the sensitiveness of Vandyke's, were all possessed by one standard—that of price. The portraits of this latter master alone, thought he, "represent no moderate fortune."

When his eye strayed to the tall windows, and he looked on the green sward across which he had in mad Carew a nominal master, the beauty of dale and woodland seemed to him not at all a "wonder now," sighed he, "how much of this is dipped?" It was a good sign, he thought, that in one room he found a sketch-book containing not less than forty antique cameos; for, if the pressure of pecuniary difficulty had really begun to be severe, the Squire would have parted with what he could, possessed by one standard—that of price. The contents of this sketch-book, thought he, "represent no moderate fortune."

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How high and fresh it was! How much there was of bracing enjoyment in the wholesome gayety, in the mere breath of it; how much of invigorating delight in the mere sight of the glittering turf, the bended trees, to which the boarfrost had lent its jewels! But such cheap luxuries are not always to be enjoyed, and the sleeping off their debauch of the past night during the brightest hours of the day they are lost to, says the sage thcse who rise early in the morning, to follow the strong drink of greed and envious expectation. Richard Yorke enjoyed them, and says that he felt his lungs play round his heart. A couple of gardeners were at work upon the lawn, of one of whom he made his way to the stables, the report of the completeness and perfection of which had more than realized him. He entered his furniture—nay, the house and its inmates—were of less consequence in the Squire's eyes than the management of his loose-boxes. The old gynecology of Hoshymnus was re-established at Crompton; the Man here was away, and the beast held in higher account than the Human. The Horse, the Hound, the Pheasant, the Beg-fox, and, fifthly, Man, were the order the gentleman in fact; and a compound being—half man, half brute—was, as it not exactly looked freak of nature, the master of all. Carew had never fed his mares with human flesh, but there was a legend that he had flashed a horse over with aniseed, and offered that dainty morsel to his dogs. The victim was mauled away piecemeal, however, by some officious underling, who justified his interference upon the ground that the hounds would have been poisoned by the indigestible meal the Squire had pardoned him. This was one of the stories that the Squire of Crompton would relate to the country into those who believed it and those who did not; but Walter Grange had told it to Richard as a circumstantial fact.

The stables were indeed a marvel, not only of cleanliness and comfort, but, if it had been possible by any arts of dietitanics to make them comfortable, such would Carew's horses have become. They had looking-glasses in their own glossy coats, and yet it was not well for one of them to be an especial favorite with his master; for more than once happened that he would ride such go often and so long that it fell under him, killed with kindness, overwhelmed with his ex-

pressive favor. On such occasions, if the Squire happened to have been as devoted as usual to his brandy flask, he would shed copious tears, which many intimated as a proof that he was neither selfish nor cold-hearted.

The kennels were of vast proportions. Indeed in by high palisades, through the interstices of which many a black muzzle now protruded, snuffing like ill-tempered women, or uttering shrill whines of despair. As Yorke, with his hands buried in his pockets, for they were cold, thoughtfully bent was too well provided with chastening hair to be conscious of the absence of a hat, was contemplating this spectacle with cynical amusement, up strode the chaplain, wholesome and ruddy-looking.

"You are a true heathen—as Crompton hours go —Mr. Yorke; I hope such good habits will not be understood by evil associations. Your absence from your constitution, to be able to face this November mist with a bare head!"

"Nay, parson," rejoined the young man, "you must have risen early yourself to know that there was a mist. It's clear enough now at noon. I suppose our impatient friends yonder, 'pointing to the kennel, where all the dogs, hearing the chaplain's voice, were now in full chorus, "will have their will this morning?'

"Yes; it is this peak's turn to howl."

"I wish, for your sake, Mr. Whymper, that there was only one pack," observed Yorke, with good-natured earnestness.

"Ah, you are referring to that foolish talk about the living last night. Poor Kyll is quite broken-hearted about it this morning. And, in fact, he did do me an ill turn, though, I am sure, without intending it. It is the misfortune of a professed wit—and especially of a poor one—that he can not afford to be silent."

"You talk in most good-humorously than I should," said Yorke. "I should be inclined to charge something for a joke made at my own expense, where the loss was so considerable."

"You don't look of a very revengeful disposition, sulky, returned the chaplain, laughing.

"I have never experienced the feeling of revenge," answered the young man, frankly; "and I know what it is to feel wrongly, and I think it is lucky that it is the law, and not an individual, that has done me the mischief; for now I have a vendetta against the law, you know. But, if it were a man, ay, though he were my own flesh and blood, he should pay for it—with interest. I would not put up with injustice from any human being; and where I could, I would not even need help me, I would right myself with the strong hand."

It was curious to see the effect which this objectless passion wrought upon the young man's face, and even figure. His features appeared to grow rigid; his right hand was clenched convulsively; his handsome Spanish countenance was lit up with a sort of lurid glare.

"My dear young friend," said the chaplain, quietly, "my profession, perhaps, ought to suggest to me some serious argument against such a disposition which you so unmistakably evince; but I will confine myself to saying that a temper as yours is not to be kept for nothing. It is only men in your father's position who can indulge themselves in such a luxury as you have you. I will come to grief with it some day."

Yorke laughed good-humoredly. "What must be, will be. Let us hope there will be no occasion for the display of my fire-works. I suppose, with his two parties in the church and the rest of it, even my father will be brought to behave himself genuinely, sooner or later."

"I should like to see Carew demure," said the chaplain, smiling; "although not reduced to that state by the extremities of poverty, he is, as you say, he added in a graver tone, "the pace at which he has been going those twenty years has been to tell on his fortune. But it is not the dogs that will ruin him (as they ruined poor Kyll), with his few thousands a year to the hunters. It is his race-horses on the Downs yonder that will bring him to his piece of bread."

"I suppose so," said Yorke, coldly. "I care much on Carew's account as on his own; "he lacks a home because it is his own. That is his confounded egotism."

"Your tie of relationship, Mr. Yorke does not, I perceive, make you blind to your father's foibles."

"Why should it?" rejoined the young man, passionately. "Am I to feel grateful to him for begetting me? What has he done to make me feel that I owe him aught? Let me be candid. I thank him for being admitted here, unacknowledged, uninitiated in my own proper name. For being permitted to take my fill at the common trough along with his drunken swine?"

"Nay, my friend," interposed the chaplain, coldly; "the food and wine are of the best; and we should never scoff at good victual. If you have no appetite for it, you will have here? It embarrasses you to answer the question. Let me, then, shape the reply. 'I have a sense of my own dignity,' you would say, 'far keener than that of my father's flatterers and favorites; but, on the other hand, I unfortunately have not much greater stake.'

"I fraternize myself?" reiterated the young man, angrily.

"You take money that is not very generally offered for a mere acceptance, my friend," replied the chaplain, quietly.

"You saw him, did you?" cried Richard, hoarse with shame and passion."

"No; I did not; but I heard him swearing at you at the hazard-table for having emptied his pockets; and I am familiar with his mode of bestowing presents. You must forgive me, Mr. Yorke," added Parson Whymper, dryly; "but you ought to know that when a man has lost his own self-respect, he is hardly entitled to the profession of independence in another."

"If you deem yourself a dependent, Mr. Chaplain," replied Yorke, bitterly, "you still permit yourself some frankness."

"Yes; that is one of the few virtues which are practiced at Crompton. You will find me speak the truth."

There was irony in Parson Whymper's tone; and yet the young man felt that he was not the subject of its cynicism. Was it possible that this hard-featured, hard-living, hard-headed divine was scornful of himself, and of his own degraded position? Yorke did not credit him with any such fine feeling. He was a man of the Crompton's, and could understand the great Dean's bitterness against the Squire, and even his dependent guests, but that a man should become despicable to himself, was unintelligible to him.

"Of course," continued the chaplain, smiling at his evident bewilderment, "I could have been as much offended as you, Mr. Yorke, at your friend; but I had estimated your good sense too highly to endeavor to conciliate you by such vulgar means."

"I thank you," said Yorke, thoughtfully. "I hope you were right there. I am sure at least that from your mouth I could hear home truths, which from another's would be very unpalatable. You are good enough to speak as though you would wish us to be friends. I am going to ask you, therefore, to do me a favor."

"I will do any thing that lies in my power; but do not, for your own sake, press me to influence your father's mind."

"No, no; it is not that," broke in the other, hastily. "I flies with yourself to grant my request. I wish to have a private talk with you at Carew's marriage with my mother.

"*Tut story!*" exclaimed Parson Whymper.

"Nay; I can not vouch for being possessed of that. I have only heard it from your grandmother: the counsel for the defense, whom a scrupulous reliable authority for the facts of a case."

"And I am ready to hear," said Yorke. "Let me now, for the first time, know what was urged upon the other side, and so qualify, that which I have hitherto heard only. It is made my mother an outcast, and myself a disgraced and penniless lad. I have a right to know exactly what was the end of it all, so do not fear to shock me."

"There can be no disgrace where one has not one's self to blame," urged the chaplain.

"You think so?" broke in the other, bitterly. "What! not when one's mother is made the instance? Well, please begin."

"Not just now," said the chaplain.

"It would be much better for you to get the newspaper report of the case—I can tell you the date—and read what was urged there."

"No report was ever published, Mr. Whymper; the case was hushed up with closed doors, or suppressed by Carew's influence. No much, perhaps—to judge by your face—the better for me."

"I think it was," said the chaplain, "but I hear it, even now, Mr. Yorke," returned the chaplain, not without a touch of tenderness in his tone. "But, if you insist upon it, I must, in my private room, and let us breakfast together first, then we will go to the matter in question."

Accordingly, the two repaired to the apartment in question—a very snug one, on the ground-floor, but so crammed with manuscripts and letters that it resembled a lawyer's sanctum. The morning repast, which, in fact, the chaplain consisted of a game-pie and a tankard of strong ale—having been here dispatched, and their cigars lighted, Parson Whymper began his narrative.

"It must have been in the autumn of 1831 that Carew finally left the service of the Marquis of Harton. He got into some difficulties with the authorities—refused, I believe, to apologize for some misdemeanor, and left the army in a privately withdrawn."

"I beg your pardon there," remarked Yorke, hastily. "He was expelled, as I happen to know for certain."

"Very likely," said the chaplain, slowly expelling the smoke from his lips; "indeed, I should say most likely. But remember mine is necessarily *ex ergo* information. Mrs. Carew—I mean Mrs. Carew the elder—is solely responsible for it. She was not in a position to get the facts against her son, and I have no doubt made compensation for so doing by highly coloring the offenses of the Commander. In this case, you would not like the story. Is it still your wish that I should proceed?"

"Yes, yes," said Yorke; "go on. I was a fool to interrupt you. But the chaplain noticed that the young man's face had flushed all over his face, under pretense of shielding it from the fire, and that his cheeks grew scarlet as the tale went on, nevertheless.

"Carew was not seventeen then, when he left school for the house of the Marquis of Harton, one of Hardcastle, in Berkshire, as his private pupil. It was considered that he was to be a boy of his own age and attention, but not his exclusive services. There were one or two other pupils—rather queer customers, I believe—and Mr. Hardcastle advertised in the newspapers for lads of position, but neglected to mention by his surname. In short, who had proved unmanageable at home—and undertook to reform them by his system. It was no wonder, then, that Carew found some strange companions. The strangest of all, however, under the circumstances, was surely the boy's niece, Miss Hardcastle herself."

"Why strangest?" interrupted Yorke.

"I think Mrs. Carew was fortunate to imply that this young lady, being possessed of great physical advantages, should have been the last person selected by Mr. Hardcastle as his housekeeper, and the companion of his pupils, and the event seems to have well borne, as it afterward turned out, that she had already succeeded in victimizing (such was Mrs. Carew's expression) three of these very lads. That was years ago, it is true; and it might well be imagined that a lady of the mature age of five-and-thirty might have outlived her charms; but in her particular case this was not so. Miss Hardcastle, in short, was called, was still very beautiful, high-spirited, and an excellent horsewoman. She was also—if that had been necessary to obtain her purpose—well-read and accomplished. Being clever, good-looking, and not easily shocked, however, she was more than competent to secure the affections of young Carew. She was, nevertheless, at first said, literally old enough to be his mother; and the idea of the affair having been a love-match, in the usual sense of the expression, was simply preposterous. That Miss Hardcastle was bereft of this quality was more evident from her having enjoined secrecy upon her youthful bridegroom. They lived together as man and wife, under Mr. Hardcastle's roof, for some six months before their marriage was proclaimed. Then young Mr. Carew took a bold step—a step which needed her husband to bring her to his house, under the roof of which his mother was then residing. But they did not come (as one might have imagined) in the fashion of two runaway lovers, who seek forgiveness for their youthful ardor with penitence and submission. The bridegroom was full of wild mirth at having at last done something seriously to astonish the world. He was fond of his mother, after his fashion; looked up to her from entreating her forgiveness, he did not even perceive any particular necessity for conciliation. The bride was full of triumph; she had not risked much, and she had won a great stake. It would have been better for her could she have borne her success with more moderation. Her mother-in-law was transported with rage, which she was too wise to exhibit. She knew very well her former rival as wife did; and she felt that opposition was for the present hopeless: but she took counsel with her son's friends, and bided her time. Let come at last, though very slowly. Carew was elevated to the position of a male twelve-month—a longer time than youth and beauty combined have ever enthralled him since. Even when her tender sense—for she had the sweetest voice that ever woman possessed—failed to thrill him, and her heavenly form no longer charmed, probably her love cemented to take part against her, but for her own importance. She lost her temper with him upon a occasion when it is thought the weakest of her sex to keep it: she grew jealous."

"Without cause?" inquired Yorke, puffing at his cigar but going out, though he still held it between his white lips.

"No; just cause, of course. That is a point, I fancy, about which my informant had her reasons for not being explicit."

"What?" exclaimed the young man, indignantly.

She threw some one in her son's way, to divert his attention from herself and wife?"

"Perhaps; I can't say for certain. I am not defending her, Mr. Yorke; but remember, she loved her son. She beheld him a victim to an artful woman. He was not in her eyes as he is in yours and mine, young man. He had been urged, expeditious of good, an affectionate and grateful nature, he was the best *partie* in the county, and she had chosen his tutor's sweet niece, a man old enough to have borne him. Besides, he was not the first wife. The lowrger had secretly taken legal opinion upon that matter, and was only waiting for an opportunity to test it. It was essential for her that her son should marry his own freedom, and at last he did so. I have called upon the occasion. In the whirlwind of his wrath, your mother told Carew some house truths; above all, let him know she despised him, and had despised him from the morning. She had no other name for her, henceforth, but Serpent."

"I know," said Yorke. "Go on."

"It was within two months of your birth that this quarrel took place. I had been here, and especially here at Crompton, I think the rupture would never have happened. Your grandmother, a lady of spirit, and did her utmost to precipitate matters, and, as you know, she was successful. Miss Hardcastle—in her own opinion—to leave the house, and an action was commenced in an ecclesiastical court. The validity of the marriage was questioned on the ground of private publication of the bans, both parties having a knowledge of the facts. Carew's parents, you know, and this bit of law lies in my way. The bride appeared in the register as spinster, whereas she was the widow of an old squall of her own ek's, whose surname you bear. It was not an easy victory to obtain means. The judge of the Consistory Court held that the inaccuracy in question was insufficient to invalidate the ceremony had taken place, and rather your grandmother appealed to the Court of Arches, and got the decision reversed. The marriage was therefore declared null and void. Very hard lines it was for you, Mr. Yorke; and—and that's the whole story."

"I thank you," said the young man, gravely. "I can easily imagine that it might have been told by other lips in harsher terms."

They were silent for full a minute, Yorke buying himself with puffs of the document upon the table, written out in the chaplain's sprawling hand.

"Your mother must be a most remarkable woman," observed the latter, thoughtfully. "Is she still young enough to bear her part?"

"Yes; very. What a queer docket is here! *'Tis Mine. Refused.* What does that mean?"

"It is an application from one Trevethick, an inn-keeper, to purchase a disused mine at Gerlan, on the west coast of Cornwall, which Carew has declined. Two thousand pounds was offered on the nail, a sum far beyond its value; but it is one of his estates that his property there is very valuable, and it's evident that this Trevethick thinks he has—whereas it is not—a bargain. He is a grandsear of position, Gethin Castle, or rather what is left of it, for it is a ruin, is indeed unequaled! You should take your sketch-book down there, some day. May I ask, by-the-by, are you only an amateur in this way, or a professional?"

"I am an artist by profession. I live by my pencil, save for what my mother allows me out of Carew's pittance. That is small enough, you know. Hollo! there are the hounds coming round to the front! I suppose Carew and the rest of them will soon be in the saddle?"

"And you have never made money by any other means?" pursued the chaplain, thoughtfully.

"Never. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it seemed so strange that a lad like you should find purchasers for his works," returned the chaplain, carelessly. "The Picturesque' is a publication well be of service to you, much."

"Yes. I shall get my education at Crompton, if I get no other," said Yorke, bitterly. "And indeed, as I have no desire to peril my neck out hunting, I shall set to work at once. Good-morning, Mr. Chaplain—I mean Whymper. And with a nod and a smile, the young man left the room.

Parson Whymper looked after him with a grave face. "I wonder whether Fane was right, for once?" he mused upon point-blank; though, 'tis true, he owed him a grudge for putting him at play. There was something strong in that young fellow's face, he said: "Never, when I asked him that question as to whether he gained money by other means. If he lied, the lying must have come from the mother's side. That woman must be a marvel. Lord, Mr. Carew! I should like to shed Richard Yorke to have had his chance here."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON—Fahren-heit.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your Honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I am going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies."

A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, agreeable manners and beauty of her daughter, said, "She has had a liberal education; why, she can parse, and say all the bible, repeat the whole catechism, and read a sermon as well as the minister." "Indeed," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Stevens, flounced the cat into the well, and stole old Bickley's gimlet."

The proprietor of a hotel was bustling about the other morning at an early hour, when a traveler, who had been one asked him why he didn't call up his wife. "I don't call him as long as I can help it," replied he; "for when he is in bed I know where he is, but when he is up he is anywhere and every where."

A scene in a picture-gallery shows "a model mother" in a man who serves as a model for an artist, and in the artist's studio sometime after. "Is that for me, Sir?" "From whom did N'Gilp paint that head?" "From a model, apparently, madam." "Is it for love of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very neutral tint indeed." "Is that for me, Sir?" "Madam, from his conversa, which I have had to put in pallet, and fix palette, I've got to do a little bit of you."

"Well, Annie, how did you get along with that hard sum of a lesson at school?" "Oh, splendid; I'm getting rid of him." "Oh yes; I got rid of him very nicely. I married him, and have to love him now."

"My son," said an old lawyer, giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession, "if you have a client for the law in charity on your side, but justice seems to be against him, never give him any reason to suppose that you have. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the justice of your client's case in dealing with your practice, insist upon the necessity of doing justice even to the devil himself." "Father," said the young hopeful, "how shall I account for it in case I am asked, and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son," replied the old slyger, "talk around it."

If a man is given to liquor, see that liquor is not given to him.

A lady from the country, who has lately become a resident of the city, was very much surprised at her son's long absence from home the other evening. A messenger-boy was sent for him, and he came prompt to see the elephant. "Ah!" said the mother, with a sigh of relief; "I'm glad to see you here! I have been desirous to his seeing the elephant, and didn't even know he was in town."

"A friend of ours," says the editor of a contemporary, "is possessed of a handsome and wonderful boy. He has got so weak now that he can't raise five dollars."

A Scotchman who had put up at an inn was asked in the morning how he would like his eggs. "Boiled, Sir," said he, "but we'll either, but I was mickle behind my time last night, for the deil was busy about us wi' the bale nicht."

The New Bedford *Standard* records a little incident of Secretary Boutwell, which proved none that city. The secretary was visiting the public schools, and addressed the boys and soldiers in the centre, and the public generally, in a circle formed in front of them. When the military stood shoulder to shoulder, somewhat during the time from a general order to dismiss-late ever. A young man of the old grave persuasion, apparently from the country, was accosted, followed by the military, and addressed them thus: "My dear friends, you present our serious appearance, standing up there right in front of us." Answer by high private: "Yes, Sir, we are standing up here to get a chance through the war." Honorable withdrawal.

Two young men of a country town were laughable about which describes the mathematical process by which Mr. Jones's horse arrived at the value of certain conflicting evidences. "Gentlemen of the jury," this man is expected to have said, in summing up the evidence in a trial where the witnesses had sworn with remarkable honesty to the value of a horse, witnesses who swear that the water-course used to flow in a ditch on the north side of the hedge, on the south land, gentlemen, there are nine witnesses who swear that the water-course used to flow in a ditch on the south of the hedge. Now, gentlemen, if nine witnesses wholly uncontradicted, and I recommend you to give your verdict for the plaintiff."

Charity who called those six witnesses."

"His process, however, was hardly as clever as that of the Irish prisoner accused of stealing a shirt from a hedge. "There are three people who saw you take it," said the magistrate. "Bad luck to them! exclaimed Walsh; "if I'd seen them, I'd assuredly have seen what they didn't see me take it!"

A teacher, catechising his scholars, put the following question: "Who was the greatest general that ever lived?" "Matches," cried one of the youngsters, after a short pause.

INTERIOR OF A SWIMMING BATH.—[DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.]

INTERIOR OF SWIMMING BATH.

We give on this page an illustration of the swimming bath at the foot of Charles Street, of which we gave an exterior view in the *Weekly* for July 16. It contains 68 rooms, the water is four and a half feet deep, and 200 bathers can be accommodated at one time. Each bather is allowed to remain in the water 30 minutes. There is another swimming bath of the same kind at the foot of Thirteenth Street, and both are crowded every day. The success of these experiments should lead to the establishment of other baths in sufficient numbers to accommodate all who desire to avail themselves of these healthful privileges. Such institutions are not only beneficial to the poor, who are unable to leave the hot and sweltering city during the summer, but to the whole community, as all are equally interested in preserving the health of our population.

OLD TREASURES.

THE picture on page 537 is engraved from a water-color drawing by Mr. H. B. ROBERTS, a member of the English Institute of Painters in Water-Color. A lady is seen seated in an old wainscoted chamber, before a table on which is a casket, and the contents of which she is examining. In pensive mood she has laid her late aside, and her attention is fixed mournfully, not upon the jewels nor the richer contents of the casket, but, it would seem, upon a few dry flower-petals and leaves. What story do they tell? Who is this melancholy lady? The costume she wears—her ruff, her head-dress, with its long veil, the slashed sleeves of her black velvet robe, tell us no more than that they belong to the middle of the sixteenth century. But what is the meaning of that inscription on the oak panel in the back-ground—"Eliz." and the date "1565," with an indefinite coat of arms between abbreviated name and date? Is this the lion-hearted Queen Bess herself in her more susceptible youth, before her features became so strongly marked as to render any mistake respecting her identity very difficult to make? Possibly the painter intended or may permit such suggestion, and, if so, the render will not be slow to build up his own romance from the incident.

UNDINE.

FOUQUÉ'S most beautiful romance has rarely found a more appreciative illustrator than MISS STARR, an English artist, whose graceful picture, of which we give an engraving on page 541, was recently exhibited in the Royal Academy of London. The picture illustrates one of the most touching incidents of the romance. The handsome young knight, Huldebrand, the hero of the story, has wedded the lovely Naiad, or Undine. He had met her first, after traversing the enchanted forest, in the cottage of the humble fisherfolk, her foster-parents. He had become enamored of her beauty; her childlike artlessness, the very pranks which with soulless thoughtlessness she had played, had served but

"ROBBING THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE."

THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART—"*AU REVOIR!*"

to increase her fascination; he had braved the terrible midnight storm and the swollen torrent, the work of Undine's kinsman, the powerful sea-prince, when recovering her from the island whom she had sought refuge from the chiding of her foster-mother; and the nuptials of the lovers had at length taken place. Undine herself had become possessed of a soul upon the only condition possible to her—a union of deepest love with one of the human race. From her love for the knight and for the gift of a soul she had rendered herself liable to suffer all the sorrows and disappointments of which the human race is susceptible. But she had still to tell him her true nature. So, when wandering together near the forest stream, now shrunk to a small brook, she, with tender anxious mystery, asked him to bear her to the small island from which he had before rescued her. Arrived there, she commenced the wondrous disclosure: "Thou shouldst know, my beloved," she began, "that there exist in the elements beings not very unlike you men, yet who seldom let themselves be seen by you. The marvelous salamanders glitten and sport in the flames; the rough, malicious gnomes dwell deep in the earth; the woods are haunted by spirits which are of the air, while the far-spread race of water-spirits live in lakes, and rivers, and brooks; they dwell, too, in resounding crystal vaults, through which heaven with its sun and stars shine in, and lofty coral plants with blue and red blossoms decorate their gardens: they wander over bright sands strown with many-colored shells, and amidst all that the old world possessed of beautiful, which the present world is no longer worthy to enjoy, and which the waves conceal with their mysterious veil of silver. There are still preserved noble ruins, high and stately, gently laved by loving waters, which cherish about them delicate mosses and wreathing plants. Those who dwell there are pure, and lovely to look upon, fairer than even mankind." She proceeds to tell him of the fate of these beings, of the only means by which they can avoid their destiny; and then exclaims—"Now have I a soul; I thank thee for my soul, oh, thou unspeakably beloved! and evermore grateful shall I be if thou dost not by thy gift make me miserable during my future life; for what will become of me if thou hatest me, and drivest me from thee? Yet I would not detain thee by deceit. If thou wilt reject me, do it now; go back alone to the shore; I will plunge into that stream to my kinsman, who leads here a hermit-life away from his other friends. But he is powerful, and receives tribute from many great rivers; and as he bore me to the fisherman, a joyous, laughing child, so will he carry me back to my parents a loving, sorrowful woman gifted with a soul." Then follows the passage which MISS STARR directly illustrates: "She was about to add something more, when Huldebrand, with the most heartfelt tenderness and love, clasped her in his arms and again bore her

"UNDINE."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MISS STARR.]

back to the shore. There, amidst tears and kisses, he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to his beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beautiful wife."

SIGNAL TOWERS IN CUBA.

The great want of lines of communication in the island of Cuba has undoubtedly been the principal cause of the prolongation of the war. Railways exist only in the sugar districts, as Havana, Matanzas, and Cardenas, excepting the short lines from Sagua, Trinidad, and Cienfuegos to the plantations, and that between Nuevitas and Puerto Principe. Regarding telegraphs, the island is but little better provided, and a good town road is an astonishing object, which exists only in the minds of enterprising individuals. Detachments of troops have frequently spent a day or two separating them, are as isolated from each other as if they were hundreds of miles apart, the entire interior being covered with dense and mountainous virgin forests, or else impassable swamps. In order to help this country more firmly, the Spaniards have just inaugurated the building of towers, of which we give a sketch on page 552, combining the advantages of a signal tower and a fort. As the insurgents are unprovided with artillery, these forts, although they may be defended by only about twenty men, must be considered impregnable. The towers are built on places, having by their elevation possible, a most surrounding the glacis, and an interior and extensive range of stakes and palisades make the mere approach very difficult. The lower part of the fort, being an earthwork surrounding a strong wooden frame, is bomb-proof, and protects its inmates from the enemy's fusillade. In some districts where a small swivel, or revolving cannon, will be placed.

These towers will be erected first on the line from Cruges de Neuvas to Moron, at a distance of five miles from each other, and good roads will be be opened between them. The signal will be made either by wooden blocks moved by a chain, or by flags from the tower, and with colored lanterns and rockets at night. It is supposed that the erection of these towers will mark a new era in Cuban warfare, and never very sanguine as the Cubans, whose leaders have given strict orders to use their utmost endeavors to prevent the work, recognizing the danger which these towers offer, and which will enable the Spaniards to throw five thousand active and acclimated men into the field, who are now doing garrison duty in the numerous settlements and towns in the Cinco Villas and Central Department.

THE EXTINCTION OF WORLDS.

The progress of science enables us to trace, with a probability almost amounting to certainty, the career of a star from its birth; from the moist diffused condition of its parent nebula, through the stage of primary agglomeration when it shines as our sun through the process of cooling into a dim and cloudy spheroid, such as Jupiter or our earth; until cold rules supreme, and the once glowing orb tells its history like the moon.

But when we have reached this stage we have by no means done with the star. It must continue on its course, and, though in obscurity, it must retain its momentum and its attractive force. Our sun will thus one day travel in darkness, attended by a cohort of funereal planets, and perpetual night will reign over the solar system. This result appears to be but a question of time, and we may, therefore, bid to the consideration that many systems must, in all probability, be already extinct, and unrecognized as sacred. But as extinction is a gradual process, there will be multitudes of stars in various stages of dimness, and the brilliancy of which is "magnitude" in fact, will therefore depend on its age, quite as much as on its size or distance. On this view, Sir. W. Herschel's method of "star gauging" can not be relied on for a correct determination of the actual shape of the cluster called the "Milky-Way," as, instead of taking the number of brightness as an indication of the average of distance, we have to superadd the average of age. Now, the smaller the star the sooner quickly will it pass to age, and, therefore, the necessary extent of our galaxy is immensely reduced; in other words, it appears that while the space separating us from the nearer stars, for which parallax has been obtained, remains of some unchanged, the antiquated distances of those hitherto considered to be farthest off will be much lessened, as there appears to be no reason for concluding that telescopic stars are necessarily more distant than bright ones for which we can not obtain parallax, but simply that they are older, or smaller, or both, and therefore dimmer.

It will be readily allowed that, if the light of the stars be fading away, a vast number may have already become extinct, and that it is indeed possible that the orbs now visible may be but a small surviving remnant of far greater multitudes which have since illumined the sky. If our cluster then be much reduced in extent, and its constituents be largely removed from each other, it would follow that the chances against collision would be much reduced. Let us suppose that collisions are possible, and that their frequency is merely a question of chances. What would be the consequences of such an event? It is possible that they would depend chiefly on the relative momenta of the colliding bodies: that if one were very much larger than the other, and the velocities high, the temperature would be raised sufficiently to dissipate the smaller into gas, while merely heating or, possibly, liquefying the larger. If the bodies were nearly of a size, and their momenta great, possibly both would be reduced to a gaseous condition; in either case their tendency would be to form ultimately a body equal in weight to the sum of its two constituents. Either the larger body would annex the smaller, or, if both became dislocated, the fervid gases would radiate their heat and contract anew into a system possibly containing a sun and planets.

Again, supposing that two bodies approached each other in a direct manner, and that a collision, that is, so that their mutual gravity causes them to lose all motion and revolve around each other, we should have the explanation of the existence of double, treble, multiple stars: we should also understand how it happens that certain stars (Sirius, for instance) are accompanied by non-luminous ones. Also, it would appear that extinct stars are really far more numerous than is generally supposed, the theory which regards the revolving star as extinct, being in fact the cause of the variability of certain stars receives much support.

Thus, in the course of time, nebulæ would form suns, suns would grow cold, or, while yet glowing, would collide, or would revolve in pairs with other suns, till gradually space would be peopled with suns, larger and larger, but less and less thickly scattered. Pursuing the idea, we arrive at a period when all the stars of each galaxy shall become aggregated into one vast fiery globe—nay, when all these vast galactic suns shall come together and form one great central sun in which all the matter once scattered through space shall be collected, accomplishing its successive fusion in a cosmic furnace—a world without a sun—a cold and naked bulk.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

In his young days Faraday used to attend Kean's performances with intense interest, and later in life he was wont to relate how the dramatic representations of the Shakspearean drama produced under the management of Charles Kean recently; and Jenny Lind's delicious voice occasionally charmed him to forget his cares. He himself mimic, had a fine ear, and could sing agreeably; indeed, there was hardly any form of excitation to the art or science which his sensitive temperament was not keenly alive. He took great pleasure in a good novel, and some notes extant of a conversation he was only engaged in he held with a friend at the house of Mrs. M——, in Clarges Street, W., at the time when Dickens he was wont to appear now and then at an evening party. It was a winter evening, in the month of January, 1851. He had invited a few to a refreshment-room, decorated with ribbons, and sparkling in an ante-room. Faraday, taking a glass of punch, presented it abruptly to the novelist, and said, "Ah! you great silly cat, with your bowl of punch, how do you like it?" "Why, I did drew itself up offended. "Puss is not fond of punch," said Faraday, "but perhaps you are addressing a lion!" "Oh, I beg your pardon," retort; and then followed some talk which presently turned upon some of the performances to be got out of them, and Faraday said, "I like the stirring ones—with plenty of life, plenty of action, and very little sentiment." "Ah, you are the philosophy for myself, but I want the comfort to speak to my friends of the impression of scene, and to give me an interest which takes me out of my own immediate pursuits. It does me much good to get out of myself, and to dismiss my air his thoughts a little."

He then mentioned the novel of "Paul Ferroll" as having sir enough in it, and added, "There's another modern one I like very well, too, where a person keeps his words to the top of his house." This was the novel of "Jane Eyre." "Ah!" said Faraday, "I see you can't keeps you awake. Why, how good the woman's flight is across the fields! but there's a touch of commonplace about it, and it's not the right sort of scene, and to give me an interest which takes me out of my own immediate pursuits. It does me much good to get out of myself, and to dismiss my air his thoughts a little."

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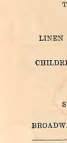

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KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY.

confederate states of the South, which have cast in their lot with the fatherland. This augments number 50,000 men on her peace establishment, and 30,000 more in time of war: while Würtemberg can furnish, in war time, 34,405 men, and Baden 20,722. In the year 1866, when Prussia was much smaller than she is now, 418,500 soldiers crossed into Austria, while 193,000 remained at home.

The engraving on our first page is a copy from a painting by the German artist STEFFECH, and represents the King of Prussia at the head of his army at Sadowa.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the fifth Monthly instalment of*

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FORWARD!

FOR a political party, as we said last week, the past is not enough. Yet the past of the Republican party is most brilliant. As Senator CONKLING said in his fine speech at Saratoga: "The Republican party has done much—indeed, more than any political organization in history." And Vice-President COLFAX truly says that "every lover of liberty and human rights throughout the world sympathizes with it." If to recount our old glories were to gain new, our task would be easy. But victories are not won by the camp fire, but in the field. Senator CONKLING says further, and truly: "The work of the Republican party is not finished, nor is there any other party able or willing to finish it." We hope the Convention of New York will feel the truth of that remark so deeply that they will steer the party of the past to be finished by distinctly declaring what is next to be done, and in a spirit which will insure its performance. Mr. COLFAX pointedly states what Congress has done. But the difficulty is not in what it did, but in what it failed to do. We do not deny the merit of what he says. But he will not deny that the party is not so strong as when Congress met. It is evident, therefore, that the way to success does not lie in rehearsing its good deeds.

Besides, the important party consideration, in a review of Congressional action, is the question not only whether that action is generally allowed to be beneficial, but whether it was the result of an acknowledged policy. Upon the questions of the war we were all agreed. The party spoke and acted like one man, and like a hero. But are we all agreed upon the questions of the peace? Moreover, has the Republican majority of the Senate been in the least degree mindful of its party responsibility? Has it not, if not actually inviting differences with the Executive, yet delighted to assert its own will when differences arose? Has not its success does not lie in rehearsing its good deeds.

Has it not actually inviting differences with the Executive, yet delighted to assert its own will when differences arose? Has it not, if not, for instance, the rejection of Mr. HOAR, for the reasons alleged, a wanton act of power inevitably rebuking party cohesion, not merely as an insult offered to the better sentiment of the party, but by the challenge thrown to the President, and by the suspicion it awakened of a dangerous general tendency upon the part of the Senate? Can it fairly be said that we have had a financial policy as well as a war policy? Was the contemptuous indifference to the civil service reform so profound in the Senate that Mr. SCHURZ, who introduced it so early in December, never called it up, although the session was prolonged into July, while Mr. JOHNSON'S Rebel House lately sought to put his bill to prevent its disastrous defeat—was this indifference at this time and upon this subject a sagacious party position?

We mention these things as illustrations. As we have heretofore said, one explanation of the action of Congress, and therefore of the party situation, is to be found in the fact that Congress was dealing with questions for which it was not elected, and upon which it had not as party instructions. But those questions remain. They are now paramount. A new Congress is to be elected. The imperative necessity of the hour, therefore, is to instruct that Congress. And that instruction must be given in the plainest declaration of principles. Now was there ever a better opportunity. In the State of New York the contest is at the last doubtful. The last two elections have gone heavily against us. The Democrats will reominate for Governor the author of the Erie bill, one of the most unprincipled and dangerous acts perpetrated in a state governed by law. Notwithstanding the conduct in the Erie affair, which should be enough in an honest community to exclude Mr. HOFFMAN from political life forever, his party hope to re-elect him by an enormous majority, to which the frauds which elected him two years ago will powerfully contribute. It is a position, therefore, in which the Republican party should aim to recover its old strength by displaying its old spirit. And that old spirit is the spirit of the war; a heroic acceptance and treatment of the situation.

Shirking and shuffling and glozing will insure defeat. Fouling backward will not win the field before us. Sofferino and Magenta do not avail Louis NAPOLEON to the discoverers of the glory of Austerlitz save his uncle at Waterloo. What do the Republicans of New York think of the reduction of taxation, what of the reform of taxation, what of the reform of the civil service, what of Cuba, what of the labor question? If the Convention is managed by those who have no opinion upon these questions, or who are afraid to express it, who suppose that in the present situation true wisdom is to smile and wink and say nothing, we shall pay the penalty of cowardice. At worst, we can but be beaten. Shall we then refuse to raise the slogan which will rouse the host sluggish and indifferent and send us all into the fight with the enthusiasm and the faith of '60 and '64 and '68?

Nor must we forget that conspicuous men are themselves platforms, and that the party which nominates them will be judged by them. Mr. PENDLETON was the Democratic platform of '64, and GENERAL BLAIR that of '68. When Tammany renominates Mr. HOFFMAN the Democratic platform in New York will be unbosomed in all electoral frauds and the principles of the Erie bill, as plainly as if they were declared. And if the secret of Republican success lies in its old spirit applied to the new issues, it must not only distinctly declare itself upon them, but its candidate for Governor of the State, upon whose name who is identified with the work which Senator CONKLING tells us yet remains to be done.

CÆSARISM AND DEFEAT.

THE most powerful argument in historical experience for the practical superiority of the popular form of government, when in accordance with which this country, at the end of a terrible civil war, endured the assassination of its chief magistrate. There was a great shock, a profound sorrow and indignation, and public tranquility immediately settled over the tragedy like the gray sea over a sunset cloud. It may be truly said that there was no apprehension of any interruption of the operation of the government. There was universal understanding to see if perfect provision had been made for its continuance in the event of the assassination of all the chief officers. The secret of the public serenity was that the Government represents the popular will.

But Cæsarism when CÆSAR dies or is defeated ends in anarchy. The EMPRESS EUGÉNIE is reported to have said at Cherbourg that a decisive signal over a defeat would be the end of the Napoleonism dynasty. And her words were confirmed by the evident fear of the Ministry when the news of the disaster arrived in Paris, and by the ostentatious publication of the amount of the military force in and around Paris; a proclamation which was evidently designed to intimate to the disaffected that there were soldiers enough to keep them in order. The official journals declared the impregnability of the fortifications of Paris; and, after the declared opposition of M. THIERS to the war, the Empress was said to have declared that, for the health of M. THIERS, who built the fortifications of Paris." But his master, LOUIS PHILIPPE, built them, as did the Bourbons. In 1840 he fled the Tuileries against the Fanbourgs.

The folly of Cæsarism, of any form of personal government, in a country like that of high civilization, is now apparent. The Plebiscitum has been cited as proof of the essential popularity and consequent stability of the Napoleonic. What are the facts? In 1852 LOUIS NAPOLEON was elected Emperor by nearly 8,000,000 of votes against less than 5,000,000. In 1870 his title was confirmed by a vote of 7,000,000 against 1,500,000. LOUIS NAPOLEON said, "The nation has voted if they were free." He was at the end of May. In the beginning of August he loses a battle, and the question proves to be wholly untrue. The Plebiscitum utters not from the threat of a foreign foe, but from domestic hostility. Yet there has been no serious change of public opinion. In the spring LOUIS NAPOLEON said, "I give you the alternative—by empire or anarchy." France could not, of course, have a republic, and it supported the empire as the least of two evils. But the empire was not the choice of France.

The misery of the Empire is that that the alternative is perpetual. In England, if Parliament disprove a war the crown must submit. If LOUIS NAPOLEON'S constitution, on the other hand, the Emperor has the power of peace and war. The people have really no authorized voice. The French Ministry is not, as in England, a committee representing the people, and therefore, when great disaster threatens, there is a cry for a Committee of Defense, which would be really the Government. The moment the Government is strained it begins to crack and yield. And as there is no method provided by which the people may regularly and lawfully change the course of affairs, as in England and the United States, revolution and anarchy are at once imminent. If seven millions of Frenchmen had really and honestly supported the Napoleonic dynasty in May, does any body suppose that a military reverse in August would have endangered it? On the contrary, nothing would have so strengthened it. The effect of the first defeat in this war is to show the weakness and hollowness of the Napoleonic system; and, whatever the future chances of the campaign may be, every thoughtful man must see that there is no hope of permanent tranquility in France until the Government is really in accord with the people. But this accord can never be accomplished by any form of Cæsarism or Napoleonism.

"PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY."

A CRITIC says of a certain religion that if you would know what its founder taught you must carefully examine what its most bigoted disciples declare that he did not teach. In like manner, experience shows that if we would know what the Democratic party is likely to do we must ascertain what the *World* declares it ought not to do. Before and during the last Presidential campaign this lively paper poured out advice upon its party which, although shrewd enough, was totally disregarded. In the late Democratic contest in this State it prophesied and counseled in the loudest tones —to what result the undisputed ascendency of Mr. TWEED and his friends shows. As the field begins to open upon which the next Presidential struggle is to take place, the *World*, undismayed by its unbroken record of error, again dons the robes of Mentor, and proposes itself as the Democratic guide, philosopher, and friend. Its strain is now and always the same: "Politics is expediency. Submit to the inevitable. Accept the accomplished. Don't kick against the pricks, or, at least, don't succeed."

The present effort of this much-contemned counselor is to show the Democratic voters in the Southern States that there is no hope for relief from what it calls "the oppressive domination" under which they suffer but from Democratic victories in the Northern States, and that these victories are imperiled by the continued hostility of the Southern Democrats to equal suffrage. In order that what the *World* calls "negro suffrage" is, it assures its Southern brethren, to strengthen the Republican party—which has at last a strong popular way of insisting upon justice and fair play. That party will prevail, says the *World*, until you appeal, at least, to arguments in equal rights and the settlements of the war.

Now certainly the contempt with which the *World* regards the political system founded upon equal rights should be evident enough to conciliate the most exacerbated of recent slaveholders. It is the most frequent advice which is that spirit. This notable "Democratic organ" has as much faith in the people as its friend CARL SCHURZ has, and also favors caution in innocent popular forms. It offers this advice to its brethren of the Southern States exactly to Mr. DOUGLAS when he offer his squatter sovereignty to the country, as a political panacea. "Let the people in the Territories decide whether they will have slavery or not." That remarkable "Democrat" did not mention that the people who were to be enslaved were to have no voice in the decision. So the *World*, as its Southern readers will see, does not ask them to appear to acquiesce in equal suffrage because it is just and American and expedient, and the proper conclusion of a fierce debate which ought to be forever settled, but only that they may acquire the power by means that equality and keep the question forever festering.

The *World* is regarded by many persons as an organ of the "Progressive" Democracy, as opposed to clinging to dead issues, and in favor of progress and new positions. But the plain fact is apparent to the Southern Democrats is contained in one sentence: "The Southern people would have no difficulty in managing the negroes if they were freed from white Radical interference exerted through the central government." That is to say, if the Southern Democrats will stop talking about a white man's government long enough for the Republicans to believe that they accept the situation, they will vote Democratic party can obtain power; and its Southern members may Kluxx the negroes to their heart's content, and the national Government will neither see nor hear. And this, which is the torriest kind of Andrew Johnsonism, is the platform of "advanced" and "intelligent" and "reasonable" Democracy!

This, moreover, is advice by which all loyal and honorable American citizens may profit. The organ of the "progressive Democracy" proposes that its party, once in power, shall permit what it calls "the Southern people," by which it means the exasperated ex-slaveholding class, to "manage the negroes" as they please. It proposes that the policy of its party that very non-acquiescence in the settlement of the question against the appearance of which, under present circumstances, it warns its Southern friends. There could be no plainer proof of what we have constantly reminded our readers, that the Democratic party acquiesces in nothing that has been accomplished by the war, and that it would regard success in a national election as express authority to reopen every question of reconstruction at discretion.

But, as we said, and as experience has proved, the advice of the *World* merely shows what its party will not do. It will not, indeed, relax its resolution of "managing the negroes," but it will not cease to protest against "negro suffrage," and to insist upon a "white man's party." It has never ceased that cry. It has never, as a party, pretended to acquiesce in the settlement of the war. And, as it believes it has grown steadily stronger notwithstanding that resistance, it will be led to persevere. The *World's* advice is serviceable only as showing that the Democrats who pretend to leave dead issues behind cling to them as tenaciously but more secretly than the others. The party is despotically ruled by those whom the *World* advises; by leaders whose policy in 1864 was submission to the rebellion, in 1868 repudiation and rebel ascendency, and whose sole hearty principle now is hatred of the negro. The necessity of giving such apparitions as the *World* offers is proof of the absurd fact that the Democratic party is what it has been for a generation—the relentless enemy of fair play.

SYMPATHY AND NEUTRALITY.

THOSE who deprecate American warmth of sympathy for France, fearing that the follies of the era of GENEET may be repeated, forget the essential difference of the cases. GENET came to this country as the delegate of the French Republic of 1793. The sense of the valuable and timely assistance of France during the Revolution was very fresh and vivid. She had now declared herself a republic, and she was at war with England while the bitterness of American revolutionary feeling against that country was unassuaged. In this country party spirit was intense, and one of the most powerful reasons of one party was the conviction that the other was really British and monarchical, and that its hostility to republican France was from ingratitude. The Federal party, therefore, hailed the coming of M. GENET with enthusiasm. That his conduct was really contemptuous of the United States was not remarked by them. That he openly despised the Government, and proposed to "appeal to the people," he called it, was forgiven by those to whom then, as now, the indulgence of party rancor was the highest delight. But WASHINGTON and HAMILTON withstood M. GENET. Even JEFFERSON was at last obliged to bow him down. The Jacobin masters of GENET in Paris soon after fell from power. He was then glad to return to his country, and, marrying a daughter of Governor GEORGE CLINTON, he passed the rest of his life quietly in the State of New York.

In the present war there is really but one party in this country as elsewhere. It is a war in which LOUIS NAPOLEON is on one side and the rest of the world upon the other. The large number of citizens in the United States of German birth naturally sympathize with their fatherland, and eloquently express that sympathy. Some of the leaders of the Republican party, with which they are identified, have declared their interest in the German cause and their ardent hopes for its success. But such sympathy is not party sense partisan. It is the instinctive feeling of all intelligent men. They perceive that this is really a war waged by LOUIS NAPOLEON for his own private personal interest, although under the name of France. And they acknowledge the simple truth of King WILLIAM'S declaration: "I am compelled to draw the sword to ward off a wanton attack. It is a great consolation to me before God and mankind." Hence in no way given a pretext for it. My conscience acquits me of having provoked the war, and I can confidently offer the righteousness of our cause in the sight of God."

The whole moral sympathy of the United States, therefore, is against the wanton breaker of the peace of the world. But we are, of course, neutrals in action, although not in feeling. For we have any thing else than reason

illention. General BANKS pronounced against them in Boston. And Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS has declared against the forcible expatriation of coolies, while he is not opposed to honest immigration.

Mr. PHILLIPS and Mr. SEYMOUR agree upon one point, and that is, that the country does not want cheap labor, but skilled labor. That is true; and when we are told of the material developments in every where languishing for the want of labor, it seems to be forgotten that moral and spiritual development is still more essential to a nation. If five millions of laborers could be brought into the country to-morrow, because there is work enough for five millions more hands, it would by no means follow that it would be an advantage to the country. The problem of civilization is not going so easy as that. The considerations are many and complex. Thus the difficulty with the free-trade arguments is that the mutual exchange of the abundance of social and political laws are apparently forgotten. If the advantage of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market were all that needed to be urged upon a country, free trade would soon be universal. The question to be answered is whether a country may not sometimes buy a greater advantage of another kind by buying goods in the dearer market.

Yet, in the discussion of the Chinese question, it must not be forgotten that one of the most progressive steps in civilization is the conception of the essential identity of men and races. The tendency of all modern scholarship is to reveal the unity of man, and unquestionably the true tendency of civilization is toward "the federation of the world." Merely to denounce Asiatics, therefore, as if to be an Asiatic were to be a kind of monster, or to disparage the Chinese as "pagans," as if an epithet were an argument, is to ignore the truth in the minds of all who know any thing of the actual civilization and moral code of China. Certainly we do not wish to import the follies of that country, nor to suppose that, in this time and in this land, any Chinese will of exclusive use be built. We may not build Confucian sagacity to defend American civilization from obliteration by that of Asia, without supposing it necessary to preach hatred and war for one of the chief human races, as if every individual of it were a nameless sinner.

It is very natural, from the passions already taken by leading men of all parties, that no vast Chinese current will be suffered to pour itself upon this continent. We should not ourselves upon a bald theory. Indeed, our Constitution already discriminates among the native inhabitants. It excludes Indians not taxed from the numerical basis of representation. To effect what is easily attainable under the circumstances, let us not have recourse to a crusade of sentiment against Asia.

NATIONAL UNITY IN WAR.

The London *Times* suggests that, as the war is a personal affair of LOUIS NAPOLEON's, which he is defeated, and especially if he should be superseded as chief of the state, the war ought to end. This is a curious proposition for a sagacious journal. For, however true it may be that personal considerations are really the secret of the eagerness with which a pretext for war was seized, yet, when hostilities begun, and a battle had been fought, and a nation had been inflicted, it was no longer LOUIS NAPOLEON—it was France that was concerned. French territory is invaded; French soldiers are killed and wounded and captured; French honor is touched; and, although an individual may have been the occasion of the invasion and the slaughter and the grieved honor, yet they all affect France, and France alone will attempt relief.

Mr. HENRY RAYMOND KAYE, in the *London Nation*, which is the most admirable and striking statement that has appeared of the feeling and attitude of Germany, speak of the war with men as "duped." A distinguished American statesman said that he could not help hoping that the war would end in the total overthrow of the BONAPARTE dynasty, but that he could wish no ill to FRENCHMEN. That is undoubtedly the general American feeling. But it is practically impossible for people to separate themselves from their Government, however unpopular it may be, when its action has promised the country itself. How instinctively a people unites to defend the soil and maintain the honor of a common country is shown in the action of Germany. LOUIS NAPOLEON counted upon a divided Germany, as our rebel chiefs counted upon a divided North in the late war. FRANKLIN PIERCE wrote to JEFFERSON DAVIS that the war would be fought in the streets of Northern cities. There were, indeed, plenty of Copperheads, but they did not divide the North. In Germany, Mr. KAYE says, the cities which were believed to be most unfriendly to Prussia have been the most ardent in their zeal for the war, under the lead of Prussia. "The Duke of Nassau declared that he would never receive his lands and crown from an outlaw like LOUIS NAPOLEON. This is the national instinct which makes the proposition of the London *Times* so impracticable. A country may wrathfully sweep away the man or the Government that has been the immediate occasion of disaster. But it will not rest until it has repaired the calamity.

After one great defeat upon either side, therefore, friendly intervention is hopeless. The terrible battle must proceed. That, indeed, is all that can now be distinctly seen. The prophets and speculations of a night are clouded by the facts of the next morning. The total defeats and disastrous humiliations of either campaigning in their own country would move so swiftly that they leave little time for comment. LOUIS NAPOLEON may go or stay, but the war will not end because of one tremendous defeat.

REVOLUTION PUT TO VOTE.

The demand of the "Left" in the French Chambers after the defeat of Haguenau was a main proposition of revolution. It was a demand that dethroned the Emperor in respect to city, and appointed a Committee of National Defense, composed of fifteen members of the National Assembly, which should be the supreme power, and to resist its decrees was to be considered a crime against the nation. It was as if, after the battle of Bull Run, the Democrats in Congress had proposed a committee to supersede the Administration. Such a proposal in a Chamber which is really Bonapartist produced, of course, the greatest excitement. CASSAGNAC and GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC swore, said that if he were a Minister he would send those who voted for it before a council of war. This, of course, unloosed every tongue. It was as if, after the battle of the Duke De Grammont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, said that those who demanded such a programme ought to be shot. Naturally, tolerable order disappeared again, and the President quaintly put on his hat, which suspends the session.

The proposition was rejected, however, that, since the Ministry must be sacrificed, as well as the General, to appease the popular discontent with a victim, it should be dismissed in the method pursued in constitutional countries, and not overthrown by revolution. But apparently it was a Bonapartist who virtually moved the censure upon the Ministry which the majority approved. Still pursuing the constitutional form the Ministry tendered its resignation. A new Ministry was formed, but more decidedly Bonapartist than ever. And the Constitutional form the Bonapartist system will continue until there is another defeat. A great disaster in the field would now be revolution in Paris.

NOTES.

It is significant that, while the reunion of the Roman Catholic Church culminates in the declaration of infallibility, a new reunion of the Jewish rabbis of various cities of the Union, held at Cleveland, declared most strenuously for faith and religious liberty. That Jewish declaration is, in distinction to the attitude of the Roman Church in this country, truly American. "Civil and religious liberty," say the rabbis, "and hence the separation of Church and State, are the inalienable rights of man, and we consider them to be the highest gems in the Constitution of the United States." They further declare that they "consider it our paramount duty to sustain and support the government, and to strive by all means, both public and by education, leaving religious instruction to the care of the different denominations." This is the true American view. It is the view of Christian declarations at Rome, and the long list of infallible anathemas which the Roman Church pronounces against the chief results of civilization and religious thought.

NOTHING could be more striking than the contrast between the attitude of the European governments and countries and our own. The President goes quietly to St. Louis upon some private business, while the leaders of the nations are absent for relaxation. The capital is deserted. Even politics are languid, and the spirit of the absence of any immediately engrossing question and of the happy national tranquillity is made, in the dearth of actual grievance, the occasion of absurd carping. But it is a fortunate country which, while other lands are agitated by questions so unworthy upon its way that those who are aching to find fault can only complain that the President is not consumed with anxiety, and that the Secretaries take a vacation, while taxation is reduced and the national debt steadily diminished.

Mr. VAN ARBERGH used to trust himself with lions, but Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS ventures among wolves. Certainly he is not a good hater, since he declared that he rather preferred those animals to Yankees; yet the other day he came to this Yankee city—for he meant to stigmatize all Northerners by that name—and, totally unharmed, sailed for Europe. He was unnoticed when here, and, although a few faithful Copperheads went to Northampton to shout in Jersey City to do honor to a man whose services to humanity and his country are infinitely recorded, he avoided their homage, and got quietly out of the country. The fact is signal evidence of the sagacity of the national feeling toward him. It has refused to make him a martyr. It has dismissed him to the inexorable verdict of impartial history. It suffers him to go with some contempt, if not unforgotten. So for many years ARON BURR walked the streets of New York unharmed. But he has not escaped history.

EVERY step of the Prussians in the war has been taken with serene carnestness. We mendened at the moment the immediate resolution of the Government to respect private property at sea, even under the French flag. This was luminous and very important precedent. But it soon followed by another measure of the same spirit. In a proclamation to the inhabitants of French territory occupied by the Prussian army, the King of Prussia states that, having been attacked on sea and land by the Emperor NAPOLEON, the chances of war have brought him, while repelling aggression, beyond the French frontiers. But he says that the war is against soldiers, not against citizens. The latter, while they are actively hostile, will be secure "as a matter of right," and what is taken will be paid for or a receipt given, damage determined by the generals. Prussia has thus far made no mistake. Her temper, her moderation, her resources have been most humane, honorable, and heroic.

GENERAL VON STEINMETZ.

General FREDERICK VON STEINMETZ, whose portrait we give on page 548, was born in 1796. He was sent to a military school at the age of seven years, and soon exhibited a decided predilection for the army. He was a little over sixteen years old when he was ordered to Berlin, and engaged in the city of Grossbeeren. Two years later he received his commission as Lieutenant, and was wounded at the battle of Dannigkow, fought with Russians at Konigswartha, where a ball took away one of his fingers, while another wounded him severely in the left arm. Next he was the ardor of his warlike temper that, although unable to walk, he insisted upon taking part in the battle of Leipsic, in May, 1813, on horseback. He fought in France in nearly all the engagements of 1814, and entered Paris with the armies of the allies. During the long term of peace which now followed, he studied military science in the Academy of War, and after advancing rapidly to the rank of Captain, he was soon after engaged in the battle of Wavre, fought between Austria and Prussia in 1830, on account of the Electorate of Hesse. VON STEINMETZ was ordered to Cassel, and afterward appointed commandant of the place. Although it was his earnest desire to participate in the second campaign in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, he was ordered elsewhere, and had to remain content with inspecting the landwehr. In the campaign against Austria VON STEINMETZ commanded the Fifth Army Corps, and vanquished and dispersed three different Austrian armies opposed to him at the same incredibly short space of four days. Here it was that the Prussian soldiers first felt that they were considered as inferior to the Austrian, or rather Hungarian horsemen, proved that they were not only their equals, but in many respects their superiors. His triumphant victory at Skalitz, against forces by more than twice the numerical strength of the corps he commanded, procured for him the name, "The Lion of Skalitz."

Throughout the present campaign VON STEINMETZ did not meet with a single reverse, although he was often compelled to fight with the odds decidedly against him.

General STEINMETZ has already taken an important part in the war between France and Prussia. Under his command the movement against General BAZAINE at Sandwick was successfully made, simultaneously with the attack on the French at Wesenberg. General FROSSARD was completely routed.

M. VINCENT BENEDETTI.

M. BENEDETTI, whose interview with the King of Prussia on the public promenade at Ems in July became one of the decisive points of history, is of Italian extraction, and was born in Corfu about the year 1815. He was educated for the diplomatic service, he began his career at Palermo, as Consul, in 1848, and was promoted to the first Secretaryship to the Embassy at Constantinople. In May, 1859, he was elected his assistant, in the office of Political Affairs in the Foreign Minister, and in such capacity acted as secretary and interpreter of the Congress of Paris in 1856. On the recognition by France of the new kingdom of Italy in 1861, M. BENEDETTI was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of France at Turin, which post, however, he resigned on the retirement of M. THOUVENEL from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He then (November 27, 1864) received his last, and, as it has proved, his most important appointment, namely, that of Ambassador at Berlin. Considering the angry feeling which has so long subsisted between the two countries, this appointment must be considered a mark of the Emperor's confidence in M. BENEDETTI's diplomatic talent, and, although on the first announcement of the HOHENZOLLERN affair great dissatisfaction was felt that the French Ambassador had allowed himself to be deceived, and cries were raised for his recall, there is no reason to suppose that he has suffered in the Emperor's good opinion, while, as to the people, he entirely recovered their good graces by getting involved. M. BENEDETTI was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in June, 1845, and, after passing through the intermediate grades, Grand Officer in June, 1860. We give his portrait on page 548.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Kiowas and Cheyennes are reported as very threatening in the vicinity of Fort Hill, Texas, near Little Wichita, and in Cook County they have been driven back and carried several cattle, killing into captivity. Sixty soldiers were sent in pursuit, and followed them into the Indian Nation, but Indians attacked them, and a severe fight ensued, in which the troops were defeated and compelled to fall back, with the loss of two killed and six wounded. They were reinforced, and again pursued the Indians, but the latter had left. The rebellion of the recent election in North Carolina was small, and nothing serious is apprehended.

The Newspaper Press Telegraph Company, sitting at Salt Lake City, to discuss the question, "Does the Pacific railroad pay?" has left the people inclined, and designated Gevin Pratt to meet the doctor.

A large and very brilliant reception was given at Concord, New Hampshire, on the evening of August 11, in honor of the Governor, the Governor-elect, the supreme and other in a total expression.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On page 548 we give a map of the seat of war in Europe, on which the movements of the hostile armies, from the battle of Weissenburg to the battle of Sedan, are clearly set forth. It is apparent that the Prussians intended to cut off the retreat of MACMAHON. Without any loss of time they followed up the retreating columns of MACMAHON and Failly, giving them no opportunity to make a stand at any position to the eastward of Sedan. On the 31st the Prussians had the whole host at bay on the north. Dispatches received up to the hour of writing state that MACMAHON was severely wounded in the engagement of the 31st, and that General Ducrot, who succeeded him in the command, was also wounded. The French army was immediately occupied. The French army was at Mezieres, Rethel, Rocroi, Sedan, Stenay, and Montmedy. The latter is a fortress of Toul, a fortified town of about 2000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Orne, and about five miles west of Nancy.

The advance of the Prussian right, under Prince Frederick Charles, was not long repulsed. Forming a junction with the centre under the Crown Prince, on the 18th of August it occupied a position at Rezny, a station on the railroad from Metz to Longuyon, and thence to Briey, a station on the same railroad. The headquarters of King William were at Pont-a-Mousson. The Prussian army extended south and west of Metz. The utmost confusion appears to have attended the retreating movements of the French. The Fourth Cavalry Division is said to have lost all its supplies and impedimenta during a series of military operations in the environs of Metz.

On August 14 a battle was fought near Metz. Both sides claimed victory. The following is Napoleon's report to the Empress Eugenie, which must be an admission of a surprise, if not an apology for defeat:

"Yesterday, August 14, at 5 A. M., the enemy attacked our position in front of Metz with his whole army. Our set-to-once guard had no knowledge of the presence of any portion of military corps. The bulk of our army had crossed over the Prussians suddenly attacked the rear guard. After a fight of four hours they were repulsed with great loss to them. NAPOLEON."

King WILLIAM, on the contrary, in the official dispatch to Queen Adelaide, dated near Metz, Sunday evening, August 14, reports that

"A victorious combat occurred near Metz to-day. The troops of the First and Second armies fought against a horde to the extent of the conflict. WILLIAM."

The following dispatch from Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, dated August 15, at Pont-a-Mousson, before leaving Metz, issued the following proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants:

"On quitting you to fight the invaders I confide to your authority the care of the sick and infirm. You will never allow the enemy to take possession of this fortress of France, and I trust you will do so. I rely on your loyalty and courage. I shall ever remember with gratitude the kind reception I have met with here, and I hope that in more peaceful times I may be able to return to thank you for your hospitality."

Strasbourg has been closely invested. French advices of August 16 say that the bombardment commenced on the hospital of St. Helena, in the suburbs.

Paris has been put in complete order for defense, and the French journals announce it defies the Prussians. Because more than 400 cannon have been mounted on the forts which surround it. All the first houses in all the streets leading into Paris have been cut off, and barricades, ditches, etc., have been made. Sentinels are set outside the walls to connect and complete the network of fortifications commenced two years ago.

Count Palikao has issued an address to the troops, in which he says: "Soldiers, you will defend Paris as your fathers have done; they used stone bullets. In one day than the Prussians would in three days. The most eminent men in Paris, they tell me, are the grand line of defense from Thionville to Metz and Toul, and they have just told Marshal Bazaine back of that is the finest the Meuse; then that of Champagne; then that of Paris. Each of these lines is prepared for the campaign of 1814; and behind all this is Paris; and behind Paris is all France, with its resources concentrated men and a thousand millions of treasure."

The Corps Legislatif of France has convened in the French Corps Legislatif in Versailles. Before leaving Paris the Ministry issued a circular of the war situation, and a decree declaring declaring enlistment in the army, of which M. Gambetta made a severe attack upon the Government. This was applauded by the spectators, the galleries were cleared, and the debate was finished in secret session. The proposition was negatived by a large majority.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The telegraphic correspondence between General Le Boeuf and the home government with reference to reinforcements has been published. The General states that the losses from December, 1869, to July, 1870, were 8000, and by September will probably amount to 8000. It will require an equal number, he says, to replace those soldiers whose terms of enlistment expired; and, in all, 16,000 troops will be necessary to give the Spanish army in Cuba the same strength as it had in 1868.

From South America it is reported that a project for a Brazilian railroad has been formed by the Ministry, and that a preliminary treaty of peace with Paraguay has been signed. The Emperor, it is said, will soon leave Rio Janeiro on a visit to Lisbon.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF STRASBOURG.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

GENERAL STEINMETZ.—[SEE PAGE 547.]

M. BENEDETTI.—[SEE PAGE 547.]

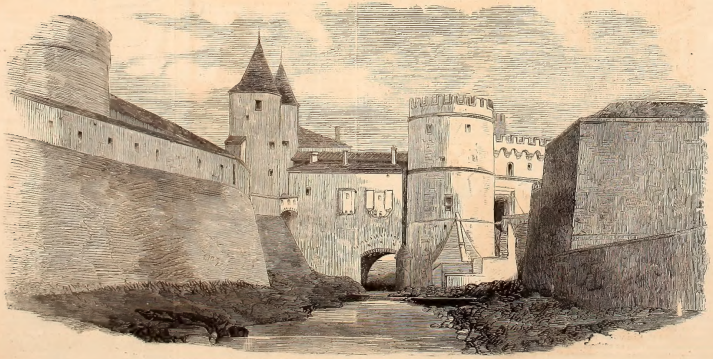

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF METZ—THE PORTE DES ALLEMANDS.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

PROCLAIMING INFALLIBILITY.

THE ceremony of proclaiming the new dogma of Papal Infallibility, in accordance with the resolution of the Œcumenical Council, took place on the 18th ult., in the temporary council-hall, which is the north transept of St. Peter's Cathedral. There was no procession or other pageantry, and very few spectators were present. Two or three hundred seats of the members of the council were vacant, many having been compelled to leave Rome because of the heat of the summer. The Pope having entered quietly and taken his seat, a mass was performed, and was followed by the Litany of the Saints, and the hymn "Veni Creator." The secretary to the council then read the decree announcing the doctrine of Infallibility, and the names of all the members of the council were called over, each father responding with "Placet" or "Non placet." This lasted an hour and a half, during which time there was a violent thunder-storm; the loud peals frequently interrupted the reading of the list, while flashes of lightning darted about the majestic building. When the record of the voting was taken up to the Pope the storm-clouds made it so dark that he could not read it without a huge wax taper. His announcement

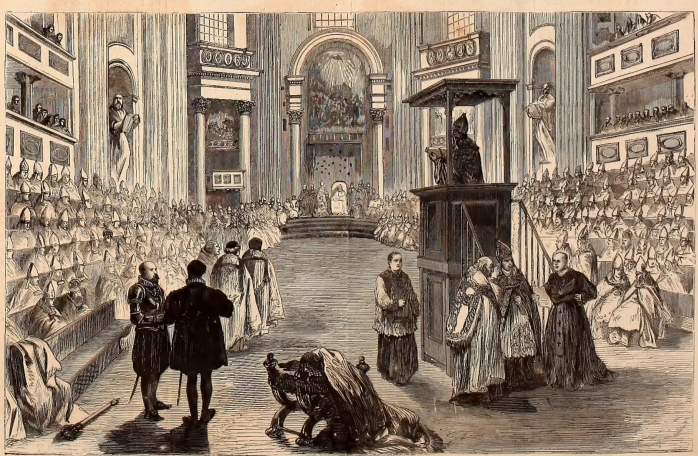

PROCLAIMING INFALLIBILITY.

of the result was received by the assembly with a great clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. It appears that 888 ballots voted for the dogma, 88 voted directly against it, 62 were in favor of it with some modifications, and 70 declined to vote. We give an illustration of the scene when the secretary was reading the decree from the pulpit at the lower end of the hall. The Pope is seen enthroned at the upper end.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BLOOMSBURY.

It was the evening of the day after Yorke had listened to his own biography, and the rain had long fallen upon the shivering woods of Crompton; the sun had heavily slow upon the west sky-light with thud and splash. It was a wretched night, even in town, where mud has sought out so many invincible ways to defy the scraper and the powers of darkness. The waste-pipes could not carry off the water from the houses fast enough, choke and gurgle as they would; the contents of the gutters overflowed the streets; and whatever gas-lights stood near were obscured as damp glimmer. In a large room on the ground-floor of Regent Street, Bloomsbury, a man was writing, and undisturbed by the dull beating of the rain without. She often raised her head, intermitted her occupation, and appeared to listen; but it was to the voices of her Past that she was giving heed, and not to the ceaseless patter of the rain. What power they have with us, those voices! While they speak to us we hear nothing else; we know of nothing but the one place; there is no Present at all; we are living our lives again. If pretty, we touch the better for us; if ugly, viciously, there is no end to the contaminating association. It is to escape this that some men work, and others pray. The furniture of the room was peculiar to the neighborhood: massive, yet cheap. It had been good once; but when? It came into the possession of her who now owned it. There was the round bulging lidded cage; the side-board so arranged as to suit a magnificent show of plate and tankards—only there were none; a horse-hair sofa, from which you would have sworn the intentions protruding had it not been for the continuous gloss, which no one ever could attain. Street, it shone on the other side of the way. On the mantel-piece were two of those huge shells in which the tropic deep is ever murmuring. Who that has taken lodgings in London does not know them? Who has not sometimes forgotten the commonplaces of his life in listening to those cold lifeless lips? If you take them up on their native tropic shore, they are full still of the roar of London streets.

There were no articles in the room, however, which were peculiar to itself. The one was a human skull—to all appearance, the same as all other skulls, the time of which you may not ask them, though it had once belonged to no common man. The second object could still less be termed an ornament than the first, although it was a picture. It depicted a woman of frightful aspect, having but one eye, and a leg of wood. She was standing up, and appeared to be declaiming or dictating—to an old cripple, at a table beside her, took down her words in writing. The cripple gave all over the rest of the house—and it was a large one—you would have pronounced to else remarkable, or which did not smack of Bloomsbury. It was, indeed, nothing but a lodging-house, and the room where he described was the private apartment of its mistress. She might certainly have own private taste, or second-cred, in her own room, else the skull and the picture occasionally rather shocked "the dignified sense" of the more lodgers, to whom the landlady gave audience in this apartment. She is at little like a respectable house keeper, to look at, or can be imagined. Her cheeks are firm and fresh-colored; her teeth white and shining, her eye quite bright, and her hands plump. To one who knows her age, as we do—she is fifty-three—she looks at least an old woman who has found out the secret of perpetual youth, but has kept it for her own use, as, in such a case, every woman probably would do. There is not one piece of deception in her appearance; her black hair, which clusters over her forehead like a girl's, is dyed of that color: it is in reality as white as snow. By lamp-light, as you see her now, she might be a woman of five-and-twenty, so strong is her color. But she is, in fact, writing to her son, Dr. Jack Yorke. Writing to him, but not thinking of him, surely, when she frowns as now, and leans back in her chair with that murmuring of angry look. No; her anger is not directed against *him*, although he has left her and home, long since, upon an adventure of which she disapproved.

"You will gain nothing for yourself, Richard," was her remark; "and, perhaps, you may even say seamy fortunes." But, as we know, her son had taken his own way (as he used to do), and had so far prospered. She was writing a reply to the letter she had received from him from Crompton that very morning, and which she was one that naturally evoked some bitter memories.

"So he put him in the cheap chamber, did he?" they ran on. "Ay, that was my room once. What a pretty chime that serpent-clock had; and how often have I heard it in the early morning as I lay there—alone! If it had not been for that hateful woman, I might have been listening to it now! He seems as mad as ever, by Dick's account, and, I do not doubt, as brutal and as selfish! And yet it was *he* that suffered, *he* that was wronged, *he* that was to be pitied! His wife was the adversary, fortunately! who deserved all she got. Oh, these men, these men, that treat us as the playthings, because they are so sure of sympathy, even from our fellow-slaves and sisters!"

She bent again to her occupation, but only for a minute. "All this is labor in vain, Dick," muttered she, laying down her pen; "the luck is gone both from you and from me. If I were thirty years younger, indeed, and might have my chance once more, I would tutor you myself; but it ought to have beaten his meek-faced mother out of decoy: it ought to have frightened his dull eyed girl to work my will with him. She should have been my accomplice, and not hers; but, now, what boots it that old age has become me? Yonder is the only woman!"—she looked toward the picture—"who has found a way to use her own kind, save as their toy. My reign has been longer than that of most, but it is over." She rose, paced, holding on by the table, and then sank, in a mocking face, in the round glass. "And this was once fine and handsome, was it? Ay, and her face, and *this* her figure. No drunkard, staggering home through such a night as this, could look to have a worse. Well, I am not sorry, and better for me had I lost them with all the rest than I should not have been what I am to a bitter! And a future she must once have had before her, if she had but known what men were and are for! The only view she ever seemed to have discover what they have missed. This mad world is made up of fools, and those bright eyes and the fool Yorke, except in his wild words, as plant as a hazel twig. I used to think yonder woman a fool, because she was nothing but a piece of tormer; but she was right there. Yes, Joanna," she continued, apostrophizing the picture, "I'm ashamed to confess that you are right; for, being in hell, it is idle to deny its existence."

She placed the lamp once more upon the table, yet did not seat herself beside it, but walked backward and forward in the room. "To be among so more, to be poor and powerless, to have no hope in the future, and to be haunted by the fear that even belief in one's self—is not that to be in Gehenna? I am punished for my sins, men say, and perhaps I have. But why am I punished? Why is he pound, and strong, and prosperous? Why is the gentleman-lodger above-stairs so now, my soul would be as pure as snow beside that man's? my soul beside most men's! Joan! Joan! I know how *she*—I speak by imputation for how she should she? What's that?"

Amidst the pitiless rain, the window had increased within the last few hours rather than diminished, the pulling of the house-bell could be heard. It was a single, sharp, and peculiar—as jeweled trinket of exquisite beauty, one of the two-edged sword of the galaxy lamp. "Dick, mistake," she murmured, "and all the lodgers are within. Who can it be?"

The bell pealed forth again.

She went into the hall, where the gas was burning, and unlocked the door. At the same time something was thrust between it and against it, but the chain was up.

"Who is it?" inquired she; and it was strange, at such a moment, to hear how very soft and musically she spoke, although, when among her household, she was, indeed, but hen harsh and bitter as her mood.

"It is I, mother," returned the voice from outside.

She unhitched the chain, and let him in.

"Jack!" she said, "Jack! Jack, surely."

Richard was pale and haggard, and shone from head to foot with the rain, which poured off his water-proof coat in streams.

"You were right, mother," said he, as he kissed her cheek; "I am unfortunate. But let us have food and fire."

She trembled at his socks and slippers, made a cheerful blaze, and set cold meat and spirits upon the table.

He ate voraciously, and drank his hot brandy-and-water, while Mrs. Yorke worked busily at an embroidery-frame.

"You are not disappointed at seeing me, that's one thing, mother?"

"Yes, I am," said she, coldly.

"You have the pleasure, then, which your dear friend always has never enjoyed of seeing your own prophecy accomplished: and I, for my part, have the disappointment of failing to satisfy with for what has certainly been a disappointment."

"I am glad you are so philosophic, Dick. It is the best thing we can be, if we can't be religious. How did it all happen?"

"I scarcely know the plot (for there was a plot), but only the *dénouement*. I had offended Yorke, and he had offended me, and there's all."

"Jack, you are so philosophic, Dick. It is the best thing we can be, if we can't be religious. How did it all happen?"

"Yes; you were right again, mother, there—the whole affair is a tribute to your sagacity; if you will add a request to mention it to him as I say that this fellow Eane, when walking with his patron's brother, stupid Jack, had me pointed out to him in town one day as the man who had "pulled him through," as he called it. Can you imagine how even such a fool as he could have been so mad? It was as act of suicide, which, so far as I know, fools never commit. Well, Eane was pretty certain of the identity of your humble servant, which he was, moreover, anxious to establish, because I had beaten him at pool, and given him the rough side of my tongue."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! have skilfull hand and ready speech been only given you to make enemies?"

Richard laughed, and lighted a cigar.

"Well, sometimes, mother, the most prudent of us are carried away by our own genius. I am told that even you, for instance, lost your temper upon a certain occasion down at Crompton—gave a piece of your mind' to my father, which, it seems, he took as a sample of the whole of it. There, don't be angry: the provocation, it must be allowed, was in your case greater than mine; but then you are a woman, and have our self-control! However, this Eane did hate me, and told the Yorkes that I was a gambler; the good parson and my friend, however, and all might have gone well, but for this oaf—this shut Jack—coming down to Grace's in person. He could never get any coin out of 'Fred,' as it pequins, by letter; or, perhaps, he couldn't write. But there he was in the big drawing-room when I went in last night, and Grace saw his jaw drop at the sight of me. He had not the sense to shut it even afterward, though I told him he had made a mistake. He could not even choose. I could have persuaded him, indeed, out of his own identity—and much more nose—only that he appealed to Grace, and then the game was up. I would have made me laugh had I not been so savage. Grace turned to both out of the house together. He left a trunk would not permit him, it seems, to harbor us. So Jack and I found ourselves in the street, and I have not parted the best of friends this morning. But I'll be even with that fellow Eane—yes; by Heaven, I will! It is a score of years hence!"

Perhaps the light satire tone which the young man had adopted throughout his narrative was little in accordance with the feelings which really agitated him; but, at all events, his last few words were those of the bitterest hate.

"Be even, Dick, by all means, with every body," observed his mother, coolly, "but do not indulge yourself in revenge. Revenge is like a game at battle-dore, wherein one can never tell which is the battle-dore and which the ball."

"At the same time, it is one of those few luxuries which I should have least to lose cast behind," said Richard, with the air of a moralist.

"It is not cheap, however, even to them," returned Mrs. Yorke, still busy with her autumnal work. "It may cost one one's life, for instance."

"And what then?" inquired Richard, carelessly.

"Nobody knows 'what then,' Dick. One fanatic yonder had one opinion; our philosopher there" [she pointed to the skull—" another. Both of them know by this time, and yet can not tell us. It is the one case where the experience of others can not benefit ourselves.

This subject had no charms for Richard. When we are young we vulgarly called "in the sulks," and displeased (if we were to own it) with the whole world, and more particularized in this world, the next seems of but little importance. There may be a miscarriage of justice (that is, a false estimate of our worth) even *there*. Perhaps Mrs. Yorke was aware that her son's disposition had not portend religious or metaphysical speculation, for she abruptly changed the subject.

"And what are you going to do, Dick, now that this Crompton plan has failed?"

He did not answer, but stood with his back to the fire, moodily smoking his silken moustache.

"Richard"—she rose, and placed her plump white hand upon his shoulder—"I am sorry, very seldom that I ask a favor of you, but I am about to do so now. Promise me that you will never attempt to injure Yorke in any way, or to interfere for this man Chandos."

He laughed, but had laughed before, in bitter fashion. "Why not? It was fifty pounds down: and apparently no risk: that is, no risk from the law, which has omitted to provide for the contingency. Next to being above the law is surely to be beyond its reaches. I am really a public benefactor. Without my help, the estate would already have been deprived of the services of four young gentlemen of the Inner Temple bar. Of course, such a calling has its disadvantages. It is very difficult to obtain clients. The offer of one's valuable assistance is liable to be declined uncivilly—it requires the talents of a diplomatist to convey it delicately—and, after all, I possess those talents. Again, undoubtedly the profession is in bad repute, our never be permanent: but then, has not one been especially favored in the affair my mother's model? Shall I not be a boy again without a guardian to bother? The idea of you being fifty-three, mother!"

As they stood together side by side it seemed, indeed, impossible that this young man could be her son, far less the offspring of her middle age. She smiled upon him fondly, putting his handsome cheek. "And is my Richard so full grown a man," said she, "as to flatter, and not to scold? I was impossible to imagine a more winsome voice, or a more tender tone.

"No, mother, I will promise, if you please, said the young fellow, kissing her. "And now, let us divide this Crompton spoil together." He pulled out his purse, and counted the contents. "There is Carew's three hundred, a few pounds I won my game, and Yorke's IOU for twenty—worth, perhaps, five. Come, we two are partners in the game of life, you know, and must share alike.

"No, Dick, no," returned his mother, tenderly; "it is enough for me to see you win." She shut the purse, and forced it back into his unwilling hand. "Some day, I trust, you will sweep away a great stake—though not as you gained this."

"Ah, you mean an heiress! You think that every woman must needs fall in love with me, because you have done so, mother."

His rage and bitterness had vanished, as though by magic; her tone and touch had spirited them away.

"Perhaps I do, dear. Go to bed, and dream of one. You must be very tired. I ought not to say that I am glad to see you back, Dick; yet how can I help it?"

CHAPTER X.

OVER THE EMBERS.

It was one of the peculiarities of Jane Yorke that she took but little sleep. The household had long retired, and she put the remains of her son's meal away with her own hands, then sat down by the fire, thinking. She had more subjects for thought than most women; her life had been eventful, her experience strange. We know what her second husband—the man who repudiated her and her child—had been and was. Her first husband had been scarcely less remarkable. Leonard Yorke was a specialist of respectable family, and of tolerable means. His patients were dead, and his relatives and himself had parted company early. They were sober, steady people, connected with the Irish trades: a share in their house of business at Birmingham, carried on in the name of his two uncles, was the only tie between him and them, save that of kindred. They were strong Unitarians, strong political economists, strong in their rugged material fashion every way. They did not wish him to do with a nephew who was a religious zealot, and thought all the world was out of joint; and Leonard Yorke unofficially sought consolation in the advertising columns of the *Times*. Mr. Unitarian Yorke generously bought himself a having a specialty for the reduction and reform of refractory young gentlemen, and they had considerable success in his establishment. It was the best thing that they could think of—for they were genuinely conscientious men—since they not grudge the money, though the tutor's terms were high. Jane was then a very young girl—a very young, child, that parents of themselves would scarcely have taken alarm had they been aware of her being beneath the same roof with their impressionable charges: and she was childish-looking even for her tender years. Leonard Yorke, gentle and good-humored, soon moved with compassion toward the orphan girl, as guileless-eyed as a seal in a picture; he pitied her poverty, and, what is more, the wretched character of her uncle and her surroundings. She was a lovely specimen of the spiritual matters which engrossed his being, and yet so willing to be taught. She sat at his feet, and listened by the hour to the beginnings of his level talk. If he did not understand them, she was in no worse condition than the rest. His tongue was fluent. His words were like a lambent flame, playing with some indestructible material. His mind was weak, and tended to mental and moral speculations—mysticism: the *aroma cubebia* of Swedenborgianism. Writ to him. He believed in three heavens, and their reciprocal Ave's endeavors were directed to make him believe in a fourth heaven. Childlike and innocent as they appearance, she was in character exceedingly precocious. Her intelligence was keen and practical. Even at thirty years it had not dwindled into her that her future welfare would depend upon her own management, and she never forgot the lesson. Her uncle was very generous to her; but he was not the man to have saved money for her self-styling. If he had paid any, and for less for his niece; he spent every shilling of his income. His wife Jane would secretly have preferred to receive in hard cash the sums which he lavished upon her in indulgences; she would have dispensed with her pony and kept a steed in the stable for herself of another sort. The time was not certain to come some time or other to her, and she would have laid up some made provision for it—a difficult matter for most of us, and for her who was penniless. She was wise enough, even then, to know how Uncle Hardcastle would have received any suggestion of a matrimonial character at that time of day.

In Leonard Yorke, if she did not comprehend his doctrines of perpetual subsidence, she perceived a provision for her future. At one-and-twenty, indeed, he made his pupil his wife, to the astonishment rather than the wrath of the neighborhood. They opined that it was only in order to keep a family secret, and perhaps, in proxy, that brides ran so young. Jane Hardcastle, however, was in reality eighteen years of age.

Yorke Brothers, of Birmingham, had nothing to say against the match, but they objected to a Swedenborgian partner in the iron trade, and bought their nephew at a fair price out of the concern. They did not offer to receive back again, when, five years later, he became a true believer in the Church of Joanna Southcott and the coming of the young Shiloh. Uncles lady, whose partner, with that of her spiritual amanuensis, knew well. Mrs. Yorke's attempts that the "affinity" between them was Platonic; but they had not strongly grudged the money with which he had so lavishly relieved the "perplexities" of "the handmaid." The amanuensis used to issue Vaux bail at Joanna's decisions, and with enormous interest Hereafter, and Leonard Yorke was always ready to discount her paper. There was no one that subscribed more munificently than he did toward the famous "cradle," or looked more devoutly for its expected tenant. Even when that long-looked-for 19th of October had come and gone without sign, and two months later his poor deluded idol passed away into that future with which she had been so rashly familiar, he was faithful to her yet, and kept the "seal" which she had given him—his passport

to the realms of bliss—as his dearest treasure. He had scarcely any other "effects" by that time, for, actuated by his too fervent faith, he had been living upon the principle of his fortune; and at five-and-thirty years of age Mrs. Yorke found herself a widow, with a stock of very varied experience indeed, but not much more of worldly wealth than she had had to start with. It was hard, after half a lifetime, to resume the same semi-relative, semi-dependent position under her uncle's roof which she had occupied before; but no better offered itself, and she was glad to accept it. Her external attractions were still wondrously preserved to her; and, perhaps, on the occasion of her second nuptials (and the fact of her first so excellently concealed), her age excited less astonishment than her youth had done in the former instance.

Yet now at fifty-three, this woman, as remarkable for her talents as for her beauty, and who, if but for a brief period, had once been the "fortune's crowning slope," found herself with little beyond a bare subsistence, which was precarious without gratitude from the hands of Carew. What she derived from her lodging-house defrayed the somewhat lavish expenditure of her son Richard. She was far, however, from complaining of his extravagance. She wished him to live like a gentleman, and not to soil his hands with ignoble pursuits. She felt a genuine pleasure—only known to mothers—in gathering proudly together what she knew he would lightly spend. She was for the present amply repaid by the reflection, that her Dick was the handsomest and well-appointed a young fellow as was to be seen in London, with an air and appearance that would become a prince. It was only a question of time, she thought, when the princess should appear, be captivated, and raise him to the station for which she had taken care to fit him. In the mean time, it was only natural that she should enjoy himself after the manner of other youth of great expectations. She was not averse to his dissipations, for in them indeed lay the best chance of getting acquainted with young men of his class; and, so far, had she been disappointed. It would be surprising to many a stately patrefamilias to learn how easily acquaintanceship, and even friendship, is contracted over the bowl of sparkling, if they be among the pleasure-seekers of the town. A young man of gentlemanly exterior, with plenty of money in his pocket, does not require introduction. The club door soon flies open to him, but not that of the home. Richard was on tolerably intimate terms with Chandos, and other young men of the same class —but he had never been introduced to their sisters. It was here that Mrs. Yorke made her mistake: she should have also understood that, where she had studied two exceptional phases of it. There is nobody more short-sighted than the Bohemian. It imagines he is a true citizen of the world; his round of life may have no fence in the shape of convention, yet it is often very limited, and it is outside every other.

Mrs. Yorke judged of all men by her knowledge of her late husband and of Carew, of all women by herself. If it had not been for the artificialities of society, she would have had the right; but they are powerful, and she knew little about them. In some matters she was exceedingly sagacious. She did not overrate her charms, which would have been felt by some mothers with respect to her sons, probably exposed to some danger by his modes of life; perhaps she had not their scruples; and yet it is strange to see how light those scruples weigh in our severest matrons, when any question of "position" is in the other scale: they will not only permit their sons to herd with every class which they are persons of distinction, but even accept them for their son-in-law. Mrs. Yorke, her daughterless, had no temptation to commit this latter crime, but she was not displeased to imagine her Richard a man of gallantry; he would in that case be less likely to fall a victim to undeserved charms. "It is not your innocent girl who sacrifices his future in a love-match," was her reflection. On the other hand, no one knew better than herself what an easy prey to designing wiles is a young gentleman without experience. It was for this reason, as well as because she loved to have her boy about her, that she had opposed Richard's going to Middlenhire. She knew Carew too well to hope that he would ever ask him to favor a son of hers, and she distrusted the country, with its opportunities for ensnaring youth into matrimonial engagements. Three years ago, in a fortnight of village life together, she would have backed herself to prevent the promise of marriage out of the Pope; and she did not believe this to be one of the lost arts among young persons of her sex.

Thus Mrs. Yorke had strained every nerve to get the necessary funds to make two-pile pieces out to her son, and yet she had not succeeded. It was not so much that he found his allowance insufficient, for he had various means of supplementing it, one of them (at which we have already hinted) a strange one enough; but which his mother had caused him to receive in Londesrape-quaintly furnished him with an excuse for wandering. She had had him taught to sketch, because it was a likely sort of accomplishment to aid the scheme of life which had planned out for him; and he had taken up with the art more seriously than with any thing else. But it was not in Richard's nature to apply himself with assiduity to any pursuit. Such callings as lay within his means and opportunities he was incapacitated for by education and temper. He could not have occupied any subordinate position that required respectful behavior—submission to the will of a master. He had had to put the greatest restraint upon himself during his brief residence at Crompton, and it was more than doubtful if he could have maintained his position there as a dependent in any case. He was gentle and good-humored, genial and agreeable, when pleased; but he had that personal pride which is as stubborn as any haughtiness of descent, and infinitely more inflammable. It was no idle brag when he told the Crompton chaplain that he would give up with injustice than no man (if he could help it), and would repay his wrong-doer sevenfold (if he got the chance). His sense of right was very strong, and instinctively, also, respected himself. All his passions were strong. Much of this he had inherited as the son of any young gentleman of position accustomed to have his own way: hats of spirit (who can afford it in his pay) with high mettle; proud gentlemen in moments of exhilaration may even pitch into policemen; and generally, with respect to temptation to offend, much is forgiven. The danger in Richard Yorke's case was that his position was far from assured, and that he had some things which might prove great obstacles to his ever reaching it. He had all the quickness and impetuence of one born to fortune, without the money.

Mrs. Yorke was too wise a woman not to be acquainted with her son's character. Her love for him was very great; as great as, sometimes, rested as that with which the most religious and well-principled of women regard their offspring; but it did not blind her to his faults. Her experience of life had not led her to expect perfection; her standard of morals was of very moderate height, and Dick came up to it: yet she felt that her son was headstrong, impulsive, and occasionally unscrupulous. He was not her own line in respect to his dealings with Chandos and with others, in spite of her urgent entreaties. Her opinion, though, was unheeded, indeed been so strenuous that the subject was a sore one between them, and she had therefore, when less palpable, she would scarcely have ventured to revert to it that night. She had done so, however, and carried her point. She had made her word to her that he would undertake no more such hazards, and she loved was a guarantee for her's. He was aimless and indolent; but as a mean man, who brings himself to perform some act of importance, will perform it thoroughly, or a selfish man, "when he is about it," will be all self-congratulation; so, when he had made up his mind, his determination was rock. Mrs. Yorke then felt sure of her son so far, and rejoiced so in it. But she was not deceived as to his other accounts. Perhaps, notwithstanding her assertion to the contrary, she may have had some vaunty hope of her son's future with Constance; or perhaps his wanted it placed before her for the first time that there was another side to the social path. Were the times really gone by which she had known, whereon personal beauty, and youth, and gaiety, were the only gifts that went to any height? Or did she misjudge her own daughter, and was not so sure as to the other? Her Dick was still very young; but his appearance should surely have done something for him even now; yet hitherto it had done nothing but friendships of doubtful value, one of which, indeed, had all but ended in disaster. Of the infinitely more unpronounceable; or rather, such was her estimation of her son's attractions, that she thought he had only to be seen by the right people to become the magnet of every female heart. Had he been so, altogether in her plan for his future?

As she sat over the dropping embers of the fire, while the ceaseless rain lashed against the pane without, a terrible vision crossed her mind. She saw her son—not the lavish in my with dissipation and excess, prevish and fretting for the luxuries which he herself, old and decrepit, could not longer procure for him. She even found a voice reproaching her as the cause of their common ruin: "Why did you not, my son, woman when I should have been corrected? Why did you bring me up to beggary, as though I had been a prince? why have taught me nothing whereby I could now at least earn my daily bread? Why did you let me lavish in my youth the money which, frugally husbanded, might now have supported us in comfort? Why did you do all this—you who were so beautiful and so worldly wisdom?" For a moment, so great was her mental anguish, that she almost looked for age —not that the picture had any terrors for herself, but upon her son's account alone. She may not have been particularly fond of looks, etc., but her heart was full of another's woe, and had no room left for one selfish regret. She had (in fancy) ruined both; but it was only for that Dick that her tears fell. If the guardian angel, which is said to watch for every one, were one of us, had not given up his disappointing vigil at poor Mrs. Yorke's elbow, a tremor of delight that turned him limb and wing. Very passionate in the Great Day, when all our plans shall be scrutinized, whether they have been good or not, this poor, impotent, fallacious one, which worldly Mrs. Yorke had formed for her son's future, will stand, perchance, when others which accounted themselves better to human eyes were toppled over because built on the rotten foundations of self. There will certainly be many worse ones. She did not propose to sell her offspring, as match-making mothers do, to avid bidders. In her doting thought her Dick would make any woman happy as his wife. At all events, right or wrong, judicious or otherwise, her scheme must now be adhered to: it was too late to take up with any other. The vision of its failure had foiled away, and she could think on the matter not with her usual calmness.

The gray dawn creeping through the shutter-chinks found her thinking still; but ere the dull, dismal day of reckoning life were heard above stairs, and before the coming of the sleepy, slatternly maid to "do the parlor," Mrs. York had arrived at her conclusion.

The early main prime, she was wont to say was always her brightest hour, but it found her, on the present occasion, white and worn, not with her long vigil, but because it was "borne upon her," as poor Joanna used to say, that her son and the most part for his own good: so soon as the spring should come she would bid him go. London, where all was prudence and constraint, was no place to win the bride she sought for him. He should go forth into the country, where his heroines were still gentle, and win her, as troubadour of old, but with sketch-book in hand instead of harp. Not a promise—no, one might say; but then, what schemes for a young man's future, who has no money, are promising nowadays? Moreover, it could be said of it (as can not be often said) that, such as it was, her Richard was by nature adapted for it; and—though this was a less satisfactory reflection—was adapted for nothing else.

LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.

King Louis of Bavaria, who was at one time supposed to be nothing more than romantic, not to say silly, worshiper of the composer Wagner, seems to have succeeded in shaking off the boyish fancies that once blinded him to his true career, and to have taken the manly position which the head of a nation should occupy. Following the example of King William of Prussia, he has taken the field at the head of his Bavarian army, which is marching on the siege of Strasbourg. The portrait which we give of him on page 548 shows a rather youthful face, but one not incapable of manly determination.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It I run up an account with great ease, can any one tell me how I can run down?

An intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty barrels of flour." His employer called his attention to an error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the pronunciation," I let out the *ph*."

At a marriage ceremony in Wickford, Rhode Island, lately, the groom became impatient during the extended prayer, and interrupted the clergyman with, "Elder, sin't that bout enough?"

A certain old Scotch woman, remarkable for her devotion and a friend of hers of the same kidney, William Hill, were arguing widely, and disturbing her own and her neighbors' devotionalities. At length the Jacobite, a brawny body, brought his dear hand heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary, "I tell you what it is, sir; I quit upon your King William." The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be outmastered by mere lungs. He arose and repeated back to the Jacobite, "And I, Sir, quit upon your James the Second." Jerrold, who had been listening, broke in upon the silence, hammer and the bell and shouted, "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

A story is told of Lord Carendon, who entered on one occasion a restaurant in the Palais Royal, to dine on a single *bouvreuil*. Having ordered a frugal meal, he called for a bottle of Champagne. The waiter, anticipating the customer might not be able to settle, demanded the price was twenty-five francs a bottle, to which he put an end to his lordship's extravagance. "Oh! in that case," said the latter, "bring me two bottles."

Sorrels isn't my thing now. There is an older woman's club than that—the broomstick.

In a Hoosier court a witness, being asked how he knew certain persons were man and wife, replied, "Why, dog on it, haven't I heard one woman scold to my house?"

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "Yes—Mr. Penny." "Ah, you have done better than I thought."

ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.

General Grant ("*Listening to the breakers' roar*"). "Well, this is Refreshing after the Fatigues of War!"

At Oxford, England, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railroad station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain at the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I knew it," said the man of politics, "and I know you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems that my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

A little boy three years old, who has a brother of four years younger as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink dirty water; and he can't cry ashes."

A man telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he had often passed, said: "But I cries 'Stop, thief!' so natural that every time I hear it I always stops."

A young bachelor says that women's hearts are as brittle as glass, and a man who wishes to marry one of them must use diamonds, or he will not be successful.

Hints to Bathers.—Unless you are staying at a very fashionable spot, it will not be necessary for you to undress in a bathing-machine; but if you are rich, and if you have a great deal of time, do not take your watch with you. Persons who are kept away from dining just will find gum shoes serviceable during the bath; and if the ocean is so fierce as to make you afraid to go in theatres, a limp dress will be nice to have along to protect your suit. If you are afraid of sharks, you can get a shark-proof suit with bright buttons that have hundreds of eyes; it can be had while you are at dinner; but it will be found a little heavy in the water, especially if you forget to take a little lead along in a hermetically sealed sardine-box. If there are indications of a freshet in the ocean, it will be best for not to go in at all. If the water is very cold, the newest plan is to drive yourself nearly mad by a pair of heated, nerve-throw off your bathing clothes suddenly, especially if there are ladies in the vicinity. It will be prudent to take a bar of soap in to bathe with you, as you will find it convenient to wash with when you have returned ashore. Diving for the Atlantic cable, so as to send the message, "Mother, I am safe," is one of the wandering places. If you get too far away from shore, and find yourself sinking, it will be prudent to write all your affairs on a piece of paper, and send them to the document to a stone and throw it ashore.

A victim of unequaled affection concludes as follows:

"I eat me down and thought profound;
I ate me down and slept.
It's easier far to like a girl
Than to forget a girl like you."

"I am afraid, Sir, you are in a settled melancholy," said a sanitary to a miserable-looking lodger. "No, madam," he replied, "I am afraid you will find it settle-like your collee, it has too much grounds."

QUESTIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If a rod-bound comes into your garden, what he comes there a wobble?

If there be gone to be found besides upon land that is partridged?

If a disappointed state, do hares sit upon chairs or tables?

When a deer escapes the huntsman and gets back to the herd, can he be called a pelig-rated fellow?

When a herd of red-deer are pursued, and one is wounded, does he stag-ger, and he left behind?

Are some horses said to resemble pigs' feet on account of their long trotters?

Are horses wounded in battle considered *hors de combat*?

Is it imagined that the polar bear considers its habitation an ice-place?

Is it the fare only that can be found along the chain of ice-piers?

Is it true that a very little will "keep the wolf from the door"?

How many Arctic foxes did Dr. Kane kill with him?

How does the elk-s-mose limit?

Is it the account of its size that the mole can not see?

Is the crane addicted to chimneys?

Do our domestic poultry enjoy cold weather?

An old farmer said to his son: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for nuthin to turn up. You might as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a meddur, with a pail stwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

The man "over-lored" was an editor.

"WHO GOES THERE?"—"A FRIEND."

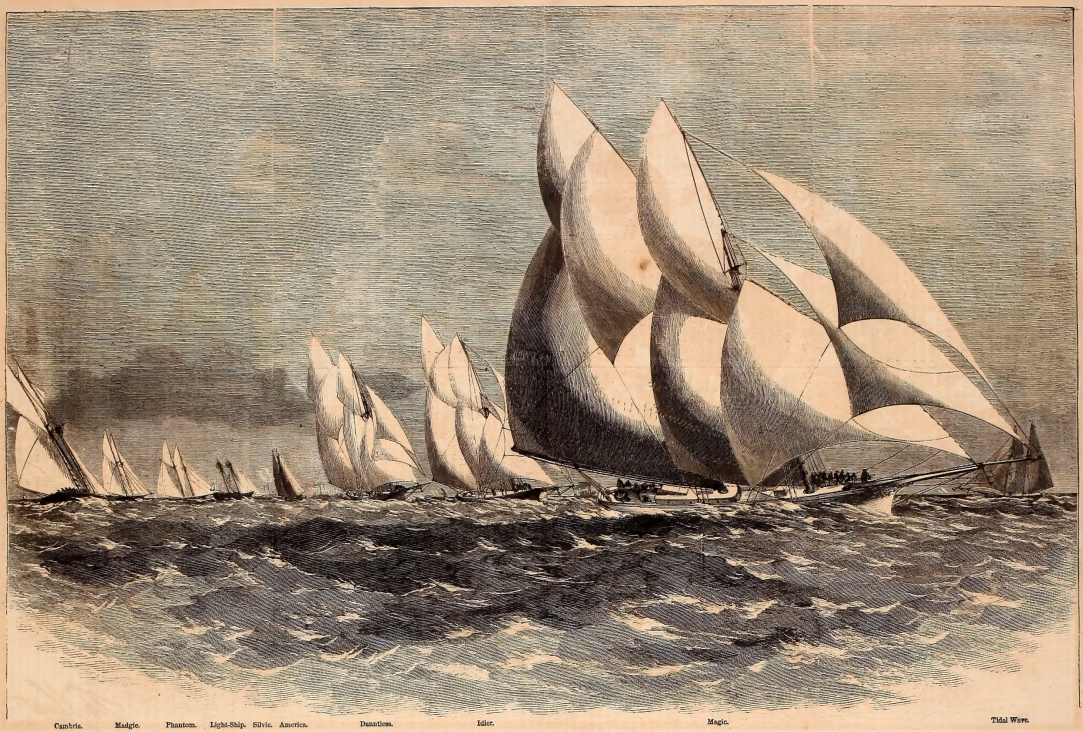

THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP—ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.—DRAWN BY CHARLES PARSONS, FROM A SKETCH MADE ON BOARD A. S. HATCH'S YACHT "CALYPSO."—[SEE PAGE 554.]

THE YACHT RACE.

OUR illustration of the Yacht Race for the Queen's Cup, on page 553, shows the winning yacht *Magic* on the home-stretch, after passing the light-ship, which is visible near the extreme left of the picture. She leads the *Idler* by several hundred yards; and directly astern of the latter vessel is the *Dauntless*, which eventually overhauled her and came in only five minutes behind the winning yacht. At the moment chosen by our artist seven yachts had rounded the light-ship ahead of the *Dauntless*, namely, the *Magic*, the *Idler*, the *Dauntless*, the *Ariadne*, the *Silvie*, the *Phantom*, and the *Madgie*.

The race was the most exciting one ever witnessed in American waters. The bay was covered with steamers and sailing vessels of every description, and it is estimated that the contest was witnessed by over a hundred thousand people, whose interest was heightened by the fact that among the contestants for the prize were the celebrated yacht *Ariadne*, the winner of the International race of 1851, and the *Dauntless*, which has just won the ocean race with the *Dauntless*. The *Magic*, one of the handsomest as well as one of the fastest yachts in the bay, made the race in about three hours and fifty-eight minutes.

THE FIRST AND LAST THEFT.

WHOEVER has seen the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" as presented and represented on the stage has had the opportunity of a divine pleasure. I have always wondered what they who would be when exalted by the touch of music, with singing melodies evolving from that undercurrent of sweet harmonies on which the actors should flow along—as if a God who had moved among us, mortal, suddenly assumed His godly shape. Yes, as it is, or ought to be; when the orchestra breathes a festive strain, and Juliet, in southern beauty and passion, sheds a light from the stage as she moves along her stately dance, with Romeo standing spellud upon her grace, and the nurse hovering round her, like a hen around a blossom—when the night garden glitters with dew in all its great shrubs and flowers, the fountain showers its spray, the vases overflow with heavy flowers, and a low moon sends out silver upon the lovers, meeting and parting there —it needs no other enchantment than its own.

It was to witness over all those charms of love or both 'in, my discreet play, that I doubted one night at the door of a certain theatre whether or to go in or not. Singular, it was that I should have hesitated that one night of all nights, for it decided the whole lot in life. Yes, it was it were, on a toss-up; and yet, so much are we the puppets of destiny that what seemed to me then the merest whim of chance must have been, in reality, an event as fixed as fate; for it was there that I made acquaintance with Desgrieux.

The play was superb. But, in spite of that fact, my eyes were continually attracted toward two of the audience. In the pit sat an old gentleman stiff and stately, with a gray mustache, and some foreign orders worn over his threadbare coat. By his side was a young, slight girl, whose intent countenance reflected all the changes of the play.

The first time I noticed the rose on her bosom went and came; now a laugh displayed pearls of teeth and a hundred dimples, now a tear in large dark eyes tears gathered, and hung on long, backward-bent lashes, ready to fall. This lovely little beauty was perched in the gay seat beside the old her heart and soul, that more eyes than mine forgot to watch the shifting acts to watch her face. She leaned forward, forgetfully, her chin resting upon her hand, and, in so doing, revealed, what seemed almost a marvelous wealth, her unnerved chain attire—a bracelet, which must have been a costly and artistic one, but which, in its apparently a chain of Genoese beads, long enough to encircle the ivory wrist twice and hang loosely in a great loop the third time; each bead was a filigrane miracle of spun gold, a hollow globe, so fine, so thin, so delicately wrought, that it seemed a mere bubble of light; and each one—as I had the opportunity to observe on getting it into my own hands later—a fantastic combination of open flower's corolla, with all its petals springing open to the sun, or half closed over his gold and the honey of its heart. I had once seen a necklace of the same miraculous beauty on the neck of one of our well-known singers.

Nobody knew any thing about these two, ask as I would. It seemed impossible to find any means of making their acquaintance. And my disbelievers in love at first sight I am a living contradiction, for I declare that I loved that girl passionately from the moment I saw her. Such instances have been known to me since. How could I get acquainted with her? That was the question. To do so I was fully resolved.

I forgot all about the closing play. Leaving my place, I went where they must necessarily pass me in coming out. She was leaning on the old soldier's arm, and her face was close to his. The throng around pushed. My foot stepped on the hem of her dress, drawing it back a little, and she put down her hand to release the skirt. The loose coils of the bracelet fell nearly over the glove; I touched it adroitly, and it slipped off and was hidden in my hand. She passed on, unconscious of the loss.

I am not a thief, but a gentleman of position; though, so far, appearances are certainly against me. They must have found out the loss and advertised it at once; for the next morning there it was in black and white. Tearing open the paper with some trepidation, lest I should have done the work too well, and have a real theft on my hands, I saw the announcement. After all, who would lose an object like that and not seek to regain it? The finder of the bracelet was to apply at No. 7 Vanley Place. and would be handsomely rewarded. I intended to be handsomely rewarded.

I went at mid-day. Having improved the forenoon by a vigorous investigation of the history of the inmates of Vanley place, number seven, and found that the principal resident was the General De Rochejequelein, a soldier of the ancient régime, who had crossed the water under the heavy hand of the Emperor Napoleon. He had dropped the aristocratic "de" the more thoroughly to assimilate himself to his poor condition, and lived in obscurity on the daughter on the remnant of a wrecked fortune.

A French lady—and I am sure that I probably one who had accompanied them in their banishment. She took my card and began to speak familiarly in her broken English of mademoiselle's loss at the theatre the previous evening. It was in mademoiselle's bedroom, where she had the chance of the least divertisement—and for it to have been married by this mishap was sad to pity. Saying so, she threw open the door of a sitting-room, and addressed the general in their own tongue.

"Monsieur arrives concerning the bracelet of Mademoiselle Jaqueline."

Mademoiselle Jaqueline sat before the fire, embroidering a wonderful piece of lace—I became well acquainted with its fine stitch of work afterward. The general—it was the same old stately man—put down a newspaper to take my card. The young lady looked up with a haughtily cold color and expectant face, rising as she did so, and remaining by now with a most distant and haughty courtesy that was as irresistible as it was demure. Not to neglect my opportunity, I first made an opening for conversation by expressing my appreciation of the lost bauble, in order to identify it.

"Mademoiselle Rochejequelein," said the stiff old general, rising also, but with an easy air, as he took the obelisk could have given, and sing very favorable English, "is in the habit of various trinket her bracelet, as it was an heir-loom. An heirloom."

"That is," said a voice musical as running water, "it was left to me by—by mother. She used to wear it."

There was already a certain free friendliness in her words, although her manner was polished and distant, as if she were in the habit of the fact she would have kept from another. I have described since that hall, all unconscious that I recognized the affinity that existed between us, and would have chosen words more reserved had the leader been my friend as myself.

"May I ask you to describe this article?" I said again.

"A chain of graduated filigrane beads, Sir; gold, of course," struck in the general with military precision, "and remarkable for its peculiarity. It was wound three times round the wrist. Either the finder must be an adroit thief or—when—I say with a thousand pardons, monsieur—ten thousand pardons!

"Do not be sorry, sir. Pray proceed."

"I would say then, that Mademoiselle Rochejequelein—"

"Very serious, papa," she said, sweetly. "I confess that I do not remember its slipping over my hand. I—you see, monsieur, I—I—I—well, I remember turning, too," she added, "and seeing no one seated near who could be considered suspicious." And she put her handkerchief, saying on her cheek, as it shifted to and fro, in order to give me a better opportunity.

"Sir," I said, "Mademoiselle Rochejequelein is not to be blamed; although, as I am the lucky finder, I am pleased to say that I am the most ant predicament of your 'adroit thief.' I am fortunate in the discovery and have afforded me the occasion of meeting with General De Rochejequelein, of whose valor and distinguished actions I have heard so much. I am also pleased to say, in common, permit me to say: Madame Rosalins and Judge Wentzer are, I believe, both well known to you. I am happy to be the means of saving the bracelet, mademoiselle."

And I laid the beautiful chain still. If I passed it to the General I should lose the warm touch of those little hands, the glance of those eyes. Instead of it, I appealed to the superior authority of the General, I gave it to his daughter, and in the end I got—both. The General had the bracelet; and Jaqueline went on with her work.

I felt, even at that early period, that I could serve for her as long as the patriarch Jacob served for Rachel, if I got her at last. But the General invited me to a seat. My notice of his valor had gratified him, and brought the blood to a cheek which was already flushing with the color; my mention of the two mutual friends we mentioned in common, whose acquaintance-ship with himself I had discovered by accident, and the name on the card I had tendered, stamped me, in general, as a man of the world worthy of his friendship. Meanwhile, I had done them a service; I must have a glass of wine and a cracker with him. The old soldier—monsieur they called Noisette, served it with the deference which he would have paid a prince. I took to them the honor of calling again, the General said; and he would be proud to wait upon me at my house.

He did wait upon me; I did call; and this happened to be the day on which I was to receive our first young Jacqueline. Sometimes the pretty creature came in and vanish; pop and vanish; or she would enter on her mother and myself with the glass of wine and cracker, and then disappear altogether. The time passed. I grew more intimate at the house; she less shy.

Sitting there one day with the General, her face-work frame standing near, wanting its materials, I took the opportunity of scanning the exquisite embroidery of leaf and flower, beginning to run riot in their white wilderness there, and, as I myself many hand with seeming carelessness, of setting half a dozen stitches backward.

"Pronez garde!" said this practical old fellow. "You will do a mischief!" and then he plunged back into the advance of his column, which he had been detailing.

I called the next morning to leave a book that the General had desired to borrow. Mademoiselle Jaqueline was alone in the room when I was announced by the old domestic. She answered me the General would descend in an instant. Mademoiselle always treated me in a familiar manner, as if possibly I might aspire to an equality with herself, but in a quiet way that any other of my countrymen could ever meet her master and mistress on a footing. It is a way and a belief that she has to this day.

Mademoiselle Jaqueline's greeting had all the friendliness of a sister, and, immediately after I returned it, she resumed her work in silence. Then I sat with my book in my hand, ever, and so little, the corners of her mouth to bury themselves in dimples, the pearls to gleam; and finally, as she bent over the heavy pearl of hughter, like the light-hearted, sweet child she was.

"Why did you take such a mischief in my work?" she said. "Why did you snarl my thread, and pucker my net, and spoil my rose?"

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, but instead of making your escape this morning, you might be obliged to stay and explain to me why, Mademoiselle Jaqueline," was my bold answer.

Mademoiselle drew in as if resenting it. The dimples went away, and the mouth grew grave.

"I must tell you, monsieur, that you are not in touch yet with me," she said. Then, after a little silence, in which she blush had chased another across her cheek, she went on in a lower tone. "Monsieur, I will tell it!"

I don't say the avowal did not give me a shock. I certainly had wondered at the constant, unwavered watch of that beautiful embroidery, but I had never thought of this. Ideas whirled through my brain. I was rich; could I not—but—but it would never have done. All to do now was, not to let her see my surprise.

"And remember, monsieur, that you are in my touch yet now," she said. Then, after a little silence, in which she blush had chased another across her cheek, she went on in a lower tone. "Monsieur, I will

self that this was the damsel of that night of flowers—that I had whispered sweet words to her—that I had held her in my arms. It was impossible to believe it!

A score of these little scenes, these oscillations and vibrations—to-day a sunbeam, to-morrow an icicle—when one afternoon, just as I was finishing a brief visit, the General was summoned to the door below. I stood, looking from the window a moment, not liking to go down just then, and exchanging no word with mademoiselle, when a pleasant little murmur struck my ear—Jaqueline was singing to herself, as if there were not another soul in the room, and though half under her breath, yet with a voice as rich as that of a flute. Then, as I was only a sir from the opera that we had heard together. I turned; and, going down the room, staid before her mechanically.

"Tell me, mademoiselle, what it is I have done to offend you."

She looked up for a moment, intending to be severe and dignified. But it would not do. The lips pouted and quivered, and there came the old pearl of laughter.

"The small cousin marries next month," I whispered.

There came a blush like a crimson rose. The head bent low over the embroidery; and—the General came back again.

Some days went on. Mademoiselle's movements were variable as the weather. My constitution would not stand it longer, and I determined to put my fate to the test.

She still sat behind her lace frame, like a fixture; tracing, as exquisitely as a winter's night traces them on the pane, her pattern of vine leaves and wild roses there. The General had gone out this day, and I came in. I had been greeted with an inclination of the head, a simple sentence, and then silence. I went to the rose and wormed myself before the fire. I sat, at the other side, one step away. But the inclination of the head had given a little more color to the hair that had loosened as she bent over her work; down it all came, falling round her like a veil. She lifted her two hands together to put it from the face, over which a flush was streaming like an aurora; and I stood before her.

"How long do you imagine I shall put up with this, Mademoiselle Jaqueline? I hope you suppose I can live under a sky so variable; this hour, June—the next, January? Inconstant, it is to be all summer—to you have given the diamond upon it!" and bending across the frame, I kissed her, very warm mouth.

She grew as white as she had been rosy; her head fell forward; I thought she was about to faint, and threw down the frame and took her in my arms. But she only hid the white face there, sobbing out—"Forgive me! I am nervous. Forgive! I had thought for so long that—it was the—small cousin."

"But I told you it was not. She marries the husband of her choice. She is like my sister."

No reply. Only the face hidden from me.

"You are a goose, mademoiselle." And the sweet face was got to at last.

"Monsieur," said the General, when it was all explained to him, after he had entered to find us side by side, in the ruddy glow of the evening fire, "I like not the idea that I am to have, myself, after all, wide stole my daughter's bracelet."

"Well, Sir! And now?"

"And now you have stolen her heart."

STRASBOURG.

THE city of Strasbourg, now besieged by a German army, is a strongly fortified town in the department of the Lower Rhine, 437 miles by rail from the capital, situated at the confluence of the Bruche and the Ill, and about half a mile from the Rhine, which is crossed here by a wooden bridge. The town, of which we give a view on page 545, is built in a plain, is very regular in form, and divided into several parts by canals or branches of the Ill, over which there are a number of bridges. The houses are built chiefly substantially built of stone: many of them have steep roofs, and two or three rows of dormer windows running across them. Of the streets, some are wide and straight, but the greater part are narrow. It is surrounded with extensive fortifications works about six miles in circumference. The citadel on the east side of the town, built by VAUBAN, is a regular pentagon, composed of five bastions connected by curtains with ravelins and outworks extending almost to the Rhine.

Of its public buildings the principal is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, founded in 1015, and justly classed among the most perfect and beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture that exist. Its tower, which is 466 feet in height, and the loftiest in the world, is a master-piece of architecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with delicacy as to give it at a distance some resemblance to lace, and combining the utmost elegance and symmetry of form with perfect stability and construction. The west front is ornamented with carved work and statues, and the interior is decorated with stained-glass windows, and contains a stone pulpit of exquisite workmanship. The astronomical clock in the nave, which shows the changes of the moon and the seasons, is a master-piece of mechanism. The other churches, among which those of St. Etienne and St. Thomas and the Temple Neuf are the most remarkable; the old castle of Strasbourg, the town-hall, the episcopal palace, the court-house, theatre, several hospitals, tribunal of commerce, public library, the residence of the prefect, the academy, custom-house, a school of artillery, a cannon foundry, an arsenal, several markets, and monuments to GUTENBERG and Generals KLEBER and DESAIX. It is a bishop's see, and the seat of a chamber of commerce. The manufactures of Strasbourg are flax, hemp, wine, spirituous liquors, linen, sailcloth, blankets, carpets, hardware, leather, cotton, lace, snuff, jewelry, buttons, cutlery, clocks, chemicals, mathematical, musical, and other instruments. It also contains numerous copper and iron works and soap factories, and has a large trade in books. Population, 82,014.

Strasbourg is a place of great antiquity, having existed as a Roman station prior to the Christian era. Its strategic value has always been the scene of military operations in the present age. It is the birth-place of General KLEBER, Marshal NEY, and others, and of Professor GUTENBERG, said to have been one of the inventors of printing. By means of railways and canals it is connected with the chief towns and great rivers of France, and with the Danube, by which means its commerce is greatly extended.

THE FORTRESS OF METZ.

THE French town of Metz, a strongly fortified *place d'armes*, within and around which the French army is now encamped in considerable strength, is situated in the department of the Moselle, about 170 miles east of Paris, at the confluence of the river Moselle with the small stream. It is connected with the capital by railway, and is an important point in the line of defensive operations which the Prussian victory over Marshal M'MAHON, at Haguenau, has forced upon the French.

The Porte des Allemands, or Gate of the Germans, of which we give an illustration on page 545, is one of the seven gates of the town. It is the aspect of a strong-hold flanked with towers, and has a massive appearance of considerable antiquity. This gate was constructed in the fifteenth century, as is attested by a Gothic inscription and the date 1444 which it bears, and is a curious specimen of the military architecture of the Middle Ages. Against the gate of the town which is shown now defended by Bellefort, the Emperor CHARLES V. principally directed his efforts in the year 1552.

The arsenal of Metz is situated at the eastern end of the town, between the gate and the road of Bellecroix. It contains many objects of interest—notably the Salle d'Armes, containing 60,000 muskets, from 30 to 40 pistols, and a great quantity of other arms. This arsenal is a vast establishment. Large numbers of arms are fabricated in the work-shops, and repaired by millions of men. It formerly contained a curious cabinet; most of its casemates were to coleslaw with arms, which was captured by the French in 1790, and which was remarkable for its rich ornamentation, as well as for its antiquity. This is now in the Museum of Artillery at Paris.

WASP LIFE.

THE life of a wasp is by no means monotonous: even in her cradle the future character is foreshadowed by the sharp mandibles with which she is supplied, and the different shapes of these she ventures on the dangerous journey up the walls of the cell. Her duties are very various: each parcel of her life has its own duty, and is adapted to her condition. The relation in which the mother stands to her young is very peculiar. She differs from the queen bee in being to the others their mother rather than their queen. Her history is very like that of the workers, but in general outline: like her they build, collect food, and tend the larvæ; and like them she has her very peculiar circumstances, they lay eggs. The first change that comes over the mother wasp is in her capacity to make paper. This is a very remarkable depending on the activity of the salivary glands, seems to be given to her, as to the workers, by the instinct of maternity. When the workers brood has begun to appear, and they require the better part of their food of the day, the decreasing labor of feeding the larvæ. She restricts herself henceforth to the lowly, material occupation of paper-making, and to the care of the interior of the nest. Broad after brood successively emerge from the cells she has spun, replacing the older wasps, which, with advancing age, become incapable of making paper. This a constant supply of material, and as the nest grows which have no longer the faculty of house-making. Thenceforward she is the head of the household-keeping: and, while the large young wasps, in full glandular vigor, maintain and enlarge the nest, the older workers supply the Chinese Empire ment in satisfying the hungry mouths which peer out from the lower surface of the comb.

LISTENING WITH THE TEETH.

LISTENING with your teeth may seem a comical action, but it is a possible one, and, after all, no more unnatural than to listen with the ends of fingers, which every educated mute can perform. Any one who will hold a vibrating tuning-fork to his head will be surprised at the unexpected thrill that goes through his head, and the superior intensity of sense in his teeth while it was experienced when the fork is held to the ear. That other nerves than those appointed for audition are capable of being affected by sound-waves in the brain is thus pretty evident. We had remarked this so often that we were fully prepared for the evidence to a statement made by a newspaper correspondent to the effect that a deaf friend was stirred with delight at the music of a violin rendered audible to him first by placing the instrument between his teeth while it was played upon, and afterward by means of a string tied to the violin, whereof one end was held in the musician's mouth. The writer in question suggests a repetition of his experiment upon a larger scale, with a number of strings stretched from an umbrella or sounding-board to the mouths of a deaf audience. A concert of such character might be a ludicrous affair to sharp-eared spectators, but we venture to think with the proposer that the experiment would be far more gratifying than absurd to those who, for the first time in their lives, were thus moved by concord of sweet sounds. Let us hope that curiosity, if nothing else, will prompt a trial by those who have charge of the deaf in this country. As our inventive times go, we ought not to be backward in attacking any problem for the alleviation of bodily suffering or the restoration of natural conformations. We make the lame walk and the deafness by, and of these two maladies the last is said to have been one of the inventors of printing. By means of railways and canals it is connected with the chief towns and great rivers of France, and with the Danube, by which means its commerce is greatly extended.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE severe drought which has prevailed this season in every locality, and even in certain sections of our own country, has induced several scientific men to speculate on the likelihood of the rainfall which will be called artificial means. If this matter can be thoroughly investigated, and made so practical that we may obtain rain at pleasure, the crops need not be so uncertain as they are now. To be sure, a grand difficulty lies at once: no two farmers would ever agree as to have the rain come—though the potatoes of the one be perishing, and those in the lap of the other would be spoiled by a shower. And who would settle the matter? We suppose, however, an appeal to the ballot would decide the most important questions.

It appears that M. Le Maout, a chemist of St. Brieuc, has made many experiments on the use of sea-water, as often caused by the concussion of air produced by a cannonade. During the siege of Sebastopol the concussion in Britany was affected, notwithstanding the six hundred leagues which lay between. It is to experiments that he could tell before the news arrived when fighting was going on, because the concussion of the sea produced a distinct white line on the beach. The day these became overcast, and a drizzling rain would soon fall, frequently followed by heavy showers of snow by wind. This chemist also cites other instances in which the sea-water has been influenced by a cannonade of battle. He suggests that it rain in desired at Paris, there should be a cannonade with mortars, and the barometer should mark less than 76 centimeters. The cannonade should then be begun not at Paris, but at Charbourg, where the instruments for producing the concussion of the best time would be in the morning, before the thunderclaps of war in the west should begin. Batteries of batteries should be fired simultaneously, at short intervals; and if this cannonade were to coincide with some religious festival, requiring the bells to be rung, the effect would be all the more certain.

A military commission at St. Petersburg is actively engaged in selecting a breech-loading rifle which it is proposed to introduce into knapsacks. A French doctor has well described the circumstances under which, by means of a simple piece of mechanism, can be brought under the fire of the enemy, and to serve at the same time as a breast-plate for the soldier and a rest for his rifle.

A new revolving cannon, capable of firing forty rounds a minute, is largely hinted at in Paris.

About one thousand students are connected with the University at Bonn, on the Rhine. Seven after war was declared by the French number presented themselves before the authorities, and asked that they might be instantly enrolled in the defence of the fatherland.

A Paris banker received from a Berlin banker a remittance of 4,000 francs; and when the worried: "The other 24000 will be due next month; I shall bring it with me myself." He received as good as his word in rest in this reply: "I will endeavor to ameliorate your captivity by all the means in my power."

Kentucky can boast of giants almost. A Mrs. Hoskins, residing in Hopkinsville County in her seventy-sixth year. She was six feet and one-half inch in height, and weighed over two hundred and seventy pounds. She was the mother of ten children, all but one of whom lived to maturity, and whose average size was six feet in height. Seven of them are yet living, the tallest being only six feet ten inches high. She has twelve brothers and sisters, all of whom were over six feet. Her husband was six feet and four inches high.

The Legislature of the Seminole Indians have just passed a decree which is supposed to be an indication of the progress of "civilization."

About one hundred gentlemen of St. Louis have just engaged permanent rooms in the Mercantile Library, for none house-servants into their families. The negotiations have been made with the Union Benevolent Society in San Francisco. They have agreed to pay them good wages, and to afford them all necessary protection during the term of service.

Frank Thorn, *alias* Matthew D. Carpenter, recently made a perilous leap in Buffalo from the roof of a four-story building, to escape a deputy. He broke his shoulder in the fall, and was dragged into a cell by the officers. The distance from the roof from which he made the leap to the street was about forty feet. A hundred and forty-five feet by actual measurement. Not less than twenty thousand persons assembled to witness this remarkable feat. The young man, who is about twenty-five years of age, seems to have grown up without any knowledge of fear, and from childhood has been noted for daring deeds, which have often endangered his life. He can walk the ridge-pole of any factory, and for a part of the distance down kept on erect position: and, to the astonishment of the spectators, he gracefully stood forward, and at last struck the earth on his right side with a tremendous concussion. Boats and various contrivances were at hand, and within one minute he fleetly he was dragged into a boat. The shock to his system was terrible, and for some time he was thought to be near death. Though now considered out of danger, he will probably be a long time in recovering his health.

Since the death of M. Prévost-Paradol many facts have come to light which indicate with much certainty that self-destruction was the result of a fit of insanity. It appears that for a long time the unfortunate Minister had been troubled with apprehensions of suffering of the brain, and had contemplated with horror the possibility of living a life bereft of reason. He had received medical treatment in France for this threatened malady. His daughter communicated the fact, after his death, that he had for some time lived in dread of insanity from softening of the brain; and the circumstance that his wife had died insane weighed heavily on his mind. The priests were brought in requisition against robbers, it being his custom to keep them in the bottom. It is believed that when he retired to bed that last night he had no thought of self-destruction, but that the host oppressed him greatly, and that he woke suddenly, feverish, and possessed with the idea that he was insane.

The directors of some of our city railroads have received a very opposition from certain citizens—namely, to put upon their lines a number of palace-cars for the use of any one who is carry a certain number of passengers, and who are prepared to be satisfied with a handsomely cushioned easy-chair, or an entire apartment, if willing to pay for it. An extra charge of 50 cents will be asked for each passenger occupying a table. There is no reason why some such experiment should not be tried. The present crowding of cars does not render economy very body unacceptable. Those who can afford it pay for comfort want it, and are willing to be gratified. Certainly there are a great many who would gladly pay for some protection to have a comfortable seat to themselves during a long ride.

Louis Kossuth feels himself too old and broken and nervless to come before the public as a lecturer. Some months ago the Boston Lecture Bureau commissioned a celebrated lecturer to travel through Europe until he found Kossuth, and, if he was reported that he was poor, to offer him a series of lectures engagements with tyrannize in the United States. The commissioner proceeded upon his duty. Upon reaching his destination, he expressed his determination to speak no more to public when he was in his own country demanded it. Kossuth was found in a small quarter of a city in Asia Minor.

It is a pleasant theory to tender-hearted anglers that the wriggling of the bait on the dry land is not indicative of agony but of comfort. It has been taken from the water where there is but little room into the air where there is a good deal of it, and feels just as a person does when he has been laughing.

"The pavements are all kissing hot, the sky above is brazen,
And every head an egg is dead the sun can set his eyes on;
The lofty, jerk-looking skeletons go striking pale pair through the glare,
Their feet, without trying-pans, send hotter fancies to their brains."

So wrote S. F. Willis once—so might he write again had he lived in the "heated terms" of this present summer.

Twenty years ago an adventurous youth, by name Charles Gouriet, left home and friends in France to seek his fortune in America. Nothing was heard of him for three years beyond this, that he had gone to Mexico. A stranger lately arrived at Medellin, came to this country and sought every where for his countryman, but all in vain. Still he did not wholly give up the hope, and settled in Colima and was charge of a French newspaper in that city. A few weeks ago Thoughts that he was wounded in the assault at the arrival in Chicago of Red Cloud and his chiefs on their way from Washington. The same day a interpreter accompanying the party struck his attention, it being the manner that of his friend. He went to the room of an interpreter; but the interpreter had already gone to the hotel. Gouriet, however, detected a resemblance between the two, and Thoughts of his friend to that child's dominion in the hope of meeting there his brother, who had three years ago became enamored of the wild Indian life.

A gentleman, passing by a humble hovel in Buffalo the other day, heard a child crying bitterly a short distance away, and, seeing that nobody came to the rescue, stopped to the door and listened an old lady that one of her children was crying outside, adding that it had probably hurt itself badly. The tired mother looked up from her washing, in a tone of wild exclamation, observed: "My good gracious, man! I've got so many children that I can't keep the run of them suppose to cry. It's enough for me to know that I've got children enough to cry." The man then found that the woman had eighteen children, fifteen of her own and three adopted. Eight of the youngsters all but one of them by gardening, washing, and ironing.

What magic there is in a titled name! Nothing ago a stranger from the city of Mexico arrived at Panama just in time to hear the signal given, and to see the train quietly pulling off. With an authoritative voice he shouted on the guard, "Stop! Lord Lisford's coming!" Instantly the sleepy-eyed conductor roused himself, the engine to speed, and moved back to await his lordship's arrival. Meanwhile the stranger quietly stepped into comfortably seated himself in a third-class carriage, and then, putting his head out of the window, informed the guard that his lordship had entered, and he might move on!

It is a fact interesting to all lovers of shad that Salmon Creek, a stream near which that poet passed in the Connecticut River at Holyoke, Massachusetts, until the dam was built in 1849. Since the completion of the present season an unusually large quantity of this delicious fish has been taken from the creek, a result naturally brought about from the 40,000,000 young shad which were placed in the river three years ago.

The southern extremity of South America can lay claim to possessing the most novel post-office in the world. It consists of a small barrel, fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountain overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. Ships passing that way can drop letters through the straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. No postmaster is needed; seamen take care of the little receptacle, and no breach of trust has ever occurred. Every ship that passes understakes to transmit the contents of the barrel, if the destination of the mail matter is within the limits of its voyage.

Suicide assumes a pocketist aspect abroad. A gentleman recently drowned himself in Lancashire, near Bolton, leaving a note: "You will find me in the brook," and concluded with poetry, thus:

"I shall be at peace in a shaky nook,
And all sorts of banks flowing brook."

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

THIS charming singer, who is soon to appear in this city, was born in the pretty and retired village of Hossaby, picturesquely situated among the lakes and forests of Smaland. Her father, a small farmer, possessed a great taste for music, and was the chief chorister in the church of the district. The Diva's birth, in 1843, increased M. NILSSON'S already numerous family to eight, all of whom were more or less musical, especially one of the sons, CARL, who was by profession a violinist. Little CHRISTINE, from her earliest years, gave great signs of vocal talent, and was found one day by CARL, secretly practicing on his violin, which, unknown to any one, she had taught herself to play. Admiring her dexterity, CARL determined to utilize such precocious talent, and the child subsequently accompanied him to the various fairs and entertainments which he was accustomed to frequent. At one of these former amusements—the fair of Ljungby—a Swedish magistrate, named THORNSENHELM, was so struck with the splendid voice of Mlle. NILSSON that, after making inquiries, he offered the parents to educate and entirely provide for the child—an offer too advantageous to be rejected.

Mlle. VALERIUS, afterward Baroness de Lenhusen, a singer of no mean repute, having heard CHRISTINE sing at the THORNSENHELMS, undertook to give her lessons, which still further developed the powers of the sweet but uncultivated voice of the little peasant. Shortly afterward CHRISTINE was sent to school, where she remained two years, at the conclusion of which she was removed to Stockholm and placed under the tuition of M. FRANZ BERWALD, a talented composer and master.

A sister of Mlle. VALERIUS, a portrait-painter, being about to visit Paris, invited the young girl to accompany her, an invitation which was eagerly accepted. There she resided with an English family, and became a pupil of M. WARTEL, under whose guidance she remained three years, when, after much doubt and hesitation, she resolved to go on the stage. Her doubts, which arose entirely from timidity, were finally dissipated by witnessing an unequaled performance of Madame CARVALHO in "La Reine Topaze" at the Théâtre Lyrique, and an engagement for three years was procured for her at the above theatre, her salary being but 2000 francs for the first year, 2500 for the second, and 3000 for the third.

In October, 1864, being just twenty-one, Mlle. NILSSON made her debut as Violetta in the "Traviata," but did not obtain the expected success, the opera being entirely unsuited to her character, as even now the fair Swede is much more at home in a *prophète* than a *bridal*. In the following February, however, she had her revenge, as a perfect *furore* was created by her personation of Astrillammante in the "Flauto Magico," and was afterward most enthusiastically received in "Marta," "Sardanapalus," and "Les Bluets." She did not succeed so well, however, in "Don Giovanni," her Northern nature being far too cold for the correct representation of the passionate and jealous Elvira of the South. In 1867 she first appeared in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, and made her debut, as in Paris, in the "Traviata," having long and carefully studied the part under M. DELLE SEDIE, a professor of the French Conservatoire. In the same year she sang in "Judas Maccabæus" at the Birmingham Festival, where her immense success obtained her an engagement for the Crystal Palace Handel Festival of the following year.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

COUNT DE PALIKAO.

GENERAL COUSIN-MONTAUBAN, Count De Palikao, the new French Minister of War, to which position he was called in consequence of the disasters to M'MAHON and FROSSARD, was born June 24, 1796. He went to Algeria at an early age, distinguished himself as an officer of cavalry, and, after more than twenty years of uninterrupted service, was intrusted with the command of the Tlemcen Division, and finally with that of Constantine. Recalled to France, he was for some time at the head of the Twenty-first Military Division. In 1860 he took command of the French expedition into China, and had the honor of accomplishing the almost marvelous invasion which carried the flags of France and England to the capital of that empire. The destruction of numerous Chinese forts, the splendid victory at Palikao, and the entrance of the allies into Pekin, forced the Chinese government to accept of a treaty imposed by the allies. Returning to France in July, 1861, he was made Senator of France, Count of Palikao, and Commander of the Fourth Army Corps. In 1860 he had been forty-two years in active service. We give his portrait on the next page.

A WRECK.

SILENTLY, mournfully, to and fro,
The long waves wash under thee;
Rocking thy broken and battered prow,
Threatening to sunder thee.
Helpless and hopeless—no one to care,
Though a storm shatter thee;
Only the cold rocks, white and bare,
And the pulsing sea, so false and fair,
And the distant boats that have left thee—there,
And the calm sky, watching and wondering where
The winds may scatter thee.

FARRAGUT.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, one of those rare men to whom it is given to "read their history in a nation's eyes," died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at noon of Sunday, August 14, in the seventieth year of his age. His father, GEORGE FARRAGUT, was a native of Minorca, and early took to the sea for a livelihood. Coming to this country, he served in the Revolutionary army, and at the close of the war settled near Knoxville, Tennessee, on lands given him by the government in part payment of his services. Here DAVID GLASGOE FARRAGUT was born July 5, 1801. His first name was given him in honor of Captain DAVID PORTER, an old friend of his father's, and afterward a famous naval officer. The middle name has been supposed to be a family name dear to his Scotch mother.—Through the influence of DAVID PORTER young FARRAGUT, at the age of eleven years, was appointed a midshipman, and, as the Naval Academy was not yet in existence, he was ordered to get his schooling aboard ship. His first cruise was made in the famous *Essex*, and his first commander was Commodore PORTER, the man for whom he was named. We have only the mere outlines of his personal history during this memorable cruise, of which it is to be hoped that some member of the late Admiral's family may be able to give the world a complete account.—He was present at the capture of the *Nocton*, a British packet of 10 guns, on December 11, 1812; the *Alert*, March 14; and the Peruvian corsair *Nereyda*, on March 28, 1813. After the capture, on May 29, of the *Atlantic*, an English whaler of 8 guns, FARRAGUT served on board of her as an Acting-Lieutenant, under command of Lieutenant STEPHEN D. M'KNIGHT, and cruised in company with the *Essex* and the fleet of eight captured vessels turned into cruisers. Shortly after the fleet was reduced to three, the *Atlantic* was renamed the *Essex Junior*, and Lieutenant M'KNIGHT gave up the command to Lieutenant-Commander DOWNES. Acting-Lieutenant FARRAGUT appears to have returned to duty as a midshipman on the *Essex*. He continued in the *Essex* during the remainder of the remarkable cruise, in which nearly every English whale-ship known to be in the South Pacific was captured. He appears also to have taken part in the memorable war in the Marquesas, where the *Essex* and *Essex Junior* refitted in October and November, 1813, and for which privilege Commodore PORTER was compelled to assist the tribe who held possession of the bay in which he had cast anchor.

YOUNG FARRAGUT was on board the *Essex* during the memorable conflict in Valparaiso Bay, March 28, 1814, between the *Essex* and the British ships *Phœbe* and *Cherub*, and there, in the words of his commanding officer's report, "gave an earnest of his value to the service."

On the return of peace FARRAGUT spent a year in the study of military and naval science, and was then ordered to the Mediterranean, where he remained two years. During this time he was under the instruction of the chaplain of his ship, the Rev. CHARLES FOLSOM, from whom he obtained a moral as well as intellectual training that had a marked influence on his future life. The force of this training was subsequently illustrated by an incident which occurred on board the *Hartford* on the night before the attack on Fort Morgan in Mobile Bay. The men of the vessel asked for grog before going into action next day. "I have no particular objection to your having a little grog," he said, "if there is any on board; but I have been to sea a good many years, and have seen some fighting, but I have never seen the time when I needed rum to help me do my duty." Then, without waiting for an answer to his argument, he added, "I will order you two pots of hot coffee at two o'clock to-morrow morning, and at eight o'clock I'll pipe you to breakfast in Mobile Bay."

For the next forty years his career was the usual routine of sailor life in time of peace, with its alternations of sea and shore duty, furlough and foreign station. When the rebellion broke out he was at Norfolk, where he was settled, having married a Southern lady. Importuned by his friends to join the Southern cause, he remained true to his country and himself, and immediately made his way to New York, where he was officially sta-

THE LATE ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL TROCHU.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

GENERAL DUCAY.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

COUNT PALIKAO.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

tioned. Here he encountered Commodore M'Cauley, who, at his solicitation, told him the circumstances of the destruction of the Norfolk Navy-yard, and the noble vessels stationed there.

"How could you do it, Commodore—how could you do it?" he said, tears standing in his eyes at the thought of the sacrifice.

"My officers were false; there was no one I could depend upon."

"Why didn't you send for me?" thundered the old Captain, indignantly.

For several months after the outbreak of the war FARRAGUT was without a command, partly because the Navy Department had no fleet afloat at its disposal. At length, when the expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon, he was selected to command it. He entered the Mississippi River early in *March, 1862*. On the 17th of April FARRAGUT's mortar fleet began the bombardment of Forts Philip and Jackson, and on the 24th Commodore FARRAGUT with his entire fleet ran past those formidable batteries, encountering a fire almost unparalleled in severity, a fleet of gun-boats including several rams, fire-rafts, torpedoes, and other obstructions. An idea of the brilliancy of the exploit may be formed from the fact that some French and English officers who had been to New Orleans laughed outright at the notion of running the batteries, and warned the Commodore that "no fleet could pass up the river without a miraculous interposition." To which FARRAGUT replied. "You may be right; but I was sent here to make the attempt to take New Orleans, and I shall try it."

It is unnecessary to repeat the story of that daring feat, the immediate result of which was the occupation of New Orleans by the forces of the United States, a fact that destroyed one of the Vicksburg batteries, which resulted in nothing. The fleet under his command was finally retired to Pensacola, and its operations thereafter confined to blockading duty in the Gulf. In July, 1864, in conjunction with the land forces under General CANBY, he attacked and shattered Mobile. It was during this engagement—the last which FARRAGUT fought—that he had himself lashed to the rigging of the flagship, in order to watch and direct the fight. For his gallantry and success in this engagement he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral. His rank is, of course, Full Admiral in 1866.

After the close of the war Admiral FARRAGUT was sent on a cruise in the *Franklin* to European waters, where every where received the most distinguished consideration and respect. But the broad constitution and mental strain of the war had broken his health, and he returned to this country a hopeless invalid. He suffered intensely for months previous to his decease, and death came to him as a happy release. He has passed away in the fullness of years and of fame, leaving a whole nation to lament his loss.

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

Where's the harm, tell me where,
Of building castles in the air—
An airy fairy nothingness
That brings a sweet forgetfulness?

The child sits still with pensive eye
And starts to hear the sudden cry,
"Again I see your vacant stare—
Building your castles in the air!"

The weary boy has closed his book,
And sits with dreamy, wandering look:
Again the cry of "Whence this stare?
Still at your castles in the air?"

The man lies gazing at the sky;
Then sudden starts, with bitter sigh,
"My happiest moments still are there,
Within those castles in the air."

What man or woman, girl or boy,
But's tasted of the secret joy
That's in the fairy chambers lain
Of their own "châteaux en Espagne"?

So where's the harm, tell me where,
Of building "castles in the air"?
This airy fairy nothingness
That brings such sweet forgetfulness?

GENERAL FELIX DOUAY.

General Douay, whose heroic death at the battle of Weissenberg had a touch of old knightly valor and devotion, entered the army in 1832, at the age of sixteen. He obtained a Captain's commission in 1848, and was present at the siege of Rome, where he was wounded. He took a distinguished part in the campaigns in the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico. At the siege of Puebla he directed the operations of the left wing of the besieging army. The *Moniteur* gives the following touching account of his death at Weissenburg: "The General was from the beginning in the thickest of the fight. When he saw the day was lost, after he had done all that he could to retrieve it, when not even a battalion was left him, he called his aids one by one to receive orders, and sent them away. As soon as the last one was gone, the General, spurring his horse, rode some distance to the front, dismounted, and, taking a pistol from the holster, shot the animal. Then, turning around, he slowly walked toward the enemy. His soldiers vainly tried to stop him. Amidst the terrible firing he deliberately walked on. The retreating soldiers, aroused by the spectacle, turned again upon the enemy, but fell in heaps around their General, who still pressed forward. Another tremendous discharge from the enemy, and General Douay, almost alone, fell dead."

GENERAL TROCHU.

General Trochu, who is now in command of the defenses of Paris, and to whom has been intrusted the organization of a new army, is a soldier of great experience and ability. He is now about forty-four years of age, and has served with distinction in the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico. By some military writers he is considered the ablest tactician of modern times. At the commencement of the present war he was placed by General La Beite in command at Toulouse. The starting events succeeding the battle of Weissenburg have called him from this comparatively quiet sphere to the front rank of active operations.

DRESS IN CHINA.

Chinese dress is now so familiar, by the many exhibitions that have been held, that it may be passed over to speak of the peculiar mode of wearing the hair, which, both in the man and woman, is characterized by the well-known tail, the men, however, shaving the rest of the head. The tail was at one time the badge of the conquered, as the shaven board was of the slave among the Romans; the Tartars forced the Chinese to shave and wear the tail, till at last it became the universal custom. A Chinese does not, unless he is a mandarin, wear his mustache until he is forty, nor does he allow his beard to grow till he is sixty. A young lady wears her hair combed back and plaited into a tail, which is looped up and passed under the right arm to the breast, the fringe of hair being cut across the forehead. This is very becoming and pretty, but not before the married women appear. Their entire hair is twisted up into a knot at the top of the back part of the head, and silver bodkins or pins, often jeweled or enameled, are stuck in them, with bouquets of real or artificial flowers. They all paint prettily, forehead and cheeks white, with pearl-white, the cheeks crimson, and the lips vermilion; but they are not good artists, and make themselves frightful enough. The old painted hags more than young women. The custom of cramping the feet as the mark of gentility is well known, and ladies are often such cripples that they are carried every where by a servant; but it is only fair to add, to explain that the gentlemen have a similar fashion in letting their nails grow as long as possible, to show that they do not work for a living. The proud Chinese ladies and gentlemen, however, have never adopted these fashions to obliterate all kinds of active amusements and sporting.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 714.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

A STREET SCENE IN METZ.—[See Page 562.]

SCENE AT METZ.

WE gave, last week, a sketch of one of the ancient gateways of the city of Metz, within whose vicinity a series of desperate and sanguinary battles was recently fought. This week we give an interesting sketch, on our first page, of a scene within the walls of the city, taken when the streets were alive with preparation for the conflict and all the bustle and stirring activity of military operation. At the time the sketch was made every street formed a part of a vast camp. Even the civilians wore a martial appearance, and every where were bands of soldiers lounging about and looking for drink. "Drinking goes on all day," writes a correspondent, "and no wonder, for the heat is great, and the thin potations of *vin ordinaire* do not fire the blood, though as much can not be said for the bad brandy, the liqueurs, and the strange compounds which seem to have been manufactured on purpose for the army. It is not only that the soldiers like to drink, but they also go into the water. The shallow ditches round the fortifications are made useful in these ways: the men wade about there, wallowing in pools of filthiness, and also contrive to catch fish which have been washing all this time for the camp kettle. Here, and in the shallow stream of the Moselle, where it runs on the level country, the army of France washes, and fishes, and swims about all every day."

There were two camps, one on each side of Metz — the Ban St. Martin, occupied by four regiments of the line and a battalion of chasseurs; and the Polygon, consisting of four or five regiments of the line, a battery of artillery, and another battalion of chasseurs. A few days suffced to make a complete change in the aspect of affairs, and to crowd the city with the disorganized remains of a beaten army.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

THE DUTY OF REPUBLICANS.

THE tone of some of the chief Democratic papers in the northern part of the country, when speaking of political prospects in the Southern States, shows a consciousness of divided counsels upon the policy of the party. This view is confirmed by the speech of Attorney-General AKERMAN upon the situation; and, even if the division were not known to exist, it would be made highly probable by the character and experience of the party. The point of difference, as we stated last week, is the opposition to declaring hostility to equal citizenship, and demanding the abrogation of the amendments. The Southern Democracy, arising in the ashes of the party, denounces "negro suffrage," and the laws that secure it. The Northern Democracy, better comprehending the spirit of the country, cries negro domination! "Let Heaven's sake, bush! Think and mean what you will, but don't talk about it!" But both wings of the party agree upon the essential point — they both refuse to acquiesce in the great settlements of the war. Not one of the recognized leading organs of the Democratic party has declared that those settlements must be respected, and that the contests of the future must be based upon new issues.

Undoubtedly there are those in the party who would like to see this position taken. But the very fact that it is not taken shows the efficiency of the power of the adverse sentiment — a power that can not be disregarded. Indeed, the Democratic party never ignored the anti-national point — they both refuse to acquiesce in the great settlements of the war. Not one of the recognized leading organs of the Democratic party has declared that those settlements must be respected, and that the contests of the future must be based upon new issues.

Undoubtedly there are those in the party who would like to see this position taken. But the very fact that it is not taken shows the efficiency of the power of the adverse sentiment — a power that can not be disregarded. Indeed, the Democratic party never ignored the anti-national character and traditions of the Democratic party. Consequently the methods of the Democratic party were appeals to the basest prejudice, and to the lowest world fear. It seemed at what it called "moral ideas;" it denounced the negro; and it defended slavery, not as an evil guarded by constitutional compromise, but as a system sanctioned by Christianity, and productive of the welfare of the slaves. At the point of the most utter demoralization of the party, when the speech of any Democratic statesman upon American politics was a hideous satire upon every American principle and sentiment of human instinct, slavery was swept away, and the party of slavery every where hurled from power.

It begins now to hope for resuscitation. Some of its younger members and recent proselytes would fain throw off the burden of the past. But it is impossible. The party and all its traditions and habits have made it. It is disciplined and ignorant; it hates the negro; it regards the Union as the measure of its defeat; it repeats its old shibboleth of State sovereignty and reserved rights; and it longs to undo all that the war and reconstruction have done. Which, therefore, the younger members and the proselytes speak of the old issues as passed away, and of the blunders of those who do not accept the new, they express their hopes, and their fears also, since they have dread defeat if their view be not adopted. But even the proselytes do not relinquish the old issues, lest they should lose all influence with the party. As we said, their tone betrays them. They know that it is very easy to talk of rolling off burdens and accepting new issues, but they know also, and do all thought-ful men, that the leopard does not easily change his spots, nor a party bred upon baseness suddenly become intelligent and honest.

The fact remains, therefore, and the country must bear it constantly in mind, that, whatever a few Democrats may wish, the Democratic party is not prepared to accept the measures in the national settlements since the war. The party is mastered, as it has been for many years, by its worst elements. Its newspapers men and convictions are those that controlled it at its last two National Conventions, and that still control it. Except in Democratic local successes and of not relying upon the past, as we have recently done, we have borne all this constantly in mind. We have seen, as we feel, that the career of the Republican party is the noblest chapter in our political history. We urged, and we repeat, that none of its most pressing and sacred duties is to guard the fruits of its great victories. It is still to insist that justice shall be done to every citizen every where. It is to take care that the late rebels do not "manage the negroes" as they please, but that the new citizens shall have every right of the old. It is to sustain the amendments. It is to assert the national power for the end, to reveal, it is to maintain inflexibly all that it has done, and done so well.

But it must do this with a constant regard for the settlements. It must never forget that a party in a country of active progress and intelligence can not rely upon questions with which it has already settled them, but must wisely deal with the demand of every day. The duty of the Republican party at this moment is plain. Resisting all efforts to open again the settled issues, but they should lose all influence with the party. As we said, their tone betrays them. They know that it is very easy to talk of rolling off burdens and accepting new issues, but they know also, and do all thoughtful men, that the leopard does not easily change his spots, nor a party bred upon baseness suddenly become intelligent and honest.

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It is conceded that to carry to a belligerent articles useful in war is an offense for which the neutral taken in the act may be punished by the injured state. But it is very difficult, and, in fact, impracticable for a neutral government to watch trade so narrowly as to prevent such carriage, and Lord GRANVILLE is correct in saying that it can not be done. Moreover, in the absence of express treaty stipulations, it is difficult to decide what is contraband. The history of modern times affords no case that there are the widest differences of opinion. The treaty of 1794, between the United States and Great Britain, made many articles contraband ores contraband, and whatever serves for the equipment of vessels, excepting "unwrought iron and its sorts." Money has been sometimes contraband by treaty, sometimes excepted. So with provisions and horses. But, as we have before stated, articles of use in war are constantly changing with the progress of invention, so that no precise rule can be established in the absence of specific treaty.

And even in that case the good feeling of belligerents toward a neutral will depend upon the evidence of his moral sympathy. We, for instance, are neutral in the present war, and it is to be hoped that we shall remain so. But, of course, our sympathy is not equally with the French, if they could read our papers, and know the real feeling of the country, would feel much less kindly toward us than the Germans. And it is to this sympathy that we must confide the mutual good understanding of Germany and England. Meanwhile the existence of such a universal sympathy with Germany in this contest is well understood. It is not with any dynastic ambitions, nor are any such motives sought to be gratified. An effort at territorial aggrandizement beyond the German frontier would bring upon Prussia a coalition of the nation. There is no misapprehension upon this point, nor does any thoughtful man in Europe or America even suppose that such an attempt would follow the war. We may fairly anticipate as the result of the contest the actual union of Germany, and the emancipation of France from personal government. Should it be prolonged, other and unforeseen changes, arising from the social discontent of Europe, must be expected.

A VIRTUOUS *IF*.

IT was lately announced from Spain that if the insurrection in Cuba was not suppressed by September, fifteen thousand more troops would be sent out. This statement was made on the occasion of a dispatch from Washington that the island was to be given up to fire and sword. And thereupon the enemies of the Administration loudly declared that General GRANT had surrendered the Monroe doctrine, had betrayed the honor of the country, and had made the United States responsible for the mad slaughter and devastation which were about to take place in Cuba. It is not easy to conceive a more ludicrous assault, and it shows how little serious objection can be urged against the Administration, when such an absurd criticism is gravely made. *If* an increased force is sent from Spain—*if* it proceeds to slay, burn, and torture—*if* the wretched island is washed in blood, and *if* the United States Government sees the laws of war violated and humanity outraged without a protest, then, indeed, it would betray the honor of the country and outrage the national feeling. There is much virtue in *if*. As for the Monroe doctrine, it would have as much to do with it as the tariff of the German Zollverein.

The position of the United States toward the Cuban difficulty, under this Administration, has been honorable, unmistakable, and consistent with the best traditions of the government. It has been honorable, for the Government has vigilantly executed its own laws, and has faithfully observed its treaty engagements. It has been unmistakable, because its action has been frank and open. It has been consistent with our best traditions, because, while protecting the natural sympathy of American citizens for all people striving for independence and self-government, it has unalterably maintained the doctrine that *every* government may properly take part in every quarrel, and has asserted that the question of belligerency is one of fact, and not of sympathy. It has remembered, and emulated the honorable position of President WASHINGTON, when war arose between the then recent enemy and friend of the United States; and it has borne steadily in mind, as its rule of action, what President MONROE said of his own Administration when it accorded belligerent rights to the Spanish colonies of South America, fifty years ago: "If the views of the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable, the rights to which they were entitled by the laws of nations, as equal parties to a civil war, were extended to them."

Meanwhile, as the contest in Cuba has been occasionally conducted upon both sides with unjustifiable ferocity, our Government has made the most earnest and emphatic remonstrances; and it is unquestionably this position of the United States which has restrained the savage, upon the whole, within the limits of civilized warfare. That the Spanish Minister in Washington misunderstands this position is an absurd conjecture. No man knows better than he the character and tendency of the situation. No man so authoritatively as he would insist that the rules of war must be respected in Cuba by his Government, because he understands that nothing would so immediately decide public opinion and the Government of the United States upon practical intervention in Cuba as a Spanish policy of fire and sword. If the story of the dispatch from Washington is true, and that Spain proposed to Europe a slaughtering and burning in September, the United States Government would immediately interfere, and upon principles as familiar and honorable and acknowledged as those upon which it has hitherto proceeded.

Nothing is more authoritatively recognised than the right of nations to interfere in a quarrel which is waged in a manner repugnant to humanity, and even to limit such interference by war. Great Britain, France, and Russia so interfered for the Greeks against Turkey in 1827, when the combined fleet of those powers destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet in the harbor of Navarino, and secured the independence of Greece. HALLECK declares that the plea of humanity alone, without regard to the interests of commerce or of European repose, was a sufficient justification. There were differences and differences between Holland and Belgium, and between Turkey and Egypt. They are among the most familiar facts of modern history; and it must have an amusing conception of the present Government of Spain to suppose it ignorant of them, and a most contemptuous estimate of its common-sense to imagine that it would provoke such inevitable interference in Cuba from the United States. If Spain is ignorant it is alleged that she proposes to do in Cuba, the prompt and peremptory remonstrance of the United States Government would be the more powerful from its honorable attitude in the contest hitherto.

BURNING OF DARIEN, GEORGIA.

ROBERT F. CLYDE, Rector, and W. ROBERT GIMBLLIAT, Senior Warden of St. Andrew's Church, Darien, Georgia, have published an appeal "to the generous and loyal Episcopal Church and all other friends of religion and education in the United States," asking relief for their parish.

This appeal begins by a statement concerning a young officer in the service of the United States who was stationed, with a detail of his regiment, in the assault upon Fort Wagner, and is in these words:

"June 11, 1863, without an engagement, the town of Darien, Georgia, was taken and burned by the United States colored troops, Colonel SHAW, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, commanding."

This statement is incorrect in so far as it relates to Colonel SHAW, Colonel MONTGOMERY having been the officer in command.

Colonel SHAW's opinion respecting the burning of Darien may be learned from the following extracts from letters written by him at the time, which we publish as an act of justice toward all concerned in that affair:

"In Sight of Darien, June 11, 1863.

"*His Excellency* JOHN A. ANDREW, *Governor of Massachusetts:*

"DEAR SIR,—. . . On the 10th and 11th inst. we took part in what the Government will say is a victory. We met no enemy, and our only exploits were the capture of 68 bales of cotton, and the burning of the town of Darien. The latter was a most disgraceful occurrence. I never knew before of a town being burned in the presence of troops, and I suppose, especially when it contained only old men, women, and children."

"June 12, 1863. . . . About noon we came in sight of Darien. . . . MONTGOMERY said to me, 'I shall burn the town.' I told him that I did not want the responsibility, and he was only too happy to take it all on his own shoulders; so the regiment, after landing, turned to the ground. One of my companies assisted in burning the town, and I am ashamed to say it. The reason he gave me for destroying Darien was that it was inhabited by rebels; that he knew it to be a real war, and that they were to be swept away by the hand of God like the sons of Ham. In private he may seem all right to some; but when it comes to being made the instrument of the Lord's vengeance, I really don't like it. Then he says: 'We are untrained, and therefore must be bound by the rules of civilized warfare.' But that makes it none the less revolting to me to have a hand in the massacre upon these people. . . . I have not yet made up my mind as to what I ought to do. Besides my own private feelings, I am bound to say, frankly, that I am not sure that it will not be very injurious to the reputation of black troops and of those connected with them, if they are to be given through the war so far without disbonor, and so as not to degenerate into a plunderer and a robber; and the same applies to every officer in my regiment. If I were the only one concerned, I should run the South with fire and sword, I might look at it in another way, for then a certain amount of what had been decided upon as a necessary policy, as the case would stand, I should be willing to bear, who attacks and destroys defenseless women. . . .

"MONTGOMERY, from what I have seen of him, is a conscientious man, and really believes what he says: 'That he is doing his duty to the best of his knowledge and ability.'

"There are only two courses for me to pursue: To obey orders and my nothing, or to refuse to go on any such expeditions, and be put under arrest—probably courtmartialled—which is a serious thing."

"June 13, 1863. . . . I wrote to-day to General HUNTER'S Assistant Adjutant-General; for, unless MONTGOMERY receives from Head-quarters here the countermand in time, I am determined to refuse to obey his orders in that respect."

"June 28, 1863.—MONTGOMERY returned from Hilton Head this morning. . . . He found General GILLMORE, who has ordered General HUNTER, very friendly and anxious to second him in every way, with the exception of the burning business—as that is satisfactorily settled. MONTGOMERY now tells me that he acted entirely under orders, and was at first very much opposed to it himself, but finally changed his mind."

"June 18, 1863. . . . I think now, as I did at the time of the burning of Darien, that such wanton destruction is cruel, barbarous, impolitic, and degrading to our service and our cause. I shall always regret that I did not present myself just as I did. . . . It is rather hard that my men, my officers, and myself should have to bear part of the abuse for that affair, when they—the officers, at least—all felt exactly as I did about it."

"DR. SIDNEY LEAVE, *June 16, 1863.*

"*Lieut.-Col.* HALPINE, *A. A. G. 10th A. C. & Dep. of the South:*

"DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to ask you a private question, which, of course, you are at liberty to answer or not?

"Has Colonel MONTGOMERY orders from General HUNTER to burn and destroy all towns and dwellings houses he may capture? On the 11th inst., as you know, we took the town of Darien without opposition, the place being occupied, so far as we ascertained, by non-combatants. Colonel MONTGOMERY burned it to the ground, and, at leaving finally, shelled it from the river. If he has done this on his own responsibility, I shall refuse to have a share in it, and take the consequence; but, of course, if he is acting under headquarters, it is a different matter; as in such case I suppose it to be my bounden duty to support that policy. He ordered me, if separated from him, to burn all the plantation houses I could find.

"Now I am perfectly ready to burn any place which stands, and pretty much everything else in reasonable, but it seems to me barbarous to turn women and children adrift in that way; and I can only assign the Colonel MONTGOMERY in a private enterprise of his own, in the very distasteful to me.

"I am sure that he is not a military way of getting information, and I hope you will feel that I shall not be blamed if I refuse to answer my questions.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"ROBERT G. SHAW,

"Colonel Commanding Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment."

NOTES.

IN an old book of travels, which may be found in almost every library, there is a curious account of the ludicrous prejudices of one of the tribes in the interior of New Holland. Thus, if a bald-headed stranger suddenly appears among them, the savages of the tribe, after one look at him, close their doors and refuse to receive him, as if he were accursed. We who are civilized, and especially those of us who wear wigs, know, however, that a bald-headed man is as good in the rest of us. But in the interior of New Holland they have a great idea of hair. Upon reflection, however, it was not New Holland, it was New York, that the book must have described. For we find the following paragraph in the latest newspaper:

"The steamship *Palmyra*, from Liverpool, via Queenstown, brings 1,000 tons of freight, among other passengers, President HAYES of the Liberian Republic in Africa, and his private secretary. They sailed for admission at several well-known hotels, but were not successful, and are now at the Astor House."

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati, has been warmly received by his Roman Catholic brethren upon his return from the Œcumenical Council. MR. SHAW, Colonel of Independency having been the officer in command.

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"*His Excellency* JOHN A. ANDREW, *Governor of Massachusetts:*

"DEAR SIR,—. . . On the 10th and 11th inst. we took part in what the Government will say is a victory. We met no enemy, and our only exploits were the capture of 68 bales of cotton, and the burning of the town of Darien. The latter was a most disgraceful occurrence. I never knew before of a town being burned in the presence of troops, and I suppose, especially when it contained only old men, women, and children."

"June 12, 1863. . . . About noon we came in sight of Darien. . . . MONTGOMERY said to me, 'I shall burn the town.' I told him that I did not want the responsibility, and he was only too happy to take it all on his own shoulders; so the regiment, after landing, turned to the ground. One of my companies assisted in burning the town, and I am ashamed to say it. The reason he gave me for destroying Darien was that it was inhabited by rebels; that he knew it to be a real war, and that they were to be swept away by the hand of God like the sons of Ham. In private he may seem all right to some; but when it comes to being made the instrument of the Lord's vengeance, I really don't like it. Then he says: 'We are untrained, and therefore must be bound by the rules of civilized warfare.' But that makes it none the less revolting to me to have a hand in the massacre upon these people. . . . I have not yet made up my mind as to what I ought to do. Besides my own private feelings, I am bound to say, frankly, that I am not sure that it will not be very injurious to the reputation of black troops and of those connected with them, if they are to be given through the war so far without dishonor, and so as not to degenerate into a plunderer and a robber; and the same applies to every officer in my regiment. If I were the only one concerned, I should run the South with fire and sword, I might look at it in another way, for then a certain amount of what had been decided upon as a necessary policy, as the case would stand, I should be willing to bear, who attacks and destroys defenseless women. . . .

"MONTGOMERY, from what I have seen of him, is a conscientious man, and really believes what he says: 'That he is doing his duty to the best of his knowledge and ability.'

"There are only two courses for me to pursue: To obey orders and my nothing, or to refuse to go on any such expeditions, and be put under arrest—probably court-mart

THE FIRST PRINTERS.

IN one of the squares of the old imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main stands the handsome monument, represented on this page, erected to the memory of GUTENBERG, FAUST, and SCHÖFFER, who were associated in the earliest development of the art of printing. FAUST, or FUST, as his name was sometimes written, probably had no share in the invention of the art; and his connection with it began in 1450, when GUTENBERG, having expended a fortune in experimenting, induced the former to enter into partnership with him, and advance funds to establish the business of printing at Mayence. The only known productions of the press of FAUST and GUTENBERG are an indulgence granted by Pope NICHOLAS V. to PAULINUS CHAPTS, Embassador of the King of Cyprus (of which thirteen copies, printed on vellum in 1454, remain), and two copies of a second edition, printed the following year, and an appeal to Christendom against the Turks, supposed to have been printed in 1454. In 1455 FAUST had a disagreement with GUTENBERG, and put an end to the partnership by suing the latter for his advances. He gained his suit, and obtained possession of most of the stock in satisfaction of the debt. He then took into partnership his son-in-law, PETER SCHÖFFER, who had been in their employment, and who had perfected the process of making movable metallic type by the invention of the punch.

FAUST and SCHÖFFER for several years kept the printing process a secret, and produced many works, among which was the first printed edition of a classic author—the *De Officiis* and *Paradoxa* of CICERO—a copy of which is in the Astor Library. In 1462 Mayence was sacked by the troops of ADOLF OF NASSAU, and FAUST's establishment was broken up. His workmen were scattered, and his secret was divulged by them in other countries.

The pedestal of this monument, which also serves as a public fountain, is of fine sandstone. The figures are of bronze, and colossal in size. The central figure is that of GUTENBERG, holding in his hand a specimen of the newly invented movable type; on his right is SCHÖFFER, and on his left FAUST. The medallions, thirteen in number, on the frieze, are the heads of celebrated printers. Four sitting figures on separate pedestals represent Theology, Poetry, Natural Science, and Industry. Underneath these are four heads of beasts, which serve as water-spouts, and also to represent the four quarters of the globe—indicating the universality of the art.

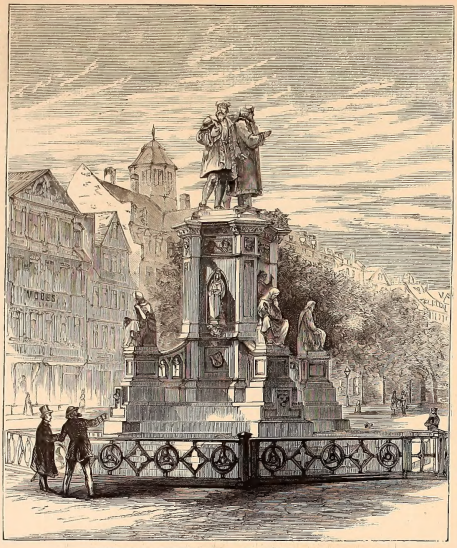

MONUMENT TO GUTENBERG, FAUST, AND SCHÖFFER, IN FRANKFORT.

BARON VON MOLTKE.

THIS able general, to whom the Prussians undoubtedly owe the magnificent and surprising successes that have attended their invasion of France, is very like General GRANT in character, of unassuming manners, and reticent to a degree that would drive an interviewer mad. It is said he seldom speaks to any body, and, though familiar with seven languages, can never be drawn into conversation. The following anecdote, which we find in a London paper, is very characteristic of him. Just before the war a well-known and extensive speculator in stocks met him on the street, and, desiring to get a hint for future use, as there was already much talk of an outbreak between France and Prussia, ventured to ask him, "Well, General, how are things getting on?" "Thank you, Sir," was the old gentleman's reply, "my rye crops are getting on beautifully, but my potatoes are very backward." The speculator took the hint, and forebore to press his inquiries. The General can hardly feel dissatisfied with the way things have been getting on with him since.

GENERAL MANTEUFFEL.

GENERAL MANTEUFFEL, whose portrait is given on this page, has acted a prominent part in the military and diplomatic history of Prussia during the past fifty years. He was engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein war, and in the war with Austria had command of the Prussian troops in South Germany, and made short work with the armies of Bavaria and the other smaller German states. After levying a forced loan of thirty millions of florins upon the inhabitants of Frankfort-on-the-Main, he marched his corps, on the 25th of July, 1866, toward the Tauber. On the following day he engaged and defeated the Baden troops near Werbach, and the combined troops of Austria, Wurtemberg, Nassau, and Hesse near Bischofsheim; and on the 25th the whole of the Eighth Corps of the Federal army at Gerchsheim, and the Bavarians at Helmstadt. On the 27th he was before Würzburg, and commenced the bombardment of the Marienberg. This was rapid work, and none the less effective and important because it was performed with a comparatively small force; for it prevented the South German states from sending active assistance to Austria, and prepared the way for the consolidation of several provinces with Prussia. As Governor of Frankfort he ruled the inhabitants of that city with a rod of iron, and earned their hearty ill-will by his harsh and arbitrary measures. On the close of the war he was intrusted with an important mission to the Russian court.

Thus far the name of General MANTEUFFEL has not appeared prominently in accounts of the advance into French territory. It appears from recent dispatches that he was in command of the Prussian reserves in the battles before Metz. He now commands the First Corps.

BARON VON MOLTKE.

GENERAL MANTEUFFEL.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER XII.

Preparations for the Voyage.—Getting in Ballast.—The Departure.—Losing their Provisions.—Sea-sickness.—In a Heavy Sea.—Land in Sight at Last.—Taken from the Boat.

THE boat, being entirely empty, floated very lightly upon the water. The first thing to be done, therefore, to prepare her for sea was to ballast her. The men were all ready for this operation, for they had previously brought from the wreck a number of the "pigs" of iron which had formed the ballast of the *Grafton*, and had arranged them on the shore ready to be put on board. So Mr. Raynal chambered up the side of the boat and descended through one of the scuttles into the hold, and there received the blocks of iron as the other men passed them up to him and placed them in a row in the bottom of the boat over the keel. This brought the boat down properly into the water and gave her the requisite steadiness. They afterward covered the ballast with a platform of boards, and secured the boards in place by transverse pieces nailed firmly to the ribs on each side.

When this operation was completed they found that the boat was immersed to the depth of about two feet in the water, so that all the old portion was submerged, leaving no part of the hull to be seen above water except the new portion which they had added. They moved her out to where the wreck was lying and fastened her safely there on the side of the wreck toward the shore, where she would be sheltered from winds or seas driving in from the bay, in case of bad weather intervening during the time that they were making their preparations for departure.

On the nineteenth of July every thing was ready. Their little tank was filled with water, and they had put on board a supply of soil for food. It was midwinter with them by the calendar, but the sun had passed the solstice, so that the days were growing longer; and, as their preparations were made, they concluded to take the risk of commencing their voyage. It had been agreed by common consent that George and Harry, who were the two youngest and most vigorous of the party, should remain behind after a solemn covenant on the part of those who were to go that, if they succeeded in reaching any port, they would immediately do their utmost to send them succor.

Before the embarkation they all assembled in the cabin for religious service. They there joined in prayer to God that he would take them under his protecting care, both those who were to embark on a voyage in which they must necessarily be exposed to great hardship and suffering, and which was so uncertain as to its termination, and also those who were to be left behind alone and weak for on that desolate island. Then after a fraternal embrace they repaired to the boat, which had been drawn up at a convenient place on the shore. There Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave took farewell of the two who were to be left, and then went on board. They immediately hoisted sail and began to move rapidly down the bay, leaving their companions on the rocks watching them despondingly as they glided away.

The morning was cold, but the sky was clear, and the wind was fair. At eleven o'clock they passed out between the two capes which formed the entrance of the great bay. There was still, however, a line of reefs through which some opening was to be found. They went on in the northward, keeping near the shore till they came, at about three o'clock, to such a passage, and then passed out into the open sea. The *Arrow* sailed, as they judged, at the rate of about six miles an hour. She rode the seas very well, but the joints admitted some water. They could, however, easily keep her clear by means of the pump, but not until their stock of soil meat was soaked with the salt-water and spoiled.

They went on very prosperously for a time, with the exception of the misfortune of losing their provisions, until at length the peaks of the Auckland Islands sank below the horizon. They continued their course to the northward, cheered somewhat by the thought that every mile of their progress brought them not only nearer to their hoped-for haven, but nearer also to the returning sun. Gradually the wind and sea began to rise. The motion at length became so violent that they were all attacked with sea-sickness, nevertheless they all bore past experience of the sea. Their situation now became extremely distressing. Night came on. The billows increased in magnitude and violence until at length the boat was repeatedly overwhelmed by them, and was employed now and then also by driving gusts of snow and hail. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, a sea struck them so violently as to throw the boat entirely over upon her beam ends. Indeed, so tremendous and so bewildering was the concussion that it seemed to them as if she was rolled over and about in the water like a cork floating at the mercy of the waves.

As soon, however, as the surge had passed, the ballast, which fortunately had been very firmly secured in its place, brought the boat again into her proper position; but the same accident happened to them two or three times during the night.

They passed three days and three nights in this way without any material change. It would be impossible to describe the sufferings that they endured. At length, on the fourth day, the storm died away, and the sea became calm again.

While the storm continued the wind had driven them forward rapidly on their way; and on the fourth day, to their great joy, so far as they had strength left in any emotion whatever, they came in sight of land. The land was Stewart Island, the southernmost portion of the New Zealand group. But the wind had now so entirely gone down that their sail was useless. They had been sure, when they were so completely exhausted that they could not use them, that the exhaustion consequent upon having been buffeted so mercilessly by the wind and sea, they had had no food for three days.

They remained all day, in sight of land, but unable to advance toward it. In the evening a breeze sprung up, but they did not dare to attempt to go in among the rocks and shoals that bordered the shore while it was dark. So they lay to outside till morning. In the morning they went in and found their way to the entrance of a small harbor. In turning round a point of land they saw a creek bordered by huts, with gardens adjoining them.

They uttered a feeble exclamation of joy at this sight. As they went nearer they saw a white man on the beach attended by a large Newfoundland dog. He stopped now and then, as he walked along, to play with the dog. At the door of one of the huts a number of native women were sitting, talking together with much gesticulation. At another place some women, with children around them, were spreading clothes upon a fence to dry. Mr. Raynal says it was impossible to conceive the effect which this spectacle of a community of human beings, living in peace and plenty in their homes, produced upon them.

The dog seemed to be the first to observe them, and, by barking, called general attention to the sight of a sail-boat coming into the harbor. The whole village was immediately thrown into a state of the wildest excitement. They flocked to the shore at the place where the boat grounded, as she touched the sand of the beach. The little strength that remained to the men on board, and which had sustained them thus far, instead of being revived and increased by the assurance that they were saved, seemed now to fail them entirely. It was impossible for them to speak in reply to the questions that were asked, and they were taken out of the boat by the white man and the natives, and carried up to a house, utterly helpless, like men actually dying.

The house to which they were taken was that of the white man whom they had seen walking on the beach. His name was Cross. He and his wife were indefatigable in their kind attentions to the sufferers. After warming them and refreshing them with a partial bath of tepid water, they caused food to be prepared for them, the sight of which, spread before them on the table, made them think that their appetites would never be satisfied with it. They found, however, that a very small quantity was all that they could eat, and after taking this they felt an irresistible disposition to sleep. So they all went to bed and slept profoundly until the following morning.

On awaking they found their strength much revived; and, true to their promise, the first thing which occupied their thoughts was the question of finding means to rescue George and Harry, who had been left behind. They conferred with Mr. Cross. He said that the largest vessel there was in that region was a yacht belonging to him, named the *Flying Scud*, but he remembered that they should proceed at once to a port and town called Invercargill, which was situated at some distance to the northward, on the southern part of the central island of the group, and which was called Stewart Island, when there then were, by a narrow strait. There, he said, they would find a government office where they could formally report the loss of their vessel, as required by maritime law in such cases, and make arrangements for sending a vessel to rescue the two men.

So they all embarked at once on board the *Flying Scud* and proceeded to Invercargill. Their arrival produced a great sensation among the inhabitants of the little town; and as soon as their story was known the people vied with each other in efforts to do them service. They found a home in the house of Mr. Colyer, one of the principal inhabitants of the place. Captain Musgrave made his report at the proper office of the wreck of his vessel. At the same time he informed the officers of the condition of the two men that had been left at the Auckland Islands, and asked that a vessel might be sent out by the government to rescue them.

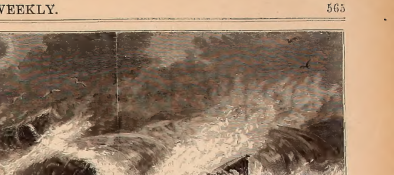

IN A HEAVY SEA.

The officers replied that they had no vessel at their disposal which could be sent, but that they would see by-and-by what could be done. But Captain Musgrave thought that "by-and-by" would be too late.

As soon as these facts became known about the town a great degree of sympathy began to be felt for the two men, and the people determined that, since the government could not do any thing, they would make an attempt themselves. A meeting was called and a subscription was opened for raising the necessary sum to defray the expenses. There was, however, no suitable vessel to be obtained. The only one at command was the yacht *Flying Scud*, which was a sail-boat of only fifteen or sixteen tons burden, built to cruise in the inland waters of the New Zealand group, and to make short voyages, in good weather, along the shore. Mr. Cross, though accustomed to navigate his little vessel within these bounds, was not willing to take the responsibility of finding his way in her across six hundred miles of stormy seas to a group of rocky islets, the approach to which must always be attended with great danger.

Captain Musgrave then, notwithstanding his feeble and exhausted condition, and his intense desire to return to his wife and family by the first vessel going from New Zealand to Sydney, offered to go himself and serve as pilot for the yacht. The preparations for the voyage were immediately made, and in a week from that time she set out with the acclamations of a great crowd of people who assembled on the beach to witness her departure, and who expressed their good wishes for her by long and loud cheering. Mr. Raynal remained behind, for he was in too exhausted and debilitated a condition—owing to his constitution having been enfeebled by his previous sickness, and to his having been thus less able to endure the hardships and exposures of their life when on the island—to have accompanied them, even if he could—to have borne any of any essential service. He shook hands with Captain Musgrave before he went on board, with mingled emotions which it is much more easy to imagine than to describe.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

THE enthusiasm of the Germans is well illustrated by the following account of the muster and departure of the Leipsic Fusiliers, from Brunswick, narrated by an eye-witness: "At two o'clock this morning (July 22) we were awakened by drums at the gates. It was the 'spell' for the men to march. We got up and dressed, and went down to the market-place. Day was just beginning to dawn; a wild, stormy morning, with black clouds hanging all over the city. The whole place was in uproar, and women and children all streaming toward the market-place, where a band of music was playing martial airs. Presently went down with us in a perfect glow of enthusiasm, and burning to be off to the front. Almost poor fellows' eyes were now tears and sobs than there was enthusiasm, for a great many of them have wife and children behind. This was a scene I never shall forget. The men, between fifty and sixty, were assembled in the market-place; the gentleman locally made a subscription, so that each poor man might at least have a few shillings in his pocket; and many there were that we promised to care for their families in their absence, or in the case of their not returning. The clergyman of the place mounted on a cast and made a short fervent address, and ended by reading the 46th Psalm: 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble.' Then the Lord's Prayer was offered up, and amidst tears and sobs the poor fellows went off. They were to have marched to Brunswick, but the neighboring farmers had all turned out with their carts to drive them there. Now our chief thought is to get them those that are left behind, and to prepare for the wounded. We have promised to subscribe so much a week, and we have been joined in

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GUIDE TO GETHIN.

It is the spring-time, that time of all the year when there is "no year" dearer and most to leave it, if only for a day or two, and breathe the air of the mountains or the sea; the time when the freshest incense arises from the great altar of Nature, and all men would come to worship at it if they could. Even the old, who so far from the East have traveled that they have well-nigh forgotten their priesthood, feel the sacred longing; in their sluggish blood there still beats a pulse in spring-time, as the sap stirs in the ancient tree; and the young turn to the open fields with rapture, and drink the returning sunbeams by like wine. To draw breath beneath the broad sky is to them an intoxication, and the very air kisses their cheek like the red lips of love.

With his face set ever southward and westward, Richard Yorke has traveled afoot for days, nor yet his friend; neither coach nor train has carried him, and all the luggage that he possesses is in the knapsack on his back, to which is strapped his sketch-book, like a shield. He is striding across a heath-clad moor, with stony ridges, and here and there a distant mere—brimmer—dense like barren sea enough, but with sunshine, and a breeze from the unseen sea. It is classic ground, for here, or hereabouts, twice or centuries ago, was fought "that last weird battle in the west," whereon King Arthur perished, and many a gallant knight, Lancelot, or Galahad, Bedivere or Sir Tristrem, or that Cornish moor before him on which the dying Roland was carried by his faithful and low solitary it was; for even what men were near were underground, and not a roof to be seen any where, nor track of wheels across the rye-grass. There had been men enough, and beasts and forts too, in old times—human and ravening creatures, and huge forests: but it seemed, as the wayfarer looked around him, as though all things had been in a hurry to clear them from the beginning of creation. Richard, artist though he was by calling, had no wish now to take pleasure in a picture for the filling in of which so much imagination was required; and he turned away from one of the nearest tors and climbed it, in hopes to see some dwelling-place of man. He was gregarious by nature, and, besides, he was in want of his mid-day meal.

There was feast enough before him for his eyes.

In front lay a great table-land, isolated here and there with those chasse-lands in which wood showed how high the cliffs were which they cut. In one, nestled a fishing-town, with its harbor; in another, a white range of cottages perched on the green hill-side; and in the third, at sea, as it appeared, stood up an ancient castle, huge and rugged. But the last object was at so great a mass size that Richard rubbed his eyes like one in a dream. He had heard of ruined old castles, and certainly here was a habitation fit for the king of them. A lofty church upon the cliff-top beyond it, by affording him some measure of the probable size of this edifice, increased his incredulity. He looked again, and saw that it was not a castle, though the sun yet seemed to light up tower and battlement quite vividly, but only one isolated rock of vast size and picturesque proportions; upon the crown of which, however, there were certainly walls, and what looked to be broken towers. "That must be Gethin," said the young man, cheerily. "I must be at the end of my journey." Unless, indeed, he should take ship, there was not much more opportunity for travel. Before him stretched in all directions the limitless sea.

So magnificent had been the prospect that, when Richard descended and prepared to pursue his way again along the moor, he half doubted whether that fair vision had not been a mere figment of his brain; the more so, since what view there was about him seemed now to contract rather than to expand: the horizon was more limited; and presently nor sea, nor land, nor any view was to be seen. There was no rain, but his hair and mustache were wet with a mist that was thick as wool. Hy touch rather than by sight he presently became aware of a road left the heath, and was walking on downhill. Nothing was now meeting the verge of that line of cliffs which he had just seen, and which come to it before he was aware! As he paused, in some apprehension of this, all at once a wind sang broke upon his ear, like a solemn chant:

"Keep us, O Keep us, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings."

He did not recognize the words, but the tone in which they were sung, though muffled by the dense atmosphere, struck him as especially sweet and earnest. The next instant, walking rapidly, with a light and graceful motion, the dim figure of a young girl passed in front of him, and was almost closed behind her, though he still heard her joyous psalm. Richard stood like one enchanted. Was she an angel sent to warn him of his peril, or an evil spirit clothed in beauty and holiness to lure him on to it? He gave a glance at rock and the harmonious voice, already faint, grew still at once. He cried out again! "I am a stranger here, and have lost my way; pray, help me!

Then once more through the mist came the young girl, this time without her song, and stood before him; she was very beautiful, but with a pale face and frightened eyes. "She is crazed, poor soul," thought Richard, and he smiled upon her with genuine pity. She drew nearer to her side, as though in pain, or to repress some tumult of her heart.

"Where is it you wish to go, Sir?"

"To Gethin; where there is an inn, I believe. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Sir." Her words were sane and concise enough, but the tone in which they were spoken was tremulous and alarmed.

"You are not afraid of me, are you?" said Richard, in the voice that he had inherited from his mother.

"No, Sir, no," answered she, hurriedly; "only the fog was so thick, and I was startled. I did not expect to find any body here." It is a very lonely about Gethin, and we do not in general see any of the quality who come to sketch and such like"—and she pointed to his port-folio "until much later in the year."

"I am not the only stupid," rejoined Richard, smiling, "but only a wandering artist, who has heard of the beauties of Gethin. I should have told me, however, comes for short of the reality, believe me;" and he cast a glance of genuine admiration upon the fair speaker.

A slender fair-haired maiden she was, with soft blue eyes, over which the lids were modestly and attractively dropped. She was not a great experience of the sex—if not a very respectable one—has left on record a warning against eyelids. "A wicked woman," says he, "will take you with her eyelids."

"If you will, however, require wickedness to ensnare a young gentleman by these simple means.

"I wish, my pretty damsel," said Richard, softly, "that I painted figures instead of landscapes, for then I should ask you to sit for your portrait.

It was now modesty so much as sheer ignorance which kept the young girl silent; she had never heard of a painter's model; but the tone in which her new friend addressed her seemed a compliment, and she looked more confused than ever.

"Have you often so thick a fog as this at Gethin?"

"Not often, Sir; this is a very bad one, and you might have come to harm in it. Some folks believe that in such weather the Pixies come abroad, as they do at night, to lead benighted who have lost their way; and, indeed, the cliff-top is two hundred yards from the edge."

"Oh, you think I was misled by a bad fairy, do you?" returned Richard, in an amused and wondering tone. "Well, at all events, I have now met with a good one; and may I ask what name she goes by?"

"My name is Trevethick, Sir," said the damsel, simply. "I am no angel, but I am going to the place yonder; it is this way, Sir."

It was evident that his banter had not pleased her. The same tone that is found agreeable in the town does not always in the country, and the country. She motioned with her hand to the northward, and began to walk in that direction. Richard could not easily keep pace with her.

"But are there really fairies about here?" inquired he, nevertheless, in a more serious tone of voice. "I am quite willing to believe in strange things in these parts, and should be glad to learn all I can."

"Nay, Sir, I can not say; I have myself never seen one, though I know some who have, or say they have. There are those who say that the Pixies told about that moor you have come from. You can see the Giant's Castle on the cliff that tempts the tired traveler to mount him, and then carries him nobody knows whither; but, for certain, he rather sees angels."

"Then the spirits about here are all bad, are they?" I suppose to make up for the goodness and the beauty of the haunts, eh?"

"Nay, they are not all bad, Sir," continued the young girl, gravely: "the Buggans, who guard the buried treasures of the giants, have often helped a poor man out of their store; or, at least, to his skill."

"And the giants—are they all dead?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir, long ago," answered the damsel; "though they lived here once in true enough. There's Bonza's Chair, you must have passed before the fog came on, and could not but have noticed: and the hurling-stone he used to throw from Gethin cliff to Trevethick are to be seen still; but all that about his having such long arms that he could snatch the sailors from the deck of ships as they sailed by is but my judgment, but an old wife's tale, and I don't credit it. There, see, Sir," and she pointed to that is the castle yonder. When you see it thus it air it is a sign of storm.

That sign, instead of lifting, was growing less dense above, as it melted before the rays of the sun, and the ruin which Richard had taken for the hill-range was now once more visible, without the pedestal of rock on which it was placed. It was a gigantic shape, though not of great natural, and the young painter halted in mute admiration. The scene seemed scarcely of the earth at all.

"Most folks are pleased with that when they first see it," remarked his companion, with the flattered air of one who exhibits some wonder of his own to a well-pleased stranger. "You are very lucky to see it to such advantage, Sir, even in this view."

"I am lucky, too, in having so fair a guide to show it me," said Richard, gallantly. "There is a church in air too: what is that?"

"That is Gethin church, Sir. It stands all by itself, a mile from the village; but folks say that the tower was built there as a landmark for the ships, and that the church and church-yard were added afterward."

"Then people die here, do they, even in this land of dreams?" said Richard, half to himself.

"Die, Sir! I do so," answered the young girl, sadly; "my own mother died two years ago, and lies buried there in yonder lonesome place. But it is not much for fisher folks to die so young, except by shipwreck."

"Are there many wrecks here, then?"

"Yes, Sir, and will be to all time; our church-yard is half full of drowned men. On the nights before storm, up yonder, you may hear them calling out each other's names."

"Have you ever heard them?"

"Not I, Sir, thanks be to Heaven. I would not venture here at night for the best cargo that ever came to Torlock."

"Why, what is Torlock?"

"The port there behind us, Sir; you can see the houses now, but not the harbor. It winds beneath the cliff so that a ship can scarce be make it, save in smooth weather, though, when it once does so, it is safe enough. To see the great green waves rash in and turn, and turn, and waste themselves in their wild fury, as though they were ravished at the sight of it, is an awful sight."

"That is in winter-time only, I suppose?"

"Nay, Sir; we have storms at other seasons. Whenever I see such a sign as the castle without the crag—it's all clear now, you see, because the wind is rising—then am I thankful that my father is no sailor. Most folk are such at Gethin and are not much better."

"Then your father is a miner, is he?"

"No, Sir, not now, though he once was. Everybody knows John Trevethick about here, and why he don't work underground."

"How am I to learn?" inquired Richard, with interest. "You must remember I am a stranger, and know nothing."

"Well, Sir, it was years ago, and before I was born. Father was just married, though he was not a young man to be about a bridegroom, and was second to light the match, and follow him with all speed. Now, while there were still both at the bottom, it struck Cot that the match was too long, and he took a couple of stones, a flat and a lengthener, to cut it short. He did cut it short, sure enough, but at the same time kindled the match. Both shouted their loudest, and sprang at the ladder-way. Well, at that the windlass could not lift the double weight. You see, Sir, it was certain death for all three, unless one should give way. Then Coe jumped out, crying to father: 'Go aloft, John.' In one minute I shall be beneath, and he who had caused the disaster, and therefore, as he doubtless thought, would be the one to suffer most. He, besides, he reflected, perhaps, that he was an old man, and had no bride at home to mourn for him; still, it was a noble deed of all, I never denied it."

"Denied it!" exclaimed Richard; "I should think not. Why should you?" and he looked up with wonder into his companion's face. It was one blush from brow to chin.

"Well, Sir, I suppose," she, disregarding his interruption, "my father was hurried up; and as he looked over the basket the charge exploded, and the great fire by and blackened his face. In a minute more he was safe above-ground."

"But the poor man below?"

"He was dead, Sir. It could not have been otherwise. I don't like to say it so leant that he never did a day's work underground again. And when I was born a few months afterward, I was christened Harry—though that's a lad's name—in memory of the friend that saved his life by the sacrifice of his own."

"He might well have done that, and even more," said Richard, "if more could have been done."

"That's just what father says, Sir," answered the young girl, gravely. "But when things have happened so long ago—before one was born—they don't come home to one quite so strong, you know. Father keeps only his old gratitude, and his old tastes. He cares more for mines and machinery and such like than for any thing else; he is a better mechanic than any in Turlock, where I have just been to the watch-maker's to get him some repairs done. You should see the clocks he makes, and the rings he turns. He will be so pleased if you ask him to show them to you."

"I shall certainly ask him to do so, if I get there, which, indeed, I regard, replied the artist. "Is your house with the pretty garden?"

"No, Sir; that is the parson's. Nobody can get flowers to grow as he does. The next house at the top of the hill is ours."

"Why, I shall certainly know would be the inn!" exclaimed Richard, looking at the little white-washed house with the green door, or what seemed to be such, swinging in the rising breeze.

"It is the inn," said his companion, quietly, but not without a roguish smile. "Father keeps the *Gethin Castle*, although he has many other trades."

"And is that he, at the door yonder?" inquired Richard, pointing to a tall, thick-set man of middle age, who was standing beneath the little portico, with a pipe in his mouth.

"No, Sir, that is not father," replied the girl, with sudden gravity; "that is Solomon Coe."

CHAPTER XII.

A PERILOUS CLIMB.

"Is father in?" inquired the young girl of Solomon, as he stood in the doorway, without moving aside to let Richard pass into the house.

"No, he is not," returned the person addressed, in his turn, before eyed inspecting him the stranger. "As you were so long on your errand, he gave up his lock-work, and has gone off to the pit. He said he never known you loiter so."

"I did not loiter at all," returned the maiden, indignantly; "if it had not been for the fog, I should have been home an hour ago; but one can't walk through wool as if it were air. You had the fog here yourselves, hadn't ye?"

It was strange to note the change in the girl's speech; not only were her air and tone quite different from what they had been—her modesty or shyness exchanged for a confidence and even a touch of defiance—but her pronunciation had become blunt and provincial.

"Well, my say," said Solomon, sulkily, "turned Solomon," until I told him of the new copper lode, as I whispered to you of this morning (you were in the first to learn it, by), when off he set, in good-humor enough with all the world, to look at the workings in Cock Hawk. If you want him, young man, over at Dunlopyel, though I doubt whether you will find him much of a customer, considering as are in the first and steel line."

"I am in the knife-and-fork line just at present," answered Richard, good-humoredly; "and, if you will be good enough to move aside, I should like to make my absence."

"I ax pardon," said Solomon, sullkily, withdrawing himself from the doorway. "I did not know I was hindering customers. Who is this young spark, Harry?" added he, in a low tone, to the other entered the house.

"Well, he's a young gentleman, Solomon, as you could see very well if you chose," answered the girl, angrily. "He don't look much like a bagman, I think, any ways. I am sure father would not like you to treat his customers in that fashion."

"I am sure he wouldn't like your escorting such customers home, Turlock Dew-drops."

"That's father's business, and not yours, at present," answered returned the girl, tartly; "and perhaps it never may be yours. You take as much upon yourself because of your new copper mine as if it were gold."

"Nay, don't say that, Harry," replied the other, with an animating look, from which every trace of ill feeling seemed to have departed. "If it *were* gold, I should be more pleased, upon your account than on my own, you may depend upon it. You think I am jealous, now, of yonder bit of a lad, but—"

"I think nothing of the kind," answered Harry, impetuously.

"Why, then," returned Solomon, soothingly; "then well say no more about it. Trevethick wanted me to be away with him to pit, but I said: 'No, I'll not for Harry.' I'll bring her with me to Dunlopel. It's a great find, my lad, and may be the making of us all."

"Nay, a walk to Turlock and back is enough for one day's work, Solomon; and, besides, I'm not through with the fog, and some things my things.—Hannah! Hannah!" and, raising her voice to landlady pitch, she summoned some one within doors. "I didn't you hear the parlor bell singing? So—never mind me, Solomon; I dare say I shall have company enough. Paint the town and father come back;" and with that, and a careless nod of her shapely head, the young girl vanished into the inner apartment and shut up shutters.

The *Gethin Castle Inn* was a much better house of entertainment than might have been looked for in a spot so secluded from the world, and from Turlock even in summer time. A coast-trod passed through the little village leading from Turlock to the new mineral workings at Polwheel, and that was the sole means of getting to Gethin save on foot or horseback. There was no railway—to be called such—in the district. Dunloppel, always a productive mine, was, like its more famous brother, Botallack, situated on the sea-coast, so that neither road nor tramway had been created for its needs; the land around on the country, except in minerals, had not a tree was to be seen for miles. Indeed, with the exception of the parson's garden, there was scarcely a cultivated spot in the whole region. The graceful sprays of the sea-tamarisk, however, flourished in every where—to be called such—in the district. Dunloppel, always a productive mine, was, like its more famous brother, Botallack, situated on the sea-coast, so that neither road nor tramway had been created for its needs; the land around on the country, except in minerals, had not a tree was to be seen for miles. Indeed, with the exception of the parson's garden, there was scarcely a cultivated spot in the whole region. The graceful sprays of the sea-tamarisk, however, flourished in every where—to be called such—in places where certainly foliage is seldom seen. Not only did it grow luxuriantly on banks and granite copings of gardens, but, bowed by roaring sea-winds, which cut off all other vegetation, bent and contorted as it, but would its ringlets permanent upon walls and house-tops. Stony places have a special attraction for this weed; and here was a cottage actually that the roof at impertation into Gethin might have had more foundation to that same weed. Local legends equally credited. Only a few years back the plant had been unknown there, but a sugoner of the place, with more than common purpose, planted a sprig of it in some locality where it grew, to serve the purpose of a vicky—for what seemed to be such, swinging in the rising breeze.

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tastes of those for whose use it was built—the windows of all its sitting-rooms opened upon the straggling street, while the glorious prospect of cliff and ocean which it commanded behind was totally ignored. Thus Richard Yorke found himself located in an apartment which, though otherwise tolerably comfortable, might as well have been in Bloomsbury for the view which it afforded. The walls were ornamented by colored pictures of the Royal Exchange and of the Thames Tunnel, London; and many of the mantelpieces was an equestrian figure (in china) of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington as he appeared upon the field of Constitution Hill. The only attempt at "local coloring" was found in the book-case—composed of two boards and a cat's cradle—in which three odd volumes of the "Tales of the Castle" had been placed, no doubt with reference to the grand old rock on which the house walls beckoned "the quaint" to Gethin.

"I suppose, Sir," said he, looking in at the window of the room he had just left, and where Hannah, who was washing-stand as well as cook, errand-girl "in the season," was clearing away the remnants of the repast, "one can get to the castle without a guide?"

"Nay, Sir; you must get the key first, for the man don't look at the cottage, except at certain times, and the gate has got spikes at the top. Miss Harry has got it somewheres, if you'll wait a minute."

Miss Harry herself brought it out to him. She had changed her attire for one which became more becoming one than that she had worn before, and her bright brown hair was arranged with greater care, and perhaps with greater skill, to effect.

"The guide has not begun his duties yet, Sir," she explained, with a smile; "and so we keep the key here. You can't fail to find the road; but the principle-gate is a bit out of repair, as you like this, and you must be careful to take the right one; the old ledge was broken in by the storm last month, and has no safe grip."

"But why not show me the way yourself, Miss Harry?" asked the young man. "You know how easily I lose myself; and if I should come to harm, by taking the wrong turning, you would be sorry, I'm sure."

"Indeed I should, Sir," returned the young girl, simply; "and I doubt whether you will find any body else in the village. This news from the mine has taken them all off, it seems; and you wouldn't know rock from copper, unless you had one to tell you, they are so alike."

The fact was that Harry's countenance smote her for her wish to be of service to this handsome young fellow, since she had just refused to accompany Solomon to Dunlopeu, on the score of fatigue. It was level walking, or nearly so, to the pit-mouth, and it was a climb of many hundreds of feet to the ruin. Still, she felt no longer tired, if she had been so a while ago, and the stranger *might* come to harm without her aid.

"But you're not coming without a bonnet?" exclaimed Richard.

"Nay, Sir; I should come home without one if I went up yonder in such a wind as this," answered she, laughing; "and I'm accustomed you to fasten on *your* hat, if you wish to see it again."

"But you'll catch cold," urged Richard.

"We don't mind air at Gethin, Sir; and this shawl will cover my head, if that's all."

It really was Harry Trevethick's custom to go bareheaded in fine weather about her own home, though, perhaps, the consciousness that he never looked so well in even her Sunday head-gear, or with her own ample tresses for a covering, may have influenced her resolve. Chignons were unknown at that time, and never had the young man beheld such wealth of gold-tinged locks as that which blew about his fair companion's brow, and presently streamed out behind her, as they neared the cliff, and met the full force of that Atlantic breeze. It blew freshly and shrilly enough up the winding gorge through which they had to descend to the foot of the castle rock; but by the time they reached it, all but the wind had risen to a gale. They stopped a minute within shelter of a hollowed cliff to view the place. It was a noble prospect. The great waves came roaring in, and dashed themselves against the walls of slate in sheets of foam, that fell back baffled and groaning. Every hard enter the cliff away in two dark frowning spots, which his guide said were caverns, approachable at low water; but the rock itself on which the castle stood defied them; they had only succeeded in undoing it, except for a narrow footway at high water which now formed the sole access to it from the shore. Even without any historical or poetic association, the object before them—rising bare and sheer into the air to such a height—on which a swarm of gulls, shrunk to the size of flies, were clanging faintly, was grand and striking; but the place had been the hold of knights and kings a thousand years ago and more. The young girl pointed out to Richard where the main-land cliff had once projected so as to meet the rock, and showed him on the former's brow some fragments of rude masonry. "That was the ancient barbacan," she said, "once joined to the castle by a draw-bridge, as was supposed, which, when drawn up, left Gethin so that neither man nor beast could approach it without permission of its defenders. Even now, with none to hinder or, it is a steep and perilous way, especially in a wind like this. Perhaps it would be better not to venture."

"But you shall take my arm, Harry," said Richard; "only let me pin your shawl about your head first, lest those long locks of yours bind us both."

"I can do that myself, Sir, thank you," said Harry, austerely; then added, with a smile, to reassure him—for why should she be angry?—"so you would only have picked your fingers, Solomon says, to the bone above with his hands, excepting father."

"And you say that to a painter, do you, Miss Harry—a man who lives by his handiwork?"

"I forgot that," said Harry, penitently; "besides, I was only saying what Solomon says."

"That was the gentleman who took me for a pedlar, eh?" said Richard. "He is not quite so wise as his namesake—is he?"

"Oh yes, Sir; Solomon Coe has a long head: he's considerable wise, as I've told you, parts. He has made his own way famously in the world of mine, rather, under it, for he is a miner. He used to work in the coal-pits up Durham way, but—"

"Is that why he looks so black?" interposed Richard, laughing.

"Nay, Sir, I didn't notice *that*," said Harry, simply. "Very likely he was down Dunlopeu this morning. It half belongs to him, father says; and if this lode turns out as he hopes, he's very rich."

"And you—father would be glad of that, would he not?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir; for Solomon is the son of his old friend and preserver, as I told you before."

"But it would not please you quite so much—eh, Miss Harry?"

"Not so much as father—certainly not," answered the girl, gravely. "It seems to me folks are rich enough when they can afford half their own, just as other folk—like Mr. Carew, who owns all about here—are poor enough, with all their wealth, who pay out of their purse twice what comes into it."

"Mr. Carew is known here for a spendthrift, is he, then?"

"Well, Sir, it's only gossip, for he has never set sou here in his life, I reckon; but, as I said we hear, he must fling away his money finely. However, as father says, there's one comfort for him—he has nothing to leave child of his own. Eh, but you're looking white, Sir; Gethin air is apt to nip pretty sharp those who are not accustomed to it. You had best not try the castle to-day."

"Yes, yes: we will go at once," cried Richard, impulsively; and, drawing the girl's hesitating arm through his, he began the ascent, following the wind-swept way. Under the circumstances, there really was some danger; but, had there been none at all, Harry would not have shrunk from it at that moment—the chance observation of the young gallant's handsome face, so like offspring had turned his blood to a white heat of youth. Although his mother had studiously instilled in his mind the fact of his privilege in any expectations with respect to the Squire, he had always entertained some secret dread of his father with the bitterest resentment; he did not altogether forgive his mother for the shock which she had given him (in the registration of her own position in the register) in depriving him of his birth-right, and had left blasted at odds with all the world. He had come to Gethin partly on account of what Parson Whyne-ates had told him of its picturesque beauty, but chiefly because it was not out-of-the-way spot, unfrequented by that society with which he had such good grounds for quarrel, and where he was not likely to have his pride wounded afresh by any reference to his position; and he had not been two hours in the place before the only person in it in whom he was likely to be interested had fallen into his hands. He could not long be angry with her, however, for her involuntary offense, nor angry at all in his fair company. She clung to him, perforce, upon the narrow causeway, and shrunk with him into every little shelter that afforded, here and there, upon their toilsome path, when the two breath, and gathered strength together for the ascent confronting that pitiless blast. If either of them had known how fierce a gale was imminent, they would not certainly have ventured upon such an expedition; but, having done so, they were resolved to go through with it. Harry had plenty of courage, and fought her way with practiced eye and hand along the winding ledge; and Richard, who was not to be outdone, responded manfully to directions before which a woman did not quail. Twice or thrice, however, they were both driven back again round some comparatively sheltered corner by the mere fury of the wind, which had certainly been stubborn enough in even the disembodied spirits of the ancient defenders of the place; and when, unchastely, and almost reject its welcome aid. Then, just as his disengaged hand was clinging to a pinnacle of rock he had blew off, exactly as she had predicted, and his dark curls mixed with hers in wild confusion. Then, foot by foot, they won their way, and reached at last the iron-spiked door, the only work of modern hands on that gray rock. This screened them from the gale; and, as they stood a while to rest beneath its shelter, she showed him what a handsome key her father had made for it; with cunning wards, more suitable for a lawlet's safe than for such a portal as this, as she very guarded, and told him how the gate was put there to exclude the summer visitors, who would otherwise enter only too readily.

"Nay, but I will pay my fee," said Richard, gallantly; and, since their cheeks were almost touching as it was, the debt was easily discharged on her lips.

"For shame, Sir!" cried the girl, indignantly; and there was something in her face and voice which showed him that her anger was not feigned.

"I am sorry I brought you here, mistaking you for a gentleman. Here is the key, Sir; but I go back alone." And she freed herself roughly from his arm, and turned to go.

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" cried Richard, earnestly. "You may call me any thing you please, but do not, for my sakeless sake, be unjust. I was rude, but, on my honor, I did not intend to be so. Forgive me, Harry—indeed I see I have vexed you. Forgive me, pray; I did not mean to be either ungenerous or ungracious. If I have been so very wrong at Gethin—even with such great temptation—"

"Yes, yes, Sir," she broke in, vehemently and I was wrong to come with you."

"Nay, don't say that," pleaded the young fellow; "for I could not be wrong to do so great a kindness to a stranger as you have done to me here. It was my error—my thoughtless error, believe me, of the trouble and toil you have undergone for my sake; and I don't deny, Harry, that the key, of which I have never seen the like. But there, I am offending you again. Pray, come into the shelter; it makes me sick to see you in such danger;" and to make room for her, and at the same time to stand as much more in the blast as possible, he stepped back, forgetting the scanty space on which he stood, and fell!

A yard—a mile—he scarcely could say which, so overwhelming for the instant was his sense of shock. He did not know that he was flying through space. Then, suddenly, his feet found foothold, and his hands clung to the gray rock, and the first thing that struck on his body ceaselessly, and seemed to nail him where he clung.

Was it the scream of gull, or piercing cry of some spirit of the air, that rang through his brain? or was it, indeed, the agonizing shriek of a woman? He heard it plainly; but Harry never knew whether she had shrieked or not. She was aware of nothing except that this unforeseen peril was perishing—had, perhaps, already perished—for her sake; through fear for her safety, and his wish not to give her offense. She was on her knees upon the ledge, and craning over it with horror-struck face the next instant, and could see no sign plainly. His feet had fallen upon that very part of the old path which the storm of last year had torn and jagged away. A few jolting fragments of rock were all that was left of it—insufficient even for a practiced clamberer to find a way along on either side. His head—she could not see his face—was his hand beneath her; but how could she get at him?

"I am here," she cried. "Be not of good courage, Sir.

She had nothing to offer in the way of help at present—nothing but the well-spring of what vital importance it was that he should not lose heart. She lay down with her face on the bare rock, and strove to reach him; but, even had her arm been long enough, he had no hand to spare to clasp her own. The whole force of the gale was full upon her, and curried her hair to windward like a whip.

"Do not attempt to scale the ledge, brave girl," cried Richard, beginning to be conscious of her efforts. "Is there no rope nor ladder?"

"No, no," she cried back to the gulf. "Keep heart. Do not look down. I must be five minutes gone—no more."

She was up, and with the gate-key in her hand, ere she had done speaking. Great Heaven! would that door never open! How her trembling hands missed the key-hole; and when the key was in, how the rust's waste opposed its turning. Then at last the door was opened, it seemed as though the wind had husbanded their strength behind it for such a sortie, with such fury did they rush out. But she struggled in somehow, and on one knee, with bowing waste of cliff-top to the blast of storm, which formed the covering of a well. There, at the bottom, she found a rope coiled up, which was used to draw up water in an iron cup, to gratify the curiosity of visitors who desired to quench their thirst; and of this, indeed, to meet with fresh water there, the presence of which, no doubt, had caused the place to be chosen for a fastness in old time. With this she hurried back, and kneeling one end firmly round the door-post, she looped the other in a slip-knot, and lowered it carefully to Richard. "Put this beneath your arms," she said. "The rope is strong and firmly fastened. You must climb up by it, hand over hand."

"I will not," he said; "it is too easy a task for the young artist as for a Gethin man."

but he was strong and active; and where his chief difficulty lay, which was at the cliff-top, the girl's willing arms assisted him.

"You have saved my life, Harry," were his first words, when he stood in safety. "How shall I ever repay you?"

Then this brave girl, who had never faltered where action was necessary, began to sob and cry.

He took her hand and covered it with kisses. "I envy him this," said he, plaintively, "may I not?"

She did not withdraw her fingers, but neither did she cease from weeping. Her grief seemed to be something more than that resulting from the tension of strong fearfulness just released.

"Let me go home, let me go home!" was her sole reply to all his entreaties that she should be a while, and strive to calm herself. It was with difficulty that he could support her down the steep, so violently did she tremble. When they reached the foot of it she turned to Richard and murmured: "I have one favor to ask of you, Sir. I will not grant it to me."

"Most certainly, dear girl. It would be gross ingratitude indeed if I did not."

"Then never speak," returned she, earnestly, "of what has occurred to-day. Never show by your manner that you feel—as you say—grateful for what service I have been able to be to you. I am not father nor Solomon, you know."

"I will be very hard, Harry, to keep silence—to owe you so great a debt, without acknowledging it," said Richard, tenderly; "but, since such is your wish, I will obey it."

"Thank you, Sir," said now I will go home alone. I was deterred by the wind, the steepness—any thing you please—from accompanying you up yonder; remember that. You will not mind wasting a while behind me?"

"Surely not," said Richard, wonderingly.

And the next moment she had hurried round an angle of the main-land cliff, and was gone.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NEW SCENE.—One day when the great Erskine was, as usual, on his way to Westminster Hall, with his large black bag crammed full of briefs, he was accosted by a sailor, who asked him if he was a dealer in old clothes? "No, my honest fellow," returned the counselor, "there are all new suits."

A police officer, seeing an African whom he knew, exclaimed, "Ah, Sambo, you are an incorrigible rascal! how, I'll give you a drink." "With all my heart, Sar," replied Sambo, "for I'm very dry; but, Sar, my niggers are haughty and proud, and won't stoop to drink with a police officer; but that's wrong. I think I can get liker almost, if not every way, as good as a nigger" (pointing to a nigger sitting by).

THE FIRST EVER-LASTING ALLIANCE.—Adam's marriage to Eden.

If a needle-gun will shoot four and a half miles, how far will a well-aimed shoe-horn throw?

An ingenious New Yorker has learned how to keep an umbrella. He buys a big cotton one, restores two ribs, and breaks off the point of the handle. No one steals it.

THE POOR'S FAVORITE BOIL.—"I'm infill-built."

FLOATING CAPITAL.—Hebrews bathing at Long Branch.

A manufacturing wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fences.

A CHICAGOAN cremates-father, who was also employed as a mason in 1866, and many of the ladies have grown younger during the past ten years.

A CURIOSITY.—The man who can keep cool.

The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman: "Him a Nassau black man with watches. He horses working—make de ox workes—make obey ting de people. He no work by his workes; he sit, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he pleases, he is like a gentleman."

THE DUTCHMAN'S DINNER.

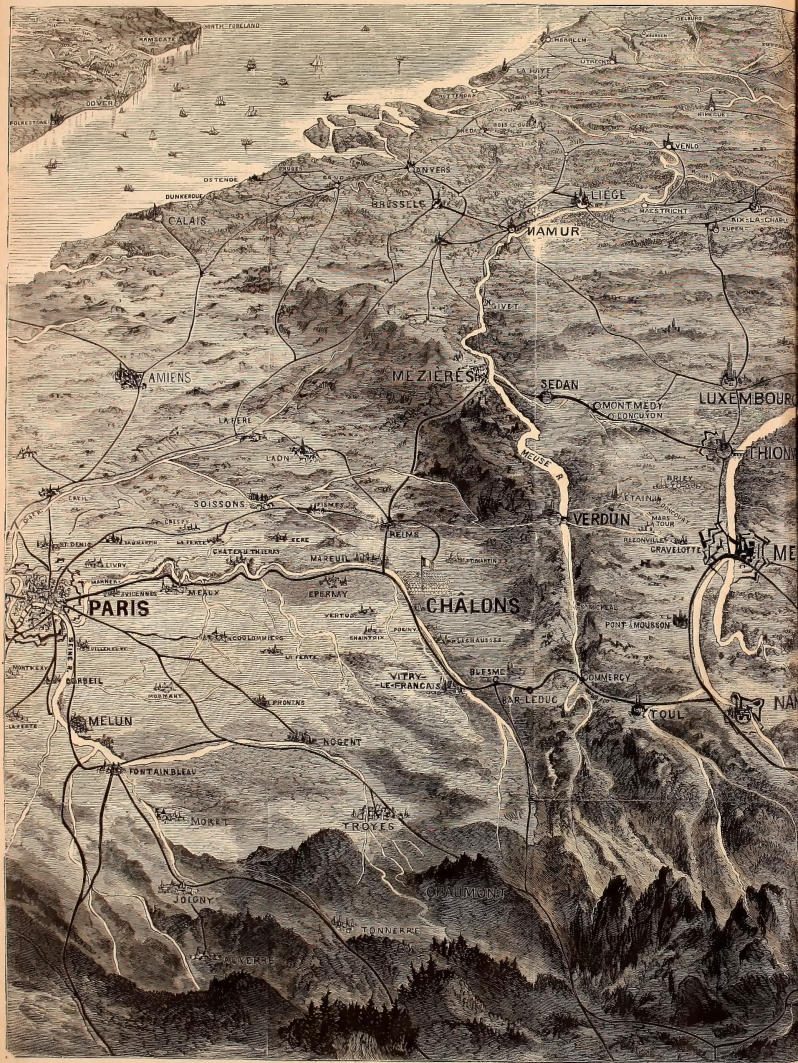

PICTORIAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF

WAR IN EUROPE.—[See Page 565.]

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

[See Illustration on Page 581.]

We ride on the back of the wave,
We dip in the trough of the sea;
Our boat is stout and our hearts are brave,
As fishermen's hearts should be.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us there.

We laugh when the winds are fair,
And the stars play heavily
With the weight of fish, and there is no care
For the morrow and me.
But the winds may rage and roar,
And the surf beat on the shore,
And those wait evermore
Who wait for us there.

'Tis toil and danger and strife
Yet we love the greedy sea;
That gives us bread for a wagered life,
Bread for my lads and me.
But the waves in anger churn,
And the winds seem cruel and stern,
To those who wait and yearn
To welcome us there.

We laugh when the wind is light;
But my heart is heavy in me
Sometimes when I think of my lads at night,
And the perils of the sea.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us there.

HEBRON.

I.—THE SOLITARY HORSEMAN.

It was about five o'clock of a fine afternoon in June, when a single traveler, mounted upon a very sleepy-looking steed, might have been seen riding slowly along the smooth highway that leads to the little village of Hebron, a quiet farming town in the northern part of Vermont. As I have no desire to make a Jamesian mystery of my hero, I will at once state that his name was Laurence Hardy; that he was a young gentleman of excellent family, fortune, and character, living in the city of the Knickerbockers; and that he was traveling with no special object except to enjoy the pleasant country and the glorious weather.

He was riding slowly on, between the hayfields, sweet with clover, when he was roused from a rather sentimental reverie by a great trumpling and clattering behind him; and, looking back, saw a gaunt, lumbering stage-coach, drawn by four lean horses, that looked as if they were trying to drive away from their harness. Hardy drew his own beast to the side of the road to avoid the dust; and as the huge thing creaked and swayed, and rattled by him, he saw, reflected lessly over the occupants of the vehicle. There were two or three common-looking faces, which turned toward him with a languid air of curiosity, and, on the middle seat, a stout, gray-bearded gentleman, a white straw hat. But the figure beyond him was hidden by his ample person; but the horseman caught the flutter of a green gauze veil, and saw a small gloved hand waving gayly side-strap of the reeling coach.

The village had just over the brow of the hill before him; and, quickening his pace, Hardy reached the door of its one tavern just as the stage was driven away. It was a delightful-looking place, its whole aspect promising "entertainment for man and beast." The old-fashioned, low-sided house seemed to stand right down in the green grass that almost overran the doorstone. Roses and lilacs by all arrangement of it was a farm-house as well as a tavern—and a number of comfortable-looking barns were grouped in the rear. A great elm-tree stood on one side of the green in front; and from one of its far-spreading branches swung a square sign-board, which, bore, in faded yellow letters, the inscription, "Darcey's Tavern."

Hardy was conducted to a large, airy chamber, where every thing was cool and fresh and sweet as hand could make it. Lighting a cigar, he sat down to enjoy the stillness and beauty of the afternoon. "In the spring a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love;" and Hardy's susceptible imagination was busy with dreams of a rustic graceful, dark-eyed enchantress with whom he had danced, and sung duets, and taken many walks through the fields the last month. Presently his attention was attracted by the sound of a pleasant laugh coming through the open window of the next room, and from his heard a musical voice say:

"Isn't that charming, papa? Such a supper in such a place! Why, it is the identical repast which, in old-fashioned novels, is always set out by the rural innkeeper—'a pat of butter and a cup from the cow, honey and bread, spread upon snowy cloth.'"

"Very satisfactory for the Arcadian style," a man's voice replied. "I'll trouble you for another biscuit, my dear. Stage-coach riding has given me an appetite."

"This hill country air would give any thing an appetite. I am glad that we re-mirror in Sunday, as we shall be obliged to stay over."

"I can stay over, my dear; but I am obliged to push on some miles further to a place where I have appointed to meet a man on business. The landlord will furnish me with a horse and wagon, and I shall return for you on Monday. You are not afraid to be left alone?"

"Afraid, in this house! Why, it is as innocent as Rasselas's 'Happy Valley.' The landlord is honesty itself, and his wife benevolence; while their daughter is all the Christian graces combined. Even if I were a nervous young woman, I could not fail to feel safe here."

They said no more, and Hardy, who had not even the most languid interest in them or their affairs, soon forgot them altogether.

My hero's sentimental reveries were not of a nature sufficiently intense to banish slumber. He slept like a top, and was wakened early by the village boys driving the cows afield. The sharp tinkling of the cow-bells, the deep breathing of the cows as they lingered to crop the thick grass beneath his window, the shouting of the little barefooted drivers, and the vociferous barking of a small dog in attendance, made a chorus which would have waked the Seven Sleepers.

As the sunrise was at an end, and the thin, cracked bell, swinging high in the wooden tower of a queer, lank structure at the side of a hill not far away, announced the hour of worship; and in answer to its summons the dwellers in the village and outlying farms began to wend their way, at a sober, Sunday pace, to "meeting." Why should'n't I go to meeting too?" thought Hardy, and immediately took his hat and went down.

At the door he found the landlord in his shirt-sleeves, sitting with his chair tilted back against the wall and his spectacles on his nose, reading the weekly paper. He brought his chair down with a bang, and, pulling off his glasses, inquired of his guest,

"Goin' to meetin'?"

"I think I shall. Do you go, Sir?"

"No, guess not, this mornin'. Dreadful, dreadful busy, guess, though. You go right into the meetin'-house, and Deacon Goldthwaite 'll show you up pew."

Hardy thanked him and walked away. On reaching the church-door he found that the deacon did seem to know at once that he was a stranger, and to be shown to the Eunice pew; for, after bowing with his best manners to him and nodding significantly, he went tip-toeing up the broad aisle and motioned the young man to a seat. One other person already occupied the head of the pew, and as Hardy seated himself by the door he found himself opposite a young lady. She, perhaps his look expressed a shade of the surprise he felt, as he said to himself, "Can this be the landlord's daughter?" She looked it.

The stranger appeared to be about twenty, and had the unmistakable air of a lady. Hardy, who was critical, noted approvingly the pure rose-leaf complexion, the small firm mouth, the low sweet forehead, and the dark, soft, wavy hair, and pronounced her a beauty also. Her eyes were turned from him, but he felt sure they were gray. Her dress

them no information, being as much in the dark as themselves.

"Is it really so, Ada?" Mrs. Barlow asked. "I fancied, from the way you listened, that you recognized the voice."

It did seem to me that I had heard that voice before," replied Ada, "but I have not the faintest idea as to who its owner can be.

She blushed slightly; perhaps she was conscious that her words, though perfectly true in fact, contained a slight evasion; for well she remembered when and where she had heard that voice before. Instantly its sound had brought back to her mind the pleasant hour she had spent a year ago, the pretty village, the queer little church with its rustic congregation, the stranger who had knelt with her the liturgy side-book, and even the pleasant, dark eyes that had looked down for a moment into hers. But she was not disposed to enter her reminiscences with the present company.

"I Plague take the strolling singer!" exclaimed Mrs. Barlow to herself. "I could set a dog on him with pleasure, for the mischief he has done." But why in the name of common-sense couldn't Izunt ever be ready with a little graceful turn of that sort? To be sure, he couldn't do the pleasebandour style with his bass voice, splendid as it is. It takes a tenor for that kind of thing."

Perhaps I may as well mention here that Mr. Hunt married Laura Hathaway the following Christmas. He fully believes how the evening spent at Lake Lucerne could have suited him; and has not the slightest idea that my agency but his own will was instrumental in bringing about a result which has made him the happiest of men.

III.—THREE TIMES, AND OUT.

It was a little past sunset when the steamer from Flitsburg touched at the little pier at C——, and one of her passengers, learning that she would be detained until midnight in taking on freight, thought he might appropriately spend the interval of waiting in a stroll about the town. The passenger, who was no other than our friend Laurence Hartley, was on his way to Cincinnati, to act as groomsman at a wedding; on which occasion he was to have for his partner Miss Clara Avery, that very dark-eyed enchantress of whom we found him dreaming a year ago. The two were now formally betrothed, and their marriage was to take place in the autumn.

Indulging in a lover's reverie, Hartley strolled a long time about the moonlit streets, and was returning to the landing through what seemed the private lane that ran along the water-side. He was sauntering slowly on in the shadow of some gardens, when he was caught the rising notes of a guitar, and, looking through an opening in the shrubbery, he beheld the musician—a young girl, a light-flowing dress, seated on the outmost recess of a window opening into a brilliantly lighted parlor. Her face was turned from him, but he could see the outline of a graceful head; and the little hand, hovering over the strings, showed like a lily in the moonlight. In a moment she began to sing; and, to his surprise, Hartley recognized the voice of the stranger in the little church of Bonair. There could be no mistake. The voice was one in a thousand—a clear, brilliant soprano, with a little light quiver in it, giving a certain sympathetic quality which left its echo in the heart as well as the ear. Hartley was not an accurately fond of music, and he was in a mood to particularly enjoy whatever savored of romance or sentiment. He listened breathlessly to it, and as the last strain melted away a sudden impulse prompted him to reply. As he proceeded to do saw, with amusement, that the company within the room were listening intently. He knew that he sang well, and he was doing his very best.

"I would give something," he said, as he finished his lay, and turned to resume his walk, "to know if she recognized my voice as quickly as I did hers. It is hardly likely, I fear. But who can she be? I will certainly ask her next time I see her. I have a presentiment that I shall sing with her again. *Three times, and out!* they say."

At this moment, and while he was still some distance from the levee where the boat lay, he heard a whistle and the rush of the paddles in the water. He darted forward and *ran* swiftly to the landing, but, on reaching it, found that he was five minutes too late. The boat was three lengths from the shore, and receding so rapidly down the stream as to render vain any effort to signal her.

How Hardy cursed his own folly in dallying to sing serenades to a stranger when time was so precious! If he had not loitered by that fatal garden-gate he would have reached the levee in season to step on board the boat. There was no other boat until the next day at noon; he must either wait for that, or drive twenty miles across the country to the next railroad station, where he could catch a morning train for Cincinnati. He chose the latter plan, and gained the train, but only to encounter fresh detentions—a damaged bridge, an encumbered track—no danger; only fatal delay. Miss Clara Avery, had been gone twenty-four hours.

But the worst was yet to come. Hartley had failed to appear at the wedding it became necessary to supply his place as groomsman. The choice of a substitute fell on Alfred Talmore, a young lawyer from St. Louis—a handsome fellow, with a killing pair of eyes, a pretty turn for sentiment, the ability to waltz all night without flagging, and any amount of assurance. Clara's facile fancy was caught. In a week she had transferred to him the whole small stock of her affections; and when, at the end of a fortnight, Hartley, again delayed by business, managed to join the bridal party at Niagara, Miss Avery was engaged to his rival.

He was not a man to contest the possession of such a woman's heart. He effected neither reproach nor remonstrance, but proudly renounced all claim upon her, and departed in the very next steamer for Europe.

But the poor fellow was hard hit. He had honestly loved the shallow and selfish beauty, and, moreover, he had believed in her; and it is a sore thing to have all one's dearest illusions, as well as hopes, shattered at once. If he had been compelled to work for his living he would very likely have found a speedy cure in employment; but, fortunately, he had an ample amount of leisure in which to brood over and magnify his sorrows. He rambled over Europe, seeking to fill up the most conspicuous places in his wretched life, and finding a kind of dismal solace in the thought that he was a man to whom fate had let a young man be ever so great a sufferer from the griefs of love, there was no remedy for him. He began to sleep sound o' nights, and to have some relish for a beef-steak. So when, at the end of two years, Hardy called on the old associations of his parents and returned home, he was really not wholly miserable. He had, indeed, begun to call himself in a "slightly heling." He was fond of running off the gas and sitting alone in the window on moonlight nights; if he heard what a hollow world we live in; and of believing that for him the dream was dreamed, the race was run, and lost. His way was upward, I admit; but then his wound had been deep, and had not laid on any healing plaster for years.

He was a little annoyed, on first reaching home, to find a guest in the house, a friend of his sister Ada. On being presented to Miss Ada Morris, he noticed merely a quiet and very self-possessed young lady in black mourning dress, but rather listless attentions with languid indifference; and he could not have told, after the first few words, whether she was pretty or fair, handsome or plain. He found her very little in his way, however, for Ada, during the first few days, was pervious and their own circle of gay associates, with whom he fancied that he had little in common. They seemed to have no claim on him; and so, though he was careful to pay Miss Morris such attentions as were due to a stranger, he really saw very little of her, and was not at all attracted by her. She, on her part, was by no means fascinated with her brother's friend. She thought him rather a dull and uninteresting young man, too self-absorbed and reserved to be agreeable, and, after the first day or two, took little notice of him in any way.

One evening, however, early, and so the family were alone—Mr. and Mrs. Hardy sat reading by the parlor fire; Julia and her friend Miss Morris in the recess of the window in low tones; while Laurence, in a small, unlighted room adjoining, was at the piano, playing and singing, with the door open. Old Mr. Hardy laid aside his book and turned to Miss Morris.

"Ada, my dear, I am not intending to give us our Sunday evening music?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it. I am sure Mr. Laurence will be happy to please you."

"Oh, I'll play as long as you like," Laurence, who had not lost his passion for music, listened curiously. He had quite enough of the gusto left to be aware that the player had the soul of a musician, and that her touch was true and delicate, and that her cultivated, sweet voice was perfectly well chosen. It was very pleasant, peaceful music; and Laurence, sitting there unseen, fell under the influence of a mood that was new to him. At the end of half an hour Miss Morris rose from the instrument.

"Pray, do not go yet, my dear child," said the old gentleman. "Sing me something first."

She replied to herself, and Laurence wondered lightly over the keys for a moment, as if of their own accord, the sweet old words of a well-known tune, and in an instant she began to sing:

"Time grows out old with length of years."etc.

At the third line she was joined by a fine, full tenor, which poured the slowly fainted from behind her. She started at the sound, and turned her head. Laurence had risen from the piano, and the third verse Laurence Hardy emerged from the shelter of the inner room, and stood leaning against the doorway, still crooning his part of the tune, and looking attentively at Miss Morris, who, with her head turned over her shoulder, was looking at him.

The song came to a dead stop as the two singers, as if by mutual understanding, came hastily forward. They met half-way, the gentleman clasping warmly the extended hand of the lady.

"Miss Avery!" he exclaimed, in a voice of surprise and delight at once. "And was it really you?" she asked; while he exclaimed, "*Three times, and out!* I knew it could not fail."

The rest is quickly told. When two young people pass at once from a chance meeting to a love scene, they do not take them long to become lovers. The course of their true-love ran as smooth as Sandy Seeds, and the wedding took place in the following June. When it was over, the happy pair started for a tour in Canada—or, perhaps, think you? Not to Paris. St. Petersburg, nor even to Newport or Long Branch. They chose romantic mountain-locked Vermont; and one Saturday afternoon, just as the sun was setting, drove quietly into the village of Bonair, Bonair, Benton, where "Bunce's Tavern" received them under its hospitable shelter.

The next morning was sweet, dewy, and fresh, as that other June morning our young friends remembered so well. Nothing about the place was changed. The same, or what seemed the same, mild-faced cows came, with their tinkling bells, to be milked in the same little yard inclosed in the farm-yard, and the same birds sang in the orchard. The little crooked bell rang for service from the queer tower of the old church, and the same people went by in, I verily believe, the self-same Sunday clothes to meeting.

Our travelers went to meeting too; it was what they had come for. Deacon Goldthwaite, with many nods, showed them to the Bunce pew —only now they sat, not in opposite corners, but closely side by side. The only change they saw was the happy one of their relation to each other.

The preacher droned out the lesson of the morning, and announced the hymn. Deacon Goldthwaite rose from his seat: and once more, standing side by side and holding the same book, Laurence and his wife joined their voices with the rest of the congregation. Of all tunes in the world, it was "Hebron" that they sang! The very same old Montgomery's, but the more familiar ones of Dr. Watts; and no one who had been looking at our friends that night but would have seen the brown eyes and the gray seek each other quickly, and with a very peculiar expression, at the singing of the first verse:

"Time far the Lord hath led me on."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NEW mass of masonry and sundry gigantic engineering appliances have been added on the Brooklyn Bridge, which indicate that the solid foundation for the great East River Bridge is being laid as rapidly as possible. The tremendous cost of the structure has not yet been found, and it is hoped that the Brooklyn pier may be finished in two years. The construction of the New York pier, at the foot of Roosevelt Street, will soon be commenced.

The Superintendent of the Census expects to make public the complete population of the country early in October. By the first of September the population of each of the States will be known. Then for the indications are that the increase during this decade has been less than in the decade preceding it.

An immense railway bridge has been erected over the Danieper, near Kiev. It is the longest in Europe, being 2903 feet in length, and consisting of twelve arches.

London is considered the hottest, and Liverpool the coolest city in England.

A short time before the commencement of the European war the Prussian Government received a letter from a young Austrian, who boldly stated that he was gifted with a voice that was in a high degree rare in Germany, and which has been given him by the direct intervention of humanity. He therefore requested to be sent for a course of 5000 francs, and a student's entry at the Paris Academy of Music. The letter was accompanied by a copy of a very handsome young man.

Most of the pretty and curious convenits sold by dealers at Paris are manufactured in convent workrooms. The spar-rock jewelry comes from abroad, and much of the "Indian work" is made by Yankees and others who live in that Region.

In too many fashionable American families there is comparatively little regard paid to the comforts and pleasures of servants, but a great outlay of money made for personal adornment, parlor decorations, and elaborate suppers whatever the so-called "claims of society" demand it. The most cultivated circles of Paris lead society in quite a style where simplicity would surprise many an ambitious matron. Coffee and tea form the refreshment, if any is offered at all. Bouquets are rarely seen on the table, and are gracefully disposed vases of flowers ornament the rooms. The President of the University of Paris, Deon, Bonheur, and Fiez, Madame De Gasparin, and many of the leading men and women, at dinner-parties, where a leg of veal is the *pièce de resistance*, and a bright-faced girl is waiter, have been received with marked attention, and been admitted to the most intellectual and cultivated circles of the French capital, not specially actuated by the extravagance of the court, or the dull pomp of moneyed bourgeoisie, but by refined, simple-hearted and exclusive, while observes a marked simplicity.

A portrait of Luther, painted by Lucas Cranach, was discovered not long ago in the house of a peasant in Thuringia. Between the chair and cobwebs, in a passage leading from a church in Reichenbach to a school room. This portrait is considered the best in existence.

It is related of the French Emperor that when he left Paris for the army he declined to have a bed provided for him. A general remarking that it was an unnecessary denial, he carelessly replied: "What is the use? We are going to a country where we shall probably meet with houses enough, but the enemy shall probably meet with houses enough, but the enemy shall probably meet with houses enough, but we shall always have a clock to cover us." It has been ascertained since that the Emperor was provided with the Empress's own personal outfit—carriages, cooks, beds, sofas, and all the rest.

Mrs. Brown's Boufant is the name of an English comic paper just announced by Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

It has been decided to remove the body of Rossini from Paris to the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where the remains of Dante, Michael Angelo, Forsyth, and other illustrious Italians are interred. Madame Rossini is stated to have given her consent.

During the past year over four hundred persons have been arrested by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this city, and the information of cruelty to animals, and the information of cruelty to children. Of those convicted and punished. Over fifty horses, not permanently disabled, have been condemned. Since the last report of the treasurer of this society three legacies have been bequeathed to it, amounting, in the aggregate, to seven thousand dollars; and since May 18, 1870, the sum of eight thousand dollars has been received toward the purchase of a building for the society.

An honest writer in *The Queen* remarks that none will be very much inclined to dispute that this is an age of shams, and that we deceive so openly. We carry out the little social deceptions of life with the same gusto that the more serious deceptions of life with the same gusto that the more serious deceptions of life with the same gusto that the more serious

TOILERS OF THE SEA.—[SEE PAGE 570.]

SCENE IN NANCY.

THE sketch on this page represents an incident which occured during a halt of French troops on their way through the picturesque old town of Nancy. A soldier, in heavy marching order, stands in the midst of a group of towns-people, who are pulling him about with the greatest interest, examining his Chassepot, and all his trappings. In the background is the fine old gate known as the Porte de la Grafle.

STUDYING A WAR MAP.

THE Parisian street scene represented on this page is one which Americans are only too well able to understand and to sympathize with. It seems but yesterday since we were tracing the course of our own armies by means of newspaper war maps, and trying to understand the strategy of the generals, and to predict the course of the campaign. In Paris, says *Figaro*, the art of "popular strategy" has been brought to great perfection, by means of maps and colored flags. Many an amateur general has shown the way to best MOLTKE, cross the Rhine, and march to Berlin, and, doubtless, since the defeat at Weissenburg, has thought it a pity that he had not been in M'MAHON's place. One of these amateur military geniuses, says *Figaro*, who was recently dining out, brandished his fork in the heat of discussion, exclaiming, "I shall fall upon the right wing and the left flank!" To which the mistress of the house, whose whole soul was absorbed in the task of carving chickens, answered, "Why, then, you want at least half a fowl." This amusement is, probably, not so popular in Paris now as it was a month ago; but we can imagine the painful anxiety with which the war maps are daily studied by the Parisians, as the apparently resistless tide of German invasion rolls nearer and nearer.

EGYPTIAN BURIALS.

THE most curious, if not the most useful, of the arts of Egypt, was that by which they disposed of their dead. It was the will of the Egyptians to have their bodies, or the principal portions of them, preserved as long as possible from decay; and this was effected so successfully that the slightest of to-day may examine the corpses of men and women over whom thousands upon thousands of years have rolled without bringing to them corruption, or depriving them of the human form. Indeed, we know of no limit to the endurance of the mummy if left in Egypt, the climate for which it was prepared. The processes (for there were three processes) of embalming required from two to three months to complete them. The body was never embalmed whole. Some portions were always removed, and not always, there is reason to suppose, preserved; but commonly the separated portions were preserved by themselves and placed in jars. The exterior body was then filled with myrrh, cassia, and other gums, and after that saturated with natron. Then there was a marvelous swathing of the embalmed form, so artistically executed that professional bandagers of the present day are lost in admiration of its excellence. "According to Dr. Granville, there is not a single form of bandage known to modern surgery of which examples are not seen in the swathings of the Egyptian mummies. The strips of linen have been found extending to 1000 yards in length. Rosellini gives a similar testimony to the wonderful variety and skill with which the bandages have been applied and interlaced." The exclusion of the air from the surface of the body was the object of this patient labor, and every proper expedient was resorted to to make the cerements fit tightly. Not the large limbs only, but the fingers and toes have been separately bandaged in the more elaborate mummies. The body was generally labeled, having its card, so to speak, placed within the linen folds, and generally on the breast. The identification was usually a plate of metal engraved, but sometimes it was a small image of a god, or an animal, with the name of the mummy on it, and this has been found sometimes within the body. Beads, ear-rings, necklaces are frequently turned out from among the wrappings. The bandaging effected, the next thing was to fit the mummy's *surtout*, which was made of layers of cloth pasted or glued together till they formed a pasteboard. Before it could be called a board, however—that is to say, while it was yet moist and pliable—it was placed about the wearer, whose shape it was made to take accurately. As soon as the artist was satisfied with the fit, the garment was sewn up at the back, and then allowed to harden. A mask, representing the features of the deceased, was put over the head, and continued some way over the shoulders. Male mummies were a reddish-brown, and female a yellowish-green mask, as a rule; but the faces of some mummies, and sometimes even their whole surfaces, were

SCENE IN NANCY.

PARISIANS STUDYING A WAR MAP.

gilded over. Commonly the pasteboard case was painted in bright colors, whose brilliancy was as lasting as the mummy itself. Hieroglyphics were emblazoned on it, and it was in some instances stuck over with beads and spangles. The legend would describe the departed, or include a prayer or invocation. The mummy was thus complete, but it was boxed up afterward in three coffins made to follow its shape as nearly as could be.

THE PRINCE'S BAPTISM.

"Louis has had his baptism of fire."
Emperor's Telegram.

"How jolly, papa! how funny!
How the bells now tumble about!
Hurraa! there's a fellow's head off—
How the pretty red blood spouts out!

"And look, what a jolly bonfire!
Wants nothing but colored light!
Oh, papa! burn a lot of cities,
And how in the next one at night.'

"Yes, child, 'tis operatic,
But don't forget, in your glee,
For your sake this play is playing—
That you may be worthy me.

"They baptized you in Jordan water—
Baptized as a Christian, I mean;
But you come of the race of Cæsar,
And this is how their baptisms been.

"Baptized in true Cæsar fashion,
Remember through all your years
That your law was a burning city,
And your water its widows' tears."

SYDNEY SMITH'S WIT.

SYDNEY SMITH'S style in reviewing was not criticism like Jeffrey's. It was the laughing, rollicking nonsense of a man of rare wit and imagination talking about the book with a pen in his hand exactly as he talked about it in his own easy-chair at Foston or at his table in Green Street. "Lightness and firmness," he said to me, "are my style in reviewing;" but thousands of readers read Sydney Smith's nonsense who never thought of cutting the leaves to look at a page of Jeffrey's metaphysics or Brougham's polities. Of the Roman hand is generally distinguishable in the first sentence. His description of Dr. Parr's wig, for instance, trespassing a little on the orthodox magnitude of criticism in the anterior parts, but scorning even episcopal limits behind, and swelling out into boundless convexity of fun, was the comparison of the bishop's huge wig with the style of his sermons—his account of the Society for the Suppression of Vice as a society for suppressing the vices of people with incomes of less than £500 a year—his suggestion that Mr. Wakefield's illustration of a remarkable species of monkey was the head of a master in chancery, and his criticism upon the blunderings of travelers thus trifling with science and natural history—his description of the bon constrictor swallowing the tortoise whole, shell and all, and consuming him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate—are all in the exact style of his talk. Here is an example of the way in which he gathered up in his recollection the last of incidents to exemplify the pleasures of life in the tropics, and threw them out in an avalanche of wit: "To these *roses* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your feet, and lay there a huge colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together; but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private colony and pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose: you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into your bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Centipedes bite, bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some new and unnatural life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Merian. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup; a bird, described with nine wings is struggling in the small beer; or a caterpillar with seventy-seven eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be generating all her entomological hosts at once in you, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such," he says, reflecting upon his own description, "are the tropics, and all this, of course, may well reconcile us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle—to our comparative rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces." His whimsical note to Lady Grey, beseeching her to put up my lord's pistols and powder-flasks out of the reach of a fit of the finest wit: "For God's sake do not drag me into another war! I am worn—battered and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are grunning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Tibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the deranged, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey! no eloquence; but apathy, selfishness, common-sense, arithmetic!"

Sydney Smith's conversation was the conversation of a man mad with spirits—of a man, to use his own expression, who must either talk, laugh, or burst; the conversation of a man whose intellect bred analogies and picturesque imagery as the sun breeds clouds. Take him where or where you might, you never took him by surprise; and most of the brightest illustrations of his wit, like Douglas Jerrold's, were those that he struck out on the spur of the moment. His reply, for instance, to the beautiful girl who complained, "Oh, Mr. Sydney, this pea will never come to perfection," "I dare permit me to lead perfection to the pea," is in its style perfect. Even French wit and chivalry has never excelled that; and in the Court of Louis XIV. it would have been crowned with a cardinal's hat. There was a touch of the courtier as well as of the wit in his reply to the lady who, arguing in a large party that it was always high tide at London Bridge at twelve o'clock, appealed to him with, "Why, Mr. Smith, is it not so?" "It used not to be so, I believe, formerly, but perhaps the Lord Mayor and Aldermen have altered it lately." Such, without the analogies of things with marvelous quickness. Of a couple of fools he said: "There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand: one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much." "If you must-beat a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not whip your coachman for refusing to pay tithes?" Of a poet who wrote with great labor—"How is Rogers' Clytie?" "He is not the very well." "Why, what is the matter?" "Oh, don't you know he has produced a couple of eggs?" When our friend Sydney tired of a couplet, with infinite labor and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker muffled, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door invariably is, 'Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine, he keeps his bed a day longer."

Combining a vivid imagination with this brilliant gift of hitting upon analogies, with these high spirits, and this remarkable fluency of conversation, Sydney Smith was, as a talker, irresistible; and, indeed, Macaulay, as compared with him, was great at a table into silence. His habit was to fire right across the table, and to talk upon any subject that happened to be started, without leaving anything of his own. Unlike most wits, he owed none of his reputation to the fact that people had repressed his spirits, as it did Byron's; and when he had drunk nothing but a glass of barley-water, he was in his highest spirits. People were his happiest hours of inspiration; and the slightest hint was all he required to begin playing away with them in his imagination, and adorning them with the flowers of his fancy. And you could generally trace back the style to its first process of manufacture. That was one of the happiest of his illustrations: "A woman is just like an electric eel; you touched it, and it flashed out in sparkling concussions at the touch. The electric eel was not to be had, so Sydney touched upon American birds. "My dear Rogers," says Smith, "if we were both in America, we should be shot and feathered; and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu. The first physical epoch in a young country is excavation on the sight of St. Paul's; fancy a letter by the Owen of some future day, with the thigh-bone of a Minor Canon, or the tooth of a dean—the form, qualities, the knowledge, tastes, perceptions, he would discover in them." It was in this spirit that, picturing the embarrassments of the London Corporation, he drew his sketch of the bullets seizing on the sir-pump, the exhausted receiver, and galvanic batteries, and choking the progress of modern improvement in the quadrangle. His list of tortures—booming in the Times, Morning Chronicle, and Herald—his send years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong information in chemistry, and Emily, in rhyme, be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali; and Macaulay to have false dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne forced upon him, and all liberal and honest opinions ridiculed in his character, and not shut out from answering in their defense, was thrown off in a conversation at Romilly's on the tortures that Dante had inflicted upon his enemies. Sydney suggested the Utilitarians. "That man is so hard," says Smith, speaking of Bentham, "that you could not get him into the Westminster Reviewers, "that you might drive a broad-wheeled wagon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced he would not feel one of them." To end his school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If every thing is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandfather at all? why don't you cut him into small pieces at once, and make potable soup of him?"

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CONTENTS:

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Illustrations.—Port Townsend.—Map of Puget Sound.—Victoria, British Columbia.—The Duke of York.—Esquimalt.—Victoria.—Chinook Woman and Child.—Indian Girls and Canoe.—The "Tyrant Bird."—Mount Baker.—Mount Rainier.—Cemetery.—Lumbering in Washington Territory.—Preparing Logs at Work.—Washington Territory, "Tacoma," or Mount Rainier.—Street in Olympia.—Olympia Indian Territory.—Nanaimo, Vancouver Island.—Indian School at Nanaimo.—Indian Camp at Cape Mudge.—Wrangel.

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SOUTH-COAST SANCTUARIES IN ENGLAND.—(*Sussex Tr., Part II.*)
Illustrations.—Bene John, Canterbury.—Shield of the Black Prince.—Coat of the Black Prince.—Arms of the Black Prince.—Arms of the Black Prince.—Norman Staircase.—A Bishop's Golden Breviary, 1175.—The Knights' Hall, late Archbishop of Canterbury.—De Tuit, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE DAISIES.

AMONG THE PEACHES.
Illustrations.—Gathering the Fruit.—At the Landing.—Canning Room.—"See my Sunckists."—Paring-Room.—A Peach-Brandy Still.—The Ball after Supper.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—X. The Invasion of Bohemia and Moravia.
Illustrations.—The King in the Tower at Collin.—The Battle, 1757.—The Knights Injure the Army in his "Cart."—Plan of Battle of Hochkirch.—The Retreat.

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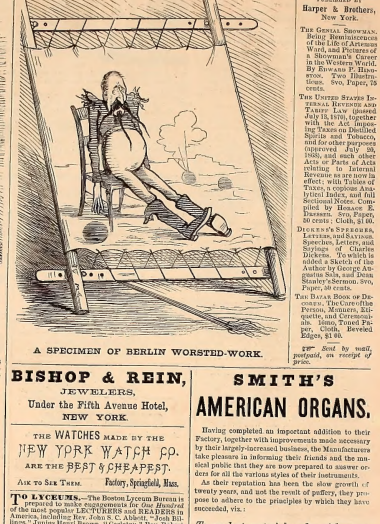
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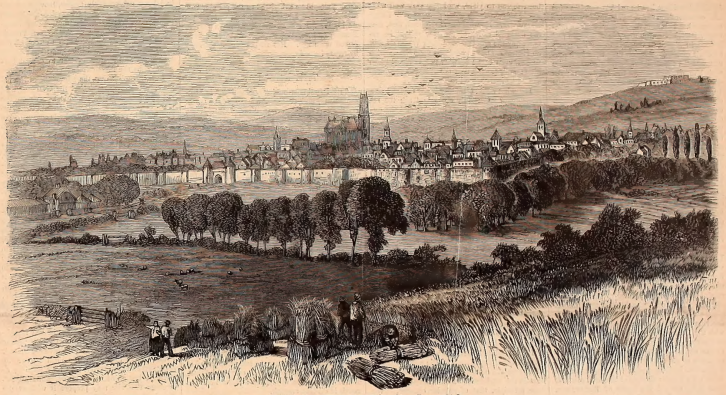

VIEW OF WEISSENBURG.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

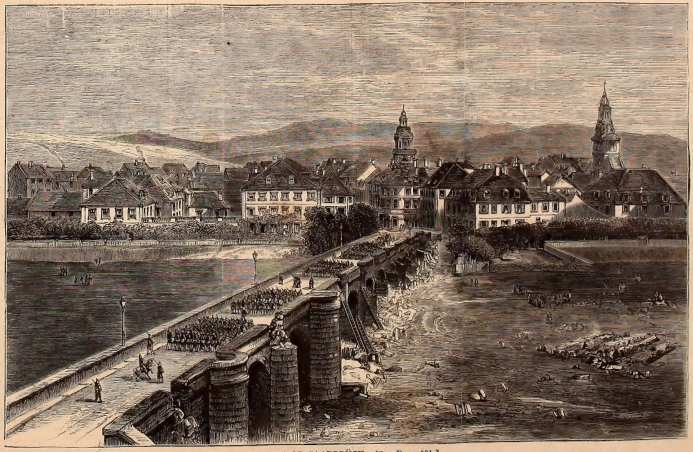

VIEW OF SAARBRÜCK.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

EARTHLY TREASURES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME SOUDAIS.

Tue pure soul responds to heaven's eternal day;
The angels most
And guide it far along the cloud-wrapped way,
And whisper sweet:

"Young angel! wherefore thus a thought of woe
Of sorrow keep?
Hark, seraphim above!" "I hear below
My mother weep."

Still on they sweep; the darkened priest is heard,
By the altar's side;
Sad parents! see depart your summer bird,
Your joy, your pride.

Like faithless birds are all earth's beauteous things;
Even while they stay
Tremble! They best insensately when wings
To fly away.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

THE President has issued his proclamation of neutrality, which will be most unanimously respected. It quotes the substance of the neutrality laws, states the attitude of Prussia and France in regard to neutrals since the breach of Paris of 1856, to which they were both parties, and the stipulations of our existing treaties with Prussia. It all defines the acts against the commission of which it warns the citizens of the United States. It is a most timely and proper document. The people of this country, without ever sympathies, comprehend not only the advantage, but the reason of neutrality, in the wars of other nations. But it is very amusing to observe that those who have violently taken side in sympathy with Louis NAPOLEON in the present war vehemently insist that a proclamation of neutrality during the present war would be a gratuitous insult to our opinion of the merits of the case. Meanwhile the President duly says in the proclamation: "The free and full expression of sympathy in public and private is not restricted by the laws of the United States;" and, undoubtedly, this will as plainly appear in every future stage of the war as it has appeared from the beginning.

But while from the beginning the conduct of LOUIS NAPOLEON in declaring a war totally without reason has been indignantly censured by the moral sentiment of the United States, the censure has been just, and is not now, accompanied by any hostile feeling to the people of France. That they should distinctly understand such a feeling must be unjust than to describe the American feeling of satisfaction with the German successes as one of pleasure in the French reverses. The satisfaction is due to the conviction that German success is declarative of the continued dominance of LOUIS NAPOLEON in France, and that Belgravia and Metz have forever dissipated the fatal delusion that hung around the name of BONAPARTE. The German success is hailed because it is believed to be, not the humiliation, but the emancipation of France, and the progress of the German arms has been most warmly welcomed by those who would most stoutly oppose any German claim to an unjust settlement of the war.

LOUIS BLANC says that the overthrow of that war, the defeat of the French, the presence of the enemy upon the soil of France, the menaced capital, unite in making an emergency in which the French people must stand fast and together.

That, indeed, is the fatal necessity of the situation. But, as he says, "Personal resentment in advance [against the war] and repulsion it now," why did she not repudiate the author of the war, instead of rising with enthusiasm to his support? The fact undoubtedly is, that the French do not love the Germans, but they would not have gone to war to gratify that dislike. Yet LOUIS NAPOLEON, wishing to strike at BISMARCK, felt that he could count upon that latent hostility of the French. The result proves that he was not deceived. And even now the fall of LOUIS NAPOLEON in French regard is not due to his guilt in beginning a causeless war, but to his conspicuous and contemptible incapacity.

Nevertheless, it is a war into which France has been surprised; and to demand of a nation a kind of moral heroism that could not be expected of an individual is folly. The French people may be sure that, while no honorable observer can wish to see them successful in promoting the selfish schemes of LOUIS NAPOLEON in defeating the army of a nation which a French army unjustly proposed to invade, yet the circumstances are such that there can be no pleasure in the mere fact of French defeat. The Germans can not, indeed, retire, unless compelled to do so, because the terms upon which they withdrew would press on to the invasion of their country. When war upon so tremendous a scale is once begun, it must be fought out to an end. In the present state of feeling in France, to propose to treat with the Germans would be to invite instant immolation. Even LOUIS BLANC, the Republican exile of twenty years, not only does not suggest it, but declares that it is impossible. The position of the people of this country, therefore, is peculiar. They must heartily wish the Germans to beat, yet they can not wish the French beaten, except as the army of Cæsarism. For it is true, and it may yet appear, that the German victory will be the most signal service to the French people.

NO TERRITORIAL CESSION BY TREATY.

THE great success of the German army at the opening of the war shows beyond a doubt that the German military system is superior to that of France, and that the French were curiously unprepared for the struggle. The electrical series of victories has rudely shaken the military prestige of France, and it is one of the revenges of fate that a reform which was carried to the highest point by the first NAPOLEON should be apparently utterly lost under the last. It is a natural consequence of this that sudden and decline of military reputation that propositions for a settlement should be advanced which involve the cession of part of the present territory of France to Germany. If the French army had pushed on to Berlin, and the Germans had been defeated in every battle, we know very well what would have been the terms demanded by LOUIS NAPOLEON. He would have required, first, that the declared cause of the war should be removed by the agreement of KING WILLIAM that no HOHENZOLLERN should sit upon the Spanish throne, even if the Spanish people elected him king; and, second, that the Rhenish provinces should be surrendered to France.

But what could possibly demand as a settlement? Certainly she might ask the removal of the BONAPARTE dynasty, and the expenses, or part of the expenses, of the war. Europe and the United States would approve such terms as neither harsh nor extravagant; and if Germany were content to leave them, the position and power would be of the boldest kind. But it is evidently believed that, as successful France would have required the Rhenish provinces, so successful Germany will insist upon Alsace and Lorraine. Many journals have already declared it a result worthy of victory proper; that these provinces were originally German; that the natural frontier of France is the Vosges Mountains, and not the Rhine; that, indeed, there have been, as usual, political reasons offered why the victor should do what he chooses. But the remark attributed to BISMARCK is no chastisement of the sagacity of that remarkable man—remarkable because he so thoroughly comprehends the power and genius of his country—that it may not be true. He says that Prussia seeks no territorial aggrandizement. It does not say, however, that she would refuse it; and, doubtless, if Alsace and Lorraine came naturally to Germany, BISMARCK would not object.

Is that likely? Reasonable persons will agree; and we hope, therefore, that the public opinion of Europe will demand that the territorial question in the settlement be left upon the only true principle, that of popular consent. We have been surprised to perceive that the *Tribune* apparently regards Alsace and Lorraine as they might be disposed of by treaty between the two Governments at Berlin and at Paris. Indeed, in this respect the general tone of correspondence from Europe has represented the popular feeling of the provinces as warm for the French, it has yet been intimated to argue that, being naturally German, they could be properly allotted to Germany. Now the facts in regard to Alsace and Lorraine are very simple. They are undoubtedly, and especially Alsace, largely German in race and language and tradition. But they are by no means entirely so. The provinces form six French departments, in five of which out of 2,383,961 inhabitants 1,859,158 are Germans. These provinces have been so identified to and fro for centuries. A large part of Alsace was confirmed to France by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, when France had the decisive possession of it for nearly two centuries, while she has held Lorraine for more than a century.

During this time, and especially in recent years, the French Government has sought to make the provinces as French as possible. With the German instinct of race and romantic love of fatherland have, doubtless, stoutly withstood these efforts; every traveler in Alsace observes how lurks the strong German character of the country and the people. But the provinces, by mingling of population and by assimilation and subjection to the same government, have become parts of France. The French nation has fairly acquired rights in them which, in all history, while yet the facts that we have stated forbid their claim as essential, an integral part of the French nationality. They could be, indeed, that is to say, without injury to that nationality, be, therefore, undoubtedly the right of the people of those provinces, when the present order is disturbed, to decide their own destiny. That was the principle in the case of Savoy. And if, notwithstanding the events of later years, the provinces, by an honest and universal vote, decide to become again German, as they originally were, ought Europe to refuse, and to insist that they shall remain French? This would not be the territorial aggrandizement of Germany against which, as we said last week, there would be a coalition of civilization.

It is only an aggrandizement by conquest against which a protest should be made.

But whether such a cession be desirable or practicable, it is very plain that a cession by treaty is intolerable. The intelligent public opinion of the world should require that the treaties which conclude great wars should not be armed truces, but conditions of actual peace. It is clear, however, that a treaty, concluded after a series of great military defeats, if it contains an injury to national honor, is merely an armistice. From the moment it is signed the parties begin to prepare to end it. Now, without considering the reason of the case, the mutual feeling of France and Germany about the border provinces is such, that if one country should cede them to the other under the pressure of defeat in war, the surrender would rankle as a disgrace which must be removed. Hence, in the St. Thomas treaty, concluded in perfect peace between Denmark and the United States, the Government of Denmark, although St. Thomas was a remote colony, and of the slightest value to the mother country, insisted that the question of cession should be submitted to the popular vote of the island. Let Germany ask, with all the world, for the end of the BONAPARTE rule in France, and for the expense which has been forced upon her. But no cession of territory by treaty!

THE NEW PARTY.

THE Republican majority is so large in Massachusetts, and the State is so advanced in civilization, that experiments may be safely tried there which would be culpably perilous to the general cause of liberty and justice elsewhere in the country. The independent action of the Republicans who are prohibitionists is one of those experiments. We call them Republicans, because those who are interested in all questions of moral progress are usually within the Republican lines, or will be. PHILLIPS, beyond them, and, of course, these gentlemen see, what every body else sees, that their demand, involving, as it does, the Democratic party shall succeed, unless the Republican party will declare for prohibition. They know, of course, that if "moral Republicans" throughout the country should do what they have done in Massachusetts, the next Presidential election would be given to the Democrats, the late constitutional amendments would be impaired, the work of the war, as far as possible, undone, and the enemies of temperance reform would be intrenched in power. In Massachusetts, we say, this experiment may be safely tried. For whether the Republican party adopts prohibition or not—in which case MR. PHILLIPS and his associates would probably withdraw from the ticket, and urge their friends to support the Republican nominations—or whether the temperance ticket remains, the Republicans will carry the State. But if it should be supported in New York the result is evident enough.

The plea of the temperance Republicans is plain. They say, in their judgment, there is no evil in the country so fatally alarming as drunkenness, and that neither of the great parties is here ready to deal with it by a declaration of absolute determination to stop it. They are tired, they say, of the shuffling of parties, and will risk the consequences of their action. If elections in this country at this time did not involve so many precious interests, every man might, perhaps, fairly demand that his special conviction should be made the platform of his party. But, as a matter of fact, party division will only have effect upon issues that absorb the attention of the people, and the question of prohibition is not yet such a question. Perhaps it ought to be, and those who think that it is paramount to all other issues may zealously and eloquently arouse public feeling upon the subject. But until it is aroused party divisions will be drawn along other lines.

And until it is so aroused, is it the duty of good "temperance" citizens to sustain a policy which will be the most friendly or that which will be steadily hostile to their wishes? They might, indeed, form the new element of a Democratic party; but they would not, therefore, create a powerful prohibitory party. The temperance citizens say that in no other way can they make prohibition a commanding issue. But that is their radical error. Issues are not in that sense commanding made. Thus the Republican party was not the result of the determination of a part of the old Whig and Democratic parties that the non-existence of slavery should be made an issue. That question had absorbed and concentrated all other public interests. The Democrats saw it, and declared for slavery. The Whigs would not declare for or against slavery, and they were pulverized. But the great questions that have interested the country during the last ten years are not finally settled and overborne by the temperance question, as bank and tariff and internal improvement were superseded by slavery extension in 1854.

Of course, our temperance friends are free men, and they have decided their policy for themselves. In a government like ours political sagacity is proved by skill in seizing the opportunity of doing the most good. But the arguments of the third party, which we have carefully read, have thus far failed to show us the policy which directly tends to the restoration of Democratic ascendency in the country is favorable to justice, liberty, or temperance.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR, AFTER GRAVELOTTE?

A DAILY paper lately asked, "Did Prussia go to war to resent an insult to German honor, to defend the unity of Germany, or to break up the unity of France?" and proceeded to argue that, if it was for the first purpose, its honor had been avenged; if for the second purpose, that German unity was no longer threatened by France; but if for the third purpose, it was beginning an endless struggle. Now Prussia went to war because LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Ministry declared war against her, and marched an immense army to the frontier to invade her. At the time the paper spoke the attempt at invasion had apparently been at first baffled by Germany. But a series of tremendous battles had been subsequently fought, leaving, as the same paper said upon another page, the French commander master of the situation and the assailant. If that was, indeed, the fact, Prussia was still menaced by the wanton attack of the French Government, and the questions were all superfluous. She was at war to defend herself against the most criminal aggression.

But, assuming that the statement of the paper was incorrect, and that the GERMANS, and not MARSHAL BAZAINE and his army, were the masters of the situation, what should the Prussian King do? Assume? If he had pursued even his head-quarters before Metz, with his victorious armies encamped upon French soil, that the French Government should abandon at once the new Government, whatever it might be, should give pledges not to renew such an abominable attempt, and pay the expenses that France would have asserted, or even patiently listened? Or, having won victories at a fearful cost of blood, was the King to assume that France was hopelessly beaten, and would behave herself, and so withdraw into his own kingdom? Or was he to invade the interior of France to the fact that she was conquered, and ask her what she had to say? It is plain that, at the paper assumed, it would be the part and the duty of the King of Prussia to propose to end the war, if he had made such a proposal, it would have been received by the Government whose sympathies were French, and by France, which believed that M'MAHON had just joined BAZAINE, in proof that he was unable longer to continue it.

Prussia went to war because she was attacked by France, and for there was no alternative against the war, as we have elsewhere stated, Prussia must therefore fight until France, by some sufficient authority, asks for a respite, or until she has gained such an overpowering advantage that she may propose it without the certainty of contemptuous refusal. There are other states propose a friendly mediation. To throw upon Prussia, while the advantage is still obscure, the responsibility of proposing a further continuance of the war is mere inanity. When the French have had enough of the war, either by reason of defeat or of the deep conviction of the great crime committed by LOUIS NAPOLEON in their name when he began it, they will probably say so. And if GRAVELOTTE, MARSHAL BAZAINE, acknowledging defeat and speaking in the name of the French Government, had asked for an armistice, with the view of proposing satisfactory terms to Germany for ending the war, there is no reason to doubt that the Prussian King would have granted it. Up to the Prussian victory at Gravelotte the German attitude in the war was irreproachable, nor have we any doubt that it will continue to be so.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

THE head of the Bureau of Education at Washington, the Hon. JOHN EATON, Jr., is evidently resolved that his office shall be of the utmost practical value. We have already had occasion to quote some of the deplorable statistics and facts which he has collected and published, and to bear witness to his profound conviction of the perils, and the great perils, of ignorance in the United States. There has been some hostility of feeling toward the Bureau of Education, arising from the theory that the States themselves should take charge of the whole subject. But the existence of the Bureau is justified, if only by the fact that it shows the whole country exactly how diligent or how remiss the different States are in their discharge of a most imperative common duty. In the highest sense, education is not a State matter, but a national concern. Maine is vitally interested in the schools of Florida; and nothing was more exasperating and disheartening to an intelligent American citizen of any Western State before the war than to know that education was actually forbidden to the poor laborer in all the Southern States.

The Bureau of Education has been of great service in urging upon public attention truths

that are conceded as of course, but which are practically forgotten, as the facts published by the Bureau show. It is a commonplace truth, therefore, that universal education is essential to the national existence. But there are, at this moment, nearly six millions of totally illiterate adults in the United States; and adding to these the illiterate youth between the ages of ten and twenty, and children under ten who have no prospect of education, and we have four and a half millions more—a total of more than ten millions as the illiterate population of the United States. This is the result under the State system only. Is it wise, then, to refer jealousy of a national educational interest, and a national educational authority? Is there not, on the contrary, the utmost practical sagacity in the project of the bill introduced at the last session by Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, looking to a national supervision of the whole subject, to secure the proper discharge by every State of its educational duty?

Mr. EATON, the Commissioner of Education, has just issued a "Circular of Information," which will be furnished upon application to the Bureau, the direct tendency of which is not only to diffuse the most valuable fundamental information in a way to secure and to command attention, but also to encourage a national educational *esprit de corps*. He has also delivered an address before the National Educational Association, at Cleveland, in which he considers the relation of the national government to education, and states distinctly what, under the Constitution, it may unquestionably do. It may provide for education in the Territories, in the District of Columbia, and upon the Indian reservations. It may do all that its international relations require, as in the exchange of documents of information, or one of the methods of raising the educational standard. It may call all persons and States to account for whatever has been intrusted to them for purposes of education. It may use the public domain, or the money received from it, for educational purposes. And what can it not do beyond this simple domestic information for the benefit of Congress and the country. For all these duties and services a national bureau is not only convenient, it is imperative.

During the late session of Congress there was an unsatisfactory debate, in the Senate, upon the relations of the national government to education. It was a debate which must be renewed again and again till the question is satisfactory; and it can result satisfactorily only in a system which, directly or indirectly, secures the education of every citizen of the United States.

UNDER WHICH KING?

As we write there is really no Government in France but General TROCHU, the Governor of Paris, and the generals with whom he has an understanding. What may be the Government, next to-morrow it is impossible to say. The fate of LOUIS NAPOLEON would be farcical, if it were possible to read of the most tragic struggle, or think of the indescribable suffering and sorrow, of which he is the wanton and guilty author, without a shudder. His imperialism is a mere Toots. He is of no importance. Nobody mentions him. Nobody cares about him. But there is a feeling of pity for one poor young boy over whom he has so ridiculously sentimentalized, and to whom he has given such bitter measures. LOUIS NAPOLEON seems to have excited neither love, nor admiration, nor confidence, nor respect. He has been the despot of France for eighteen years, and he disappears at the first blow which falls upon the country, and nobody thinks of him but to sneer at him or curse him. His career is one of the most impressive lessons in history. It has cured the French of NAPOLEON worship forever.

After the first great defeat, the Empress, the chief of the Bonapartists, said that a republic was inevitable. But it seems to be now understood that as Orleanist Government is impossible to replace the Empire. This is doubtless due to the fact that some of the best generals and ablest public men in France are Orleanists. It certainly is not due to the Orleans traditions, which are those of corruption and shameless baseness. Nor is it the result of any conviction that France is ready for Orleanist than republican Orleanist in France means constitutional monarchy. But that, if genuine, is a republic under another name. If France is ready for a really constitutional monarchy, upon the basis of universal suffrage, the form of which she now enjoys and is not likely to relinquish, then she is ready for a republic. But the republican leaders are evidently not prepared to declare it. Even LOUIS BLANC does not advise it. The reasons probably are many. It is conceived, for instance, that one of the reasons those who have all the power are not republicans. Then the organization is probably neither complete nor satisfactory. M. ROCHEFORT is not a gentleman who would be likely to be of great service to the country at this juncture. The better leaders, like M. JULES FAVRE, probably know, with M. LABOULAYE, that it is the misfortune of French republicanism not to comprehend that the nation may have any rights, and with BERANGER, quoted by a *Tribune* correspondent, that there is nobody for rice-President.

Moreover, there is the experience of 1848 still fresh in the memory of many of the most acute republicans. They have discovered that the republic in France is not only *une et indivisible* but *sociale*, and that upon that snag the republic of '48 was really wrecked. There is doubtless a general conviction that the monarchical form is safer for France, and from all that is known of the character of the Orleans princes, it is fair to presume that when the Count De Paris is placed upon the throne, he would be most sagaciously and patriotically advised, and that become Louis PHILIPPE followed, he would be made king, it is hard to believe that he would regret the follies and faults of his grandfather. It would be the interest, let us hope, as it would be his interest, to establish a truly popular government in France. For such a government only is "peace."

THE TROUBLES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A CORRESPONDENT in Wilmington, North Carolina, who disapproves the late action of Governor HOLDEN, sends us a copy of the remark of Chief Justice PEARSON, that the power of the courts was exhausted, as follows:

"The Chief Justice uses such language, but not in that connection.

"He is asked by imprisoned citizens for a writ of habeas corpus. The grand jury, composed mostly of bodies of the prisoners detained by Colonel KIRK, by the order of the Governor, by the advice of the Supreme Court. Kirk declines to give up the prisoners to the Court, and the Governor is upheld by the Court of his officers' action; then the Chief Justice uses another word, which is correct, but not applicable, who likewise declines to allow the civil court to examine into the executive officers' detentions. It is at this stage of the proceeding that the Chief Justice says: 'Upon the power of the Executive I can reach; the Governor declines to obey the writ; I have no force to enforce the Governor's obedience to the law. He is the only moral force: the Governor is commander-in-chief of the militia. I can not measure moral force. But the Chief Justice also remarks that there is no obstacle to the enforcement of the law other than that raised by Governor HOLDEN'S refusal to obey. I believe to be the truth. The Governor, the Chief Justice, Judge Tourgee all say the Governor's action is the process of the Court is executed in the inurrectionary district without any hindrance save what the Governor himself has interposed."

Our correspondent is evidently mistaken in regard to the Governor's opinion, as he will, doubtless, in his reply to the Chief Justice: "To my judgment, your Honor and all the other civil and judicial authorities are ready to aid, at this time, to deal with the insurgents." The Chief Justice, in turn, submitted the power claimed by the Governor "to declare a county to be in a state of insurrection, to take military possession, to order the arrest of all suspected persons, and to do all things necessary to suppress the insurrection; but he has no power to disobey the writ of *habeas corpus*, or to order the arrest of any citizen simply because he is a party. The Governor, in reply, asserts that the safety of the State, which is the supreme law, requires his disregard of the writ, and that he is the sole judge for him to declare that the civil authority was powerless over the insurgents, and then to turn them over to the civil authority.

The Chief Justice states the case, it was a question whether resort to extreme measures had become necessary, and whether the Governor, under any circumstances, could suspend the writ. These are questions, of course, which must be duly but satisfactorily settled by impeachment of the Governor.

FRANCE AND REVOLUTION.

THE French, it is often said, are never happy without a revolution. They are a volatile, fickle race, who do not know their own mind for a single week together, and who are incapable of a peaceful progress

"MY NAME IS WILLIAM, TOO."

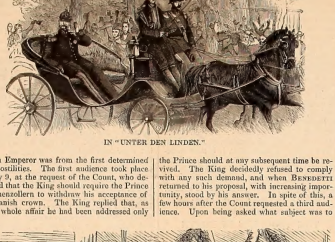

IN "UNTER DEN LINDEN."

LEAVING THE PALACE.

FROM EMS TO BERLIN.

THE little town of Ems—one of the most beautiful watering-places of Germany—is charmingly situated on the right bank of the river Lahn. Although it can not compete with Baden-Baden or Homburg in the magnificence of its Kursaal, the company is generally considered more select than at either of the other watering-places. It is the favorite place of resort for the royal personages of Europe, and many important political conferences have taken place there.

Among the most distinguished as well as the most constant visitors at Ems is King WILLIAM I. of Prussia, who has been accustomed to resort there every summer to recover from the fatigues of winter, when public duties press most heavily upon him. He is described as a most affable and courteous old gentleman, and a special favorite with the children of the place, with whom he unbends in the most gracious manner. The following well-authenticated anecdote will illustrate this pleasant trait in his character. A little fellow of eight or nine summers ran up to him one day, as he was walking slowly through one of the parks, and, clasping him about the knees, looked up into his face and asked,

"Are you really King WILLIAM?"

"Well, I believe so, my little man," answered the King, amused with the child's simple confidence. "What do you want of me?

"My name is WILLIAM, too, and I want to be a soldier—one of those with red facings to their uniforms, and big white feathers in their caps."

"God bless you, my little man!" replied the King, deeply moved. "When you grow up you must tell your wish to my son FRITZ, and say that old King WILLIAM gave you permission."

Nothing could have touched the soldier king more nearly than such an incident.

This summer King WILLIAM'S visit at Ems was not allowed to pass without interruption. The story of the interviews between him and Count BENEDETTI, the French Minister to Prussia, which terminated in war, shows that the French Emperor was from the first determined upon hostilities. The first audience took place on July 9, at the request of the Count, who demanded that the King should require the Prince of Hohenzollern to withdraw his acceptance of the Spanish crown. The King replied that, as in the whole affair he had been addressed only as the head of the family, and never as the King of Prussia, and had accordingly given no command for the acceptance of the candidature, he could also give no command for withdrawal. A similar interview took place on the 11th; and on the morning of July 13 the King met him on the public promenade before the fountain, and informed him that the Prince had withdrawn of his own free-will. The King regarded the affair as settled; but, to his surprise, Count BENEDETTI made a new demand, that the King should expressly pledge himself never to give his consent, in case the question of the candidature of the Prince should at any subsequent time be revived. The King decidedly refused to comply with any such demand, and when BENEDETTI returned to his proposal, with increasing importunity, stood by his answer. In spite of this, a few hours after the Count requested a third audience. Upon being asked what subject was to be considered, he gave for answer that he wished to renew the discussion of the morning. The King declined another audience, as he had no answer but that already given, and, moreover, all negotiations must now take place through the Ministry.

BENEDETTI'S rudeness in forcing himself upon the notice of the King in a public walk was regarded by those who witnessed it as a studied insult. It was interpreted as a sign of hostility toward Prussia, and two days after came the declaration of war.

The day after his final interview with BENEDETTI the King left Ems, at an early hour in the morning, in a special train for Berlin. He took leave of the crowd which had assembled to witness his departure with evident emotion. "I hope to see you all once more," said he. "God is my witness that I have not desired war; but if I am forced into it I will maintain the honor of Germany to the last man." His whole journey was like a triumphal progress. At every city and village on the way he was received with wild enthusiasm. When he arrived at Berlin the streets were thronged with people who had come out to bid him welcome. He was deeply moved by this reception. His course from the railway station to the palace, through the magnificent street of "Unter den Linden," was such an ovation as a crowned head has rarely met with in modern times. As the carriage approached the palace the pressure became so great that even the stone pillars in the public square broke off as if they had been made of wood. The ceaseless hurrahs roared like a hurricane around the palace. The King alighted on the steps, and, with deep emotion, repeatedly expressed his thanks. He could scarcely be heard for the acclamations, but those who stood nearest to him caught the words: "With such inspiration of my people, our victory is secure; we may look forward to the future without fear." The King then entered the palace, but the crowd remained. All at once the national hymn began to ascend from ten thousand voices. The people stood with uncovered heads. A small proportion only were able to sing; the others wept from excitement; and even those who took part in the hymn could do so only with trembling voice and tearful eye. It was a moment of sublime transfiguration. At length, about half an hour before midnight, the multitude were informed that the King had still many heavy tasks to attend to, and begged them to retire. "Home! home!" was at once the universal cry, and in a few minutes the vast throng had disappeared, and left not a soul in the spacious square.

Then the next day came the hurried but systematic business of preparation, the inspection of troops, and finally the marching out of the grand army to a victorious progress, of which the most sanguine had never ventured to dream.

IN THE GARDENS AT EMS.

THE "INSULT" TO COUNT BENEDETTI.

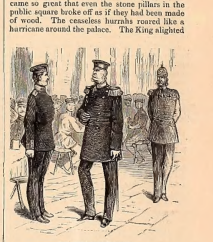

IN THE BARRACKS.

IN THE RAILWAY CAR.

MARCHING OUT.

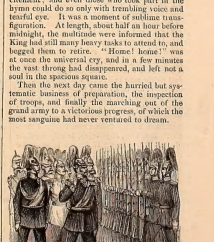

INSPECTING THE GUARDS.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Voyage of the "Flying Scud."—Anxiety for her Safety.—Captain Musgrave's Account.—A Shocking Spectacle.—Lonely Death of a Castaway.—The Return.—Conclusion.

In the preceding chapter our readers were informed of the departure of the *Flying Scud*, under command of Captain Musgrave, from Stewart Island, in search of those of the party who had been left behind at the island refuge where so many weeks months had been passed. Weak after week went by, and still no sings of the little vessel and her adventurous crew were received. At length Mr. Raynal, though hoping against hope, began to feel the keenest anxiety in regard to her fate, in which the kindhearted people by whom he was surrounded warmly sympathized. They had a fellow-townman to regret, whom they respected highly; but Mr. Raynal mourned for Captain Musgrave as for a lost brother. They were indeed nearer than most brothers. Captain Musgrave had been his true-hearted companion in many scenes of trying hardship and suffering, and now, it was only too probable, had perhaps lost his life in the attempt to rescue his comrades from the isolation and dangers of a desert island.

Happily these fears were not realized.

For in the mean time the *Flying Scud*, though encountering with some trying delays on account of calms, made the voyage to the island without any serious mishap of any kind. She was skillfully piloted by Captain Musgrave into the great bay, and so onward to the little land-locked harbor where the *Gretchen* had been wrecked, and on the shores of which their cabin was situated.

Harry was the first to see the yacht from the beach as she sailed into the harbor. He was so overwhelmed with the emotions which the spectacle of a vessel coming to their rescue awakened that he threw his arms up convulsively, and then sank fainting upon the sand. He had not strength even to call out to George to come and see. George, however, was soon found; and as soon as the men had recovered a little from the effects of their excessive joy they were taken on board the yacht, and she immediately set sail on her return.

Their voyage was delayed somewhat by contrary winds, and before they got fairly clear of the islands they were forced to seek shelter in "Sarah's Bosom," the harbor situated at the northern part of the group, as previously described.

They went on shore while anchored in this port, and in the course of their rambles among the rocks and thickets they came suddenly upon a most shocking spectacle. It was that of the dead body of a sailor, lying upon a rude bed made of moss spread upon a floor of boards, and partly sheltered by a kind of booth framed with stems of small trees and covered with boughs. He appeared to have been but a short time dead. One of his feet was enveloped in bandages, as if it had been wounded. In his hand was a slate on which the poor fellow had evidently written something, under a faint and forlorn hope, probably, of thereby conveying his last dying messages to his friends and family at home, but the writing had been so far effaced by the rain that it was not legible. They knew at once that this was the body of some shipwrecked sailor, and they afterward learned the particulars of the disaster which was the means of bringing him to this melancholy end.

As soon as wind and weather allowed they left this port, and the yacht proceeded on her way. She arrived safely at Stewart Island. The people of the village received the announcement of her appearing in the offing by a signal from a semaphore, set up for such purposes on a point of land at the entrance to the harbor. The news spread with great rapidity throughout the town; and when the yacht arrived at the landing Mr. Cross and Captain Musgrave found the whole population assembled on the wharf to welcome their return.

We have little more to add. Mr. Raynal took passage in the first vessel which sailed for Australia. Captain Musgrave, though setting out later, reached Sydney before him, having taken passage in a steamer. They learned on their arrival that the seaman whose body they had found on the shore, at the southern point of the Auckland Islands, had undoubtedly been one of the crew of the ship *Invercauld*, which had been wrecked on the rocks in Port Ross, or "Sarah's Bosom," as the sailors called it, during the time while they were living in their cabin in the southern part of the group. The *Invercauld* was a large ship of eleven hundred tons. Her company consisted of twenty-five men. Of these six went down with the wreck, and of those who escaped to the shore sixteen perished of exhaustion and famine. The three survivors, including the captain, were taken off by a Spanish brig, which accidentally came that way. They had been twelve months on the island, during the greater part of which time Mr. Raynal and his party were leading the same life of hardship and suffering in the southern part of the same group.

Each party wholly unaware that they were in so near neighborhood of another community in the same state of anxiety, suspense, and suffering with themselves. There is no question that the sailor whose dead body was found in the hut was one of their number.

Mr. Raynal closes his narrative by saying that Aleck, notwithstanding the terrible experience which he had passed through, still continued to follow the sea. George remained in New Zealand, but went to work in the gold diggings there. Harry returned to his original home in Australia, and was engaged in taking care of the flocks on a sheep farm. Captain Musgrave also settled in Australia, where he still remains. Few men have had a more eventful history. From boyhood he had a passion for the sea, and twice ran away from home to become a sailor. His father at length consented to let him follow his inclinations, persuaded that, with his restless disposition, he never would be happy at home on a farm. This was twenty years ago: and though, like a dutiful son, he has always kept up a correspondence with his parents, who live in one of the Western States of America, he has never visited his home since then. As for Mr. Raynal himself, he embraced the very first opportunity, after reaching Australia, to embark for France, where he arrived safely, after an absence of twenty years.

A SHOCKING SPECTACLE.

WEISSENBURG.

THE town of Weissenburg (printed Wissembourg on French maps), of which we give a view on our first page, was the scene of Marshal M'Mahon's crushing defeat by the Crown Prince of Prussia. It was formerly a free city of the German empire, and is situated close to the frontier, on the Lauter, a tributary of the Rhine, running into that river at or near Lauterbourg. The town was ceded to France by the treaty of Ryswick, and for six years—from 1713 to 1725—was the residence of the unfortunate STANISLAS LECZYNSKI, Duke of Lorraine and elect-King of Poland. It has more than once owed its existence for a battle-ground to the works with which its neighborhood was furnished by Marshal VAUBAN, in the reign of Louis XIV., after his conquest of Alsace. In 1706 the Marshal caused a series of redoubts and intrenchments to be constructed from the Geisberg—or, to use the French name, the "Mont du Figeonnier"—which lies at the eastern entrance of the town, above the southern bank of the Lauter, as far as Lauterbourg; and these lines have, time after time, been captured and recaptured. They were almost more than once during the War of the Succession; and on October 13, 1793, they were carried by the Austrians, under Prince WAldeck. The Germans, however, held them only for a short time, as on Christmas-day of the same year they were retaken by the French; and since that time Weissenburg has en oyed an interval of peaceful existence as the ch f lieu of the department of the Bas-Rhin. It i distant twenty-seven miles, northeast, from Strasbourg, by the railway which passes through Haguenau, seven miles from Weissenburg, and which there forms a junction with the main railway, the Great Eastern of France, leading to Lunéville, Nancy, Chalons, and Paris. The valley of the Lauter at Weissenburg forms a gorge which opens into the Rhenish plains to the south, and to the Vosges to the west. About two miles and a half to the west, upon the road to Bitche, is the hill called the Figeonnier, which rises nearly 2000 feet above the valley of the Lauter. The ground from Weissenburg to this peak for about half a mile rises gently; and then suddenly, at the bend to the right, which the road to Bitche makes, the ascent becomes more steep, so that the road is winding. The road from the Col du Figeonnier to Climbach runs through a woody country easily defended, crosses the forest of Mundat, and, after running rather more than a mile beyond, reaches the little village of Climbach, which lies on high ground. The road then descends for more than a mile to Lembach; passes through the forest of Ratzenhof, lying in a small valley, and terminates at Bitche, a fortress of great natural strength, twenty-five miles distant from Weissenburg. But the ground extending a few miles south of the Lauter, toward Saverne and Haguenau, is diversified with hills and woods, though not at all of a mountainous character. It was this tract of country, toward Neuweiler, Ingweiler, and Frischweiler, on the western side, that was unsuspiciously explored on the 26th of July by the reconnoitring party of Bieden officers, led by Count ZEPPELIN, one of whom was killed, and two became captives to the French.

THE RETURN OF THE RESCUERS.

The action in which M'MAHON was defeated, though its consequences were momentous, was rather a surprise by overwhelming numbers than a regular battle. A portion of Marshal M'Mahon's corps d'armée, two regiments of the line, one of foot chasseurs, one of mounted chasseurs, and one of Turcos, under General ABEL DOUAY, had encamped the night before close to Weissenburg. At daybreak next morning they were aroused by a violent cannonade from the hills of the Bienwald, on the opposite bank of the Lauter, whence they were attacked by a very superior German force. They fought obstinately during several hours. The Crown Prince and his staff were on the left of the German line, the artillery was in the centre, and the columns of German troops were massed on the right. The French had but three guns at first, but they got some reinforcements by railway, and maintained a brave contest till two o'clock in the afternoon. General ABEL DOUAY was killed by a shell; Brigadier MONTBRAIRE was wounded; there was great slaughter, and several hundred French soldiers, with eighteen officers, were taken prisoners; one gun was also taken.

SAARBRÜCK.

THIS little frontier town, of which we give a view on our first page this week, will be known in history as the scene of the poor little Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire." It is situated on the left bank of the river Saar (the old Roman Saravus), whence, indeed, it derives its name, which, being translated into English, is Saarbridge. It lies a little southeast of Treves, at the point where the valleys of the Saar and Salzbach meet, and is dominated by the heights of Spikeren, which, on August 2, the French carried at the point of the bayonet, and whence, an hour later, they bombarded the town. Containing about 12,000 inhabitants, Saarbrück possesses, or rather possessed, several handsome buildings, a very good college, and a large cotton-house, and was joined to its suburb, St. Johann, on the opposite bank, by a handsome stone bridge.

The country round is studded with coal-mines, but the mineral extracted is of a very poor quality, being hard, schistous, very smoky, and unproductive. Its powerful, was chiefly exported to France, being largely used on the Eastern Railway. The annual value of the exported coal has been estimated at seven millions of thalers.

Not far from here is that legendary coal-mine known as the "burning mountain," which, set on fire in 1780, still continues to burn.

The town was founded in the tenth century, and remained under the rule of the bishops of Metz until 1240, at which epoch it fell into the hands of one of the many petty princes then so prevalent. From 1380 to 1679 it belonged to the dukes of Nassau, when it was taken by the French army under the command of Turenne, but was afterward retaken and hereld by the Austrians. It fell to the share French in 1794, but was ceded to Prussia by one of the treaties of 1815.

"C'EST LUI."

Come, little bark, come to the land!
Come, little sail, over the sea!
As she shades her sweet eyes with her hand,
And half doubts it is she tourneurs "C'est lui."

There's a line of white light on the blue,
And a path through the depths to her feet,
And the dark shall be bettering through,
And the dawn of waiting is sweet.

But the length of an oar to the land!
Can they guess what the morning will be?
Sweet eyes shaded by fluttering hand,
Sweet lips parted and saying "C'est lui."

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

FISHING FOR AN INVITATION.

"WHAT a strange girl!" muttered Richard, as he stood on the rocky ledge above rock, alone, where Harry and he had first taken shelter. "What a compound of strength and weakness—as my mother says all girls are, though I never knew whom them strong before! How eager she seemed to part company with me, and how anxious to get home without me! I am never to guess now what has happened, to her father nor to Solomon! Fancy Solomon's face answering yonder, that is clear. He is neither young nor handsome —nor attractive in any way in her eyes, I reckon. And what a country she is, to be mistress of such a boor!"

The reflection that the door at the top of the rock had been left open, and the key inside it, here flushed upon him. She will be sorry about that key," he thought; "and I shall be grateful to me if I go back and fetch it. The old man will be angry that I have been trusted a stranger with such a treasure. This Trevethick must be an ingenious fellow, and a long-sighted one, no doubt. It was he who applied to Uncle Whymper for a lease of the old mine, if I remember right. Perhaps the daughter may help me to get it him, for I owe him something for his daughter's sake. The idea of his having such a thing to say to her, outside in the open air, its talk of teeth and beauty! Neither in life nor in romance have I ever seen one so fair as this girl." He meditated for a moment, and then cried out, angrily: "Heaven curse me, if I harm her! I am an ungrateful villain should I do it! If there be a Solomon, and but one man in it, I should desire to be that man!"

Then he began to climb the rock. He did not carry this time for breath nor shelter, though the wind had no whit abated, but with the skill till he reached the spot where the catastrophe which had been so near fatal to him had occurred.

"It was a narrow escape," mused he, looking down upon the place, not without a slight shudder. "What old things come into the mind at times! Death is whispering in the ear! If it had not been for my fair guide, where should I have been by this time? Beneath the sea, no doubt. But what else? How strange it seems that if there is any "else," so one, from the beginning of time till now, of all the millions who have experienced it, should have come back to tell us! And yet there was a man who came back from the grave once. Who was he? I recollect his picture by Hayden: his talk must have been better worth listening to than that of bores; for nothing true that one hears or reads, I wonder? Here is where I kissed her! I wonder if I kiss her again, if I had the chance: I swear I would not. I am a good boy now—all morality, if not religion—for they do say that lust is joyous in good intentions—which seems hard. If one is to be punished for one's wicked thoughts—even if they do not bear fruit—it is surely but reasonable that one's good ones—even if never carried into practice—should be set down on the credit side of the ledger."

With an exclamation of contempt or impatience, he turned from the dizzy sight of cliff and sea, and shouldered his way through the wind-kept doorway to the open mouth of the rock. It was a wild waste place indeed, yet not without ample indications of having been inhabited in days of old. Low but massive walls sketched out the ground-plan of many a chamber, the respective uses of which could only now be guessed at. But beneath one broken arch there was a heap of cooke steps with a stone resting on it, which Richard rightly imagined had once formed an altar. Man had worshipped there thirteen hundred years ago. Then he set off, and in the very centre of this desolate hold, there was a burying-ground, with a wall of earth about it, which neither time, nor the rude barbarism which marks our epoch, had much defaced. The archæologists had been there, of course, and discovered evidence which had attested them of the power of the monks over their fellow-creatures; but with that they had not contented. The dead had, for the most part, been left untouched in their rocky graves, to await the summons in the faith of which—and perhaps even for—they had died. For these were King Arthur's men (as Richard had read)—the warriors who had helped the blameless king "to drive the heathen and to slay the beast, to felt the forest and let in the sun."

The lonely character of the place, and its natural sublimity, combined with the recollection of his late deadly peril, tinged the young man's thoughts with an unusual seriousness; and yet he could not restrain the cynicism that was habitual to him whenever his attention was compelled to solemn subjects.

"Now, are these poor folks—whose creed must have been any thing but orthodoxy, by all accounts—all in eternal torments, I wonder, or only waiting to be so, for a few hundreds of years longer? Such was my mother's friend, Joanna's, comfortable creed, and it is shared, as I understand, by all the most excellent people. How much better (if so) would it have been for them to have been born and resided on this rock as sea-gulls! Gad, to dwell here and fight for a king about whose very existence posterity is to be in doubt in this world, and then to go to the devil! What a nightmare view of life it seems! (If, indeed, there is no thing but turned out otherwise with me, I should have solved the problem for myself. I almost wish I had. And yet it was not I when I was clinging to that wall and to the cliff yonder; and these folks would not have died if they had had reliefed on 'Another. There's something ugly in black Death that disinclines man to woo her. This wind bites to the marrow, and I'll go. Here is Gethin now, and there's an end." He turned, and walked as slowly as the blast would let him toward the gate. "And yet, if it was warmer, and summer-time," continued he, "I should like to sketch this place, and these ruins, especially if Harry were with me." He came out, and locked the door, and once more stood in the shelter of it, with the key in his hand. "Shall I be glad I went back for this, and know that it was for her sake, Gethin? Yes, I believe now—this girl—and was a lady, and all that! Or if I could choose whom I would?" He began to think about Joanna's niece; the fascinate gole forgotten; his lips escape from death memorandered; even the memory of Solomon passed his mind—the thought that monopolizes all men's minds (or nearly all) at his age. It was here that his father had died, and he was glad that he stayed about his face; it was there that he had been saved, and he was glad that he remembered. Then he fell to thinking of all that had happened between them during the few hours that were already so much a part of his life. How he had looked so frightened at first seeing him! Had he seemed to come to her aid as a "hero" as some girls say? He would ask her that some day—perhaps up yonder amidst the ruins. He was not sure that he was in sympathy with that wore when Solomon had spoken to him so roughly, or with the tone in which he had addressed her; but he was sensible more than ever of its effect upon the elder, and the gratitude with which her father had overwhelmed him. Trevethick must be a suitor who was backed by the old man, but certainly not encouraged by Harry. Was she already engaged, by-the-by, to Solomon? If it was impossible, being what she was, that she could not have been wooed by somebody.

Richard Yorke was not one of those exacting characters who demand that the object of their affections should excel in every quality but one: another he was even reasonable enough to have forgiven her for "coquetry" by having retained them, in ignorance of the existence of so unworthy admirer in himself. There are many young gentlemen who are not to be found fault with classified; and perhaps it is in despair of dealing with this Proteus that we elders so often give up here in our endeavors.

The day was darkening by the time Richard reached the village, and there was a light in only a group of miners, who stared at his bare head hard enough, but gave way to him civilly. They were talking together in whispers, and with their thick mouths with the backs of their hands. It was evident that something had "happened, tremend" in the narrow passage: and leaving their elbows on the sill of the little bar window were many, each with a pipe in his hand. "Here's Jack to Trevethick and Coe," said one, "for a parting treat."

"Ha, ha, and Trevethick" cried another, in appreciation of this commercial epigram; "Trevethick and Coe. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Trevethick and Coe. And may the copper last!"

But one, emboldened by the liquor, or naturally more audacious than the rest, put his head and shoulders through the window, and began making a trumpet of his two hands, whispered in a hoarse voice, audible to every one: "And it is it to be Coe and Trevethick after Harry —eh?"

Then the window was slammed down with no gentle hand, and the men went out laughing heartily, and for the first time leaving room for Richard to pass. He looked in, and found the bar window, but, as though he had heard nothing, walked on into the little bar-room, which had been allotted to him. It was a long, strange, since he had just heard only confirmed the suspicion already at such length entertained, that the words should give him annoyance. But they certainly did so. What was more natural than that this non-knowing daughter should be engaged to marry her father's friend—a man apparently of respectability with a prospect of doing better? What could be more natural than that such a one should be a suitor? Richard's own father, a very gentleman when he came to marry a girl—or an old woman, for that matter—with a good fortune, to be invested at such interest, especially after an acquaintance with this "Miss Harry" of about three hours at most? After a lifetime spent in such society, he seemed to strike even himself in the same light; for he grinned at the thought, and said aloud to a fool he was, and then lit his pipe. Even tobacco, however, that balm of hurt minds, did not altogether soothe his. He could think of nothing but this young girl, whose beauty had bewitched him, and to whose courage and presence of mind he owed his life. He had sworn to himself—and there was no necessity to repeat it—that he meant her no harm. Indeed, it would not be less than she deserved to ask her to be his wife. Perhaps, if she were not her father had a share, should turn out well,—she would not be so bad a match, even in point of money; but to this he did not attach much importance. He was indulging in a dream, which he fondly imagined was unselfish and honorable to himself in a high degree. Quite a virtuous glow seemed to mingle with his ardent passion: though the fact simply was (as it often is in such cases) that, for a personal gratification, he was prepared to barter his future prospects. He did not doubt but that what he contemplated would be for the benefit of this young girl: he must seem like an angel to her (for love does not always touch us with the sense of unworthiness); as, indeed, by comparison with this man Coe, he was. His mother would be a good deal "put out," it was certain, at his choice; but for him to be angry with him for long, far less to break with him, he was his own master, for some time to come, at all events, for he had two hundred pounds in his pocket.

What mere boys are the greatest philosophers sometimes discourse, when their subject is Self-interest! It is likely enough that self-interest actuates those of a more mature degree. When folks are by nature wise and prudent—or if their minds are incomplete, and there vices few—or vices, above all, the brain is seasoned, and the blood moves sluggishly in the veins, then men do act for their own advantage, and keep their eyes fixed on the main chance. But with most of us, especially when we are young, however much we so called, is often but a feather's weight in the balance of Motive. Revenge makes it kick the beam; and so does Passion; and even mesmerism. When it was one of the arguments advanced by Christian missionaries of slavery, that no man would ill-use his slave, because it was his own property: as though the fact of cruelty in a brute proprietor was to be looked for, but not in one as strong as the last of gain. There are moments when a man is ready to part with not only his earthly prospects, but his hopes of heaven, rather than be balked of an immediate satisfaction: that of stabbing a brother in the heart, or of hanging rich by one stroke of fraud, or ruining forever the woman that loves him best; and there are many who, in such desperate case, whose only guide is Impulse, and whose care for the consequences of it is nothing matched with the gratification of to-day. These are said to have no enemies but themselves, but they have victims; they "ruin" many, but for plots, are often more dangerous than the most designing knaves.

The light of the window in the bar was as far out over the fire in the deepening twilight, so deep in thought that it quite startled him, when, suddenly opening, the latter's self was there. Then he rang the bell, and Hannah entered with the wood-for candles.

"Is you come to?"

"I'll see, Sir. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes, I do," said he, with a bottle of sherry and two glasses, then ask him to step in."

The serving-maid obeyed: and presently there was a knock at the door, and Richard, and struck John Trevethick, a man of sixty years or so, but looking as if he had been "put by" much.

"Your servant, Sir," said he, in a gruff voice, and with no such inclination of the head as landlords use.

"Good-evening, Mr. Trevethick. I am afraid I'm putting you to some inconvenience by coming to Gethin so many weeks before the usual time."

"Nay, Sir; my house is open summer and winter."

"Now, I wonder is this the natural manner of this boor," thought Richard, "or has he been already prejudiced against me by the other?—And as nothing honest it is, let him." Aloud he little expected to find so good a one down here, I promise you."

"Well, I built it myself, Sir," said the landlord; "it don't become me to say much of it." He looked at the last bit of money, however, and it's hard to get it back, when one's season only lasts for a month or two."

"Ah! I see," said Richard, with a sweet smile, "and I dare say yours," was the morose reply.

"Indeed it will, and that of many a generation to come. It is seldom one sees such massive walls. A good deal of trouble, however, seems to have been taken to ruin the property from running away with them, to judge by this," and he held up the key.

"Well, the castle is mine, Sir—or, at least, I pay my rent for it; and, I suppose, I can do what I like with my own. If there was no good there, do you think any body would pay me for viewing the place? Not they. Why, there's some parties as even contribute with the key, but must have a guide too, or else they bottoms will hold pocket."

It was so impossible to misunderstand the bearing of this remark that Richard burst out into a good-humored laugh; he was really pleased because the landlord's hint neutered him that he was in ignorance that he had had a guide. "I shall certainly pay my footing, Mr. Trevethick, the sense as if I had had an attendant—of which, however, I should be very glad in one or two places: the wind did take my hat, and very nearly the rest of me. But what I meant by

the trouble that was taken to secure your ruins from intruders was with reference not to the door, but to the key of it. Why, if it were a real castle, full of furniture, it could not be more effectually guarded. You must have good locksmiths hereabout, if that's a specimen of their work."

The icy landlord thawed again.

"Well, Sir, the fact is, I made that key with my own hands."

"You?" cried Richard, in affected astonishment. "Why, you must be a mechanical genius. Look at the work! look at the wards! and the scrutcheon there, charmingly close to the candle. "Do take another glass, Mr. Trevethick."

"Nay, Sir; I've a friend in the parlor waiting for me," rejoined the landlord, dryly. He appeared literally to regret having given way to that momentary feeling of self-esteem.

"I wish I had," observed Richard, smiling. "It's long of work coming down by one's self, and finding nobody to speak to."

There was a short pause, during which Richard was rapt in admiration of the key.

"Now, if his thick skin prove impervious to flattery," thought he, "then will I fly my last shaft into his very gizzard."

Mr. Trevethick's skin was quite compliment-proof, if an inference into the parlor was to be the evidence of its having been pierced.

"You should come down in the summer-time, Sir," said he, coldly; "then you will find lots of folks to talk with. At present I am afraid you cannot pay to have your own company."

The huge frame of the landlord was already moving toward the door.

"I am afraid so, indeed," said Richard, carelessly. "Parson Whymper ought to have known better than to send me down here at a time like this."

John Trevethick stopped at once, and Richard saw reflected in the glass above the fire-place a look of interest interest. He could not have supposed so impassive a face was capable of so much expression.

"Parson who, did you say, Sir? Whymper?"

"Yes; an excellent friend of me and mine: the chaplain of Mr. Carew, of Crompton. It was to him told me I should find sketch-book with the beauties of Gethin; and added, that I should have a hearty welcome from one John Trevethick, if I gave his name."

"And that you shall, Sir," cried the landlord, throwing to the table, and striking his broad palm upon it, to give emphasis to his words.

"A friend of Mr. Whymper's should be always welcome here. How is he, Sir? I have his or Mr. Carew's?"

"I have seen neither of them since I was staying at Crompton three months ago or so," said Richard, coolly. "They were well enough then, though Mrs. Squire was ailing at best, as usual, to exhaust his constitution and his purse; and the children, as usual, also, was making things as straight as he could, and playing the said on where he dared. But you know all about them, Mr. Trevethick, I dare say almost as well as I do. I am sorry you won't take another glass of wine."

"I'll not trouble you to offer me to change my maid, Sir," said the other, suiting the action to the word. "Now, the idea of your being so intimate with Parson Whymper, and having staid at Squire Carew's! Why, the Squire's my landlord, Sir, as well as those here—leastways, short of Dunlopped. It's mikucky that this copper-head have cropped out just beyond him, as it were."

"There is no mine here belonging to him then, eh?"

"Well, no, Sir; not, properly speaking, a mine, Sir, at all. And the well-practiced hand of the landlord shook as he said the last two glass, so that it clanked against the bottle.

"Indeed!" replied the young boor—leastways, short of Dunlopped. It's mikucky that this copper-head have cropped out just beyond him, as it were."

"There is no mine here belonging to him then, eh?"

"Well, no, Sir; not, properly speaking, a mine, Sir, at all. And the well-practiced hand of the landlord shook as he said the last two glass, so that it clanked against the bottle.

"Indeed!" replied the young boor, coy laugh, apparently at some reflection of his own.

"Well, I'm sorry you've got your friend, landlord, and your company, for I'm afraid I'm in debt: for it is evident we should find something to talk about together."

"And I'm sorry too, Sir. Though, if you wouldn't be too proud to come into our bar-parlor, I'm sure that I can scarcely ask a gentleman as has been used to Crompton to do that."

"Indeed, I shall be very happy to come," said Richard, frankly. "I have nothing to be proud of, I assure you; and if I had, why should I not accept the company of an honest man?"

Very good, Sir. There's only me, and my friend Harry, and the fine friend of mine, Solomon Coe. If you'll please to walk this way."

"Let's take the bottle with us, and then, perhaps, Mr. Coe will help us to finish it."

And bearing that token of amity in his hand, John Trevethick led the way into the bar parlor.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BAR PARLOR.

The bar parlor of the *Gethin Castle* was a small snug apartment in the rear of the house, and rendered necessary to the full fury of the Atlantic winds, which were now roaring without, and unbiased, by their idle menace, the comfort of its cheerful fire and curtains, and its ample fire, the gleam of which was cast back from a goodly array of glasses and vessels of burnished pewter. Upon a well-polished oak chest—the pride of the house, for oak was almost as rare at Gethin as among the Esquimaux—stood a mighty punch-bowl; and on the mantel-piece was a grotesque piece of earthen-ware, used for holding tobacco, about which some long clay pipes and peacocks' feathers were artistically arranged. A small set of mahogany tables provided this apartment, and pleasantly accorded with its almost tropical temperature; and the contrast it

altogether afforded to his own more stately but desolate "private sitting-room," with its discordant air and comfortless surroundings, struck Richard very agreeably. On a chintz-covered sofa, in the most retired corner of this parlor, sat Solomon Cox and Harry Trevethick, and it was difficult to say in which of their countenances the most astonishment appeared when the young painter presented himself at the door. Harry's cheeks, which were not pale before, became crimson, though the latter moved not upon his seat. Solomon rose, and, with a frown, seemed to be asking of Trevethick the reason of this unexpected intrusion.

"This is a friend of Mr. Whymper's," said the landlord, setting down the sherry in a tumbler, "and therefore, I am sure, the friend of all of us. That's my daughter Harry, Sir; and that" (and here grimness) "is Solomon Cox, who is intimate friend of hers—as you may see. We are a family party, in fact, or shall be some day: so, pray, make yourself at home."

"I have seen Mr. Coe before," said Richard, frankly, and shaking that gentleman's awful hand; "and, though he took me for a bagman, I bear him no malice on that account."

"A bagman! Lor, Sol, what could you be been thinking about?" laughed Trevethick, grimly.

"Why, his here gentleman had been stopping at Crompton with the Squire! But you mustn't mind Sol, Sir; his mind ain't free just now. Well, Harry, lass, why can't you get up and shake hands with the gen'leman?"

"I have seen this gentleman before also," explained Richard. "It was in who was good enough to get me the key of the castle, which I have put returned, by-the-by, to Mr. Trevethick," he added.

Harry gave him a look which showed him that his second pilgrimage up the rock was not unappreciated.

"Did you see the chapel, Sir, and the tombs?" inquired she.

"I hardly know, indeed," said Richard. "It was the climb itself that I enjoyed the most, and shall never forget as long as I live."

"Oh, but you must go properly over our ruins, young gentleman," said Trevethick, with the air of a proprietor. "My girl here, Harry, will be most done you them to-morrow, for they need a bit of explanation. Sol knows all about them. Don't you, Sol?"

"Oh yes; *I* know," answered Solomon, doggedly: "but nobody won't go up to the castle to-morrow, I reckon, with this wet weather a-blowing."

"It is a wild night, indeed," said Richard, putting aside the curtain, and looking out through the shutterless window. "The clouds are driving by at a frightful speed."

"Ay, and it ain't only the clouds," said Trevethick, filling his pipe, and speaking in a solemn gravity; "the Flying Dutchman was seen off the point not two hours ago."

"By old Madge, I suppose?" observed Solomon, derisively.

"Yes, by old Madge," retorted the landlord, sturdily. "She as knew our life-boat was lost last year with all hands long before she drove into Tuxtack Bay, bottom upwards."

"But how was that?" inquired Richard, with interest.

"Well, Sir, it was this way," said Trevethick. "It was a stormy night, though not so bad a one as this is like to be, and the life-boat had gone out to a disabled Indiaman. She had been away three hours or more, when—as I was sitting in this very parlor, in came Madge, looking scared enough. She had been to 'Arlock on an errand for us, Sir, 'Sol-town,' as I call it, and was waiting for you look as though the wind had blown your wits away, old woman.' 'Tain't that, John Trevethick,' says she; 'but I'm afeared something to death. I've seen a sight as I shall never forget to my dying day. I have just seen with that men—all nine of 'em. The Lord have mercy on their souls!' 'Well, why not?' says I. 'Why shouldn't you be safe?' 'Safe!' says she, and got back sooner than we hoped for—that's all.' 'Nay,' said she, 'I left my husband and seven children—not from home—the house they will never see again—all wet and white like corpses. They're drowned men, as sure as you're going to die.' 'Come, come,' said I, 'you're not a fool, Madge, John Trevethick.' And so it turned out, poor fellows!"

"And did you tell any body of this before you knew that they were drowned?" inquired Richard, curiously.

"Ay, that's the point," muttered Solomon, approvingly.

"No," said Trevethick. "I didn't believe the old woman, and I thought her story would be very ill taken; so I kept it to myself. But it turned out true for all that; the thing happened just as I say. John Trevethick ain't no liar."

"Of course you are stating what you believe to be the fact," said Richard, in a conciliating tone; "I don't doubt that."

"Just so; he's told it so often that he really does believe it," said Solomon, laughing. "But what seems curious is, that it is always Madge—a purblind old woman, as wants to be put upon a stool to see those things—who sees the sailors, and Flying Dutchmen, and so forth. I should like to know who else has ever seen the Dutchman?"

"Lots of folks," said the landlord, doggedly, "as will be here time enough for you, Sol, I'll be bound." "Ay, and you, too!" And Harry here has been at Gethin all her life, has she seen 'em?

There was an awkward silence. Harry had turned very pale—in terror, as Richard thought, of the quarrel between her father and Solomon becoming serious.

"That's naught to do with it," said Trevethick, sharply. "You're no Gethin man, Solomon, or you wouldn't talk so. Why, didn't Madge describe the very ship as it was off old Castle Rock, the night before we ever set eyes on her? and wasn't it printed in the paper?"

"In the next Saturday's paper: yes," replied Solomon, curtly.

"Nay, I heard the old woman with my own ears," said Harry, gravely. "There had been no wreck when she told me she had seen the schooner. 'The *Firefly*,' said she, 'is now in quarantine home from Gothin Bay: you mark my words. That was twelve hours, ay, and more, before the wreck."

"Forgive me for interrupting," said Richard, "but I don't understand this matter. Was it supposed that a vessel-a-wanes her own destruction beforehand?"

"Sometimes," said Trevethick, gravely. "A ship is as well known here—if she belongs to this part of the coast—as a house is known in the Midlands. Now, I'll be bound, Madge—and it ain't only Madge neither—will see her days before she comes to her end. The *Firefly*, for example, belonged to Polwheel, and has been away for weeks."

"And you have expected home?" interrogated Richard.

"Ay, that's it," said Solomon, once more nodding approval. "The old woman had that in her mind."

"Why so?" argued Trevethick. "What was the *Firefly* to her that she should think she would drive into the bay, and break her heart against the rock out yonder? And why should she tell her vision to Harry?"

"That certainly is very strange, indeed," said Richard, "as showing she attached importance to the matter herself. It was a most delicate consideration, to say the least of it. But what is this Flying Dutchman, of which you also spoke? I shall be glad to know by ever-post as far as I can be proper latitude as this."

"It's seen before great storms, however," said Trevethick: "you ask the coast-guard men, and hear what *they* say. There's many a craft has put out to her from the land, and come near close, so that a man might almost reach her with a boat-hook, and then, all of a sudden, there is nothing to be seen but the waves."

John Trevethick had more to say to the same effect, to which Richard listened with attentive courtesy; while at the same time he held to the same skeptical view entertained by Solomon. Then he won the good opinion of both men, and of that of the girl he felt already assured. He scarcely ever addressed himself to her, and as much as possible avoided gazing at her. If the idea of his paying any serious attention to her love-lorn lass put into her father's mind, the intelligence that he had been the friend and guest of Caleb's had been probably sufficient to compensate in the social position which that fact implied seemed to make it out of the question that he should be a suitor for her hand. He restrained for him to disabuse Solomon of the same notion. This was at first so easy task; but the unreasonableness of the latter's jealousy and his attempts at conciliation gave way by degrees, and he was vanished. To have hinted at the real reason for his freedom from such weaknesses; and he hailed an ally in a battle-field on which he was recommended at odds, five nights out of every seven, for years. Harry, as we have seen, shared her father's sentiments with regard to Solomon, and was a great stroke of policy in Richard to have exposed the latter's weak side. He would, of course, have preferred to agree with her—to have embraced any view which had the attraction of her adoption; but it was not in his nature to dissemble, and his opposition exciting her to petulance. She was not petulant with Richard—indeed, she seldom had a chance with him after his own fashion.

From the superstitions of the coast they fought their way to those of Cornwall in general. Trevethick believed in "Knockers" and "Buccas," spirits who indicate the position of good lodes by sounds from their hammers, and who have had more immediate connection with his own affairs than the mutual phenomena of which he is accused with even greater tenacity than before. So fierce was their contention that it was with difficulty that Harry could get a word in edge-ways to whence these spirits came who thus interested themselves in the success of their operations.

"I know nothing of that," said Trevethick, frankly, "any more than I know where that wind comes from that is making yonder pane: I only know that it is there."

"Nay, father, but *I* know," said Harry, with a little blush at her own audition: "the Buccas are the ghosts of the old Jews who crucified our Lord, and were driven by the sight of Roman emperor to work the Cornish mines."

"Very like," said Trevethick, approvingly, although probably without any clear conception of the historical picture thus presented to him. "It's the same to me where they be, so long as having done so much mischief in the flesh."

The contradiction involved in this remarkable process, combined with the absurdity of repentance taking the form of interest in mining speculations, was almost too much for Richard's sense of humor; but he only nodded with gravity, as because a man who was imbibing information from a competent source. Then, in addition to these favorers of industry, there were my spirits who worked ill to miners.

"Well, I can't say as there are," said the landlord, with the air of a man who can afford to give a point in an argument; "but there's a many things not of this world that happen underground, bestway in our mines, for Sol there is from the north, and it mayn't be the same in those parts."

"It certainly is not," interrupted Solomon, taking his pipe out of his mouth to intensify the positiveness of his assertion.

"I say," continued Trevethick, reddening, "that down in Cornwall here there is scarce a mine without its spirit of some sort. At Wheal Vor, for example, a man and his son were blown to pieces while blasting; and, nothing being left of them but fragments of flesh, the engine man put 'em into the furnace with his shovel; and now the pit is full of little black dogs. I've seen one of 'em myself."

Solomon laughed aloud.

Richard was expecting an explosion of wrath. The old man turned toward him quietly, and observed with tender gravity: "And in a certain mine, which I will not here be both acquainted with, a white rabbit always shows itself before any accident which proves fatal to man. It was seen by the day that Sol's father sacrificed his life for mine." Then he told the story which Richard had already heard from Harry's lips, while Solomon looked down, and Harry looked hard at the fire, as though—as Richard thought—to avoid seeing the glance of her father's benefactory benefactor.

"You are right to remember such a noble deed, as long as you live," said Richard, when the old man had done. "My own life," added he, in a softer tone, "was once preserved by one whom I shall love and honor as long as I have breath."

He saw the color glow on the girl's cheek, and the fire-light shine with a new brilliancy in her eye. Harry Trevethick now had no cheek, and the fire-light shine with a new brilliancy in her eye. Harry Trevethick now had no doubt that this observation; at the moment it was made the former was stretching out his hand to the latter, moved by that memory of twenty years ago, and, perhaps, in token of forgiveness for his recent skepticism.

"Then there's the Dead Haud at Wheal Danes, father," observed Harry, in somewhat a constrained voice, "of the present widow. That is curious as any, and more terrible."

"What Dead Hand?" said Richard.

"Why, come then about, when nobody can never have been killed there? It's been missed ever since the Deluge, I thought?"

"Yes, yes; so it has," answered Trevethick, impatiently.

"Well, I thought you told me about it yourself, father?" persisted Harry. "How you saw the thing, with a flame at the finger-ends, creeping up and down where the ladders used to be, and heard voices calling from the pit."

"Not I, indeed," said Trevethick. "That was only what was told me by other folks."—Then aloud: "I spare me sherry between times, Sir; and after that we'd have a bowl of punch."

The hospitalities of Mr. Trevethick's establishment, however, as our manner toward Richard most con-sistency.

"We'll be glad to see you, Sol and I, in our little parlor, whenever you feel in want of company," were his last words at parting for the night, "and, Harry, that's so, but you'll be short rdoresent.

Harry had said nothing: but the tender pressure of h hand, when she wished her good-night, had not gone unreturned, and was an invitation to the parlor sherry between times. Sure enough, the conversation of the evening had given many plenty of matter for reflection; but the power of those soft fingers was more potent, and the dreams evoked by it swallowed up all other thoughts. All night long he was conscious of having to himself a future altogether new to his imagination; and when he came to bed it was to be no more. His excited brain was fed with a nightmare vision. He thought that he was once more with Harry on the castled rock: his eyes were pressed to hers; his arm was around her waist, just as they had been; but, instead of the sipping above the precipice, they fell together; and as they did so—not without a wild delight mingled with his despair—she was suddenly plucked away from him, and, as he sank headlong down, down, he saw that Solomon Cox had caught her in his arms, and, with a fiendish laugh, was looking down upon him with savage and relentless glee!

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

THE most important battle of the war in France, up to the time of writing, was that which took place near the village of Gravelotte, the 18th of August, between the forces under command of Marshal Le Boeuf and the armies of the Crown Royal of Prussia and General STEINMETZ, the result of which was the penning up of the French within the fortifications of that strong-hold. We borrow the following description of the salient points of the battle from the correspondence and graphic account telegraphed to the *Tribune*, by its special correspondent, who witnessed the struggle at close quarters, and stood by the side of General MOLTKE and King WILLIAM.

The correspondent reached the battle-ground about noon of the 18th, just as the fight was waxing warm. His position was on a hill, whence the entire scene of the Prussian and French forces he could be seen, and a considerable part of their fighting was there, at the time, were the headquarters of the King. The great representative men of Prussia, soldiers and statesmen, were standing on the hill-side watching the combat just begun. Among them were the King, BISMARCK, GENERAL VON MOLTKE, PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, PRINCE CARL, PRINCE ADALBERT, and ADJUTANT KRAUSKI. Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN, of the United States army, was also present. At the moment the French were making a most desperate effort to hold on to the last bit of the Verdun road—that between Rezonville and Gravelotte, or that part of Gravelotte which in some maps is called St. Marcel. The struggle was desperate but unavailing, for over on one side the French army had to do battle with, and their line was already beginning to waver. Soon it was plain that this way, the second road, the Metz-Gravelotte road, was closed. This was swiftly taken up under cover of a continuous fire of their artillery from the heights beyond the village. The movement was made in good order, and the position, which was reached at one o'clock and thirty minutes, would have been pronounced impregnable by nine out of ten military men. When once this position had been effected, the French retreating from the pressure of the Prussian artillery fire, and the Prussians rapidly advancing, the battle-field was no longer about Rezonville, but had been transferred to ground behind it. From Rezonville, the junction of the two branching roads to Verdun. The fields in front of that village were literally covered by the two armies masses and intermingle lines of soldiers were steadily marching onward, disappearing into the ravines, and emerging on the other side of it with flaming colors.

This second battle-field was less extensive than the first, and brought the opposing forces into fearfully close quarters. Its importance lay in that it consists of two heights intersected by a deep ravine. This would ravine is over 100 feet deep, and at the top some 300 yards wide. The side of the chasm next to Gravelotte, where the Prussians stood, is much lower than the other side, which gradually ascends to a great height. From their commanding eminence the French had their cannon, and could bring to bear the heaviest upon them scorching fire. The French stood their ground and died—the Prussians stood their ground and died—both by hundreds, I had almost said thousands. This, for an hour or two at least, seemed to be the character of the struggle. The hill where I stood commanded chiefly the further valley and ridge and to the south of it. The Prussian reinforcements, coming up on their right, filed out of the little Ars Ognons: and it was at that point that the battle was to be fought, that one could perhaps get the best idea of the magnitude of which invisible power the hosts of France. There was no break whatever for four hours in the march of men out of that wood. Between WOOD advancing to Jaumann Hill was not a more ominous sight to MACBETH than these men of General LADMIRAULT'S army to HAZEBY, when they emerged at length from the wood they fairly within range and reach of their enemies' cannon. So the Prussians had to wait an hour—four and five o'clock they concentrated upon that spot their heaviest fire, massing all available guns, and shelling the French positions furiously. Then the reached the Prussian lines and tore through them and, though the main struggle was to be a test to which no general cares to subject his troops long. Once out from under the trees the Prussians were met at short range by CANROBERT'S men, and for a time, each army was at the top of the wood, nor of the ground it had won. Then, in a desperate charge, a powerful glass, the brigade was a huge serpent bending with the undulation of the field. But it had a dark rent in its side, for the fire had opened the dark track into falling and dying and dead men. Many of those who had fallen rose again and ran forward a little way, striving still to go on with their comrades. Of those who fell, many died instead of rising. There were few, though many fell as they painfully endeavored to follow their companions.

Now and then the thick cloud which hung over the battle-field would open a little and drift away on the wind, and then the Prussians could be seen, sorely tried. To get a better view of this part of the field, the correspondent went down the hill a little, and, from this new stand-point found himself not far from Malmaison. The French line on the hills was broad and serious, and, to all appearances, they were having the best of the battle. But this appearance was due, perhaps, to the fact that the French army was clearly visible on their broad height, and fighting with such superior efficiency. They failed to succeed a Prussian battery now and then. But the Prussian line also was strengthened by detachments from the northern army. Infantry regiments were brought up; and from far in the rear—way, seemingly, in the direction of Vionville—shot and shell began reaching the French ranks. These were the men and these were the guns of SIEVERS'S corps d'armée and Hessians, directed his junction with the army of PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, and completed the investment of METZ to the northwest.

STEINMETZ was able to extend his line gradually further and further to the left. His troops, unflanked and began, to be threatened, as it appeared, with an attack on the rear of their advance right wing. So long as the smoke from the Prussian guns hovered only over their front and left, the battle-field was clear. The Prussians from bend-quarters to where the Prussian flank attack stretched—and this was about two o'clock—to the difficulty of clearly seeing the battle, the darkness was coming on. The puffs of smoke from the Prussian guns were lost in the gloom, brightening as the darkness increased, receded gradually. The pillars of smoke rolled away from the north as gradually and steadily approached. With that advance the French fire every moment grew more and more feeble. It was not five minutes o'clock when the ground was yielded finally on the north, and the last shell burst in that terrible evening were heard in that direction.

So the battle raged, with fluctuating success, until about half-past eight or nine o'clock, precisely when the decisive blow was struck. When the battle of Gravelotte had been fought and won, the Prussians held the strong heights beyond the Bois de Vaux, which command the surrounding country to the limits of artillery range from Metz; that two great Prussian armies lay across the only road by which BAZAINE could march to Paris for its relief, or for his own escape; that a victory greater than that of Sadowa, and more decisive than the triumph of Toulouse, had been won; and that, in all probability, the French army, which had fought so valiantly and so vainly, as before, was now hopelessly shut up in the fortress.

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE, FOUGHT TH

URSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1870.—[See Page 583.]

THE WEAVER.

A Weaver sat by the side of his loom,
Adjusting his shuttle fast;
And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the Angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning unbraids from the sun,
Jeweled all over with dew.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought hath a wearisome spell!
But still the Weaver kept weaving, for
Though the fabric all was gray,
And the flowers on the hues and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads tarnished and dim,

And things all strange were woven in sight
And down-covered the ripen and faint,
And the web was broken and poor and thin,
And it drooped with livelier taint.
And the Weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So he sighed and he glozed the shuttle he plied,
A-weaving the livelong in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with gilding words he to wile him strove,
But the Weaver turned his eye.
He spoke of a home free to Heaven,
And still wove on, on, on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

GAMBLING AT HOMBURG.

Entering the tall, stately, painted, and gilded rooms of the Kurhaus, one naturally goes straight to the gambling-rooms, guided thither by the rattle of money, which is audible already through one or two corridors and some distance. You scarcely notice the gay *demi-monde* toilets, or the curious marks of dress and appearance by which nationality is distinguishable, so anxious are you to watch the play. It is after this first attraction is partly has worn off that you begin to notice other things—first to individuals—the players, and feel an unreasonable desire to convict their guilt, especially to make them withdraw their winnings, when they make any. There is a lady who has won on the red twice, and leaves his undisputed winnings at stake again. Again he wins—there lie eight napoleons in place of the one he invested. Ah, if he would only withdraw it! There it goes into the bank; and you are relieved—disgusted. Next you look for a while at the person playing most heavily, easily guided to him by seeing where the greatest number of croupiers are congregated. Then you have pointed out to you the stock celebrities—the Honorable Mrs. Kendall, Monsieur de M. Blanc, the manager of the gambling-bank, etc., etc. It is probably not till a second or third visit that you find time to admire the large, clean, inlaid floors, the tall paneled and pictured walls, and the distant ceilings with their soothing coolness and gay frescos.

Notice now the lighting of the Kurhaus. Every room is provided with gorgeous brilliant chandeliers, and the whole place is one glitter of glass and gas—entrance-halls, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, eating and drinking rooms, and gaming-rooms—but not the gaming-tables! Over each of these hang two brightly-lighted and deeply over-shaded oil-lamps. And thereby hangs, also, a tale; as them does by most of the characteristics of this bright-lighted and deeply-shaded, trap-festical institution.

For, once upon a time, when gas alone was used, some enterprising individuals made a combination more effectual, if not more innocent, than the "combinations" of players with the bank, a "system," and try to break the bank by means of calculations—namely, certain rebates to be received the course of the game. Some of the conspirators, having obtained access to the meters or stop-cocks, turned off the gas, by means of which darkness, uproar, and confusion about the tables. The various games of hazard were resolved into one general game of grab, and the company lost many thousands of florins.

Nothing can be more evident than the perfect *fairness* of the play on the part of the bank. It retains, probably, certain rebates on to its favor. For instance, at the roulette there are thirty-seven squares. If you stake money on either of the two sixes, and the ball runs into that compartment of the wheel, you receive, not thirty-seven times your stake, but thirty-six—the difference being the "percentage" of the bank say one in thirty-seven, or about two and two thirds per cent. It is physically impossible that there should be any deception. The ball rolls in one direction round the interior of the roulette bowl, its centrifugal action sustaining it for a few seconds from descending to the table of thirty-seven divisions which forms the bottom of the bowl. In the mean time this thirty-seven-celled table is set rotating in the opposite direction; and, finally, you can place your stake after the ball and table have been set in motion.

In like manner at the trente-et-quarante table, the cards, six packs together, are shuffled by the croupiers, but they are cut by one of the players, then are dealt into two lines, enough to count some number between thirty-one and forty (the face-cards counting ten each, and the ace according to their number), by the "tailleur," to whose eyes and to whom alone they are dealt them, and not on the stakes which have been made. But even if he saw all the bets, he could not control the series in which the cards are to fall from his hands, nor has he any interest in doing so. And, finally, if he saw the bets, if he had ample opportunity to "stack the cards" before every hand, and if he were to receive all the winnings, it would take more than the abstinence of Methuselahs himself to arrange the play so as to be against the public and in favor of the bank to any greater extent than is expressed in the well-known and undisguised "percentage."

The croupier is not Mephistopheles, no matter how fiendish he may sometimes seem to the luckless loser. He may be a very good sort of fellow, fond of music, father of a family, and all that. In fact, we have heard of one who love lodgings. This is very un-Satanic—if the lodgings are comfortably cool. Some of the croupiers are so human as to introduce a little humor into their otherwise unvarying phrases. There is one who says, "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" in a pleasant, inviting tenor. Then, suddenly changing, he says, in a sepulchral whisper, "*Il jeu est fait—rien ne va plus!*" in a profound bass, suited to the decrees of fate. You are prejudiced from your childhood up to changing a piece. "*Rouge gagne, couleur perd.*" You have lost! "*Rouge perd.*" Your neighbor has won! The croupier smiles as well.

There have been croupiers who failed to come up to the standard of perfect neutrality required by Locke, Dymond, and others. But judge if they defrauded the public! One of them played the bank off the leading stuff. (They all take stuff.) But he had also a habit of having the bottom of his snuff-box covered with a silver plate. The box traveled from his pocket to his hand, to him his hand to the table, from the table to his pocket, and so on, as snuff-boxes are apt to travel, and as the exigencies of the game, the hunger of friends, and the pressure of his hands in pushing out and pulling in gold and silver coins might dictate or permit. One day he quietly he imagined, the box, on going into his pocket, had often a gold piece sticking to it, whereas it never previously withdrew when it reappeared to view. From that day to this the company furnishes the snuff for all the croupiers, and in front of each of them is placed a large stationary box filled with it.

Another croupier was a very fat man. He seemed to suffer a good deal with heat, and had a habit of mopping his glowing face, and slapping his fingers against his fat forehead in front his throat. All these phenomena were quite natural, and would have excited no particular except for a peculiar circumstance. Why should the contact or impact of his linen with his skin produce a clinking noise? Why should he not be "handling gold," but it is supposed to be quite a different process from that which could be going on in the career of that croupier, although the sound was similar. To settle this interesting question in a manner "absolutely true," Croupier was invited to step into a private room and disrobe, when he turned out a number of rolls of florins, that slipped in gold piece into his cravat each time he had raised his hand thereto, and, had his real sentiments been known, he might have carried on his very profitable operations to this day. The croupiers now are required to keep their hands always on the table. If one sees much as drops his into his lap, he is at once admonished of his delinquency by a tap on the shoulder from one of the ever-watchful officials in plain clothes always standing about.

What did administrations do with each of these cases, do to their unprofitable servant? They took from what he had unquestionably earned, and then—discharged him! No prosecution, no noise, no disturbance; that is one of the company's rules for the latter. Rules? More especially in the management of the *salons de jeu* is their motto to allow any thing that makes an *exclandre*. In fact, the loss resulting from a few moments' interruption of play, at any table in full operation, would be infinitely greater that be sustained from the payment of any demand, however unreasonable. Therefore, as we have just mentioned, the corporation, as the money rolls into its secret receptacles, takes care that there is no room for scandal.

The administration go still further in their deference to good order and public opinion. Should a croupier presume to address another player on some matter, and the croupier decided it against the latter, he would, however he arose in his might, stormed at the idea that such a creature as the poor croupier should presume to dispute his assertions, and threatened that he, the croupier, should be put out of the room. And he was accordingly expelled by the administration!

The poor administration is grievously annoyed sometimes by the outrageous conduct of persons who chooses to kill themselves in the Kursaal, of all places in the world! The latest modality of that kind occurred at Baden. A desperate looser blew out his brains, which spattered themselves over the wall behind! The latter, in a rage even the imperturbability of the gaming-house officials, and they had been disturbed for an hour, however, all evidences of the "occurrence" were removed, and the play going on as if nothing had taken place.

A man worth millions of florins played, and lost everything. He borrowed of all he could procure, and would dash the notes down upon the tables so that they scattered themselves about irregularly. He was accordingly requested to even disquieting to the administration. Once or twice he was expostulated with, and, at length, one of the managers said to him, with their own insinuating politeness, "*Dare Sir*, you are supposed that you had been playing with your own. You will be more happy elsewhere. Any funds you need you may obtain at the office of the exchange here." The poor fellow cried, "Give me a thousand pounds sterling, and I will go away and never return." Quick, before he could repent or retract, the notes were his. He departed, and so far has kept his word, and staid away.

For the ludicrous side of all this: I have heard of a fellow who played at the roulette table, threw down a coin or two, and then nervously plucked a tuft out of his pocket. Of course one of the watchful guardian proteasted against the irregularity of such conduct. "I must have back my fifty florins!" he cried, still nervously clutching the pistol with trembling fingers. "I beg you to accept twenty-five florins, and leave us." Instantly all was serene. The pistol disappeared—also the man; one of the few who finally leave the Kursaal richer than they came.

A Spaniard, Señor G——, came and played with unusually heavy. The limit of bets at the trente-et-quarante table is four thousand florins on each single bet. G—— played a while, but protested that he could not spend his time over such beggarly stakes, and demanded the privilege of doubling the amount, otherwise he should go elsewhere. The concession was at once accorded him. Before he departed, he "broke the bank" at each of the four tables in the Homburg establishment. He then went to Baden, it is said, and broke the bank there. His aggregate winnings were estimated to have been a million of francs. Incarceration in a Parisian prison for petty theft was a subsequent incident in the career of this winning gonn, his exploit gone, then his character, and finally his liberty departed—he has now leisure for reflection. Who can say that his own men have been ruined by the tradition of G——'s doings—men who thought they could follow his road to the top of the hill, and then leave it without making the descent?

Please observe here that a man may "break the bank," and yet be at the same moment a loser in the transaction. The phrase does not mean that the unknown and incalculable reserve-hoards of the association are exhausted, or even that they are withdrawn, except to the extent of the capital placed by the administration at the disposal of the banker any particular table on any particular day. In the entrance hall is posted a written placard, as follows:

Max. Bank
Au Trente-et-un, 19,000 fr.
A la Roulette, 40,000 fr.
Administration.

So it will be seen that whenever, on any day, the losses of the bank table exceed the gains by the sum of 60,000 francs, technically speaking, the bank is broken at that table: the croupiers cease to play, the cloth is spread, and, so, we may be sure, is the news. "The bank was broken at the roulette table!" Fancy the thrill that would run through the idle crowds in the hotels and pensions of Homburg! "Who broke it? Was it Mr. Smith?" "Was it Lord Low and copy his play to-morrow?" "No; it will play that system of his play? Such luck can not last!" And so on, in polyglot. Confancies that it must pay the bank very well to be thus interrupted, and, at the very same time, the "lucky man" may have lost at that same table yesterday twice the sum he gained in breaking the bank to-day.

A famous player and constant loser was the Countess Hatzfeldt, by all accounts often described. Every one has heard of her being wheeled in her chair to the Kursaal, and sitting at her place at the table throughout the evening in close of the play, almost uninterruptedly, seven days each week, during the season. Every one knows how she lost regarding her age; but, from her looks, she can not be over seventy. Besides, her pecuniary losses, the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia fix the date of her birth as being almost eventually near the beginning of the present century. Very large, very best, very infirm, very bright-eyed, and very affable—such are the characteristics which mark the appearance of this once world-famous beauty. Nicholas left her annuity of 100,000 francs a year. The present Emperor cut down this pension one half, and on the remainder the Countess manages to live, apparently, to live. Of course she can not play very heavily. She is said to set aside forty thousand francs a year to lose at play, saying, that, in that sum and sphere, she spent more than that sum on dress and gayety—and, now that beauty and gayety are gone, she must spend her time and money on the pleasures which are left her. Gaming, with her, is the only pleasure left, an occupation—a night excitement, almost unaccustomed with hope and fear. Her losses are, therefore, to her, gains. She is much respected. When she is in St. Petersburg the street where she lives is blocked with carriages—the rubber—the best society then says.

The first charter of the *Privilegirte Bank* was given in 1842, and expired in 1866, at which time the second (also for twenty-four years) was granted, because the war in Germany in 1866, and, as one of the consequences thereof, House Rothschild refused to renew the charter. Its sun laves forbid public gambling; so there is talk of closing the gambling-rooms next year. What will become of the thousands who find it done? *Kurhaus* means the house where people are cured, and it is to be supposed that the business waters of the springs will lose their medicinal virtues in consequence of having become gambling-hells. The "Bad-Homburg" still, as long as the baths remain, though not with the double significance the word has now with the "Bad-Homburg" gambling-hell in the world. The Kur-gardens will be lovely, green, shady walks. The Kurhaus will stand as now with its ponds. The Kurhaus will still exist in all its gorgeous splendor. And in the Kurhaus the police will be most ordered for many a year, beautiful rooms wherein time and neglect can only damages the glories of color, not the perfections of form and proportion. Who will come to be cured when there remain to be administered only nature's remedies for bodily ills? We all know that the main attraction has been the fascination—the excitement of the gaming-table. A good for plethora of the pocket. It is money left here by the fortune-seekers that has built up this lovely little city for us simple health and pleasure seekers—laid out and paved these model streets, smoothed, planted, and beautified the pleasure-grounds that surround the wells, formed the lovely outdoor flower-beds and tropical green-houses, provided the concerts daily given to the public, and the frequent balls to which all visitors are freely invited. All this, besides paying for the magnificent Kurhaus, and giving the shareholders dividends of fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred per cent. per annum! Yes, Homburg is a beautiful place, and the *Privilegirte Bank* has done every thing for Homburg.

A SOUL'S PARTING.

On a fine September evening in the south of France, when the purple glow of the western sky lighted up the purple of the vine hills, the town of Tarbes was excited. A bad railway accident had happened near to it, and the injured passengers were being taken, some in carriages and some on stretchers (according to the gravity of the hurts received), to the hams they had received), from the station up into the town. With all the impressive warmth of the Basque population in general, the citizens crowded round the slow procession; the women with tears in their large dark eyes which seem the birth-right of the daughters of the Pyrenees, the men eagerly extending their strong arms to help to carry the wounded. Among the sufferers was a young man, who lay pale and motionless upon a stretcher. In him the good people of Tarbes took especial interest, partly because he was good-looking and apparently much hurt, partly because a fellow-feeling linked him, who was another hero-self much bruised and shaken, but who, notwithstanding the accident, managed to walk unaided home, and even of a medical man who was hurrying about among the patients, that she should have her companion and get out of the carriages, still kept close to him and tried to support his head upon her arm. She was young, also good-looking; and the language in which she now and then spoke words of compassion or encouragement to the unconscious man as she bent over him, as well as the golden shade of her light brown hair, told that she was a Monsieur, the wreath of orange flowers on her bonnet announced her as a bride. Some would have inferred from some truth from this, which, even in the midst of her distress and preoccupation, now and then rose to the young lady's lips, that she noticed that her bridegroom for the injured man was commented upon in the crowd.

In fact, Clara—her name was Clara—had not been the wife of Mr. Charles Temple for more than a week. Mr. Charles Temple was a young man who had achieved the rare distinction of getting every thing himself with British pluck for a volume of poems. In his quality of poet Mr. Charles Temple had during his courtship of Miss Clara Vernon eloquently, with her the goddess, she on her side, after the fashion of womankind, had turned away from the poet; then, having gradually bent down toward him, and finally insisted upon descending from her pedestal, and declared herself turning the worshiper.

Mr. Temple, the wounded, was at once conveyed to the hospital, where he remained for a week in a state of unconsciousness of the brain. This was a cruel trial for the week-old wife; but after the first shock was over she buckled to her duty. "It's a girl who, though she will run squeaking from a mouse, can fight with lions," said the old commander of the Queen's garrison at Gibraltar, and had much to do with her education. The fine old Indian house had now more than one, and Clara was facing him gallantly. Notwithstanding her own bruises and shakes, she had at once established herself at her patient's bedside, refusing to give up his place, even for a moment, to the attendants of Charity. For several days and nights, during which her husband first lay in the bottom of a deep well of unconsciousness and then came out of it only to wander through a dark grove of delirium, the young wife watched incessantly beside him, the nursing nurses of Tarbes by her quiet courage and her patient helpfulness. As the days went by, she had left behind her her childhood was a confirmed invalid, she was not used to a sick-room. The religious faith which was a part of the life of her English home shone forth like a charmed writing when held before the fire to the fire of adversity. Doctor Bernardine, the physician who attended Charles, was a kindly family man, and, touched by the sweet motherliness of the young bride, soon grew to trust her much as he would have trusted his own daughters under the like circumstances. At length Temple regained consciousness, and the doctor had hope of him. But there was a fearful thing of her lover's face. The shock she had herself received in the railway accident, which, however, did not show any damage in her; but the doctor's practiced eye detected that it had produced at his heart for her, deranged his entrenties, and the stars of love and hope still shone calmly on in her eyes beside her husband's bed, but they were burning, however, with a fever. Charles, to his surprise, found a Sister of Charity sitting beside him, and Doctor Bernardine, when he came, was forced to reply to his eager questioning that Clara had knocked herself up with overfatigue. Days passed by; the young husband very slowly improved, but the young wife did not return to his bedside. His distress and anxiety about her knew no bounds, and were so great as to retard his own recovery. Every day he entreated the doctor with questions, and every day he received from him evasive and soothing replies, which the man's heart but too plainly felt were veils which the physician, in com-

passionate care for his health, strove to draw between him and the truth. The truth was, that there was very small hope of her life. Throughout her illness she remained gentle and brave. Her chief anxiety was still for her husband: her chief regret when her own death seemed near was caused by the foreseeing of his grief. No doubt deep down in her heart there were fervent wishes and prayers that she might live only a little longer still; but these were for no human ear. At length, one evening Charles was aroused from dozing by a noise in his room. On opening round he found a man, who had come from Sœur Thérèse, who was weeping violently. Then the truth at once flashed on him that Lucie was dead. Yes; why hide it from him? Her spirit, while he slept unconscious of his loss, had died away like a sweet strain of music.

The night was far advanced when Charles Temple awoke from a most unusual sleep which, notwithstanding his passion of grief, or rather because of it, physical weakness made him fall. He had been dreaming that he had encountered in his poetry wife in the deep Devonshire lane where first he vowed her. He thought he had given her a white rose from his breast. She took it; but as she was about to place it in her dress a drop of blood from her heart stained with upon the snowy petals; at which he started and awoke, with that sort of vague nervousness of a man who not unusually haunts even healthy people for a few minutes after awaking from a disturbed dream. Not knowing what he had expected to see, he glanced timidly around. Sœur Thérèse had left the room, as it was her custom to do when her patient slept: and he could distinguish the sound of her regular, heavy breathing as she slumbered in the guest apartment. Close candle which stood on a distant table flickered fitfully, as though fanned by an invisible wheel fluttering somewhere in the air. In its waving, dying light dark shadows crept about in the corners of the room. Then he thought of dead Sisters of Charity who had returned to visit the scene of their labors during life. Outside the wind rose and fell in long measured sighs; and a few rain-drops, which came down at intervals, pattered against the window like fingers of unseeing ghosts who were there tapping for admission. A strange, sad fancy now seized Charles—a fancy which, considering the mental state of the young poet's mind, the delirium from which he brain had so lately recovered, and the body

NAPOLÉON

"DEAD MEN'S CLOTHES SOON WEAR OUT."

GROUSE SHOOTING.

THE Twelfth of August is a day looked forward to by the "grown boys" of Great Britain with as much interest as juveniles among us regard the approach of the Glorious Fourth.

Many an important piece of legislation is hurried through the imperial Parliament to admit of an adjournment in time to allow the hereditary rulers of the country to reach the northern moors on the day when the slaughter of grouse is by law permitted to commence.

The preservation of game birds has been reduced to a science by the thrifty Scots: and many a *puir-laird* is indebted to the value of the "*shooting*" on his otherwise worthless property for his winter supply of oat-meal and whisky.

All the moorland of Scotland is carefully preserved, and, although the yearly slaughter of birds is very large, the supply appears to keep pace with the demand.

Early in the season, before the birds have "packed" over good ground, the sport is not more fatiguing than any other kind of shooting; but later, when the young birds have attained their full strength of flight, it requires a keen eye to mark the dis aut point of descent of a pack from which the hunter may have picked a brace on their first rise.

The whir-r-r of a grouse, as it darts from its lair amidst the thick heather, is music to the ear of a practiced gunner, but sadly discomposing to the nerves of a novice. Even southern pointers, well trained to the *ware, ware* of the English partridge, wink their eyes and shake their heads on hearing the noise accompanying the flight of the grouse.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND.

THE COLOR OF SEA AND SKY.

SMOKERS have all noticed that the smoke from the end of a pipe or cigar is bluer than that which they puff from the mouth, and many may have wondered what the reason of this could be. The contrast may be well seen on a bright sunny day. This is, in fact, the simplest form of the experiment of the condensation of vapors causing them to pass through a fine blue to a white condition, which Professor Tyndall exhibited about two years ago, and which he employed to explain the blue color of the sky and the remarkable polarization of its light. The finer state of division in the freshly formed smoke gives it its bright blue color, as does the finely divided aqueous vapor give to the blue sky: the smoke which has passed through the pipe-stem and mouth has become more condensed, and consequently gives a whiter cloud.

The color of water is, it appears, to a great degree dependent on the same cause as that of the sky. M. Soret, of Geneva, soon after Pro-

fessor Tyndall's researches on the cause of the bluish blueness of the sky were published, made similar researches on the waters of the Lake of Geneva, and found that the light from the water, when blue, was polarized as the light from the sky, and, so far, there was the probability of the cause of the color being similar in the two cases. That particles in a fine state of division are the cause of the blueness of water as well as of sky is also made evident from a comparison of the waters of different lakes, seas, and rivers. The most popular theories as to the cause of the color of masses of water, which have very deep rest, and yet must, it seems, be abandoned. One is that seas or lakes are blue by reflecting the blue sky. The second popular theory which seems to be founded is that the green color of lakes, rivers, and seas is due to plants growing on the bottoms and giving their color by reflection. The green color is produced in the same way as the blue in all probability, and may be due to a similar cause, but it is less easily accounted for than the blue color. M. Saintier Claire Deville is quoted by M. Soret as stating that waters which give a vibration upon examination are *blue*, while those which give a vibration resistance are green. Reflection of the color of the sky, and of the plant-color from the bottom, does no doubt produce color of water in some cases, but it is only in shallow pools that the latter can have any effect, or through perfectly smooth surfaces that the former can be effective.

Some cases of water-coloration which observers have been unable to find out of sight of land. Intensely blue on a bright day, with pale sky and large cumulus clouds, was the color of water in reservoirs two miles and one fifth in length, receiving chalk (by means of which the water is softened according to a patent process). 2. Intensely blue—the Mediterranean at Marseilles. 3. Bright blue—Lake of Geneva. 4. Darker blue, tending to green—an near Geneva. 5. Also the Lasober See, in the Eifel. 6. Pale blue—see near chalk cliffs, being at a little distance from the coast green or grayish. 6. Pale blue or grayish blue—the Rhone, the Moselle, glacier streams, etc. 7. Green—the Rhine, the Meuse (very markedly so at Antwerp, as testified in Belgian pictures), the Seine, Thames, Tiber, etc. 8. Intense green—in patches on the Lake of Geneva; in the evening, when the sun was just below the mountains, more intensely on the Lakes of Thun and Lucerne. 9. Bright green—as seen on a windy day, with the sun, off the Isle of Man. 10. The sea round the coral reefs of Florida is said to be intensely green; when seen over the coast it is dirty green. 11. On a heavy, clouded day, with rain, gleams of sunshine out at sea give patches of green, blue, and reddish-brown. 12. Water standing in an old copper mine at Killarney was intensely green, while the water in the lake at the side of the mine in the mass. 13. Red color is produced in some seas by algæ, in others and in some rivers by the breaking up of soil colored red by iron. 14. Opaque green color is produced in ponds by unicellular organisms, which sometimes appear in these waters. They may similarly become red. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of blue color, due to the optical properties of water, is the blue grotto of Capreæ, where, at any rate, the reflection of the sky is diminished. 15. Water phenomenon is the glorious blue and green of the glacier fissures.

Leaving the question of surface reflection aside, which can only come into play in the case of wide pools and still lakes and tideless waters, and also leaving aside the appearance of vegetation in clear shallow streams and pools, it seems that at present time we may ascribe the blue color of masses of water to a peculiar reflection of the light from within the water, accompanied with polarization, and depending on suspended particles. Blackish, brownish, and yellow color is due to vegetable matter in solution; reddish-brown to iron, sometimes; green, sometimes; milky-green or algæ; but the latter commonly seen on seas, lakes, and rivers, like that of glacier fissures, probable admits of a similar explanation to that of the blue.

COUNT GASPARIN ON THE WAR.

WE give below a vigorous protest, from the pen of Count GASPARIN, against the war which the ambition of NAPOLEON has forced upon France. The letter was originally addressed to the editor of the *Journal des Debats*, under date of July 14, and has been translated expressly for *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Editor:

Every man should have the courage to express his opinion. In a moment like this the duty of speaking, of speaking openly and explicitly, extends even to those who, like me, have long since become strangers to politics. If, from the depths of my retirement, I raise a voice which at least has the merit of being sincere and impartial, it is because I believe me that is being silent I should be guilty of real cowardice. I love my country too well, and I also love justice too well, not to protest against the profound insanity of the warlike passions which are about to carry us away.

But no, these passions are by no means unanimous. There are in France, I know, a very considerable number of citizens who believe neither in the necessity nor in the holiness of the war against Prussia. They believe still more ardently in the struggle, as they say, in the papers; but they have gone, they have left it, they have voted for it, and they are somewhat astonished that this has already been forgotten by their representatives. Those citizens will not see a war begun which nothing justifies in their sight—they will not witness a conflict which wounds their conscience, and perhaps threatens the future of a whole generation—they will not entrust to the anarchy in store for fathers of families, to any outflow of the indefinite increase of our conscriptions, our debts, and our taxes, without yielding more and more to a feeling which we yet hardly more than instinct, but which will soon ripen into energetic conviction and obstinate resistance. I think that it will be well to pay some consideration to these men, not noisy in general, and slow to make up their minds, but who, nevertheless, will be found to hold the balance of power in the end. Now, this is the conclusion arrived at by their good sense, and above all, their conscience.

In the first place (and herein lies the whole question), they have never thought that France had to seek revenge for Sadowa. They have been ignorant up to this time that France was conquered in Sadowa with Austria, or that the Prussians failed in their duty in not having marched on Vienna. They have too high an opinion of French honor to believe it compatible therewith, because or other has taken it upon himself to win a great battle in Europe, and they have let his ego an idea of the power of which we believe it to be, that because Germany has organized itself into a nation. The old theories of the balance of power resting on the division and weakness of nations do not seem to them to have had their day, and they would rejoice to see at least a single step of advance made for such theories.

When the declaration of war of the Duke of Gramont broke forth like a thunder-clap in a cloudless sky, these citizens thought that it would be useful to receive some mortal insult, but the country was in peril, and that we had some responsibilities to Europe through those diplomatic measures which a government usually could better master. Instead of defiance and giving the signal for kindling the national and military sympathies, we startle ourselves among us. Then they perceived, to their extreme surprise, on one side, that the cabinets had been informed of the secret and amicable remonstrances, and that we had been at the end, on the contrary, of the candid confidence of the Prince of Hohenzollern—more a Minister than a Prussian—and could not be ignorant that, as Jean Jacques had spoken of it, several months before, in the *Journal des Debats*, and the German journals had confirmed it, the candidature was withdrawn.

Still more, this candidature was withdrawn; whereupon the citizens of whom I am speaking said to themselves that, unless we were determined on war, and were seeking a pretext, we shall not make it. The withdrawal from the candidature, announced by the letter of the Prince of Hohenzollern, was conducted to our government by the Spanish Minister.

And, therefore, what was the surprise—and this word falls short of the meaning—of the sincere friends of peace to learn that nothing was considered! Twelve pursuits, interpolate in their language and crude in their report of affairs, told us that the Emperor would impose on Prussia not a renunciation, but a humiliation; that is to say, to insist upon what at once cost took the place of what had formerly been called peace or war pacific.

What was the Ring of Prusia to do? He had just declared to our ambassador that he had opposed the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern, and that he approved of his withdrawal. On seeing that something more was demanded of him, it was natural that he should call to mind that communication to the Corps Législatif, hearing that the question of war originated with which our Minister of Foreign Affairs had begun without the slightest negotiation.

The French citizens who have no revenge to take for Sadowa may imagine that the King did not see fit to report once more to M. Benedetti that he had opposed a nomination [candidature] which, after all, he had been certified by Spain. But as to finding in the refusal to say this again a cause or even a pretext for war—as to thinking that this authorized us to inundate Europe with blood—they are very far from it, I assure you.

The communication of M. OLLIVIER has filled them with consternation and with real despair. Between these petty details of etiquette and that terrible conclusion, we declared, the Emperor could perceive to them so great that their conscience protested as loudly as their reason against it. They are terrified at the frightful responsibility which it is sought to cast upon their country.

M. BENEDETTI has addressed a note to the foreign powers concerning what has taken place. Well, in this strange affair the declaration of M. DE GRAMONT to Germany is making preparations—we have proof—for making them also, and which are further advanced ?

I repeat, what most alarms the friends of peace among us is to see to what extent they were precluded on our side is lacking. Observe that these friends of peace are at the same time friends of revenge. Now they can not but remember that in France a great war and liberty rarely go hand in hand.

A great war! this scarcely expresses all. What shock-key over the whole of Europe! What upheaval in question ? It is not two armies, but two nationalities, almost two races, that are about coming to grips! Suppose even a Jena; nothing will be concluded: Napoleon was master in 1806 and 1807, for whose unity we shall have done more than Bismarck—Germany will remain in her dismemberment. To use the men of Jena, indeed, who roused all Europe against us, who occupied Paris in 1814, and decided the fate of Waterloo in 1815.

Such are the thoughts which every day become clearer among our fellow-citizens, the friends of peace. No victory, no increase of territory, will suffice to them the inconsolable grief of seeing violence done to justice in the name of their country.

And their number will go on increasing. Should the war be prolonged, when our agricultural classes are attacked, when we have irretrievably cut into the road which leads to the last man and the last dollar, then it will be perceived if it entered into its wake war when it is not indispensable, it is imprudent to slumber for the will of a people as authentically provoked by a Minister, the clamor of the mob, the momentary excitements of the masses for the flag, and, in fine, the ardor of the enemies of parliamentary liberty, who avail themselves of a war to recover lost ground.

I utter these words without hesitation. Let them compromise me as they will. I shall not shield myself behind duty, and pretested, as far as in me lies, against an act which is to destroy the work of centuries.

Will it be said that in doing this I am wanting in patriotism? Is it not the most patriotic duty to denounce very patriotic when they condemned, in Parliament, the war against France? Are we apt to be hurried on by the loud resounding phrase, "The flag of our country is insulted, and we must follow it!" That is to say, we must no longer speak or reflect at all. Never was maxim of despotism better conceived. A declaration of war is hurried on in the midst of alarm! and then silence opinion! Silence in the court! The day is ruined!

But if the flag is unfurled, is to our conscience; and we will not, and can not, accept the burden of moral responsibility in a butchery which nothing renders lawful in our sight.

There are, it appears, two kinds of patriotism; that which follows the flag wherever it goes, wore it that of LAFAYETTE on the way to re-establish slavery at San Domingo, and that which struggles at its own risk and peril against every thing which seems to it to compromise the country's honor. For this kind of patriotism, the country's honor, the sin is not to win numerous battles, but to commit a crime against the representative and patron of all generous causes. This patriotism also has its martyrs, as you see, and does not aspire to a mediocre place for the country.

Will it be objected that the protests of the friends of justice and peace come too late? In any case, this is not their fault. Our government has on no abrupt manner, and its conclusion hurried on so rudely in the first act, that we are quite excusable for not coming in time.

But is it quite true that we are not in time? It would be a mistake to the men who govern us to suppose that at the moment of firing the first gun—at the moment of setting in play all the ingenious machinery for killing that has been invented—they will not feel some interrable hesitation. When the hour shall strike for beginning, indeed, what may have inscrutable resolutions in the Emperor, who knows whether the timely pacific intervention of impartial countries such as Switzerland has not yet succeed in preventing the fatal encounter? Who knows whether, even later, the re-establishment of peace may not be rendered more possible and easy by the mere fact that there are declared adversaries of the war in France?

In any case, it was necessary that this should be said. For wounded consciences there is but one means of healing—to speak.

Many others think like myself; but were I alone I should believe I owe it to my country to manifest the protest and signing it.

A. DE GASPARIN,
Ex-Deputy.

P.S.—Historians who may wish to explain why King WILLIAM will not grant one more hearing to our Ambassador will not do ill, perhaps, to remember that M. DE GRAMONT, on being interrogated in the Corps Législatif as to whether the demand concerning the Hohenzollern candidature was *the only one presented by us to Prussia, refused to answer*. This refusal, coupled with the first communication made by M. DE GRAMONT to the tribune, and a significance which must have been found out by Count BISMARCK at Paris, M. EMILE OLLIVIER alone seems not to have comprehended it.

I wish to say, for the benefit of those who do not know me, that no one has blamed more harshly than myself the conduct of the Duke of BROGLIE in 1866; but the fruits of BISMARCK in 1866 have absolutely nothing to do with this, which is the sole or daylight—open—indictment in 1870 makes war because it wishes to do so.

LADY FAIR.

UNDERNEATH the beech-tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows flitting
Through your wavy hair,
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution loosing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair?

Oh, the charm that in your face is!
All the loves and all the graces!
To be chain'd in such a prison
Monarch's guardon were:
Not a man, I were, who sees you
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you ask—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, and still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
To beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady fair.

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' love and Flora's manner,
Doth my goddess wear:
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret you'll not hover
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the glowing rich colors heighten,
What would I not dare?
To inform their scornful splendor
With the twilight soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the lives that thou hast broken,
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee:
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

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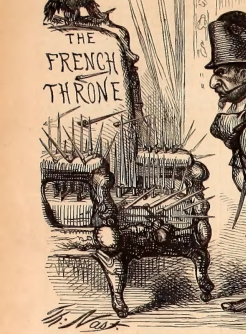

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 716.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

"OUR FRITZ," THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

☞ *We beg before our readers this week, in a Supplement, a splendid*

PICTORIAL MAP

Of the Seat of War in France,

on which the movements of the several armies can be easily traced, and which shows the country of Paris with reference to the investing forces, and its railroad connection with other cities.

NAPOLEON'S OVERTHROW.

ON the fifteenth of last July the French Emperor, yielding to obvious pretext, declared war against Prussia. The news awakened the wildest enthusiasm throughout France. The nation appeared to be crazy for war. With hardly any aggerated ideas of their own military strength, and fatally underrating that of Prussia, they looked forward to a short, sharp, and decisive campaign on German soil, and to a peace, dictated at Berlin, which should make the Rhine the eastern boundary of the empire. Officers and private soldiers, leaving Paris for the frontier, ordered that after the fifteenth of August their letters should be directed to Berlin; and Minister Ollivier, in the French Senate, announced that he accepted the war "with a light heart!"

Not so did Germany make answer. "God is my witness," said King William to the crowd assembled to witness his departure from Ems, "that I have not desired war; but if I am forced into it, I will maintain the honor of Germany to the last man." His people responded to these words with a solemn and earnest enthusiasm, to which a parallel can only be found in the great uprising of the North after the firing on Sumter. Minor differences and petty jealousies were forgotten. Party distinction rose, like a strong man from sleep; and, before the vacillating Emperor was prepared to strike a single blow, a million of soldiers stood grand upon the Rhine. We need not recount the marvelous campaign that followed, unparalleled in the history of the world. In less than fifty days after the declaration of war —and less than forty of actual fighting—the Imperial army of France suffered humiliation in a dozen defeats; the empire was overrun with German soldiery; the capital is threatened, and in a state of siege; one great army is penned in a long series of terrible battles, is shut up helpless within the fortifications of Metz; nineteen generals, a hundred thousand men —the largest number that ever capitulated at one time—has been surrendered by its commander; the Prince Imperial and the Emperor are prisoners! Well may the victorious King exclaim, in his modest dispatch to the Queen: "What a change, under the guidance of God, events have taken!"

It were useless, when great events tread so rapidly on each other's heels, to speculate on the probable results of this crowning victory of the Prussian arms, or to discuss the causes of the French defeat. There seems to be no doubt that NAPOLEON was the victim of great frauds and deception from the first. His immense armies existed only on paper. The military condition of the empire was thoroughly rotten. Had the Emperor been earlier aware of these facts he would not have ventured upon the war; but, unfortunately for him, he first became aware of them after war had been declared. He, then, as is well known, endeavored to open negotiations with Prussia, but COUNT VON BISMARCK sternly replied it was "too late." Nothing, then, to take the initiative, NAPOLEON found himself scarcely prepared to stand on the defensive, and the terrible blow that crushed MCMAHON'S army at SEDAN came virtually decided the struggle. Yet the soldiery of France never fought more gallantly than at Wissembourg, Forbach, and Metz. They could have incurred no disgrace in these terrible defeats. They have succumbed to vastly preponderating numbers, aided by bad generalship on the part of their own commanders in the first weeks of the war.

If all this shall bring peace to Europe and a stable government to France, founded really on the will of the nation and not its fraud, the world will have good reason to rejoice over the result of this wonderful campaign. The good will be dearly bought, it is true. The sacrifice of life has been enormous, and probably the German armies have suffered far greater losses in killed and wounded than the French. The most fertile part of France has been laid in bad waste and desolate that years must elapse before the injury can be repaired. But still, from the d.. ths of this terrible humiliation, a new France shall arise, free, peaceful, more ambitious of the triumphs of industry and science than those of war—and if, as another fruit of this struggle, we shall see a united and free Germany, strong in herself but unaggressive, who shall say that the sacrifice of blood was made in vain? A most responsibility rests upon those who take in hand the political solution of the questions that must now arise for settlement. The future rests with them. If, flushed with victory and maddened by their terrible losses, the Germans insist upon a territorial recompense, upon placing a vassal of Prussia upon the throne of France, and reducing her to the position of a second-rate kingdom, then, indeed, all this precious blood will have been shed in vain. Such a settlement can not be other than hollow and temporary, and the next generation will see the struggle renewed on a greater hatred, and at a more terrible cost of life. But we expect better things of Germany. As the victor, she is brought into responsibilities, and the world will be greatly disappointed if she should insist upon imposing humiliating conditions upon France.

But what of the Emperor? what of the Prince Imperial? and what of the chances for Bonapartism in France? To the first question we would suppose that France, by this time, must be quite cured of imperialism. Had the Emperor, who brought this humiliation upon us, the proudest military people of Europe, shown a spark of moral or physical heroism in the present struggle he might have been otherwise. But he has made respect, and even sympathy, impossible. Incapable in civil affairs, a bloodsoaker and common charlatan in war, his life excites none of the commiseration that always attends the fall of a really great man. He could not even die like a man, when all was lost.

"'Tis done! But yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive,
To-day thou art a nameless thing;
So abject—yet alive!"

So wrote LORD BYRON of the first NAPOLEON, and the words are still more applicable to the third. The final glamour of the name, let us hope, is broken forever, and with it the power of "personal government" in Europe. Neither the constitutional rights of the people, even on the throne of France, nor the restoration of the Orleans family, would secure a permanent peace. Neither would do this but a progressive constitutional government, based on the intelligent consent of the people.

THE GREAT SETTLEMENT.

BEFORE this paper is issued, but too late for comment upon its action, the North German Convention of New York will have made its nominations and set forth its principles. What the general character of these will be we should be we have already suggested; and there can be little doubt, from the probable character of the Convention, that it will be as wise and firm as the emergency demands. We say emergency, because so much is really at stake. There is a popular disposition, doubtless, to consider the whole subject of reconstruction finally settled, and sometimes to be impatient of any other view. But it is important that it should be considered settled so long as the Democratic party refuses to acquiesce; and it is improbable that that party will consent to acquiesce so long as the elections apparently show that it is not losing ground. It was very much more likely to object such a policy two years ago than it is now, as the rebel chiefs were willing to yield to terms immediately upon the close of the war which they indignantly repelled a little later. The politics every thing depends upon apparent popular support; and if the Democrats do not think that they have lost, they have gained, during their refusal to acquiesce in the validity of the amendments, they will continue to hold to the question.

But it is a question which must be closed before there can be a normal condition of politics and of public mind. The acquiescence of the Republican party is necessary now, as it was during the war, in order to maintain the Fundamental Law. The Democratic party is not an opposition but a disorganizing party. It is not in the British phrase, "her Majesty's Opposition," assuming a good deal, but upon a policy while it agrees upon all the provisions of the Constitution, but it is a party which denies that certain parts of the Constitution are constitutional, or asserts that, whether constitutional or not, they are not heartily placed in their interpretation. A difference of this kind is vital. The wholly new questions which grew out of the war have been settled by Congress and in the courts of General Grant's time; settlement has been approved by the country. A party which virtually asks the country to declare that those acts again unsettle the question, and to acquiesce in their disposition, should have a very summary answer from all truly honorable and conservative citizens.

To state this fact fairly and strongly in the pending political campaign is the duty of every Republican speaker or writer, and of course to reflect upon it is equally the duty of every voter. It is not a dead issue, because the Democrats choose to keep it alive. How far from dead it is may be seen in the letter of EX-GOVERNOR ORR, of South Carolina, of which we spoke last week, stating his reasons for acting with the Republican party. GOVERNOR ORR was a conspicuous and trusted Democratic leader before the war, and had been the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was a secessionist, and remained so to the end of the war. But since then he has unequivocally considered the condition of the country, and he sees that the Democratic party, refusing to acquiesce in the great settlement, is a party of which nothing is to be hoped. He therefore unites with the Republicans, and says, reproachfully, to his old associates, who are trying to fight after the battle is over: "If good and true men will not consent to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress, and the legislation Federal and State necessarily growing out of them—if they will struggle against the conditions surrounding us—if they will affiliate with the Republican organization," then they can profit by what has been done, has been well, and can help correct its errors. It is because the Democrats will not do this that he sees the hopelessness of their party, and leaves it.

This is not the only issue of the canvass upon which we now enter in this State, but it is a very vital question. And it is a question not alone for this State, but for the whole country. The Republican party of the Nation is the loyal party. It is the party that would have peace permanent and secure. The importance and the position of New York make the issue very essential, and the progress of the campaign here, which will be watched attentively in all the other States, should leave our friends everywhere, in the whole country, in no doubts as to our attitude upon this question. Let Republican New York believe that the masterdemon of the settlement of the Union as embodied in the reconstruction acts and in the amendments is indispensable to the national peace and prosperity.

HUMANITY IN WAR.

ALTHOUGH the war in Europe was so suddenly begun, and has been waged with such terrible vigor, yet it is clear that the laws and customs of war have been greatly modified, and are already practically more humane than the books describe them. Even so enlightened a writer as HAUTEFEUILLE, as a correspondent of the *Evening Post* recently mentioned, has written against the abolition of privateering, and has declared not only that private property at sea need not be respected, but that the same property on land is at the mercy of the conqueror. This doctrine, however, as to the rights of the conqueror on land, was denied by another French publicist, PRADIER, FODERÉ, who says emphatically, that, according to the usages of war on land, the belligerents have no right, and can exercise no control over the private property of the subjects of the hostile power; and he asks why the same principles should not be applied to marine war? But this view represents what has been hitherto but a perception of the humane tendency of the modern usages of war. Law on the subject is not made by the books, but by the armies in the field. And it is not the less of the blessings which in this terrible conflict are to be conferred upon civilization, that she, the first military power in the world, is humanizing the usages of war.

The European war was no sooner declared war against Prussia on the 15th of July. On the 19th Prussia announced officially to our Government that privateers in the event that France would not be outdone in humanity. He was not a proper representative of LOUIS NAPOLEON, however, to be left, and he summarily death immediately followed. On the 7th of August, in the first great battle of the war, the Germans won the victory, and entered into France. On the 11th the King issued a proclamation at Saarbrück, in which he said: "We make war against soldiers, not citizens. Therefore the latter may continue secure in person and property so long as they abstain from hostile acts, and respect, unless necessity be at a matter of right." That declaration is the highest tide-mark of humanity in war, if we except the instructions to our Union armies. At different points in this conflict private property not essential to martial necessities, and for the acquisition of which no equivalent was given.

If any one would know the full significance of such a declaration by a conqueror, he need but turn back to the wars of CÆSAR in Gaul, when the old, the women, and the children were indiscriminately slaughtered, and towns were obliterated from the face of the earth; but to the wars waged in Central Europe in the name of CHRISTIANITY called "religious wars," for centuries ago, when the whole land was laid waste, and the suffering of the people was indescribable. It was not until the reign of LOUIS XIV. in the region of the present war, when he made the Palatinate a desert. EVEN MARLBOROUGH was dismayed by the condition to which the wars in which he was engaged reduced the country; and the cruel horrors of those wars are hinted in SOUTHEY'S familiar poem of the "Battle of Blenheim." The stories and the songs of the time are full of the terror which the approach of the enemy inspired, and of the utter demoralization which followed his passage.

War, indeed, is always terrible, often cruel. Its necessities compel perpetually measures, and the innocent individuals among a people whose Government has invited or defied war must often personally pay the penalty. The present war, like all others, is attended with unknown and indescribable sorrow. But it is plain to see that the higher tone of civilization, the better public opinion of the world, modifies and ameliorates its customs. Think, for instance, of the details of the Thirty Years' War, and imagine every soldier or statesman, or other human being of the time, reading such a passage as this in one of the letters from the seat of hostile operations:

"France does not suffer what is technically called the horrors of war. Young girls stand at the cottage doors in the lanes, or street corners, to offer the soldiers pans, and are not harmed by them. The shops open in the towns are plundered. Peaceful citizens go about their business without fear of life or limb. This exemplary civilized war in these respects. But fruit and vegetables are taken along the way-side; and sometimes, when the service soldiers are scarcely turned on the people, and large supplies of food are demanded from the local authorities."

It is the glory of Germany, in a war in which she is really fighting the battle of civilization against anarchy, to act worthily of the great cause by a policy of the highest humanity. From this time the rules of warfare will be much more humane, and what was a generous hope yesterday will be accepted as law to-morrow. Yet no policy can wholly assuage the inevitable bitterness of war. In thousands of homes all over Germany and France at this moment there is a heart-ache and misery such as we in the United States only too freshly remember. History will have no word black enough to describe the guilty author of so vast a calamity.

GREAT BRITAIN A PENITENT.

THE late debates in the British Parliament upon neutrality in war show that our waiting in urging the different negotiations has not been in vain. Indeed, England is generously proceeds our claim. She is going to confession. Not to state it unkindly, she is lighting the candles, and putting on the sheet of penitence. Some of the late speeches are curious reading to a man who has the Parliamentary debates of long our war, and the British decisions of the same period, in his hand, or even in his memory.

It is the most solemn understanding between all civilized powers which accept what is called international law, that their own laws, or what is called municipal law, shall be strictly enforced to secure the due observance of international obligation. As the 13th of May, 1864, a debate arose in the House of Commons upon the case of the *Georgia*, a rebel vessel of war, which, having been built and equipped in Great Britain, had escaped, and had subsequently returned to Liverpool. MR. THOMAS BAINES took the ground that, as she ought to have been arrested before escaping, she ought to be ordered off upon her return, and forbidden to enter any British port.

The Attorney-General insisted that the British law was sufficiently effective to prevent a breach of neutrality. MR. GLADSTONE was applied, showing the facts, and said that he was only sorry that the ship-owners, at the beginning of the war, had not compelled the executive to put the laws in harmony with the interests of the country and its foreign relations. The law, however, was not unworthy, and when it is amended after the monstrous British ruling so the *Alexandra* case. The steady reply to our repeated and surprised demands was, that the municipal law of Great Britain should not be altered at the dictation of foreigners, and the positive assurance that the spirit of the existing laws was not observed was wholly disregarded.

Now, however, all is changed. The instant war begins between Germany and France the British Parliament eagerly hastens to amend its imperfect law, in order to secure more timely efficient neutrality. Such an amendment, upon such grounds, shows evidently that we were right in saying that the spirit of the law did not secure it. But it shows more: it shows that what Great Britain during our war was unwilling to do upon our repeated representations, she does at once upon the outbreak of the present war without any request whatever from the Government of France. Such conduct confesses that we were right in saying that her domestic act to secure a faithful observance of international law was defective and inadequate. The Attorney-General, indeed, goes so far as to say, in reference to a provision of the new act requiring that the building of ships be a belligerent: "If such a provision were contained in the present act, the *Alabama* could not have been built, and the *Alexandra* must have been condemned."

This is a surrender of the case between the United States and Great Britain. England confesses that under her law as it stood our rights were not protected. It was never claimed that we did not do all that was necessary in supplying testimony to justify the arrest of the *Alabama* under the British law as it then was. MR. ADAMS'S communications and dispatches were ample, and they were admitted to be so by the

tardy order of the Government for the detention of the ship. The plea of the British Government has always been that, upon the presentation of satisfactory evidence that the law was in danger of violation, it took all the measures which the law authorized to stop the vessel, and that its efforts were eluded by the *Alabama*. The United States said, and had constantly said, that if this statement were true, the law ought to be amended. The Attorney-General of England now declares in parliament that if the law had been amended, the *Alabama* could not have escaped.

Great Britain, then, by this confession, did not do all that she could to stop the *Alabama*; and manifestly, therefore, she must confess her responsibility for the consequences. Even if she did every thing that the law authorized, she confesses that the law did not authorize enough to be done. The Attorney-General, indeed, says that the amendment of the law is now passed and not because other nations demand it, but for "the honor and dignity of the crown." But we, of course, never claimed any right to interfere in British legislation. We merely represented to Great Britain, as a power equally interested in international obligation with ourselves, that the British local law was not adequate to the faithful protection of our international rights. Our declaration substantially was that "the honor and dignity of the crown" demanded the amendment of the law. If they demand it now, they demanded it then. If Great Britain is willing to amend the law now, in order that her neutral obligations may be fully enforced toward Germany and France, why was she not willing to amend the law to force the same obligations toward us?

This question will, perhaps, suggest to our English friends who have denied that the feeling of the British Government was hostile to us during our war, that our assertion of an unfriendly disposition was not groundless. That Government really believed with Lord RUSSELL that the cause of the Union was hopeless, and it has no wish to disclaim the motive that were it expected to see arise upon our ruins by making laws to its detriment more stringent. It is not easy to imagine how our nation could put itself more entirely in the wrong toward another than Great Britain has placed herself toward us in the debate and amendment of her neutrality law. It prohibits every thing that we insisted ought to be prohibited, and may not; and ceases rules of proof that we demanded as merely just, and in vain. The debate and the new law are impregnable fortifications of our position. They are the confession of an *unions* which affected the entire official British conduct toward us during the war; and we do not see how magnanimous British statesmen can longer refuse either to acknowledge the responsibility for our losses by the *Alabama*, and to settle the bill which is submitted and presented, or to allow that the precedents established by Great Britain at that time are untenable.

THE LITTLE NAPOLEON'S LITTLE GAME.

The intrigues of LOUIS NAPOLEON are coming to light upon all sides. The first disclosure—that of the proposition to absorb Belgium; in fact, to repeat the partition of Poland in another part of Europe—threw a luminous light upon the fine phrases of his proclamation in beginning the war. . . . We wish to conquer a durable peace, based on the true interests of all peoples and to assist in abolishing that precarious condition of things where all nations are forced to employ their resources in arming against each other." These were becoming words, certainly, for a gentleman who, keeping an army up to the highest possible standard, was preparing to another equally armed Government that "the true interests of the quarrel" of Belgium and Luxemburg required their absorption by France.

It appears now, also, that four years ago—in August, 1866—LOUIS NAPOLEON, with the same tender regard for the interests of the people, and the same humane horror of great armies proposed to Prussia to take possession of the German territory upon the west bank of the Rhine, and to that he eyes which Prussia appropriated certain parts of Holland. This was a "secret treaty," which the agent of LOUIS NAPOLEON had received from VICTOR, whither his master had betaken himself for the benefit of his own health and that of Europe. "If you don't agree," said M. BENEDETTI to M. BISMARCK, in the Dirk Turpin tone, "there will be war!" "Then there will be war!" answered BISMARCK.

Again, in 1867, LOUIS NAPOLEON proposed to Austria a little treaty against the power which did not accept his little treaty. He died. He offered to join Austria in insisting that an alliance of Prussia with the South German states should be considered a violation of the treaty of Prague. As the little consideration of this favor to Austria, Prussia was to be required to evacuate Mayence, and Hesse north of the river Main was to go with that south of it. A union of the South German states was to be made, and justice demanded of Prussia for Schleswig-Holstein; and both the Southern German states and Prussia were to be solicited by war if they did not at once accept the invitation. Austria declined.

And now the Jesuit organ in Rome—the same that foreshadowed the Council and the dogma—the *Civilta Cattolica*, declares that LOUIS NAPOLEON has a secret understanding with Italy that, if the Italian Government is obliged to take possession of Rome, then Piedmont, from Novara to Genoa, including Lombardy, with the island of Sardinia, shall go to France; and, if the people rise in Italy, that France will help to subdue them.

These are some of the secret plots of the gentleman who is so anxious to consult the interests of the people and to reduce standing armies. It is amazing that a man so utterly incapable as this man has shown LOUIS NAPOLEON to be, and so entirely without hold upon the heart of the French nation, should have had it in his power authoritatively to propose such radical changes in the public law. Nevertheless, it is proved to be a permanent conspirator against European peace. And even if the armies of Germany were driven back, and the people of France consented to allow this intriguer to return to the Tuileries, collective Europe might well remember that it has never shown a more conclusive satisfaction than this public disturbed should be kept at home. He has given Europe his right, even when he successful, as he was, to put him under the most stringent bonds to keep the peace.

COUNT GASPARIN UPON THE WAR.

LAST week we printed GASPARIN'S noble protest against the war. But it reached us at the last moment, and we could not therefore give it the conspicuous position which its great significance demanded, and which our readers will have perceived. It is the voice of one of the French men who are honored by the party of liberty every where, and with whom rest the hopes of the peaceful political party of France. His fervid and heroic words are those of a man who dares to tell his countrymen the truth, even when they are intoxicated with glory, and they cover with shame the quibbling apologists of this infamous war.

The protest was written just after the Duke DE GRAMONT'S declaration of war, and begins with the assertion that there is a very considerable party who are bitterly opposed to it, who believe either in the necessity or the lawfulness of the war. He does not admit that France was in any danger, but he does not hesitate to assists that it is a crime to shed a drop of blood for any of the old balance-of-power theories. GASPARIN insists that the war is equally without pretext for the contest; that the candidature of the HOHENZOLLERN was not only known for several months, but was formally officially withdrawn; and, although it may be regretted that the Prussian King did not repeat to BENEDETTI his opposition to the candidature, yet there was no reason for inundating Europe with blood. He loftily protests against the charge of want of patriotism always urged against those who oppose a war wrongfully begun by the country. He indignantly denies that thinking and speaking are to be considered equal to doing. "Action is the final expression of thought, and when words are to be followed by the cannon, and we will not and can not accept the least share of responsibility for them." It is a war which nothing renders lawful in our sight."

One of the last paragraphs in the letter shows that the highest patriotism and the noblest moral and of political morality is familiar to this generous mind.

"There are, I suppose, two kinds of patriotism: that which believes the flag wherever it goes, were it that of LUCIFER on the way to reestablish slavery at San Domingo, and that which stops at its own risk and peril against every thing which seems to it to compromise the country's honor. The first kind of patriotism, the country's honor, the aim is not to win numerous battles, but to practice justice, and to secure for representative and patron of all generous causes. This patriotism also has its martyrs, but it has no victims, and does not aspire to a mediocre place for the country."

The protest of GASPARIN is the voice of that better France which will soon raise the country from the degradation of Napoleonism.

THE LATE U. S. CONSUL AT CANTON.

In the midst of the absorbing news of the summer the death of our late Consul at Canton, in China, has been scarcely observed. But he was one of the men who make the prestige of the name of American, and he should not be forgotten. BERNARD P. CREWOWAN was born in Virginia. His father was a clergyman and a slaveholder, and removed afterward to Indiana. The boy was studious and observant, and from the first perceived the evil character of the slavery in the midst of which he was reared, and resolved to do what he could to overthrow it. In the summer of 1860 he had just left a college in Indiana, and came to St. Joseph, in Missouri, where two other young men were publishing the only English Republican paper out of St. Louis. He offered to contribute what money he had, about $800, to write, and to learn to set type. After the election of MR. LINCOLN hostility in Missouri to every thing Republican became hatred, and the three young men, W. W. WILDER, from Massachusetts, E. M. TRACY, from Missouri, and CREWOWAN, from Virginia, were indicted for publishing an "incendiary sheet." They retired to Kansas, and when the war began the Virginian and the Missourian raised the first company of the first Kansas regiment. CREWOWAN was captain and TRACY lieutenant. Both served through the war. CREWOWAN rapidly rose to be Inspector-General, and served upon the staffs of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN. He was offered the command of regiments, but his generals would not spare him.

The war left him stricken with consumption. He tried farming near St. Louis, and failed. He had friends in Worcester, Massachusetts, and his own evident fitness and charming character, with the most generous letter from General GRANT, made the young Virginian Superintendent of Schools in the very heart of Massachusetts. But his physicians told him that his only chance of life was a softer climate. He rented a place near Richmond, in his native State; bought drives for three cows, and supplied his family by peddling milk. He was better and happy; and, when General GRANT became President, he appointed CREWOWAN Consul at Canton. "I met him at Washington, then," writes a friend: "He was living on pyramid wheaten cake—his wife's—hoping for, reading up China; but painfully short of money for dinners for himself, wife, and two children."

During his brief residence in China Colonel CREWOWAN had won the highest respect and regard of the men whom he had relations of any kind. But his disease was too deeply seated, and he died in the early summer, at the age of thirty-two, with a wife and three children destitute of all but his emeubling memory. We have received from China and elsewhere the most touching and anti-nastic tributes to the remarkable character of Colonel CREWOWAN. tributes which urge with tender eloquence to the people of his countrymen the claims of the wife and children of the young Virginian, who gave all his powers and his life to the great cause of national salvation.

NOTES.

WE observe with very great satisfaction that Secretary COX, in addition to the letter upon the subject of which we recently alluded, forbids all political committees to go through the Department of the Interior to tax the clerks for the purposes of the election. The Secretary may be very sure that his conduct is approved by the best sense of all parties who are not blind to the perils of the present system of our civil service. His action is particularly gratifying in view of a certain organization in Washington—perhaps the very one which the Secretary politely showed to the door—whose avowed resolution upon the subject is truly Pickwickian. This association in a Republican organization. The policy of voluntary contributions as more beneficial than a system of arbitrary assessments, asserts that it is the second duty of every office-holder to contribute liberally, and declaring that those who sell to every man this sentiment we should be inconsistent if we missed, and that their places should be filled by those who will make liberal voluntary contributions. If contributing under penalty of dismissal be voluntary contribution, it would be interesting to know what the gentlemen who adopted this resolution understand by "arbitrary" extortion of money. Nobody knows better than many of the gentlemen of this association that removal, we believe, of office-holders, how niggardly the average salaries of the Government clerks are. Nobody ought to see more clearly than they that their conduct tends to make every election an opportunity for fraud among thousands of citizens. There is no class in the country more vividly interested in a simple and honest election than the men and those who hold office, and one such resolution as that of which we speak from a body of men pledged to civil governments to extend and deepen the intelligent perception that such a reform is becoming imperative upon the country.

THE doctors utterly disagree. Bishop BAILEY, of New Jersey, who has just returned from the Œcumenical Council, says, in an address to his people, that the Roman Catholic Church "has always believed in infallibility, that it is one of its accepted doctrines, and that it was never needed was to be confirmed by council." Father HYACINTHE says, in his late letter, published in Paris, that "the doctrine unknown to the ecclesiastical antiquity, which is disputed, even by so numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies not a regular development, but a radical change in the constitution of the Church and in the fundamental rule of its faith." Father HYACINTHE may be a very uncomfortable brother in the Church, but his knowledge of history and of its accepted faith is unquestionable. "I refuse to believe implicitly," he said, when in this country, "all the declarations and traditions of the Church in which I was born and bred makes me a Roman Catholic, then I am nothing else."

IT is not too late to say a word of tender remembrance of the late JOSEPH HOWE. A man of the gentlest nature and most generous impulse, his convictions upon the great subjects of human interest were profound and inflexible. He had been long prominent in our politics, and his singular facility in public speaking, and the unwon freshness of his zeal for the triumph of the principles which were dear to him, kept him an always welcome and honored favorite of the people almost to the last. For sixty years he had lived in the city of New York identified with its progress, and pleasantly familiar to its citizens, none of whom probably heard of his death without a kind word or thought for his memory. The writer of these lines can never forget with what a glow of pride and color MR. HOWE, a few years since, entered upon a local political campaign, to whose immediate result the writer was most interested than he. The issue was evident from the beginning; but the youthful energy and humorous eloquence of MR. HOWE lighted up the whole campaign; while his plain, practical, and vivid presentation of the questions of the time kept a permanent benefit to his hearers. MR. HOWE'S health had gradually failed for some months past, and he returned to the town of ROGER WILLIAMS, in which he was born, only to close peacefully his long and spotless life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THE attempt of Marshal M'MAHON to relieve Marshal BAZAINE has ended in a supreme disaster to himself. That General was to march from CHÂLONS with energy and rapidity and by before his plans should be known to the enemy. He was to join with BAZAINE, and, uniting their two armies, fall upon the besiegers with an overwhelming and crushing force. But the natural genius, the Crown Prince of Prussia seems to the movement, and, at once divining its import, made haste to prevent it. Moving—his wife's—hoping for, reading up China; but painfully short of money for dinners for himself, wife, and two children."

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MARSHAL M'MAHON.

In spite of the reverses suffered by the French army under Marshal M'MAHON, this General is still considered, both in and out of France, as a truly brave and skilful leader. He has been justly styled the true type of a military hero.

Singularly calm in the field, yet possessing great promptitude of decision and indefatigable activity, Marshal M'MAHON, with an equal force, and on his own ground, would prove a dangerous antagonist even to VON MOLTKE himself, as the brave though vain manner in which he has contested vastly superior forces at Wörth, and in the more recent battles, fairly testifies. Though a strict martinet, he is a great favorite with his troops, and especially with the rough and unruly Turcos.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM NICHOLAS CHARLES, Crown Prince of Prussia, of whom we give an admirable portrait on our first page, was born the 18th of October, 1831, and is the only son of WILLIAM I., by AUGUSTA, daughter of the late CHARLES FREDERICK, Grand Duke of SAXE-WEIMAR. The PRINCE was indebted to his mother for a most careful education, not only in those things which, by tradition, form the education of kings, but in all branches of study. The Queen herself had been a pupil of GOETHE'S, and was, therefore, prepared to appreciate what we may term the higher, nobler, and more refining knowledge, and to be anxious that her son should receive its benefit. GOERZ and the historian MAX DUNCKER were the young Prince's instructors in these studies, while VON ROON and VON MOLTKE grounded him in those principles of the military art which he has since turned to such good account.

The record of his military career is too well known to need recapitulation here, and we will speak only of those kindly traits of character which have made him one of the most popular princes and generals of any age. "A country cut," says a correspondent, writing after the great battle of Wörth, "was rumbling down the street with two wounded officers. An officer on foot beckoned to the driver to stop, and went up to the cart, the occupants of which tried to salute him, but he made a gesture, and, leaning over, entered into conversation with them for ten minutes, evidently asking after their wounds. On parting, he shook each by the hand, and continued his way up the street, accompanied by two other officers. He halted at my quarters, and inquired if there were any wounded inside—they had been removed, some to their last resting-place—then went on, and meeting a cart full of wounded soldiers, talked to them each in turn, and so went on visiting the hospitals and the wounded in a most unostentatious manner." This officer was the Crown Prince, the "FRITZ" of the old King's telegram, and after reading this account we do not wonder at the devotion of his men.

MARSHAL M'MAHON.

Another correspondent, M. HENRI CHABRILLART, of the Paris *Figaro*, who fell into the hands of the Prussians after the battle of Wörth, had an interview with the Prince, and thus describes his appearance: "Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM is a man of tall stature, thin, with a calm and placid countenance; but in the curve of his aquiline nose and his dilating nostrils there are evidences of energy, while the rapidity of his glance convinces you of his decision. A full fair beard softens the somewhat stern expression of his features. He has great simplicity of manner, and affects rather a kind of *bourgeois* style of speaking, thinking, and general behavior. He was dressed in a black tunic with red collar and facings, without any embroidery or gold braid; upon the shoulder a small epaulet to indicate his rank, but no other distinguishing ornament. He wore a small black cap bordered with red, and the whole uniform was severely simple. He speaks French with great purity, without foreign accent beyond a slight German intonation and occasional hesitation at certain words."

He spoke, says the *Figaro* correspondent, with great admiration of the way in which the French fought. "Among the prisoners," said he, "is General RAOULT. I went this morning to see him at Reichshofen, where he lies wounded, his hip and thigh being broken; I fear that he is now dying. He is a brave officer, and he has given me some addresses in Paris to which he wishes letters to be sent." "But, Prince," M. CHABRILLART observed, "the other prisoners also have families." "I have thought of that. I have had them supplied with writing materials; the letters will be sent unsealed to our consul at Geneva, who will forward them to France." "Prince, we thank you on behalf of the mothers whose grief you are about to assuage." "I do not like war, gentlemen. If I should reign I would never make it."

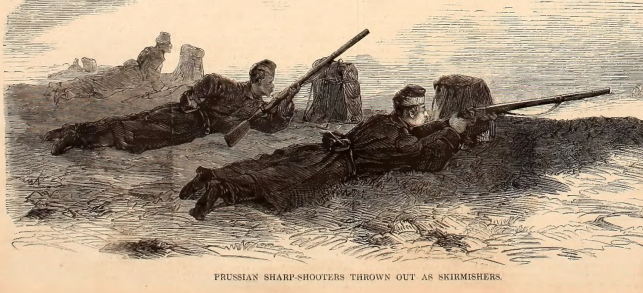

PRUSSIAN SHARP-SHOOTERS THROWN OUT AS SKIRMISHERS.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Description of the Island.—Its Volcanic Origin.—Frequent and Terrible Eruptions.—The Town of Forshaven.—The Vikings.

IN a certain part of the ocean, far to the north, in a region of almost arctic cold, there lies a vast mass of volcanic matter, many thousand square miles in extent, which has been thrown up from the bottom of the sea, or, rather, which is still in process of being thrown up, for a large portion of it is still in a state of the most violent eruptive commotion. There are caldrons and craters without number, boiling, roaring, and throwing up, in some places, bursts of steam and scalding mud and water, and in others, projecting into the air, with thundering explosions, red-hot stones, and streams of lava, to add by their fall to the already enormous accumulation.

And yet so cold is the region into which this igneous eruption ascends that many of those portions of the accumulated mass which rise above the reach of the fire are covered with a mantle of perpetual ice and snow. The glaciers and the drifts climb up the mountain-sides to the very brink of the volcanic crater, and in the winter, even in the lowlands, crowd close to the margin of every boiling lake and caldron.

The name of this vast and chaotic accumulation is Iceland. It might as well have been named Fireland, for the eruptions that have been going on in it for two thousand years between ice and fire is still raging, with no very decisive indications yet in respect to the result of the contest.

One might perhaps imagine the possibility of some portions of a vast chaotic upheaval like this being so situated within the narrow bounds which separate the arctic cold from the volcanic fire, as in process of time to clothe themselves with a sanity vegetation, and that possibly some forms of animal life might be sparingly developed in it; but no one would have thought of such a region being chosen as the home of a human community. And yet around the borders of the island, on the confines of a shore indented by innumerable inlets and bays, the sea has sent in vapors and rain which, in process of ages, have so smoothed the asperities and softened the surface of the chasms and ravines and deep abysses among the rocks, as to give them the character, during the brief summer season, of green and fertile valleys, where man can find the means of supplying some of his wants; and the shores themselves, with the boundless abundance of animal life with which the sea in those northern regions teems, provide for the rest. There has been a time when a hundred thousand people found their homes and their subsistence in the narrow fringe of verdure lying between a stormy sea on the one side, and on the other a vast interior of ice and fire. They had nearly five hundred thousand sheep to climb the slopes and crop the grass in places inaccessible to human culture, and herds of cattle and of horses in proportion for lower grounds. Here they lived, cut off in a great measure—and for certain seasons entirely—from all communication with the great family of man, and hemmed in between two sets of terrible combatants, who were engaged all the time in a most savage contest with each other—the wildest winds contending with the stormiest seas below them, and behind them a still more frightful conflict between the crashing avalanches of ice and snow, and the thundering explosions of volcanic fire.

Nor were they themselves at all respected in their peaceful avocations by these angry combatants. As the consequence of one of these eruptions, near the close of the last century, more than ten thousand people lost their lives in the destruction caused by it, and by the resulting pestilence and famine; and a hundred and fifty thousand domestic animals were starved!

FORSHAVEN—CAPITAL OF THE FAROE ISLANDS.

A SCHOOL OF WHALES.

A residence in this terrible region of danger and isolation may be tolerable during the intervals of comparative repose which sometimes prevail among the conflicting elements surrounding it; but when the paroxysms of activity return, the situation of those exposed to them must be awful in the extreme. When we consider how much the terror and suffering of being driven from one's home into the streets by fire is intensified by the conflagration's occurring when the thermometer is at zero, in a temperate clime, we can see that the eruption of a volcano among human dwellings, in the midst of an arctic winter, with little day and little warmth to be looked for for months to come, must be the most awful of all human calamities.

And yet, fearful as such a region must be, considered as a permanent home for a community of human beings, the features of strange grandeur and sublimity which it presents have a great attractiveness for the traveler who visits it in the intervals during which the severity of the elemental conflicts of which it is the scene is somewhat relaxed, and the country enjoys seasons of comparative repose. The Gulf Stream, though its force is well-nigh spent before it reaches the region, still carries some warmth during the long summer to these shores, and the gentle rains which come from its vapors cause the grass to grow, and make the glens and valleys green. Journeys into the interior may then be made, and some of the most wonderful volcanic phenomena on the globe can be quietly observed. By these attractions adventurous travelers are often drawn to the island, notwithstanding the remoteness of its inhospitable shores, and the stormy and inclement seas that must be traversed to reach them.

If the traveler, in visiting Iceland, comes from a port in the British Isles, he passes on his way the group of the Faroe Islands, consisting of one vast rock, with a number of smaller ones around it, long since thrown up from the sea by forces similar to those now in action in Iceland. At the Faroe Isles, however, the conflict has long since ceased. The fire has spent its force and withdrawn from the field, leaving the towering summits and vast chasms and caverns which the group presents to view as trophies of its former power.

As the traveler passes this group, perhaps the steamer stops to anchor for a day in the only harbor, that of Forshaven. Forshaven is the capital of the islands, but with that sounding title it is, after all, only a very small hamlet, consisting only of a few houses, and an unpretending fort upon a bluff overlooking the harbor—the only refuge of the fishing vessels which share with the sheep and cattle on the hills the duty of providing these exiles from the human family with their scant and precarious supplies of food. They may well be called exiles, for the seas around them are so incessantly agitated with currents, eddies, and whirlpools, formed by

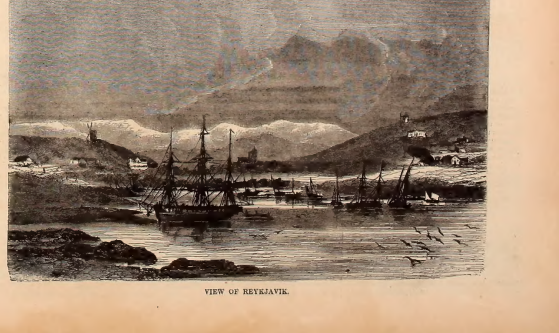

VIEW OF REYKJAVIK.

the flux and reflux of the tides among the sunken rocks, and the air as subject to sudden and baffling gusts, and to sweeping and long-continued gales, that sometimes for a long period no craft that depends upon sails can safely approach the coasts, and during such times the isolation of the community from the outer world is complete.

Still the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands are not exposed to the appalling dangers and terrors which are always impending over Iceland. Far to the north "as they are, being in the latitude of the southern part of Hudson Bay and the southern part of Greenland, by the influence of the Gulf-stream, and the deflection to the northward, through other causes, of the isothermal lines in those longitudes, the cold of the winter is so moderated that the grass remains green, and the sheep and cattle feed on the lower hills, during the whole season. We do not know how influences the country would be entirely uninhabitable, as the regions in corresponding latitudes are on the eastern coast of this continent. The whole of Labrador lies entirely to the southward of these islands, and yet on his east coast the Labrador except such as can derive its sustenance from the sea.

The voyager, in continuing his course, encounters wild and stormy seas, but he is astonished to find how full the water and the air in these half arctic regions are of animal life. The shores and the shallow waters near them swarm with fish; while the more secluded and protected recesses of rocks he finds the air alive with millions of aquatic birds; and sometimes the ship approaches a school of whales that rise to the surface, spout their columns of water into the air, and then plunge down.

It is only during the season of summer that these seas are entirely free from ice-encumbrance. It is then almost one continued day, for the sun in his course disappears only for an hour or two below the horizon; and even then the atmosphere is so brightened by the twilight that night by night only the stars of the lowest class, those that are an offset to this, the sea is agitated with almost perpetual storms. It was amidst these storms, and this wild war of winds and waves, that the old Northmen were nurtured—the Vikings or sea-kings, with their fellows, who, in long voyages and in the art of navigation amidst these cold and stormy seas, and inured themselves to every hardship which the roughest water and the most inclement skies could bring, at length made their way southward to the coasts of England and France, and, under the name of Danes and Normans, made incursions and settlements there, and laid the foundation of the great commercial nations of the present and of those great nations. They were born and driven out by these storms. They won their boys and lords by their dependence upon the sea for food, and the superiority of seafaring life at every season and in spite of starvation. And then the present maritime grandeur of England and France may be traced back to its origin in the courage and skill with which hunger inspired these poor fishermen, a thousand years ago, in encountering the brave, in search of sustenance, the dangers of these stormy northern seas.

The name of the principal harbor of Iceland is Reykjavik. The engraving represents its appearance as approached from the sea. In the centre of the town is seen the church, the most prominent structure. A building on the slope of the hill, upon the east side of the town, is the residence of the Danish Governor—the island being a Danish possession. A large structure, one of the first settlement of the Danish colony upon it, which is highly characteristic of the times when the events to be here occurred, will be given in another chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Passionate Heroine," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

SOLOMON'S REMINISCENCES.

THERE are wild places yet in the world, and primitive folk. Even in England there are localities of which the phrase, "It is a hundred years behindhand," still holds good; and so it was with Gothin. Its wind-eyed moors, its rock-bound coast, had inhabitants altogether differing from the men of fields and farms; to Rich. and, a man of experience from the town, they seemed a foreign race. They were rough in externals, but kindly and genial at heart; given to hospitality, and, though good at a bargain, by no means greedy of gain. Above all there were no beggars. The poorest Gothin man would give you all he owns, or walk a hundred yards out of his way to show you your road, without asking for, or even thinking of, a coin. They were, however, so delighted as surprised to get it; and before the men-landed young artist had been a week in the place he had demoralized it by his largesses. As, however, his smile and his thanks always accompanied his presents, he was voted a trump, for love's sake than the money's, and enjoyed a popularity which must be particularly gratifying, yet is impossible to be won by one who has nothing to give. He had the reputation among these simple folks, who knew how to be frugal themselves, of having a superfluity of wealth; his air and manner showed he had been always used to be lavish (as indeed he had), and nowhere did this fiction, which extended, though upon other grounds, to the tenants of the Hall, work more effectually than in the improvident youth; but the former was well aware that the guests of Carew of Crompton were almost without exception very wealthy men, and he judged of Richard's social position accordingly. He had no idea that his landscape-painting was anything else than an amusement—as it was practiced by half the young ladies and gentlemen who visited Gothin in the summer months; he took him for an amateur; and if he saw one of his sketches, and been a judge of art, he would have been only fortified in his conclusion. He had had the opportunity, but in his own account, though not so much as his handsome face and pleasant manners, recommended him to the hostesses, caused others to do; for Mr. Trevelick was not at all impressionable in such matters. Richard found him, in his heart of hearts, the drop of regard he seemed to get out of him, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary, and a desperate effort to make himself agreeable and with so small a result; but his self-love would have been more deeply wounded had he known that his own exertions would not have even gained him that. They did, had they not been succeeded by a hidden ally in the landlord's breast. Richard's desire to conciliate was fully appreciated by Trevelick, and he was grateful to all things to make friends with the friend of Parson Whymper, only vouchsafed as swarthy a welcome to his line. The old man and the young had absolutely nothing in common except their love for Harry.

Upon the other hand, John Trevethick and Solomon Coe were cast almost in the same mould. Sure-Christian-ship and self-importance was the intelligent and shrewd enough in practical matters, but ignorant, dogmatic, and pedantic in theories. Deprived of his undergrowed occupation by the catastrophe with which we are acquainted, he had at his wit's end how to fill up the interval with which he had hitherto but physically concerned himself; and the labor of the hands was nearly proved his tonic. Solomon's inventive genius had found its exercise in the making of bird-traps, and the money which they realized, and the money this acquired he had not scattered away (as small in such cases) in speculative investments, but had increased it by laying up his trade and his reaping the fruits of his inventions by himself. He was considered a wealthy man, and that had made him very cautious. But he had a small share in Dunlopped, which seemed likely to pay very profitably indeed; he had built the inn, the returns from which were more than sufficient for his wants; and he had communicated that John Trevethick had been laying by a pretty penny, and could hold his head much higher than he did. The investments were certainly not expensive, for they consisted in fancy iron-working, the results of which he kept him in profound ignorance of, and in occasionally getting drunk, which, being a publican, he could accomplish at the most reasonable cost.

He was a hard unlovable man, and interesting only as statistics may be said to be as compared with romance. Of feeling he had none, when once his resolution was fixed, his will was iron, and his temper of the same material. More curious than one of Trevethick's characters should have entertained such a feeble kind of appreciation of gratitude even to a man that had saved his life at the expense of his own; but even this may be read by the light of Solomon's will. He had saved been his wife or his daughter the feeling would not perhaps have been the stronger, and in carrying it out, as he fully purposed to do, by bestowing Harry's hand upon Solomon, he was certainly not unanswered by the fact that in the latter was, peculiarly speaking, an excellent match.

Like himself, his intended son-in-law was the architect of his own fortunes; but he had built them up in a different way. His youth had been spent in the coal-mines of the north; and, though no lucky stroke of the pick can there be said to make rich, as it can in other underground localities, his strength and skill had met with their full reward. And what he had gained he had not lost. Pound after pound he had laid by, until enough had been saved for investment; and it was then he came to hoast in after-years that he had never got less than ten per cent. for any of it. It was all ventured on mortgage-speculations, and upon the hazardous enough—but all bad prospered; and here John Trevethick's judgment came in play, and man himself had not the courage to follow it, had been of great advantage to him. Every thing he touched came to gold. He had but to tap a tin or copper; and before the lode ceased to yield Solomon had sold his shares at a good profit, or, am, and placed the proceeds in another pit. He had sown, as it were, his money in the earth, and reaped a golden crop. Harry's father, Samuel, his last venture, seemed likely to prove his best; and it was another proof of the strength of character in himself and Trevethick that the latter had also a share in that undertaking. These are common-place facts in a common-place century interest is the most binding tie of sympathy of which human nature is capable; and it had the landlord of the *Gothin Castle* been more closely attached to his guest and son-in-law elect during the time of Richard's visit, York proposed to himself to part them; as though a gilded summer skiff should thrust itself between two Indian coal-barges, and bid them bodge.

It was at least a week before Solomon Coe could be induced to open his lips before Richard beyond the utterance of a few pithy sentences; and then that the unwonted silence of the latter was broken in the mean time—for Richard has been prudence itself in his behavior to Harry—the old man had come to the conclusion that the young fellow, and therefore distrusted him. The light and airy manners, which were as natural to Richard as was John Trevethick's ponderous cunning or his own self-satisfied reticence, seemed to Solomon mere affectation, and even his appearance effeminate and dandified; but when he saw that he were no other air when conversing with the pitmen of Dunloppd—an expedition undertaken with himself at Richard's special invitation—and that they were actually he climbed the tall, steep ladders, and how fearlessly he trusted himself to the rude machinery, his estimate of such artful properties. Of Richard's intelligence he had formed a good opinion from the time when first the company was formed—that his prejudice against Richard was quite surmounted when Solomon began to unfold to him, over their pasty in the bar parlor, the annals of his underground career. Often had he done so to Harry—like Governor Golding, Coe had an swarthy) narrowing his subventures to his Desdemona—but never had he been so full of his theme, and never before had he had to seem to hear, and, without the penalty of reply, could feel her eyes upon you; Richard's listening was real. It had when, in the face for woman's favor, one has to unste one's breath in making the running for one's rival.

And yet the old Solomon Coe was well worth listening to. He told of the great way in which he had been engaged to burn beneath the earth against the powers of Water, and Fire, and Foul Air, and of the daring with which he had won wrought Cornish miner of his calling. Having

the hole was large enough for them to carry us through it in their arms."

"And there was nobody else saved, was there?" inquired the landlord, with a triumphant look.

"There was not," said Solomon, expressing his tobacco smoke very slowly. "Out of a hundred and thirteen men who had been caught by the flood in Dunloppen we two were the sole survivors."

Many other stories of the like sort had Solomon to tell, and for not one of them was he indebted to his imagination. His experience of life had been remarkable, and it had not improved itself upon his character. His will was as strong as that of Tarvelrath, but he had fewer cautions; and he was at the same time both plodding and audacious.

It would not be well, thought Richard occasionally, to have either of these men for an enemy; and he might, indeed, unhappily, it was a possible two with Harry without a quarrel with, at least, one of them, and rather than lose her he was prepared to defy them both. If he found but have lifted a corner of the curtain that veils the future—well, even then, no man was to be by this time with the love of her, that he would almost have defied them still.

CHAPTER XVI.

SETTING-TIDE.

THERE is a beauty in woman that takes the stranger, and another the changeful charm of which wins its way deeper and deeper daily into the heart of man; but in the person of Harry Trevethick these two beauties were combined. Richard thought he had never seen any face half so fair as that which shone upon him through the mist on the first day when he came to Gedna; and when he had dwelt there for a month it was of the same opinion still. Harry was innocent, unprotected, and gay. Not only did the expression of her features told you truth; but it also told you more than that, which you must needs believe, though it was not in words. The face was not the index of her mind in all respects; it was rather like the transparent and costly dial-plate of a time-piece the works of which are indifferent. Her air was spiritual; her voice betrayed your being set to music; and her eyes were full of earnest tenderness: but she was weak of purpose, vacillating in her likes and dislikes, credulous, and given (not from choice, but fear) to dissimulation. That last fault Richard willingly forgave her, since it was done for his advantage: and to the others he would have been more than human had he not been blind. For Richard loved him. She had not told him so: he had never asked her to say so; but it was taken for granted on both sides. "Love is but brown much together, for Dunloppel—a treasure-house, which proved richer and richer the more it was ransacked—monopolized the time of both Trevethick and Solomon: they were in high good-humor, and not at all disposed for a quarrel or suspicion. Harry had always been the mistress of her own movements, and she went, as usual, whither she liked, and Richard went with her.

The spring was advancing, and brought its soft hues even to the barren moors of Gethin, and bathed its gray rocks in sunshine. There was much to see that was worth seeing, and with so fit as Harry to point out those objects of attraction with which she had become familiar from her childhood? They strolled along the beach to Polwheel, and she showed him how the harbor there had been silted up through the wiles of the mermaids, or "merry maids," as she called them, still under favorable circumstances when at times seen sitting on the slate cliff ledges beneath the clear blue sea. Far from ridiculing her superstitions, he led on to talk of them that he did not much mind what she talked about so long as he could look at her and listen.

"But why were the Polwheel mermaids so cruel, Harry? I always imagine them bright and beautiful beings, with graceful waving hair as long as yours, and with nothing to do but to comb it."

"That is so, when they are let alone," said Harry, simply; "but even the weakest creatures love revenge, and will get it if they can."

"And quite right too," interrupted Richard; "but for fear of that the strong would be more unlovely even than they are."

"Well, a mermaid was once cruelly treated by a Polwheel man—he left her in the pool, and deserted her—and then her sisters choked up the harbor bar."

"But how did he come to court the mermaid? That must have been difficult; though, if I were you sitting under water combing your hair, I should certainly dive, and try."

"I would have no breath to make out pretty speeches then," said Harry, demurely. "This mermaid was, however, a changed child. A Polwheel woman was bathing her infant in the pool yonder beneath that arched rock, when it suddenly gave a cry of joy, and leaped from her arms into the sea. She thought it was the mermaid, but it came up the next instant more beautiful and bright than ever. She did not herself know but that it was her own child, but there were old folks in the town who knew that it was in reality a mermaid's changeling. She grew up to be a lovely woman, and the Squire of Polwheel at that time—for his race has died out since—fell in love with her; he treated her very ill, and she died broken-hearted, at Gethin, and was buried in our church-yard, where I can show you the tomb."

"And did no punishment overtake the scoundrel Squire?"

"Yes. After a great revel one night, he was returning home by the sands, and in the moonlight beheld a beautiful lady sitting by this same pool. She was so like his dead love to look at that he was frightened at first, but she smiled and beckoned to him, and then, clasping him in her arms, leaped into the sea, and drowned him; and in the storm that arose that night the merry maids filled up the harbor."

"That was hard upon Polwheel," observed Richard, "though the Squire only got what he deserved. He must have been a wicked man."

"But the mermaid was very foolish to believe him," added Harry—"was she not?"

They visited the Fairy Bower, did these young people—a pretty spot quite worthy of its name; a grove; a beautiful ravine, with a full of water, and a careened cell beside it, where a solitary hermit was said to have dwelt. Notwithstanding which elaborate association, it had a nothing-but besides, into which a maiden "but" to drop a pin, and, wish her wish, and straightway the face of her future husband was mirrored in the water. Though Harry was the only one who ever ventured to the bottom of the pool quite paved with pins.

"And can the charm ever work?" asked Richard, laughing. "Try it to-day."

"No, no," answered Harry, gravely; "one must be alone, and must go to the pool only by moonlight."

On Merven Point, a grand old promontory, which jutted out many a yard to meet the encroaching waves, and battled with them long before they reached the main land, they sat and watched the sunsets; looked down upon the busy hive of men that worked upon the slate quarry beneath, or gazed upon the ships that tacked and wore to make Turlock Haven. There was a tower on this place, half ruined and with a broken steps, up which they climbed together on one occasion, and stood supporting one another upon its dizzy summit, while they looked down upon splendid prospect of sea and land, but they were looking into one another's eyes, and they could not watched the sunsets; looked down upon the busy hive of men that worked upon the slate quarry beneath, or gazed upon the ships that tacked and wore to make Turlock Haven. There was a tower on this place, half ruined and with a broken steps, up which they climbed together on one occasion, and stood supporting one another upon its dizzy summit, while they looked down upon splendid prospect of sea and land, but they were looking into one another's eyes, and they could not speak of that which was nearest to their hearts. It was a topic to be avoided as long as possible. They were happy in their present opportunities—they had only been permitted to thus hold out together alone since yesterday—and with the tacit understanding that no such thing as love could exist between them. If Harry had been plighted faith to another, or Richard owned to him tacitly existed nevertheless, and it was under the agis alone that they could have enjoyed that indulgence. It was a part of the character of the young girl to persuade herself that she was not deceiving him in this way, and indeed it was certain that delusion; and it was all one to Richard what their love was called as long as it existed. She, in fact, was alone together in the noonday stillness, his arm around her waist, as he laid his head since that day upon the pillow of the casted rock, he must needs have told her why the heart that pressed so close against her side was beating so fast. But he was happy, he dared not. Suppose that, by any possibility, he had mistaken her sentiments, and that she had an extorted promise, or fear of her father's anger, or what not, should compel her to deny her love, and deem herself bound to confess that her simplicity was such—and was in some things most unreasonably great—that he interpreted her affection as that of a brother—a friend of her father's and of "Sol's"—but no: he felt certain that she loved him; and even if, by events, or whatever reason, she was once again to reprove him for indulging in these sentiments, he would feign that such a rebuke must of necessity finish all. She could not forgive him twice, unless she gave him license to continue to love her. He was not, therefore, speak directly of that which both were thinking of; and yet he could not altogether ignore so sweet a subject.

"That is the moor yonder, Harry, over which first came to Gedna—how long ago?"

"Has the time, then, hung so very heavy on your hands?" asked she, seriously.

"No, Harry, on the contrary, I have never been so happy: but when one has a new experience never changes, one is apt to look back to dwindle down one's past to nothing. I have had two lifetimes, as it seems to me—one in which I was, and one here: and yet it is but six weeks since I met you first, Harry, out yonder, gleaming like a unbroken through the mist."

"I remember it well," said Harry, with a slight shiver.

"But not to sigh about it, dear, I trust? You are not afraid of me now, as you were then? Do you remember how scared you were that I called you back that day?"

"Yes, well," answered the young girl, earnestly. "I had a reason, and I was scared, though you would laugh at me if I told you what it was."

"Indeed! I will not laugh, Harry, when you believe me serious—indeed, I will not, proscribably. "Come, tell me why you shrieked to me—now you can tell me all, dearest, for, see, I have got you close—and why your large eyes looked so wild and strange at me? Was it what you mad? Did you take me for a ghost?"

"No; but I had just seen what is far worse than any ghost. Just a minute before you came, I got that same night? I thought I should have fainted when I was asked."

She put the question, but Solomon's name was never mentioned between those two young people. Yet I think they understood each other. It was one that very day—only a few minutes before I met poor—and no wonder she was pale.

"Well, and what then?" said Richard, smiling. "Neither your father, nor any one in whom you have an interest, grew to sea. The Flying Dutchman did not concern you, I reckon, even if he did pay you a call."

"You do not understand," said Harry, seriously; "it was not that at all. But when the moon rise over Turlock sands, as they did that day, a black, square-rigged vessel glides across them, which bodes ill to those who see her; and I saw her as plain as I see you."

"But not to-day," said Richard, fondly.

"She was coming from Turlock to the quarry yonder—"

"To fetch slates," interrupted the other—"nothing more likely."

"Nay, not she; no craft would have attempted that in such weather; and, besides, there was not a soul on board of her. She was sailing alone: what little wind there was, and against the tide."

"But even if this was so, Harry, what of it? What have I to fear?"

"Nothing as yet; nor was I greatly frightened at the time. That omen bodes unhappiness to him or her who sees it, and I was already unhappy."

"Because I was not here to comfort you, Harry. Well, that is remedied."

She shook her head, and did not return the reassuring pressure of his hand. "Listen!" she said. "The misery comes through the person whom he will see: the vision shall never meet; and I thought I knew who I should meet on my way home—as from yonder—when sunk her voice to a whisper—"I already expected misery."

"I see mean—" began Richard, eagerly.

"No matter whom I mean. It was not he who met me; that was you."

The hand which he held in his was cold as ice; her face was pale; and her limbs trembled under her.

"This is folly, Harry dear. Am I likely to do you harm, and can you miserable?"

"I do not know," said she. "I sometimes think you are."

He put the long hair back from her forehead, and gazed into her eyes, which were now fast filling with tears. "I love you, Harry, with all my heart; but—but—you know I do. And, though you are sometimes cold, and at others seem as though you would have avoided me, I think you love me—just a little—too. Better, at all events, than the man with whom you were last night! And you expect nothing but misery."

"Hush, hush!" moaned she. "If I said that, it was very wrong."

"It was the truth, Harry. How could it be otherwise? There is not a love most for such as you; he is twice your age, and rough and rude of speech and as a sailor. Do you think he will be more tender when he is a husband? He is no mate for you, Harry, nor you for him."

Again all was silence, but with a slow mournful movement, as though less in descent from his superstitious dejection or remedy.

"What!" cried he, "because his father was your father's friend, does that give him the right to be your husband?"

The young girl answered only with her sobs.

"Now tell me, Harry dear—did you ever promise to be this man's wife in words?"

"Yes—no—I am not sure. He yes, I must be; but I am not sure that he put upon it. Nay, do not smile at that; you don't know what my father is. He is not one to cross; and, if at the very thought of her stern parent's wrath, she lifted up her head from Richard's breast, and looked around her.

"But suppose I win him to my side, sweet Harry?"

"That you could never do," sighed she. "I tell you you don't know him."

"Nay, but I think I do, dear; and, if I could show him that it was to his own advantage to have me for his son-in-law, in place of—"

"You could not persuade him," interrupted the young girl, firmly;—"not even if you were Caesar of Cæsars, and he Pompey."

The words she had used were meant to express exhaustless wealth, but with such a sad corner of fresh association still excited in that far-away Richard, "I say not be Caesar to my father's fortune."

Harry shook her head. "He wants for nothing, Richard, and that you can give him. He is wealthier than you imagine. He has two thousand pounds in notes, for with such was the money paid to me strong-box in my room. But there, I promised not to speak of that."

"I am not a beggar in disguise," said Richard, smiling, "and would make your father richer rather than rob him. But why should he keep so large a sum by him?"

"I do not know; but there it is, locked with a letter padlock which he made himself. No human being can open it, he says, who does not know the secret."

Richard was silent. Something else than love was occupying his thoughts, though his fingers were making new gratings for themselves of Harry's golden hair. It is like entertaining angels unawares to find after one has fallen in love that it is a wife and not a man.

"Dear Harry," said he at last, "I think I will better pocket

BEFORE THE ATTACK.—[See Poem on Page 602.]

TURCOS IN ACTION—CHARGING A PRUSSIAN BATTERY.—[See Page 599.]

BEFORE THE ATTACK.

(See Illustrations on Page 605.)

FORWARD, O comrades, the time will come
When the signal gun shall flash,
And the blare of bugle and roll of drum
Shall join with the rifle's crash.
Then the ranks of the foe shall be crushed and riven,
They shall scatter before us like chaff in storm-driven;
But steadily now, till the word is given,
Then go with a dash.

Up to and brave who be only brave
In the fervor of the fight;
The truest courage is sober and grave,
And steadfast in its might.
'Tis waiting and watching, and trying time most,
When terrible silence is over the host—
Keep steady, and each man at his post
Close up—steady—right.

But a little longer—'Tis deadly still—
Will the signal never come?
Now—ready, trumpeter, blow with a will,
Beat, drummer, upon your drum;
For waiting is over—there booms the gun!
Look to your rifles—stand steady each one!
Now, forward, O comrades mine, with a run;
Hurrah! strike home!

ROMANCE IN A RAILWAY.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Two young barristers, traveling from London to Liverpool, took their seats one evening in a first-class carriage of the 6 o'clock express at the Euston Square Station—a station known, I venture to think, to every American who has ever invaded the old country. There were only two other seats occupied in the compartment entered by the two young men. Two ladies—at least, a lady and her maid—were the other occupants. The lady was young and pale and pretty; the maid was a fresh, blooming, round-cheeked country girl—the moment she spoke a word her accent made it plain to one of the two advocates, himself from the Midland of Northern England, that the girl came from dear old Cumberland. Two gentlemen, one apparently the young lady's father, attended her to the carriage door, and waited at the door until the train started and moved off. They both, especially the one who seemed set to exercise parental authority over the young lady, kept insistently eating expectant, eager, suspicious eyes about the platform, as if they looked for or dreaded the arrival of somebody. These little facts the two barristers, accustomed to note small things and construct them into evidence, observed almost unconsciously and by the sheer force of habit.

The older man, whom both the youths learned in law assumed to be the father of the departing young lady, at last nodded significantly to the other, and said, in a low tone: "It is all right, Cunningham. He is not here. Thank Heaven!"

"He can't come now," said the other.

"It would not have much mattered even if he did," the elder observed. "He should not have exchanged a word with her—not one word! But I'm glad to escape scenes and tears and confusion for all that."

The lady in the carriage had heard nothing of this. She sat at the further side of the compartment. Doubtless what was said would never have been spoken were she near enough to hear it. Or she had never Eureka, however, to hear it—in fact, he could not help himself; he had no chance but to hear.

The elder of the two speakers had taken a farewell of the girl when he put her into the carriage—that is, he kissed her very coldly, and said good-by, and added a few whispered words, which seemed to be something in the nature of a exception or a menace. Now, as the train moved off, he only nodded a farewell. He had a formally handsome face, pale, cold, and hard, with thin lips and very white teeth.

The train then went on, and soon whirled through the pleasant suburbs of that side of London, and away into the open country. The young lady seemed very melancholy and quite pale. She replied gracefully to a few civilities and attentions offered by the two barristers, but was evidently not much inclined to any manner of conversation. She exchanged a few words every now and then with her maid, but in the most part remained silent.

It was growing to be late in autumn, and dusk soon began to come on. The evening was soft and beautiful; the face of the country looked tender and poetic, with all its autumn shades and melancholy grace around it.

Our two friends talked together on many subjects, at first in a low tone, then, as the young lady appeared to be asleep, or wholly absorbed in her own thoughts, they began to converse a little more freely and loudly. Something or other, perhaps the great quietness of the evening, set them talking of the old world—of the dear, delightful, tortuning, hair-lifts, blood-chilling pleasures who used to haunt their childhood. They actually began telling each other ghost stories, and did not observe the pale, scared terror of the Cumberland lass, who could hardly sit still in her seat, so great was her interest, excitement, and consternation dread.

"I don't know," said one of the two young men, Leonard Rossmore by name, "why ghosts should be supposed to have necessarily banished ghosts. I can quite imagine a ghost making his appearance in his very train, for instance."

"Can you?" replied Fred Sargent. "I confess I can't; but I think you Northerners, near the Scottish border, have more imagination than we prosaic cockneys."

At the same time he happened to glance at the young lady in the corner, and her pale, sad face seemed ghostlike enough in the dim evening light. Sargent thought for a moment of the legend of the company who sat one evening telling ghost stories until at last the turn came to a pale young lady who had been silent all the time, and who now, when invited to contribute her share to the entertainment, said, in a low, tonseless voice, "I have no ghost story to tell, but I am a ghost myself!" and so vanished.

"Yes," pursued Lewis Rossmore: "I can easily imagine it; and I think it could be done with rather fine effect. Look here, Sargent, take a note of this idea, and make something of it for one of the magazines. Two people are traveling alone in a railway—the express—and have just passed one of the only stoppages—at a little station, which is rushing at full speed across the open country, fifty miles an hour, and the evening is growing dark, like this, they suddenly perceive that one of the seats has an occupant, whose presence was not observed before."

"God's sake don't go on in that way," broke in the Cumberland girl, unable to contain herself and forget her fear. "You might as well mention; it's enough to raise a ghost right i' the midst of us all!"

The two men laughed at first, but the superstitious fear of the poor girl was so obviously genuine and unaffected that Rossmore withdrawn his golden invention, and they reassured her and talked for a few moments of something else. Then the train stopped for five minutes at the one only station where it was to make any halt during the long journey. The two girls out of the compartment in which our friends were, and no one got into it; and when the train had again moved off, the two friends felt secure against further disturbance, they settled themselves for sleep. The young lady appeared to be already asleep.

Both young men slept. Suddenly a loud shriek caused them to start up and rub their eyes.

It was the Cumberland girl who had given the alarm.

"It's a ghost it's a ghost!" she cried. "That's what I've been afeard o' devilry and your talk—you've brought a ghost among us!"

The evening had by this time become complete darkness; the one lamp, the highest luxury in the way of illumination, to which even first-class passengers in an express train could aspire, was burning very dimly; but it needed little light to see that there was a fifth figure in the carriage, the figure of a man. There he was assuredly; a tall, slender man, stooping because of the low arch of the roof, and apparently sitting in the seat, which was vacant, opposite to that on which the young lady was sleeping. He had started up with a half scream on hearing her servant's alarm; but the back of the mysterious intruder was turned to her, and apparently saw nothing surprising in his presence.

Both the young lawyers, however, saw something very startling in it. An English railway train can not possibly be entered by any one after it has moved from the station. It is not in any outer platform, or other means of communication, by which passengers can get from one compartment when it stopped at the station; nobody could have entered it since then; and nobody could have entered it since then; and there was a fifth person where only four were present before.

"Hallo! who are you?" exclaimed Sargent.

"How did you get in—where the devil did you come from?" fiercely demanded Rossmore.

"It's a ghost!" shrieked the Cumberland girl, faithful to her original hypothesis.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," the intruder very calmly observed. "You have not a ghost among you; although, if I had remained under cover a little longer, it is quite possible you might have had a ghost in the carriage before the end of your journey."

But the sound of his voice created a new agitation. The young lady sprung from her seat, and cried out: "Oh, Harold! Harold, dear Harold!" and threw herself upon his neck, and kissed him again and again with fond and unrestrained affection, and such extravagances, to which the intruder lent himself, with great apparent coolness, while the two barristers, aghast, sat with compound interest.

The Cumberland girl said, "God be guid to us—it's Master Harold himself!"

The two barristers resumed their seats, and looked on and listened, but with very different calmness which distinguishes your true British gentleman, or concealed their consciousness. The intruder, whoever he might be, was clearly neither ghost nor robber.

"Oh, Harold!" exclaimed the young lady "how did you come here? Where did you get in—and why have you come at all?"

"Come for! Why, to see you, love, of course. They thought they were quite safe, I believe, when they got me on board ship, but they were a little mistaken. We'll surprise them a little more yet, Alice!"

"But how did you come here, Harold?"

"Do satisfy our curiosity, Sir," Sargent interposed, with a very courteous assumption of part, seeing that your sudden appearance looks very like a fraud upon the railway company, and that I suppose you know you are—and I may be leading directors—and then you are positively accessary of aiding a ghost."

The young man laughed. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you shall have a full explanation. I have only just arrived myself in this country. I have ly her mother, who was a widow, thought fit to marry again, and her new husband, the young lady's step-father—you saw him at the station to-day—detests me, has poisoned his wife's mind against me, and has persuaded her to refuse her consent to our marriage, of which she quite approved two years ago—in the meantime I went to then too young to marry. I am going to the West Indies, and may be absent Heaven knows how long; and they had set their hearts upon preventing me from seeing Alice before I go. Now I had, very naturally, set my heart on seeing her; and yet I didn't care to ask her to do any thing directly in opposition to her mother's commands."

"Quite right, Sir," said Rossmore, with a look of infinite solemnity.

"Very commendable indeed," added Sargent, paternally.

"So, Harold continued, "I found that she was being sent back to the country to-day, in order to get her quickly out of my way—and my reverse was delighted.

"Don't see it yet," murmured Sargent.

"Don't you see?" I came to Euston Station, took a ticket to Liverpool—so you perceive there is no question of fraud on the company—paid a handsome affection to the guard of bribery, and thus induced the guard, first to allow me to hide under the seat, and then to manage so that the young lady whose photograph I showed him, should be conducted into this particular carriage. Gentlemen, this was managed in short, here I am."

"Lucky that you were not smothered," said Sargent.

"Or shot as a robber, on emerging from your hiding-place," said Rossmore.

"Dead flattery, how you must have suffered," Alice whispered. He pressed her hand tenderly.

"Why did you not come out before?" she asked.

Harold smiled. "Blame these gentlemen for that," he said. "They will not be offended if I say that I thought them just a little de trop; and I fancied, from something they said, that you would be out at the station we have just passed, and so I waited. But when I found they were coming further, I felt that it was useless waiting any longer, and I came out, and nearly frightened poor Polly there" (the servant) "out of her senses."

"Very sorry we should have been in your way, Sir," said Rossmore. "But it may interest you to know that I am the very profoundest sleeper who ever traveled in a train, and that I had terribly disturbed your friends."

"And I," said Rossmore, "can hardly keep my eyes open."

So the discreet barristers at once turned round in their seats, coiled themselves up, closed their eyes, and were soon fast asleep in earnest—deep enough for the Emperor Barbarossa or the Sleeping Beauty in a wood of enchanted wood.

Then Harold sat beside Alice, and took her hand in his; and the servant, Polly, seemed to allow the maiden of her legal traveling companions, and sink into sleep. So Alice and Harold talked, and were happy. Harold about to go—uncertainly for years, yet they were happy in the present. Surely that is one of the most delicious and overpowering properties of love—exquisite in its delight and in its pain—that it never looks beyond the present hour, but finds happiness enough in a momentary meeting, though the agony of a long parting threatens next the hand—agony in a momentary parting, although the hope of a speedy reunion may smile and offer consolation.

These two were happy for the hour. But after all the whole journey from London to Liverpool is scarcely more than seven hours; after it and two hours had been wasted before our adventurous lover emerged from his concealment. So the precious Liverpool and separation began to look very threatening and imminent; and Harold, dreading or detesting the thought of such a parting, began to urge a wild proposal. Why should they not escape at Liverpool, take the first boat that was departing—only a very few hours to wait—and go on to Scotland and be married there? Then let the family do its worst; and Harold could not go to the West Indies, but would push a career at home. Or, even if he had to go, the marriage would be a bond and a wedded wife, whom no ill-contingent step-father could take from him. "Be my wife—come and go with me that first; that is all Harold said." So rang the refrain of the passionate outpouring which the young lover Harold kept whispering into Alice's ear.

The girl had spirit enough, and was not unwilling to do it. Indeed, there were few risks life could offer which she was not ready to encounter without looking back to the dreary and odious home life, with Harold far away. Now she was being sent, as she perfectly well knew, to be out of the way, more entirely, of an uncle and aunt in Liverpool, in order that she might be kept out of the way until Harold should have left London and gone out to the West Indies, by where he had relatives, and where he hoped to make a fortune.

"But, Harold dear," the girl whispered, "the thing is impossible. You could not be at the station waiting for me with the carriage. Do you think he would be likely to fail into our plans I'm to be met at the station, you know, by Uncle George—and I know you have—and are very, very quick. Now, you must stop for a minute—let me have a minute to think. Just before we get to Liverpool the train enters a tunnel, and inside the tunnel I know you know you will stop. Listen, and don't be afraid. Just before we get to Liverpool the train enters a tunnel, and inside the tunnel you know you will stop for a minute—you have a minute to make your escape. Now, dear Harold, you must get out; it will be perfectly easy and safe; and Polly shall follow without one instant's delay. Then you hold our breaths, and stand in the darkness close up to the tunnel wall for only a moment, till the train rushes by; and then we get quietly out, take to the road, get a carriage at the nearest inn, and drive to any station on the line, where we can wait for the Scotch mail. Your uncle will only suppose that you have put off coming for a day; he will grumble and wait for to-morrow without doing or even suspecting any thing, and then it will be too late."

"If we are killed—"

"Dearest, do you think I would expose you to any danger?"

"No, Harold, it was not that. I was only going to say that if we are killed—I mean even if we are killed—we shall be killed together!"

Harold embraced his intrepid and desperate fiancée, and the plan was resolved on. A few whispered words conveyed the whole to stout-hearted Polly, who had a romantic heart, and would have gone with these lovers any where—indeed would have done out of an express train flying at full speed rather than desert them. The moment arrived; the tunnel was near; the two young barristers had long since been fast asleep in good reality; Harold softly opened the door, and stood ready to with Alice in his arms; the faithful Polly looked herself with such of her mistress's cloaks and shawls as she could so she could attempt to carry; the train began already to slacken its speed; they were at the mouth of the tunnel; Harold said, in a whisper, "Now, love!" And Alice shut her eyes, and pressed her face against his shoulder.

The train rattled and crashed through the echoing tunnel. The hollow, hideous reverberations aroused our sleeping barristers. Sargent started up, and rubbed his eyes.

"Hallo, Rossmore, this is the Edgehill Tunnel! We shall be in Liverpool in a moment. Shake yourself up, old boy!"

"All right," replied Rossmore, yawning. "Glad we're in. But I say, Sargent, look here —why—did we stop any where?"

"Of course not. Why do you ask?"

"Then where are our fellow-travelers?"

"Good Heavens! To be sure, where are they? I forgot all about them. But they were here—that's certain; and we stopped at no station, and they could not get out."

"Confound it, I never knew any thing like that! Thunder, Harold, where are you, come in mysteriously, and now he has gone out even more mysteriously, and spirited away the two companions with him!"

I say, Rossmore, how if your suggestion of this evening should have turned out a reality! Have we had ghosts in our railway train?"

Both laughed—both were relieved—and the train rushed on, and she crowded, bustling, blazing station at Liverpool. *Our* friends spoke to the guard, who, from his post of duty, had stared in first to hear of the disappearance of the three passengers; but he seemed to think that, in the case of so distinguished a lyer as Harold, any thing was possible—and then, there was a momentary struggle in the station.

So the barristers made no further inquiries, but took is for granted that all was right somehow, and went on their hotel.

They heard the end of the story, however, even before they arrived in London, for they met Harold Rivers and his young wife in Liverpool ten days after. The pair had just returned from Scotland, where they were married. Their bad, of course, written off at once to Alice's mother, announcing their marriage, and were what a good hope she would soon accept the situation. They could afford to wait a little, for they were grateful and happy; and Harold had made up his mind that he would not go to the West Indies.

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF FRANCE.

THE lasting popularity of the "Marseillaise," now nearly eighty years old, becomes more remarkable when we consider that, although the first song of the Revolution, it was immediately followed by a host of republican effusions, all of which are now in the profoundest favor. There were the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," the "Chant du Départ," the "Chant de Liberté," the "Chant d'Allons," the "Chant Martial," the "Hymne à la Rose Supreme," the "Chant de Guerre," and "Couplet, revellez-toi," by Gossec. All these, the fruits of a genius unparalleled in its way, and the only lyrical work that, besides the "Marseillaise," has continued to live in the memory of the French is the "Chant du Départ," by Méhul. This was recently sung at one of the Parisian theatres; and the effect of cuirasses, with drawn swords, raised to different voices, it can never become a popular song in the ordinary sense of the word.

One forgotten melody of the old Revolution has been revived within the last few days, however, when the "Histoire des Girondins," by M. De Lamartine, was the book of the day. Gorgeously illustrated and attached to the volume, and condemned to shave their fate, composed, a few hours before his execution, by Vergniaud, who long afterward responded to the state of feeling in 1847, and which, with a slight modification, was sung by the Girondins De Girondins, perhaps, known as "Mourir pour la Patrie." M. Alexandre Dumas, in the "Comte de Monte Cristo," has given a nice piece, terminated with the supper of the Girondists, at which this song was enthusiastically introduced.

The airs of the First Empire were generally of a warlike kind, or, to speak more correctly, the songs were warlike, though often set to the most pacific music. Nothing, for instance, could be more lugubrious than the air written for an opera by Grétry, which was made to fit "Vive Henri Quatre" during the Restoration. The First Empire was by no means badly represented in the world of song by the "Partant pour la Syrie," which, in the days of the Second, has become the most popular tune in England and France; and by the "Sentinelle" of Choron and the "Vaillant Tronbadour" of Sauvan, both of which are to be found in the most common music-books.

The Restoration brought with it the revival of the two famed Bourbon melodies, "Vive Henri Quatre" and "Charmante Gabrielle." A peculiar air, by Grétry, was now made to do duty for several of the restored regime; but this time the music was not diverted from its proper pur-

pose. The words to which it was fitted, "Ou peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" post-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" number celebrated the blessings of peace than the triumph of a dynasty.

The revolution of 1830 had a song of its own, with which great names were connected, but which, after a short popularity, sunk into utter oblivion. Casimir Delavigne, the poet of the renowned "Messéniennes," was looked upon as the proper person to celebrate the death of July. As he had not even that uncultivated power of music which belonged to Rouget de Lisle, he laid his words to a Hungarian air which he had retained in his memory, and which was duly noted down and scored by Auber. Thus arose the "Parisienne," and to its non-national origin is attributed the short duration of its popularity.

Of late patriotic songs of great merit have been the irrepressible "Marseillaise" and the "Rhin Allemand," which M. Alfred de Musset produced during the consumption of a single cigar, and to which music has been set by M.M. Félicien David and Vaucorbeil. A more successful city, however, is "A la Frontière," with music by M. Gounod, sung at the Opera by M. Devoyod in the uniform of a Zouave.

THE IRON CROSS OF PRUSSIA.

THIS order, which holds the highest rank in Prussia, was instituted in March, 1813, by Frederick WILLIAM III., in honor of the bravery of his deceased wife, Queen LOUISA. Just a year afterward, on the first anniversary of its institution, it was bestowed upon his son, Prince WILLIAM, now King of Prussia, in recognition of a daring action which he first and only won. Its Iron Cross as the proudest decoration on his breast. On the 19th of July of this year, the anniversary of his mother's death, the King decided upon the renewal of the order, with special reference to the war then impending with France. "In view of the serious position of affairs in Germany" (so runs the decree), "and in grateful remembrance of the heroism of our forefathers in the great war of Liberation, I have resolved to revive, in its full significance, the Cross of the Iron Cross, instituted by my revered father."

The new cross, of which we herewith give an engraving, differs from that of 1813–1815 only in the substitution of a W for F W, and in the date. The material is gold, with black enamelling. The black ribbon with a white border indicates service in the field; the white ribbon with a black border, service at home. There are two classes, First and Second, and a large cross, which is to be bestowed for a decisive victory, or for the capture or the successful defence of an important fortress. The cross of the Second class was recently bestowed by the King upon the Crown Prince of Prussia for his victories over MACMAHON.

"PAPA WRANGEL."

"Papa Wrangel"! It may be quite true that this Russian commander of the army of invasion, sent to bring the uproarious Berlin-ers to reason in 1848 or 1849, expressed the grimmest intolerance at that period, as he is declared in his proclamation, "to saw the grass grow in the streets of Berlin," in token of its sad revolutionary condition; it may also be true that he has played something of a comic popular figure ever since in Berlin, and that he never yet got over the difference between the dignity and accuracy of the personal German pen-sion; but one can not help sympathizing deeply with him now. He has outlived his time and age, and, dying though he be in the atmosphere in his capacity of field-marshal, Moltke seems to be able to dispense with his services, for he is only touching to read how he reviewed the other day the regiment of which he is still the nominal chief as it passed Berlin on its way to the Rhine. "I make it known to this whole regiment," he said to the soldiers, "that I have prayed his Majesty the King, in deepest humility, to be permitted to join this war as a common private soldier, upon which request I have received from his Majesty's own hand a most gracious reply, from which I have learned with profound sadness that my respectful prayer had not been accepted." And the tears started to the old man's eyes. He then addressed to his actual successor some martial words, and handed him two prizes—for the first French and English. Finally he seized the regimental standard, and cried, "This sacred banner your fathers have saved at Eylau with their lives from the hands of the enemy, and have always chained victory to its colors; you, my men, will not do otherwise!" He then embraced the commander, handed a photograph of the King, "for whom to fight, win, or die honorably was the most sacred duty," to the sergeant, and shook hands all round, finally overcome with the grief of having to remain behind alone.

THE ENGLISH TEMPLE KNIGHTS.

WHEN Heraclius visited England in 1184 the Templars had removed from their old Precep-tory in Holborn to the New Temple, in Fleet Street, on the site of the present Inner Temple. The venerable archbishop consecrated the new church for them, as well as that belonging to the Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Clerkenwell. The church was dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and built after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It still remains to remind us of the happiest period in the history of this famous brotherhood.

Around this consecrated building the order raised its new Preceptory, and here they lived for many years according to the rules laid down for them by St. Bernard. Before entering the fraternity, each member had to declare that he had already been a knight, that his sec-ther married nor betrothed, that he had never taken vows in any other order, that he was free from debt, and in sound health. On his admission by the Master of the Temple, each knight made one of the following fraternity vows, as he kneeled brotherhood: "Sir, I am come before God, and before you, to become a brother of the Temple, for the sake of God and our dear Lady to admit me into your society and the good deeds of the order, as one who will be all his life long the servant and slave of the order." After this declaration the Master and brethren kissed the new brother, and clothed and hardship he would have to lead; upon which the candidate bound himself by vows of poverty and sevenations to be obedient to the head of the house and chief head at Jerusalem, to observe the customs of the order, to live in chastity, and to spend all his powers to conquer the Holy Land, and vowed never to be present when a Christian was unjustly and unlawfully despoiled of his heritage. He was then admitted, and assured of "bread and water, and the poor clothing of the Order, and labor and toil enow." The white mantle with the red cross was thrown over him, he received the kiss of peace from the master and the chaplain, and was furnished with the arms and equipments of the order. The ceremony of admission for each Knight Templar. Besides the knights, there were other classes admitted to the order of an inferior degree; but, although inferior, many illustrious and great men were proud to enter them, and among them we find no less a personage than Pope Innocent III. For many years after their foundation in England the members of the order appear to have acted in conformity with the rigorous rules laid down for them; and until the punishment inflicted on those of their members who proved refractory was sufficiently severe. Imprisonment in a small stone chamber built in the thickness of the wall that surrounded the chapel, only four and a half feet in length, and only up in this narrow cell, with hardly food sufficient to support bare existence, they were not allowed the consolations of religion. An aperture was made in the wall, through which the unfortunate prisoner could hear the voices of the brotherhood below, as it chanted the daily service in the chapel. Besides the punishment of imprisonment, offenders were publicly scourged at the bare back by the master before the assembled brotherhood. The flagellation, however, left the delinquent, who, having deserted the order, had returned and sought readmission, was condemned to eat for a year on the ground, and to fast four days in the week on bread and water, and every Sunday to be scourged in the chapel.

Such was the rigorous discipline of the order at the commencement of its career; but prosperity proved a greater enemy to this fraternity than ever adversity had done, and only after the final fall of Jerusalem, the wealth, influence, and power of the order increased, not only in England, but throughout Christendom. At this Preceptory in London, on the spot familiar to every Londoner, kings and emperors were feasted, parliaments and general councils were held. Besides the large gifts bestowed upon the order, vast treasures were deposited in the Temple, and it was considered the safest guardian of wealth and property of all kinds. Here the royal hoard used to be stored within its precincts, but kings sought and found refuge within its walls. Here King John and his queen found shelter when the barons of England demanded and obtained the great charter of their freedom. Here the Duke de Burgh deposited his vast riches when imprisoned in the Tower, and the King in vain sought to obtain them.

In Henry III.'s reign the Master of the Temple first sat in Parliament; but, after the fall of Jerusalem, their power fell. Pride, the sure forerunner of such falls, and vice, the constant attendant on such pride, overshadowed with their baneful influence the bright prospects of this once noble brotherhood. As Spenser tells us, when alluding to the Temple, in the following lines:

"Those brick towers
The which on Thames broad aged backs doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Temple Knights to bide,
Till they grew to pompous pride;"

The envy of princes is not easily overcome: at least it was not in old days. The pomp monarchs that ruled over the countries of Christendom at the time we are speaking of nar with fear and dismay the increasing power of men who once called themselves "the poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ." They found themselves confronted with a power equal to, if not greater than, their own, and a power that seemed ever on the increase. They coveted the broad acres and vast wealth possessed by the order, and inwardly plotted its fall whenever they were forced to concede to men who were not overscrupulous as to the use they made of them. The common people hated the order with a more bitter hatred, engendered by the scorn and contumely with which they treated by the brotherhood generally, and increased by the vice and depravity of the knights—crimes that remained unpunished and unrestrained. The grand being himself undermined beneath them, it only required a small spark to blow the whole fabric before the fatal day arrived, the Knights Templars, as if determined to end their career in glory, as they had begun it, were more proud of their chivalrous courage by their brilliant defence of Acre. The following history will explain the origin of the movement, and then expired. A few years later, and they had ceased to exist. In 1519, Pope Clement V. and Philip le Bel of France, their two most inveterate enemies, combined together for the total destruction of the brotherhood.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

REVENUE from various quarters indicate that in many sections of the country the peach crop will be "almost a failure." In some places they say there will be difficulty to realize it when at every street corner the incident fruit is piled on stands, and the people seem to be overflowing with peaches and cream. To be sure the season is so much earlier than usual this year that our people have not had the full bent we are wont to have as a great "bee and cry" is so often made as to the "total failure" of the fruit. Still we recommend every body to luxuriate with unrestrained mind in this delicious fruit, as it is so abundant and inexpensive. As one passes through the streets and markets of our city one can see any day, seeing loads of peaches yet hauled, he can not but wonder what becomes of what is left, since much of it is too ripe to keep long. Even the most quantities when the market is overstocked, as it was earlier in the season. The Italian peddlers and fritters of our numerous tenements consume a vast number of baskets, not ripe enough to use as raw ripe to bake, and the cunning of peaches, which, in connection with the canning of tomatoes and corn, has become an immense industry, preserves for our future use hundreds of baskets which would otherwise be wasted.

A Greek Church is soon to be built in New York, according to the Times. The Empress of Russia is interested in the enterprise, and has raised $500 toward the erection of the edifice, which is to be of the Byzantine style of architecture. There is now no Greek Church in the country.

"*Grip*," the famous raven which belonged to Charles Dickens, is now the property of the London Stereoscopic Company, who have leased his carte. Thus, in a certain sense, all England may be said to be the possessor of this poetic bird, since every body who desires may see the photograph.

Sullivan, Ohio, is the home of a young girl of thirteen, whose father, a thrifty farmer, is very proud of her achievements. For three years past she has had her own choice been engaged in regular farm work, in plowing, sowing, reaping, mowing, and harvesting, as well as in the ordinary household chores. Last summer she raised about forty acres of hay, besides doing her share toward securing and "pitching" it.

The Chinese method of cooking rice, as obtained from the Chinese colony of shoemakers at North Adams, is as follows: Take a stew-pan with a close-fitting top, and a clean piece of white muslin, large enough to cover the pan and hang down inside. Wash the rice nearly to, but not in contact with the bottom. Into the sack so formed place the rice, a pint of water to a quarter of rice, and put on the top of the stew-pan, so as to hold up the muslin bag inside, and fit tight on the pan. Put the pan on a slow fire, and the steam generated from the water will cook the rice. Each grain will be separate, and the rice dry and distinct as if just taken from the boil. More water may be poured into the pan if necessary, but only sufficient to keep up the steam till the rice is cooked.

A Siberian railway is a somewhat novel project, but certain Russian capitalists have undertaken to accomplish it. The proposed line is to be about twelve hundred miles in length, and much of it will be through the forests where ice covered with ice and snow during ten months of the year. It is to commence at Nijni Novgorod, the great market for trade from Northern Asia, Persia, and Turkestan. The value of the goods brought to this market has, during the last ten years, averaged 185,000,000 rubles per annum; but year it was 714,000,000 rubles. Another important object to be reached will be the town of Irbit, at the junction of the Rivers Nizn and Irbita. It is believed that this railway will command the trade of Western Europe, by opening communication with Southern Siberia, whose corn may compete with the best quality.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Martha's Vineyard, describes the present shifting phase of the Blackmanism mania as "a picturesque little tent, gleaming white and pure in its green frame-work, the flag-staff surmounted by a scarlet bunting." There live John Hutchinson and his wife, showing, as ever, a most dignified aspect to the outer world. Their tent is a great place of resort, and a pleasant party always gathered on the premises.

One must retreat very far from the city nowadays in order to be able to live economically as regards cookery. It surprises a novice to learn the high prices demanded for fruit, meat, milk, and similar commodities in the very section of country where they are produced, and the consequently it is impossible to procure cheap food. A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, who has been vacationing in Massachusetts, was overheard reasoning with a sturdy son of the soil who asked fifty cents a quart for a pailful of young—not old—potatoes, that ran largely to legs. "Why, my friend," said the New Yorker, in persuasive accents, "I am willing to pay just what is charged in Fulton Market, but don't you see that when we come to your door to buy your produce you ought not to charge more than the retail price in New York?" "That sounds well," quoth the farmer; "but we gets all we can, an' if you don't want them young hins at fifty cents a pound other folks do." There was no help for it, and the New Yorker paid the farmer his price, and sent the "young hins" in to the cook.

The country people about Strasbourg say that among the Prussian scouts are a great many persons whom they formerly knew well in different parts of Germany for longer or shorter periods in Alsace. Several of the officers of the army are old acquaintances. One was a pupil in the Ecole d'Application at Metz, another a civil engineer, a third learning the business of a forwarder—all convenient occupations for studying the topography of the district.

Six young women of Charlestown—so the story runs usually challenged all comers to a game of swimming race for the prize of $100. The challenged party accepted, and did not appear on the ground at the appointed time. So the Charlestownites resolved to get up a race among themselves. They started off in fine style; but before they reached the turning stake four gave out, and paddled, exhausted, to the shore. One of the others turned back to see what was the matter, and that she was sinking, and hugging help. Her companion succeeded in keeping her above water until aid arrived. Swimming is a useful and desirable accomplishment for ladies; but such public displays of female strength and skill seem to be neither pleasant nor in good taste.

Bismarck seems to be very friendly to American journalists, according to an account of an interview with him given by a correspondent of the *World*, written from St. Avold. He says:

"While I was looking at the duty there passed by me a great group of men, several hundred in all, who, as I judged, had powerfully built. I knew it was Bismarck, for the others stood in two lines to salute him as he passed the street. Among all the soldiers he was by black the most striking figure. Tall, lordly myself and an American, I can assure you whose company I should be in. Seeing me, the Chancellor—he was in simple dark blue civilian dress—came up to me and said, with a slight forgive to step on past us, after taking a good look at him, we were introduced. We approached him, and he met us half-way. 'Where are you from?' he asked. I told him. 'Ah, you have been in Paris? Have the Prussians not been in that country.' He then said: 'You are welcome, sir, to the army. We have advertisements in America, and with our army.' The only thing that he seemed to be afraid of was that the French army would be prepared against the Prussian movement. He said that he anticipated the freedom of every thing will be accorded to the press. 'The only thing we can not permit is the importation forward. You see we are very much crowded, and with a view to keeping us secret. You will have, gentlemen, to depend upon yourselves for news. Step forward.' I did every thing. For all the help and protection you require, you have only to come to me.' I thanked him."

Boston is shocked by the recent announcement that there is a Mormon Church in that city. However, the society is small, there being only seven members, and, moreover, they are not Mormons after Brigham Young's fashion. The society itself the "Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints."

A new epidemic among horses, cattle, and pigs has been creating a sensation in the western part of Canada. The disease is described as commencing its appearance in a number of small blotches or gathering of the throat and feet of the pigs, thence overleg spread, loosening the flesh and the bone and swelling to an enormous size. Behind the shoulders the skin cracks horizontally, the part soon begins to bleed, and the animal gives partial relief. Meanwhile the swelling extends to the breast. Sometimes this breaks out in monstrous boils or ulcers, and the pig dies in a more unusual manner, a complete putrefaction of all your family. What is your husband's name, madam? Sullivan, Ohio, and gives the pig the pail of a shirt, she answers, "Mother O'Sullivan." What is your husband's name, my dear?" Jeremiah Grubb, as she says," And where does you know? I wasn't at his christening." "Good" morning, madam," he continues, blandly. "When you speak to him love do you address him?" "Father big at the shirt." "Sir, or, is Mister O'Sullivan; and fags, if I knew his christen name, I wouldn't thanks him so disrespectfully as to call him Pat." "Did you ever hear your self so him by a Christian name?" "Aw, yis!" "Well, what is your self?" "Aw, yis!" And another footful pail at the washing, and out comes this answer, "I am your husband." Mem call him Mister Grubb Hunter, and more call him Michael." For five minutes the patient litigator continued to question and receive the following answers. Finally, the straightens up, wipes the suds with her hands off her apron, and says: "Now, I'll tell you what you must I'ver saw. Store I've been thering to git to and the last five minutes, and the last five minutes you pilfage the name of your self, I'm growing, and I'll tell you say thing ye want to know." So she continued quietly, and the lawyer calls out at the bottom of the stairs, "Mistress Mahoney." Come down here." Here's a gentleman taking the United States clients. He wants to know the names of all your family. Just give it to him, and then show him out the rist of the folks trough the building."

For ten years past a dog in Cincinnati has lived a hermit life. His cell is under an old house, and he is never seen except in the darkness. There he is perfectly quiet, and never barks. At night he steals out from his retreat and takes a ramble, apparently in search of food. He seeks no companions, and why he has thus retired from the world is a mystery.

As exchange asserts that it is useless to assassinate flies, for, unless you annihilate them, they come to life again. In proof of this it remarks that Franklin found some dead flies drowned in a bottle of wine that had been corked up for many years, and when he exposed them to the sunshine they soon flew about as lively as ever!

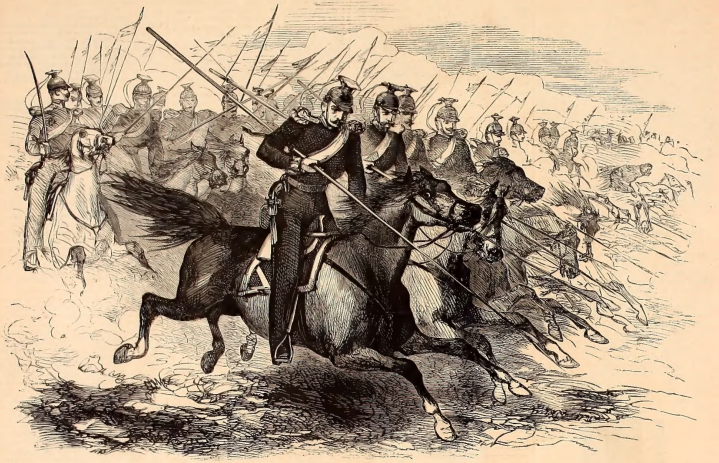

A GROUP OF PRUSSIAN UHLANS.

THE UHLANS.

THE Uhlans, who have been lately seen within twenty-five miles of Paris, are light cavalry, armed with breech-loading carbines and lances, who are much employed by the Prussian commanders as scouts. They push far into the enemy's country, and are of immense service in procuring intelligence of movements in progress, the position of the enemy, and in keeping up a state of terror and uncertainty throughout the country. It will be remembered that, during the late war in the South, our cavalry were often similarly employed in "raiding" within the enemy's lines with the same general purpose and results.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 605.]

PEASANTS FLYING.

ONE of the saddest features of the war is the desolation that marks its progress through a land. The carnage of the battle-field is not its worst evil. Wherever it sweeps it leaves the record of its devastating trend in ruined highways, desolated fields and farm-houses, and silent hamlets. The illustration on this page, which represents a party of French peasantry flying to some place of refuge before the approach of the enemy, is but one out of a thousand incidents that show how heavily the woes and burdens of the war have fallen upon the peaceful homes of France.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

THE fortifications about the French capital, of which we give an accurate plan on page 604, are of that peculiar denomination known to military engineers as a "continuous *enceinte*," and a "surrounding girdle of exterior forts." The inner line, as may be seen by the plan, consists of a series of bastions, presenting nearly a hundred angular fronts. It entirely surrounds the city, and is said to be the longest continuous line of bastions in the world, being twenty-two miles in circuit. In front of these bastions is a continued fosse, or moat, eighteen feet deep and twenty wide, which can be filled with water from the Seine, if required for the defense of the city. Around the whole circuit runs a magnificent military road, to facilitate the concentration of artillery or infantry with the least possible loss of time at any given point; and from the *enceinte* to the several exterior forts, as also between the forts, are likewise these same excellent roads. Outside the *enceinte*, detached from it, and situated at the distance of from a mile and a quarter to two miles from the *enceinte*, and the same distance from each other, are the forts forming the outer girdle. The cheapest of these forts cost $700,000, exclusive of the purchase-money for the site. Fort Mont Valerien cost about $1,000,000, and Fort De Charenton $800,000. Until the present war broke out there was not a gun mounted upon the ramparts, nor was the *enceinte* complete. Under the vigorous administration of General Trochu the armament has been fully completed, and the entire inner works put in a state of preparation to repulse the enemy. According to the latest reports nearly two thousand guns have been placed in position on the bastions. About one hundred gates pierce the ramparts, the fosse being crossed by draw-bridges which can be removed at a moment's notice, or, if necessary, destroyed by the cannon on the walls.

The object of this method of fortification—that of an *enceinte* and detached forts beyond—is to have not only two lines of defense, but two such lines as would furnish a powerful fortress all around the city, and at the same time debar an enemy from getting near enough to that fortress to shell the city. The forts prevent the erection of a siege line against the city, and in case an assault were made between the forts to take the city by storm, the *enceinte*, with its ninety-four bastions, is there to protect it. An army surrounding Paris within cannon range of the girdle of forts would not occupy less than ten leagues. Thirteen years ago the best engineers pronounced the fortifications of Paris impregnable, and since 1857 millions upon millions have been lavished in bringing these works to the highest possible point of efficiency.

The black line within

"TWO MOTHERS."

FRANCE (*to the* EMPRESS). "AH, MADAME, A SURE HAPPINESS FOR YOU, SOONER OR LATER: BUT THERE WERE DEAR SONS OF *MINE* WHOM I SHALL NEVER SEE AGAIN."

PEASANTS FLYING BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY.

the circuit of bastions, shown in our plan, indicates the position of the old walls of Paris, which have long since given place to magnificent boulevards. The space between the old boundaries of the city and the new walls is now closely built up; but the most important public edifices are within the limits of the old Paris, where they would be comparatively safe from the effects of a distant bombardment.

A CHECKERED LIFE.

STEFAN TURR, the emissary of Bismarck and Napoleon, seems to have led rather a checkered life. He is the son of a shoemaker, and was born in Baja, in Hungary, in 1825. He at first was "inserted" into the Austrian army, advanced after some time to a corporalship, and in 1848 sent with the Imperial Regiment of Infantry, Archduke Francis Charles, to Italy. He had been proposed for a lieutenantship, when, with some of the men, he deserted over the bridge near Buffalo to the Sardinians. There he was made colonel of the newly formed Bersaglieri Legion, the so-called Capriuns. When, after the battle of Novara, Austria particularly demanded the having Turr given up, he escaped into Switzerland, whence he went to Baden, and there joined Mieroslawski. He now reorganized as lieutenant-colonel, and Mieroslawski promoted him to a field-marshal's office. The difficult office in the Duchy of Baden to smuggle to Switzerland with one hundred and three men, whom he despatched to America, himself remaining behind. In the next sent to Constantinople, and during the Crimean war obtained British naturalization, and went as British agent to Bucharest. There, on neutral ground, he was arrested by the Austrians as a deserter, sent home and brought before a court-martial at Karlsburg, in Transylvania. Almost on the eve of being led out to execution the judge confided to him that Queen Victoria had interfered on his behalf, as a naturalized British subject, and that the Emperor had in consequence commuted his sentence to eternal banishment from the Austrian states. In 1859 he joined Garibaldi, became commander of the Chasseurs, received a wound, and was promoted to a generalship. Since 1861 he has equivocated chiefly in Paris, being now one of the most intimate friends of Prince Napoleon; and in September, 1861, married Adelina Wyse-Bonaparte, second daughter of Princess Letitia Bonaparte, sister of Pierre Napoleon, and nominal secretary of the English Consul Wyse, but born in 1842, long after Wyse's legal separation from his wife. The first legitimate daughter of Wyse is the wife of RATTAZZI, the Princess solms.

OLD EYGPT.

GREAT and splendid as are the things which we know about oldest Egypt, she is nothing to us and times more sublime by our uncertainty as to the limits of her accomplishments. She presents not a great definite idea, which, literally to receive, is, when once acquired, comprehensible and clear. Under the soil of the modern country are laid away thousands and thousands of relics which may astonish the world for ages to come, and change continually the conception of what Egypt was. The effect of research seems to be to prove the objects of it to be much older than we think them to be; and nothing is thought to be wholly modern having been proved to be repetitions of things Egyptian, and what was once known to have been Egyptian being by every advance in knowledge carried back more and more toward the very beginning of things. The shades our most rooted ideas concerning the world's history. She has not existed for a people and a lure: there is a spell over her still.

Besides her early maturity and the solitariness of her career, there is another mystery surrounding Egypt; and that is the thick darkness that so long shut her out from sight. We are wont to call those ages dark wherein the wisdom of Greece and of Rome became dim to the world at large, and was treasured by that of the East; what was this darkness in comparison of the utter obscurity which settled with a pall of existence over Egypt herself, over all her wisdom and all her works? As year by year the deposit of the river was enlarging her mountain mounds, so was the cloud of oblivion enveloping and surely obliterating the memory of her glory and her ability; and this in spite of the most determined resistance that any nation has ever offered to time and his effacing power. Her monuments would not, could not perish forever; but they were ineffectual to avert an eclipse that lasted **he** ages. It is little less than a miracle that **such** a country could quietly sink out of sight, and the world begin life again, knowing that there was originating thought and art, while close to the tyros lay a nation that had proved itself before every mode of human ability, and whose credentials did not rest on tradition or history, but were shining on the earth—splendid, gigantic, palpable —obvious to the regard of the aspiring and the indifferent. As we ponders on these things it is impossible to be regardless of the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet (Ezekiel) who foretold this obscurity. "The pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, *a cloud shall cover her*, and her daughters shall go into captivity." The period of forty years during which no foot of man or foot of beast was to pass through Egypt is not plain, but the condition to which Egypt fell is only too distinctly painted. "I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste shall be desolate forty years: and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries." The "cloud," we may suppose, began to break at the beginning of this century; from without came the regard of nations, from within more reasonable and the desire to be known once more. The nations of the world resort thither again, and find this kingdom truly "a base kingdom," but things looked as though she had resolved to acquiesce no longer in her base estate. Already one sees how the highway from Egypt to Assyria, foretold by the prophet Isaiah, may be accomplished. The breach of the Isthmus will undoubtedly lead to the contraction of the desert, so that the way into Assyria will be comparatively easy. And with it will vigor and civilization shall return, what great result may not the opening of the canal bring! To a nation waking up to consciousness after centuries of coma every thing about her present self must be unsatisfactory and distasteful—a condition to be reformed as soon as possible, and banished from sight and memory. Her reformatory thoughts all centre in the past. As she looks back with pride and glory at what she was, the only help she has to aspire to is by veiling her, and she can feel a trust in herself. Her rising hopes and aims will find the antiquity full of old, and her sons will gain strength from the knowledge of the glorious dead. When this spirit shall animate Egypt—when, instead of having research to the stronger that may come from a far land, Egyptian theorists shall arise for it, Egyptian labor to ascertain the wonderful past of their native country—then, perhaps, the world will truly understand what is meant by *Old Eygptians* was.

For him who believes that his puny efforts are tending to the establishment of a golden age, and leading the human race to perfection, there can be no corrective more effectual than the study of ancient Egypt. From thence he may learn the truth that human wisdom and human knowledge can not perpetuate themselves. Great, strong, wise as she was, the glory of Egypt came to nought, her sciences perished, her mysteries became riddles. Progress was arrested, and thick darkness overspread the earth—not for a short interval, but during a very large portion of the world's existence—darkness which has never yet been dispersed. It is true that, if we can not build pyramids or hew out colossal statues, or divert the course of a river like the Nile, we can use the printing-press, and control the forces of electricity and steam. But, when we have summed up gains and losses, what is the amount of advancement since the days of Moses that we can fairly credit ourselves with? Truly it is very little, and that little has not been gained in the last two or three centuries.

But if we, overcome whose life is half an age, may not influence the destinies of the world on which we live, or of our remote successors, that consideration need not damp our ardor in the study of the past. We may not be able to build a tower whose top shall reach to heaven. Plenty of legitimate work is given us to do; we are commanded to subdue the earth, but we are not commissioned to determine its form. That future will not be affected, probably, by our acts and labors as our present has been by the wisdom and works of the Egyptians, is not matter—a community of great nations—any die like a mighty man, and then all their thoughts perish. We are not to be overwhelmed, but we have a field for labor—greater labor than we shall ever accomplish. Let us benefit, if we may, our own generation and that which is to follow us, trusting to the providence of an ever-living Power to determine whether any part of our work shall survive and be a heritage for our descendants; or whether it shall perish utterly; or whether, like the glorious deeds of old Egypt, it shall lie for millenniums under a mysterious cloud, and five again before to a race which as it has not entered into our hearts to conceive.

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THE SURRENDER AT SEDAN.

ABOUT five o'clock on the evening of September 1 there was a sudden suspension of the cannonade along the Prussian lines; and a few minutes later a French officer, escorted by two Uhlans, advanced up the steep bridle-path leading from Sedan, carrying a white duster on a stick as a flag of truce. The messenger turned out to be a French colonel, come to ask for terms of surrender. After a very short consultation between the King and General VON MOLTKE, the messenger was told by the General that, in a matter so important as the surrender of at least 80,000 men and an important fortress, it was necessary to send an officer of high rank. "You are therefore," said the General, "to return to Sedan and tell the governor of the town to report himself immediately to the King of Prussia. If he does not arrive within an hour our guns will again open fire. You may tell the commandant that there is no use of his trying to obtain any other terms than unconditional surrender." The officer returned with this message, and about an hour later the French General REILLY rode up with a letter for the King. As soon as the French general was in sight the escort of cuirassiers and dragoons was drawn up in line, two deep. Behind the King, in front of the escort, was the staff; and ten yards in front of them again stood his Majesty, King WILLIAM of Prussia, ready to receive General REILLY.

GENERAL REILLY BEARING THE SURRENDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT SEDAN TO KING WILLIAM.

That officer was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor NAPOLEON to King WILLIAM. The Emperor wrote: "As I can not die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty."

On the receipt of this letter there was a brief consultation between the King, the Crown Prince (who had come over from his hill on the arrival of the flag of truce), Count BISMARCK, General VON MOLTKE, and General VON ROON. After a few minutes' conversation the King sat down on a rush-bottomed chair, and wrote on the another chair held as a table by two aids-de-camp) to the Emperor, asking him to appoint a meeting for the King of Prussia's head-quarters, at Vendresse.

The next day the Emperor sought an interview with Count BISMARCK, which took place a few hundred yards outside the squalid walls of the village of Donchery, near Sedan. The humble cottage of a poor weaver stood near the place, and Count BISMARCK led the way and entered it. The room was not pleasant, and the Count walked up the stairs. The apartment was filled by the hand-loom and appliances of the weaver; so he descended, and found the Emperor sitting on a stone outside. Two chairs were brought out of the cottage. The Emperor sat down in one; Count BISMARCK took the other, and placed it on his Majesty's left-hand side. The officers in attendance on their fallen master lay down, some distance away, upon a small piece of grass in front of the cottage. The conversation was a strange one. The great point to be gained was peace; but no assurance of it could be obtained by Count BISMARCK. The Emperor stated that he had no power; could not accept an armistice; could not give orders to the army or Marshal BAZAINE. The Empress was Regent of France, and on her and her Ministers must devolve the negotiations. So Count BISMARCK thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to have further conversation on political matters with his Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor declared to see the King in person, but Count BISMARCK declared it was not possible to accede to his Majesty's wishes until the capitulation had been signed. Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was becoming difficult on both sides, they ended it. The interview terminated. Count BISMARCK went to see the King; the Emperor withdrew to consult his officers.

At half past eleven the following terms were agreed upon between General WIMPFFEN and General MOLTKE: "The garrison and army of Sedan to surrender as prisoners of war, to be sent into Germany; officers to be liberated on parole not to serve again during the war; all horses, guns, and munitions of war to be given up."

About two o'clock the King, with his body-guard and staff, and numerous attendants, with the Crown Prince and staff of general officers, proceeded to a chateau outside Sedan, and received the Emperor. He came with his personal followers and staff, in charge of an escort, which was ranged on the other side of the road facing the chateau. The King and his captive retired into the glass house off one of the principal rooms on the ground floor, and they could be seen by the staff outside engaged in earnest dialogue. After the interview with the King the Emperor had a few moments' conversation with the Crown Prince, during which he was much agitated when alluding to the manner of the King.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE action of the New York Republican Convention apparently satisfied every body but the Democrats. This is the most surprising because the Democratic party in the State, in its two great branches of the SWEENY and the TILDEN Democracy, is such a unity of hostility that it should surely not grudge a little harmony to the Republicans. There were, undoubtedly, serious differences and warm feeling at the Saratoga Convention, but there was no discord; and the Democratic papers are therefore reduced to the old shift of willful misuse and misrepresentation. The question of general sympathy with the Administration was tested at the opening of the Convention, and conclusively settled; and the resolutions adopted with unanimity are not wanting in decisive cleanness.

That the Convention did not prefer MR. GREELEY as a candidate for Governor is probably not surprising to so experienced a politician. He knows that a man who has been for a generation the editor of a leading party journal, and who concerns no opinions, is the last degree that he has written himself into fame has written himself out of availability as a party candidate. He knows that the story of a profound question it may indulge its sense of respect and gratitude; but when the contest is sharp and close it will remember too much of the various hostility which so long a career of such a kind has necessarily occasioned.

The condition of the party and the certainty of a contest inclined the Convention to some man who might be considered free from such disabilities, and whose character and fair fame would commend him to the unqualified sympathy and support of the party. MR. FENTON is a candidate one of the largest, and undoubtedly one of the weightiest, conventions ever assembled in the State believed it had found in General WOODFORD, whom it called by a very great majority to bear its banner in the campaign—a majority which became immediately the whole Convention. With General WOODFORD is associated MR. KAUFMAN as Lieutenant-Governor. The objection, which is really not important, that he is from the same part of the State with Governor HOFFMAN, was considered by the consideration that he was nominated by the Erie delegation. MR. PALMER, for Comptroller, is by common consent one of the best nominations that could be made by any party.

The *World* received the nomination of General WOODFORD with a sneer. The Democratic his opponent, Governor HOFFMAN, as a "statesman." But if epithets were arguments General WOODFORD would never have been elected President. Even the exquisite humor of the *World* in calling him "HIRAM," throughout the campaign of 1868, did not defeat him. Let us compare the claims of these two gentlemen upon the confidence of the honest voters of New York. The one is a young man, who both lawyers by profession. MR. WOODFORD is called an unknown lawyer. But although MR. HOFFMAN was Recorder, we never heard that he was of any distinction in his profession. During the war MR. HOFFMAN was of Copperhead sympathies. In 1864 he was made a delegated Unionist. MR. HOFFMAN's very proper course of official duty led him to sentence the convicted colonel of the 7th to severe punishment. MR. WOODFORD's sense of public duty led him to leave his profession, and raise a regiment, and go himself into the field. In consequence of MR. HOFFMAN's sentence of the sisters his party, compelled as the end of the war to nominate a candidate, found it some apparent claim upon the support of honest citizens, made MR. HOFFMAN Mayor. So, in consequence of the sentence of the colonel of the party in which he had been so faithful and efficient a worker, GENERAL WOODFORD was made lieutenant-Governor.

As Lieutenant-Governor of the State he discharged all the duties of his office with universal approval. And when, at the end, HOFFMAN's single remarkable act was his proclamation, just before the election of 1868, virtually denying the frauds which were notorious to every body actively concerned in politics—frauds which the editor of the *World* declared to be within the knowledge of every intelligent man—the *World* declared to be within the knowledge of every intelligent man—frauds which made MR. HOFFMAN Governor. MR. WOODFORD left office to return to his profession. MR. HOFFMAN left it to become, from the routine duties of his position, a chiefly remarkable for his obedient signing of the Erie Bill, one of the most disgraceful measures in official authority in our history—an act done for the advantage of political intrigues whose names are familiar to the State and the country.

The *World* calls MR. HOFFMAN "a statesman," and assumes a General Committee. The voters of New York will consider the career of the two gentlemen, and decide between their claims upon their confidence and support of honest and intelligent men. It is perfectly well known who is in power when MR. HOFFMAN appears to be Governor. It is equally well known that MR. WOODFORD is no man's instrument, and represents that better tendency in our politics which can certainly not be developed by the Democratic party. The contest will inevitably be close; but with the Congressional law to regulate the ballot-box, and the profound conviction that the promises of the Democratic party are as worthless as rebel currency, with the general feeling that Democratic ascendency would be fatal to the true welfare of the country, with a long, strong, and unanimous Republican poll, the State of New York may be rescued and restored to its old political fidelity.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

IT is to be regretted that the attitude of Great Britain—which "America," a learned correspondent of the *Evening Post*, calls the representative of all the Anglo-Saxon race—apparently displeases Germany, and there has been report of a very crisp Prussian demand upon the British Government in respect to neutral obligations. The complaint of Prussia is our old complaint, that Great Britain does not sufficiently enforce those obligations. As to the particular offense charged, the circular of Earl GRANVILLE, the British Foreign Minister, says only that different persons entertain different views at different times of what is contraband of war, and there are no general decisions. And it does not appear that Great Britain has contraband to neutral ports, and it is too much to ask that neutrals shall do the work of belligerents.

Great Britain is not accused of furnishing arms or ammunition to France to the prejudice of Germany, nor of violating any treaty obligation, but stress is laid by Prussia upon the fact that coal has been in the declaration of the cargo, which must be decided by the belligerent prize court, and not by the British Government. Earl GRANVILLE, in a wholly frank and manly way, states the recent exportation from Great Britain of objects that might be denounced as contraband in proof of the equity of British action.

But the eager haste with which, as we stated last week, Parliament has amended the British neutrality laws are an anxious wish not to be longer wanting in honorable neutrality, even if it does not betray a slight doubt that there may have been some offense. The action of Parliament is a sign of friendship which Prussia can not refuse to acknowledge and accept. It is the hope in the British law had been made upon our complaint during the rebellion in this country, our national feeling toward Great Britain would have been very different from that which exists. Nor can we doubt that the same sagacity which dictated the circular of Earl GRANVILLE, and which, at the instance of the Government, has amended the neutrality law, will perceive the justice and propriety of an expression of regret to the United States, accompanied with an offer of a settlement of the *Alabama* claims.

It is easy to say, and to believe, that the action of Great Britain is the result of fear; that in our case she supposed we were to be defeated, and therefore did not care to prejudice the conqueror, while she is now quite sure that Germany will be the victor, and so drops an anchor to windward. But this view is unquestionably party true. But it is still possible to believe that statesmanship is not solely inspired by the meanest and most selfish views, and may sometimes rise to the perception of the policy of international friendship. Every unprejudiced American must believe that Great Britain would not have acted unwisely for herself, would neither have injured her prestige nor her power, if she had been willing, by amending her neutrality law, to show a friendly wish to respect her neutral obligations toward us. Nations are driven to the sympathy of other nations, as well as in their own power, as Germany feels at this moment. It is a truth to which we do not doubt that MR. GLADSTONE and Earl GRANVILLE are blind.

Meanwhile a good understanding between Great Britain and Germany is most desirable for every reason. Civilization could no more gain by a war between those powers than by a war between United States and Great Britain. That we have suffered by British feeling and conduct during our war is no reason that we should wish that Great Britain is troubled; for the misfortune of England could not be the advantage of America. To spite a neighbor is a puny proof of power or hostility, but it is not a promising method of promoting the harmony or the welfare of neighborhoods. There is no man in his senses who does not wish that the differences between the United States and Great Britain may be amicably adjusted; and, for similar reasons, the relations of friendship between Germany and England may not be disturbed. The power and influence of the press to this result are considerable, and to treat pending questions in a tone of flippancy or bitterness is to assume the gravest responsibility.

THE RIGHTS OF MINORITIES.

THE late Convention at Reading, in Pennsylvania, to consider the minority system of representation is a significant sign of political progress. Illinois has just constitutionally provided for the election of the minority in the election of members of the Legislature and of the managers of all incorporated companies in the State, and the Pennsylvania Convention suggests to the next Legislature of that State the adoption of a similar system for the election of various officers. It is not for a Constitutional Convention to embody this and other provisions in the fundamental law. The proper action in the premises is that, in a community of two thousand voters, the views of nine hundred and ninety-nine shall not be called down by a majority of one, but shall have positive and authorized expression.

The opponents of the scheme say, indeed, that practically in the case supposed the representative does not disregard the opinions of the large minority; that not only his general feeling naturally tempers his action, which is all that a minority can fairly expect. But, although this seems reasonable enough, the fact is the case opinions of the minority do not in the least affect the representative's vote, and the minority is perpetually unrepresented.

Again, it is said by the opponents of the system that it would lead to the representation of special interests and classes, while it is desirable that the general interest should control legislation; and that the general interest is best expressed by the majority. But this is only a plausible objection. For, in fact, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons do not represent a special interest any more than a thousand and one persons do. In both cases the numbers represent those who agree upon a policy which is best for the general interest. Probably all intelligent people would admit that a representation of special interests would be very undesirable and surely fatal to wise legislation. Indeed, the very basis of much of our present legislation is that it is dictated by certain special interests. The representative is hopelessly entangled by the commitment he pays to him: "Sir, the bellowsmakers are protected, and I demand equal protection for the makers of bellows." Certainly! There is no consistent reply to such an argument; the member must vote for the demand. But deliberately to recognize and organize such a system, to have a Congress of representatives of bellows-makers and fine-tooth combs, would be very much more inconvenient than the present system.

The obvious advantage offered by the minority representation is that it gives to the Legislature the relative weight of numbers and opinion that actually exists in the country. If it be said that in critical emergencies this is not advisable, because great unanimity of sentiment and action is then often indispensable, and that it could not be expected in an exact representation of differing opinions, it must, on the other hand, be remembered that when great emergencies arise, as now in France, there is usually unanimity in the Legislature, and that one of the advantages of minority representation is that it diminishes the perpetuity of such an emergency. If the anti-slavery sentiment of the country had been proportionately represented in Congress, the violent secession of the Cotton States, and Pennsylvania, has been one of the most earnest advocates of the reform; and he very truly says that it is in no sense a partisan, but a truly patriotic movement.

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE WAR.

AN influential Western German paper, the *Anzeiger des Westens*, published at St. Louis, calls attention to the striking fact that, with few significant exceptions, "the entire Democratic press in America has taken side in the present war with France." And it adds, that "the insults which the Democratic papers now heap upon the Germans strike deep, and will not be forgotten." But the fact could be no surprise to one who is familiar with the Democratic press. It is always upon the side which surprises the *Anzeiger*. The most outrageous criticisms of JOHN BRIGHT, and other European liberals, that have appeared in the United States, have been those of Democratic papers; and Democratic papers also have steadily sung the praises of LOUIS NAPOLEON and CESARISM. By all kinds of innuendoes and implications against those who were conspicuously opposed to him, by exculpations of his worst acts and by making the most of the less nefarious, the insolence of that press has been generally thrown in favor of the Napoleonic empire.

Naturally, therefore, since the war began the Democratic press has vehemently favored the Emperor. We do not recall one hearty protest in any Democratic paper against the utterly inhuman conduct of LOUIS NAPOLEON, which has brought such calamities upon the French people and upon Europe. That the war is any thing more than a trial of strength between two armies it seems not to be able to perceive. When LOUIS NAPOLEON came put forth his fatal proclamation, its criticism was that he managed his case skillfully, and the events daily reported have confirmed as unfavorably for Germany as they possibly can be. The attempts of the Democratic papers to excuse this position of affairs by blaming Germans in the war, and through them to European liberal progress, are as comical as they are futile. But the ludicrous effort to excuse does not show an unexpectedness of having blundered. It does not in the least disclose any perception of the fact that the cause of liberal progress and justice has, as much for France as for itself. Indeed, the sincerity of fine words, extorted only by fears of political loss at home, and which are contradicted by the uniform tone of the papers that now use them, is not very impressive. Papers that have for years praised LOUIS NAPOLEON, and remember to say a few phrases about the people of Europe only when he is humbled, are not likely to deceive the dullest of their readers.

But the secret of the Democratic sympathy with LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of Democratic hostility to Germany and Germans, which the *Anzeiger* remarks, is not merely the fact that some Irish capital was expected to be made out of it, as the Fenians had declared for France, but is much deeper. It is that the Democratic press for a

generation has been engaged in inventing excuses for slave-masters at home, and therefore naturally sympathizes with despots abroad. It has no sympathy with liberty in Europe, because it has been the relentless enemy of liberty in the United States. At this very moment, when it is unwillingly forced to say an apparently kind word for the poor masses in Europe, it is striving to put the poor masses of half of this country under the heel of hatred and prejudice. The moral and political perception of such a press is necessarily obscured. The intelligent and honorable public sentiment of this country has sympathized with Germany in the war, as in our late war it took part with the loyal men and the slaves in the Southern States against the oligarchy of Democratic rebel chiefs. But the former appeal to liberty and the present enemies of equal political rights at home, are instinctively the friends of Cæsarism and the empire abroad.

And even had the present war been merely a contest between KING WILLIAM and LOUIS NAPOLEON, the fact that it was brought on without a pretense of excuse, "begun at the end," as GARIBALDI says by the Emperor, would have determined the sympathy of just and honorable minds. For all the horrible carnage of the last weeks at Hagenau, before METZ and upon the MEUSE—for the anguish of innumerable homes in France and Germany—for the devastation of peaceful countries, the ruin of great public works, and the intolerable waste and loss of war—for the present untold suffering of the people, and for the weight of taxation that will long keep forth the bitterness of to-day, LOUIS NAPOLEON is mortally responsible. The people of Europe, of France as well as of Germany, and the people of the United States will neither forget him nor his feeble apologists elsewhere.

THE DUTY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

It is under disastrous circumstances that the new republic begins in France, and every human man will wish it moderation and sagacity. But the Foreign Minister, M. JULES FAVRE, began with something very like a mistake. He apparently expected Germany to stay the war. But Germany did not begin it. M. FAVRE declares that he has taken up the war defending himself against the Emperor, and, as the Emperor is gone, M. FAVRE seemed to expect the German armies to retire. But how was the Emperor able to attack Germany? Because of the support of France. The French people have adopted the Emperor's war, and it is for them to say that they wish to stop.

Before these words are printed we hope they may be so. Certainly and justly the new King has no alternative. If from the field of Sedan he had said to the French people, "I have reigned enough, and will you make peace?" there would have been a war of defiance. When he comes under the walls of Paris, if he reiterates the demand, and Paris should reply that it treats with no enemy who stands upon the soil of France, what is King WILLIAM to do? Is he to retire beyond the Rhine, leave the result in confusion, and resume the war if they are rejected? Would the United States of America do so under similar circumstances? The controlling fact of the situation is, that France has adopted the war, and must, therefore, make the first overtures of peace. And this may be the Quixotic point of pride, but from the necessities of the situation. What possible security could Germany have that France, revived under a republic, would not renew the attack?

It is the part for the wise and friendly states to represent to France the demands of the situation, and we have little doubt that they are doing so even now. That France has become a republic does not justify the war. The Germans are on French soil, indeed, but they are there because of the Emperor's war. If Germany had rejected the Emperor; let her repudiate his war, and the Germans will retire. This is the logic of the situation, which M. JULES FAVRE appears to have failed to comprehend; and it is not affected by the change of the form of government.

THE OLD SERPENT.

The tenacious refusal of the Democratic party to recognize any of the fundamental changes wrought by the war, or, more correctly speaking, made evident by the war, is extraordinary. But it is not to be regretted, as it reveals more plainly the tendency and policy of the party. If the bloody attempt at secession might have been supposed to prove any thing, it is that the people of this country will not tolerate the old theory of State sovereignty. Any effort to reorganize that doctrine is necessarily anarchical. That the Union is paramount, that the States, equal as they constitutionally are, have no right, upon any pretense whatever, to disturb the Union, which is the guarantee of that common equality, has been settled finally and forever. The attempt, therefore, to reinstate the old dogma, and under obscure phrases to renew the declaration of the State authority as supreme, is merely a reopening of the whole angry discussion.

Thus the Democratic party of Georgia, not daring to assert openly that the State reserves the right to withdraw from the Union if it chooses, but wishing to foster as ugly and hostile a feeling as possible, has just resolved:

"That the Democratic party of the State of Georgia stand upon the principles of the Democratic party of the Union, bringing into special prominence, as applicable to the present extraordinary condition of the country, the unchangeable determination that this is a Union of States, and not a consolidation of the States, and of their rights, and of their equality with each other. It is unforgiveable party or personal hostility."

This is part of the whole policy of the non-acquiescence of the Democratic party in the results of the war and in reconstruction. It is not satisfied with the decision of the war, and with the repeated judgments of the country. It is not content with the election of 1868, which was an appeal to the people upon the validity of Republican reconstruction, which proceeded upon views wholly irreconcilable with the Democratic theory, and which the Democratic party knows only too well that the moment it leaves its old gross and of injustice to the negro, and proclaims DICKENS figure. The book but also an account of the unpleasant difference of opinion between DICKENS and Lord —— difference which was happily forgotten before THACKERAY died. The tone and treatment of the interesting subject of this little book are unexceptionable, and it is sure to hold a permanent place among the memorials of the author.

THE HARPERS have also published an American novel, "Phis," by Tony Pinckney, by the author of "Inside," and it is truly an American novel, and one of the most original and racy. Like the "Lowell Offering," "Phis" is a "Factory Girl," sub-title of "Inside," it is rather a series of confidences about the factory life developing itself. The theme is the life of a young clergyman in a Southwestern village, just before the war; and around him are collected groups of figures and pictures of society and scenery which are unique in themselves, and are brought out with the most vivid touches of humorous characterization. The book is well worth reading for its freshness and truth, its shrewd observation, and insight into character.

THE Prince De Joinville, who was first known in this country as a young naval officer upon *La Belle Poule*, and who danced gayly at the ball of the last generation in New York, and who afterward lived among our wars, a grave and older man, with sympathies for the good cause, has just written a manly and touching letter upon the French situation. He takes no excuse, and with fervor, the part of his country. He sees only France desolated and stricken. But he feels this moment of leadership. "A duty to be commanded. Shall we be so?" And again: "The hour has sounded—I cried to direct it. Its efforts of the Prussians will be exhausted in the centre of France, and that they will find their Borodino before Paris, and that they will find there all the great national movement by which France will hold the enemy between her old. Hosts, armies are precious. I am no longer myself." The Prince, who is a man, like his brothers, of intellectual tastes and culture, says that he can not understand the action of the French Chambers, as if they could be any other thought than unanimity and enthusiasm. He says that he has received no reply to his offer to serve in the army where the Empress and Regent are. "Why may be the character of the present Government, it is better than the envisioned one. Here is the pale fact that it is organized. And, if resistance can be prolonged, it is at alone which will have the honor of the conquest. But not a moment is a thing in preference to this alternative." Nothing could more plainly show the superiority of France that such a letter from such a man.

MR. FREDERICK KAPP, long a well-known citizen of New York, and a most efficient Commissioner of Emigration, who returned to Germany after the close of the war, has given the explanation of the greater readiness of the Prussians for the war:

"The reason why we were ready sooner than the French is that the French marched their regiments, battalions, and companies to the frontiers, and there they were to be filled up, or we brought to their reserves, to join their regiments singly as well as they could. The Prussians marched all over Prussia, while according to the Prussian system every regiment is raised in a certain district, where they arrive and those on leave of absence can at once join their regiments. When a Prussian regiment on the peace of its destination it is complete and ready to fight, while it is very difficult in France and other states of Europe to reach the normal war strength of the various regiments in all cases which were ready for the service in every Prussian regiment than were regiments in France. Besides this, the Prussian troops in the field after the battles were relieved, because the excellent number of eagles men offered themselves. Those relieved were also distributed themselves in the war of 1866 are assigned to the fortresses, in order to give the younger men an opportunity to serve in front."

NOTWITHSTANDING the vehement assertion upon the part of many of the bishops who were in Council, the Apostleship of Archbishop PURCELL, that the new dogma does not give the Pope any extra temporal supremacy beyond the rest of his dominions, we observe that the Baron VON BUNSEN, the sagacious Austrian Prime Minister, urged the Emperor to make a concordat between Austria and Rome, upon the ground that it was impossible to maintain relations with a power whose pretensions were suddenly found to be illimitable.

IN his "Life of Charles Dickens," published by Messrs. T.B. PETERSON & CO., Philadelphia, DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE offers us a most entertaining and instructive personal and literary history. DR. MACKENZIE is a very warm admirer but not an indiscriminate admirer of the great author, and his graphic and vivacious pen carries the reader on from page to page, from one event of DICKENS's life to another, from one book to the next, blending the story of the man and the author so intimately that the whole work leaves a very characteristic impression of its subject; for in the minds of all his admirers the man DICKENS is inseparable from the novelist. The book is full of fresh anecdotes, and of copious information and speculation upon the originals of many of the most familiar characters in the novels. And it is certainly the best collection of many of DICKENS's uncollected pieces and their hitherto unpublished, with his will and DEAN STANLEY's sermon. It is a fresh and most pleasant survey of the busy and beneficent life of one of the greatest of literary masters.

Necessarily, it was written in haste, but obviously also, the material has been carefully collected, and has been arranged with ease. The wonder has been that so much attribute one or two little "digs," which DICKENS has made, and which jar upon the general good-humor of a book which will be read with great interest by every one who begins it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

IMMEDIATELY upon the declaration of *sechisme* by the Corps Législatif, and the formation of a provisional government, the Republic was proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville. A government of national defense composed of the deputies elected for all the boroughs of Paris, was constituted, and ratified by popular acclamation. The name of the cabinet was: JULES FAVRE, President, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Garnichts, Garnier-Pagès, Emmanuel Arago, Jules Simon, M. Picard, Rochefort, and Gambetta. General Trochu was appointed Minister of War, and Governor of Paris, with the command of the garrison and the defense of the city. The new ministry at once entered into correspondence with foreign governments, and the Count de Chaudordy raised the Republic as a government *de facto*, the United States among the first. The King of Italy, it is said, declines to acknowledge the new government, and Switzerland, it is supposed, will wait for the rightful ruler of France.

The proclamation of the surrender of Marshal BAZAINE, which says the Frenchman, keeping a large force to hold the Prussian army in check, and that he was not making a retreat from Sedan, and on the east from Chalons, and were simply changing their base of operations, which left their defenses of Paris intact, are said to be complete. It is generally admitted that no regular siege will be undertaken, and that a bombardment of the Prussians army would take every shell fired into the Germans. King William is said to have declared that he would not attempt to reduce Paris by the ordinary methods of attack, but that he habituate into submission by cutting the railway communications, starving out the army, and reducing the population in a constant panic by means of bursting shells from the forts. The French energetic efforts are making to provision the city for a long siege, and the military strength of the defenders is said to be increasing daily by the arrival of several Army Corps, and bodies with a powerful corps d'armes. The railroads are being destroyed in order to prevent supplies from reaching the Prussian army.

The Prussians were within sight of Metz. It was rumored, but apparently without foundation, that he retreat of Bazaine had been cut off, and that the position of his army broke through the Prussian lines and joined the forces of Prince Frederick Charles and Steinmetz. It is reported that a deputation has set out from Berlin to negotiate for peace. The Prussians have issued a proclamation in which they declare no indulgence on the fortune of the war, and that they will not treat with the Republic. The Empress Eugénie and Prince Napoleon are at Hastings. The Empress Eugénie and her son are at the Marine Hotel in Ryde. Napoleon is still suffering with the stone, and has undergone a second cut touching. The Prince threw himself into the mêlée of battle, and was taken prisoner.

It is reported that Intrigues among some of the German princes have arisen against the Prussian government but determined to forestall all revolutionary movements, the Prussian Crown Prince has issued a proclamation of his intention to assume without the slightest intention of narrowing the People, and to maintain the Constitution of the North German Confederation. The election of the College of Cardinals has given in their adhesion to the Pope's policy of this week. The Italian army holds all the roads north and south leading into the Papal territory. The Pope's Council sits in the Sala Vecchia. No conflict is anticipated with the Zouaves, General Kanzler the Papal Minister of War, giving it his opinion that the Papal forces do not "justify any attack on the Italians." The Italian government has notified the Italian government that if has no intention to attack the Papal troops, but that it will defend itself if attacked. The capital of the city a popular vote will be taken throughout the Papal States on the annexation of the Roman territory to Italy.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The British iron-clad *Captain*, one of the most powerful war vessels ever launched, foundered off Cape Finisterre, during a sudden gale, on the night of September 7th. Of the crew 500 were saved, 18 officers and eighteen were lost.

The members of Roman Catholic professors at Nuremberg, Germany, has denounced a new council to remove the infallibility of the Ecumenical Council.

It is stated in England that the British and French governments have agreed that Belgium will declare war upon China, in order to obtain satisfaction for the massacre at Tientsin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State Convention of War Veterans met at Saratoga September 6, and passed a long list of resolutions. The General Grant Club of Philadelphia, expressing sympathy for the Germans in the present war, and for the cause of liberty and human right, integrity, union, and harmony in the councils of our country.

Mr. Wendell Phillips has been appointed Fee Governor of Massachusetts by the Labor Reform Convention of Worcester.

The diminutive craft, the *City of Success*, three tons burden, arrived safely at Boston on the 9th instant, having made the trip from Queenstown in eighty days.

Over a million of dollars have been left by the late John Simmons, of Boston, to found a female seminary.

An immense natural cave has been discovered near Corinne, Utah. It has been explored for two miles and is supposed to extend for many miles more.

The Illinois Democrats have resorted to bribery extensively, sending out circulars offering gift cards, and the Republicans are charged by the Democrats, however, given up the captive Kinsley family, consisting of a mother and five children, and received pay as a ransom.

WOUNDED FRENCH PRISONERS ESCORTED FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD BY A DETACHMENT OF BAVARIANS.
[See Page 620.]

IMPERIAL HEAD-QUARTERS AT GRAVELOTTE, FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE EMPEROR'S DEPARTURE.—[See Page 618.]

SCENE IN ETAIN, ON THE ROAD FROM METZ TO VERDUN.
[See Page 618.]

A BURYING PARTY OF FRENCH PEASANTS ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.
[See Page 615.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER II.

How the Danish Adventurers settled Reykjavik.—Primitive Inhabitants for Chart and Compass.—The Interior of Iceland.—A Volcanic Chasm.—Traveling on Horseback.

ABOUT eight hundred years ago two young Danish noblemen, who had made themselves amenable to the law, by some act of rapine or violence, found themselves compelled to quit their country. They were still strong enough, however, to attach to themselves a considerable number of attendants and followers—sufficient to found a colony—and they concluded to sail to the northwest, and take possession of some one of the islands which were known to exist there; for the art of navigation, as rudely though very effectively practiced in those days, had already made very considerable progress.

So they embarked their goods and their men on board a ship, and set sail. It seems that the Faroe Islands had already been settled, for the account states that they touched at these islands on their way, to visit some friends. On leaving the Faroe Islands they steered to the northward, in search of Iceland, and they adopted a very ingenious mode of finding it. They had three or four sacred birds on board, such as it seems were customarily used by navigators in those times for the purpose about to be described. After sailing two days they released one of the birds from the deck of the ship, accompanying the act with certain very solemn religious ceremonies. The bird ascended high into the air, and then, after apparently making its survey, turned to the southward and flew back toward the Faroe Islands. This made it evident that the voyagers had not yet proceeded far enough.

They sailed on for two days more, and then released another bird. This second messenger went high into the air, and after hovering about for a time, descended and alighted again on board the ship.

They sailed on. A day or two afterward they sent forth a third bird. This last envoy, after ascending as the others had done, flew off toward the northward. They inferred that the land of their destination was in sight, and followed the direction which the flight of the bird had indicated.

Whether this method of finding the way at sea, in lieu of the compass, quadrant, and charts of the present day, was invented by the navigators of those times, or was derived from the Mosaic account of Noah and his dove, is left to conjecture.

When the ship which conveyed these adventurers approached the coast they decided, upon their place of landing not through any survey or examination of the shores, but by means of a religious rite very characteristic of the times. They threw overboard certain pieces of wood which were derived from their ancient household goods or furniture—and so were invested with a sacred character in their eyes—and followed these as their guide, wherever the winds and currents conveyed them. They were led in this way to the harbor of Reykjavik, so says the legend: and in this way that spot became the seat of the colony.

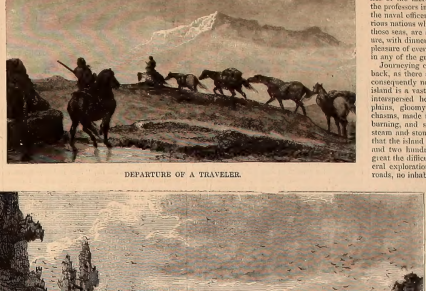

DEPARTURE OF A TRAVELER.

The settlement which these adventurers thus commenced was increased from time to time, by the coming of other fugitives and exiles, until at length it became quite an important colony. The rapidity of its growth was greatly increased by religious persecution in the mother country, in consequence of which, in the two or three succeeding centuries, great numbers of people were driven from their native land. It is undoubtedly to think to how great an extent the dispersion of mankind over the earth, in modern times, has been owing to the cruelty and hate which superstition, in the name of religion, has enkindled in the heart of man against his fellow-man. Results of vast and inexpressible benefit to the race have thus been accomplished through the agency of the most hateful passions, and at the cost of an inconceivable amount of the most intense and bitter individual suffering.

The colony gradually increased as centuries rolled on, and though the resources of the community were small, the people were frugal and industrious; and as a regular, though not frequent, intercourse was kept up with the mother country, a considerable degree of refinement and cultivation was attained by certain classes of the inhabitants. A recent visitor to the island, from whose narrative we derive many of the facts stated in this article, M. Xoel Nogaret, says that he found sixteen pianos in Reykjavik, and that during the five open months of the year the fashionable society of the place, consisting of the families of the merchants, the government officers, the professors in the institutions of learning, and the naval officers from on board the ships of various nations which during that season often visit these seas, are so much occupied, in their measure, with dinners, balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure of every kind, as the corresponding class in any of the great cities of more genial climes.

Journeying can only be performed on horseback, as there are no roads in the country, and consequently no carriages. The interior of the island is a vast desert of rugged volcanic rocks, interspersed here and there with sulphureous plains, gloomy and solitary lakes, and vast chasms, made terrible sometimes by craters still burning, and sometimes by vent-holes ejecting steam and stones and fire. When we consider that the island is about three hundred miles long and two hundred broad, it is easy to see how great the difficulties must be of making any general exploration of so vast a territory, with no roads, no inhabitants, no water communications, no resources for food, and no natural shelter.

A VOLCANIC CHASM.

Still the people have a mode of journeying of their own. They have a race of horses on the island somewhat like the ponies of the neighboring Shetlands—small, wild, or at least not more than half civilized, but which answer tolerably well as beasts of burden, provided the burdens are not too heavy. The amount of baggage which a party requires is large, as the tents, the forage, the provisions, and every thing else that is required must be carried, even to a supply of horseshoes and nails; and as the animals are not strong enough to carry the requisite loads continuously, and as no relays can be procured on the route, it is necessary to take two sets of beasts, so that each may do the work in turn and relieve the others, those relieved having thus only to walk along at their ease, with no burdens to bear, until their turn comes round again. This system involves the necessity of taking a large number of animals, which make, when the party is moderately large, quite a long cavalcade.

The horses employed on this service are provided with very little harness or tackling. The silence and solitude, when they fairly enter the interior, bring such that they seem to be inspired, like the human visitor whom they convey, with a sense of solemnity and awe, and are only too glad to keep at all times close to their companions. At the commencement of their journey, however, they are usually ready enough to break away from the caravan and return, so that some restraint upon their freedom is required for a certain time. The arrangement made to secure this is to fasten the spare horses each between two bridled ones, and to connect the whole train by fastening the head of each horse to the tail of the one preceding him. Thus the traveler at the outset of his journey sees a very whimsical cavalcade setting out before him, with his guide on the foremost horse to lead the way.

It is necessary to keep the horses thus under restraint for some distance, until they are far enough away from home to feel when freed a greater sense of

ICELAND LADIES.

THE BISHOP.

safety in keeping with their companions than in attempting to return. Both men and horses are glad when this time comes; the horses because they are liberated from restraint, and the men because they can now travel at their ease, and at a more rapid rate. For, of course, while fastened together in a line in such a manner, it is only at a very slow pace that animals can advance over or rough a country, with nothing but the merest tracks to guide them, or in the interior of Lapland without even so much. When liberated from their fastenings to each other the horses can go on pretty well, and they all, whether dun or light, follow the one obediently in line, unless, perchance, a spot of verdure comes within sight, to the more nimble among. Then they have no hesitation in breaking ranks and making the best of their way, heedless of all remonstrance, to the favored spot. Here they become completely "demoralized," and it requires disciplinary measures of the most energetic character, on the part both of the traveler and his guide, to bring them back to their duty. Some of them are so thoroughly intoxicated with delight that they lie down and attempt to roll upon the grass, with their burden of baggage bound to their backs.

Nor is the country entirely without inhabitants. As far back as my experience extends, but is here and there found, occupied by the peasant owner of the animals that feed upon the grass. These are all roofed with turf, and some of them, from a distance, present the aspect of a mere grass-covered eminence, but built up in some sheltered corner or recess of the rocks, with an opening for entrance to the east, like the hole of a wild beast, or the entrance to a tomb. Some of these peasants have made reformation, and to all such pitiable wretches as come their way.

In some portions of the island there are groups of huts, scattered habitations sufficient in number to accommodate a population large enough to form a parish, and to support a church. The churches thus provided are, perhaps, the simplest and most unpretending temples of worship to be found on the globe. They are built of wood, on foundations of lava. Many of them stand in the most wild and unlikely spots, and are accessible only by the roughest paths; and they are often used, as will be seen more fully in the sequel, for other than religious purposes. The minister lives in the neighborhood of the church, sometimes in one of the same log-tenements before described. The religion he teaches is Lutheran. There are one or two hundred churches scattered over the island, and for a short distance into the interior of the island, over whose surface, in a state of simple barbarism, and free and familiar in their intercourse with the people, presides.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Appendix on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

WORKING ON A FRUIT.

NEVER had Richard been in such high spirits as on the evening of that day on which Harry had made confession to him of her love, and had promised to be his wife should her father's consent be gained. It was true that she had been far from smiling upon the lover's suit; but Richard had his reasons for being of a different opinion. It would be better, every way, if he could obtain Trevethick's good-will; not that he at all shared in the girl's dread of his anger, but because it was essential that if he were separated from her father's roof he should be fulfilling his mother's injunction in making others as well as own heiress. What with his two thousand pounds in gold, and his inn, and his lucky mine, it was plain that the old man would have no difficulty in soon to leave behind him; and yet, to do Richard justice, this only formed an additional incentive to a project upon which, at all events, he had long set his heart. He had received at all hazards to make the girl his wife. Now, indeed, her was as deep as it was passionate; and now that he was convinced how her own life lay in being returned, his heart was filled with joy, and spoke out of its abundance. It had been hitherto his habit in that family circle reserved for the parlor fire to play the part of listener rather than of talker. He had mainly confined himself to the exhibition of an attentive interest in Solomon's stories, or in his friend's sagacious observations with regard to the investment of money such as: "One couldn't be too cautious where one put one's money;" which, by the way, Richard was high the risk was great, and where it was low it was not worth while to let it leave one's hand," or, next to the subject of Shakespearians, "investment" was the favorite subject of debate between Trevethick and "Sol;" and Richard, whose ignorance insured his impartiality, had been the judicious scale-holder between them. But upon this important occasion it was a young artist who led the talk and chose the matter. He told them of the splendors of Constantinople, of the marvelous prodigality of its owner, and they listened with greedy ears. To vulgar natures the topic of mere wealth is ever an attractive one, and in the present instance there was an additional whet to appetite in the connection of Carew with it. He was naturally an object of curiosity to "sir tennat Trevethick, and more before had the old man had the opportunity of hearing at first hand of the eccentricities of the Squire. In relation, then Richard took good care to show by implication on what intimate terms he stood with him, and hinted at the obligation under which he had put him by throwing his jack gate open so opportunely. The impression which he left upon his audience, and desired to leave, was, that Carew was indebted to him for having saved his life.

"Then it is likely the Squire would do anything for you that you chose to ask him?" observed Trevethick, with the thought of his own credit to Solomon's father doubtless in his mind.

"Well, he certainly ought to do so," answered Richard, modestly; "but, on the other hand, it is not very probable that I shall put him to the test."

"Just so," returned Trevethick, sucking at his pipe; "you're independent of the rich likes of him."

"Altogether," was Richard's reply.

The old man spoke no more, but sat in a cloud of smoke and thought for the rest of the evening. Even when "Sol" rose up to go—Harry having retired long since, for they kept very early hours in the Golden Lion—the landlord did not, as usual, accompany him, but mixed himself another glass of grog and sat down. It was clear that it was not his custom to seek his bed until after midnight; so Trevethick and he were left to one another's company, and to an opportunity to which the latter had been looking forward for many days, and which he had begun to think scarcely as at that moment.

"Are you likely to be at Compton soon again?" inquired the landlord, pursuing the subject of the evening's talk.

"I have no intention of going there at present," returned Richard. "The fact is, Mr. Trevethick, between ourselves, I am not very welcome in comparison at the house of those I most here, and their ways and habits are too expensive for me."

"Ay! gambling and such like, I suppose?" observed the landlord, cunningly. "It is 'Lucky Jack' the gal will be the means of that sort of folk, I reckon."

"Just so; and though my money comes light enough—that is, I have not to earn it, since my mother makes me an allowance—I don't choose to risk it at the cards."

"Quite right, quite right, young gentleman," answered the other, approvingly. "Keep your money, a good prudent gentry even as Crompton, I suppose. Parson Whymper, for instance, he ain't gambling, do he?"

"Certainly not; he is much too sagacious a man, even if he were inclined that way," but Richard, indeed, some say the Squire would have come to the end of his tether before this. He has been extravagant, I fear, ever since he was at Lutheun. There are one or two hundred churches scattered over the island, and for a short distance into the interior of the island, over whose surface, in a state of simple barbarism, and free and familiar in their intercourse with the people, presides.

"Ah! I know that well enough," answered Richard, smiling; "and it is scarcely fair of me to speak of his extravagance to you, for you are sufficiently wont it so much but that he can still afford to indulge his whims, Mr. Trevethick, if that's what you mean."

"That's just what I *did* mean," said the old man, frankly. "Six months ago or so I was under a certain proposition to the Squire, which would have been exceedingly to his advantage to accept—"

"And not to yours?" interrupted Richard, slyly.

"Nay, I don't say that, Sir," answered the other. "But it was one that he ought to have been glad to accept in any case, and which he was downright madness in him to refuse, if he wanted cash. It was a chance, but it was the best to say, that will never offer itself from any other quarter. Mr. Whymper acknowledged that himself."

"I know all about the matter, Mr. Trevethick: the Squire behaved like a fool, and I am no stranger to you that he won't work the mine himself, nor yet let you work it."

"For mercy's sake, be quiet!" cried the landlord, earnestly, and looking cautiously about him. "If you know all about it, you must know that it is you know. What would you talking about? Give it a name—but speak it under your breath, man. The words sounded almost solemn when white moist face, and peered into Richard's eyes as though he would read his soul.

"What! you mean the name of the place, if I remember right," said Richard. "Carew has a notion that Solomon did not find it out by any, and that it only wants capital to make it a paying concern. It is one of his mad ideas, don't you think, Mr. John Trevethick?" he said, by nature a quick appreciator of sarcasm, but he could not understand the irony expressed in Richard's words.

"And is *that* what you some down to Gethin about?" inquired the host, with a sort of grim despair which had nevertheless a comical effect.

Richard could only trust himself to nod his head assentingly.

"Well," cried the other, striking the table with his fist, "if I don't think he was as deep as the devil the very first day that I set eyes on him, I'm a Jew—I'm convicted on him, Mr. Trevethick uttered an execration terrible enough for a Christian giant.

"I am not Mr. Whymper's man at all," observed Richard, coolly. "Mr. Whymper is not my friend, and never will be one after this interview."

"How so?" inquired the landlord, his eyes set their full stretch, his mouth agape, and his neglected pipe in his right hand.

"Who, in the friend's name, are you?"

"I am the only son and heir of Carew of Crompton," answered the young man, deliberately.

"You? Why, Carew never had a son," exclaimed Trevethick, incredulously. "Leastways, not since he had left the married state, and a wench of the name of Hardcastle, 'tis true; but that was just noble.

"I tell you I am Carew's lawful son, nevertheless," persisted Richard. "My mother was privately married to him. Ask Parson Whymper, and he will tell you the same. It is true that my father has not acknowledged me, but I shall have my rights some day—and Wheal Danes along with the rest."

The sense of the young man's paternity must have been sufficiently startling to him who then received it for the first time, and would, under any other circumstances, have doubtless excited his phlegmatic nature to a like emotion; but Richard found himself even in a slight degree is, with some of us, more absorbing than the most vital interests of another; and thus it was with Trevethick. The ambitious pretensions of his lodger sank into insignificance—notwithstanding for the moment, he believed in them; for how, unless he was what he professed to be, could he know so much? before the disappointment which had befallen himself in the overthrow of a long-cherished hope.

"Mr. Whymper wrote me with his own hand," growled he, "that in his judgment the mine was worthless, and that he had done all he could to persuade the Squire to sell. And yet you come down here to gouge and spy—"

"I am incapable of a fair in war and business," answered the young man, smiling. "Come, Mr. Trevethick, for reasons may have brought me here, I assure you, upon my honor, that they do not weigh with me now, in connection with your interests. I feel for you and yours. If you will be frank with me, I will also be so with you, and the result may be to your benefit, by being which may drop from your lips shall be made use of to prejudice your interests. I have already said for myself, that what—"

"Hush, Sir! for any sake, hush!" implored the landlord, starting and holding up his huge hand for silence. "Do not give it a name again; there is some one moving above stairs."

"It is only Solomon," observed Richard, quietly.

"I don't want Sol nor any other man alive to hear what we are talking about, Mr. Yorke," answered Trevethick, hoarsely. "You have gotten hold for yourself—you were about to say, that the mine is rich, and well worth what I have offered for it."

"And a good deal more," interrupted Richard. "Perhaps a hundred times, perhaps a thousand times more. But I do not think we can close a secret of a matter without our reasons. We don't see Dead Hands, with fingers of fire, in the finger-bowls, up and down ladders that don't exist, without the most excellent reasons, Mr. Trevethick. What we want to say, for the present, is this, and will worth what I have offered for it."

"Yes, yes, I have been silent for a little: he felt a lump rise in his throat, as though nature itself forbade him to disclose the secret he had kept so long and so closely, guarded. "I have known it for these fifty years," he began, in a half-choking voice. "I found it, and never told, and I went down into the old mine one day for sport, with some schoolmates. The vein lies in the bowel just at the dip I am working, at a depth that we think nothing of nowadays, though it was too deep for the old masters of the pit. I remember, as though it was yesterday, how my heart leaped within me when my torch shone upon it, and I knew, by its dark and perilous fellows should see it also. I came back the next day alone, to certify my great discovery. I did so, and found that there was one. The copper there may be worth tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of pounds, but the fear of the association table been invested with such significance, Trevethick's giant frame shook with emotion; his eyes literally flashed with greed.

"You have been there since?" observed Richard, interrupting him.

"Often, often," answered the other, hoarsely. "I could not keep away. But nobody else has been there. The mine is dark and perilous: there are rats, and bats, and eerie creatures at best it. And then, how afraid, because of the Dead Hand and the Flame."

"Your hand and torch?"

"Yes. I was afraid to keep the place my own; my thoughts were never absent from it for an hour. And I said myself I had a little money I put it by, and more to that, and move to that again, till I had got enough to make a bid for the lease of the old mine. But Carew was under age; so that fell through. I bided my time, and bid again; not much—only enough to keep off suspicion—but still what would seem a good price for a disused pit. Then I waited and more; but Carew will neither sell nor let; and my money grows and grows in value. I tell you I have held by a fortune and to spur into his hand. It is ready for him to-night; there would be no haggling, no asking for time—the cash paid him in hard coin. How long, thought I, will this madman balk me with his whim? He will die some day in his cups, or break his neck in hunting, and I shall surely come in with my offer to his heir, and have the pick of at last, and not before. But now, after all my patience and my pains, I am overmatched by a Parson and a Boy." Trevethick's voice became hoarse and passion—not complainingly. His face was dark, and his tone was fierce and menacing. There was no mistake about his having accepted his companion's invitation to be frank.

"Mr. Trevethick," said Richard, gravely, "your disappointment would be natural enough, if your long-cherished plan had really failed; but you have misunderstood me altogether. I am grateful to you for confiding to me the secret, and I shall be honored in part; and you shall have no reason to regret your confidence. Your secret is safer now than it has ever been; for from my lips Mr. Whymper shall never have his suspicions with respect to Wheal Danes confirmed. I have been too long your guest, I feel myself too much the friend of you and yours, to act in any way to your disadvantage."

Trevethick looked at him inquiringly, suspicion and disfavor glowing in his dusky face. "But if your story is true, young gentleman, this mine will be your own some day."

"It may, or it may not be, Mr. Trevethick. My father's intentions are not to be counted upon, and may possibly be well aware, for many hours. But if ever Wheal Danes is mine—" Richard paused a moment, while his thousand devoured him with his eyes.

"Well, what then?" cried Trevethick, impatiently, "what then?"

"I am willing to make over to you, as soon as I come of age, by deed, all interest that I may have in your own constitution."

"Make over Wheal Danes to me by deed! What! at my own price?"

"At whatever price you shall have it for a free gift."

"But the condition? What is it that you want of me that is not money?"

"I want permission from you, Mr. Trevethick, to wed, that is—for I would not speak of love without your leave—to woo your daughter."

"To wed my daughter!" cried Trevethick, starting from his seat; "my Harry!"

"I say provided that my suit is not displeasing to her," answered Richard, not without a tremor in his voice, for the old man's face was terrible to look upon. Hatred and Wrath were in close league with Avarice, and had the upper hand.

He reeked himself to and fro, then answered, in a stifled voice, "My daughter's hand is already promised, young man."

"I may be so, Mr. Trevethick, but not by her, I think; and that her heart has not been given to the man you have designated for her, is certain. You may see that for yourself."

"I tell you I have passed my word to Solomon Coe that she shall be his wife," returned the other, gloomily, "and I am not one to go back from a bargain."

"One can only promise what is in one's power," urged Richard; "your daughter's heart is not to be given at a backing the man's vote you have already redeemed your word to him. If he has failed to win her affections, I think it is his—but we are to try my chance. I am a fitter match for her in years; I am a gentleman, and therefore fitter for her, for she is a lady. And I love her a thousand times as much as he. Ask for Wheal Danes, I would give you every penny, if I had them, for the leave I ask for, and the end I hope for."

It was curious to mark how the mere mention of the mine by name effected the old man; his wrath, which seemed on the very point of explosion, was checked and smothered at once, like raging waves by oil: his brow, indeed, was still dark and lowering, but he resumed his seat, and listened, or seemed to listen, to Richard's impassioned pleading. His genuine feeling made the young fellow quite eloquent, and a tender charm to his always handsome face and winning tones.

Perhaps, even the unsympathetic Trevethick was really somewhat touched: at all events, he did not interrupt him, but when his talk quite finished took out his watch, and said, in a softened tone: "The hour is late, Mr. Yorke, and you have given me much to think about, to which I can not reply just now. Your communication has taken me by surprise. I will not answer neither 'Yes' nor 'No' at present. Good night, Sir." He nodded, which was his usual salute at parting; but upon the young man's eagerly stretching out his hand, he took it readily enough, and gave it such a squeeze with his giant fingers as made Richard wince. Then, smiling grimly, he retired.

As his heavy step toiled up stairs Richard perceived a slip of paper on the floor, which had apparently fallen out of the pocket of his host's coat. Upon it were written the three letters, B, N, Z. As he held it in his hand he heard the landlord's tread returning with the same name, and had only just time to replace the paper, face downward, on the sanded floor, before the other reappeared.

"I have dropped a memorandum, somewhere," said he, "as I of no great consequence, but— Oh, here it is!" He picked it up, and replaced it in the hollow of his great hand, and then, Richard, who was sitting where he had left him, looked up with a glance of careless inquiry. "Good night again, Mr. Trevethick."

"Good-night, Sir," And again the landlord smiled in his grim fashion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY MOONLIGHT.

RICHARD sat over the fire, revolving his late conversation with Trevethick in his mind, and picturing to himself what would proceed from of it. Although the declaration of his love for Harry had been thus suddenly made, it had not been premature. Though he had never had expected the opportunity for stating it would have been afforded him, he had prepared his whole argument out beforehand, down to the first words of his pivot. And, upon the whole, he felt content with the result. He had not been bitter had not surprised him (except by his frankness) in his disclosure respecting the rich promises of the mine. Richard's own observation, aided by the clew which Parson Whymper's few chance sentences had given him, had convinced him that Wheal Danes was a most coveted object in the landlord's eyes, and that he had happened to have fallen into his own hands, he did really suspect enough to have had it searched for one from top to bottom. Trevethick had therefore lost nothing by

his revelation (as his sagacity had doubtless foreseen), while he had made a very favorable impression upon Richard by his candor, in coming at once, straightforward, to the point, he had not been peremptorily closed at once (as he had expected it would have been), which was a great point gained, and the longer the old man took to think about the matter the more likely was self-interest to gain the day with him. Nevertheless Richard's representations to have been correct, he was certainly a better match! Ay! that was well. Solomon was: and he had no apprehension of their being refuted. Trevethick would in all probability write to Mr. Whyting to inquire into the truth of them—but what then? He would certainly make no reference to the mines: and as to Richard being Carew's lawful son, had not the chaplain himself (whom he could count on as a friend in any all that was to his advantage besides) admitted that, in his eyes, he was born in honest wedlock? At all events, there would be ample excuse for his having taken such a view of the case; while, as to his prospects, he had frankly confessed that he was, for the present, to be acknowledged by the Squire. So long, in fact, as he could keep up the pretense of his mines' being worthless, the greater would be his chance of another present or contingent, at Crompton, he felt his position with Trevethick tolerably secure.

In all this scheme of dark duplicity he knew for Harry was interwoven like a golden thread, and amidst all his plots and plans her glorious image would steadily rise unbidden, and chase him from them. He had long since resolved to win her, but the late arrival of her lover (for he knew now his partial success to gain her father's favor, seemed to have made her his own already. How beautiful she looked that day! how radiant, even with the sunlight on her hair! How fresh and spotless were her ways! How her companions were lovable, and the cause of love. How touching was her simple faith in omens, and how pleasant to contrast it, his arm about her waist, even as though to protect her from the shadow of harm! How joyful her first look of welcome had been, and of this Cornish Solomon; and how sweet to calm it, kissing her tears away! Once more his loving arms enclosed her—once more his lips touched her warm cheeks—when a sudden noise awakened him from his dream of bliss.

The pine fire had long gone out. It was warm for the time of year, but had it been otherwise he would not have ventured to light the candles, too, had burned out, and the moon-beams were streaming through the window: but had it been dark he would scarce have thought of doing it. The house had long ago been hushed in repose, and yet Richard felt certain that he had heard a movement in the passage.

A stealthy step, yet not that of thief or burglar—a fairy footfall, rather, which seemed to his ear. His heart leaped up to tell him that on the other side of the door was Harry Trevethick. He held his breath, and trembled—not for fear. Was it possible that, knowing he was sitting there alone, she had come down to see her own choice to bear him company? Had her father told her something—some glad tidings which she could not keep from her lover even for a night? Or, filled with sweet dreams of him, as he of her, had she risen in her white robes and drawn involuntarily toward him by the loadstone of love? Hot—hark! The bolt that fastened the house-door was softly drawn, and that, too, gently lifted. What *could* that mean? Why was she not coming forth alone, and unexpectedly, at midnight? His heart beat faster than ever. For an instant all that he had read or heard from his wild companions, and all that he had himself believed until he came to Gethin, of the wiles and inconstancy of women, flashed upon his mind. Had he, bred in the town, and familiar with all the ways of vice, been flattered and hoodwinked by a country girl's artless, fluent rubbie. For, though there were no virtue in the world, he felt assured that Harry loved him, and him alone. She must be walking in her sleep. Softly, but very swiftly, he left the parlor, and hurried to the front-door. It was bolted, but unfastened. He opened it, and looked out. All was as light as day, and yet so different. Every object in the street, every stone in the cottage opposite, stood out distinct and clear, but bathed in a pale and ghostly atmosphere. A low, dull murmur of the sea came to him like the sigh of a just freed from pain. Nothing else was to seen; no human trend disturbed the midstillness; but along the winding road that Turlick he caught the far-off flutter of a lress. She was going at rapid speed, e next moment had turned the corner, a before he had recovered from the asting the im door softly behind him, he ew her like an arrow from the bow, and ene of this pursuit was strange and aagh, had Richard possessed eyes for ything but the object in it. He saw nly its coud, and the sea—which showed on short surface a broad line of white foam. On shot-beams lay—without a ripple. bramble was even less of motion. The road above its slender shadow on the seemed a twig. Nature, green and pale, to suspend in enchanted sleep, and even ure and had fainting. From the point Richard for a full second see the road stretching middle, wit a white ribbon, and on the It led to Tippet between high banks. path struck by, but at this place a foot-fields to the Fairies' Bow-

er. To his astonishment, though indeed he had scarcely capacity enough for further wonder, Harry took this path; he saw her climb the stile, and then for the first time look round; he sank under the hedge, to hide himself; and when he cautiously looked forth again she had vanished. But he knew whither she was going now. He had assisted her across that very stile but a few days ago; he had walked with her through the hazel copse, and skirted the clear trout-stream by her side. He, and no other, had her now at utmost speed, and with less caution, for the path was green and unfrequented, to hear his heart beat—not from want of breath—as though in accord with the silver treble of the brook. Through the dark and dewy leafy foliage of the dell he saw her light dress gleam across the wooden bridge. He heard her panting beside it, peering through the lattice of the branches upon her as she stood on the green sward by the Whyting Mill.

Never had moon-beams shone upon a sight more fair. Harry was dressed as she had been on the previous evening, except that she wore a shawl, which also served her as head-gear, like a hood. This she now threw back upon her neck, as the pin that had joined it together, held it above the veil, which showed, as it was parted in front, her hair curving form, her wealth of hair, her frightened yet hopeful eyes, and the rise and fall of her bosom which told its anxiety and agitations save. She had come to test her future—to foresee her fate—at Gethin Whyting Well! By an instant she perceived, yet, her fear at the same time marvelously some simple charm—then dropped it into the well—then looked and watched it fall. As she did so, another figure seemed to glide upon the liquid mirror, at the gift of which she had come, and then was instantly hided. Superstitious as she was, Harry had only half expected that her foolish ceremony would actually gratified. Moved by the avowal of Richard's love that morning, the obstacles to their union, and the fear of offending her father, she wished to see her future husband, to know how he would decide between her and the one to whom her father had chosen for her, and yet she was terrified now that that which she had wished was realized. She, who had come expressly to look upon yonder shadowy form, although its presence seemed to assure her of Richard's love, had not expected it. It was the counterfeit presentment of Richard Yorke himself; bareheaded as he was, and with the light full upon his face, but with heightened color, an eager smile, and a loving gratitude in his eyes, which seemed to thank her for having so unconsciously done his love for. The figure was at right angles from her own, but the face was confronting her. She gazed upon it intently, looking for it to faint and fade, since its mission had been accomplished, but it remained for a little, as though to express consent, yet there was the vision still, a glorious picture in the light of the moon and the grass and greenery. Supposing it should remain there (her pale face flushed as the thought) indelibly and forever, to tell the story of her love to all the world! Then a whisper, that seemed to tremble beneath the height of love, "Harry! Harry! Harry!" and she looked up, and saw the substance of the shadow, her lover, standing upon the little wooden bridge!

Though Folly be near kin to Vice, she does not acknowledge the relationship, and, to do Harry Trevethick justice, he never once thought he made a midnight assignation with Richard in the Fairies' Bower. She was, indeed, somewhat shocked at the too literal fulfillment of her wish than pleased to see him there. She shed tears at her very advent, and was ashamed of her hitherto maintained, with respect to her affection for him, but now, she promised, she would put away by her own act. The scene to which he had just been an unsuspected witness was more than sufficient to put her resolution to the test. It was a leap-year offer of her hand and heart. She had no strong-hold even in a hiding-place, such as Sarah Penhale herself, or even a halting-place, such as coy maidens love to linger at a little before they surrender, "I am yours."

There was nothing left her but revilings. She poured upon him a torrent of contumely, not touching him for their bitterness, his cowardice, his treachery in tracking her hither, like a spy, to overhear a confession that was not for his ears uttered with him of all men. Whatever that confession might have been—and, to say truth, so nearly successful—it was now lost to him. Whatever hopes, her loving yearnings, that she knew not she had, were lost to him, but uttered aloud—she now retracted it; she had no tenderness for eaves-droppers, for deceivers, for—she did not know what she said. Anything to wound him. Above all things it seemed necessary to make it appear to be as contrary to her wish against him as possible. The copiousness of her vocabulary of abuse surprised herself, and she had not already been assuring him, that, although at last for want of breath, and even then, as though she had exhausted her resources of silence, she bemoaned herself with sobs and sighs.

Then Richard, all tenderness and submission, explained his presence there, and his motive, which he was to blame in the matter, and, indeed, how there were neither shame nor sin in his love—how to either of them; spoke of his late interview with her father, gilding it with brightest hopes, and cited the marvelous circumstance of his Wishing Well itself in support of his position. He felt himself already her affianced husband; the question of their union had become only one of time. She was listening to him now, and had suffered him to kiss her tears away, when suddenly she started from his embrace with a muffled cry of terror. Some movement of head or hand in the copse had made a rustling in the underwood, but her fears gave it a human shape. "What if her father should have followed her!" As Richard had followed *her!* What if her father should have heard her leave his roof, as Richard had, or should miss her from it—and then to think this path: he saw her climb this stile, and then for the first time look round; he sank under the hedge, to hide himself; and when he cautiously looked forth again the girl had vanished. But he knew whither she was going now. He had assisted her across that very stile but a few days ago; he had walked with her through the hazel copse, and skirted the clear trout-stream by her side. He, and no other, saw her now at utmost speed, and with less caution, for the path was green and unfrequented, to hear his heart beat—not from want of breath—as though in accord with the silver treble of the brook. Through the dark and dewy leafy foliage of the dell he saw her light dress gleam across the wooden bridge. He heard her panting beside it, peering through the lattice of the branches upon her as she stood on the green sward by the Whyting Mill.

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THE LAST MESSAGE.—[DRAWN BY PAUL FRIESEKE.]

AFTER THE SURRENDER—MASSES OF FRENCH PRISONERS UNDER PRUSSIAN GUARD.

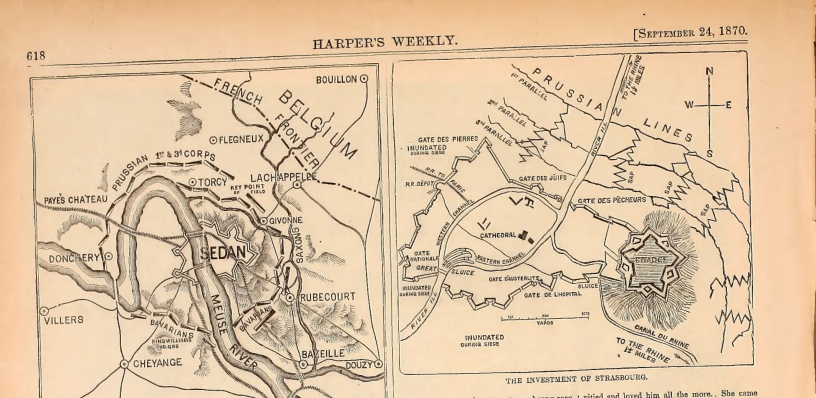

SEDAN AND STRASBOURG.

THE plan of Sedan, which we give on this page, shows the positions occupied by the Prussian armies investing that fortress on the day of the capitulation of M'MAHON. It exhibits at a glance the hopelessness of the French situation there, and explains the surrender of so large a body of men.

The plan of Strasbourg shows the lines of investment up to September 10, when the Prussians had completed their third parallel. Next to Metz, this city is considered the strongest fortress of France on the eastern frontier. Its defenses consist of a bastioned enceinte, very irregular in outline; the bastions constructed at intervals along its perimeter, varying in each instance, but admirably well located for flanking support and defense. The numerous re-entering angles in the trace of the enceinte are well secured by towers and demi-bastions of suitable construction, while the salients are protected by a powerful crown-fire from the supporting works. The main ditch is filled with water for nearly the whole distance around the city. Between the city proper and the Rhine, and connected with the enceinte and occupying a commanding position, is the Citadel, pronounced to be a master-work of VAUBAN. It is constructed on a pentagon, according to the great engineer's first system, and presents five great bastions, with their supporting works, and effectually commands the city and the Rhine. This strong-hold has been much improved during the past twenty years, and is jealously guarded from inspection by strangers. Immediately close to the Citadel, on the city side, are the great arsenals and military institutions for which Strasbourg is famous—the Salles d'Armes, the Military Hospital, the Artillery School, and the Arsenal de Construction, and also a magnificent esplanade.

INFELICE.

THE summer morning was dawning, and the violet and golden and crimson tints were beginning to shine through the trees of the parks, when the Honorable MRS. Milner drove home in her carriage from one of the latest balls of the season. MRS. Milner lived in one of the most fashionable streets of the Mayfair region of London. She was a young woman and handsome; but just now her face wore that faint, weary, and jaded air which beauty itself acknowledges when, after a night of pleasure, the dawn shines upon it. MRS. Milner was very tired and sleepy, and the dawn made her shudder.

When the carriage drove up to the door, and the footmen pulled down, there seemed something like a little commotion going forward, and MRS. Milner, being too impatient to wait, got out and found that her servants were very angry with a boy who had been asleep on the naked door-step in the dawn, and was so sleepy that he could hardly be roused to a sense of his situation and his audacity.

"Come, you be hoff!" said one pampered menial—a very worthy poor fellow in his way, but who really thought in an etiquette of his duty to keep vagabonds from his mistress's door-step as JAVERT believed it his duty to unmask and arrest concealed felons. "Come, you be hoff! I wonder there's no policemen about!"

"Now then, young feller," remarked the other pampered menial, decisively, "it's time you were away. Move on!"

The boy only rubbed his eyes and looked sleepily at the servants. He was a very handsome boy, looking a little like one of MURILLO's immortal *gamins*, with thick curling hair, and skin almost as dark as that of an Algerian. Certainly part at least of the dark hue was attributable to want of washing.

"Let me see the boy," said the Hon. MRS. Milner.

She looked at him with eyes of kindly interest. Under the counsels of a fashionable Aunt End women there does sometimes beat a kind and tender heart, for all the *Saturday Reviews*.

"Poor boy!" she said. He must have been very tired. He is a fine-looking child. Why did you sleep there, my little boy? Have you no home?"

"No home, madonna!" said the lad, who had roused up wonderfully in the light of the lady's kind eyes. He spoke a lisping, broken English. He was evidently an Italian lad, and his face now spoke, if faces may be trusted, intelligence and truthfulness.

"Bring him into the hall," said MRS. Milner, decisively.

He was brought in, and she talked to him in his own language. His story was simple, commonplace, and old. He was born in Parma. His father and mother were dead. He had come to London on the inducement of other Italian boys to make a fine living by grinding the organ—the *padrone* ground him much more effectually than the organ; and he made up his mind at last to run away and get into the fresh, bountiful country where the birds sang and the flowers grew. From the Saffron Hill region, the home or lair of the organ-boy, he had tramped as far as his way. He chose the Hyde Park direction because he had often admired the trees there, and he thought the country could be reached in that way. He had contrived to steal out of his wretched den when midnight had long passed, and he was so tired and sleepy as he reached Mrs. Milner's tempting door that he thought it would be pleasant to have only one more sleep, and then to shoulder up on the door-step and fall asleep.

MRS. Milner said he must be sure never to sleep on door-steps any more. That he might be the less in the way of temptation, she bade him sleep in a good soft rug in the hall just then, and she told the servants to be sure he was not disturbed until he had had his sleep out, and that he got a good breakfast on waking. Then she went to her herself, and slept very soundly until noon.

She did not forget the little Italian. That day she gave orders that he should have a complete new suit, and scrubbed, have his hair cropped and cut, and have a suit of new clothes, and that a bed should be made up for him.

She had a little son with him; but I was clear, she thought, that while she was making up her mind the boy must have clothes to wear, and food to eat, and a bed to sleep in. One thing was certain—she would not turn him into the street to sleep on door-steps again.

The Hon. MRS. Milner, it should be said, was not on terms of the most cordial affection with her husband, the Hon. Charles Milner, who, for all his rank and his prospective title, was a good deal of what Dundreary called "a fast man." He was a man of low tastes, given to horses and prize-fighters and *confrères* of disastrous, where the actresses were of the "Black Crook" or *Biche aux Bois* school. MRS. Milner married him, at the direction of her parents, when she was too young to think for herself, or to form any opinion as to her own or any body else's character. They never had been happy together; now they were trying—and he was successful in the effort—to be happy separately. They never had any open quarrel, and were generally supposed to get on well enough. MR. Milner was now at Newmarket, and now at Doncaster, and now at Baden-Baden, and his wife was seldom troubled with his society. He had a seat in the House of Commons, and he went and voted in all the important party divisions, spending the night, when he had to wait long to give his vote, in the smoking-room of the House, and drinking a good deal of brandy-and-water. But he was not very happy even in the smoking-room of the House. His highest idea of happiness was to be surrounded by a throng of vulgar, admiring boon companions, of both sexes, who looked up to him, and were proud to do him homage.

MRS. Milner had had two children, of whom only the younger—a girl—was now living. The boy had died when a mere infant. Perhaps it was some thought of him—some thought that if he were alive he would now be about the same age as the lad asleep on her door-step—that first aroused in the breast of the lady of fashion a feeling of pity for the little Italian, and a wish to do something for him.

However that might be, she kept little Felice Morra under her care, and would not turn him out on the world. She set him down to one of her country seats for a time, and he came back to London strong, healthy, and happy. The child had a beautiful voice, and she had him taught to sing, and would play for him on the piano herself, and she began to take a positive pleasure in his affection and devotion. He was a sort of page for her, and a play-fellow for her little girl, who now some two or three years younger than he. The servants in the house debated whether he came into the family, and were a muttered oath or two sometimes when he saw the boy. But then he did not often see him, and he was not generally too much occupied with ASCOT, EPSOM, the prize-ring, and the *ballet* to trouble himself much with the existence of a poor harmless boy. If it had been a pretty orphan girl, now! . . . But in that case MRS. Milner would probably not have taken such a charge into her household.

Years brought difficulties. MRS. Milner had been long deciding on the proper occupation to which Felice Morra should be put that he was actually growing to be a young man without any occupation at all. The education he had was only what he had acquired from reading aloud to MRS. Milner any book or magazine or newspaper she wished to have read to her—and she did, indeed, keep him pretty constantly occupied in this way—and from occasionally writing letters for her. He was a delightful singer, at her dictation. He was a delightful singer, with a clear, full, sweet tenor voice; he could play the piano well, and, indeed, had a great natural gift of music. One might have called him MRS. Milner's secretary, perhaps, now that he could no longer be called her page; but his position in the household was beginning to be more anomalous and inconvenient every day. MRS. Milner, indeed, was always resolving that something must be done with him; but she never could make up her mind as to what should be done. In the poor lad had twined himself closely round her heart. She was not a happy woman. Years had made her husband more and herself more lonely; and had also made the poor outcast boy more like the son whom she had lost.

Felice had, indeed, her daughter, a beautiful girl somewhat like herself, but the heart of a woman dearly loved her daughter, but the heart of a woman is always unsatisfied if it has nothing manly to love; and MRS. Milner had no husband and no son, and was not a happy wife. She looked forward with dread to the sending of her young *protégé* away into the cold outer world; and yet she now avoided him as much as she could. Her husband had of late begun to grumble and swear at the poor young man, and used to make it a point to insult him whenever the two chanced to meet. Things could not long go on thus. Indeed, only for the extraordinary gentleness and patience of Felice Morra, reminding one of a Bengalee rather than an Italian, a rupture must have taken place long ago. But Felice bore all with a quiet, docile endurance which observers might have mistaken for apathy. MRS. Milner long felt convinced he bore all for her sake, not to disturb or distress her, not to leave her. She pitied and loved him all the more. She came to see, however, that she was mistaken. For it became at last only too apparent that the Italian outcast was passionately in love with Linda Milner, his patroness's daughter.

Now this was surely, one might have thought, a thing to be dreaded, guarded against, foreseen, expected, by any rational woman: yet MRS. Milner, who was ordinarily a very rational woman, never had thought of this. The child, Linda, had always appeared such a child to her!

One day—it was in the country—MRS. Milner came down to breakfast a little late, and her daughter was not in the breakfast-room. She looked out upon the lawn, and Linda was not there; then from another window into a little shrubbery, and there she saw something which made her flush rare red, and then pale.

She saw Linda Milner and the young Italian walking slowly up and down, apparently conversing in low tones. They were walking, one might perhaps have said, just as any two acquaintances might walk; but MRS. Milner did not think so. Ah, no! There was something in the attitude of both—of the one who walked with downcast eyes and an indescribable air of timidity, and yet earnestness; of him, as he leaned toward her and looked down upon her—which spoke only too plainly to MRS. Milner.

These two who walked there were lovers! And MRS. Milner herself had brought this about; and only think how Linda's father would receive the news! And his daughter had fallen in love with an Italian beggar, who was picked up, when a child, at a door-step!

Presently she saw Felice Morra take Linda's hand in his and press it to his lips, and then the two parted, and Linda, "like a lapwing," ran across the lawn and soon entered the breakfast-room.

MRS. Milner could not and would not keep back her feelings.

"Linda, you have made me miserable! I have seen all!"

Linda was a proud girl, long trained to self-will. She said, coldly:

"All what, mamma?"

"I saw you walking with Felice, and I saw your manner toward each other. For shame, Linda! He is in love with you!"

"He is, mamma."

"Has he told you so?"

"Yes, dear mamma."

The composure of her demeanor quite bewildered Mrs. Milner.

"Then what did you say, girl, when he told you this?"

"Ah—nothing."

"And at last?" asked MRS. Milner, striving, not very effectively, to imitate the composure of her daughter.

"At last—well, I told him the truth when he pressed me for an answer."

"Then you have the courage to tell me that you love him?"

"I have told you so, mamma; but it is true!"

"And you dare to think of marrying him?"

"Indeed I do."

"Have you thought of what your father would say?"

"I have thought of it, dear mother; but it can not change my love. I love *him*, and I will love him long for him."

"Do you know what he is—what he was?"

"Yes, mamma; I know all about it. But I know, too, that you have made him your companion and mine so long as I can remember, and I do not choose him for a companion; I do choose him for a husband."

MRS. Milner tried expostulation, argument, tears, prayers, threats—she was not very good at threats, poor woman!—but she could make no impression on her daughter. MRS. Milner was miserably unhappy. Despite all she had done to keep matters quiet, despite her genuine affection for her whole soul revolted at the idea of his marrying her daughter. Nobody needs to be told what the feeling of caste is in the English aristocracy.

This was one of the kindest of women, she had done for this youth what one woman with ten thousand would have done; she was strongly attached to him, and only yesterday had been wondering how she could bear to part from him; and yet she was positively unable to restore to her mind the possibility of such a fantastic calamity as his marrying her daughter. After all, she felt very much as a benevolent Georgian lady might have felt who suddenly learned that the slave boy she had specially favored and petted had stolen her daughter's heart.

Moreover, Mrs. Milner was, in some respects, a timid woman. She shrank from scenes and disturbances and even sudden changes; and she dreaded the outburst of her husband's anger when the wedding story should come to his ears.

"Leave her!" he said, bitterly. "Leave her although she loves me, in order that she may marry some one whom she does not love! In order that she may marry some one of my own rank! Ah, God! Mrs. Milner, you can tell whether to marry in one's own class is always happiness!"

Mrs. Milner grimaced. "It is not always happiness, indeed, Felice; but to marry one out of one's rank is never happiness, except for very, very rarely constituted beings. My poor boy, listen to me. I know my daughter. I know that the nature that could rise superior to the difficulties and pains of such a position as you would bring her to. I think, perhaps, I could have done it. I know she could not. Write her a few lines. Tell her, frankly, that you do not think it right or honest or for her happiness to continue near her, or to look for her final plighted engagement, and go. She will forget you. For me, I am sorry to destroy your first romance; but I know my daughter, and she will forget you."

The poor youth groaned in agony. There was something unmanful in his nature, and he seemed now like a fine woman with her heart on fire. Mrs. Milner pressed him again and again, appealing, above all, to his sense of gratitude and the memory of all she had done for him.

"Oh, Mrs. Milner, I only wish to Heaven," he exclaimed at last, "I had you left me your door-step, and that I had died there!"

But she was obdurate, and he was obdured. He wrote his few farewell lines; and he left that very day the house which had sheltered him so long. His banker endeavored to induce him to take some money. She offered him enough to make a gentleman's start in life for any youth, but he only begged of her to spare him this. When she continued to press him with her untimely and futile kindness he broke into a storm of grief of pressure she had ever seen him give way to. He rose terrified her by his sudden and electric vehemence of his anger; and he left the house without even a farewell pressure of her hand.

He made his way to London, and straggled about there helpless and wretched as a cannybred under one of his gilded cage to make their northern forests. He suffered immense, unspeakable misery. So far as the Milner family was concerned, he seemed to have wholly disappeared.

Mrs. Milner was right. In a few months Linda had nearly forgotten him, or was at least so free of her love engagement with him. Yes a little, and she was to be married to the son and heir of an earl—a handsome, youthful, brilliant lover, whom, indeed, she loved.

The time came, the wedding took place. In the crowd who watched it was one haggard, ghastly, stricken wretch, with burning eyes and trembling lips, whom hardly any body noticed, and who remained in the church, his head buried in his hands, after every one had left, until the genteel sexton turned him out at last.

The bride and bridegroom started for the Continent. Mrs. Milner went to her home in Kent.

She did not remain long, but left almost before the guests had ceased to arrive. She was sad and lonely. She had fancied, somehow, that in the crowd at the church there was a face which for a moment reminded her of poor Felice Morris; but there was nothing in that, for she was always thinking poor thing she saw faces reminding her of his. She wondered where he was, and whether he had got over his grief, and whether he was prospering, and had forgotten her. She did not dare to allow herself to consider the other possibilities that he was not prospering, and that he had not forgotten his grief, that he was poor and miserable. She kept saying to herself that she had acted for the best; that she had done right; that she could not have done otherwise; that she was bound to secure her daughter's happiness; that she had secured it. Thus thinking, she sat in her carriage, she reached her own door.

There was a slight delay or difficulty or confusion of some kind among the footmen at the door and no one appeared who opened it. Mrs. Milner could not help thinking of the summer morning when she found poor Felice Morris asleep on the door-step.

What were the men about? She thought she heard half-suppressed exclamations and expressions of wonder. She got out of the carriage. The servants were certainly removing some obstruction from the doorway. With a sinking heart and a sickening presentiment of something terrible to happen, Mrs. Milner eagerly pressed forward. The men were lifting a body from the door-step, and they turned to her with awe-stricken faces. One glance at the burden they bore was enough for her. It was the body of poor Felice Morris, and he was dead. He had dragged his exhausted frame to the door-step where, years ago, a poor vagrant boy, he was found by her, his only parentless. And there he had lain down and died.

Linda never knew the fate of her hapless lover. Mrs. Milner kept that sad secret, an abiding agony, in her own heart.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

We give below the most spirited, as well as the most faithful, translation of this celebrated German war song which has yet appeared in English. It was made expressly for *Harper's Weekly*:

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
Mid sterling waves and clang of steel,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my country's shrine?"
Dear Father-land! No danger thine!
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their breasts are filled,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine!
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

And though in death our hopes decay,
The Rhine will win a glorious way;
For rich with water as its flood
Is Germany with hero blood.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine!
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

From you blue sky are bending now
The hero-bead to hear our vow?
As long as German hearts are free
The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine!
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While dear ones drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine!
Firm stand our sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds: the river flows;
In golden light our banner glows;
Our heart will be our German divine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Dear Father-land! No danger thine!
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

THE SIMPLE SCHOOL OF NOVELS.

THE simple school of novels is a born native of England. Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Wolfe, Miss Burney, Jane Austen—all these are claimed as representatives of the simple school; and in various since stories of simple telling have prevailed have been wanting enough of Gallic charm to prove and satisfy the national taste.

Love is more or less the burden of all novels; but it is interesting to note how different a figure love is to play and that is said to hold in the pages of simple novelists from that played by him in those of their fast and sensational competitors. As a matter of course, love does not run smooth here any more than elsewhere; but its even current is not disturbed by the occurrence of passion, or by the breaking down of the restraints of duty, with too many or a husband too few is not with the simple school the object the united bliss. Novels of the sensational school have accustomed us to the occurrence of tremendous fellows with herculean limbs, killing glances, and withering smiles, and by whose very presence the hearts of women are made to quail; the Volscians were fluttered at Corioli by the apparition of Coriolanus. The usual cause of their heart is that of a volcano apparently quiet, but in reality boiling, burning, and seething within, and periodically manifesting its terrible neighbors with the scorching lava of an unexpected passion eruption. The simple school of the hero is a much less formidable and distinguished personage. It is perhaps a slight drawback to his dignity that he is not subject to fits of passion; but then he has the advantage of resembling, in that as in other particulars, the average run of our own experience. Far from having, like the overpowering hero we have just been considering, a pair to fall of at the feet that the retrospect, as in the case of the fugitives from the doomed cities of Sodom, is positively petrifying, he is usually, when first introduced to our notice, as bashful before a petticoat as a coute de baton laws always. We are supposed given to understand not only that he is (as Thackeray and every reviewer thinks her own son) a Joseph, but that he has yet been tempted. His heart has not been injured even to the extent that would be implied by a single flirtation, much less by an attempt to a score of boyish fancies. His affections are fresh and unworn when he consecrates to the heroine his first passion. Her sex has, in the words of one of our simple novelists, to know, cut off thereby worshiped mistress by the zenith of her maddening beauty—we trust that we have correctly rendered the meaning of these imposing expressions—or flings her, ardently reluctant, into the rival embraces of some accomplished gentleman—he, like a statue of the lightning, stands immovable. He bears a laden breast; but the only sigh by which you ever know that the simoom has swept over and scorched him are that he smokes perpetually in somber silence from clubhouses of fabulous rarity filled with tobacco that never gets into the market, and that he loses or wins his money at *vingt et un* as calmly as though he were blowing soap-bubbles. Not so our simple hero. If he loses at play, it is with a sinking heart, and his heart beats thick and fast. If she seems to be coquetting with some other swain, he is ready to make away with himself in desperation. If he finds Jack up a little hair chain that has been on her person, he carries it away with him, and wears it next his heart until he can place them in a sweeter substitute—herself. The heroine of simple novels is a companion picture. She stands as near to the risk of drowning herself in the nearest pond or hanging herself on the nearest tree as of sitting on the grass under an umbrageous beech, after the fashion of a fair heroine, with a blue-eyed stranger she meets for the second time, with whom she has never been formally introduced. What Francesca da Rimini terms *La prima radice del amor* strikes into the heart very deeply and far more slowly. Only by fine gradations does she come to associate the presence of her lover with an undefined feeling of happiness, and to discover her own secret by noticing that she is more particular about her personal appearance when she hears him approaching. The scene in which the hero proposes and is accepted, or rejected, or told to wait, as the case may be, is marked by the same absence of passion and exaggeration, and the same deference to propriety and human nature. The most natural of all the simple novelists, with a fidelity to nature which is sometimes a little perilous, allows his hero to make a bigger fool of himself at that critical moment even than during the other portions of his undulating career; thinking, doubtless—and, to judge by success, thinking rightly—that the ludicrous figure he cuts will be overlooked by the reader on the principle of *leges sevimus duraz peliginose viciatum*. "Unhappy the man," says Mr. Thackeray, "who has not been a poet once in his life!" A simple novelist often seems to think that unhappy is the man who has not been a fool of himself once in his life. It is consoling to think that the vast majority of the readers of novels have been at least at least that one piece of felicity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT three miles from Cassel, the former capital of the electorate of Hesse-Cassel, stands Wilhelmshöhe, the castle of Wilhelmshöhe. It is situated on the top of a hill, and commands a fine view of the country around. The castle is built of white sandstone, and consists of a large square, with a massive building on each side. A flight of stairs leads from the court directly into a beautiful and picturesque garden. Wilhelmshöhe was built about 1785 by the Elector Hesse, and there he died; but his son and heir was driven from Cassel by Napoleon, who made it the capital of the Westphalian kingdom, and gave it to his brother Jerome. Jerome Napoleon, however, was forced to leave it, in consequence of the reigning events in 1813. Political disturbances caused the reigning Elector to flee in 1848, and, though he was afterward restored, Prussia took possession of Hesse-Cassel in 1866, in consequence of the Elector siding with Austria in the German-Italian war. Since that time Wilhelmshöhe Castle has not been used. But now the late Emperor of the French, Napoleon III., is to live there. Cassel by-the-by, is a place of large number of attendants. How long he will remain there is uncertain, but very likely until a settlement is made between France and Prussia.

Nearly two hundred horses can now be accommodated upon the racing-grounds at Jerome Park. The stand is in French composition by Hellbert, and embraces a great variety of races, and it is said that almost every race-course in the United States and Canada will be present.

We have seen it stated that the last sale of a slave in the South occurred in Virginia, under the following circumstances: The slave had just come of the retiring of Lee's army, when a gentleman offered a slave to a farmer of Albemarle county. After a considerable bargaining on both sides the negro was sold for one hundred dollars in gold.

Common petroleum, rubbed over the face and hands, is said to answer every purpose of a mosquito net. We should suppose it would!

Barracuda, a plant indigenous in the northern part of the United States, is considered by many physicians a sovereign remedy for varicloid and small-pox. This valuable plant is said to grow in the swamps of Nova Scotia, and at the proper season the root is gathered and preserved for use. The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says that no other medicine reaches the disease in the first stage of vaccination. That succulus digestive is a solid matter of all contagious properties; and that, however numerous the eruptions on the body of a patient, there is need for but one scar left. This plant is often used as a preventive. But here a grand query arises: Can it take a scar from the disease? If it cannot. Cannot somebody thoroughly investigate the subject?

One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence in South Avenue. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and, while standing what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him from above. She seized the burglar, slid him through the hall, and pushed him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic daughter of a Burglar by a Woman," was the way the story appeared in the morning journal. The woman friends called, and congratulated her upon her courage, she declined it, saying, "Indeed I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened half to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk again, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

Another woman, living in Pittsburg, heroically came to the rescue of her husband in this wise. The latter had been arrested on suspicion that he had made a violent assault upon another man. He had a broken head, and the evidence was strong against him. But this woman that she herself inflicted the wound in her head with a poker! So the magistrate could only discharge the husband from custody.

Rubens, the celebrated painter, was evidently possessed of warm affections and a domestic character, if we are to judge at all by the numerous pictures he left of his wives and children. He seems to have delighted in quadripping and varying these beloved objects under every possible aspect. Even the portraits by him of his first wife, Isabella Brant, still exist, and no less than eighteen known portraits and sketches of his second wife, Helena Formans. He was married to his first wife in 1609, and from every account she was his faithful companion. She left him two sons, and he greatly deplored her loss. Several years after her death he married again. At the time he was in his fifty-fourth year, and his bride, Helena, scarcely sixteen. The extraordinary liberty and modesty of the young girl awakened a strong love and admiration in the heart of the artist, which sensation unchallenged till his death. By her he had five children. Rubens's first wife, also, was interested to have been very handsome.

Marshal M'Mahon wrote to his wife, after the battle of Wurth, a touching account of the day, and its certain his position. Yet it is in the language of a hero. He was then commander of Prussian Army commanded him, and of the heroism of his soldiers. He said that, in despite of a gushing, irrepressible sentiment and utter astonishment, he sought for death, but the bullets would not have him.

Each war of modern years has brought into prominence one particular mode of attack or defense. The Crimean war (1854-1856) demonstrated the utility of rifled cannon. The Indian war (1857) brought rifled cannon into prominence. The American war (1861-1865) established the use of torpedoes. The Austro-Prussian war (1866) showed the potency of the needle-gun; and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has established the use of mitrailleuse.

Count Bismarck's two sons took part in the battles before Metz. One of them was wounded; the other had his horse shot under him.

Hippophagy has received a fresh impulse from the war. Butchers find the battle-field a good place to buy horses which were never intended for a market.

Some time ago two ladies happened to occupy the same seat in a car from Baltimore. One was dressed, to put it mildly, unassuming; the other, fancy and overdressed. There was a violent storm prevailing, and the lady remarked that it was a trying time for soiling dress along the cars.

"Yes, I know it is," effectedly responded the other lady. "I know all about those wet coal-combustions."

"Ah! you've had some experience personally, I suppose?" queried the first lady.

"You may well say that, ma'am. Why, bless you! my husband's a Railroad Conductor! Prevail, is Capin of Chuckey Bay. He used to be Captin of Choptank, Christiana, Brandywine, and dich like creeks; but he's got a Railroad Conductorship now, and runs on the Harrisburg now. I guess, likely, maybe, your husband is a sailor too, ain't he?"

"Yes, my husband is a sailor."

"Well, I declare! you look just like a sailor's wife. Is your husband a captin?"

"No, not at present."

"Mate?"

"No, ma'am."

"Sailor 'fore the mast?"

"No."

"Why'd, now, that's strange! Not a captin, nor mate, nor fore the mast! Why, marm, what does your husband do?"

"He commands a fleet at present, I believe."

"Admiral, then? Why, who may your husband be, marm?"

"Admiral Porter, ma'am."

"Mrs. Captin John Francis!" suddenly exhibited into indignifiance.

An "old folks" party at Mystic River, Connecticut, was composed of fifteen persons whose united ages were 1,340 years. The oldest was ninety-two, the youngest was sixty-one. At a little village in Pennsylvania, recently, five ladies took tea together, whose united ages were four hundred and twenty-five years.

A sort of velvet tissue is now woven from the hair of cats and rabbits. The fabric is considered beautiful.

Brigham Young proposes to abolish Mormonism, provided the United States will pass laws compelling every man to marry seventeen women, or else to interfere with his neighbor's wife, or with angry women.

The following conversation is given in the *Paris en Orient*, as having taken place in the commission ordered to inspect the plan of the erection of war, before it was submitted to the Chambers:

M. De Rochefort.—"Marshal, are we ready?"

M. Lebeuf.—"Quite ready."

M. De Rochefort.—"Will you pledge your word of honor that we shall not a crisis in which the foreign France into war, without having foreseen and provided for every thing?"

M. Lebeuf.—"I give you my word of honor that we have foreseen everything."

M. De Cassagnac.—"One word more. What do you think of the Prussian needle-gun?"

M. Lebeuf (*authoritatively*). "I mean by them that if the war were to last a year, we should not have to buy a bullet in Germany."

"Miss and Wife," Winkle Collins's latest novel, has been dramatized by the author for the London stage, and will be produced at once. Miss Braddon's new novel has been for a long time a successful writer of plays. In connection with Dickens and Fechter he dramatized "Hunted Down" and "No Thoroughfare," which was put on the stage, by Fechter, at the Adelphi Theatre.

At a late election, held in Wyoming Territory, for delegate to Congress and local officers, the women voted generally throughout the Territory.

Near Carrollton, Arkansas, excavations have been recently made in an Indian mound, several twenty-five feet high, and about an acre in area at the top. The result has been the discovery of some curious relics of flint and ten feet in height. Surely there "were giants in those days" as long gone by!

A jeweler of Saratoga has in his possession a rare trinket, especially valuable from having once been the property of the Empress Carlotta. It is a lady's watch and chain, intended to be worn pendent from the neck like a locket. The face of the watch is plain within the reverse side, which is designed to be worn outward, is set in a beautiful *lapis lazuli*, encircled with diamonds, and on the back is a cipher in raised letter of in German text, richly studded with brilliants. The chain is heavy, containing six large links of blue *lapis lazuli*, with intermediate links of gold, set with diamonds.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED.

THE German armies are not only admirably organized for fighting, but for the operations of every department of the art of war. • Their officers are communicate topographers, and while Parisians have been shouting "*A Berlin!*" they have been diligently poring over maps till they are cognizant of every mountain track which might be supposed to be known only to the local goatherds. Carefully, too, have they studied the gazetteer of France; for they know exactly

ravens. But now there is an organized corps of grave-diggers, while the red crosses which distinguish the bearers of the wounded, and the black and white dresses of the Sisters of Mercy, convey the aspect of a procession of pilgrims approaching a holy shrine rather than of soldiers invading a hostile country. Of the Krankentrager (bearers of the sick) some are men of the Landwehr, others are students from the hospitals and universities in plain clothes. All display the red cross, stamped on a white cloth, which is tied round the left arm. Nor is the

picted in the engraving on this page, who tend the wounded without distinction of nationality.

As a further illustration of this tenderness for the wounded, we give on page 612 a sketch of the removal of wounded French prisoners from the battle-field of Worth, escorted by a detachment of Bavarian soldiers. A private letter, written from Hagenau soon after that battle, says: "Nearly every house and stable at Weissenburg is full of wounded, as are also all the villages round about, and a large number of wooden sheds have been erected as temporary

could easily be seen. In the majority of cases they had received bullet-wounds in the feet or legs, and dragged their slow way along in agony at every step. Let Prussia boast—for she can truthfully do so, and it is a matter of which a nation may indeed be proud—that, the fight once over, friend and enemy are treated alike, and nothing is spared to ease the suffering, to soften the miseries of the wounded foe. Nor are instances of individual kindness wanting. I noticed the Prussian soldiers helping the poor crippled men along, and carrying in their arms those who

PEASANT GIRLS TENDING THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

how many horses every village between Metz and Paris is capable of stabling. They lay down extempore railways and extempore electric telegraphs; and if the enemy destroy bridges, they carry beams of just the right length to supply the place of the shattered edifice. In every thing their foresight appears pre-eminent. Especially is this visible in the department which attends to the victims of the strife. In former days the wounded were left to chance succor, while the dead were buried either by the forced labor of reluctant peasants, or left to the eagles and the

service devoid of danger. Recently a nun, while tending the wounded, had both of her legs carried off by a cannon-ball; and at the battle of Thionville, says a Prussian dispatch, the French fired—it is to be hoped in ignorance—both on surgeons and ambulances. Besides the Sisters of Mercy in black and white, there is a corps of Sisters who wear dark slate-colored dresses and white boots. But there are also, it is to be hoped, every where where woman is to be found, amateur Sisters of Mercy of the old-fashioned unorganized sort, such as the peasant girls de-

hospitals outside the town. Here also, at Hagenau, the red cross floats from nearly every window. A number of poor fellows, chiefly Turcos and Zouaves, arrived here this evening. It was pitiable, indeed sickening, to watch them crawling painfully through the streets. They offered, in truth, a shocking spectacle—their heads bound up in dirty cloths, their gay uniforms smirched with mud, and in many instances covered with blood. They had thrown away knapsacks, and even boots and clothes, in the flight, and looked as pitiable a set of men as

seemed too faint to walk. Others pressed upon them cigars, which were eagerly accepted, and even money, with which, goodness knows, the donors could ill afford to part. All honor to the gallant fellows who show such a noble spirit, and who, the fight once over, can be as tender and kindly compassionate as women toward the suffering and the poor! These instances of true charity all occurred, so far as I witnessed, among the private soldiers; the officers, perhaps too busy to attend to such trifles, passed by on the other side."

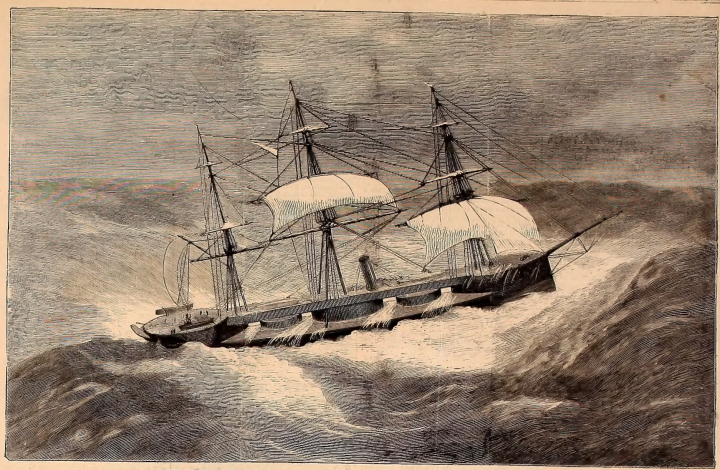

THE BRITISH IRON-CLAD "CAPTAIN," LOST SEPTEMBER 6TH OFF CAPE FINISTERRE.

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

We give on this page a sketch of the new British iron-clad ship of war the *Captain*, which recently foundered off the coast of France in a heavy gale, carrying down with her all but eighteen of her crew of five hundred men. The *Captain* had two large turrets placed amidships, in each of which were mounted two 25-ton rifled guns, throwing a solid elongated projectile of 600 pounds, or a shell of proportionate weight; and in the forecastle and poop there were two or three bow guns and stern-chasers of smaller calibre. Full ship-rigged, with two independent screws, engines of extraordinary power, steering apparatus of curious perfection, and every modern improvement which has ever been found of value in the equipment of a ship of war, the *Captain* was considered one of the most magnificent specimens of naval architecture afloat. The thickness of her plating varied from six to ten inches. On her first trial-trip, last July, she behaved admirably in a heavy gale. The cause of her foundering in a gale which other ships easily weathered is yet unknown, but will probably be ascertained from some of those who were so fortunate as to survive the disaster. The captain and Captain COLES, who claimed to be the originator of the turret system, were among those who were lost.

STEAMERS LAID UP AT BREMEN.

THE effect of the war upon German commerce is shown in the engraving of the Bremen docks, on this page, where a large number of ships and steamers are now lying idle, having been withdrawn from the seas to secure them against capture by French cruisers. A correspondent who visited Bremen a short time ago thus describes the appearance of the city since the commence-

STEAMERS LAID UP AT BREMEN.

ment of hostilities: "Bremen was formerly a fortified town, with huge ramparts, glacis, and mounts. These have all been destroyed; nearly and counterscarp have disappeared, and all vestiges of the forms of the military works have been obliterated by the skill of the landscape-gardener. The abrupt slopes have been planted with ornamental trees, and the mounts made into picturesque, many-shaped pools and canals, at times almost lost among the rich foliage on the banks, or else opening out into broad sheets of water covered with water-fowl. Round the ornamental grounds thus formed are built the villas of the wealthy merchants of the city. Bremen is famed all over Germany for the wealth of its inhabitants and the pride and exclusiveness of the principal merchants. The villas that surround the ornamental ground are of all sizes and styles; some are palaces, suitable only for a merchant prince; others are exceedingly neat, but all are built in the most perfect manner, and with the most refined taste. The prevailing style is classical, leaning rather to the Greek than to the Roman. It is many years since the fortifications of Bremen were destroyed, and the ground planted, so that the timber is fine and well grown. This suburb of Bremen is more like what one would expect to find—what we do not find, in some fine old Italian city on the shore of the Mediterranean, and especially one which never ceases to be within a few miles of the shores of the cold North Sea.

"Bremen has at present in it more than 18,000 troops, who are quartered in all the hotels and many private houses. The consequence is a terrible—at times, even fiend-like body of men, who look as if they would fight most certainly, but seem not to be pleased at being dragged from their homes, their families, and their peaceful occupations by this war. They appear bearing all unexceptionally good; they do not look smart, and there is no pipe-clay, yet they seem precisely the class of men an officer would like to have behind him, for they are safe to follow where he leads, or stand and die where he bids them. They are not to fight for the father-land, but they desire to know no more. On this question Germany seems to have but one heart."

SLEEP.

SHELLEY begins that beautiful rhapsody of his, "Queen Mab," with the lines:

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep."

Allegory is a dangerous edge-tool, and very apt to snap in the hands of the workman. But the poetical impressionism should be shown quickly, then instantly withdrawn. No inquiry should be made into its antecedents or its future. It is a beautiful allegory to call Death the brother of Sleep, but what would you say if you were told who was Sleep's third cousin, or his aunt, or his grandmother, or his godfather?

Sleep is the holiday time of life, as death is the final breaking up. During half man's life the shop is closed and the shutters are up. He needs forgetfulness half his life to enable him to endure the other half. Shak-speare, who has written nearly about most things, has written very nobly on sleep. Witness that grand passage in "Macbeth," so full of all his faults and all his beauties:

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

What a prodigality and even confusion of metaphors! Sleep a dancer, a death, a bath, a balsam, a second course, a chief dish, and all in four lines! Shakspeare was fond of contrasting troubled rovalty with contented poverty. The antithesis often occurs in his writings. Thus, in "Henry the Fourth," the Prince says:

"Sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night."

Boerhaave tells a story of a cranky German physician, who maintained that sleep was the natural state of man, and that to be awake was to be in a state of disease, under which term all the Teutonic stormhouse eventually slept himself into an apoplexy.

What is sleep? you ask the doctors and the physiologists, and, as usual, they tell you the symptoms and results of sleep, and diagnose its diagnosis, but help you no further. In fact, all they know about it is that it is. Blumenbach attributed it to a diminished flow of arterial blood to the brain, but Dr. Elliotson, his commentator, justly remarks that this is mere circumlation is a consequence, not a cause, of sleep. Pressure on the brain produces involuntary sleep, but nevertheless, there must be some primarily be pressure in true and natural sleep. Here, again, we arrive at one of nature's closed doors.

The writer on sleep have noted several of its phenomena. At the battle of the Nile some of the ships' boys, worn out with fighting, fell asleep at the foot of the guns that were for a moment ceasing their remorseless fire. Those brave men so accustomed to the din of forges and the noise of mills that they could not sleep in quiet places. During the retreat from Corunna, the soldiers were often seen marching fast asleep. Some great men, like Napoleon, have been able to sleep at will. Sir Walter Scott always said he required seven hours' sleep to refresh his huge brain. Sir Edward Coke used to say, in the words of a quotation from Alcæus, of which he was fond:

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix."

But Sir William Jones took a less ascetic view of life when he wrote his paraphrase:

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;
Nine to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

The robust and ungullant old proverb has it, "Five hours for a man, seven for a woman, and seven for a fool;" but life was slower and less exhaustive than it is now when that proverb was written.

Keats wrote well when he said:

"O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till ail is hushed and smooth."

But, after all the poets' fine sayings, there is a single sentence of Cervantes that, in my estimation, beats them all. He puts it in the mouth of that jovial materialist, Sancho:

"Now blessings on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the heat."

Young, in his "Night Thoughts," assumes a depreciatory air and insinuates that as a mere paltry time-server in these five smooth lines:

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visits pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And visits his unsullied by a tear."

Some old verse of the Elizabethan Church broke forth in one of his sermons into quaint conjectures as to Adam's feelings when his first wife appeared from his side. It must have been like dissolution, a falling away into the chaos from whence at God's fiat he had emerged. Poet Coleridge has a fine sonnet on the subject of what awoke Adam from his first sleep, but we prefer to quote a quaint old writer:

"What was't awakened first the unlived ear
Of that rude man, who, in the primal kind
Unconscious, welcome of the wind,
Hurrying the trees that never more were?
The four melodious streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one confused?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bounding the lonely wild? Or, first in fear,
Of her new bed? or did the holy ground
Send forth some gentle music? Or the grass
The gracious pressure of innocuous feet?
Did viewless seraphim his mind unbind,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet,
Or his own voice first startle him to sound?"

The poets have written their best in their comparisons of death and sleep.

"Stoop the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking,"

writes Scott; but the old Jesuit poet, Crashaw, uses the word with ineffably more tenderness and a deeper feeling in his beautiful elegy on two lovers:

"In not weep.
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They, sweet turtles! folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
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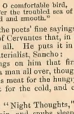

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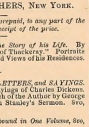

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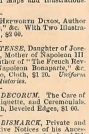

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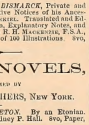

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

WITH THE DICKENS SUPPLEMENT

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"THE PROMISED LAND," AS SEEN FROM THE DOME OF SAINT PETER'S, ROME.—[SEE PAGE 626.]

TWO DAYS.

AH, sly, with the birds and the bees,
My love rose yesterday;
And she sang with the thrush in the maple-trees,
And she rivaled their songs alway.
And robin mattered, and bobolink sputtered,
And said that her notes were false;
But she sang them again, such a gushing strain
That the lavender began to waltz.

The glint of the morning sun
Lay bright on my love's brown hair;
And the flowers in the garden, my darling,
Seemed suddenly grown less fair;
For her eyes (one dimple, half wild, half tender,
Eclipsed them, roses and all.
Oh, fair was that day! I cried, as she stood
By the rose-tree under the wall.

All still, like a nested bird,
My fair love lies to-night;
And the mellow notes that the robin heard
Are locked in her lips' now white.
In the early gloaming they'll wait her coming,
And list for her song in vain;
And the thrush's throat will swell with a note
That is echoed back again.

The setting sun's red ray
Falls bright on the locks of brown;
And the flowers in the garden seem to-day
To be drooping down and down;
Like pale dead lover they hang in their places,
Lilies, and roses, and all;
And all over my head the leaves lie around,
From the rose-tree under the wall.

THE PROMISED LAND.

MR. NAST and the New York *Herald* seem to have hit upon the same idea with regard to the future residence of the Pope. In its issue of September 16 that paper says: "We could offer to the Holy Father in New York. It has always been our conviction that the New World is his proper sphere. If the Old World is sick of him, as it seems to be, why should he not come to the New World, which allows its heart to go out to him with filial affection? . . . We may be permitted to express a little doubt as to the extent of the filial affection so lavishingly alluded to by the *Herald*; but the similarity between the newspaper paragraph and Mr. Nast's spirited sketch on our first page this week is curious.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* WEEKLY *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the Sixth and Last Leading Installment of*

The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

THE CANDIDATES IN NEW YORK.

NOTHING more plainly shows the inability of the Democratic organs to find serious fault with the administration of General Grant than their incessant carping at his traveling, and living by the sea in summer, and their constant criticism of unimportant details of personal conduct. Those papers pay a similar tribute to the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. He has been Lieutenant-Governor, and he has served in the army. But, unable to find any thing discreditable in his public career, the journals of which we speak resort to personal ridicule. It is the old habit of the party. It has always relied upon the appeal to prejudice and passion, because it did not dare to confront the actual questions of the hour. For a generation the Democratic party, maintained its ascendency by feeling the hatred of the negro. Its conclusive argument against prohibitory slavery in the Territories was the query, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" And the spirit and scope and character of that argument it carries into every political discussion.

Are the principles of the Republican party any less sound, or its policy any less expedient, because General Woodford is a gentleman? Is a cause less respectable because its advocate is courteous? Under a free system of popular government, which is maintained and administered by a direct and constant appeal to public opinion, is any disadvantage to be considered that he is an admirable orator? To the Democratic judgment courtesy and eloquence may be ridiculous in a Republican candidate; but it seems that good-breeding and facility of speech are no objections in a Democratic Governor, or Mr. HOFFMAN would not now fill that office. Thus far the campaign of the Democrats in the State of New York has been nothing but a volley of personal abuse of the Republican candidate. But we are very sure that sensible Democrats will suspect that if nothing is said against a candidate but that he is polite and can make a fine speech, it is because no serious charge can be brought against him, and that he must be a very safe man to put at the head of the State.

If, indeed, it could be truly said of General WOODFORD that, notwithstanding attractive personal qualities, he had once been in a position of the highest public trust, in which he had betrayed the most sacred private rights, then, indeed, there would be a charge which must be satisfactorily explained, or he would be opposed by all honorable men. And that is precisely the position of Governor HOFFMAN. The representative of the rights of all the people, and, vested with the veto power for their protection, he has not hesitated to deprive honest men and women of the control of their own earnings invested in the Erie Railway, a control guaranteed to them by the terms of the charter. It is one of the worst political crimes ever committed. If the department of the man who condescended to such an outrage were as fine as Lord CHESTERFIELD hoped to make his son's, it could not save him from the censure and the contempt of all honest citizens. Yet the journals that support Mr. HOFFMAN for Governor of New York maintain that General WOODFORD is a polite! They really seem to suppose that a few sneering epithets hurled at the Republican candidate will divert the indignant and condemning acts of the Democratic Governor, and the proved enormous corruption of his masters, the Tammany managers.

General WOODFORD is a gentleman of unimpeached and unimpeachable private and official character. Governor HOFFMAN is the signer of the Erie bill, the officer who made it a law, and, overriding the charter itself, made Mr. TWEED and his friends—the creatures of Governor HOFFMAN—directors for four years, and entirely beyond the control of the stockholders. The Democratic journals are not more usefully employed in explaining to the voters of New York this conduct of their candidate, rather than decrying the character of General WOODFORD. To vociferate that General WOODFORD is "little," while the not large Mr. HOFFMAN is a giant, is not respected before the State of depriving honest people of the control of their own property, is plainly, as certain Democratic statesmen would professionally say, "to throw up the sponge."

THE CHANCES OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE immediate pressure of a state of war in France has prevented any thing like the public clamor against the republic. In its formation it was as much a *coup d'état* as the imperial usurpation, but, unlike that, it was bloodless, and an evident necessity of the situation. Since it has been established it is the only organization of authority in the country, and the instinct of a civilized community has perceived that it must, for the present at least, be supported. It was the same instinct that led the French people in 1815 to urge the body in France to recognize the Pallikar Ministry while it lasted, and to offer his sword to the Republic. In considering the chances of its permanence, the fact which we suggested the other day must not be forgotten, that a great deal of what is called the listlessness of the French is due to the constant baffling and betrayal of the nation by those who obtain power. This, indeed, is the opinion of LAMARTINE, and BERANGER says, there is nobody for Free-President, it is because the nation has not yet been allowed a fair chance of political education and development.

Of course the first obvious condition of the political situation in France is that the three of the old parties is much exhausted. The Legitimists, who had BERRYER and MONTALEMBERT in 1848, have no conspicuous leader. The Bonapartists, who were united by a splendid sentiment of romantic pride in 1848, have no other cohesion than that of possible public plunder. The Orleanists, who had failed by the blowing of interested classes in 1848, have become disorganized and dispersed. They have, indeed, a certain quasi-representative in the best Frenchmen, and the representatives of the family are honorable and able princes. But the glamour of the name is gone from France and it would not be easy to show that a perpetual President would not satisfy all the requirements of a monarchy, while a King would be an object of endless suspicion. A repetition of the folly of electing a member of the house of the French royal family President is not likely if the republic continues; and, from the party point of view solely, it seems not impossible that a republic may be established, considered, upon the whole, if not in itself desirable, yet the best guarantee of domestic order.

The only consideration is the hostility of foreign powers. None of them, of course, are friendly to a republic, but if ever a republic of France would be tolerated it would probably be now, when the doctrine of the right of every nation to settle its own questions for itself is even generally acknowledged—when the republic arises upon the ruins not of a royal house, but of the usurpation of a military adventurer—when the great national prestige of France has been broken and its military power virtually destroyed—when Germany, moreover, is magnanimous in the settlement of the war, a French republic will not be more disagreeable to our sensibility than the French empire has been. Indeed, it is not impossible that a certain feeling of gratitude may hereafter arise in the French heart should republican liberty and German magnanimity be ratified as simultaneous with the fall of NAPOLEON.

Meanwhile the troubles of the new republic, beginning under circumstances so trying, will serve to point the moral of the German disputes for royalty, while the revelations of NAPOLEON'S intrigues against the peace of Europe will quicken the perception that the republic is not likely to be a conspirator. We doubt, therefore, if republican France will be considered to be a worse European neighbor than imperial France has been.

The third consideration of the chances of a permanent republic is of another kind. It is the character, the habits, the political intelligence of the people. It will not be forgotten that some of the most accomplished and eminent liberals in France voted for the empire at the last election. They did so in the choice of an alternative. They felt that the question was imperial order, or anarchy and its chances, and voted for order. Our readers will remember that, just after the French election of last May, we spoke of a letter of LABOULAYE, by a friend of New York, explaining his position and his vote for the empire. LABOULAYE declared—and he is a man familiar with French politics, and entirely versed in political history and philosophy—that the French Republicans, as a body, had no conception either of the philosophy or the conditions of a republic. Their theory, he said, was government by a single chamber. They had no conception of the rights of minority, nor any respect for them; and when he told them that the object of a free constitution is to secure the liberty of the people, and to impose upon the legislature limits which it can not pass, he said that they looked at him in amazement, and could not comprehend him.

It will be confessed by every student of French politics that the Republicans in that country have not been very unable to perceive that the despotism of a majority is as hateful and unjust as that of a single man. French republic has not yet got to mean Parisian mob. If this conviction of LABOULAYE'S is sound, it is evident that the chief difficulty of the republic will be found among the Republicans. But this is the very hour when men like LABOULAYE and GASPARIN should bring their intelligence and courage to bear upon public opinion, and so upon the government of their country. The great principles of a republican system are the same where the same. The object of a constitution is to defend the people against their own ignorance and passion and folly. If they could, they would do the worship which demagogues offer, government would be unnecessary. Nothing shows the fitness of a man for self-government so distinctly as its will and capacity to restrain itself in its fundamental law. It is that which France will prove in the Constituent Assembly, and that alone can determine the question of the permanence of the French republic.

HONEST ELECTIONS.

THE Soldiers' Convention, which met at Saratoga the day before the Republican Convention, and of which General WOODFORD was president, passed some very stringent resolutions. They clearly comprised the honesty of elections as the chief issue in the pending political campaign in this State.

The Republican Convention also spoke itself in the strongest terms upon the same point. Indeed the conviction is universal not only that Mr. HOFFMAN owes his office to a dishonest vote and by a fraudcount, but that an honest election would reveal a very decided Republican majority in the State. The Democratic journals affect to sneer at the assertion that there is fraud at the polls in New York. They insist that it is only a Republican invention to create apparent interference. Indeed, what it is notorious that the greatest peril to our government is not foreign hostility but the enormous power of corruption so fatal at the polls, the Democratic party is steadily arrayed against every effort to guard the ballot-box. It opposes an educational test, and competent and realization laws as it sees fit, as the Congressional provision to secure an honest election.

For the true ground which a law has been attacked, whose sole and obvious purpose is the protection of every honest voter, it might be supposed that a republic may be destroyed by the liberties of the people. But the cry of hostility proceeded from the tools of the Ring in order to destroy the popular and important liberties. If any body in the country doubts that there is the most enormous and unbiushing dishonesty at the polls in New York, he has only to recall the testimony of the New York *World*, a Democratic paper in this city. About the elections, on the 5th of September, 1869, that paper said:

"The editor of the *World* saw by what shameless and open corruption the last gubernatorial of the Ring on WILLIAM M. TWEED and ABNER HALL cut down between them the rightful vote at the election of HORATIO SEYMOUR."

MR. TWEED, as our distant readers may not know, is the Boss of Tammany Hall: and he, with MR. SWEENY and MR. OAKEY HALL, the Mayor of NEW YORK, compose the Democratic triumvirate who absolutely control the party in this State.

These gentlemen, it that appears, are accused by their own party associate of cheating at elections. It is not a general Republican charge; it is a distinct personal declaration of a Democratic editor that he himself knew the fraud.

To reject the testimony is to discredit every assertion made by the paper. Republican investigation has indeed already established the fact, but it is confirmed by this Democratic confession. The *World* pushed the war. It resolved, as it valiantly said, and to the great amusement of all who knew how powerless it had been proved to be in its party, to break the Ring and relieve the party of the odium of dishonest management and of fraudulent elections. The contest was joined in the Legislature with MR. TWEED, whom the paper had denounced as a shameless corruptionist. MR. TWEED'S victory was as thorough and final as that of the Germans at Sedan. The Dictator of Tammany put the *World* in his pocket, and there it has remained quietly ever since. Except, indeed, when Congress passed a law to protect honest voters against such shameless frauds as the *World* declared MR. TWEED practiced in NEW YORK.

Upon that occasion the *World* put its head out of the pocket of the gentleman whom it had described as a shameless corruptionist, and exclaimed, on the 21st of May, 1870:

"What does this howl about the necessity of Congress reconstructing the ballot-boxes of this city mean? Is it seriously asserted that these fellows [the Congress of the United States] do not mean to lose their hold on the throats of the people, and, when the time arrives to them their coming explosion, intend to reconstruct her d—d South Carolina, in order to remain in power? . . . The ballot and strong trooly toll must have a care how they talk of putting the bayonet to New York. It may be, and we hope it is, but the more crazy wrong of disfranchising the sainte; but if a deeper purpose is entertained it would be pleasant to put the issue to the test. The people of the United States have endured too much from Radicalism to now submit to be cheated of their votes through the administration of this country from the hands that dishonor it into a better and purer, if less pretentious, possession.

The *World* having thus emerged to eat humble pie in public, and to assert in high terms the honesty of elections and pure which it had described in September as shamelessly corrupt, those hands closed over it again.

The true way of elections is to be vindicated in this State against managers whom their own associates denounce as shamelessly corrupt; and the same managers who, having contemptuously covered the *World* with inextinguishable ridicule, have aroused the deep indignation and disgust of all thoughtful men of every party by compelling their Governor to sign the Erie bill, of which we speak elsewhere. If the people of New York, whatever their party sympathies, wish to protect from pollution the very springs of free popular government, they will greatly consider whether they are likely to do it by intrusting that government to men whom their own partisans denounce as shameless corruptionists, and whose supremacy in their party is proved by the fact that they compel their opponents in the ranks to praise them as the most glorious heroes, and control the most important acts of the nominal head of the State government.

THE PEOPLE.

IT was reported a few days since from Paris that the people had attacked the office of the *Marseillaise*, the paper which HENRI ROCHEFORT had formerly edited, and had done a great deal of mischief. But it was not the people who attacked the office—it was a mob; and we shall greatly show the difference which exists in many minds in regard to popular action. The first proclamation of the new Government in Paris, signed by LEON GAMBETTA as Minister of the Interior, states that the new order has been "ratified by popular acclamation." It was the same kind of popular sanction by the Democratic mob in New York in 1863. The riots of that time were called a demonstration of the people. But such a mob of the people is the gravest insult in a republic. To yield to its menace and call it submission to the people is to overthrow the first foundations of civil order. We have elsewhere considered the chances of the republic in France. Here it is only evident that it is rapidly the choice of the French people. It was proclaimed in many of the chief cities, as it was in Paris, as the "popular acclamation" of a multitude, which it was not wise to resist, even had there been any wish of resistance.

Hence, the folly of urging an immediate recognition of the republic by our own Government or by other powers. The President very wisely indicated that MR. WASHBURNE is to acknowledge the Government *de facto*. That was of course. Our own interests require that those who represent our people and order shall be acknowledged. It was for that reason that we recognized LOUIS NAPOLEON. But it was not our policy to delay recognition by acknowledging a government which we did not know and could not know was founded in the popular consent, because of the French journals (perhaps even M. JULES FAVRE, expected some kind of active intervention in favor of the republic. But if MR. WASHBURNE had asked for the evidence that a republic existed, he could have been shown nothing but a vote of a minority of the Chambers and the acquiescence of the cities, an acquiescence which we might very justly infer was based upon the necessities of the situation, and which regarded the new Government merely as a Committee of NATIONAL Defense.

Of course we are not asserting that the re-

public will not be sustained, but only that the people of France have not yet established it, and that therefore it was thoughtless in any responsible Frenchman or American to suppose that we could do more than we have done. As we have stated in another place, the chances of the permanence of a republic in France seem more promising than ever before. But the Constituent Assembly may decide otherwise. It may not ratify the authority which empowers it, and may consider that a constitutional monarchy is a better security of order than a republic. The present government is that of a few men who declare the old system overthrown, and who control affairs until some new system is adopted. And the perplexity of the situation as we write is, that no settlement with the present authorities could be considered final. It must be ratified in the nation, to which they also look to justify their own existence.

THE MORAL IN MISSOURI.

THE action of the Republicans in Missouri, like the vote in the House of Representatives upon the President's proposition to remove disqualifying disabilities; demand a reduction of taxation as rapid as is honorably practicable; oppose any system of taxation which is unjust to industry or interest at the expense of others; and protest against any sectarian abuse of the school fund. Upon these general points all conventions agreed. Beside these, the Brown party very wisely and firmly demand a thorough reform of the civil service upon a basis which we do not believe would be distasteful to the other. The question, therefore, becomes very interesting, why there was any division?

The difference is in the known views of the candidates. Governor McCLURE, who, according to the *Tribune*, is an open and ardent protectionist, accepts the nomination of a convention which declares itself opposed "to any system of taxation which will tend to create monopolies, and benefit one industry or interest at the expense of another." The reverse reference apparently refused to support a man whom they knew to be opposed to their principles. This shows that they hold those principles to be more precious than the cohesion of the party upon the other issues. They will take the risk of party defeat rather than secure success with a candidate who is unsound upon revenue reform.

Now it seems to us the duty of wise politicians to insist upon the first, not the second. It is not enough to decide one party to the difference as disorganizers. That party believes utterly sure that it regards the revenue question as of vital importance. It may be mistaken, but it is merely childish to deny its honesty. Now what is true in Missouri is true in the House of Representatives, and is, of course, true elsewhere in the country. It is therefore essential that the Republican party, where should give the subject the most serious attention, in order that the Republican revenue policy may be plain and unanswerable at the next session of Congress. Let us have no repetition of the sorry spectacle of a Republican President making an important suggestion to a Republican Congress, upon which the Republican majority divides, and defeats the executive. Such a spectacle is deplorable, because apparently sanctioning the President ought to be adopted by Congress, but because the difference of the President and his supporters in Congress upon certain fundamental questions tends to show that the party has no common principle upon such questions; and a party wanting such community of doctrine upon such essential points can not hope to retain general sympathy and support.

Let us take to heart the moral which the position of the party in Missouri suggests, and not think that we have done our duty when we have angrily asserted that the revenue reformers are traitors, plotting for the success of the common enemy.

THE SIMMONS COLLEGE.

WHATEVER differences of opinion there may be of what are called Women's Rights, there is one right of women which the most crabbed conservatism will not deny, and that is the right to make an honest living if they can. It has certainly never been satisfactorily demonstrated why thousands of widows with families dependent upon them, and thousands of unmarried women, should be straitened and starving because it is the natural expectation of women to be married and supported by their husbands. It may also be very unwomanly for any woman to feel that, as a member of society, having the same kind and degree of interess in the common welfare with every one else, she ought to have a voice in its general direction; but why it should be unwomanly to wish to be useful in the world, and to support herself honorably, is not easy to see. Evidently the late Mr. JOHN SIMMONS, of Boston, could not see it. A quiet, industrious, thrifty, thoughtful man, he saw that what thousands of women want is a chance of helping themselves. Give them that, and the melancholy and suffering and despair of innumerable aimless lives will disappear. And so Mr. SIMMONS provided in his will that they should have that chance.

He has left one million and four hundred thousand dollars to establish the Simmons Female College, in which women may study medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art to enable them to earn an honorable livelihood. Young women who think that the acquisition of useful knowledge is unwomanly will smile at the Simmons College. Young gentlemen who think it unlikely that a lady to support herself will sigh at so vulgar a perversion of money. And the worthy persons who are exceedingly troubled lest women should "desert their sphere," and "descend from their pedestal," will groan at this radically "unsexing" proposition as another fatal disturbance of the natural order of the universe.

But while all these excellent people groan, we trust that many women, who are neither over delicately nurtured, however daintily accomplished, however gracefully idle they may be, will rejoice that the Simmons College is successful, and the most devoted die, that they themselves are subject to every chance of life, and that the happiness of those more dear to them themselves may depend upon their ability to be self-dependent of others. "I should be rich if I hadn't a cent in the world," said a distinguished man, "for I am a practical baker." But he has not worn the baker's apron for thirty years. Many women have in the same way made the practical skill of any kind for their support, but they are none the poorer in womanliness nor in the graces and elegancies of life. Surely, in Long Life and countless students the Simmons College for Women!

"THE BURNING OF DARIEN, GEORGIA."

WE publish with great pleasure the following letter, and remind our readers that subscriptions may be sent, prior to the senior warden, to the Rev. ROBERT F. CRUSE, rector, or to the Rt. Rev. JOHN W. BECKWITH, Bishop of Georgia:

"To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"SIR,—Through several copies sent to me my attention was called to the article in HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 3, 1870, with the above caption. You published a letter of Colonel ROBERT F. CRUSE, dated from Darien shortly after the event, to prove that he was not responsible for the burning of Darien. I do not wish to make out a clear case of the Colonel's blamelessness, but I think of his abhorrence of the deed, as shown even by these extracts, to be fixed upon General HUNTER and Colonel SHERMAN.

"In this as it may, as one of the authors of the appeal for relief for St. Andrew's Church, addressed 'to the members of the Episcopal Church and to the friends of religion and education in the United States,' which appeared from the above-named publication office, I state in your columns that the object of the circular was misunderstood. The appeal was made in good conscience, the said historical fact of the destruction of the church, building, church and academy, and the appurtenant grounds upon which assistance was asked. It was not intended to involve the Federal Government in any way, or any one, as you will readily observe by reference to the printed copy. Yet I now state that no effort of such a construction had been placed upon the circular, to the injury of the Church, by intention or by silence.

"The impression prevailed in this community that Colonel SHERMAN commanded the troops by which Darien was plundered and destroyed. Before leaving the city of Savannah I called at the few citizens who remained in the vicinity at the time—a few days after the conflagration—to the end that they might give me any information on this point. In answer to my inquiries I was told that the order had been taken from an old mill, left standing, upon his return into Darien a few hours after the fire, by a colonel's staff. That card is before me. I extract from it the following: 'Col. W. T. SHERMAN, 13th Regt. Wisconsin Volunteers, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 15th Army Corps, Major-General FRANK P. BLAIR, commanding.' The signature to the card, which contained only old men, women, and children, who were then gathered in the open wood around the smouldering ruins of their homes, I shall shortly show from the fire.' His opinion or the transaction is expressed in his own language, as published by you: 'I think now, as I did at the time of the burning of Darien, that such destruction is cruel, barbarous, impolitic, and degrading to ourselves and our men, and I shall always regret that I expressed myself as I did.' Will not Northern friends, taking the simple appeal of the members of the parish in connection with the expression of Colonel SHERMAN, the rebuilding of St. Andrew's Church a fit subject for their generosity and love upon the footing of

"'Respectfully yours,
"'ROBERT F. CRUSE, *Late Colonel, 13th Regt. Wisconsin Volunteers.*'

"DARIEN, *September 9, 1870.*"

NOTES.

THE conservation of power was never more strikingly illustrated than in a late act of HENRY ROCHEFORT'S. His paper, the *Marseillaise*, has waged the most relentless warfare upon the empire; and after the murder of his friend and associate by PIERRE BONAPARTE, last spring, it seemed as if ROCHEFORT might become the chief figure of a revolution. Elected to the Chambers, his paper was still unsparing, and he was finally arrested and condemned. When the war began he was imprisoned in Paris. When the reverses occurred he was removed to Vincennes. When the republic was declared he was brought back to Paris, and made one of the Provisional Government. A day or two afterward the *Marseillaise* published an article denouncing the new Government. On the following morning ROCHEFORT announced that he no longer had any connection whatever with the paper, and severely reproved the tone of the article, declaring it to be the duty of all good citizens to sustain the Government. Thereupon the mob attacked the office of the paper, and destroyed the offensive issue. MR. ROCHEFORT had the opportunity of knowing how LOUIS NAPOLEON fell when the *Spectator* would not back the empire.

IT must be rather disagreeable to the better kind of Democratic journals to urge the defeat of the Republicans in this State upon the ground that they have unreasonable and honorable motives for preventing the unspeakable suffering and ignominy which must result from drunkenness. The speaking way in which this argument is illustrated by some Democratic papers is characteristic. But the great body of intelligent German voters, as they are called, although they are American citizens, are as much opposed to grog-selling as any respectable class of the community. The position of the Republican party in the State upon the subject is precisely defined at the late Convention. It accepts, as the Democrats accept, the license system, as a wise and orderly restraint; but it will not trust it nor any party that while the people of the towns and villages are left to the mercy of the rum-shop Democracy excise law to license the sale of intoxicating liquors, they should have the right, by a majority of votes, to prohibit such sales. The Republican party can better afford to lose than to keep the support of those who do not see how closely the common welfare, private happiness, and public taxation are connected with a wise supervision of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

THE Young Democracy, as they cheerfully call themselves, are organizing for the election. They will not, of course, expect public confidence in advance, but they will rely on the Legislature last spring. The difference, as they say in the West, between the "advertised bulls" and the performance is so ineffably ludicrous that the audience will now naturally wait for the rest. For the Democratic managers the amusement may be very serious. Their unmitigated despotism is such that, sooner or later, a successful revolution against it is inevitable, and this may be the beginning. If the Young Democracy should be elected, the effect may be to give us another, of course. They are Democrats like their opponents in their camp. Nobody can tell what they mean: and therefore it is hardly worth while for them to say a great deal about their views and other virtues. The Young Democracy simply do not see why Tammany should have all the loot. From their point of view, Tammany has had the spoils, and there is no reason whatever why they should not have their share. Rather than the whole. Meanwhile the public knows that it is sure to suffer, whichever party wins.

IT would be very amusing if the first event after the declaration of papal infallibility should be the re-appearance of the Pope in the city of Rome. The Italian Government is about to take possession of what is called its natural capital. It professes great respect for his Holiness, and proposes to treat him with the utmost reverence. But the Pope and his Minister, ANTONELLI, know very well that when VICTOR EMANUEL is once in Rome he will no longer keep THACKERAY tells us of the fine dinners where the gorgeously liveried attendants are bullied by the rude dependent of the host who keeps watch of the loss. So the Pope would curiously look upon the glorious possession of honor of the Italian army as his jailers in uniform. But it is not the least of the changes which the war invoked that the Papacy is likely to produce in the Pope, that the temporal sovereignty of Rome, which has been the helpless victims of ecclesiastics, who are the worst of tyrants. By the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government the long-expressed Papal Status will be opened to the humane and enlightened influences which they have been so long and so disastrously denied.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE gates of Paris were closed on the 16th of September, but the city continued to be in a state of agitation. Its power to resist an attack, in the opinion of military men, is limited to about 200,000 men. Until then it is ample. General TROCHU has 400,000 men under arms, and has made most complete preparations for defense. If the enemy should batter down the walls, or get within the city by any other means, he will have to fight his way over formidable barricades. There is an immense supply of powder within the city, and plenty of arms. The people are resolved to die, but resistance will be extended to enable Strasburg

It was supposed that the forces now the actual seat of government in France on September 18 that on the preceding day Prussia would make a movement from Paris, and discovered a force of 20,000 Prussian cavalry and infantry. A skirmish ensued, in which the French lost fifteen killed and thirty wounded. A cannonade followed, lasting two hours. Concealing his force the enemy fell in the direction of Versailles and Meudon. The first of these forts is on the south and the other on the southeast of Paris, and they are the external line of defense. On the 19th the fort at Vincennes was destroyed by the French, the position being considered untenable. At latest advices the Prussians were moving directly around the city, and cutting it off from communication with the rest of France. Strasburg, by capitulation had not surrendered up to the 20th evening, it was reported, to the fact that the heavy Prussian guns could not reach the fort in the south in the direction of La Nance as Illzin, from which the water had been suddenly drained by the French forces.

It was reported from London on the 19th ult. that Lord LYONS was conducting negotiations between M. JULES FAVRE and Count VON BISMARCK, and that a short armistice had been agreed to. It was reported that the Prussian Government had previously rejected the proposition of the Count de M. THIARD, the Envoy to Prussia of the new empire, designated city and its territories, with the exception of Metz and Strasburg, from a Napoleonic dynasty, and the Regency be instituted.

The heroic defense of the city of Strasburg excites the admiration of Europe. A dispatch dated from the New York *World*, dated Carlsruhe, September 18, says: "An English eye-witness describes that the 14th of August who witnessed the bombardment of Strasburg on the 13th, says that, unless the views of the besiegers are pushed with more intelligence and activity than has been manifested hitherto, they will have no reason why the city should not hold out for a long time to come. He says that the fortifications and the defenses are excellent, that the bombardments of the besieged are heavier and better served than those of the besiegers, that the garrison and citizens are animated by the Baden troops, and that a mutiny took place in the Prussian camp on the 12th instant, in which several of the artillerymen occupying, and defending themselves in, the reformed gun at that point, which the besieged had previously destroyed before the disturbance were suppressed."

The Commercial Gazette of September 19 has a lengthy article giving the following interesting statistics and facts concerning the siege of Strasburg: "There are now before Strasburg eighteen batteries of mortars, each battery containing from six to twelve mortars, 108 mortars in all, and they every day. Thirty-two loads of munitions of war are brought into the city every day, and the bombardment continues by night.

The fortress of Toul still holds out bravely against the Prussians.

A dispatch from King William makes a great reduction in the number of prisoners reported in the capitulation of Sedan. It states that the total number of prisoners actually captured was only 83,000, including 39 generals and 2500 officers, two of whom were released on parole to bear the capitulation to Wilhelmshöhe. It is reported that great numbers of soldiers escaped into Belgium, and that actual captures, and those on parole, were 40,000.

The mission of the French fleet has utterly failed. Intelligence from Constantinople states that the proposal made to him by the Minister of Marine, who arrived at Cherbourg, has now been known. He was warned that several armor-clad ships would follow him at brief intervals, and that the Turkish Government will not, at thirty or forty thousand troops, for land service, which would be of no use to him. Nothing of the kind been done, and his position has been a difficult and painful one. He has refused to deliver the dispatches from commanding the entrance are situated so high that they can only be reached by ladders. The guns are said to be of 100 pounders, and has been made unsuccessful by the Turkish Government. Admiral LOUIS has been ordered from the Baltic and North seas, are to protect Cherbourg, Havre, and other ports.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

An official dispatch to the Italian Government at Florence from the head-quarters of the Italian army at Occupation in the Roman territory, dated at Monte Rotondo, September 19, says that Count DE SONNAZ came to General CADORNA's quarters by authorization of Cardinal ANTONELLI, and that the Cardinal had agreed that the troops should enter the city of Rome, and his Holiness was unable, on account of the state of his health, to leave the city. The Pope, according to these advices, by General Cadorna intended to take possession of the Quirinal Palace, and to issue his proclamation. The King had shown great patience, and the people had attempted to deliver the Pope from the city and rule the Pope, tried that patience severely. The Italian army, which formed the siege of Rome for four hours, that he might bring additional influence to bear upon the Pope, and that he might be yielded at to suspend the attack on Rome for twenty-four hours, and that he might be allowed to enter the city without resistance.

The following dispatches give the latest intelligence from Rome and the Pope:

Florence, September 18.—The latest advices from Rome state that the Pope and his Government have taken refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, and that the Italian troops are in the city. [Evening Post.

Florence, September 18.—The people of Rome are in favor of the annexation of Rome to Italy. The Romans and the clergy refrain from taking practical steps in that direction.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A correspondent gives a sorry picture of the ex-Empress EUGENIE. He says: "Her face is full of wrinkles, and her hair is gray. Her eyes are faded, tired, and expressionless. Her dress is shabby and ill-fitting, and her whole appearance is that of a woman who has lived out of expression. He relates late, and rises early, and passes the greater part of the day in reading and writing, following in the school-children, who gather around to see her pass.

The discovery of an immense cataract in British Guiana is announced. There are 400 falls, one 720, and the other 50 feet in height, the volumes of water being far greater than that of Niagara.

The telegraph cable from Cuba to Jamaica has been successfully laid.

Butter-cottages have been committed on the principle of the Swiss chalet, and are said to be quite pleasing for the eye.

A fete has passed the First Chamber in Holland abolishing the death penalty.

The international boat-race between the Tyne and Wear clubs took place on September 16, on the Lawrence River, at Lachine, and was won by the former in 21 minutes and 30 seconds.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NOTHING has been given by the Post-office Department of a postal convention with the empire of Brazil, establishing and regulating the exchange of correspondence between that country and this, and fixing the rates of postage.

Governor Stalker, of Utah, has issued a proclamation forbidding the practice of polygamy, and requiring the return of all returns of marriage.

Judge Day, of the New York Court of Common Pleas, has, in a case of absconsion, decided that the death of the insured, resulting from habits of intemperance, does not relieve the insurance company from under the policy void, and can not therefore be pleaded in defense to an action to recover the amount of insurance.

DRILLING CITIZENS IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

WILHELMSHÖHE.

WILHELMSHÖHE (in English signifying William's Height), which has been designated by KING WILLIAM as the residence of NAPOLEON, and of which we give two illustrations on this page, is one of the most delightful resorts of royalty in Germany—more so on account of its fine location and beautiful park than its palace. But the most remarkable feature of the place is the grand cascade, fountains, and other water-works, which deservedly rank among the finest of Europe. The mountain-side upon which they are located, situated about three miles from the city of Cassel, is upward of twelve hundred feet in height, and is crowned with a huge structure, in the shape of an octagon, called the Giant's Castle, from the centre of which rises a pyramid, ninety-six feet in height, supporting a bronze statue of Hercules full thirty feet high. The castle covers the reservoir containing the waters which, on Sundays and fête days, are let loose, and flow down an inclined plane of three hundred yards, with a width of forty feet, broken at distances of fifty yards by small basins. The whole is constructed of solid masonry. At the foot the water is gathered again to pass through an aqueduct that looks like a relic of ancient Rome, and finally shoots up, in a stream of twelve inches thickness, to the height of one hundred and ninety feet. This fountain is visible beyond the chateau in our first illustration.

THE CHÂTEAU OF WILHELMSHÖHE.

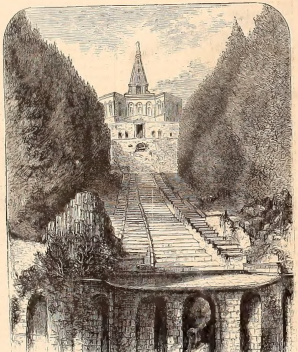

THE GIANT'S CASTLE AT WILHELMSHÖHE.

PREPARING SHIPS TO BE SUNK IN THE HARBOR O HAMBURG.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The Population of Iceland.—Severity of the Climate.—Former Mildness.—Magnificent Lake Scenery.—Swimming a River.—Crossing at a Ford.—A Lake of Boiling Springs.

THE population of Iceland was in former times considerably greater than it is now, although, after a long period of gradual diminution, it is now again tending to an increase. The tendency to diminution, which for a long time was quite manifest, was due apparently to two causes: first, a relaxation of the spirit of persecution at home, and a diminution of the civil and political troubles, in consequence of which a smaller number of families were driven to flight or exile, thus diminishing the immigration; and, secondly, a gradual change in the climate of the island, resulting in an increase of cold, and a consequent curtailment of the productiveness of vegetation. For, though the islanders depend in a great measure for their subsistence on the products of the sea, the grass which sustains their domestic animals is of vast importance to them. The growth and the value of this grass are much greater than one would suppose possible in a country lying on the confines of the arctic circle. For, in all these regions, through the effects of the warm currents of water carried thither by the Gulf Stream, and of other cosmical influences, the summers, such as they are, are protracted, and the winters are far less severe than the latitude would indicate. Thus, in respect to Iceland, the July isothermal of Newfoundland, which lies a thousand miles to the southward, passes through it. In winter the advantage is greater still, for the January isothermal of Iceland passes through New York. In other words, in Iceland they have the summers of Labrador, with the winters of New York: that is to say, the influences above referred to carry to this region in summer the climate of countries situated a thousand, and in winter of those fifteen hundred, miles to the southward of them.

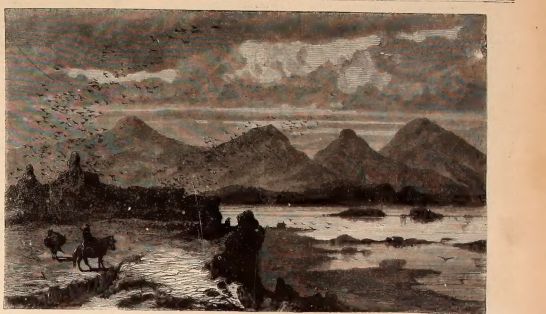

LAKE SCENERY IN ICELAND.

Whether any part of this relaxation in Iceland of the severity of the cold natural to the latitude is due to the volcanic heat still slumbering beneath the surface of the ground is, perhaps, uncertain. It is known that the rocks forming the crust of the earth are very slow conductors of heat. There is found to be, moreover, a gradual but very regular increase of temperature as we descend from the surface in all parts of the earth, and this being the case, there must be a real, though perhaps small and inappreciable, warming of the surface every where from the heat within. This effect must be still more decided in volcanic countries, where the heated portions come much nearer the surface, and the effect must be felt more sensibly in the colder latitudes, on account of the greater contrast between the outer and the inner portions. If this is so, and if the volcanic heat of Iceland is, as would appear to be the case, gradually declining—it certainly is infinitely less than it was at some former period, since the whole mass is volcanic, and was once in a state of fusion—the gradual deterioration of the climate and the diminution of vegetation are at least partially explained.

That there has been this gradual refrigeration of the climate, or at least of the soil, of Iceland, within a moderate number of centuries past, is shown not only by the historical testimony in respect to the state of things in former times, but also by traces, in many places apparent, of a former luxuriance of vegetation which now no longer exists. Varieties of grain were once produced which now can not be made to ripen, and were but little raised from the sea, and if sufficient time had elapsed since the ejection of the basalt and lava for the surface to have covered itself with a soil. But this is not the case. The interior rises here and there into long mountain-

BOILING SPRINGS OF LAKE LANGARVATN.

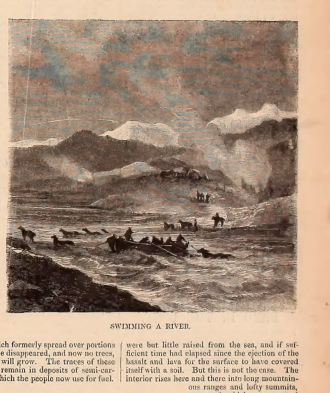

SWIMMING A RIVER.

FORDING A RIVER.

ous ranges and lofty summits, some of which are covered with eternal ice and snow; and when the elevation is not sufficient to reach the line of perpetual congelation the rocks are rugged and bare, and, as is usual with volcanic products, have, in cooling and in suffering disintegration from the weather, opened vertical instead of horizontal seams, and present to view a confused mass of peaks and pinnacles and precipices and chasms, forming a lasting surface which it will require, as it would seem, some millions of years more of winter frost and summer rain to soften and subdue, and cover with a surface of fertile soil.

And yet, savage and inhospitable as is the expression of the scenery of the interior in general, the traveler sometimes comes suddenly upon an attractive view. There are many lakes in the country, and some of these, with their surroundings, would form charming landscapes if they were bordered with forests and fields, and their banks were adorned with human habitations.

These lakes are formed, of course, of the accumulations from thermiæ, which come from the condensation of the vapors that ascend from the comparatively warm seas which environ

the island. When there is a channel of communication open between one of these lakes and the sea it is ever so formed. Some of these rivers are a hundred and fifty miles or more in length, and they flow through the wildest country and over the roughest beds, with cascades and cataracts innumerable, for, on account of the great elevation of the interior portions of the island, the descent is usually very great from their sources to the sea. Of course these rivers add greatly to the difficulty of travelling, but many of them, especially as they approach toward the sea, are broad and deep. At some of the crossing-places one need not wish boat is found, by means of which the party of travelers and their guides can pass, while the horses are made to swim. Where this mode of transportation is not provided the only alternative is to follow up the bank of the river till a place is found shallow enough to be forded. Some of these fords would seem, from the representations made to us by travelers, to be dangerous in the extreme.

Whatever lakes have been formed in hollows which have no channel of communication with the sea, so that no river can flow from them to carry off the surplus water, a means of escape through which once often subpluerous and subflowating vapors, always disagreeable, and sometimes dangerous. Over some of these bogs, in certain parts of the country, the horse-path is carried by a kind of narrow embankment of logs, which quakes under the tread, and threatens to engulf the traveler in the most horrible slough that the imagination can conceive.

As the traveler advances into the interior, indications of the increase of the subterranean heat, or rather of its influence approaching nearer to the surface of the ground, multiply. Hot sees columns of vapor rising from the ground in various places, usually in the vicinity of surface water, either that of a river or a lake. One striking example of this is seen at a lake called Lake Langunya, a Dutch name signifying Bathing Lake, which designation seems to intimate that in former times, when the country was more populous, it may have been resorted to by the inhabitants for the purpose of bathing in its pure waters; for the name could have been given to it by a kind of figure of speech, playfully, as a large hollow pool in sometimes called the Punch-Bowl, or a frightful chasm, of rocks the Lover's Leap. At any rate, on the borders of this lake for several leet apparently throw up columns of vapor that rise sometimes quite high into the air, and attract the attention of the traveler long before he arrives at the lake.

All these issings of hot water and steam from the interior are also, no doubt, to the possession of the subterranean fire through orifices and fissures in the rocks to the heated, and perhaps even fused, strata below. Sometimes these orifices penetrate to a moderate depth only they are brought into contact with strata the temperature of which is only moderately raised, and the vapor issue, wherever they can find an opening at a lower level, in a warm spring, or a hot spring, or a boiling spring—or even in a continuous jet of roaring vapor, like that of a gigantic boiler blowing off its steam. In all these cases we see only different forms of the great conflict which is still going on, and has been going on for ages, between the internal heat of these volcanic regions and the external cold; for the liquidity of the water, given to it by the atmospheric pressure prevailing without, is only the product and the expression of cold, and the vehicle, moreover, by which the cold is carried down to the field of conflict within.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Corlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD BURNS HIS BOATS.

IT was strange enough that day after day and week after week passed by without Mr. Dymock thick making any reference to the application his guest had made for his daughter's hand. His silence certainly seemed to favor it; and the more so since, notwithstanding what he knew, he put no obstacle in the way of the young people's meeting and enjoying each other's society as heretofore. Perhaps he had too strong a confidence in Harry's sense of duty, or in the somewhat more than filial fear in which she stood of him. Perhaps Richard's quietly but undemonstrative behavior toward the girl in the presence of others deceived him. At all events, the summer came and still found Richard under the same roof with Harry, and more like one of the family than ever. Indeed, as the young man's own position in life, and even of the same profession, began to vie with that of the course "put up" at the *Castle*, but he found nothing so attractive in their company as to withdraw him from that homely comfort of his per parlor for a single evening. He was always made welcome there by both his host and hostess; and without doubt, so far as the former was concerned, a less sanguine man than the young landowner might have easily persuaded that his suit was tacitly accepted to.

Even Harry herself—to whom her father's conduct was surprising enough—had come at last to this conclusion. Only one thing militated against this pleasant view of affairs—it was certain that the old man had not yet opened his lips to "Sol" upon the matter. It was clear that the miner still considered himself in the light of Harry's accepted suitor. As a lover, he was fortunately phlegmatic, and still found himself those little tributes of affection in the shape of smiles and whispers, secret glances, silent pressures, which his position might have exacted; but he would now and then pay her a blundering compliment in a manner that could not be misinterpreted, or even make some direct allusion to their future settlement in life, which embarrassed her still more. The young girl, as we have hinted, was by no means incapable of dissimulation, but she naturally revolted against having to support such a *rôle* as this, and would have even run the risk of compromising what might have been a catastrophe by undeceiving him. But Richard hadn't her have patience. He had growing matters, and he was not going to risk being well satisfied with the present state of affairs. It was unfortunately a subject that he was ill writing to the contrary, it is the woman who suffers; it is she who is the small trader, who can least afford to be out of pocket. In the present case, Richard saw no immediate necessity for pressing the matter of marriage, upon which point he was clear, nevertheless, as deeply set as ever. He would not (to do him justice) have been parted from his Harry for all the world; but then, as he by-handed; and the more he humored the old man, and abstained from demanding his consent, the better for himself. Richard never preferred to procrastinate, the better favor he would have with him, and consequently the better chance of getting the dowry with his daughter. Even if he should press matters, it was probable, he reasoned, that Verchilek had not yet done with him. He had doubtless written to Mr. Whymper, and warned old Dymock against him. Richard owed to him—and no more; that is to say, that he was, though an unacknowledged offspring of the Empire, in a measure responsible for his conduct toward him than that of a mere natural son. Verchilek certainly was not to be trusted; but, less to his advantage—or he certainly would not have kept silence for so long.

Such was the state of affairs at Gethin. Harry with her two suitors; her father with his two expectant sons-in-law, and Richard had ample or less of reason for his expectation. Though Richard might be satisfied with it, it was clear he could not long remain so. Day by day, day on which the change took place, though it was in no wise remarkable in other respects, he grew forgetful of his appointments with it, though disregarded at the time, impressed itself upon his mind, and was afterward to be one of a thousand times. It might have been marked in the hitherto sunny calendar of his life as the "Tuesday after Harry's Levee." Her levee and Pleasure-ground.

It was the number, and there were more tourists at the inn than could be accommodated, so Richard had given up his private sitting-room to their temporary use. This, however, did not throw him more in Harry's society than usual, for tourists' proceedings are generally early in the time. He had not, indeed, seen her since the mid-day meal which he had taken in the bar parlor; but that was only because he had been away, to call for him at a certain spot where he had gone to meet a party who were to find lunch. The attraction of the castled rock was such that few visitors sought the former spot, notwithstanding its picturesque and wild appearance, for the church maintained itself on that elevated and unsheltered hill, despite such winds as blow in the valley, with almost a miracle: but there it stood—as it had done for centuries—grey, solitary, unlike, and yet considerably larger than a small in comparison with its God's-acre, which was of vast extent, and only sparsely occupied by graves. The burn and rocky road was almost valueless; it is as easy for one duly qualified to concentrate a score ideas as one single of the materials of the low stone wall that marked its limits had been close at hand. In one or two cases only did the dead lie beneath the stones of wrecked mariners—the very names of whom were unknown—but the rest had been carefully interred; and where the victims of the Plague reposed by scores. Even Gethin had not escaped the ravages of that fell visitor, which was then very singular, had not been from it twice over; for, on the occasion of an ordinary burial having taken place many generations after the first calamity, in the same spot, the diocese had broken forth afresh, and scattered hundreds of the dead hamlet ancient death. The particulars of the catastrophe, as recorded on the tablet of an antique legend and hoary ruin, were engraven on a stone above the spot, which had never since been disturbed.

In a lone corner, as though seeking in its humility to be as much out of sight as possible, was a quaint old stone, but it seemed even older, because there were weeds at the foot of the tablet which were no longer known to man. Seated on the low wall beside it, Richard was transferring to his sketch-book the relic of the past in the midst, a tenantless manner—now gazing out upon the far-stretching sea, whose blue and bright waters were bowed by a passing cloud; now down into the village, which stood on a lower hill, with a ravine between. He had seen the post-cart come and go—for it came in and went out simultaneously at that out-of-the-way hamlet, where there was no one to write complainingly to the papers concerning the inefficiency of the mail service—and it was about letters that Harry to come and fetch him, as she had appointed. But presently his reason for his lingering became apparent in the person of her father. It was not unusual for Old Verchilek, at the close of the day, to call at the cottage in the ravine, which the guide to the ruin inhabited in the summer months, and see how business was doing in that quarter. If he had no eye for the picturesque, he had a very sharp one for the shillings which were made out of it; and Richard was not surprised to see the landlord descending the opposite hill. "This will keep Harry at home; confound him!" muttered the young man to himself, from temporary fear of separation. As there was now no one to watch for, he worked with more assiduity, and with much improvement to his subject that he was first made conscious that he was not alone by the sudden presence of a shadow on his sketch-book. He looked up, not a little startled, and there was John Trevethick standing beside him, his huge form half-hidden by a cloak.

"You may well be frightened, young gentleman," were his first remarks, "for I'm a deadly man," were his first remarks, "for I'm a deadly man," were his first remarks, "for I'm a deadly man

and, having resolved upon his ruin, were they already making him mad? He was after the old man, who did not so much as turn to look behind him, though he could not but have heard his rapid steps. "Mr. Trevethick, I will do it," he gasped out.

"Do what?" said the other, contemptuously, striding on. "Go hang yourself, or jump off Gothin rock into the sea?"

"I will get you the money that you speak of—the two thousand pounds. You shall have it in your hand, and keep it for that matter, if you please."

"What?" Unutterable astonishment stared out from the landlord's face. For the first time since the receipt of Caress's letter he began to disbelieve its contents. If this young fellow had really the immediate command of so large a sum, there was probably much more "behind him." He must either have a fortune in his own right, or if Carew had settled such a sum of money on him, he must have had a reason for it, and that reason Richard had assigned. And if so, Wheal Danes might be his to dispose of even yet. But Trevethick was not the man to be deceived or bribed by foregone conclusions. "You have not got this money in your pocket, have you?" said he, with a short dry laugh.

"No, Sir; but I can get a check for it from my mother, in course of post."

"A check!" cried the other, contemptuously, all his suspicions returning with tenfold force. "I would not give one penny for such a check."

"I will get it changed myself, Mr. Trevethick, at Plymouth. The bank will pass it, but I will write to-morrow, and within the week—"

"You shall not stay here a week, nor another twenty-four hours," roared Trevethick. "I have been made a fool of long enough. I will not listen to another word."

But he did listen, nevertheless. No longer hampered by vague fears and difficulties, with which he knew not how to grapple, but with a distinct plan of operations before him, Richard's eloquence was irresistible. Indeed, he was natural with him, had been practiced too often to lack the gloss of truth from his ready tongue. He actually had a scheme for getting rid of the sum in question, and when he possessed confidence himself, it was rarely, indeed, that he failed to inspire it in others. For the second time, the landlord of the *Gothin Castle* found himself in danger of being dragged by the persuasive arts of the young man's assertions, and by the force and flow of his glowing words. In spite of himself, he began more to think that he had been rude and been mistaken in condemning him as an impostor, after all. Richard had spoken of the sum in question, and when he possessed confidence himself, it was rarely, indeed, that he failed to inspire it in others. For the second time, the landlord of the *Gothin Castle* found himself in danger of being dragged by the persuasive arts of the young man's assertions, and by the force and flow of his glowing words. In spite of himself, he began more to think that he had been mistaken in condemning him as an impostor, after all. Richard had spoken of the sum in question, and when he possessed confidence himself, it was rarely, indeed, that he failed to inspire it in others. He actually had a scheme for getting rid

PRUSSIAN INFANTRY CHARGE.—[SEE FOUR ON PAGE 634.]

VIEW OF METZ, WHERE MARSHAL BAZAINE AND 15 BESIEGED.—[See PAGE 637.]

"TO THE CHARGE!"

[See Illustration on Page 625.]

"To the charge!" High the trumpet-blast rings on the air,
And the banners fly backward that bid us prepare.
Our swords will bite keenly; for surely we know
That the might of the Father-land strengthens the blow;
To the charge! and whoever is first in the fray,
The lilies of France are consquined to-day.

The Father-land bade us keep watch upon Rhine,
And we vowed that the wave should dead faces enshrine
Ere the foeman should triumph. The proud ripples gleam,
For it rolls for us still an inviolate stream:
While the pride of our footsteps for aye shall remain
On the plains of Alsace and the fields of Lorraine.

To the charge! that the Frenchmen may quail as they feel
The soul of the German is true as his steel—
We shall hurl back their legions, though blood runs like rain
On the vine-covered hill-sides of pleasant Champagne!
And the well-booted Eagle, with merciless beak,
Shall fly o'er the fields of their beautiful France!

We left those who love us afar beath the sky,
Where the foeman had hoisted his insolent flag!
The robbers had counted and portioned the spoil,
But their pledges have never pulled out well;
No trickier waves in the Rhinegland teeday—
The Tricolor's lookod of ill-luck for the fray.

To the charge! Dress your ranks and stand firm.
Then away.
Like a wave of the Baltic snow-crested with spray!
As the thunder-bolt strikes at the heart of the oak,
Charge down on the foe till he rock from the stroke!
And when the stern work of the battle is done—
Lo! from Elbe down to Danube our Germany's one!

SAVED FROM DEATH.

CLIVE and I were engaged to be married, and had been so about three months. We had known each other a great many years, and he often came down to the rectory, till one day, in a very unromantic manner, he asked me if I would be his wife; and though there had been many sighings and jealousies and heart-burnings we had read about, I knew then, in my foolish little way, I was very fond of Clive; and feeling how good and true-hearted and strong he was, and how glad I ought to be that he would stoop to such a poor little insignificant girl as I was, I looked up in his brave, handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and then I said, Yes, I would; and then for a while I was clasped close to his manly heart, and sent to me that there could be no more care or trouble in this world, and all that I had to do was to stand close to be safe from the storms to come. He kissed me then, gently and lovingly, and somehow I felt very happy—so happy that when Uncle, who had brought me up from a child, came into the room I did not flinch hastily away, but went to him rather shyly, and to his arm, while Clive, in his bold, open way, said, "Mr. Grace, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my head as he drew me nearer to him, and after that matters went on in a very quiet, unexciting way for three months, Clive coming down on Saturday night, and staying till Monday morning, when he returned to his office in the city, and in those days we used quietly to talk about the future: how in years to come we were to be married, and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income, taking a cottage somewhere six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly, because Clive's salary was any thing but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day Clive came down in great haste, and I could see by his face that he had important news to communicate, and so it proved. He had been asked to be a partner, in a large merchant firm, whether he would like to accept another appointment.

"But is it advantageous?" I asked.

"Yes, he said, in a quiet, strange way; "six hundred a year."

"Six hundred a year, Clive!" I exclaimed.

"Why, we shall be rich!"

"Rich!" he said, taking my hand; "but there is a drawback."

"A drawback?"

"Yes, I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain."

"Well," I said, "but is not that advantageous?"

"Perhaps," he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke. "But I have not told you where it is."

"Not abroad, Clive!" I exclaimed, as a sudden pang shot through me.

"Yes, love, abroad—in Java—at a Dutch station."

"But you can not accept it, Clive—six years —you will not leave me?" Then I looked myself, as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a stumbling-block in his path when a way was within his grasp.

"Do you wish me to give it up, Mary?" he said.

"Yes—no, no, Clive. I am selfish!" I exclaimed. "You must not throw it up—it would be destroying your future prospects. It were hard to bear—hard to wait for six years; but we must be patient."

I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me sobbing in his arms as he whispered, "Is there no other way of getting over the difficulty, darling?"

I looked up in his face, for, for a few moments, I did not see what he meant; but the next moment I was clinging to him, weeping silently. And so it fell out that at eighteen I was my dear husband's girlish little wife, so girlish, that, as we ascended the side of the great ship *Batavian* at Gravesend, I saw the sailors whispering to one another, and I felt my cheeks burn, because I knew that they were saying I was such a mere child. For it was all like a dream—that married wedding, and the hasty preparation for our voyage. My uncle had said that it would be suicidal for Clive to give up so good an appointment, and, though he felt it bitterly, he parted with Clive that six years was too long a separation. "Had it been three," he said, "we could have consented to the early wrench; but as it was for the longer period, he yielded easily to Clive's solicitations, and a week after the night all was settled; farewells had been said; and the great ship was slowly sailing down the ever-widening river.

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the constant thought of Clive's hand to make me realize the fact that we were bidding farewell to the old country. But as I gave and returned my last warm parting from my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness that I fear I did not think enough of him.

The days glided by, even as the great ship glided past the shores of the English coast, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were far at sea.

Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me. The captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; and as we reached the Bay of Biscay I began to feel myself always a sunbeam, and the best place reserved for poor little me, wherever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark came in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and as I sat with the soft breeze fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had heard seemed so distant and impossible that I could hardly believe the gentle rippling waves, and the soft-flecked sky, could ever possibly be guilty of the cruelties of which we hear.

At last, though, I began to feel that cloud that is sure to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was the want of a ship's doctor.

It was upon one soft tropical evening that I chanced to overhear a remark of the captain's which led me to attend to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark waters of the sea.

"Are you keeping any thing from me, Clive?" I said, gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life?"

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"But I should not be happy if I felt that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance you make me feel that you love me less than you would screen me."

"Because of my own weakness," he said, lightly, and then, in an under tone: "I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"Why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look down on the deck, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the man on the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"That makes you uneasy, then?" I asked, after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I can not bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. You will not notice any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They have seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.

"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck, it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping looks ominous."

"Ominous!"

"Yes, love. Three days ago one man was employed pumping; the next day two men were at work at once, and they were relieved again and again yesterday, and are now employed all day till evening, to-day, it was commenced at daybreak, and orders have, I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what that question rose up in the bows.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung a leak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may be excused; but I felt a strange catching of my breath, and a sense of dread stealing over me; but I tried hard to master it all, and I don't think Clive knew me as I laid my hands on Clive's breast, and said: "Dear husband, we are in the hands of the Almighty; let us hope that He will preserve us by magnifying the peril."

He clasped his hands in his, and held me at arms' length for a few moments, gazing down in my eyes. "And I've been thinking you a timid little girl," he exclaimed. "Mary, darling, you are a heroine!"

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I was only

and bathed my husband's forehead, though apparently without effect, for he lay motionless, his arms lightly circling me, and his eyes half closed; and then it was that, with my bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast, as I thought how hard it was for him, so young and brave, to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was not for me to say he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

That long, long night passed; and with the rising sun I gazed upon Clive's face to find it still and placid as if in sleep. The captain, who was the only one who moved, seemed to me—for all I saw was in a dreamy, misty way—to secure the rudder, and then crawl forward, when he presently a scrap of biscuit into my hand, and some bottle would have poured a few drops between my lips, when one of the sailors assisted me. There was a moment's struggle, and the precious liquid fell over the side, the sailor making a dash at it, and licking off the salt water, to lay to with his face in the water, too weak to struggle back till the captain and that sailor also dragged him in; but the bottle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingling with and running into the other. Then, interminable lines of green fields and babbling streams, with delicious resting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sails, and the moon glowing like a globe of dense black darkness, the one mingling with and running into the other. Then, interminable lines of green fields and babbling streams, with delicious resting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sails, and the moon glowing like a globe of fire, and then it was that, with bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast, as I thought how hard it was for him, so young and brave, to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was not for me to say he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

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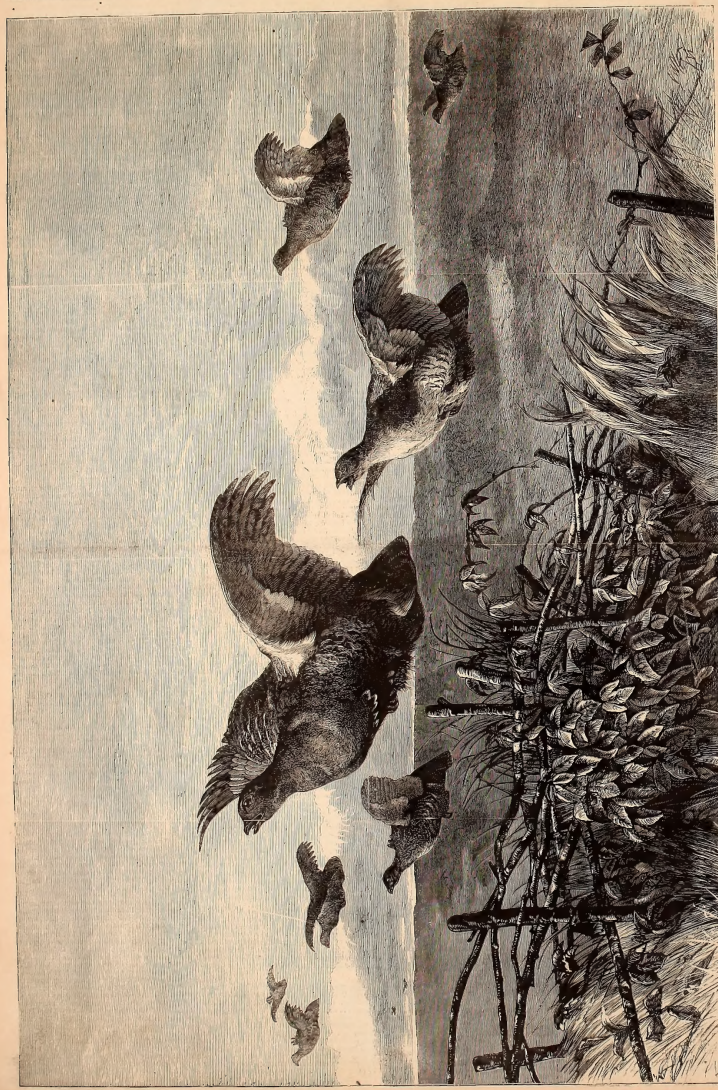

A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES.

SCENES ON THE RIVER MAIN.

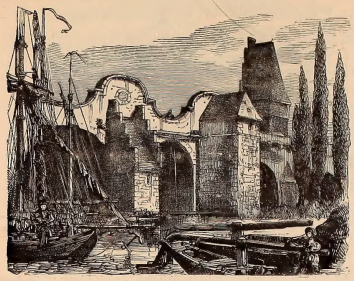

1.—BRIDGE AT FRANKFORT.

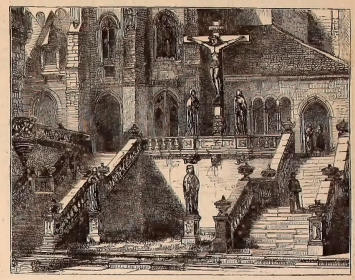

2.—CHURCH AT ASCHAFFENBURG.

THE majority of American sight-seers in Germany confine their tours to the Rhine, and know but little of the beautiful tributaries of that glorious river. One of these is the Main, on whose banks stands the old imperial city of Frankfort. Where it flows into the Rhine, at Mayence, the banks of the river are low and flat, and its stream is broad, slow, and muddy. The first place of interest is Frankfort, a city where some people think there is nothing to be seen except DANNECKER'S overrated statue of Ariadne. Such people are wrong. It is well worth while to walk through the quaint streets of the old town; to peep into the Cathedral, with its curious frescos, executed in 1427 by STEPHEN of Cologne; to view the modern paintings of the Römer; the remarkable church of St. Leonard; and lastly, the quaint old bridge, the subject of sketch No. 1 on this page.

At Aschaffenburg, where the tourist quits the railway, the beauties of the Main begin. The town is very prettily situated on the right bank of the river. The Castle first attracts the observation of the tourist, a remarkable building, with five lofty square towers, capped with bulb-shaped spires. It is now one of the numerous palaces owned by the King of Bavaria. Still more interesting is the "Pfarr" Church, or chief parish church of Aschaffenburg (the subject of the second sketch). Parts of it are very old, the nave being said to date from the ninth century. The plan of the building is remarkable, as the transepts, instead of being between the nave and the chancel, are close to the west end, while the cloisters surround the west end of the church. Here are three noteworthy monuments, namely, Cardinal ALBERT, of Brandenburg, a beautiful life-size bass-relief of the Virgin and Child, and a canopy supporting a sarcophagus which has crystal panels, and contains the body of a saint. This church stands on a hill, and is approached by a picturesque flight of steps.

Between Aschaffenburg and Würzburg the Main winds considerably, and the scenery is exceedingly picturesque. The river flows between lofty hills, with grand masses of rock projecting from them, and as ye approach Wertheim the vines are replaced by beautiful woods.

Wertheim lies at the junction of the Main and the Tauber, and at the point where the two streams unite stands the stately Watch-Tower (sketch No. 3). This Watch-Tower is more than one hundred feet high, and among the quaint roofs and gables of the houses to the right appears the curious spire of the parish church, while the whole scene is backed by the lofty hills on which stands the Castle of Löwenstein.

Next is reached the village of Zell, with its two

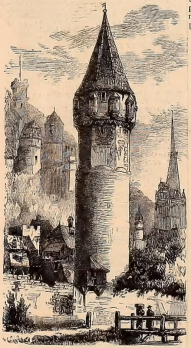

3.—WATCH-TOWER AT WERTHEIM.

7.—BEER GARDEN AT WURZBURG.

4.—STREET OF ZELL.

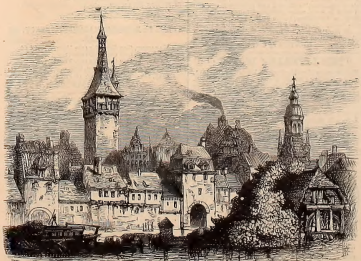

5.—VIEW OF WURZBURG.

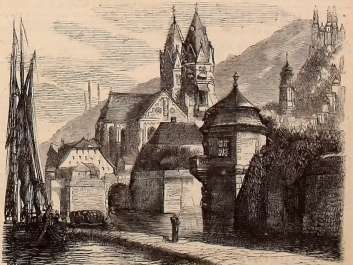

6.—ST. BURKHARDT'S CHURCH, WURZBURG.

secularized abbeys, one of which is used as a printing-office, and in it the first steam printing-press in Europe was established. The little town consists of one long picturesque street, hemmed in between precipitous hills and the river (sketch No. 4).

Directly the Convent of Hummelsporte is passed, Wurzburg breaks on the view, and presents a most attractively medieval appearance, looking more like the back-ground of a picture by Van Eyck or Memling than an actually thriving busy town. On one side of the river rises a grand rocky hill crowned by a castle, at the foot of this hill, and also across the river, are a cluster of gables, spires, and towers, backed by vine-clad hills (No. 5). The two parts of the town are joined by a fine old bridge with gigantic statues on each pier. The interior view of Wurzburg is somewhat disappointing. White-washy, tumble-down, and bourgeermeisterly. The streets, with the old brick and old city of the Prince Bishops of as much interest as possible. However, fifty years of modern vandalism have not sufficed entirely to destroy the grand monuments of eight centuries, and the numerous churches, hospitals, and convents with which the piety of a former time adorned this town still make it a place of considerable interest to the lover of art. The most ancient church is that of St. Burkhardt (sketch No. 6), and the part of Wurzburg which retains most of its old picturesqueness is that on the western bank of the Main.

The last sketch (No. 7) represents one of the immense pleasure-gardens in the neighborhood of Wurzburg, which are devoted especially to wine and beer drinking. Will our fair readers be horrified if we tell them that in these gardens the ladies of Germany are to be seen imbibing liberal quantities of these beverages? But such is the case. Whole families—parents, grandparents, and children of all ages—visit these gardens together, enjoying pleasant social intercourse or listening to music.

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Illustrations.—White Sulphur Springs, Old Enterprise.—Green Cove Springs.—Tocoi.—St. Augustine.—Old City Gateway, St. Augustine.—Bridge of the Lagoon, St. Augustine.—Old Fort at Matanzas Inlet.—Street Scene, St. Augustine.—The Cathedral.—"Lost" his Strap."
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Illustrations.—The Retreat of the Austrians.—A Slight Pleasantry.—Frederick and the Old Dragoon.—Frederick at the Lying Rest of M. Daun.
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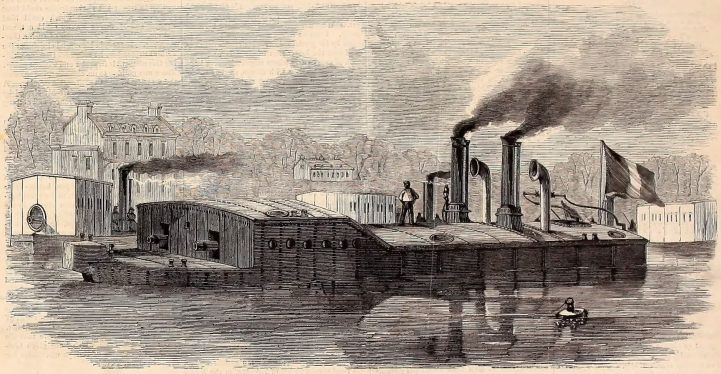

GUN-BOATS ON THE SEINE.

GUN-BOATS ON THE SEINE.

THE weakest side of Paris, so far as artificial fortification is concerned, would seem to be the northwest, in the wide interval between the fortress of Mount Valérien, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, and the forts about St. Denis, due north of the city. But a double reach of the Seine, in its windings around the peninsula of Combevoie, Puteaux, and Asnières, just opposite the suburbs of Neuilly and Clichy, seems to offer good natural facilities for defense. Here, below St. Cloud, there is quite a fleet of gunboats, one of which is represented on this page. She is iron-plated, and the deck is also covered with iron. She has what a sailor would call a "forecastle," which rises above the level of the rest of the deck; and it contains two guns, which point forward on a line with the keel, with a slight training limit to each side. Having two large helms and double screw, like one of our own ferry-boats, she is intended to turn rapidly, so as to face her foes. There are six small projections on each side of the forecastle; these are probably shields covering loop-holes for musketry. These little craft may give the enemy a good deal of annoyance, but their plating is not sufficiently heavy to resist even 12-pounder shot.

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You say that the sun is shining,
That buds are upon the trees,
That you hear the laugh of the waters,
The humming of early bees;
I am pleasured by none of these—
I am weary!

Let me alone! The silence
Is sweeter than song to me!
Down than Light is Darkness
To the one half loathe to see!
'Tis better to let me be—
I am weary!

I have faltered and fallen—
The race was but begun;
I am ashamed, and I murmur,
"Oh! that the day were done!"
How can I have the sun,
Who am weary?

What will you do for the flower
That is cut away at the root?
If the wing of the bird be broken,
What matter the bird is mute?
Oh, peace! and no more disputes—
I am weary!

I will give you a token—
A token by which to know
When I have forgotten the trouble,
The trouble that lives me so
That I can no further go,
Being weary.

When you shall come some morning
And stand beside my bed,
And see the wonderful pallor
That over my face is spread,
Shrink not. But remember I said
I was weary.

Then shall you search my features,
But a trace you shall not see
Of all these months of sadness
That have left their mark on me;
Then know that I am free,
Who was weary.

For the Old must fall and crumble
Before we can try the New;
We must taste that the False is bitter
Before we can crave the True.
This done, there's no more to do,
Being weary.

Duly to droop the eyelids,
Only to have the head,
And to pass from those who are singing,
"Alas! for our friend is dead!"
But remember how I said,
"I am weary?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

☞ *We present to our readers, with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *a Double Page illustrated supplement, giving*

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS AND ITS SURROUNDINGS,

drawn and engraved by our own Artists, and prepared at great expense expressly for our Paper. The point of view is just south of Paris, on the Heights occupied by the Prussians, overlooking northward over the city. This Pictorial Map, constructed with strict regard to the accuracy of the perspective, gives a complete View of Paris with its Public Buildings, of the Seine and Marne Rivers, and of all the Fortifications.

FACTS AND PROMISES.

THE result of the elections in Maine and Vermont shows that the intelligent people of the country are not yet disposed to prefer the smooth promises of the Democratic party to the imposing and gratifying facts of Republican administration. Immediate interest in politics is undoubtedly concentrated upon the financial question. In the administration of General GRANT honest, efficient, and economical the financial question can be satisfactorily answered, it is enough. The "splendor" of administration, indeed, which was anticipated by some persons, does not appear in the faithful and steady care of the public interest which has thus far distinguished the Presidency of GRANT. But these is something better than splendor. An elaborate article in the *North American Review* for July arraigns the administration at substantially a failure. But the article, although pointedly and effectively written, is exactly not what it assumes to be—an impartial review of the administration. It brilliantly emphasizes some of its mistakes and failures, but it carefully omits any allusion to the considerations which entitle it to public confidence.

The article of which we speak elaborately criticises, for instance, the financial management of the administration. With much truth it says we are disposed to agree. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the sole aim of the Secretary of the Treasury seems to have been to pay off the national debt immediately, and without sufficient regard for other considerations and the whole situation of affairs. But on the other hand, an administration which can show such financial results as those contained in the statement of the 5th of September from Acting-Secretary RICHARDSON, merits other mention than the indiscriminate censure which the article lavishes. The speech of Vice-President COLFAX at South Bend may also be diligently and profitably studied in illustration of the silent but much significant good work of the administration.

In brief, it appears officially that the net increase in the receipts of the government during the eighteen months from the 1st of March, 1869, to September 1, 1870, over those of the next preceding eighteen months was more than $87,000,000. The comparative decrease of expenditures during the same time was nearly $83,000,000. The whole amount gained by the increase of receipts and decrease of expenditures was therefore $170,000,000. During the same time the interest account shows a net decrease of more than $17,000,000, while in the eighteen months of the CLARK administration the public debt has been reduced nearly $170,000,000. All this has been effected, it will be remembered, by no increase of the rate of taxation nor of the articles taxed, but while Congress has been steadily reducing taxation, about $80,000,000 have been added to the last session alone. It is evident, from this statement, not only that the debt and taxation have both been reduced, but the public resources, in both collected and distributed more honestly and economically.

The form of such facts, which every intelligent voter in the country can understand, is not destroyed by the assertion that the tariff is clumsy and unequal; nor is a party which has produced such results likely to be displaced by the alleged assumedness of the theories of a secretary. A party is not displaced ideally. The practical question in politics is not one of abstract excellence, but of comparative efficiency. This fact the country has now before it, and to decide whether they will frame a perfect system of taxation, to be administered by infallible hands; but whether, taking all the facts together, the Democratic party is more likely to give us an honest and economical administration than the Republicans. The alternative is very simple. If the Republicans go out, the Democrats come in. And we have no doubt whatever that three-fourths of the intelligent people of this country would consider such a result a dire national misfortune.

It is not because the administration of General GRANT is what may be called "splendid," a word which is applied to it with a policy of the most injurious national tendency, nor because it has not made mistakes, nor because all those who support it are wise or honorable men, nor because there has not been much disappointment of many kinds, that it really has the confidence of the country; but because there is a universal and profound impression which, as we believe, the facts justify—that it is upon the whole an honest, fidelity the public welfare, that it has aimed at the highest character of public affairs, and that it has been able to prove its economy and efficiency in those very directions in which there is the greatest popular concern. No truly patriotic or thoughtful citizen is likely to carry his criticism of certain details of Republican administration to the point of conniving at the success of a party identified with financial frauds, with the mad extravagance of New York city government, which denies the validity of the new constitutional amendments, and would tear open every question which the war had finally to have settled. The elections in Maine and Vermont prove that the public judgment of the two parties is virtually unchanged.

MR. TWEED'S NOMINATION.

MR. TWEED has renominated as the Democratic Governor of the State Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, the gentleman who signed the TWEED-Erie bill, by which the stockholders of the Erie road were deprived of the control of their own property. If Mr. HOFFMAN has any wish to sign that bill his political career would have ended. In the State of New York no Democratic convention can be set by the favor of Tammany Hall, and Mr. TWEED is Tammany Hall. The gentlemen whose names figure as sachems receive their orders from Mr. TWEED. The Democrats who affect to be independent, and to protest, are not only silenced by him, but presently cease to be princes. Indeed, the particular defects of our political methods were never so conspicuously revealed as they are now in the Democratic party management in the State of New York.

The late grave and well-considered speech in Brooklyn of General WOOD upon which, at the present, Governor HOFFMAN, as "a gentleman of scholarship, culture, of persuasive eloquence, and of rare personal refinement," argues his character as a private citizen, as a lawyer and as a judge, "of suspicion has ever been raised." General WOOD pointedly and truly said to state, in the strongest terms, the notorious fact that the administration owes its present official position to the most extensive and organized to the crimes of repeaters, ruffians, and ballies; and that he would "shrink, as from leprosy, were he called upon in private life to stand sponsor for such wrongs as he has fathered in his public and official career."

If this estimate of MR. HOFFMAN be correct, how extremely unenviable is his position! He knows that every intelligent man in the State of New York is aware that his political advancement is due to his utter subservience to certain persons, whom the editor of one of his party organs calls the authors of shameless frauds at the polls. He knows that the same great and intelligent multitude is aware that the signature of the Erie bill was the price of the continued favor of those who may most truly be called his political masters. The most conspicuous act of Governor HOFFMAN'S administration is an outrage so gross, a prostitution of official power so flagrant, that not a voice has ever been raised in its defense, and the friends can only pray for the charity of public forgetfulness. It is in vain that he and those friends assert that in all parties there are corrupt men, and that in his party is no worse than others. The glaring fact in his case is that, as Mayor, he virtually protected by proclamation the frauds of the corrupt men by which he was himself to profit, and that, as Governor, he has been the instrument of their plans.

If MR. HOFFMAN'S independent career had made his name familiar, and he had, by acknowledged services, invited the honors of his party—if he were, therefore, allied with Tammany upon equal terms, so to say, his position would be less humiliating. But he was selected by the managers of his party, not because of conspicuous services or capacity, but because they were sure of his obedience; and the result has justified their confidence. He fills the position once held by WILLIAM L. MARCY and SILAS WRIGHT, eminent members of his own party, with the single fact that every Governor elected by his predecessors? He knows only too well that the better part of his party, with all men of every party whose respect is worth having, ask themselves with shame, as they see in MARCY and SILAS WRIGHT sitting where MR. TAMMANY HALL would choose men to sit at the bidding of MR. TWEED and MR. SWEENY? Tammany Hall wanted the very man whom General WOODRUFF has described. It wanted a man who would consent to do as a public officer what he would spurn as a private gentleman; a man who acknowledged amiability and correct deportment would serve as convenient cloak for inexcusable public acts. It believed it had found this person in MR. HOFFMAN, and the event has justified its sagacity.

The position is an interesting inquiry whether MR. HOFFMAN is of opinion that political advancement may be bought too dearly. There is, of course, in all practical politics a certain amount of disagreeable detail. That is understood. It is the necessary friction of politics. But there is a line beyond which no self-respecting man is willing to go. To pass that is to reveal his weakness and his incapacity. The grave objection, therefore, to elevating MR. JOHN T. HOFFMAN to public office is not that the official conduct is controlled by the political principles of their party, which is properly exercised, but that they are powerless to resist the most fatal assaults upon the very foundations of the government. The frauds which MR. HOFFMAN, in his own denial and virtually protected would presently destroy the whole American political system; while the assault upon the public credit, the rights of industry, in the Erie bill, fatally disturbs the confidence in vested rights which is essential to the public welfare.

The true theory of the Democratic party, relying, as it does, upon ignorance, class hatreds, and electoral frauds, is so plainly fatal to American institutions now as it was when it was the defender and perpetuator of slavery. The qualities of MR. HOFFMAN, as shown in his public career, are not a temper and control this tendency; they only promote it by slightly veiling it. His official career, thus far, has brought shame upon the State; its continuance tends only to disaster.

PRUSSIA AND PEACE.

M. JULES FAVRE and many persons in this country who do not like to hold the republic, naturally decried the conduct of Germany in pushing forward to Paris as monstrous. But there is no doubt that it was right. The Imperial Government declared war against Prussia, and the French armies marched to invade Germany. The war, if not approved, was adopted by France. Instead, however, of invading Germany, and demanding the Rhenish provinces at Berlin, France found herself disastrously beaten in the field, her armies shut up in fortified cities, and at last her Emperor and the chief army surrendering. When the power of the Imperial Government was overthrown in Paris; a Government, or Committee of Defense, was improvised, which called itself the Republic, and its first words were that it was "a republic of war to the knife against the invader." What was Germany to do? Was the Prussian King to march quietly back to Berlin, or to believe the declaration of the new authority that it meant to continue the war? Was there any alternative? France had declared war, and, after great reverses, had overthrown the existing Government, in order to carry on the war more effectively.

But as the German army pressed steadily forward to Paris, the actual situation, the awful peril of the country, seemed to become more evident to the French authorities. They wanted above all things a respite, an armistice. The obvious method to obtain it was to go at once to the Prussian camp, and ask upon what terms peace was possible. But those authorities knew only too well that they could give no guarantees for the fulfillment of their own engagements with Prussia. They had seized the government in Paris, but that was all. The authorities of some of the other cities had acquiesced; those of still others had not; and Lyons was acting independently of Paris. The country, smitten and paralyzed with universal calamity, seemed to co-operate with the only apparent organization of authority. But the will of France had not been expressed. Knowing that, the Republic, or the Committee of Defense, saw the futility of going to meet the Prussian camp, and asked informally the mediation of England.

But England was, of course, perplexed by the same difficulty. She could not act for a French Government which France had not authorized; and she was utterly unable to show to the Prussian King that any terms which she might suggest, as agreeable to the authorities in Paris, would be ratified by the people of France. Neither those authorities nor England could say to Prussia that the terms which might be accepted would not instantly be thrust aside by a new revolution and a new form of authority. Prussia was not, and has never been, unwilling to treat; but obviously she could treat only with a Government which could bind France, and M. JULES FAVRE could not, and would not, assert that he represented such a Government. Indeed, in his official circular of the 26th of September, he concedes that the existing Government was in irregular and usurped power.

There was nothing to do, therefore, but to await the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. A congress of representatives, freely elected by the people, could speak for France, and nothing else could.

The conduct of Prussia, therefore, has been irreproachable. It has thus far been neither relentless nor cruel nor exacting. Meanwhile various false stories have been exposed, and many confidential conversations of BISMARCK have been reported. But whether he imputs the professions of state secrets to gentlemen whom he casually meets upon battle-fields may be wisely doubted. Yet, as the great German plan of the war has been kept, so the conditions of peace upon which Germany is likely to insist may, perhaps, be easily surmised. Such terms would be an indemnity, a reduction of the army, and the dismantling of certain fortresses. If, beyond this, Germany should demand the cession by France of Alsace and Lorraine, France might justly refuse to expatriate her own citizens by treaty, and demand that the question be referred to the people of the provinces. Should Germany refuse, and insist upon the cession without regard to the wishes of the people, she would forfeit much of the sympathy which has hitherto attended her. But we shall very reluctantly believe that the cold and intelligence which have been Germany the leadership of Europe will desert her at so important a crisis.

A DEMOCRATIC "PLANK."

THE people of this State and of the country will not fail to observe the position of the New York Democrats upon one of the most vital questions of the hour. They are perpetually begging for public forgetfulness of their conduct during and before the war. They convinced the intelligent country not to recall the fact that for a generation before 1860 the sole aim of the Democratic party was to control the interests of slavery, and that during the war it did what it could, short of armed assistance, to secure the overthrow of the government. By shrieking party before the war, and a Copperhead party during it, they naturally hates to remember, and begs every body to forget. But the Congressional Committee entreated the Southern voters to let other issues alone. But when directly summoned in the House to decide whether the amendments were final, the members of the committee all voted in the Senator INGERSOLL, of Ohio, in a late speech, described the whole system of reconstruction. The orators and the party all decline to declare that they acquiesce in the settlement, and Tammany Hall also refuses.

At its late convention in New York the party had an excellent opportunity to express its acquiescence. But the resolution which this topic is treated is more absurd than even such resolutions generally are. Here it is:

"*Resolved*, That, as many of the issues which have divided good citizens in the past ages are settled, we invite all conservative citizens, irrespective of former political associations, to unite with us in securing the ascendency in the government of the principle upon which it was established as such, viable, sustained by the majority of the American people, it secured peace and prosperity to all."

That is a resolution which, meaning exactly nothing at all, except a longing for the good old days of slave-driving, might be cordially approved by WADE HAMPTON and ROBERT TOOMBS.

This is the attitude of the New York Democracy upon the settlement of the war. It proposes to tear open every question if it has the opportunity. It scornfully rejects the counselors in its own ranks who feebly whisper that it is by cheining itself to a corpse that the party has suffered industry. It is a prodigious blun-

dor which, as sincerely opposed to the party, we gladly perceive. It is a reckoning to which the Democratic managers may be very sure that their party will be held. They proclaim now the same disorganizing policy which they advocated in 1860, 1864, and 1868, and which, happily for the country and for civilization, totally overthrew them.

Let the voters of New York carefully consider whether they think it well for the peace and prosperity of the country to support a party whose open refusal to acquiesce in the valid work of the late amendments, and the finality of reconstruction, is a declaration of endless and fatal agitation.

OUR DUTY TO LIBERTY.

Is the Government now to be accused of hostility to a republic in France because the neutrality laws have been enforced against certain persons who had been enlisted to make war upon a power friendly to the United States? Is it desirable to have such laws, or is it merely undesirable to enforce them? Ought we to allow recruits to be enlisted here to fight against monarchical governments with which we are at peace, and should we only prohibit enlistments to fight against republics? In other words, are the United States to declare that they will take part in every war which calls itself republican, and are those who oppose such a policy, as fatal to republican security to be considered enemies of republican government? Certainly none can wish seriously more unworthy than we to make us what the French people to establish and maintain a republic. But that does not imply that we are to go to war to help them. It is only ridiculous can be proposed for any nation as that it shall declare itself the defender of liberty against all others. This was what the old French republic did—the republic which smothered liberty in blood.

The United States Government has enforced its laws in the case of France, as it has in that of Cuba. But nothing could be more unjust than to describe, for that reason, those who, in French or in this Cubans. It stopped Colonel RYAN's expedition last year. Was it because the Government wished to see slavery perpetuated in Cuba? It is said, indeed, that the insurgents had declared emancipation, and that to help them was to favor emancipation, if that had been the whole story it would have been a strong one. But it was really a very small part of the case. The same argument would have justified our sending expeditions to an insurrection in England which declared a republic, or to Ireland because it asserted its independence. In a word, it begins by assuming ground the circle again to the position that the United States ought to help every body who says that he is fighting for liberty, and help him without the slightest regard to the actual facts of the situation, or to the probable results to their own liberty or happiness. That is a course which no intelligent man and no sagacious party will ever propose. The sympathies and hopes of the people of this country are none the less warmly given to every honest struggle for liberty, wherever it may be.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

It is with inexpressible sorrow that those who recall the bright and unbounded hope of France read of the devastation and desolation which have befallen its immediate victim. It is not easy to discover from the accounts exactly how great the destruction is, but, if the intention of defense of the city has been serious, the ravages of the neighborhood must have been immense. Paris is in a peculiar sense the pride of France. Indeed, there was many a Parisian who secretly felt it to be the glory of the world. In its perpetual carnival it amused itself with nothing more than satirical railing at Germany and the Germans. There was especial scorn in the Parisian laugh at the German soldier caricatured in le General Boum, because it was a German who served up the stew. How much was an evening of the "Grande Duchesse" be reliished by the golden youth of Paris with the King of Prussia and Count Bismarck as the chief actors? The assiduousness of the humiliation of Paris is as astonishing as its completeness.

And this dire humiliation of its royal, and all this unspeakable sorrow and loss, this total national decline, France owes chiefly to LOUIS NAPOLEON. His reign of eighteen years made now a kind of Circean revel. It appeared very splendid, and it was utterly demoralizing and fatal. Such has never been quite the case, and while it has been truly portrayed in COUTURE'S terrible picture in the Luxembourg, the "Decadence of the Romans." A French Century is not happiness. The policy of the French empire was that of the baser days of Rome, to amuse and excite the people, and blind by dazzling them. Paris, therefore, was beautified. The new avenues, the new boulevards, were magnificent. But the tone of imperial society was deplorable. The best Frenchmen did not appear in public affairs. They were the stern voices of warning and protest. Their attitude was that of the statues of the old Romans in COUTURE'S picture. Nowhere in the world, except in some American Democratic newspapers, did there seem to be any sincere admiration of LOUIS NAPOLEON or his empire. But what mere paste its apparent diamonds were, how utterly hollow its pretense of power or hold upon the people, the last few weeks have shown.

That nobody sees this more plainly than BISMARCK there can be no doubt. And the report that he would only treat with a resuscitated regency was therefore wholly improbable. To propose that BISMARCK should deal with the man with JULES FAVRE because he could not be sure that FRANCE was behind him, and yet insist upon treating with the man who made NAPOLEON when he knew that France had, at least, spewed him out, however obscure every thing else might be, was to suppose the most acute statesman of modern Europe of being deceived by a sophism which the merest doctrinaire would assert. The fact of all the papers lost and shame which LOUIS NAPOLEON has brought upon France will not be wholly in vain, nor to be altogether regretted, if they only serve to rouse the French people permanently to the conviction that they can hereafter yield to any form of personal power only at the peril of their very existence.

How terrible their fate under that system has been their own history, and the record on the earth by the old HOHENZOLLERN despotism, they were yet able to defy Europe, and to make their nationality more distinguished than ever. After the long succession of monarchical abuses since those days has prostrated France hopelessly. She will emerge from the present more humiliated than any great nation ever was in so short a time. Whether, indeed, there is the necessary intelligence to avail the part of the people to confirm and organize the republic is a question to be decided only by experiment. LOUIS NAPOLEON always insisted, the universal suffrage was his Minister of Public Instruction, DUPUY, to make education, as in Germany, compulsory and universal; and the masters of the city want a little less, say $225,000,000, they "reduce" the rate by five cents, a "reduction" which makes Mr. Johnson pay more than a third more, and which yields $7,615,472 more money than in 1866. Mr. ALLEN will probably vote the Tammany ticket with ardor.

The Governor of Utah has issued a proclamation peremptorily forbidding the musters and drills of the militia of that Territory except by his orders. This is a direct issue of authority with BRIGHAM YOUNG, and an emphatic suggestion to Federal officers and his fellow-citizens the laws of the United States will be enforced in all territory subject to their authority.

MR. ELIJIS H. ROBERTS, the editor of the *New Era Herald*, has been nominated for Congress with enthusiasm. We wish he might be elected with unanimity, and that Congress were altogether composed of such honorable and able men.

Putnam's Monthly, a magazine which will be always kindly remembered in our literature, will be hereafter merged with *Hours at Home* in *Scribner's* for the city of the same name, and published by HOLLAND. The great popularity of Mr. "Ticonah," and his skill in interesting and teaching the whole circle of readers, are the best auspices for the new periodical. Dr. HOLLAND'S own books, also, fresh from a residence in Europe, an experience which will give him the richest material. He is, however, so interesting a writer that Europe could only enlarge his sympathies, not alienate those from his own country.

It gives us great pleasure to be able to congratulate our returning contemporary, the New York *Evening Mail*, upon its success in the enterprise of a new and improved series of numerous competitors. Owing to the judicious management of J. M. BUCKLEY, this paper has for a long time stood at the head of the two-cent evening journals of this city. LAST YEAR its space was largely extended, and during the month of December it is proposed to issue a double sheet every Saturday.

We are glad to hear that our old friend BENJAMIN J. LOSSING has well known historian, has again returned to the lecturing field. He will lecture during the ensuing season on "ART: its History and Work," and on "Chivalry, Yesterday and To-day." We are sure that a lecturer so pleasant and instructive as Mr. LOSSING, and speaking upon such interesting and instructive topics, will be warmly greeted by the public as a familiar friend.

THE WAR—CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES.

IT is among the curious things connected with the war between Prussia and France that there is scarcely a place of any note that late events have made us familiar with that has not an interesting reminiscence connected with printing.

KEHL, where the first work of destruction began by an attempt to destroy the bridge across the Rhine, is the locality to which Buskerville's beautiful type was transferred in 1779, having failed to procure a purchaser at home. M. BEAUmarchais, who bought it, opened an office in this town, and, at the expense of three millions of francs, published an edition of Voltaire's works, consisting of 20,000 copies, of which every one was sent on board for the Emperor of Russia, "who labored under weakness of the eyes."

METZ, which has acquired so much notoriety, was early distinguished by the introduction of printing. As early as 1482 a work was printed here (the first book of THOMAS A KEMPIS). In 1575 all Protestant printers had to quit the city, and all such authors had to get their works printed at Paris, or Rheims, etc., for more than twenty years.

STRASBOURG is well known to the learned as one of the towns that put in a claim to the honor of having been the birthplace of typography. Scholing and others contending that JOHN GUTENBERG printed here between 1440 and 1450; but this is unsupported by any positive evidence. The earliest dated book known to have been printed here is dated 1471. John Mentelin printed in Strasburg, in 1473, the first edition of the German Bible.

TOUL was a seat of early printing. The first known work on Perspective, by Jo. Pelegrino, was printed here in 1505; there are also in the show-case of literary curiosities in the British Museum. Toul is also to be noted as the place at which came out the earliest attempts at stereotyping was made in 1795.

At METZ a dated work was carried on as early as 1551. In 1552 was executed here the first edition of the Remish-English version of the New Testament.

At VERDUN printing was carried on as early as 1566. For this place the English prisoners who were detained by Napoleon I. printed, by his permission, a "Book of Common Prayer" in English.

SEDAN has also an interest to the lovers of typography. We are very grateful, says Mr. Cotton, "some very diminutive volumes, well known to the collectors of books by the name of Sedan editions—the 'Virgil,' dated 1675; the 'Horace,' of 1677, and the 'Greek Testament,' of 1680, are all of this kind at present known." In Trinity College, Dublin, is a Sedan volume dated 1389.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE recent interview between Jules Favre and Count VON BISMARCK, which has been progressing for some days, have proved an utter failure. Jules Favre submitted that the bond of union or guarantee of personal peace, and desired an armistice till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, which would decide the question of peace or war. BISMARCK replied, temporarily, to the advantage of her present military position, that France had magnificent resources, and would prove a task that would give Germany, at the end of the armistice, it the Constituent Assembly rejected the terms, a position relative superiority as now.

The Germans commenced on purely military questions, VON MOLTKE pointing out that the necessity of the occupation of the fortresses, as they presented injury that must be compensated by France requiring the immediate material advantage. He named the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Verdun—all fortresses of the first class—and the cession of Schlestadt, Neuf Brisach, and Belfort, with a small district around, as the movement of heavy guns, ammunition, and supplies, which were considered might be a material obstruction for the delay of an armistice. METZ was not mentioned, as it was to be the subject of negotiations between the Emperor and Marshal BAZAINE.

The unexpected moderation of these terms impressed FAVRE, who personally, it is believed, would gladly have accepted them; but he could not act alone, apart from his colleagues, and returned to Paris to consult. The Government, in view of affairs in the north, are bowing to the declaration of the enemy:

"Prussia has announced that she was in order to restore France to a normal state power. Prussia demands the cession of Alsace as far as Metz, and part of Lorraine. Before consenting to an armistice she demands the negotiations for peace. She will not treat with the Government, and will rather negotiate herself beneath her ruins. To such insolent pretensions we can answer but by resistance to the last extremity. France accepts the struggle, and counts upon her children."

The Government has issued decrees that all the national forces be called out as well as those for the Constituent Assembly, be suspended and adjourned, and all municipal elections be held on the 16th of October.

On the 23d of September Toul was surrendered to the Germans, and Strasbourg on the 28th. On the 27th of September the capitulation was signed which transformed the basis of negotiation at Soisan. There were 17,000 men in the garrison, 1,000 officers, 200 surgeons, of which 36 are killed, 600 wounded, 300 taken, 1,000 cannon, 10,000 rifles, considerable quantity of ammunition, quartermaster, and commissary stores.

The Provisional Government of New York Tribune at Berlin telegraphs that Bazaine, on September 19, sent a letter to the head-quarters of Prince Frederick Charles, which was transformed from thence to the King. It is stated that Bazaine, in this letter, offers to surrender on condition that the troops be permitted to march out with the honors of war, and to retain their arms and baggage.

Paris has been completely isolated. The Prussians, on the 19th of September, had a force of 200,000 men in action on the heights of Sevres, south of the city.

The Prussians occupied Rambouillet September 20, without resistance, and preparations were immediately commenced for the siege. The city of Paris has no chance to that city. A provisional government has been formed at Blois.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EARLY on the morning of September 24 the Bremen steamer *Hermann*, Captain Schroeder, with forty-seven passengers, chiefly Germans, cleared from the port of New York. Soon after passing Hoboken Henry Hand and two French cruisers slowly moving across her path, and both quite close to the bow, she heard the discharge of about three rifles. The captain made three signals to the cruisers, and then hove to, and was boarded by a naval officer, Gowdy. Gowdy it is thought that the latter was sent probably the *Savannah*, which sailed from this port on the 23d, with special orders to the officers of the *Hermann* were at once conducted to consult with the captain. The engines were stopped, and in a few minutes the order was given to get about and return to American waters. At Quarantine the vessel came to anchor, and the passengers were shipped to the city, each one having been furnished with an order upon the company for the amount paid for passage.

The steamer *Russia*, Captain Judkins, left New York September 24 for Liverpool direct by way of Halifax, England. The opposition set has been accepted.

The Hon. JOHN C. NYE has been elected Senator at Rochester, September 21, and nominated John T. Hoffman for Governor, and Allan S. Rorer for Lieutenant-Governor.

EFFECT OF THE MITRAILLEUSE IN THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.—[See Page 647.]

EUROPE AND AMERICA OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"WE SHRINK FROM CONTEMPLATING OUR LOSSES."—*King William's Dispatch to Queen Augusta.*

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

(See Illustration on Double Page.)

HAVE you read in song and story
How the dead Napoleon comes,
Yearning still for earth-born glory,
And the war-beat of the drums?
Phantom legions file before him,
Far more than Dunsinane had,
While the eagles hover o'er him,
As exulting o'er the slain.

And he marshals his battalions,
Ranged upon the spectral soil;
Still, as the Armeda galleons
Vanished at the breath of God,
So the vision fades, and only
One remembrance doth remain,
Where a cypher pines lonely
On the shores of St. Helene.

When we read that gallant story
Our desponding spirits thrill;
France and Victory! France and Glory!
Seem familiar phrases still.
And if in the evening ages
We have need of battle-cry,
We can seek historic pages—
Think of Austerlitz—and die.

Once our cannon spoke in thunder,
And all Europe heard in dread;
Now, O France, there's not a murder
And thin army locks a head:
Yet, an ounce of salvation,
While this agony shall last,
Hope, amid the desolation,
Fairer future from thy past.

Still as sweeps the storm of iron,
Where the cannon crests the ridge,
And the battle-clouds environ,
Die with thunder on Lodi bridge:
Lo, the golden lilies paling,
France has save need of her sons;
Ther shall answer her unfailing
While one lives to mon the guns!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendolen Harbert," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MISERS' BANK.

As, though Richard had found long, he could not find out, so, though he was familiar with the travel of the last two days, he could not sleep. He turned from side to side on the hard pillow throughout the weary night, and strove to lose himself, and shut out thought, in vain, even for an instant. He got up and paced the room, and, when the streaks of dawn began to show themselves over the blind, and the world forth, in two, whose presence only served to intensify its solitary grandeur, the thirty-six hours of his life fore him. But as yet there were no tokens of waking life: the streets were empty, the windows shrouded, and a steady drizzle of rain was falling, which gave promise of a wretched day. Even when the morning advanced, it was difficult to make out the individual buildings; but he had had the Misers' Bank pointed out to him on the previous day, and he thought he recognized it now. It was there that the business which he had proposed to himself was to be effected, and he gazed at it with interest. The wisest of us are simple in some things, and though so knowing in the ways of the world—that is, of his world—Richard knew nothing of banks and misers, and wondered whether he would have any difficulty in carrying out his object. He could not foresee any; it seemed to him that the banking clerks would be glad to oblige him in the matter in question, since, if there was any advantage, it would be on their side. But there were six hours yet before he could perform this business, and since sleep was denied him, how was he to pass the time? There was a good fire in the book upon the drawers, which he had not hitherto observed, with the royal arms above the mantel-piece, and the name of the hotel inscribed beneath them. It did not look like a devotional work, but it was the New Testament—a work that was very literally new to Richard Yorke. He had seen it, of course, often; it was presented to every child with its contents, and had joked about them. It is the easiest book in the world to make jokes upon, which, perhaps, accounts for it's being a favorite a subject of ridicule with foolish persons. Shakspeare is also easy to make fun of, but the *bouffes* of blasphemy is in their way startling, which, to many, forms the chief charm of witty conversit. Richard looked at it as a book to read at a stick; but he took it up, and opened it at random. "Having no hope, and without God in the world."

He was not a believer in sortilege. If the text he had chanced upon had been ever so applicable to his own condition, it would have made but little impression upon him, and in this was not very pertinent in its application. He was not without hope without hope. He had come to Plymouth full of hope, though disappointed at its not having been already exchanged for certainty. He had good hope of inspiring John Trevethick with confidence in his social position, and consequently of obtaining his consent to marry the woman who had now become independent of his hospitalities. He had even some hope of yet inheriting a portion of his father's great estate. He could not be accused of spiritual ambition. Any contributors of hope than that of being in a position to enjoy himself thoroughly had never entered into his mind. Just now, however, he was far from enjoying himself; he was a prey to anxiety, and any opportunity of forgetting it was welcome to him. Not without an effort to be interested, therefore, he reflected upon these words, which seemed rather to have been spoken in his ear aloud than merely to have caught his eye. He had already shut the book with contemptuous impatience, but he found himself, nevertheless, repeating: "Having no hope, and without God in the world," and pondering upon their meaning. He wondered at himself for taking the trouble to do so; but if he didn't do that, his thoughts would, he knew, be even less pleasant to occupy, so he let him dip into the novel by channel. How *could* a man be without God in the world, if God was every where? he had been somewhere once, heard sermons, and which he believed to be the fact. It was one of the objections against the Bible, was his positive conviction, that it was self-contradictory in its assertions, and unmistakably distinct only in its denunciation of wrong. Here was a case in point, and one which might justly be "taken up" by a fellow, if he was worth while. As for himself, he was no skeptic. Exeter Hall might have clasped him to her breast (and would) upon that ground. He was accustomed to see the name of the Creator whenever he wished to be particularly profane; but for what reason he could not have named it with his taught him to do so. She had never spoken to him on religious subjects except in humorous connection with the Heads of the Church, to which her late good husband had belonged—Emanuel Swedenborg and Joanna Southcott. If the expression "without God in the world" meant the lack of such a selfish out the practice of religion, it certainly did have an application to himself, but for other reasons. He was not without God acquainted. Of course he had known people who went to church—young men of his own age, whom their parents compelled to do so, and who envied him the liberty he enjoyed in that respect; and the poor lads at Gethin went to chapel. But, even there, shrewd fellows like Trevithick and Solomon did not trouble themselves to do so. Mr. Gethin went! But then women, unless they were uncommonly clever, like his own mother, always did go to the parsons. Parsons, as a rule, were hypocrites. He had met one or two of them in town under circumstances that showed they had really no more "nonsense about them" than other people, but in the pulpit they were bound to talk. Look at Mr. Wylie, Gethin's instance—the best specimen of them, by-the-by, he had ever known—who could preach like fire and was wholly set upon the main chance? To what slights and insolences did that eloquent humbug of a parson subject him! Not that he cared for it, he had counted upon that fat living, of which the Squire had so cruelly disappointed him, as a prize in a lottery, but this was Carew himself, with thirty thousand a year, and did not spend a shilling of it on anything. He had left him a mere pittance a portion of his wealth, by way of insurance—instead of handing it over to the man to whom he had given him a bed-candle not many hours before.

"What! still up, my man?" said Richard, grimly.

"Yes, Sir. The morning mail has but just come in, and I had to open a letter for the gentleman in the room under you; but he seemed a quiet one, and I didn't think he'd 'a disturbed me."

"He did not," said Richard. "I have been awake all night, and now wish to hear no more him. Can I have some hot water?"

"Not yet, Sir, I'm afraid; there's no fire kitchen, and the cook's not come down to broil and-soda, Sir.

"No, no," answered Richard, smiling; "I that's what I want; and as for the hot water, I can do without it; but, now you're here, just tell me, for I am quite a stranger to the town, is there that high roof yonder," and he pointed to the object in question, "the Misers' Bank?"

"Yessir, that's it. At 10 this morning was but a little fixer, you would have a lovely view from this here window, Sir, as is one of the good slice of the harbor! There's a splendid building out to the left there, if the clouds would but lift for a minute to do them justice, Sir."

"Indeed," said Richard, carelessly, and turned away. "Just take my boots down with you, no I shall want them as soon as you can get them cleaned."

The man did as he was bid. Directly he had left the room, Richard opened the door, locked and bolted it, and stepped to a chair. Perhaps want of food and sleep had weakened him; but he sat down, and, though very pale and haggard, he was one who has received a sudden shock. Why should one man have answered him last night, "the convict ship," and now this fellow have pointed out the jail? It was only a coincidence, of course; and if there was ever such a thing as an evil augury, he had surely experienced it on those two occasions. He had a vision of some one burying one's self at Gethin," thought he, smiling faintly at his own folly. "If I stand there much longer, I shall begin to believe in mermaids and the Flying Dutchman." Jail! Why, if the very worst should happen, the matter would only require to be explained; he was in no real peril from the law, after all. Indeed, the very revelation which he most dreaded would only, by exposing the true state of affairs, precipitate his happiness. Trevethick would then be as eager as himself to hasten Harry's marriage.

That he answered until something of equanimity returned to him. Then he attired himself, buttoning his frock-coat carefully over his chest, and brushed his hair. As he reached the next landing, a gentleman emerged from the room immediately beneath his own, half dressed, fully dressed, and carrying his hat and great-coat. He was a small stout man, with bushy red whiskers, and a florid complexion, and little twinkling black eyes. With a civil bow he made way for Richard, who passed him, and then followed him down stairs into the coffee-room. It was a huge apartment, and quite empty except for their two selves. A business meeting in such a locality would have exchanged a salutation; and Richard, not gregarious by nature besides, being eager to divert his thoughts, at once entered into conversation.

"You are the gentleman who arrived by the mail this morning, I conclude," said he, "otherwise you would scarcely have been astir so early."

"Just so, Sir," answered the other, smiling. "I thought it was not worth while to go to bed, but just bathed and had a wash and brush up, and here I am, sharp-set for breakfast."

It was plain this man was not a gentleman; but Richard cared very little about that. He would have talked to the waiter, in default of any other companion.

"Well, I have been to bed," said Richard, smiling, "though something I took at dinner disagreed with me, and kept me awake all night. Do you mean to say you are not going to take any breakfast or refreshment at all?"

"Well, no; I had some sleep in the coach, and a very little of that article does for me. If I can get a cup of tea, Sir, enough, as I do, it is more than I generally get on without treat."

"Then," said Richard, "I should like to see the substitutes you take for what I have always found an indispensable necessity. Suppose we breakfast together, and you shall order it."

"But not pay for it," stipulated the stout gentleman, ih a tone that you might take as either jest or earnest. "We'll go shares in that, eh?"

"Unless you will allow me to be your host, we will certainly go shares," said Richard, who was determined to have no will in all Gethin so great a hoor as this could be found above-ground or underground, and rang the bell. Business on the waters, but rather amused nevertheless.

"I don't like misunderstandings," explained the fat little man, "and I am not yet obliquitous. It's not that I grudge my money, or have not as much as I need—but—but—I haven't."

"Then you've got more than any body else I know," said Richard, laughing; "and I am accustomed to that. Here's meat too."

"I dare say, Sir; you are a rich man yourself, I dare say, Sir," said the hungry gentleman with plenty of money in your pocket."

At any other time Richard would have been disgusted with such an observation, but he was, moreover, a perfectly just one. He looked from head to toe, like a young man of fortune, and had been brought up as silly and uselessly as any such; but now he blushed and felt uncomfortable. He put his fingers, in spite of himself, sought that breast-pocket which he had so carefully buttoned up, as though his companion's observation had given a local and material meaning.

"Do you know Plymouth?" asked he of the stranger, by way of turning the conversation.

"Perfectly. Indeed, I live here; but I did not expect to find myself at home at such an unreasonable hour as the coach comes in. If, as a resident, I can be of any service to you, pray command me. But you don't eat, Sir."

Richard, indeed, was only playing with a piece of toast, which his fingers and brain mechanically were disagreeing with marvelous rapidity down the back-stairs of his imagination.

"I am not like you," he answered. "Want of sleep produces want of appetite with me. With respect to Plymouth, I am a stranger; I will offer me your hospitality, but—"

"Services, Sir, services while in the town, I said," observed the little man. "Let us have no misunderstanding, nor yet obligation; that's my motto. So long, Sir, and I do for you, short of that?"

"Well, I shall not greatly tax your prudence," rejoined Richard, this time laughing heartily, "though you must certainly be either a Scotchman or a lawyer, to be anxious to set at 'with out prejudice.' The only information I have to ask of you is, at what time the bank opens; for I have got some business to do there, and don't want to effect as soon as possible, and then be off."

"The bank! Well, there's more than one bank in Plymouth," observed the little man, scraping up the crumbs of marmalade on his plate. "They open at different hours."

"The Misers' Company is the one I want to go to."

"That opens at nine, Sir. It's on my way home, and I will be glad to show it you."

"Thank you; but it was pointed out to me last night," said Richard, stiffly: for he preferred to effect the business which he had on hand alone. "It is still raining. What do you say to a cigar in the smoking-room?"

"With pleasure, when I have just written a receipt in the coffee-room of my private," answered the stranger; "however, I can do that as well there as here."

And so could he seem for Richard's society that he had pen and paper brought into the hotel divan, and from thence dispatched his note.

"Take one of my cigars," said Richard, good-naturedly, offering his case.

"No, no," replied the little man, shaking his head, and looking very grave; "you know my motto, Sir.

"A cigar," urged Richard, "is one of those things that one can accept even from a stranger without that sense of obligation from which you shrink so sensitively. Seriously, my good Sir, I shall feel offended if you refuse me this small favor."

"Sooner than that shall be, Sir, I'll take your cigar," said the little man. He held it up to the light, and sniffed at it with great zest. "This is no common brand, I reckon."

"Well, I think it better than you will get out of the waiter's box, I dare say," answered Richard, smiling; for his cigars, like every thing else he bought him, were of the best.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put this in my pocket, if you'll allow me, young gentleman, for a treat when I get home. After an early morning breakfast, I generally prefer a pipe, and he produced one accordingly from his pocket.

The man was melancholy to the last degree, being lit only from a sky-light; relics of the last night's dissipation, in the shape of empty glasses and cigar ends, were still upon the small round tables: while a two-days-old newspaper was the only literature of which the apartment could boast.

"This place and hour would be dull enough, Sir," said the stout society, "under any circumstances," said Richard, good-humoredly, smiling. "I don't think I was ever up so early in my life before, nor in a den of a place."

"It's reckoned a good inn, too, is the *George and Vulture*; but the life of a hotel, you see, Sir, is much the same as in the city."

"That's a pity," said Richard, laughing, "as that's have the opportunity of seeing a bit of it been. I'll be away by 9.30, or 10 at latest."

"Ah," said the little man, "indeed!" His words were meaningless enough, but there was really a genuine air of interest in his tone. He was a man of feelings, no doubt; but Richard rather liked him, acutely because it was evident that he was not accustomed to be liked. He had laid himself out to please John Trevethick and his friend Solomon for the last six months, without success, but here was a man who had evidently appreciated him at once. If he was but a specimen of something of that sort, it was only the more creditable to his own powers of pleasing; and his vanity—and Richard was as vain as the best of gentlemen in a small

the centre door was heard. "Thief, thief! thief, thief!" were the words it said.

"How much is there?" inquired the clerk, taking the bundle of notes from Richard's hand; and his voice sounded as though it was uttered in an empty room.

"Two thousand pounds," said Richard. "Is there any difficulty about it? If so, I can take them elsewhere."

But the clerk had got them already, and was beginning to put down the number of each in a great ledger. Richard had not calculated upon this course of procedure, and had his reasons for objecting to it.

"80,431, 80,432, 80,433," read out the clerk aloud, and every soul in the room seemed listening to him.

"I will do," said another voice close to Richard's ear, and a light touch was laid upon his arm. Scarlet to the very temples, he looked up, and there stood the little red-whiskered man from whom he had parted ten minutes before. A very grave expression was now in those twinkling black eyes. "I have a warrant for your apprehension, young man, upon a charge of theft," said he.

"Of theft!" said Richard, angrily. "What nonsense is this?"

"Those notes are stolen," said the little man. "Your name is Richard Yorke, is it not?"

"What is that to you?" said Richard. "I decline—"

Here the door of the manager's room was opened, and out strode Solomon Coe, with a look of cruel triumph on his harsh features. "Ha, ha! your man, right enough," said he. "Heed wheedle the devil, if once you let him talk. He set off with him!"

The next moment Richard's wrists were seized, and he was hurried out between two files of the curious inhabitants of the hotel and a policeman—down the bank steps, and into a fly that stood there in waiting.

"To the County Jail!" cried Solomon, as he entered the vehicle after them. The door closed to the red-whiskered man, and inquired fiercely, why he hadn't put the darbies on the scoundrel.

"Never you mind that," was the sharp reply. "I'm responsible for the young gentleman's safekeeping, and that's enough."

"Young gentleman! I am sure the young gentleman ought to be much obliged to you," replied Solomon, contemptuously. "Young fellow, you mean."

"Nobody's a felon until after trial and conviction," observed the little man, decisively. "Let's have no misunderstanding and no obstruction, you two; that's my motto."

Here the fly began to rumble, and a shudder fell over the vehicle and those it held: they were passing under the archway of the jail.

CHAPTER XXII.

LEAVING THE WORLD.

WHAT wondrous and surpassing change may be in store for us when the soul and body have parted company one does not know. But of the changes of which man has experience in this world, there is probably none so great and overwhelming as that which he undergoes when, for the first time, he passes the material barrier that separates guilt from innocence, and finds himself the inmate of the criminal law. To be no longer in the chaises of the prisoner, and to be no longer a free man is a thing hard to realize; the shock, of course, is greater or less according to his antecedents. The habitual breaker of the law is entirely what sooner or later to the "stone jug" he must come; his friends have been there, and laughed and joked about it, as Eton boys who have been "swished" make merry with the block and rod, and affect to despise it; the situation is, in short at least, familiar to him; yet even he, perhaps, feels a sinking of the heart when the door of the principal cell opens upon him for the first time, and shuts him from the world. The common liberty to go where he will is estimated, while we have it, at nothing; but, once denied, it becomes the most precious boon in life. How infinitely greater, therefore, must be the feelings of one thus unhappily circumstanced, to whom the idea of such a catastrophe has never occurred; who has always looked upon the law from the vantage-ground of a good social position, and engagements in a working with conscience, as in something which could have no personal relation to him self!

Thus it was with Richard Yorke when, for the first time, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of Mr. Dodge, the detective, and his theocratic assistant. For the time he felt stupefied; unmanned, and might have even fainted, or burst into tears, but for the consciousness that Solomon Coe was sitting opposite to him. That Solomon Coe was sitting opposite to him, and that the latter was the fact he owed his misfortune to, that he despised more than words can tell him to the quick, but at the same time gave him an outward show of calmness: he could not be the broken down before that man, though he had been standing beneath the gallows-tree. The spondency would have utterly prostrated him, but for hate and rage—hate of his rival and all who for his sake had risen in estimation against what might be concerned in this catastrophe—and rage at the arrest itself. For, though he had not the consciousness of innocence to support him, he had no sense of guilt. He had had no intention of absolutely stealing Trevethick's money; and yet he foresaw how difficult it would be to clear himself of that grave charge. He also looked back, and perceived for the first time the magnitude of the folly which he had committed in not making known for it is a crime—he had not principle enough for that; but he recognized the evicis enough for that; but he recognized the evicis enough for that; and its mad audacity; ten of the imprudence, and its mad audacity; yet he was mad and audacious still. He had been brought up as much his own master as any youth in England, no matter how rich or nobly born; he had never known control, and even except during those few days at Crompton) what it was to control himself; and he could not realize the fact that he might actually compel to leave the fate of common thieves; to wear a prison garb; to be shut up within those walls for months or even years: no longer a man, but a convict, known only by his number from other jail-birds. He did not know that he was about to be standing in the felon's dock, subject to the curious gaze of a hundred eyes, the indifferent regard of the stern judge. In the midst of these bitter thoughts, which were indeed disputations with his fears, the fly drove through the jail gate, and Mr. Dodge, with a cheerful air, observed: "We must get out here, if you please, Mr. Yorke."

Richard hesitated; he was mistrustful of his very limbs, so severely had the sight of those same walls shaken him.

"Your young friend does not seem much to like the idea of lodging with us," said Solomon, with a brutal laugh.

"That is fortunate," answered the detective, dryly, "since he will not have to do so. In my profession, Mr. Coe, we hold it a mean trick to kick a man when he is down. This way, if you please." For, at the sound of Solomon's voice, Richard was up and out in a moment. "It is merely a form that you have to go through before we go before the bench."

"A form?" asked Richard, hoarsely; "what form?"

"We shall have to search you, Sir; that's all."

"That's all," echoed Solomon, with a grin.

Richard's face frowned from white to red, from red to white, by turns.

"Mr. Coe will stay where he is," said Dodge, peremptorily, as he led the way into a little room that opened from the gate-keeper's parlor.

"I thank you for that, Mr. Dodge," said Richard, gratefully.

"Not at all, Sir. If you have any thing of a compromising character about you, discovery or such like—that's my business and the beak's, not his—Officer do your duty."

Richard was searched accordingly. He had no revolver; but what astonished himself more than it did the detective, was to find a cigar case in his breast-pocket.

"Why, this must be the one that you gave me this morning, Mr. Dodge."

"Just so, Sir. I put it back again as we came along. You know me again—which I hope it be soon—then I'll smoke it with you with pleasure. If I keep it by me, I am careful, you may depend upon it, and baccer is a thing as don't spoil. That's a good cigar, I expect it now—for it."

Mr. Dodge's remark referred to a gold locket, with the word "Harry" outside it, written in diamonds, and within a curl of hair; her, which he had executed himself.

"That's a present from a young lady, Sir," said Richard, sadly.

"No doubt, Sir, no doubt. There's no charge against you except as to these notes, that must put it down as I found them on you; but I say, but you can keep it, and welcome, so far as I am concerned; though I am afraid the Cross Key folks will be so very easy with me."

"The Cross Key folks?"

"Well, Mr. Yorke, it's no use to hide from you that you will be sent to Cross Key; that's a prison, young gentleman, for the time being, for those as are committed, and the beak will be the man to say whether you are committed, ask to see your friends have money, I conclude. Hush! Here's the water, young man; just sip a little, drink it all up, there's a good."

Not another word, either then or afterward, did Mr. Dodge exchange with his prisoner. Perhaps he began to think he had acted contrary to his duty in speaking, chatting with the officer who would will he had already shown him. Perhaps he resented the favorable impression that his conversation had created in his acquaintance at the hotel had made upon him as unprofessional. At all events, he was entirely grave and stern—a mood of affairs where the magistrate was sitting—it was not open at the hour when Richard was brought before him, and he had been searched there—Mr. Dodge seemed to have lost all sympathy for his "young gentleman," chatting with the officer quite carelessly upon matters connected with their common calling, and even offering Mr. Coe a pinch from his snuff-box, without extending that courtesy to Yorke. Nay, when they were just at their journey's end, and the fly was about to turn into the prison-yard, he gave the word for him to halt, and whistle an enlivening air. The method was not so popular as it has since become, or perhaps Mr. Dodge had doubts of his ability to render it with accuracy, but, as if to inform all whom it might concern what it was that he was executing, he hummed aloud the fag-end of the tune, keeping time with his fat spun his knee, "You gave the vessel, you gave the vessel."

Richard understood, and thanked him with his eyes. He had no need, however, to be reminded of the good-natured detective's word of advice. The passenger which he had just undergone had had the effect of revealing to him the imminence as well as the full extent of the peril in which he stood. Henceforward he could think of nothing—not even revenge—save the means of extricating himself from the toils which every moment seemed to multiply about him. The time for action was, indeed, "over" to be sure, but it was over for already—"over" to be there; other folks in difficulties besides our hero, are apt in consolation and excuse to look to their course of conduct before my Lord the Judge. Mr. Dodge, however, assured Richard, that he would have no need to undertake the attorney after him that very night.

The road to Cross Keys was, for many miles, the same which he had lately traveled in the reverse direction; yet how different it looked now! The hills, the rocks, the streams were the same, but Richard then had ever thought them, but they mocked him with their beauty. The sun, which had then so gladly fed the springy turf, the yielding heather, beneath his feet; to love his hands in the sparkling brook, had now grown cruel, and hot in the blessed sun. Perhaps he should never see them any more—these ordinary, everyday beauties, on which he had scarcely taken any account when they were freely offered for his contemplation. He looked back even on the day before, wherein he had certainly been wretched enough, with yearning regret. For, at least, he had been a free man, and when should he be free again? Ah, when! He was, as it were, in a prison on which the key had been thrown away, and leaving quite hopeless, even had it been judicious to make the attempt. His only consolation was that Solomon Coe was no longer with him to jeer at his deserted locket. He had started for Gretton under the news, doubtless as welcome to Trevethick as to himself, of the prisoner's committal. Why would Harry say when she heard of it? What would she not suffer? Richard cast himself back in his seat, and groaned aloud. Mr. Dodge cast a furtive exchanged a glance with his companion. "He is guilty, this young fellow," said the detective to himself. "They had their reasons for such occasions.

The day drew on, and the soft sweet air of evening began to rise. They had stopped here before for refreshments, but Richard had taken nothing; he had, however, partaken of wine under the curious eyes of the country town-loiting-places. He was afraid of the crowd that might gather round the door to which he had that was being taken to prison. There was nothing to mark him as such, but it seemed as if the whole world could by know it. He welcomed the approach of night. They still traveled on for hours after it was his habitual time for retirement, at which he could be placed in safety on the road; at last the wheels rumbled over the stones of a little country town, they stopped before a building similar, so far as he could see by the moonlight, to that which he had left in the morning, but at Plymouth: all jails are alike, especially to the eyes of the prisoner. A great door was opened, there was a parley with the keeper of the gate. The whole scene resembled something which Richard remembered to have witnessed in a dream, he knew not what, nor where. A door in the wall was opened; they led him up some stone steps, another door stood open, there was a clang; and its locks seemed to bite into the stone.

"This way, prisoner," said a gruff voice.

Door after door, passage after passage: a labyrinth of stone and iron. At last he was delivered up to small chamber, unlike any thing he had ever seen in his life. His sleeping-room at the keeper's lodge at Crompton was a palatial convent with it. The walls were stone; the floor of a shining brick; there was a little iron bed, and of a shining brick. His jailer-chamberlain pointed to a low-lying hammock, stretched upon two iron bars, between the walls.

"There, there, tumble in," he said; "you will have your bath in the morning. Look alive!"

Richard obeyed him at once. "Good-night, warder," said he.

"Warder!" grumbled the other; "it's nonsin'. A pretty time to be knockin' up people at a respectable establishment with such names as that—bolts and bones, or deviled kidneys"—for the man was a wag in his quaint way—"ring this ere bell. As for the other rules and regulations of her Majesty's jail, you'll learn them at breakfast-time."

The door slammed behind him.

How the doors *did* slam in that place! And Richard was left all alone. If, instead of the metal ewer of water that stood by his bed-head, there had been a glass of deadly poison, he would have seized it greedily, and emptied it to the dregs.

EFFECT OF THE MITRAILLEUSE AT GRAVELOTTE.

IN our issue of August 20, on page 532, we gave a correct representation of that fearful weapon of modern warfare, the mitrailleuse; and to-day, on page 644, we lay before our readers a sketch taken on the spot, at Gravelotte, showing the effects produced on the Prussians by the concentrated discharge of the thirtyseven barrels constituting the piece.

Terrible as may be the horror resulting from the fire, it is not yet quite certain that the advantages ascribed to the mitrailleuse are not the vantages ascribed to the mitrailleuse are not the counterbalanced by defects. However, the crucial test is being furnished by warfare such as that in which it is now being employed, and the rejection or final adoption of the weapon may well be determined for other nations by the experience gained to it by the French and Prussian governments.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO FREE-EATERS.—Deal gently with the hereafter.

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. "Can't see mine," exclaimed one, "why, there's two faces." "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

Some of the questions proposed for discussion at a meeting of a Western debating club were these: "Is it necessary that a woman should remove a thorny litter-ary obstruction?" "Can a pedestrian walk against time?"

A new mission at New Bedford took a stroll before the public on the first Sunday he was there, and after walking about with locks over his eyes for a time, looking individual wits: "You needn't look any further, for I'm the only one in town."

An unfortunate Indian missionary has had his sermon reported as follows: "The speaker was a dedicated man, and spoke of the dedication of Solomon and his skill in waving trees." The unhappy preacher wrote a letter to the reporter, in which he asked to be excused, but published this excuse, to say that he was a Dedicated man, and spoke of the dedication of Solomon and his talent not as waving trees, but sowing seeds.

An inebriated individual fell down a flight of steps, and was picked up, and a passer-by asked him seriously injured, ran to pick him up. Before he could effectively suggested, "Let him alone, he'll get up himself. What no one stood out? "Now, my friend, I will take down stairs that way."

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look green in the mouth." "Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd been where I have, you'd look green, too." "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Swipes?" "Yes, I know her." "Well, I kissed her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. I'd no idea she was going to kiss me, and I'd cleared my grit that would treat me in that way."

In the graveyard at Chilliwack, England, are the following epitaphs:

"Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the 49th year.
If he don't jump at the last trump,
He'll sleep right here."

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Seidlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts
We wouldn't have been in these vaults."

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take his note.

A lady in Syracuse is said to rest her head on a gearnear while sleeping, in order that she may dream constantly.

Laziness is a good deal like money, the more a man has of it, the more he wants.

An Irish paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest!

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police-courts of Philadelphia, charged with drunkenness. "Well, why did you get drunk?" "Sir how," was the reply, "why, I met an old friend accost of a drake on man; " what did you give license for?"

A "backward spring" is produced by presenting a dun a short pair of heels.

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill!" said an enraged tailor to a dandy who refused to pay him. "I'll answer it," was the cool reply, as he turned round, pointing to his threadbare clothes; "that is just what I expect."

A grand jury ignored a bill against a negro charged with stealing a watch. The judge discharged him from custody he called up the prosecutor and told him that he must not let our wrath run nor to appear here again. "Why, Judge," said the man, "I have been here six times only de constable fetch me."

"Now, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, who had been taking a nap before dressing for an evening party, "remember to wake up with a smile. You couldn't make it look any rougher if you tried."

"Boy!" cried out Brown to the waiter at Sam's, "what's the price of that fish?" "Fifty cents, Sir." "Fifty cents!" "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't set the matter with a question."

A traveler, being at a coffee-house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company, when one of them observed that all these wonders happened out of England. "Sir," asked a gentleman, "where were you born?" "In Ireland, Sir," said he, "but somewhere in Europe I suppose." "Europe!" "I should rather think I-o-p-e," "Hessel, I think."

Lovers of tobacco are now designated as "tobacconalians," and the opponents of the weed as "anti-tobacconalians." Is henceforth to be known as "Tobacconalian Science."

"Washington," exclaimed a member of a Nashville debating club, in emotions house—"Washington was a great man; he was a good man; he was a noble man; a great man; he was a good man; he was noble man; a man said was compos mentis, Washington was that man."

"Can't you manage to give my son one of the prizes after the exhibition?" asked a mother of a teacher. "I will see what the reply. "Your son will stand up against the wall, and the boys will throw at him." "Oh, but then," continued the fond mamma, "if that's so you can give him a prize for perseverance."

GENERAL UHRICH, COMMANDING AT STRASBOURG.—[See Page 651.]

VIEW OF STRASB

BRINGING UP THE GU

…RG.—[See Page 651.]

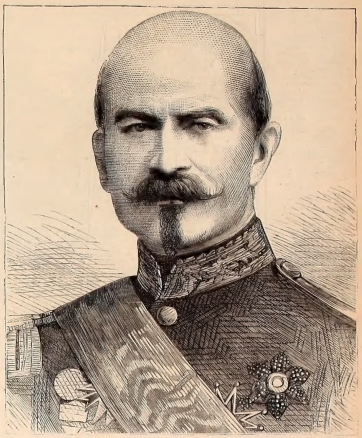

GENERAL TROCHU, GOVERNOR OF PARIS.—[See Page 651.]

…NS.—[See Poem, Page 646.]

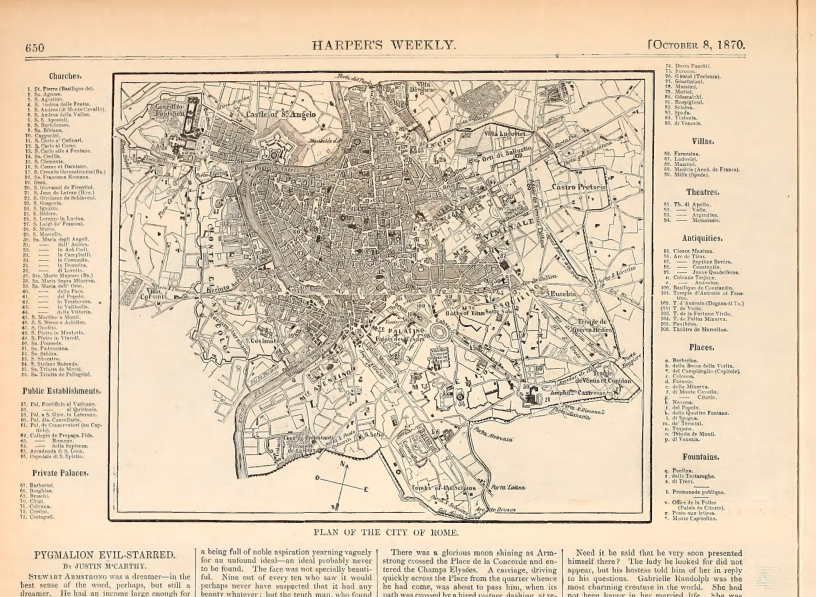
Churches.
1. St. Pierre (Basilique del.
2. Ss. Agnese
3. S. Agnese fuori delle Frutte.
4. S. Andrea (il Noviziato delle).
5. S. Andrea della Valle.
6. S. Andrea.
7. S. Bartolommeo.
8. Ss. Silvano.
9. Cappuccini.
10. S. Carlo a Catinari.
11. S. Carlo al Corso.
12. S. Carlo alle 4 Fontane.
13. Ss. Cecilia.
14. S. Claudio.
15. S. Cosmo et Damiano.
16. S. Croce in Gerusalemme (Ss.)
17. Ss. Faustino Rotondo.
18. Gesù.
19. S. Giovanni de Fiorentini.
20. S. Gio. di Latterano (Basilica di)
21. S. Girolamo de Schiavoni.
22. S. Ignazio.
23. S. Isidoro.
24. S. Lorenzo in Lucina.
25. S. Luigi de' Francesi.
26. S. Maria.
27. S. Marcello.
28. Ss. Maria degli Angeli.
29. —— in Aracoeli.
30. —— in Ara Coeli.
31. —— in Campitelli.
32. —— in Cosmedin.
33. —— in Domnica.
34. —— di Loreto.
35. Ste. Marie Majeure (Ss.)
36. Ss. Maria Sopra Minerva.
37. Ss. Martina e Luca.
38. —— della Pace.
39. —— del Popolo.
40. —— della Vittoria.
41. —— della Visitazione.
42. —— della Vittoria.
43. S. Martino ai Monti.
44. S. S. Nome a Jesù.
45. S. Onofrio.
46. S. Pietro in Montorio.
47. S. Pietro in Vincoli.
48. S. Prassede.
49. Ss. Pudenziana.
50. Ss. Sabina.
51. S. Salvatore.
52. S. Silvestro Rotondo.
53. Ss. Silvestro de Monti.
54. Ss. Trinità de' Monti.
55. Ss. Trinità de Pellegrini.

Public Establishments.
61. Pal. Pontificio al Vaticano.
62. —— al Quirinale.
63. Pal. e S. Uff. di Latterano.
64. —— di Montecitorio.
65. Pal. de Governatori Del Campidoglio.
66. Collegio de Propaga. Fide.
67. Dogana.
68. —— della Sapienza.
69. Accademia di S. Luca.
70. Ospedale di S. Spirito.

Private Palaces.
87. Barberini.
88. Borghese.
89. Braschi.
90. Chigi.
91. Colonna.
92. Corsini.
93. Costaguti.
94. Doria Pamfili.
95. Farnese.
96. Gabrielli.
97. Lodovisi.
98. Madama.
99. Medici (Asyl. de France).
100. Mills (Mrs.)

Theatres.
61. Th. di Apollo.
62. —— Argentina.
63. —— Arguzzolo.
64. —— Metastasio.

Antiquities.
65. Circus Maximus.
66. Arc de Titus.
67. —— Septime Severe.
68. —— Constantin.
69. Temple de Jupiter Tonnans.
70. Colonne Trajan.
71. —— Antonine.
72. Basilique Antonin Caracalla.
73. Temple d'Antonin et Faustine.
74. Temple de Romulus (Dagone di Ti.)
75. Temple de la Paix.
76. Temple de la Fortune Virile.
77. Temple de Vesta.
78. Temple de Minerve Medicine.
79. Pantheon.
80. Thermes de Marcellus.

Fountains.
a. Borbotine.
b. Delle Becca della Verita.
c. Fontaine de Trevi (Cripiole).
d. Colonnade.
e. Fontaine.
f. Acqua Marcya.
g. Fontaine de Monte Cavallo.
h. —— Obelisk.
i. Nicosie.
j. Del Popolo.
k. Fontaine Paulines.
l. Di Spagna.
m. De Termini.
n. Trevia.
o. Piazza de Monti.
p. Pia Felice.

Villas.
66. Farnesina.
67. Lodovisi.
68. Mandosi.
69. Medici (Asyl. de France).
70. Mills (Mrs.)

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62. —— Argentina.
63. —— Arguzzolo.
64. —— Metastasio.

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Piazza del Popolo
Castra Pretoria
Villa Ludovisi
Villa Medici
Villa Mellini
Villa Borghese
Villa Albani
Villa Mandosi
Villa Negroni
Villa Massimi
Villa Panfili
Villa Doria
Villa Pamfili
Villa Corsini
Villa Farnesina
Villa Spada
Villa Barberini
Villa Aldobrandini
Villa Mills
Villa Colonna
Villa Palombara
Villa Wolkonsky
Villa Caffarelli
Villa Mattei
Villa Celimontana
Villa Casali
Villa Lancellotti
Villa Fonseca
Villa Altieri
Villa Ludovisi
Villa Negroni
Villa Massimi
Villa Panfili
Villa Doria
Villa Pamfili
Villa Corsini
Villa Farnesina
Villa Spada
Villa Barberini
Villa Aldobrandini
Villa Mills
Villa Colonna
Villa Palombara
Villa Wolkonsky
Villa Caffarelli
Villa Mattei
Villa Celimontana
Villa Casali
Villa Lancellotti
Villa Fonseca
Villa Altieri
Castra Pretoria
Amphi. Castrense
Piazza di Termini
Piazza Barberini
Piazza Colonna
Piazza di Monte Citorio
Piazza Navona
Piazza Farnese
Piazza di Spagna
Piazza del Popolo
Piazza Venezia
Piazza di Trevi

Stewart, alarmed, caught her in his arms, and endeavored to learn the cause of her sudden outburst of fear. She recovered herself in a moment, and asked, in a tone that still trembled:

"Did you see any one—a man—there—on the foot-path?"

"Yes—a man—certainly, dearest. He went round the corner just now. What of him?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing! Only a wild fancy of mine. Oh, Stewart, if I could believe in ghosts, I should believe that I had seen one now! If the dead could come from their graves to torture the living, I should believe that one dead had come from his grave to torture me."

"Gabrielle, love, whom do you fear? What do you speak of? I will follow the man, and find out who he is."

"No, no, for God's sake! I know it is only a fancy of mine—a foolish, wild fancy. And yet I could not bear to think of your following that man, and you and he looking into each other's eyes. How foolish I am! I am sorry I told you I could tell you all; but I can not now."

They were standing now on the steps of the house in which she lived. He was reluctant to leave her, but she assured him that she was now quite composed, and had almost forgotten her first alarm. Yet there was an ominous sadness in the tone of her voice as she bade him good-night—a clinging, fearful fondness in the pressure of her hand, as if she dreaded to let him go.

Stewart looked out keenly every where as he walked homeward for the man who had alarmed Gabrielle so strangely. He thought he should recognize the figure again, although he had only seen it for a moment. The impression it had made on him was disagreeable; it seemed that figure of a man one would not particularly care to meet suddenly on a dark night if one were unarmed. This was, indeed, only a momentary and vague impression; but Stewart felt convinced he should recognize the man even if he saw him. He saw no one, however, whose form made the same impression on him; and he tried to think nothing of the whole affair.

On one point he felt certain. The man, who ever he was, had reminded Gabrielle of her husband. She had hesitated enough to know that the man had been an utter scoundrel; a libertine, a gambler, a swindler, and worse. He was dead, to be sure; but Gabrielle's life had been so darkened by him that it was little wonder if even a form which reminded her of him could startle her out of all composure.

Stewart went home, and passed at his statue this night with a profound, mournful earnestness he had not felt for a long time. Something, he could not tell what, made him determined to go to bed. He lay upon a sofa in his sitting-room, and at last fell asleep.

He had not slept long when he seemed to hear a wild scream piercing the air and calling his name. He started up, and half persuaded even to think whether the cry was part of a disturbed dream or a very reality, when a hand was laid to his ear, broke horribly upon the silence of the sleeping house; and in the light, faint as it was, that streamed through the shutters from a gas that his cherished statue had fallen from its pedestal, and was smashed into a thousand pieces.

Why was it that he did not pay to lament over the fall of his idol, or even to consider how it had happened? What new terror had made him at once connect its fall with the wild idea of some danger to Gabrielle? He never could tell; but now he seized his hat, rushed down stairs, unlocked the great door, and darted into the street. At full speed he ran through the gray of the morning to Gabrielle's house; and lo! as he came in sight of it, he saw the man of the previous night creep cautiously down the steps, as if he had just crossed the threshold from within.

Stewart sprang at him, and seized him.

"What have you been doing there?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Just spending a quiet hour with my wife, was the reply, delivered with a savage scowl and sneer. "I am Gabrielle Rondelle's husband. She thought me dead, but she was mistaken. Now I am in a hurry to find out whether she dead. You are the Yankee who was to have married her, are you? Sorry to have crossed your love's path, but she is my wife, all the same."

"This is not true," groaned poor Armstrong.

"It's true, for all that. As for you, you will tell me what I want. Have you any thing more to say?"

Stewart turned away without a word, and staggered home like one who is drunk. There, in the dawn now clearing, lay the symbol of his ruined hopes and love destroyed—the broken statue.

When the sun rose and the world awoke he decided that he would go straight to see Mr. Aer, and learn all the truth from her own lips. But before he could leave the house a message was made by a letter for him from her mistress. With trembling hands he opened it and read:

"DEAREST ARMSTRONG,—I am not well to-day; I will not live without you. I did not deceive you, but we would certainly decided. Only one way now is left to me. I escape from a life which henceforward would be too hideous for endurance. Oh, forgive me that I have blighted your life; and when you can lift your head from this sorrow, think of me as I am now.

"Not in life, but at least in death, your own

"GABRIELLE."

Stewart Armstrong rushed like a madman to her house; it was all in commotion—it was too late. The moment she dismissed her maid with the letter Gabrielle flung herself on her bed, and they found her there with a tiny dagger—a pretty toy that used to lie on her dressing-table—driven into her heart. The determined, despairing hand that had driven it home still clung around its hilt.

The husband of the unhappy woman disappeared again into the darkness, and was seen no more. Stewart Armstrong still lives—a hopeless, gloomy man, prematurely old, who wanders about Europe purposeless as a ghost.

GENERAL UHRICH

GENERAL UHRICH, the commander of the defenses of Strasburg, is in his sixty-ninth year, having been born at Phalsbourg in the year 1802.

In 1820 he left the military school of St. Cyr as Sous-Lieutenant in the Third Regiment of Light Infantry, with which he served through the Spanish campaign of 1823, being present at the siege of Pampeluna.

His promotion was not very rapid, for it was not until 1848 that he became Colonel of his old regiment, the Third Infantry. He was General of Brigade, and in 1855 General of Division, in present rank.

His military record is that of a thoroughly brilliant service during the siege of Sebastopol. In 1857 he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honor, and in 1862 Grand Officer of the same order.

General Uhrich is well known to the people of Strasburg and, at the outset, took a leading part in the province, and held command of the subdivision of the Bas-Rhine for some years.

Since his commencement of the siege General Uhrich has issued very stringent orders respecting Prussian spies who are believed to be inside the fortifications, and to whom short shrift is to be given if detected.

The General has two brothers, one a distinguished officer in the army, the other an Intendant-General. He has also a son and nephews serving on his staff.

From the excellent portrait given on our double page our readers may judge that General Uhrich retains all the vigor and energy of youth, despite his near approach to the Psalmist's threscore and ten.

STRASBOURG.

THIS city, of which we give a view on our double page, is now a fortress of the first-class, but of very irregular shape, being about three miles long by two and a quarter wide, in seven and a half miles in circumference. It is situated on the rivers Ill and Rhine, which flow into the Rhine within a mile of the city, and is surrounded by a bastioned wall, with deep ditches, filled by numerous sluices of water. The wall is pierced by seven gates: those of *Blanche* and the *Governor* lead to the suburb of the same to the northeast, *Juifs* and *Pecheurs* to the north, and the *Dauphin* and *L'Hopital* gates to the south. The *Austerlitz* and *Finkmatt* gates are defended by peculiarly strong redoubts. The citadel with its four bastions, which forms the extremity of the city, was constructed by the celebrated engineer VAUBAN.

The canal Ill, entering the city at the south east, forming a grand sluice to the fortifications, by which the whole environs can be inundated, divides within the walls into several smaller streams, which are reunited as they leave the city on the Rhine. The Ill forms a branch of the Ill, called Bruche, which reaches the canal eastern portions of the city, and receives on the right the canal of the Rhine, which joins the Strasbourg a direct communication with that river. Fifty-seven bridges, a number of them branches of the Ill, nine of which are of stone, and arched. Strasbourg, before the commencement of hostilities, contained a population of eighty thousand, who dwelt in generally well-built houses, and the whole appearance of the city corresponds on the banks of the various streams.

The Cathedral has ever been one of the great sights of Europe, its tower being considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture. Indeed, Strasbourg is full of ancient buildings—the Chateau Rohan, built by Cardinal DE ROHAN; the Church of St. Thomas, which contains the tomb of Maréchal DE SAXE; the Hotel de Ville, where, in olden days, dwelt the Emperors of Germany; these and many other magnificent specimens of art and skill are now being ruthlessly destroyed by the Prussian bombardment.

GENERAL TROCHU.

SIX weeks ago this able military officer was appointed Governor of Paris and Commander-in-Chief of the troops destined for the defense of the beautiful capital of France, and has now been nominated Military Governor. General Jules TROCHU is fifty-five years of age, and in his youth was a pupil of the military school of St. Cyr and of the school of Metz. He enjoys a very high reputation for military ability, which, however, has never until now been tested by any independent command. He served in Algeria on the staff of Marshal BUGEAUD, and in the Crimea on the staff of Marshal CANROBERT. After the Marshal's death he was promoted to the rank of General of Division. In 1867 TROCHU, which he held until the close of the Russian war. During the Italian campaign of 1859, which was ended by the victory of Solferino, he held the distinction is command of a division. Since that time he has been a member of the Consultative Committee at the Ministry of War, and as the end of 1866 he was specially appointed to consider and report upon the best organization of the French army, in consequence of the aggrandizement of Prussia. The result of his labors was published anonymously a book entitled "The French Army in 1867," which attracted great attention, and of which a second edition was in six months. In it he severely criticised the organization of the French army, and especially the consequences of those changes under the Empire which tended to render the soldiery a separate and professional caste, severed in interest and feeling from their civilian countrymen. He received no appointment in the army, however, and the Empire was not broke out; but it is understood that he was to have commanded the land forces which were to have composed the Baltic Expedition, but which were recalled from Cherbourg and Brest to defend Paris and Metz.

The portrait on our double page is from a photograph by Disdéri of Paris.

PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC.

ON Saturday, the 3d of September, the total defeat of M'MAHON and his army was announced to the Corps Législatif. The Count De Palikao, essaying to palliate the terrible disaster, would not be listened to; but JULES FAVRE rose, and he proposed to vest all power in the hands of General TROCHU. No action, however, was then taken; but on the following day, Sunday, the 4th, the populace invaded the legislative halls, shouting "*Vive la République!*" and in the midst of the greatest disorder and tumult, but unaccompanied by any actual violence, the President put on his hat and declared that the Count De Palikao and other members of the Ministry, Whereupon, finding it impossible to obtain any hearing, broke up the Chambers. M. GARNIER-PAGÈS, accompanied by the members of the Left, proceeded to the steps of the Corps Législatif, and there announced the dethronement of the Emperor to the people assembled outside. Our readers will find, from the sketch of the scene on page 652, that M. GARNIETA found considerable difficulty here also in making himself heard by the immense throng in front of and around him. They then hurried to the Hotel de Ville, and installed themselves as the Provisional Government. Within an hour or two afterward, by the simple display of a few bayonets, possession was secured of the various ministries, the Prefecture of Police, the telegraphs, and the printing-machines of the *Journal Officiel*; and, presto! the Empire is changed into a Republic. The Parisians have made so many revolutions that they have become perfect masters of the mode of proceeding to a formula, and the overturning of a throne is with them like any well-rehearsed scene in a play.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WARD BEECHER was rumored that Chevalier Wikoff might cross the Atlantic to sing in the metropolis of America, for the sum of music expected a treat. And now that she has come, and they have heard her wonderful voice, their delight and admiration have been most enthusiastic. Never has any artiste been received with more cordiality and appreciation than this young, beautiful, and gifted Swede. The purity and delicacy of her voice, combined with the transcendent power of its tones, the wonderful capacity she exhibits to interpret every emotion and passion breathed by the music she sings, as well as her graceful beauty and unaffected demeanor, have made her a favorite with all who have had the blessing of Mlle. Nilsson's first appearance in Steinway Hall a storm of Beecher, and fainted for appreciation of the music, and at the close of the performance presented a number of her own countrymen, with the notes of the Swedish national ballad lingering in their ears, awaited her entrance into her carriage, and, substituting themselves for the horses, dragged their favorite to her hotel.

The entertainment which supports Mlle. Nilsson during the present engagement includes several artistes of celebrity, and the concerts have been a rare enjoyment to the musical-loving public.

Strasbourg has long been famous for its *pâtés de foie gras*, made of the livers of geese, which are enlarged to an unnatural size by the process of shutting the birds up singly in a coop too narrow to allow them to turn, and feeding them with corn soaked in water until it is a paste. The winter is the season for fattening them, the coolness being essential. These coops are very common in Strasbourg. Instances are known of a goose's liver having attained the weight of two or three pounds.

Somewhere in the vicinity of Chicago a "Magnetic Healing Institute" is opened, which is capable of supplying that city with at least 1000 barrels a day, and still leave a great deficiency in bathing purposes. It is the unanimous opinion of all who have tasted this water that it must be highly medicinal.

Paris is deserted by the fashionable world, society is dispersed, and Imperial splendor quitted the once gay city. A lady writing from that city says:

"The daughter of the regular state of feeling would be impossible; it is agitated beyond expression; and yet there is nothing actually to excite it. The shops are open, but nobody enters them to make purchases; the theatres are closed, with no men. As a rule, the ladies of the richer class among our acquaintance have gone to Trouville, Dieppe, Etretat, Fontainebleau, or to their estates in the country. Parisian life, in short, is at present suspended. There are no new books to read, no fashionable soirées, &c., &c., and we are left with mourning toilets, for it is easy to see that we shall not be in full dress for months. In fact, there is scarcely a family that has not personally to lament the loss of at least one relative. In whatever quarter establishment you enter, black surrounds you on all sides."

The following humorous *malapropos* incident is recorded: It happened the other day that the Crown Prince praised the Bavarian army for its bravery on the battle-field, and soldiers belonging to that corps. "Yes, your Royal Highness," remarked one of them, "we have done our duty in 1866" (meaning the battles they were fighting against Prussia), "we should have done more—and against Prussians."

The Parisians have named a street leading from the Faubourg St. Honore to the Champs Elysées, M'Mahon.

The City Hall Park is at present in a state of fearful confusion. The old gas-pipes are being removed, the sidewalks are torn up, and a passage across it is anything but agreeable. In a few weeks, however, we are promised order out of the confusion. Many improvements are being made which will add greatly to the beauty of this park.

When 40,000 Parisians all at once, as it moved by one motion and universal fear, took the quick resolve to abandon their homes, their fields, and stores to seek shelter behind the fortifications of the city, never, perhaps, in the annals of history, was there a more memorable Sunday did it last without a moment's intermission. Vehicle of every shape, size, and burden —from the heavy furniture-van, with its rumbling, unsteady pace, to the humble hand-cart drawn or wheeled along by the poor mother, whose little stock of household goods was surmounted by the younger children, while the elder ones trudged wearily by her side—crowded the streets to that extent that the omnibuses were compelled to move at a snail's pace among them, the most brilliant carriages were applied, in many cases, to the most menial uses. A whole history was written in that single episode. Many families who had been compelled to hire three and four heavy coaches for the conveyance of their goods were forced to follow them on foot. The rent was so sudden and so tremendous that the most exorbitant prices were offered for the hire of vehicles even of the humblest description.

Famine and pestilence are following in the wake of the great European war. An immense area of country is ravaged, thousands of homes destroyed, herds, and destitute of every thing. On the ground of common humanity an appeal has been made to the American people to send relief to the wounded and suffering.

The College of the City of New York is overflowing with students. We understand that it opened with over eight hundred scholars, while the capacity of the building is not much above seven hundred. Probably the number will be somewhat diminished by the eight weeks' probation. A new building is in the process of construction, which is designed to accommodate the newer classes of the college.

When the imperial apartments of the Tuileries were thrown open after the flight of the Empress, they were traces every where of a most precipitate departure. Empty bottles and glasses were strewn about. In passing through the suit of rooms which had belonged to the Emperor and his son the first object that attracted attention was a child's sword lying on a sofa, half drawn from its scabbard, as if it had been carelessly thrown aside. Amidst torn numbers of the *Gaulois*, the *Opinion Nationale*, and the *Figaro*, lay the helmet of a revolver. In all the rooms the perfumes of flowers could be seen. In the Emperor's drawing-room was the palace diary, with the page relating to the 4th of September half torn away. In the corridors, which are ordinarily kept lighted, the lamps were found to have been carefully extinguished, and to have left behind them a faint odor of oil. In another room, where the remains of breakfast, which evidently been cut short. It was of very simple fare, consisting only of boiled eggs and bread and cheese. A change was done by the mob to the interior of the Tuileries.

A visitor to the American Institute Fair will find, in the department of the humorous and the ingenious, ample and pleasurable occupation for many hours. There he may have a little fun, and there he there may fail to discover any system of classification, so incongruous is the apparent arrangement. The following enumeration may assist in comprehending matters: 1. Art; 2. Comfort and Elegance in Homes; 3. Textile Fabrics; 4. Apparel; 5. Machinery; 6. Intercommunication; 7. Agriculture. The second department contains articles of every kind and description, exceptingmachinery, and will specially interest those who are in search of objects to have, rather than to see. The fair will continue open through October.

The heroic defense of Phalsbourg by its governor is another instance of history repeating itself. In 1814, when Phalsbourg was besieged by the allied armies under the Duke of Wurtemberg, the governor, when he replied, "I will surrender the town when the bowstrings are my pocket-handkerchief on fire."

After the battle of Sedeen the streets about the residence of Bismarck were thronged with enthusiastic people, who vociferated for a speech. After many ineffectual efforts to get rid of the crowd, the Chancellor mounted, and saying to those with him, "If the people will have me for one way they must have me here to walk me—seek a home," he walked to the balcony and began to speak. He was interrupted with a few words of praise to the soldiers who had won Sedeen.

A couple of Western editors thus sum up their wealth: by account "Mr. Editor (my wife), $1,000,000; our five-carat-old editor, $500,000; one seven-weeks-old subscriber, $1,000,000; one tooth of ours, one on account, $1; sensitive, 12 cents; total, $1,750,001 85."

The other has a belief in figures of his own reckoning: "Mrs. Editor, $2,000,000; our six-year-old editor, $1,000,000; our seven-year-old editor, $700,000; one-year-old subscriber, $800,000; one editress one week old, $400,000; cash on hand, 10 cts; due on account, 15 cts; total assets, $4,900,000 25 cts."

It is affirmed that a large part of the personal correspondence of the Imperial family was found in some of the sixty-six trunks of the Empress Eugénie which were arrested. She herself was immediately released, but it was the intention of the authorities to detain the private papers which might have been confided to her safe-keeping.

The absence of Queen Victoria from her capital at such an important time, when the Court is usually extremely commented upon, even by her loyal subjects. It seems that the Queen's journey from London—after a journey of twenty-four hours—and on the signature of the Queen in succession to all documents of state, a telegraphic dispatch connected with the war is delayed three days. The English people do not like this way doing business.

The Salamanca bridegroom who recently gave a forged check to the clergyman who married him would be justly served should he find his bride "worthless."

It is the thoughtful suggestion of a visitor to public hospitals that some cheap pictures would be more beneficial to the sick inmates than the fine ones now hung in the wards. To avoid it would seem to be but it is a great relief to have something pleasant upon which the eye can rest. Flowers, birds, children, and the cheapest decorations of any kind, would be a godsend to many a weary patient.

Notes and Queries gives the origin of the phrase, "He will never set the town on fire." It appears that the steer used in sitting, the flour at a still is so that the steer used in sitting, the flour at a still is so called (in Yorkshire) and it has occasionally happened that combustion has been caused by the hard and continuous friction. From this cause it has sometimes the flour-barrel's fire. The word has been, oddly enough, of unpaid into France from this country we say, "He will never set the river on fire."

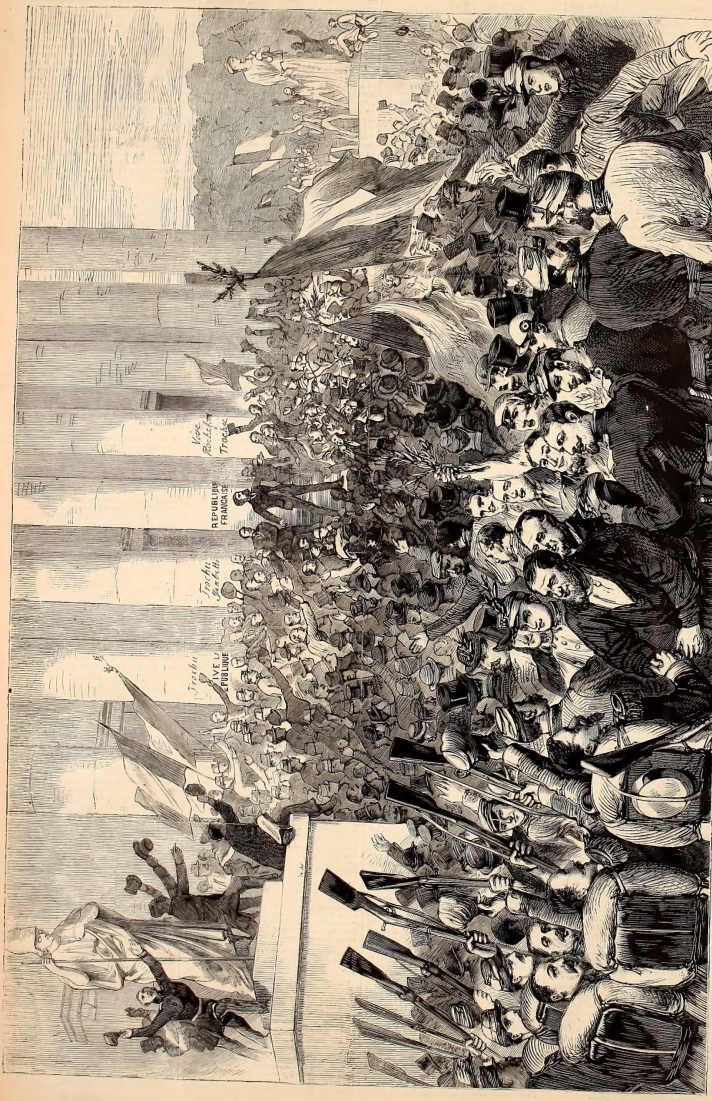

GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1870, IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF.—[See Page 651.]

WILLIAM F. ALLEN.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

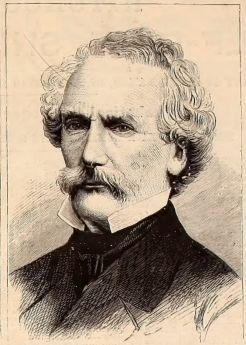

RUFUS W. PECKHAM.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

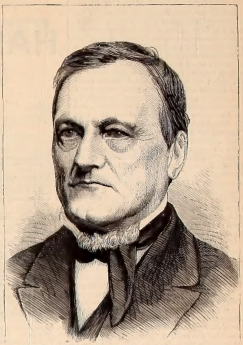

MARTIN GROVER.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

THE COURT OF APPEALS.

On this page we give portraits of the Judges of the new Court of Appeals, who were inducted into office on the 1st of July.

The Chief Justice, SANFORD E. CHURCH, first entered public life as a member of Assembly from Orleans County, in 1842, and was the only member of the Democratic party in the House from the Eighth District. He took immediate and prominent rank as a debater, and displayed that prudence and sagacity as a politician which has characterized him since. In 1847 he was elected Comptroller of the State, and served his term of three years. In 1867 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention as one of the delegates at large; and at the election in June last was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeals, having received the largest vote cast for any member of that court. Judge CHURCH has been a member of several of the National Conventions of the Democratic party; and at the National Convention held at Tammany Hall, in 1868, received the vote of the New York delegation for the Presidency.

Mr. Justice WILLIAM F. ALLEN has filled various public positions. In 1843 and 1844 he represented Oswego County in the Assembly. In 1847 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District, and was re-elected in 1855. In November, 1867, he was elected Comptroller of the State, and was the incumbent of that office at the time of his election to the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Justice RUFUS W. PECKHAM had long held a distinguished position at the bar prior to his election to the Thirty-third Congress from the Albany district. In 1861 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court, and re-elected in November, 1867, for eight years.

Mr. Justice MARTIN GROVER was known as an able lawyer and eloquent advocate throughout the Eighth Judicial District prior to his entrance into public life, which was as a member of the Thirtieth Congress, in which he served from 1845 to 1847, where he attained high rank as a debater. In 1857 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court from the Eighth Judicial District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice MULLETT; and re-elected, in 1869, for the full term of eight years. As a man of strong and original intellectual force he has scarcely a superior on the bench.

Mr. Justice CHARLES J. FOLGER, after having at a very early age won distinction at the Ontario bar, when JOHN C. SPENCER, MARK H. SIBLEY, FRANCIS GRANGER, ALVAH WORDEN, were at the zenith of their fame, was, in 1844, when but twenty-six years old, appointed First Judge of Ontario County, under the second Constitution; and in November, 1851, was elected to that office. In 1862 he was elected a State Senator from the Twenty-sixth District, and was re-elected in 1864, 1866, and 1868, and resigned for the purpose of accepting the office of Assistant Treasurer of the United States in this city. In the Senate he was the conceded leader of the Republican party—a position to which he was entitled by the soundness of his judgment, his admirable executive ability, and his readiness and power in debate. His personal popularity is sufficiently attested by the fact that his vote for Associate Justice was largely in excess of that of any of the candidates on the Republican ticket.

Mr. Justice CHARLES A. RAPALLO, although a young member of the bar, is, for the first time, the occupant of high official station. He is known as one of the ablest lawyers in the State, and has appeared as leading counsel in several cases involving a larger amount of money than has ever been brought into our higher courts for adjudication.

Mr. Justice CHARLES ANDREWS, of Syracuse, appears also for the first time in a public capacity, with the exception of having been a member of the last Constitutional Convention. In Central New York he has occupied a prominent position at the bar, and socially is held in high esteem.

SANFORD E. CHURCH.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

CHARLES A. RAPALLO.—[PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.]

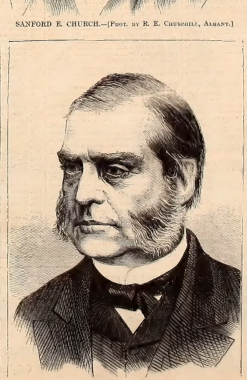

CHARLES J. FOLGER.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

CHARLES ANDREWS.—[PHOT. BY R. E. CHURCHILL, ALBANY.]

MR. PEPYS AND HIS WIFE.

ONE of the most humorous—yet one of the saddest—of the records in Mr. Pepys's "Diary" is the history of his wife's jealousy, and the trouble it occasioned him. Never, perhaps, was a picture of the working of that dread passion painted with more perfect skill—never was a demonstration of morbid anatomy more complete; and, as we read it, the whole drama seems itself before our eyes. He was, I believe, really very fond of his young and pretty wife: but I fear that he gave her some reason to suspect, from the natural gallantry of his character, and his devotion to *de bons sens*, one and all. "I am," he says, "a most loving husband, sir;" but I think, on the whole, Mrs. Pepys paid him off pretty handsomely. She comforted herself at home so warm that toward the end of the "Diary" we find him, after one of these little matrimonial tournaments, going "to bed weeping to himself for grief;" and, a few pages on, he cries out in the anguish of his soul that he "can no longer endure this life."

Nor did his good lady always confine herself to the usual female artillery of snubs and sulks and sighs and tears. Upon one occasion she declined to retire to rest at the usual hour, and he was obliged to leave her sitting up. But, happening to wake about 1 A.M., he found her approaching his side of the bed, "with the tongs red-hot at the ends, as if she did design to punish me with them;" evidently intending to scare him by the nose, as St. Dunstan did his adversary! Upon this Mr. Pepys prudently skipped out of bed, and induced the fair creature to lay down her arms; but I think he must always have felt some little uneasiness afterward when bedtime came. The method in which he carried himself throughout this campaign is admirably described. His mode of warfare seems to have been to soothe her at the time, and, some twenty hours afterward, to pick a quarrel with her about something else, and then rap her well over the knuckles—a mode of procedure which I think I have seen elsewhere. But, altogether, she appears to have pretty much carried her point, and made him feel, if not see, the error of his many offenses, whereupon, when he had been chastised into repentance, and all was smooth, he actually, Mrs. Pepys, as the chief apple of discord, would be evil fortune wink at him in the middle of the play, and as Mrs. Pepys sat watching the internal of the scene his answering smile would be at once detected, and hostilities would recommence with redoubled violence.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"IN 1858 I bought a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, which is still in good order, and does as good work as ever, without a cent's worth of repairs. It has averaged two hundred and fifty dollars a year, besides family sewing. With the needle I planned over three thousand yards of magic ruffling. Tucking and hemming are my favorite pastime. I never sit at the machine alone without saying, 'God bless Wheeler & Wilson,' and it is still my prayer."—MARY A. STEWART, Upper Alton, Ill.

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SENTIMENTAL.

No.		Author.
191.	Bugle side, the	Novello.
129.	It ought not thus to be	Abt.
43.	A sailor's grave	Whittaker.
144.	Jessie's Dream	Claribel.
143.	John Anderson, my Jo	Claribel.
94.	Juanita	Norton.
412.	Kathleen Aroon	F. Abt.
366.	Katy Darling	Claribel.
176.	Katy's Letter	Dulcken.
188.	Kelvin Grove	Scotch.
316.	Killarney	Balfe.
146.	Lady Mine	Waverly.
360.	Land of the West	Lover.
145.	Last Hope	Gottschalk.
167.	Last link is broken	Clifton.
168.	Last Rose of Summer	
232.	Lorlean Waltz	Strauss.
42.	Le Salve dolce mare	Bellini.
148.	Life Boat	Claribel.
141.	Light of other days	Balfe.
142.	Light of the World	Wrighton.
134.	Like a flower	Wrighton.
147.	Little Lee	Claribel.
117.	Little Bird, little bird	Claribel.
248.	Little Diamond Dewdrop, Rimpleh.	
149.	Little Gipsy Jane	Glover.
150.	Little Mary Morgan	Blumpleh.
151.	Little Nell	Glover.
152.	Little Sunbeam	Rosenfeld.
153.	Love light in your eye	Sedgwick.
154.	Love in the Ice	Smith.
155.	Love in the Garden	Tully.
156.	Love not	Balfe.
157.	Love Dreams	Claribel.
158.	Love was once a little boy	
159.	Margery Morgan	Scotch.
160.	Maggie's secret	Claribel.
161.	Maid of Athens	Kinkhorn.
162.	March of the Cameron Men, the	
163.	Mary of Argyle	Claribel.
164.	Mary of Castle Cary	McNeil.
165.	Marie's Wedding	Rosellen.
166.	Marion's Song	Claribel.
167.	Mary Blewed three	Pratt.
228.	Marseilles Hymn	De Lisle.
169.	Meet me by moonlight	Claribel.
170.	Meet me by moonlight, J.A. Wade.	
171.	Meet me in the morning	Scotch.
172.	Memory of many hours	Lover.
173.	Memory of early days	Tetsch.
174.	Mermaid, the	Mason.
175.	Molly Bawn	Lover.
176.	Mona's Vow	Millard.
177.	Moonlit sea	Prout.
178.	Motto for every man	Rosellen.
179.	My aza fresh	
180.	My Angeline	Guglielmo.
423.	My Boy Eyed Nellie	Blumpleh.
181.	My Lodging is on the cold ground	Balfe.
182.	My mother dear	Lover.
183.	My own, my darling star, Marseilles.	
184.	My own true love	Millard.
185.	Nellie	Nevin.
186.	Nellie Gray	Pratt.
92.	Of what is the old man thinking?	Kuecken.
340.	Oft in the stilly night	Moore.
187.	Old Arm Chair, the	Claribel.
423.	Old familiar faces	H. Fase.
188.	Old folks at home	E. P. Leduc.
189.	Old Irish jaunt	
367.	Old man's home, the, Anne Pricker.	
367.	One careless word	Alex. Lee.
190.	One lock of hair	Claribel.
191.	Orphan Ballad singers	Russell.
192.	Over the hills and o'er the vale	Balfe.
193.	Over the sea I sang	Blumpleh.
13.	O would I were a boy	Blumpleh.
194.	Pa's new hat	Pratt.
284.	Oh! Banquet not	Bishop.
195.	Oh, Susanna	Geo. Buckley.
196.	Over the summer sea	Verdi.
197.	Parting	Kennedy.
83.	Passing Bell,	Claribel.
198.	Pastoral Valley	Bishop.
199.	Penance a moi, ma chere amie Brake.	
200.	Pilgrim of Russia, the, J. Thornton.	
289.	Poor Louise	Rodwell.
201.	Power of love	Schnabel.
202.	Pretty, pretty bird	Waverly.
203.	Pride of Erin	Scotch.
204.	Queen of the West	Cook.
205.	Rejected letter	Pratt.
206.	Rose Bower, the	Lover.
207.	Rose of the dell	Clarke.
208.	Rose, the,	Clarke.
209.	Rose, brothers, row	Soer.
210.	Roy's wife	
211.	Scotch Lassie Jean	Peabody.
212.	Sea hath its pearls, the	Wrighton.
213.	Shells of Ocean	Claribel.
214.	She is not fair to outward view	Balfe.
215.	She might not suit your fancy	Millard.
147.	She wore a wreath of roses, Knight.	
216.	Sister Clares	Claribel.
192.	Sing no sad songs	Linley.
217.	Sing me a merry song	Wrighton.
218.	Skipper and his Boy	Gabrielle.
219.	Sleep, Wanda Lassy	Parry.
86.	Smile of Memory	Waverly.
220.	Smiles and Tears	Clippingdale.
221.	Spanish Muleteer,	Millard.
222.	Speed, speed to love me	Balfe.
26.	Spinning	Bulder.
223.	Spell is broken	Belcher.
224.	Spring time or youth	Nash.
424.	Star of home	German.

No.		Author.
225.	Star of love	Bucco.
226.	Star-Spangled Banner	
54.	Still I love him	Dobson.
146.	Strangers yet	Claribel.
227.	Sunset Waltz	Strauss.
94.	Sweetheart	Norton.
184.	Sweet Flower	Blumpleh.
228.	Sweet Robin	Claribel.
229.	Sweeter than the Breath	Nelson.
230.	Switzer's song of Home, Meyerbeer.	
380.	Sweet song bird was singing,	W. F. Taylor.
26.	Take back the heart	Claribel.
231.	Teach me to forget	Balfe.
116.	Then you'll remember me	Balfe.
134.	There was a simple maiden	Macfarren.
86.	There's a charm in spring, Julius.	
232.	There is a flower	Wallace.
233.	There's no luck	Pratt.
234.	There's not a look	Wrighton.
146.	Tis hard to give the hand	Glover.
235.	The Troubadour	Bayly.
345.	These things can never die	Fase.
236.	This world is full of beauty	Waverly.
237.	They bid me forget thee	
238.	Those Basin Belle	Kinkmark.
239.	Those happy days are gone	Lavenu.
240.	Thou art gone from my gaze	Linley.
241.	To-day, dearest, is ours	Rossini.
242.	Three fishers went sailing	Hullah.
243.	Trumpet and Drum	Rossini.
244.	Tuning Day	Russell.
245.	Twilight Dews	
246.	Voice of Love	Parry.
247.	Wake for the turn of the tide, Clarke.	
172.	Wake, darling, wake	Willson.
248.	Watcher, the	Lanner.
387.	Who'll be king but Charlie? Scotch.	
249.	Who would have I the truth to tell	Clarke.
250.	What will you do, love?	Lover.
251.	We'd better bide a wee	Claribel.
252.	We have lived and loved together,	Russell.
413.	We may be happy yet	Horn.
253.	We meet by chance	Kucken.
254.	We three	Millard.
255.	When love is kind	Hodson.
256.	When stars are in the quiet,	Balfe.
115.	When the swallows homeward	Balfe.
257.	When we gang awa	Scotch.
258.	When in my sister dear?	Schultz.
62.	Where there's a will	Soer.
259.	While and I come to you	Claribel.
260.	White-blossomed tree	Musgrave.
261.	Why wandering here?	Pratt.
171.	Will thou not smile upon me?	Millard.
341.	Will thou my farewell, love?	Moore.
262.	Will you love me then as now?	Balfe.
263.	Wings of a Dove	Clarke.
145.	Within a mile of Edinboro, Scotch.	
264.	Won't you tell me why, Robin	Clarke.
138.	Would you be young again,	Clippingdale.
410.	Yankee Doodle	Clarke.
114.	You and I	Claribel.

COMIC.

185.	A Motto for every man	Hobson.
265.	All among the Barley	Pratt.
266.	Annette's Granny Dear	Boyd.
267.	An old man would be wooing, Caudle.	
75.	Bachelors' Hall	Culver.
268.	Barney O'Hea	Clarke.
77.	Bashful young lady	Glover.
269.	Beauty and Time	Lee.
84.	Bell goes ringing for Sairah Hunt.	
270.	Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee,	Reynolds.
406.	Better late than never	Blockley.
48.	Boston Belles	Clarke.
50.	Boothlack's Song	Waverly.
271.	Brother the Bachelor	Pratt.
187.	Bobtser the Mess	Wilker.
272.	Bobby Shaftoe	Clarke.
273.	Broken Down	Pratt.
157.	Bolls and Beans	Pratt.
274.	Bubbles cockle cockle	Glover.
126.	Call her back and kiss her	Clifton.
275.	Captain Jenks	Clarke.
99.	Champagne Charlie	Lee.
276.	Chestnut-Street Row	Reynolds.
179.	Clown in the Pantomime	Pratt.
284.	Cruiskeen Lawn	Benedict.
151.	Do, do	Lloyd.
277.	Dashing Darkey	Mackenzie.
169.	Dancing Fairy	Waverly.
278.	Dashing White Sergeant	Bishop.
279.	Dutchman's bottle tree dog	
280.	Dutch Lullaby	Mac.
281.	Enchanting Pearl	Von Weber.
70.	Fidgety Wife	Covert.
39.	Flying Trapeze	Raymond.
62.	Foreign Court	Lloyd.
106.	Gay Cavalier	Reynolds.
240.	Give a man a chance	Batchelder.
282.	Good-bye, John	Clarke.
100.	Go it while you're young	Waverly.
283.	Hamlet Travestie	Blumpleh.
		Raymond.
284.	Have patience till to-morrow	Eyre.
140.	How you seen her lately?	Tute.
285.	I really don't think I shall marry,	Gabrielle.
509.	I saw Esau	Davies.

No.		Author.
286.	I will stand by my friend	Blockley.
158.	I'll ask my mother	Earnshaw.
287.	I'll tell nobody	
96.	I'm not myself at all	Lover.
288.	I'm a'n young to marry	Lee.
181.	Irish Hussar	Raymond.
289.	Jack Robinson as he travel, Clifton.	
181.	Jessica Brown	Raymond.
177.	Jog along, boys	Nash.
99.	Kickerdoram	Stewart.
365.	Kate Kearney	Irish.
44.	King Tyrrel	Glover.
61.	Lancashire Lass	Raymond.
196.	Laugh while you can	Lover.
234.	Live in my heart	Pratt.
290.	Love was once a little boy	Pratt.
171.	Merriest girl that's out	Minnel.
175.	Marinonnell Sweets	Pratt.
254.	My Daughter Pan	Blewitt.
291.	My Lady Lively	Lover.
292.	My own may man	Hobson.
188.	Nellie just come in way	Clarke.
293.	Norah Sullivan	Russell.
8.	Not for Joseph	Lloyd.
89.	Nothing else to do	Hutton.
17.	Oh, you pretty blue-eyed witch,	Edwd Rainkine.
170.	Old Simon, the Cellarer	Hatton.
294.	One good turn deserves another,	Edwd Rainkine.
57.	Paddle your own Canoe	Hobson.
295.	Pretty girl milking her cow	Irish.
296.	Pretty Jemima	Bennett.
12.	Riding down Broadway	Hobson.
297.	Rolling home in the morning,	Egerton.
185.	Romeo and Juliet	Reg. Lucas.
298.	Rosa Lee	Clarke.
161.	Sports at Fire Island	Raymond.
299.	School of jolly dogs	Crawford.
153.	Tripping at the garden gate	
300.	The way to be happy	Clifton.
53.	Those tassels on the boots	Raymond.
188.	Tommy Dodd	
301.	Tommy Tucker	Steele.
79.	Up in a balloon	Reymond.
302.	Vive l'Empereur Jubilee	Crawford.
91.	While went a wooing	Raymond.
303.	Who's the lassie you prapped Blewitt.	
304.	Wild Machine	Glover.
305.	Widow Malone	Lover.
306.	Whistling down at Long Branch,	Andrews.
63.	Where there's a will there's a way,	Soer.
461.	Will for the turn of the tide	Clifton.

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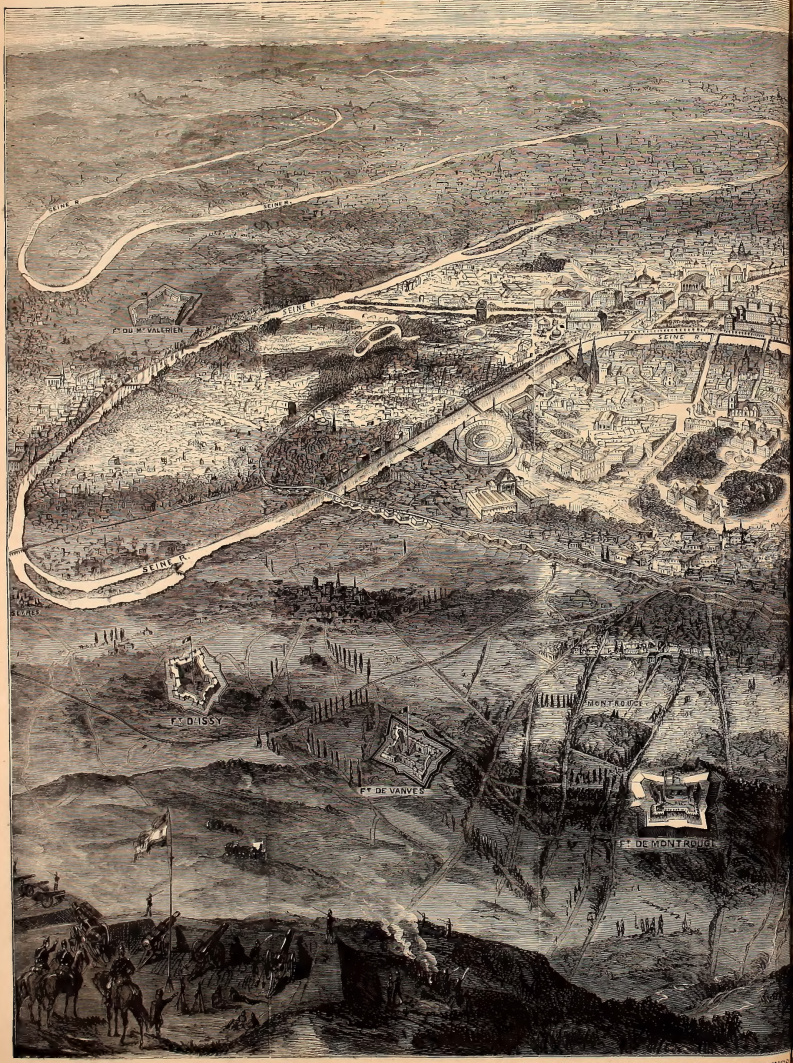

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

NORTHWARD FROM THE HEIGHTS OF SCEAUX.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 720.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE FARRAGUT OBSEQUIES—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING UP BROADWAY.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 639.]

MARRIAGE BELLS.

With wide, warm wings the lonely autumn day
Sails mounts and broods,
Still slowly soars from heaven to heaven away
In airy solitudes,

While fitfully from sun-soaked balsam woods
The light wind wells,
Gay with the silver chords and interludes
Of chiming marriage bells.

Oh, happy pods, within whose musie dwells
The magic rune
That sets to sweet accords and joyous swells
Two lives in perfect tune!

Oh, happy heralds to the silent noon,
To whom tis given
To ring upon the melancholy swoon
Tidings of open heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1870.

THE PRESENT DUTY OF REPUBLICANS.

THE Democratic Convention of New York declined to say whether the party acquiesces in the great settlements of the war—the reconstruction acts and the constitutional amendments. But evasion is itself declination. When the public mind is interested in a certain question upon which one party occupies the firmest and almost unequivocal position, the refusal of the other to express its agreement is to say that it does not agree. And the party is more evident when its convention feels that the question can not be altogether avoided, and therefore chooses words purposely intended to define its action. No intelligent man can doubt that if the two parties should ask the support of this State and of the country upon the single point of the honorable maintenance of the conditions upon which the Union has been restored and of the pledged public faith, the party which unfeignedly supported the amendments and the national honor would be decisively sustained. And this is really one of the most conspicuous elements of the present situation. The Republican party would go steadily forward building up its future upon the foundations already laid. The Democratic party would not hesitate to disturb them, and takes care not to say any thing inconsistent with that policy.

The evidence of this position of the Democratic party is of various kinds, but it is conclusive. Thus the Governor elect of South Carolina, in his letter which announces his separation from the Democratic party, says: "If good and honest men would accept in the reconstruction acts of Congress and the legislation, Federal and State, necessarily growing out of them," there might be a very rapid restoration of prosperity. This means that there is a general refusal to acquiesce in the finality of reconstruction, and that the good and honest men who will accept it are, in Governor ORR's opinion, certainly not to be found in the Democratic party, or he would not leave it. The Democratic Senator THURMAN, of Ohio, has recently made a speech in which he substantially reasserts the old doctrine of State rights, condemns the whole system of reconstruction, and declares that the new constitutional amendments are—not adopted—but "declared to be adopted." The point of his speech is, that the entire Republican rule has been a usurpation, and implies, of course, that as much of the constitutional action as may be found necessary for Democratic purposes will be set aside when the Democrats return to power.

In harmony with this strain was the speech of Mr. TILDEN, the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, at the party Convention. After a courteous allusion to the intelligence and high character of many members of the Republican party, he said that the crowning evil of the party was its policy of centralism, leading to imperialism, a policy destructive of liberty and of popular government. The proof of this he found in the reconstruction measures of that party—measures, which, of course, he says, are to free the country from imperialism and to save the government, must be reconsidered, and which, if the Democratic party comes into the same opinion as in 1868, must be pronounced unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and set aside. The spirit of the Democratic party is still further shown in the fact that, with few exceptions, the Democratic newspapers which demand that the party shall acquiesce in the amendments and the whole system of reconstruction have no weight whatever in the party councils, and all of them together are an insignificant number.

The issue upon this vital point is plain. Every vote for Democratic success is a vote for reopening the terrific agitation from which the country hoped it was peacefully emerging. Are the great interests of this State and of the country desirous of such a convulsion? With all the faults of detail that may be charged upon the measures of reconstruction, have they not, upon the whole, resulted happily for the country, and is there not a general tranquillity and prosperity which, had they been foretold six years ago, would have seemed the mere dream of enthusiasm? Do the intelligent people really believe that the administration of a party which has established equal rights tends to a fatal imperialism; or that the ascendency of a party which for a generation was devoted solely to the extension and perpetuity of slavery is the most promising guarantee of liberty?

The Republican party is composed of the most enlightened and independent citizens. It criticises freely its own officers, and the measures of its own Administration. It often seems, therefore, to those who judge of the cohesion of parties by the aspect produced by the ignominious Democratic drill, that the Republican party is trifling to pieces because it is agitated. But when the appeal to the country has been made upon grave and fundamental issues, every honest American knows the differences of detail between Republicans, or their debates upon the future policy of the party, are forgotten in the harmonious resolution to maintain what they have already gained. The action of the Democratic party proves that the necessity of such a position is still imperative upon Republicans, and those who do not see it inevitably, however honestly, imperil the highest interests of the country.

MISSOURI.

IT is from the considerations just stated that we differ from our friends in Missouri, who think that the Democratic party may properly be endangered upon the issue of what is called revenue reform. But we repeat what we said the week ago, that liberty politics demands the gravest consideration. It is t.t enough to call them traitors. The Tribune takes exception to the epithet, and says that we advise the majority to surrender to the minority. Yes the very words which it quotes showed that we said nothing of the kind. What we said, and say, is this: that both the majority and minority of the Republican party should be equally loyal to each, and, if they differ upon any issue which is immediate and fundamental, some common understanding must be at least sought. If one party does not agree to differ upon a pressing fundamental issue, and if revenue reform be considered such, we are unable to see how the majority or the minority of the party, we are unable to see that kicking and cuffing are likely to be of any use.

Now, if the Democratic party in Missouri and the prohibitionists in Massachusetts think that it is better the Democrats should obtain power than the Republicans should hold it, if they will not advocate what is called revenue reform, if they will not support this great reform and prohibition, we differ from them profoundly. But we think that men not agree to differ upon a pressing fundamental issue;

for the Convention but for the country, it is worth while to inquire upon what grounds this assertion of a dangerously centralizing tendency in the government is made. Mr. TILDEN speaks of the origin of the Union. What are the facts? The theory of State sovereignty, which had made the old confederation a rope of sand, and had exposed our national liberty and independence to mortal peril, almost succeeded in baffling the efforts of the wisest and most patriotic of our fathers to secure a truly national union. A few years after it was established ALEXANDER HAMILTON said to JONATHAN QUINCY that the centripetal force of the Union, which is essential to realizing tendency, was so slight that the Union would not probably last more than a generation, and always he put small reliance in the doctrine of the sovereignty of the States.

This doctrine was the substance of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, so veiled as to be of the most elusive meaning, reaching even to the right of secession. Those resolutions were the virtual platform of the Democratic sufferers of JACKSON'S day, and of the Democratic secessionists of BUCHANAN'S. The doctrine of State sovereignty was the reliance of slavery, and the justification of rebellion. The deadliest domestic enemies of the Union alive proclaimed this doctrine as the national government which is the basis of Mr. TILDEN'S speech. The country has seen the consequences, and it feels that when the attack upon the national authority was formerly made under the plea of the reserved rights of the States. The same attack is now made under the cry of centralization. The result in both cases is the same. It is the weakening of the bond which has been approved and consecrated to the national existence and prosperity.

The cry is raised at this time because, in restoring the Union, which had been overthrown by the attempt to destroy the government, under the pretense that it was no government, but an agency at the will of sixteen States, the powers of the United States have determined the conditions upon which the disaffected States might be recognized. They have, in effect, decided that certain fundamental conditions are essential in every State to the national security, and those, under the Republican ascendancy, will be provided. But the Republican party is founded upon liberty. It includes the intelligent population, who, more than any other, understand the necessary conditions of freedom. Therefore these provisions do not transcend the limits which a genuine desirable local control from necessary national co-operation. Maine does not undertake to manage legislation in Georgia; but the United States may secure to the vital conditions of republican government shall be respected by both those States.

In what degree manner to possess either liberty or to local legislation the national government is felt in the State of New York, for instance, Mr. TILDEN omits to mention. He confines himself to the general assertion that State rights have been absorbed. We trust, indeed, that the asserted rights of any State have not been absorbed just so far as they interfered with the united rights of all the States. This it was the imperative duty of the people to do, and it was emphasized by the rebellion. Centralization, in the sense of imperialism, as described by Mr. TILDEN, does not threaten the Union as, but it is impossible. His speech, however well meant, is merely a continuation of the old cry that furnished a pretense to the rebellion. The safety of American republican institutions is in the general intelligence of the people. That will promote a wise and oppose a perverse administration; and whether that intelligence tends to the Republican or Democratic parties no one knows better than Mr. TILDEN.

THE CRIMINAL AT WILHELMSHOHE.

By universal consent the present war in Europe is the work of one man, LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRUSSIA, by every honorable means, sought to avoid it, but LOUIS NAPOLEON pressed on. It is due to him that every dire suffering of war has fallen upon hundreds of thousands of peaceful homes and tender hearts, and that a devastation and ruin which are inconceivable overspread Europe. The sorrow which has been occasioned can only be surmised now and then from some tragical story of individual ruin which is all the papers. All the criminals of France since he built his empire upon perjury have done nothing which can compare in enormity with the deed of his election to the throne. But this man, whose crimes are unrelieved by any personal heroism or dignity, and who betrays his country to strengthen his brigands and shame, now lives in a romantic and spacious palace with the subdued state of majesty in misfortune.

It is one of the cruel contrasts of the war that many a brave and noble and devoted soldier, who has left the delights of home and sacrificed all that is most alluring in life and hope to perish by the fault of this wretched man, falls stricken and died, knowing that he leaves his family to every form of calamity, while the author of the tragedy pays no penalty, and is safe from harm. They who think that NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was hardly treated when he was exiled to St. Helena will perhaps reconsider their judgment when they are reminded by the conduct of the nephew how vast the crimes of the elder NAPOLEON were.

It is a false and perilous philosophy which forgets the man in the emperor, and which does not see that the personal moral responsibility of LOUIS NAPOLEON could never be set aside. He knew what war was. It is the last and terrible appeal, unless which must be used as other resource fails. But he made no effort to avoid it. On the contrary, he took care that it should not be avoided. And when by this he deliberately, consciously, intentionally decreed the slaughter of thousands of innocent men, and of a time when the sound of a window into a crowd is held guilty of murder should any one be killed, how much guilt, nor should the destruction of cities, war-fraught peace, and made the anguish of a country lost!

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Democratic School Board of Louisville, Kentucky, recently directed that Appleton's "Southern School History of the United States," written by the principal of the Louisville High School, an ex-officer in the rebel army, and published by an ex-rebel firm in Baltimore, should be substituted, as a text-book in the schools, for McGUFFEY'S "Revised Historical History of the United States," which had been decried as a "radical" work. The character and spirit of this school-book, which, before Democratic appointment, the children of Louisville are to learn the history of their country, may be inferred from the following extract from the chapter speaking of the massacre of the Union soldiers in Baltimore, and of what followed, says:

"The defense of the Southern cause found ardent resentment in the North. The streets were posted with placards, calling for troops to 'subdue the ungrateness upon Baltimore.' The noblest and meanest passions of the human heart were appealed to, for the purpose of obtaining volunteers. 'Shall the Capital be left in danger?' 'The government is upon the verge of ruin!' 'Let patriots stand by their country in the hour of need!' At the same time influential journals declared that the Baltimore massacre, together with the men were cowards and bullies, and the women unsexed, and without pity. *Study and Beauty* was one of the watch-words of the hour."

Here we have the wretched falsehood of BRADFORD and BARNARD transferred to a school history, and serving the same purpose for which it was originally uttered, namely, to inflame civil hatred. And as it is the purpose to sympathy with rebellion is as timid as it is positive, it is alleged, when objection is made, that this history is not in the schools only as far as the account of the late war!

The consequences of the action of the school are to book and not one exclusive. They are placed in the hands of children at the most ductile and unsuspicious age, and their entire feeling toward the government of their country is perverted by them. The sorry subterfuge of saying that a certain part of the book is not taught is merely evasion. It is left to the discretion of the schools by Democratic direction as the history of the country, and the child reads that the rising of the people to put down the government was stimulated by the basest appeals to the worst of passions. The direct and necessary result is to implant a hatred of the government, and to foster the spirit from which the rebellion sprang. It is another indication of the essentially and radically disorganizing tendency of the Democratic party. It can not forgive the victory of the Union and of liberty. It will not accept the decision, and acquiesce in the conditions which are indispensable to the repose of the country.

Meanwhile the spirit which writes and the party which adopts such a history as this calls itself the conciliatory spirit and the conservative party. In every fresh fact shows that it conciliates nothing but disaffection, and preserves only a malignant jealousy of fidelity to the Constitution. The conciliation and conservation in national affairs are exactly as evident as its honesty and economy in the municipal management of New York.

NOTES.

WHAT is a "Congressman?" We often read in the papers that Congressman Binks is renominated by the Democrats, or that Congressman Jinks are painfully uncertain. Now Congress consists of a hall and broken room in which no men are representatives. A Senator is therefore as much a Congressman as a Representative; and the word Congressman is certainly neither descriptive nor even convenient than Representative.

It is very difficult to determine exactly what is true in the reports which come in clouds every morning from Europe. We saw a letter in a newspaper, the other day, in which the writer said, under date of September 14, that his conjecture had become a certainty, and that the Germans would recognize no other government in France but that of LOUIS JOSEPH EDGAR. He added that COUNT BISMARCK'S organ in Berlin confirmed it. But on the same day, and immediately above the letter, a telegram from Berlin, dated September 27, said that the official journal states to-day that "whatever may be the German plans about France, the restoration of the BONAPARTES is not among them."

THE *Tribune* very truly remarks that the only conclusion way to reach political managers to nominate good candidates is to scratch the bad. A vigorous exercise of the inalienable right of scratching will tend to purify politics rapidly. The managers count upon the general unwillingness to endanger the success of the party, and often nominate the unworthiest candidates. This is a business which must be resisted at the beginning; and if the people intend to control their own Government, they will carefully watch, right at the proper occasion, lest the managers propose names which do not deserve scratching. It is those who refuse to vote for unfit candidates, but those who nominate them, who are responsible for the pig-dog defeat.

THE occupation of Rome by the troops of the King of Italy does not exclude the Pope altogether from territorial power. But it greatly diminished, but not wholly destroyed. Instead of a part of Italy, he now governs a part of the city of Rome, the Leonine City, as it is called, of the Vatican and its vicinity. When the capitulation was signed the General of the Italian troops stipulated for their withdrawal, assuring the Italian General CADORNA that a guard of two hundred, which he should leave, would be an ample protection for the Pope. CADORNA asked him if he knew the state, and he replied, "Exactly." But when the Italian army entered the city the Italian soldiers found that the fire in the Vatican, and hissed and groaned so menacingly that the Pope was alarmed, and he sought the protection of the Italians. The General complied at first but his interference would vitiate the capitulation upon the receipt of a despatching note from the Pope, he asked instructions from his Government, and he was told to take care of the Pope. On the following day the Pope now under the protection of *the king whom he wished to excommunicate.* For the sake of the Pope's reputation it is to be hoped that the Romane City will not be abandoned to his temporal government, and that, being the worst in the city, does not inspire respect for the Pope in his ecclesiastical character. It would be curious if the old saying, that the Pope who reigns the twenty-five years will be the last Pope, should be fulfilled in him. He is now in his twenty-fifth year.

THE FARRAGUT OBSEQUIES.

THE final honors paid to the remains of the late Admiral FARRAGUT, on the 30th ult., were of the most impressive character. Nothing of the kind was ever witnessed in New York, with the exception of the funeral of President LINCOLN. The pall of the silvering on the sidewalks was crowded with people who braved the drenching storm to see the solemn procession pass. Had the weather been more propitious, at least half a million of people would have filled the streets to witness its pass. The last tribute of public respect to the most distinguished naval officer of modern times, and the remains, followed by the civil authorities and many distinguished persons, detachments from the army and navy, and the First and Second divisions of the National Guard, etc., were conveyed through Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Forty-second street to the Harlem depôt, from which they were taken by a special train to Woodlawn Cemetery. At the grave the religious ceremonies were performed by Rev. Dr. MCCOSKRY. The usual salute was fired, and the hero was left to his last rest. In the city business was generally suspended after eleven o'clock, and many of the buildings along the route of the procession were decorated with appropriate inscriptions and emblems of mourning.

The sketch on our first page represents the funeral procession passing up Broadway.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On Friday, September 30, the French made a determined effort to break through the Prussian cordon in force, for the purpose of discovering the position and intentions of the troops. The main attack was directed against the Prussian forces on the heights of Chatillon, at the southern end of the entrenching from St. Cloud attacked in the direction of Versailles. Affairs were reported to be in a very critical state. It was suffered on both sides, the French retired under the guns of the forts.

It is reported from Tours that the Prussians are now preparing for the investment of Paris from the west, where only a single fort—Mont Valerien—defends access. Large bodies of troops are also observed approaching from which converge upon these passages.

The city of Strasburg, which has been in close resistance since the middle of August, surrendered September 27. The garrison consisted of 481 officers and 17,000 men. There was great rejoicing throughout Germany over the news of this event. It is said that no fortress in Europe has been battered by the bombardment, has not been materially injured, and architects have declared that Strasburg is now more impregnable than. After the surrender the Prussian General Werder made a triumphal entry into the city. He announced that the Prussian fire was characterized by extreme mercy, and that only the military establishments in the city had been destroyed. Private property had either been destroyed outright, along with the military buildings, or plundered irreparably ruined. The devastation consequently is terrible. Entire streets are in ashes. Houses have been left with the doorways encumbered with debris and abandoned household furniture, and an utter picture of desolation presented every where. The ruins of the public buildings stand black and desolate, surrounded by piles of rubbish. The celebrated picture-gallery, with nearly all its treasures of art, is entirely destroyed.

On the 27th ult. the French made another sortie from Paris, but were driven back. They, however, recaptured the village of Bondy, and a number of prisoners captured by them in the fight.

The Government has sent a balloon journey from Paris comes by the Atlantic cable. It appears that M. GAMBETTA left the French capital in a balloon on September 30, in a balloon, with a cargo of letters and important official despatches, and reached Tours in safety after a short "voyage." He reports that the Prussians were to be seen near Paris, nor any people on the roads leading to the city, nor boats of any kind on the river. A complete silence reigned about the city. Approaching Versailles, large numbers of Prussian troops were observed in camp. The aeronaut dropped a large number of copies of the recent Government proclamation, which fell in Germans, among whom, and was received by a dozy fire. No harm was done by this, however, as the Germans were out of the Prussian lines, about four miles in the direction of Saint-et-Loire, many miles west of the Prussian lines; and the letters which he had with him, 20,000 in number, to the town post-office, from which they were forwarded to Paris by a special train for the Government dispatches. Relative to matters within Paris, M. GAMBETTA says that the people are armed and determined to defend the walls; and the firing from the forts has shown the enemy that the Parisians are not idle in their attempts to erect batteries. The city is tranquil. Nearly all the inhabitants sleep during the day as usual, the theatres are crowded in the night, and a careful watch kept throughout the whole twenty-four hours. Provisions appear to be abundant, drilling and exercising. No luxuries are to be had; no butter nor fruit. Fresh meats with soon be scarce, but there is a six-months' supply of salted provisions and flour.

The Madrid correspondent of the New York *Times* writes that the Spanish Government is averse to the Roman Catholic Ecumenical Council, which is to assemble in that city. The plan of Count BISMARCK is to assemble in that city. The plan of Count BISMARCK is to secure the Spanish throne for the Duke of Genoa, when he is to abdicate in favor of his son; that a regency, with the Empress as Regent, is to be established in Paris, a Bonaparte Government associated with her in the Council, is then to be established and endured by Austrian bayonets and a military occupation.

The same correspondent asserts that negotiations are in progress for placing a Bourbon or Prussian prince on the throne of Spain, Prussia furnishing money, and Austria furnishing a part of Algeria, Gibraltar and its annexing Portugal, in order to make her a powerful maritime nation.

A letter in the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* of September 19 contains a protest from a number of the Roman Catholic clergy in the Papal army at Rome against the surrender. They say they were entitled to be heard before the capitulation was signed, and that the King was kept in ignorance of it.

M. HAVAS's recording electric light illuminates Lucerne at night, and the entrance is barred by enormous chains.

On the 26th ult. General CHANZY made an abortive attempt to break the investment in Laval, but was repulsed, with his subcontests, by the Garden Nationales of the Seine.

The London correspondent of the *Times* of Sunday contains a dispatch dated by the Prince of Wales on the 24th ultimo, which resulted in the capture of the Prince of Neseny, and the wounding of several of the Prussian staff, and the killing of several of the King and his staff started from Homme to Chalons, accompanied by the Duke of Coburg. The royal party were in eight cars, carriages, and were escorted by a regimental cuirassiers. A Bavarian Regiment of Cavalry met the royal cavalcade at a hill through a deep cut which is only wide enough to admit the passage of the carriages in single file. There was a sudden attack from a strong force of Zouaves, who fired a murderous volley at the head of the carriages. The carriages were riddled with repeated volleys, and the horses of the royal carriages were completely cut down. The firing continued, the cavalry which had been in advance, came back, and, seeing the royal carriages, they began making a charge. An investigation it was found that every person in the third carriage, including the Duke of Coburg and his aides, had been either killed outright or mortally wounded. The fifth carriage, in which the King and his staff had been terribly riddled, but none of its occupants had been injured. The body of the King was sent back to Mandelon under a large escort.

The Queen of Spain has left Paris and established herself in the suburbs of the city. Paris is to be lighted with petroleum. The Empress Eugenie has arrived at Hastings. The Emperor is said to be in great fortune with the working-men, and they are ready to fight for him.

The attitude of Russia occasions distrust and uneasiness in Europe. She is making large preparations on a vast scale, but whether to attack Turkey or to interfere between Austria and Prussia is not yet apparent.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

On Sunday, October 2, the people of Rome voted on the question of Italian unity. The plebiscitum was carried in the affirmative by a vote of 133,681 to 1,507. Rome has almost unanimously declared in favor of unity with Italy under Victor Emanuel and his successors.

The Pope is said to be very much out of humor at the mercenaries for Italian defenders. He is treated with the most respect, and his palace in the Leonine Town is quiet, and confidence in business circles is returning.

The Jews of Rome have sent an address to Victor Emanuel exultant in their release from Papal rule.

The resignation of Don Manuel Silvela, Governor of Cuba, will probably be accepted at Madrid, and Gonzalez Echenique will be his successor. Another loss of the richest of Cuba to the United States is gaining ground in the island.

It is stated in Madrid that Don Sagasta is to negotiate the laws relative to the emancipation of slaves in Cuba. It is said that the Spanish Cortes will agree to a commission to its indemnities for American losses in Cuba.

The rinderpest prevails to such an extent among the cattle of Servia that the export has now been allowed to pass thence into Prussia.

The Archbishop of Quebec cannot has signed the Naturalization Treaty with the United States.

The Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, has left the capital of Canada, for the United Kingdom, with the title of Baron Lisgar.

The latest advices from Cuba state that the French intimation has been refused, and the Chinese are preparing for war. The Spanish Government has given orders for the home Government.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

One of the most destructive freshets ever known in this country occurred in Virginia the last week of September. The rainfall was heavy, and the rivers rose with great rapidity. The James River rose over twenty feet, and the Kanawha over thirty feet. The bridges were swept away, the losses at and near Lynchburg alone amounting to $1,000,000.

The public debt was decreased during the month of September $21,000,000. It was $2,478,126,220 52 at the 1st of March is $21,475,084 89, and since the 1st of October, 1869, is $121,581,415.

A number of peaceable negroes in Tennessee were recently taken from their cabins and whipped by a band of masked ruffians, because they had been "voting the radical ticket."

The largest tree in the State of Georgia is one standing at Ellaville. It is fifty inches long, fifty wide, and fifty-four inches, weighs three tons, and is estimated at $50,000.

A Texas jury decided that a widow may continue the business of her husband without taking out a new license, provided she has the bonds changed to her own names.

A QUEER RECEPTION.

MOLSHEIM, one of the French towns invaded by the Prussians, is situated on the Lower Rhine. Our illustration on page 661 represents the queer reception which the invaders met at this place. An artist, who witnessed this humorous scene, thus alludes to it in his diary:

"You will find the *impromptu soaer* in most towns and villages of Alsace, but nowhere to such an extent as in Molsheim. I looked down through my Venetian blinds, and found a broad square full of them. In the middle was a fountain, where one or two Baden troopers were watering their horses. To the right stood the Hôtel de Ville, a very ancient building, with high-pitched roof and beautiful tiles, fantastic gable-ends, over the doorway a painted *chapelle*, under that a clock, and under the clock a bell, struck by queer little puppet figures. Not a soul was about. The geese cackled hideously, as if, like the guardians of the Capitol, to warn the inhabitants of the invasion of the enemy."

THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

OUR illustrations on this page give a graphic representation of one of the most novel and picturesque phases of the war in France. One represents the surrender of Sedan. Our engraving shows the French General LAUBRETON holding a flag of truce, and attended by a trumpeter, who sounds a note of parley, standing upon the gate of the fortified town, to invite an armistice, for the purpose of capitulation. This took place at half past four in the afternoon of September 1; and the Prussian artillery fire, which had completely overpowered the French, was stopped before five o'clock, by order of the King, who stood upon the hill of Chevenge, three miles from the gate of the town. The memorable interview between Count BISMARCK and the Emperor NAPOLEON was at seven o'clock the next morning, outside the village of Donchery. They stopped at the cottage of a hand-loom weaver, and sat at the door, engaged in earnest conversation, while the officers in attendance on the Emperor kept their distance by the roadside.

The other illustration on this page, "The Demand to Surrender," almost brings before us a picture of medieval times. It represents a walled French town, like Toul, or Metz, or Strasbourg, before which stand the messengers of the Prussian general in command of the besieging army. The wall is surrounded by a moat, which, owing to the point of view taken by the artist, is only visible in the distance on the

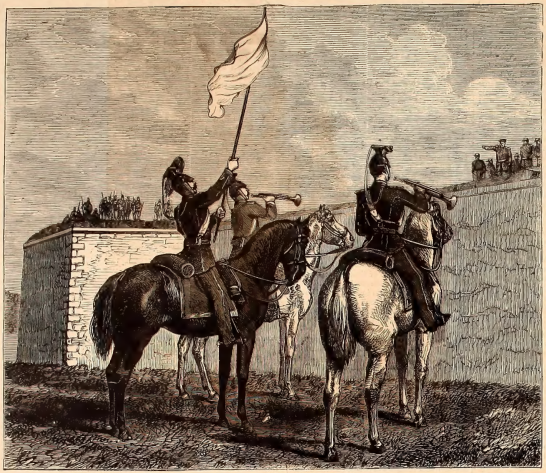

THE DEMAND TO SURRENDER.

THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN.

left. How vividly does this picture recall to our minds the first scene in the second act of "King John," before the walls of Angiers. We can almost hear those trumpeters calling forth, like King Philip in that scene:

"Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?"

And how aptly might King WILLIAM, in relation to this whole conflict, say with King JOHN, in the same scene:

"Peace be to France: if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven."

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LETTER LOCK.

On the day that Richard left Gothin, which was itself an incident to keep the tongues of its gossips wagging for a good week, another occurrence took place in that favored neighborhood, and one of even more absorbing interest—the workings of Dunloppel were suspended. This, of course, was not a wholly unexpected catastrophe. The new vein, after giving an exceedingly rich yield for some months, had of late, it was whispered, evinced signs of exhaustion, although the fact was not known that for several weeks the undertaking had been carried on at a loss. Neither Trevethick nor Solomon, who were the principal proprietors, was the sort of man to play long at a losing game, or to send good money after bad; so, for the present, the pit was closed. But Solomon believed in Dunloppel; contrary to his custom, he had not disposed of a single share when the mine was at a premium, and his stake in it was very large.

Only a few minutes after Richard had departed for Plymouth with his chest, Solomon returned to the inn with thoughtful brow.

Trevethick was moodily smoking his pipe in the porch, still balancing the rival claims of his son-in-law elect, and dissatisfied with both of them. He did not share Solomon's hopes, and he detested losing his money above every thing. "Well, you've packed off all those fellows, I hope, that have been eating me out of house and home for these three weeks?"

"I've closed the mine, if that's what you mean," said Solomon. "But" (he looked cautiously up at the windows of the inn, which were all open—the guests were out in search of the picturesque, and Harry was on the tower, straining her eyes after Richard) "I want to have a word with you in private, Trevethick."

"Come into the bar parlor, then," grunted the landlord, for he did not much relish the idea of a confidential talk with Solomon just then, since it might have relation to a matter about which he had not fully made up his mind to give him an answer.

"Is that young painter fellow out of the way, then?" asked Solomon. "We have never had a place to ourselves, it seems to me, since *he* came to Gothin."

"Yes, yes, he's far enough off," answered Trevethick, more peevishly than before, for Sol's remark seemed to foreshadow the very subject he would fain have avoided talking about. "He's gone to Plymouth, he is, and won't be back these five days."

"Umph!" said Sol. If he had said, "I wish he would never come back at all," he could not have expressed his feelings more clearly.

"Well," growled Trevethick, when they were in his sanctum, and had shut the door, "what is it now? Bad news, of course, of some sort."

It was a habit with Trevethick, as it is with many men of his stamp, to have a perpetual grievance against Providence—to profess themselves as never astonished at any bad turn that *It* may do them—and, besides, he was on the present occasion desirous of taking up a position of discontent beforehand, so that the expected topic might not appear to have produced it.

"No; it's good news, Trevethick," said Solomon, quietly—"the best of news, as it seems to me; and I hope to bring you over to the same opinion."

"He's got some scheme for marrying Harry out of hand," thought the harassed landlord. "How the deuce shall I put him off?"

There was not the slightest excuse to doing so; if Solomon had been of a less phlegmatic disposition, he might have married her a year ago, young as she was. "Read this," said he, producing a letter from his pocket, "and tell me what you think of it. It's old Stratam's report upon the mine."

"Ay, ay," said Trevethick, diving into his capacious pocket for his silver spectacles. As a general rule, he was wont to receive all such reports with discredit, and to throw cold water upon Sol's more sanguine views; but it was several minutes before he could get himself into his normal state of dissatisfied dejection, so much relieved was he to find that his daughter was not to be the topic of the conversation.

"Here's the plan," continued Solomon, "which accompanied the letter. I got it just after I dismissed the men; and, upon my life, I'd half a

"SHE DRAGGED UPON HIS ARM."

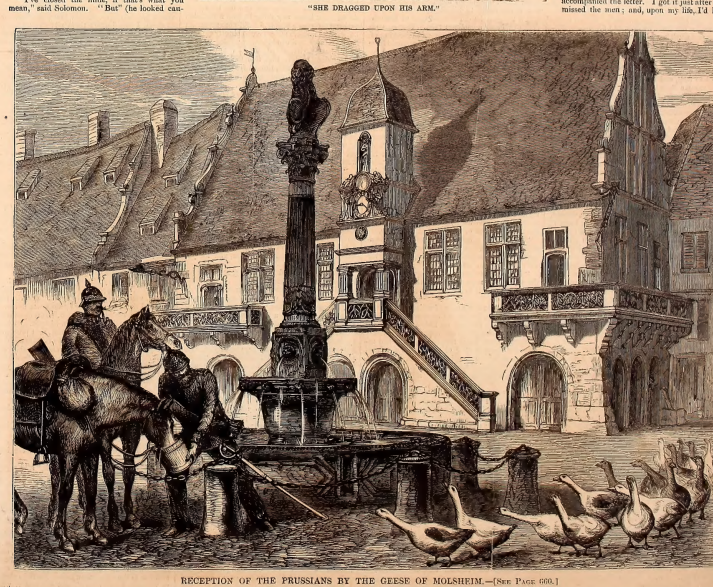

RECEPTION OF THE PRUSSIANS BY THE GEESE OF MOLSHEIM.—[SEE PAGE 660.]

mind to set them on again. But I thought I'd just have a talk with you first.'

"'Ay,' said Trevethick—"well?" He was quite himself again now—crafty, prudent, reticent; about as unpromising a gentleman to "get on with," far less get the better of in a bargain, as a Greek Jew. But Solomon was quite accustomed to him.

"Strange feels confident about the continuation of the lode, you see; and also that the fault is not immediate. 'We shall not have to sink fifty feet, he thinks, before we come on the vein again.'

"He *thinks*," said Trevethick, contemptuously.

"Is he ready to sink his own money in it?"

"It's to prove as nothing his lad," answered Solomon coolly, "because he's got none. But I have always found Strauss pretty correct in his judgment; and, as for me, I believe in handspeed. The question is, Shall I go on with it single-handed, or will you go shares?"

"If it's so good a thing, why not keep it yourself, Sol?"

"Because my money is particularly well laid out at present, and I don't want to shift it."

"That's not the case with mine," said Trevethick, from behind the plan.

"I thought you might have five hundred pounds or so lying idle, that's all," returned the other. "I'd give six per cent. for it just now."

"Oh, that's another thing. Perhaps I may. I'll see about it."

"If you could get it me at once, that would be better still," urged Solomon. "There are some good men at the mine whom I should not like to lose. If I could send round to-night to tell them not to engage themselves elsewhere, since they're opening so many new pits just now, that would be a relief to my mind."

"Very good; you may do that, then. I'll write for the money to-morrow."

So then, straightforward, and exceedingly unpleasant a man as John Trevethick was, ought to have been the very incarnation of virtue, whereas that last observation of his was, to say the least of it, *Jesuitical*. There was no occasion to write to any body for what he had got above stairs, locked up in his private strong-box. But he did not do all the world as he would another even his *alter ego*, Solomon Cox.

Trevethick, although a clear-headed fellow, was no miser in the common sense. He kept this vast sum at hand, partly because he had no confidence in any investment of it at present, and

a stick, so that the breeze might blow upon her tear-stained cheek. How white and worn and emptied of all joy it looked! As he gazed upon her, a touch of pity stole into her father's face. He poured out a little spirits in a glass, and put it to her lips. "Take a sup of this, and you'll be better, child."

She opened her heavy eyes, and shook her head.

"You said you would have mercy, father, if I promised."

"Yes, yes: all shall be forgotten. We will not even speak of it to one another."

"And you will pardon *him?* You will not hurt my Richard?"

"Your Richard!"

"Yes, for he was mine once. You will not bear witness against him before the judge? Is he not punished enough in losing me? Am *I* not punished?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the old man, in a terrible voice. His hand, trembling with passion, had struck against the strong-box, and at its touch his wrath broke out in flame. "That man is dead to you henceforth! You gave your promise without conditions. Moreover, his fate is in the hands of the law, and not in mine."

TWO HARVESTS.

THROUGHOUT its length and breadth, from shore to shore,
The golden harvest-fields of our blest land
Have yielded up their increase, and the store
Strown by the great Creator's open hand
Is garnered; so our prayer for daily bread
Is by our Father heard, and answered.

But France! Oh! weep for France! In place of grain
Behold the bloody harvest that she yields!
Instead of shining sheaves, she heaps the slain,
Scattered by tens of thousands on her fields!
Her and Germania's best and bravest
Brothers in death—beneath the peaceful sky!

And where, when falls the mellow autumn day,
Homeward should creak the overloaded wains,
Piled high with goodly wheat, there roll away
The wagon-loads of wounded o'er the plains!
And where her grapes are ripening in the sun,
More purple still—behold her life-blood run!

Oh, sister France! And thou, brave Fatherland,
Hear, hear the prayer we send from this far shore;
Oh, sheath the sword, and stay the ugliest hand
Ere yet another death-cry rends the air!
Surely *thy* harvest now is finished!
God help thy children when they cry for bread!

THE TOURISTS AT GRAVELOTTE.

ORDERED HOME.

THE armed truce, which is the accustomed counterfeit of peace in Europe, is ever full of shadows, and one of these seemed to fall between the latticed windows of the little Swiss inn on the mountain-side, as the three friends sat down to breakfast, in spite of the straggling sunray that made a prism of the mist from the coffeeurn.

"Ulric, my good fellow," said Conway, "what news have you this morning? You are as glum as a Scotch fog."

"I have news that you English are always safe from; my summer wanderer is ent itled enough. De Senlis, my dear friend, I must give up my promised visit to your château as Gravelotte. I am ordered home."

"And so am I," replied the French count, "though my leave of absence is not yet half expired. The Spanish business threatens trouble, it seems, and I must be with my cuirassiers."

These seemed to be already a something of forced and studied coldness in the manner of the hitherto polite and genial tourist.

"But you, Ulric," said Conway, "you are not in the army?"

"All Prussians are soldiers; and I am a captain of Uhlans in the first ban of the Landwehr. Unless this matter is promptly settled I shall kill no cartridges with you next September."

"I certainly hope that you will not be practicing at French uniforms instead," replied the Englishman. "How soon have you to start?"

"At once, or I shall run the risk of being late, and that would be a serious business for my poor soul I hope there will be no fighting, but if there is, Ulric von Hippel must be in his place."

"And so must Raoul de Senlis," growled the Frenchman, rising from the hardly tasted breakfast. "If there is war, which I shall sincerely regret, the cry of all France will be, '*à Berlin!*' —we have been there before."

The blue eyes of the German shone with an unpleasant light, but he replied, without rising,

"The German sword can keep the scabbard even if no Blücher comes to bid us 'forward,'"

The Englishman sprang to his feet.

"De Senlis—Von Hippel—my dear fellows, I won't have a word of this nonsense. We can not meet at Gravelotte, and you two may not come to help murder my partridges, but the war, if there is to be one, shall not begin here. Shake hands now, and part like good friends, and like good soldiers as well. Which of you, if the other was wounded or a prisoner, would not run to help or to him?"

Somewhat rough in his way was Conway, with his huge proportions and his yellow whiskers, and he was actually blushing at his own impetuosity; but he had struck the right chord, and the two fellow-tourists extended their hands with a marked cordiality that had something of shame in it.

"Von Hippel, my dear friend, *pardon!* Some happier day we will meet at Gravelotte. Remember me most kindly to your family, and especially to the *Fräulein*, your sister. War does not last forever."

"My dear De Senlis, I hope there will be no war; and if there is, the day may nevertheless come when we shall meet at Gravelotte, as good friends as ever."

"Even the King and the Emperor would promise as much as that," half jocosely observed the Englishman. "But," he added, "it will be a fearful pity to have such an one you cutting each other's throats to keep the diplomats from making a bad Spaniard out of a very good Dutchman. I hope they won't drag us under into the mess."

The breakfast was not yet cold, and the three now forced themselves to do it justice; but when that duty was done there was nothing for it but to have busty but very good-humored, and manly farewells.

And so they parted.

AT GRAVELOTTE.

It was late in the afternoon of the great battle, and the shattered columns of the French had slowly retired from a shot-torn slope whereon the heaps of slaughter testified to the fierce and obstinate courage and the destroying power of the needle-gun.

A detail of Prussian cavalry was hovering in the valley below as if meditating pursuit, and the leaden rain-drops of war were still falling every where; but all that did not seem to disconcert the movements of a tall figure in dusty dress that moved slowly on from man to man among the dead and dying.

The white cross on his breast indicated that he belonged to the volunteer sanitary corps—that most Christian of modern agencies—and he displayed some skill in the rapid attentions which he gave to one and another of the sufferers.

"I don't mean to die, my dear fellow, no; I must get away from this. Ha, that was a close shot! Hullo, here come some Uhlans! Well, it won't do to die, and I don't think they will disturb me. I'm sure I saw him fall, and not far from here. Ah, God pity his poor mother! here he is. De Senlis?"

"Conway, my friend, you here?"

The question came in a tone of unmeasured astonishment, from the bearded lips of the leader of a small column of Prussian light cavalry or Uhlans, who had ridden rapidly up the slope.

"Ulric, is it you, my dear fellow? Yes, I am here. Did you not receive my card? We have met at Gravelotte, but the count can not welcome you."

"What! De Senlis?"

"It was, ten minutes since, but now—" and even the self-contained Englishman paused for a pause and point to the still quivering corpse.

The blue eyes of the German clouded as he leaned forward in his saddle to look at the white face of his late fellow-tourist.

"Is this Gravelotte?" he murmured, as if speaking to himself.

"That village away yonder," said Conway. "It's the only one I see burning houses among the trees about half-way? That was De Senlis's country seat. I was there this morning with his brother."

Brief was the conference, for, as a bugle-call came pealing up the slope, the sound of which shook his head, waved his hand in farewell, and wheeled his horse to retreat. The last look of Conway's recalled and then straightened in his stirrups, and while two of his men spurred forward to support his falling form, he turned his head, as if with a dying effort, and shouted,

"Conway, I had a message for De Senlis from my sister, if I met him at Gravelotte."

Conway was left standing alone, but the whirling bolts forbade him to follow the rear-guard as it moved toward the retreating lines of the French.

A day or two later a Paris morning paper contained a brief announcement of the sad conclusion of the disasters to the arms of France, the following item:

"An Englishman, who had been one of the most daring and useful spies of our ferocious invaders, under pretense of acting as one of the volunteer sanitary corps, was shot by order of General ——, after the battle. He was acting, however, in several offices of communication with the enemy on the very battle-field. Death to all spies."

The three tourists are still at Gravelotte.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

EVEN more remarkable than the ancient excavations are the rock-shelters which have been inhabited as the dwelling-places of primitive man. In various parts of France many specimens of these early settlements—one nearly a quarter of a mile in length—have been discovered, mere sheltering-places under vast overhanging rocks. Here, perhaps, were built these, all traces of which have long since perished; but man has left more enduring traces of his presence. On the left bank of the river Aveyron, for instance, under the overhanging brows of the rocks on Istier Hill, was discovered a few years ago a deep bed of prehistoric period, as well as a host of objects, the study of which has furnished many data concerning this epoch of humanity. The area covered by this shelter is two hundred and ninety-four square yards. The bones of the bison—though these are comparatively rare—of the ox, of the stag, the elk, the deer, and the chamois are found there, all showing signs of the action of fire. Many pounds' weight of the half-roasted bones of the marrow-fat prove thus that now deceased delicacy formed a feature in the primitive menu. Fish-bones are also found in great quantities; and even skeletons of fish, rudely traced upon fragments of bone and horn. Reindeer's horn was in that stage of man's existence, all that iron is to us. Their arms, their implements, their ornaments, were all made of this substance; and their favorite dainty was the marrow of the long bones, which they extracted by fracture, without spoons. We are sorry to say that these ancestors of ours labor under the suspicion of cannibalism. On certain children's bones of these epochs found in Scotland Professor Owen has recognized the trace of human teeth. Human finger-joints have been detected among the remains of cooking in the epoch of the great bear and mammoth, and also (later) in that of the reindeer. In a cave in Northern Italy was found the small skeleton of a child, which had been carefully cleansed and emptied to satisfy the inordinate primeval taste for marrow. Not the least trace of dogs having gnawed any relics of a feast of this epoch has been discovered; hence it is declared that these animals had not yet been reduced to a state of domesticity. It is also proved that men wore clothes. A large number of reindeer antlers have been found with certain cuts at their base, which evidently could only have been produced in having the animal. Nay, these dandies were not content with the mere skins; flint scrapers are every where met with, which they used for scraping the hair off; and bodkins and stilettoes made of flint and bone—exactly the same as are now used by the Esquimaux—for sewing the different pieces together. Certain reindeer bones also give evidence that the sinewy fibres of that animal were used for thread. No metal, however, was yet known; besides the hatchet and the flint knife there was no weapon. The ornaments were made out of the tooth of a wolf, or the bony part of a reindeer. In some places were great emporiums or manufactories of flint weapons. In the cave of Chaleux was found nearly twenty thousand flints chipped into hatchets, daggers, knives, scrapers, scratchers, and spear-heads. Whistles have been also found made from the first joint of the foot of the reindeer. "We ourselves," says Monsieur Figuier, "have had the pleasure of verifying the fact that these primitive whistles act very well." Perhaps the last operation that we find in use is that of mummification, or his own mother, ten thousand years ago! He had certainly eaten dog—bones of this animal, broken by the hand of man, and bearing marks of having been cut with a knife, place that fact beyond question.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COVENANT apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, in the hope of disconcerting a young clergyman with whom he came to be a man of singular modesty, asked him in the presence of a large company, if a public penalty "Why did the Athenians of old live to such an old age?" To which the clergyman replied: "I suppose the ancient Athenians had no physic."

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl, eight, were playing in the immediate vicinity of a certain building, watching their fantastic shapes when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Mollie, look at the shadow in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the maiden, "it must be a sky-lanterr."

In New York parlance, after propounding the customary hymeneal conundrums, thus closes the ceremony: "In the name of the people of the State of New York, I pronounce you man and wife; and you are hereby sworn to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of New York." We vote the Democratic ticket every time it comes round.

"Well, Pat," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Sure, docther dear, I enjoy very good health entirely. The curnaties are very attentive, and the docthers, I've no fault to find with them, and me been a-sittin' up all night on a goose-bone's egg, so while I stand up I lie down immediately."

Some girls are like old muskets; they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off.

A wager was laid on the Yankee peculiarity to answer questions by asking another. To decide the point a down-Easter was interrogated: "I want you, sir, to tell me how to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer questions by asking one in return?" *De facto?* was Jonathan's reply.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
What was I born for? For somebody's wife,
I am told by mother. Well, that being true,
Somebody' keeps himself strangely from view;
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz—
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
That I'm not to be married for either, in vain.
No, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is yearning,
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse"
To take the first booby that graciously came,
And offered those treasures—his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small;
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;
But—this is the question that puzzles my noddle—
Why am I not trained up to earn my own bread?
Why am I not taught to be strong, like a man?
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's" wife?

"See here, I can't pass you," said the door-keeper at a theatre to a man who was trying to slip by unnoticed. "Can't you?" said he, stand still, then, and I'll get you." And get him he did.

PEN-HUSTING TIMES—Before tight lacing.

"MARY, why did you kiss your hand to the young gentleman opposite this morning?" said a careful parent to his blooming daughter. "Why, the fellow had the impudence to throw a kiss clear across the street to me, and, of course, I threw it back indignantly. You would have me encourage him by keeping it would you?" Suspicious paternal relative is convinced that he does not encourage impudence.

Love is an internal trassport. So is a coat-boat.

A boot-black, having taken a situation in a store to sweep out and run errands, was questioned by some former associates whether he got as good as when in business for himself. "Well, its hard to be honest in crowd, was the reply; "I only get a kick on the nole man."

I love to see the rain decreed,
When I've a good umbrella;
I love to see a pretty lass,
When I am not the fellow.

I love to see a pretty dress,
When I don't have to buy it;
I love to see a plate of meat,
When I don't have to eat it.

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put up his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks he returned, and very much he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all came."

A loquacious author, after chattering some time about the pains he bestowed on his book, said, "I have been intruding on your attention." "Not at all, I assure you," replied Sheridan; "I was thinking of something else."

PRESSED FOR TIME—Egyptian mummies.

LADY. "Before I engage you, I should like to know what your habits are."

OMNE. "Oh, ma'am, I always feels it my duty to do the same religion as the family I lives in."

A BAD POLICY.—One that has run out.

A clever not is attributed to the Prince Imperial. When asked why people always said "Prince ——," instead of "Prince ——," Bruce on a cannon," he replied, "Because a cannon always recede when it is fired."

"You ought to acquire the faculty of talking at home to the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that every evening," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

HERCULES. "If I were to lose you I would never be such a fool as to marry again."

OMPHALE. "Well, I'm sure you I would marry again directly."

HERCULES. "Then my death would be regretted by at least one person."

WIFE. "By whom?"

HUSBAND. "My successor."

A journal asks, What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady? and replies: One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

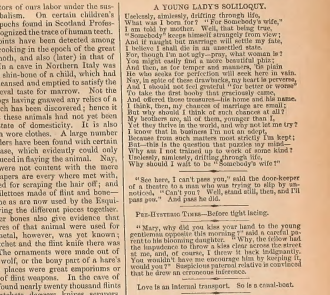

THE TAMMANY RAT.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ATTACHMENT TO DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

MASTERLESS.—[See Poem on Page 666.]

UHLANS BURNING A FRENCH VILLAGE.

THE UHLANS.

WHAT the Cossack was to an earlier generation of Frenchmen the Uhlan is to their descendants. Mysterious in name and ubiquitous in his movements, the blue-and-yellow horseman, with the heavy revolver in his belt, causes at once bewilderment and alarm. Uhlan is the Polish word for lancer, and is said to be derived from a Tartar root signifying brave, a vestige perhaps of Mongolian invasions.

But the Prussian lancer has nothing non-Germanic about him but his name. He is, in fact, a thorough Teuton, cool, hardy, intelligent, and good-humored, the *beau idéal* of a modern light-cavalry man. The officers speak both French and German, and are well acquainted with the topography of the country. When the armies are on the move the Uhlans are thrown out in front and on either flank. They mask the movements of their own forces while they pick up all possible information about the enemy. They tear up railways, cut telegraph-wires, and act as foragers for the main force. Mounted on wiry horses, mostly from the eastern provinces, and broken into small detachments, they are often left for days together to their own resources. The officer in command acts on his own responsibility. If he succeeds, he is employed again, and may hope for speedy promotion. If he fails, he is at once recalled, and serves for the rest of the campaign with the main body of the army.

The tales told of the enterprise and daring developed under this system are almost fabulous. Five hundred of these Uhlans covered the whole line of the frontier during the anxious fortnight in which the German forces were being mobilized, and succeeded in persuading the French marshals that they were the advanced guard of a large force. A party of five took tranquil possession of the town of Chalons, awing the inhabitants with their revolvers, and coolly smoking their pipes while they issued orders to prepare supplies for the troops which were on their way. At Hagruenau, Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, resistance was in like manner crushed by sheer audacity. At once bold and wary, reckless of their lives, but careful to avoid unnecessary encounters, they are the eyes of the army: and the marvellous precision with which the operations of the campaign have been conducted is due, in great measure, to the active intelligence of the Uhlans.

One of our illustrations on this page represents a band of Uhlans making a requisition for food at a farm in Ardennes. Another represents the burning of a French village by these modern "Pandours." This is a too frequent spectacle; though, as a rule, the German troops are by no means disorderly.

UHLANS DEMANDING FOOD AT A FRENCH FARM-HOUSE.

MASTERLESS.

(See illustration on Page 665.)

Is his harness-thongs of glory,
With his bridle blown before,
Comes a steed of heroic story,
With his fetlocks steeped in gore.

He has been where deeds most deadly
Their way through the carnage won;
Where bullets rained fiercely, deadly,
From Chassepôt and needle-gun.

Where art thou, O gallant Master?
Is thy race of glory run?
This eclipse of dire disaster,
Has it quenched thy noon-day sun?

For years upon years together
He listened to thy command;
Loving friends, come wind, come weather,
He obeyed thy guiding hand.

Say, where art thou, noble Master!
Since dark fate ordained thy hold,
And, thy destroyer flying faster,
In the dust thy glory rolled?

He is free, while thou art lying
In a bondage worse than death;
He is free, thy aid defying.
He who kept upon thy breath!

Free! For what? For wildly straying?
Better thou wert here again!
Free! For shaft-toil worse than slaying?
Would life pray were on his rein!

Say, O France! amid disaster,
Is no dream of glory gone!
Freed thyself, my noble Master
Captive lies, Napoleon!

MRS. LORME'S LITTLE PLOT.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

THERE were great preparations down at Woodside during the whole of the first week of a bright and not very long past July. And as all things that went on at Woodside had a vital interest for me, I was rather agitated by my own and other people's speculations concerning them.

Woodside was the great Johnston "place," in fact, of our Midlandshire village. And Woodside, to my inexperienced and partial eyes, was a very great place indeed. It was free to confess that my eyes were inexperienced, for I had never in my whole life of eighteen years been in Chalton. That they were partial may be gathered from the fact that I had given my heart and plighted my troth to Alfred Lorme, only son and heir of the owner of the Woodside property.

My father was the cadet of a good, poor, clever, versatile family, and he inherited a fair share of the gentleness, poverty, cleverness and versatility of his race. He had commenced life as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but had soon been compelled to quit the service, which he always continued to love almost enthusiastically, through the sphere of a martyr. On land he was a brilliant humorist, and he was a polished classicist. The combination made him of much account in the critically discerning few, but brought him little money from the voracious-for-mere-amusement many.

However that may be, it sufficed to say here that he made enough by his pen to live a life of lettered ease in a retired English village, to bring his children up with guarded care, and to educate them well. My two brothers have since received and honorable university careers, were launched on the world respectively—the elder as a tutor to youths about to enter the civil service, and the younger as a barrister and a leading-article writer on the most paying staff of our Dailies." Thus, though I lived a life of rural seclusion in the flesh, in the spirit I was on a far more familiar contact with much of the thought and power of the day—as evidenced by the treatment of the most exciting political, literary and social topics. It is no outbreak of intellectual vanity, then, for the truth, told in order to show the reader better understand my position, to say that, though I had scarcely been beyond the borders of my own paddocks, the fact would not have been apparent to any one who heard me discuss the new books, pictures, and authors intrigues which were moving the current interest of the world.

My father spent several weeks of every year in London; but he had either never thought it necessary to give me a taste of a season, or he had not the money wherewithal to do it. Whatever the cause, the effect was the same. When he went down to be lionized by certain circles, I remained at home improving the shining hours to the best of my ability.

I say to be lionized in certain circles advisedly, for though Anthony Thorne lived in obscurity, his talents, and his ability to use them most powerfully by his pen, were widely recognized and cordially appreciated. The only reward not that he was not better paid for what all were constantly spoken in declaring to be thorough work they mightily drew.

During one of these absences of my father's—left as I was to my own devices—struck up a quiet friendship with Gertrude Dene, the squire's eldest daughter. She was a very ordinary type of young English country lady. Quiet, gentle, fair, inane. Yet, notwithstanding this last quality, capable of scratching when occasion served. She happened to be in one of her chronic love-fits just then; so I answered the purpose of a confidante—a touch-stone for envy she could whet some of her spurious sentiments.

There had never been much intimacy between us previous to this. The Woodside people were rich, as riches go in that county-side, and we were poor. Moreover, the Woodside people—the female portion of them at least—were quite up with the neighborhood, lord by a pigeon-shooting match. Mine was to become an authoress, and win a place in the British Pantheon.

"Alfred will be down for the match," she said to me one morning: "he has quite distinguished himself at Haringham, and I find Lord Boynton knows him; when Alfred is here we shall give a large dinner, and you must come to them, Annette." She said this rather patronizingly, but I forgave the patronage on that occasion for the sake of the pleasure it might open up to me. A series of parties at Woodside sounded well—a glad a note of promise in my ears, at that time, as a series of entertainments at Compiègne can in the ears of a practised Parisian *habitué*.

Well! The pigeon-shooting match was held, and Alfred Lorme won the cup. I remember I felt sick and sorry for the fourteen dove-colored birds that fell to his gun in equal numbers; but I thought him a hero for all that. When he brought the cup to show to me, as I sat in my little parlor-window with his sister by my side, I thought him a god, and when he made me take the first sip of Champagne out of his prize, I was in love with him.

"You never told me he was so clever," I said to Gertrude that night, as she was filling a spray of the maidenhair fern in my hair.

"How do you know he is clever?" she asked, suspending operations abruptly, and looking down at me with the sharply spiteful look that only pale blue eyes can give; "he hasn't spoken to you, has he?"

"Why, he was talking to me for an hour at least," I replied, indignantly.

"What! Lord Boynton! When?"

"No, not Lord Boynton. I meant your brother," I laughed.

"Oh, Alfred," she said, with a relieved air; "I don't care how he is clever—we all are, you know. Mamma always says it was no trouble to teach us, we were so stupid."

"Did your mamma ever try it?" I asked, demurely; for Mrs. Dene was notoriously a boneless, jelly woman; and though I was in love with her son, I was not by any means blind to her shortcomings.

"Of course not," Gertrude said, haughtily; "we had governesses without end. There! that will do; you really look charming, Annette, and I'm sure you'll make a conquest of Lord Boynton. I mean your brother," I laughed.

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But at this juncture Gertrude and I seemed to be very much together. Whenever we took long walks and drives—the one luxury I was mistress of was a pony-carriage, and together we made a gallant figure in the fields. Her day-dream at that time was to marry a young nobleman who had strayed into the neighborhood, lured by a pigeon-shooting match. Mine was to become an authoress, and win a place in the British Pantheon.

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part move frequently to their children, would work marvels in the way of establishing that noble system of mutual trust which is the real basis of family happiness.

I was lured, despite my resolution to do nothing more clandestine, into having a meeting with Alfred Dene the following morning. He told me, apparently, a good deal about his private affairs. That is to say, he told me several things that made me take rather a forlorn view of our prospects of ever being more than another than we now were.

"You see, being only a treasury-clerk on £100 a year, it would be madness on my part to think of marrying on that," he said, mournfully.

"But marriage is a thing of the future; concealment in the present is all I dislike," I urged vehemently.

"My darling, you talk like a child; you were reasonable enough the other day; now you are unreasonable, and a little unjust. We have not our attachment, it would be talked about and opposed, and—and—I'm sure you're too delicate minded to desire notoriety of that sort."

"I'm too delicate-minded to like deceiving my father," I said, piteously. "Oh, Alfred, if you knew how grandly gentle he was in his treatment of me when he first found out that I had some thing to conceal!"

"*Has* he found out that?" he interrupted, in a most authorizedly alarmed way.

"Yes, he has. My father is not indifferent to me, or to what concerns my honor and happiness," I said, in a little high-flown fashion. "He was pardonable enough considering my age and the circumstances."

"Then I find out what it is soon," Alfred said, with genuine annoyance. "I did think you cared more for me, Annette—you do, you must love all that this will entail. As sure as a gun, my mother will get my father to cut off my allowance."

"What a price to pay for your love!" I thought, but I only said,

"You shall not be such a sufferer; I will tell my father *this*, and then your family will be spared. I will say to him that I have been led on a dream, but that I'm awake now; in other words, I will tell him that there is nothing more between us."

"In other words, you will make him believe me to be a rascal," he said, wrathfully. "Upon my dear girl, I am not going to give you up, I can tell you that. I consider it a most unjustifiable concealment, and you're off on the high ropes at once, like a woman. You don't want to have done with me, Annette?"

He put his arm round me as he spoke, and pressed his lips to mine. And, God help me, I was. I ashamed to be the cheat, and let the man persuade me against my own judgment.

"I have a Spanish's holiday's moment," he said, presently; "let us spend it in peace; let us make it an idyl—a sunny spot to look back upon, whatever event."

I did not like the possible meaning of the two last words; but I did like him so much at that time I agreed that it would be a delightful thing to do; only how were we to do it?

"Meet me here every morning," he said, promptly. "You won't grudge me an hour or two, will you, my love, my darling? And as me here, where no prying eyes can see us, and no inquisitive ears hear us. 'Stay with me, lady, while you may,'" he continued, passionately, quoting Owen Meredith, of whose writings, by-the-way, he knew me to be inordinately fond at that time; "for life's so sad, this hour's so sweet."

"And of an evening you will be distant to me and devoted to Mrs. Lorne?" I questioned.

"Phaw! Mrs. Lorne—she's a bore, that's all," he said, in some confusion. "The people at home take it for granted that I ought to be at her beck, and I am obliged to humor their suspicions, that's all." Then he looked at his watch, and said it was time to go, and I was free to go into the house and await the arrival of my self-invited guest, Mr. Lorne.

She came at length, looking lovelier than she had looked on the previous night, and for a few minutes I felt more jealous of her than before. But my passion for flesh and gore came to the relief of even greater misery when she said:

"I'm an older woman than you, Miss Thorne; but I wouldn't rest my claim to be heard by you on that fact alone, if I didn't take a great interest in your family. Don't look any thing to do with Alfred Dene. I venture to say this because I know him to be a most insidious wooer and a most unvirtuously man."

Again an ice-bolt went through my heart, but I was dumb.

"They, the girls, think that I am here because I love their brother," she resumed; "I wish for the truth is that I am here solely because I love yours."

The vivid blush that spread over her beautiful face as she spoke, the pure, proud light that came into her eyes, testified to her truth. Wonderingly I waited to hear more.

"Albert and I were only just engaged when I got this invitation from the Dowager, and in spite of your beauty from your brother, I judged, and judged rightly I fear, that Mr. Alfred Dene would not have known your virtues long true to himself and false to you. So I begged Albert to keep silence about our little plight, and we have been down here. I have not come too soon, Alfred Dene is a traitor!"

"How dare you say it of him?" I sobbed.

"Because it is the truth. I marked his reserve toward you but night: it is a manner that I have seen him adopt to another girl whom he had led into the error of believing in him. I marked his agitation this morning when he came to me with his false vows—"

"Vows to you!" I muttered out.

"Vows to me. Have I not what his soul loves—money?" she said, calmly. "I would not desecrate my engagement to your brother Albert by telling him of it. I only required him with the scorn he merits. That was at twelve this morning. Tell me the truth, dear child. Is he not with you since then?"

I bowed my head in silent shame, and she generously would not press me to words.

"Dear Annette," she said, kissing me, "treat this matter as it deserves to be treated. Tell me that you hate for what he is, and have done with him; or, stay—give him one lesson. You will not object to humbling a thing so mean?"

"What will you have me do?" I asked.

"Do? Come up to town to-day with your father; I will go too; but they must not know that we are in town. I will tell your papa all to your father, and if he approves of it you will consent?"

I agreed to this, still being in a dream, and before nightfall I was located with my father in the Langham Hotel.

They considerately said nothing to me about my discomfiture for the next few days, during which time I learned that Mrs. Lorne and Albert Lorne appeared to be very busy. At the end of the five days they told me that they were going to be married, very quietly, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the following day." Only papa and myself will be present, Annette, and perhaps one other friend," Albert said.

"Who is the other friend?" I asked.

"Well, I hope you'll not object; but, knowing how fond Alfred Dene is of every thing connubial, I have sent him a line to say that I am going to make a secret marriage to-morrow, and to beg him to do me the service of being my groomsman. It will be the easiest way for you to get out of your little difficulty with him, dear, without a regular explanation which would entail all that sort of thing; seeing the conjunction of Trixy, you, and myself, he will conclude that it is soon enough, and you will be free without loss of dignity."

I did not like the idea of such a *denouement* to my first romance, but I had been such a weak guide to myself that I could not do other than I felt guided now. Accordingly I dressed the following day I arrayed myself in the pretty bridesmaid's dress that Trixy had made for herself, and sent for by her own milliner, and went to St. George's with my father.

We all assembled to arrive together. My brother and his groomsman had barely had time to reach the altar-rails and range themselves on either side of the bride, when the pale, lanning on the arm of an old friend, her lawyer, were close upon them. The service commenced at once, and it was not before I found the courage to look up at Alfred Dene's face. It was as pale as death, and he palpably had to summon up himself strongly in order to remain to the end.

When we were signing in the vestry he took his hat up, and, with a brief "wish for her welfare" to the bride, he went away without a word to the others. My father followed him out into the square, and there spoke his last words to the found-out man. He told me their substance afterward.

"I am afraid that you were a little disappointed at this morning's news," he let it be warning to you not to dabble in any thing clandestine again, and be thankful that you are being humbugged and not get a horse-whipping.

On the whole I am thankful for my experience. I took to my pen earnestly after my expulsion, and my pen has well repaid me. I only write prose fiction; if I wrote poetry I would say, with Lc. E. L.:

"It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

A VERY gentle, brave, and noble-spirited woman was Charlotte Brontë. Fragile of form, and tremulous as an aspen leaf, she had on occasion of mind and a heroism of moral capable of real things in private life as admirable as any of the fine delineations in her works of fiction. Nothing she has ever done seems to me more truthful, more magnanimous, and more touching than the letter which, in the form of a new edition of her sister's novel of "Wuthering Heights," her family was about to publish. It has been appreciated; not well spoken of by the critics; not well received by the public; and mainly in consequence of its own peculiarities, in no instance of the reality of the characters she had so wonderfully portrayed in their first and best book, but vividness of the so-called "taste of the day," which does not permit contrry squires and others to swear in solid English, every spelling, but only by a first and last letter, and a hushing-up dash, to mark the prudent reticence of disapproval in a profane tongue. There were also some other startling excrescences, but only as the excess of force in the writing of the pictures, all very pardonable in the first work of a young author. "Wuthering Heights" is one of the most powerful novels written in the English language, or any other language. It was therefore a bestowal upon Charlotte Brontë died without receiving any public recognition of her genius, and although the inward fangs of its final sincere were sharp, that certain work, the world might perhaps have had another creation from that to potent spirit; and in any case the feeling of some public acknowledgment that she had not lived, and felt, and thought, and labored in vain, would have helped to smooth her death-pillow, and to have made the brief remaining period of her generous sister's own life more happy. With what earnest emotion does Charlotte Brontë strive in that preface to place her sister before beside, or above, her own; with what noble yet almost tearful energy she seeks to keep down her reproaches of the shallow judgment, the prudery, and want of perception, which had refused to admit Emily to her rightful place among writers of fiction! The ancient Romans used to set up a statue to "Success," and worshiped it as a god. What could the figure have been like, one wonders? Such a deity could not well be of any admirable and substantial as such, in modern times; but, O Discretion! how often do we seem to offer for want of this the best things any full utterly, while, with thine aid, mediocrity in all shapes may become most prosperous!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE long-continued drought of the past season has not only resulted in the almost every section of the country, and has been almost as remarkable as the unusual heat which preceded it. Much as it has distorted daily residence, in the country have been the chief sufferers. Happy they who have unfailing springs and deep wells! Both crops and cattle have been parched for lack of water. Some complaints have been made concerning the unwholesomeness the cotton water in this city. It is true that the extremely low condition of the water for some season so reduced the natural flow of the Croton River as to render the supply of water entirely inadequate to the demand. Consequently the Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Board purchased some lakes in Putnam County, the waters from which have been turned into the Croton River above the Croton Dam. The quantity supplied from these sources for several weeks varied from thirty to sixty millions of gallons; and without this city would have been destitute of water. This inconvenience, therefore, to which residents of New York have been subjected was, on the whole, comparatively small. We have to remember the tribulations of wells in country places that are entirely dry, and thankfully bless the trouble the Engineer involved in mere thoroughly filtering the water they use.

Cornell University has received nearly three hundred new pupils this fall. In consequence of the great increase of students four additional professors have been elected, among whom is Mr. O. P. Cornell, a son of the founder. The library of the University already numbers 20,000 volumes. It contains the private library of Professor Goldwin Smith, which was purchased by him; the library of Franz Bopp, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Berlin; Goldwin Smith's private library, 1500 volumes, and he has given $2200 for books to be added to it; Professor Willard Fiske, one hundred and 1000 worth of books for the University, and has also lately added to the library 1100 very valuable volumes of manuscript; Mr. William Ely, of Rhinebeck, has given $1200 for mathematical books; Mr. Cornell has given $1000 to a reserve fund, and $500 for agricultural books; the British Government has presented 2400 volumes of Parliamentary Papers, 1611 to 1870, and the volumes will increase at the rate of 100 a year. Numerous others, who are still in Europe, are to be rebound, and the plates, which are on thin paper, are to be backed, at a cost of £1400.

The widow of Audubon, the naturalist, resides in Quarrelle, Richmond, and is over eighty years of age. A short time ago the $50 beautiful copper-plates, from which Audubon's "Birds of America" were printed, were to be sold at auction in this city, for her benefit. She has been granted a life-pension of $1000 a year by the members of the Board of Education, and it could be decided whether the Board would buy them. These plates weigh 1500 pounds, and were engraved in London in 1833 and 1838, at a cost of £20,000. The original drawings which were deposited with the New York Historical Society, $1000 having been subscribed by wealthy persons to purchase them for it.

A French physician, Dr. Magdies, has revived an old practice of administering shot as a remedy for intestinal colic. His method is to take No. 8 shot, after every night washing it with sweet oil, and give a dessertspoonful every half hour. He claims that in five or six hours the pain disappears.

Chemical analysis shows that fish contains all the constituent elements of a perfectly composed food.

The Crown Prince of Prussia received his English education from Professor Visscher, of Yale College. While the Professor was studying in Germany he became tutor to the young prince, and taught him what he now knows of English language.

In 1835 the Paris *Moniteur* thus recorded, from day to day, the progress of Napoleon I. from Elba to Paris:

"The unfortunate Napoleon has escaped.

"The Corsican Ogre has landed.

"The Monster has slept at Gap.

"The Monster has Slept at Grenoble.

"The Tyrant has been seen at Lyons.

"The Usurper has been seen in the Environs of Paris.

"Bonaparte Advances Toward, but Will Never Enter, the Capital.

"Napoleon Will be Under our Ramparts To-morrow.

"His Imperial Majesty Entered our Walls on the 21st of March, at the Head of his Faithful Subjects."

In the early days of *Household* Words, the only regular staff-contributors of original articles were Mr. Dickens, Mr. Wills, Mr. Jerrold, and Mr. R. H. Horne. Occasionally an article was jointly written. One day Mr. Dickens and Mr. Horne agreed to write a "Cunard Dock-yard," and the subject being approved, they went early to the place, were objectionably stared at by the dock-yard men, "Mr. Dickens, this article will naturally divide itself into two parts, which we will write each by himself, together—the, works of the dock-yard, and the fortifications and country adjacent to the powerful steamer." Mr. Horne then at once replied that the works of the dock-yard seemed to him somewhat like fortifications soiled and stale. He would meet here again at a quarter of five. I am glad you made that choice," said Mr. Dickens, as they left the yard, "as a school-boy here, and have juvenile memories and associations all round the country-side, your fortifications would have suggested a skirmish." How literary men would have become strong personal feeling on such an occasion before the choice was made. To the point article thus prepared Mr. Dickens gave the title of "One Man in a Dock-yard," thus again making his own personality.

A writer in *Good Health* says that the average weight, all the year round, of that portion of a woman's clothing which is supported by the hips is "about seven pounds;" and that if a woman was sentenced to carry such a weight about in this way for a number of years, for some great crime, the punishment would be denounced as an inhuman one; yet thousands of women daily endure such a punishment voluntarily, because it is the custom, and because they do not know the bad effects likely to follow it. The writer earnestly counsels women—not to adopt an entire undress, but to wear by turns, best to have their clothing suspended from the shoulders, by which dangerous pressure on abdominal muscles would be avoided.

Jennie Lind and Florence Nightingale are among the London names for the relief of the sick and wounded in the European war.

All the property of Admiral Farragut was left by his will to his wife and son. The total value of it is stated to be $200,000.

Bismarck is said to have some poetry in him, and that on approaching Nancy on the Moselle, he became sentimental, and thus addressed the French damsel:

"Thy love I'd by no meet thee still
At sound of the vesper bell,
In the starry light
Of midnight hour,
On the banks of the blue Moselle."
For, Nancy dear, through life and ship,
Against M'Mahon and Bazaine,
Oh! Nancy, prize Prus, and all their train,
I've come to the Moselle."

From Rio Janeiro we have a report of a contemplated visit of the Emperor of Brazil to the United States. The object of his visit is to gather information which may be of great value to him in the administration of affairs in the vast country over which he rules.

Bouchet, the colored Freshman at Yale College, is said to have passed by far the best examination of any of the candidates, white and silver candidates. The young man is a resident of New Haven, eighteen years of age, and was graduated from the Academic department school of the city, valedictorian of his class. What he will look like at '74 remains to be seen.

The German soldier finds his sausage as important to him as his needle-gun. The government supplies every man with a sort of sausage to be eaten raw, onion, spices, and bacon. It is so made that it will keep a long time, and, in fact, needs no further cooking, and is only put into hot water when the soldier's pan can be done. It is both palatable and nutritious. In Cologne enormous buildings are appropriated to the manufacture of the sausage, and over two thousand persons employed.

A correspondent interviewed a woman whose family might be considered as belonging to the vagabond order, and the following conversation ensued:

"Good-morning. "What is your occupation?"

WOMAN.—"Well, I s'pose I'm a kind of a beggar to get my living, and to keep the house, and to pay the rent."

"Indeed! Do you beg for your food from day to day, or twenty-one," or what is his trade?"

WOMAN.—"Why, I never had any home, and he don't do any thing to my knowledge but get drunk, and come home and beat me and abuse me."

CORRESPONDENT.—"What does your daughter do?" (A girl of eighteen, who looked old enough to be his face.)

WOMAN.—"She used to work in a factory, but she don't do any thing now but put the streets, and keep me in rum."

"Do you like to be the two children of Israel?"

WOMAN.—"No, Sir; I've tried to make them go to school, and they wouldn't, and I couldn't keep them there; so I let them go where they please, and maybe they'll live to be rich."

The first music printed in New England was in 1698, and the earliest collection preserved was published in 1698, and contains thirteen tunes. In 1718 the first organ in that country was set up in Boston. It remained unpacked for seven months, but when it was set up it became a wonder. One writer says he thought it was "a pretty box of whistles, but an awful way to spend the Sabbath." About the time of the Revolution the custom of "deaconing" out the hymn was established, adopted with regard to the Scriptures, when the deacon persisted in lining out the hymn, he was overborne by the choir, and left the church in a huff, but was generally coaxed by the church. In another case, a deacon waited until the choir finished, and then commenced and sang out the hymn, reflected it by saying: "The world's people have sung, now let us sing it because it is a wonder. One woman brought to old churchmusic was the pitchpipe, then came the tuning-fork, the bass-viol, and the clarionet berretuning-fork, the bass-viol, and the clarionet berretuning-fork, the bass-viol, and the clarionet berret

POPE PIUS IX.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

King Henry VIII., Act II., *Scene* 2.

THE STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL AND CLOCK.

THE wonder and delight of Strasbourg is the Cathedral—one of the master-pieces of Gothic architecture. Founded by CLOVIS in 510, reconstructed by PEPIN and CHARLEMAGNE, destroyed by lightning in 1007, it was rebuilt in 1015 by ERWIN DE STEINBACH, and finished in 1413 by JEAN HEUTZ, of Cologne, after the tower had been four hundred and twenty-four years incomplete. According to tradition, ten thousand workmen toiled at the holy work for the good of their souls, "all for love, and nothing for reward." An epitome of Gothic art, this Cathedral contains specimens of every style, from the Byzantine upward. Heaven send it a safe deliverance from Prussian shot and shell! let the gunners aim wide of that noble, heaven-piercing spire, which, according to the best guide-books, rises four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement—that is twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid, and sixty-four feet higher than St. Paul's, the body of the church itself being higher than the towers of York Minster. The view from this net-work of stone repays the giddiest person. Beyond the dull red roofs, and the high-roofed and many-windowed houses, spreads the whole country of the Rhine and Black Forest, and on the side of France you see those Vosges Mountains, that might have been held against the world. HUGO describes the netting of detached arcades and pillars over the west end of the Cathedral to be like a veil of the finest cast iron, so sharp and bright is the carving of the durable stone; while Dr. WARNELL, comparing the building to an edifice placed under a rich open casket of woven stone, laments the sacrifice of distinctness from the multiplicity and intersection of the lines. The triple portal is peculiarly fine, and is in itself a world of quaint statues and bass-reliefs. The middle arch is adorned with no less than fourteen statues of the Old Testament prophets; on the right arch are the Ten Virgins, and on the left the Virgins treading under foot the Seven Capital Sins. In the Revolution these carvings were destroyed, and the great brass doors melted down into money, but they have been restored with a most reverential care. The choir is plain and simple Romanesque, but the nave is the choicest early decorated German Gothic. The tower's special treasures are the fine stained windows of the fourteenth century, recently restored (spare them, gentle gunners!), the vast marigold window, and the famous astronomic clock, one of the wonders of Europe, comprising a perpetual calendar, a planetarium on the Copernican system, and shows the hour, the day of the week, the month of the year. It was made in 1571, and, after standing still for fifty-six years (a good rest), was repaired in 1842 by a mechanician of the town. We give on this page an illustration of this wonderful clock. This part of the Cathedral is supported by a single pillar of great symmetry, and above the Gothic cornice appears the effigy of ERWIN DE STEINBACH, the architect of this vast building, whose tombstone was discovered, in 1855, in a humble little court behind the chapel of St. John. In an old house at the southwest corner of the Minster Platz there are preserved some curious ancient architectural drawings belonging to the Cathedral.

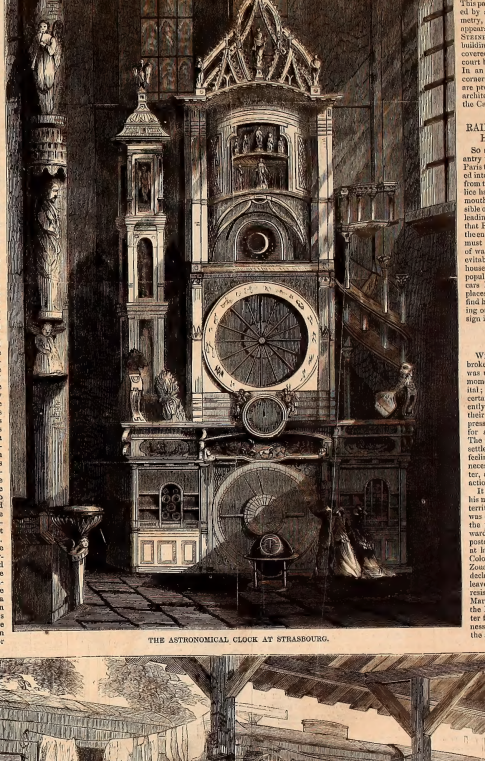

THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT STRASBOURG.

RAILROAD TRUCKS FOR HOUSES IN PARIS.

So strong is the faith of the peasantry in the impregnable position of Paris that they have voluntarily flocked into the city in immense numbers from the adjacent country. The police have hunted up all the "useless mouths," and sent as many as possible out of the place by the railroads leading to the northwest; but now that Paris is completely invested by the enemy, all within the fortifications must remain and take the chances of war, sharing the discomforts inevitable to a state of siege. The houses will not accommodate the population, and the useless railroad cars have been made available as places of shelter for such as can not find homes elsewhere. Our engraving on this page shows how this design is being carried out.

ITALY.

WHEN the Continental war first broke out the Italian Government was urged to take advantage of the moment to occupy Rome as her capital; but ministers replied, with a certain magnanimity, which apparently secured the public approval for their policy, that it was unfair to press France in the hour of her trial for a settlement of that question. The question is now, however, being settled. The excited state of public feeling has been such that it has been necessary to act promptly in the matter, and thus forestall the party of action.

It was resolved by the King and his ministers to occupy the Pontifical territory with Italian troops. There was a strong agitation in Rome and the provinces, addresses being forwarded to the King, popular placards posted, and the people in some parts at last rising in open insurrection. Colonel De Charette, with the Papal Zouaves, fortified Montefiascone, and declared that with or without the leave of the Pope he, for one, would resist the Italian troops. Signor San Martino, intrusted with a mission to the Pope, carried an autograph letter from the King, begging his Holiness not to oppose the advance of the army, and it was understood that

HOUSING THE PEASANTRY IN RAILROAD TRUCKS IN PARIS.

the advance was only delayed until the return of the embassador. His mission was so far successful that orders were issued to the Zouaves to offer no opposition, and several of the prelates were in favor of an arrangement with the King; but to this, it appears, the Pope could not bring himself, but was occupied in framing a protest.

On Monday, September 12, the Italian troops, under the command of General Cadorna, crossed the Roman frontier, their instructions being to occupy such places as asked for their presence, for the safety of the public and the Holy See, and not in the King's name. The inhabitants were not to be molested, and the next step in the drama was to be a vote of the people, annexation or no annexation; and not till that is given is the King to assume sovereignty over the occupied provinces. The troops were enthusiastically received everywhere; Montefiascone was evacuated, the Papal troops contenting themselves at first with cutting the railway lines; but at Civita Castellano they fired at the advance-guard, and then capitulated. Viterbo, Frosinone, and Corneto have been occupied.

The Pope, who was to have gone to Malta, decided to remain in the Vatican, but refused all terms of arrangement with the government of Italy.

CYNICISM.

THAT kind of cynical criticism of life which amounts to a regular depreciation of its highest aims and better labors is founded upon an error which it is very easy to signalize. If the conscience of an observer has been deadened by willful wrong-doing, he immediately inclines to be to and dwell upon the worst or weakest part of the character of each individual; not necessarily to rejoice in it, which would be devilish, but to watch the power which the wrong part in a man may have of defeating the right part in him. But all the while he is imperfectly sensible of the great fact that the good and right are still in the ascendant; or, in other words, that, in the mass, excess and defect correct each other, so that collective sum is a very different creature from A or B taken at hazard out of a crowd. To this is, indeed, a very poor way of putting the case, which might be made much stronger; but room must now be made for a word about cynical criticism of a less malignant order. This chiefly exhibits itself in running down vulgar enthusiasms, and questioning, in a scientific vein, the accuracy of those instinctive generalizations which play so large a part in human affairs. With regard to the vulgar enthusiasms, it is a curious thing that while the great humorists often make us smile at them, they always show them in their true light—that is, as fortresses or intrenched camps made by the better part of the average human mind in its haste to go about its business. We can not all of ways be stopping to chop logic concerning dogs of research or genius in history and literature; just as in life, we find that our general people choose their friends and stick to them, without pausing every now and then to revise the grounds on which their choice was made.

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Piles,
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Ulcers,
Sores,
Humors,
Female Complaints,
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Pimples on the Face,
Blotches,
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Tetter,
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Scald Head,
Ringworm,
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Colds,
Consumption,
Bronchitis,
Asthma,
Spitting of Blood,
Pain in the Side,
Chest and Lungs,
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Suppressions,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 721.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE BURNING OF BAZEILLES.

ONE of the most horrible incidents of the war in France was the burning of the village of Bazeilles, represented in the accompanying illustration. Exaggerated and distorted narratives of this lamentable affair have appeared in the letters of war correspondents; but the statement of an English gentleman who was actually in the village the day it was burned, and saw the Bavarian soldiers setting fire to the houses, relieves it of its worst horrors, and makes it apparent that there was no intention to take the lives of non-combatants. The French soldiers had defended their position in the village, and clung to every house and bit of wood. The Bavarians were so close upon them that some of them were cut off and left in Bazeilles. Here they remained concealed in the houses while the Bavarians passed through. It was only about eleven o'clock that they were discovered. The village was then on fire in several places, and the fire had reached a large house at the corner of two streets. Suddenly from the windows of this house was opened a sharp fire, and the men of the small Bavarian force in the place began to fall fast. The little garrison in the house refused to surrender. The Bavarians fired in vain; and through the closed shutters straw was heaped against the doors and lighted, but the wind blew steadily back, and left the front of the house untouched; and from the cellars and the ground-floor in front the French still kept up their fire. At last their officer fell, mortally wounded, from the window. He was picked up and brought in by the Germans, and soon afterward the remnant of the little force surrendered. There were 200 men of the marines in the house. Their commander would not hear of a surrender, and only forty came out at last unhurt. In other houses other small bands were found. Some of the inhabitants, not soldiers, even women, fired on the Bavarians. This English gentleman saw them taken with the arms in their hands. The men, but not the women, he was assured, would be hanged next day. It is said, however, that other people, who had taken refuge in the cellars, unknown to the German soldiers, were unfortunately stifled by the smoke of the burning houses. But there is no substantial evidence of the enormous act of cruelty that has been alleged. Bazeilles was rather more than a large village—almost a town, of 2000 or 3000 inhabitants, with a church and a mairie. The greater part of its population had fled into Belgium. The church, and all the houses in the place, are destroyed.

BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF BAZEILLES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST IN THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE election in New York has this interest for the country, that, if MR. HOFFMAN should be re-elected Governor, he would be the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party in 1872. It is useful for the country, therefore, to know something of the chief illustration of his political character and career. He has been Mayor of the city and Governor of the State. He is a lawyer of the city, his most memorable act was a proclamation at once denying and defying the testing the electoral frauds, which were not reported only, but known, and by means of which MR. HOFFMAN was elected Governor. His whole conspicuous act as Governor is the signing of the Erie bill, an outrage so flagrant that it has convicted him, in the minds of all intelligent citizens of his own State who are familiar with the facts, either of total incapacity or of utter want of principle. Stung by the consciousness that this great iniquity justly threatens its perpetrator with political destruction, the shrewder Democratic organs are busily engaged now to divert attention from their candidate by slander of General WOODFORD. But the less wary, like the *World*, actually attempt a defense which is so absurd as to be merely a confession of judgment. Indeed, the full enormity of Governor HOFFMAN'S conduct was never made more conspicuous than by the ludicrous apology of the *World*.

The facts of the case are simple. Certain notorious persons, among whom are the political inventors of MR. HOFFMAN, became manigers of the Erie Railroad. They presently made an issue of several millions of new stock, the illegality of which proceeding was admitted by their successful application to the Legislature to legalize it. Having thus for the time mastered the rend, they applied to the Legislature to alter the charter, so as to deprive the stockholders of the right to elect a full Board of Directors annually, and enable the Board as well as that of certain other roads to also divide itself into classes, of which only one-fifth should be chosen annually, thus giving the chief managers a control of the road for two or three years, notwithstanding every effort of the stockholders, who had elected them for one year only. The bill was passed in May, 1869, to take effect immediately, and its words are:

"The Board of Directors in each of the said companies may or cause the members of such Board, or any of or otherwise, that, as nearly as may be, one-fifth of their number shall go out of office at each annual election; and at the next election of directors, in each of said companies, directors shall be voted for to fill the place of those whose terms shall then expire in the classification aforesaid."

This was the bill. If the Governor signed it, and it became law, all redress for the stockholders was hopeless; because they could only do by the executive signature would prove that they owned a governor, were already known to own judges and lawyers. By refusing therefore, he which the great veto power is given to the Governor had arisen. He was morally and officially bound to interpose on the defense of the rights of honest citizens, imperilled by ignorance or fraudulent intention. That the Governor clearly understood the enormity of the bill is plain from his long hesitation in signing it. He retained it nearly a fortnight. But the power behind him could not be resisted, and with the feeblest effort at justification of an act which, if honorable and proper, needed no more justification than his signature, he at either bill, he signed the bill depriving honest citizens of the control of their own property, and giving it to persons whose reputation was notorious.

The expression of public opinion upon the subject was instant and most emphatic. All leading papers had forcibly called the Governor's attention to the enormity of the bill while he was still hesitating to sign it. Then, as soon as it was —a Democratic paper in this city, which constantly informs us that MR. HOFFMAN is a great "statesman" —speaking of the bill immediately afterward, said that if a man owned the whole stock of the Erie Railroad he could no more obtain control of it before it was opened than could it run among the mountains of the moon. It declared that the Erie bill "organized the monstrous injustice," and added: "The Erie bill is simply indefensible—it was not even defended by the independent Democratic press of the country when severely attacked by the Republican press as bearing Governor HOFFMAN'S signature." And when a proposition was made, in the last House of Democratic Legislature, to repeal the bill, the *World* said:

"If the attempt now making to repeal the charter act passed last spring is keep Messrs. GOULD, FISK, TWEED, and LAW in office as Directors of the Erie Railway Company four years beyond the period for which they are elected should succeed in both branches of the Legislature, we suppose there can be no doubt that Governor HOFFMAN will sign the repealing bill. *If there is any chance to expel the evil, it is supremely folly to ratify the mistake he made in approving that piece of legislation, and confound it so.* Hence *to repeal the bill it was with a formal apology. He will need no apology for signing a repeal.*"

This expressed the universal sentiment. Then began the but one opinion among honest men in the State of Governor HOFFMAN'S conduct in signing the bill. But the same *World*, which is now as subservient as Governor HOFFMAN himself to the persons for whose purposes the Erie bill was signed, has recently attempted a defense of the bill which it has already denounced as indefensible and knavish. It says, in the first place, that this is the only charge alleged against him by the public conduct of MR. HOFFMAN, which is not true; for his proclamation as Mayor, protecting the electoral frauds, and his appointment of judges under the new constitutional provision, equally expose him to the censure and suspicion of all honest men. But even if it were true, what is the argument? To say that the Governor must be spotless if this is the only charge against him is but to say that when only charge against a man of an enormous theft, "Very well, what then? He never stole any thing else, and is therefore supremely an honest man." It says, in the second place, that a Republican legislature passed the bill, and therefore the Republicans are equally responsible with the Governor. This does not follow, because the scope of a bill may be dextrously concealed by those who introduce it at times and under colo ur it through the forms of legislation. Moreover, legislators may be absent, may be inattentive, may not understand the bill.

But in the worst aspect, supposing that the Republican majority was bribed to vote for what the *World* called a "knavish" and "indefensible," "monstrous" bill, what is the substance of its reply to the charge that the Governor involved his State in the "most foul" way, with other officers betrayed their trust." If the Republican Legislature passed a monstrous and knavish bill, it was the part of the Governor to veto it. The veto was given him for that very purpose. But, of course, the Governor could not veto a bill unconstitutional until it is passed by the Legislature; and yet Governor HOFFMAN, with incredible folly, actually demanded the fact that this bill was passed as a reason for not vetoing it. He said, "No serious opposition was made to it in either House." Why not? Because it was not understood. But it was his duty to understand it. "The stockholders on the several roads have not presented objections." Why not? Because they did not understand it. When they did—but let the *World* tell us about it. "In reviewing his action in this matter, it will not avail the absence of protests, which since have been numerous enough to indicate that general sentiment," &c. Does the Governor mean to say that he will sign any knavish, indefensible, monstrous bill, if there is no protest against it? He does not seem to know that it is the duty of the Executive to protect against legislative knavery, and to make his protest effective.

There is alleged this in the principle of the Erie bill is that of the provision in the United States Constitution for the classification and re-placement of Senators. Will the *World* defend this case? The Senators of the United States were elected with full and universal knowledge of that provision. But the Erie bill was not seen by reference to its text, which we have already quoted, empowers the Board of Directors, elected for one year, to vote to re-elect themselves, and the act takes effect immediately. The moment that the Governor signed the bill, the election in March last was nugatory to put there to protest against legislative knavery, and to make his protest effective.

There is alleged this in the principle of the Erie bill is that of the provision in the United States Constitution for the classification and re-placement of Senators. Will the *World* defend this case? The Senators of the United States were elected with full and universal knowledge of that provision. But the Erie bill was not seen by reference to its text, which we have already quoted, empowers the Board of Directors, elected for one year, to vote to re-elect themselves, and the act takes effect immediately.

tianity and religion with the political authority of a bishop. How much wiser is Archbishop PURCELL, of Ohio, who said, upon returning from the Œcumenical Council, "I believe it would have been a happy thing for the Church if kings had never pretended to be her protectors..... All we want is a free field and no favor. Truth is mighty and will prevail. We are here, side by side, with every sect and denomination of Christians. It is for the people to judge which of us is right, which of us teaches that which is most conformable to the Holy Scriptures. Then if they approve our religion, let them embrace it; if not, reject."

This is sound doctrine from the lips of Archbishop MANNING, whose words sound like a voice of the futile despair which Cardinal ANTONELLI doubtless feels.

PRIVATE GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN.

THE private correspondence of LOUIS NAPOLEON has fallen into the hands of the new Government in France, and the question is suggested, How much of it ought to be revealed? Has an emperor lost the privileges of other men allegiance? While state secrets and plans injurious to the public welfare may very properly be exposed, ought his personal intrigues to be published? The question is one that we first suggested a few years since by MR. PARTON'S article upon DANIEL WEBSTER. MR. PARTON stated plainly that, upon more than one occasion, when MR. WEBSTER addressed the public he was overpowered by wine. There was an malignant interest from some persons in it as an unpardonable indignity to publish such a fact, that the public was interested in the great qualities, and not in the little faults of MR. WEBSTER, and that a decorous sensibility would have veiled his lapses in silence.

Then decorous sensibility would have been a very poor historian. What we really wish to know about great men more than of any other is the truth. HOW WILLIAM PITT drank, we two Speakers instead of one, there is no harm in saying so, however painful it may be. If DR. FRANKLIN was a man of loose morals, why should decorous sensibility represent him as a passionless sage? If WASHINGTON lost his temper at Monmouth, and swore roundly, why should decorous sensibility skip the oath? Whatever is necessary to show the man as he really was it is essential that the historian should record. MR. SPARKS once corrected the grammar of some of WASHINGTON'S letters. It was kindly, but surely unjustifiable done. And it is precisely that kind of polishing and trimming which made FIELDING say that the difference between novels and history is that in the novel every thing is true except the names and dates, and in history nothing else.

In the case of LOUIS NAPOLEON every thing which is essential to a true knowledge of the man may properly be published. There is no good reason that Frenchmen should suppose him to have been a religious man if he were not so, nor a truthful man if he told lies; nor a learned man if he were ignorant; nor a continent man if he were unchaste. Many a public evildoer has been exonerated upon the ground of his private personal virtues. But if a ruler who has caused countless homes to be ruined and faithful hearts to be broken, to gratify his miserable lust or personal pique, is also a profound, superstitious, cowardly, debauched man, may the privileges of his private rights be justly pleaded to save him from the exposure of the truth? We do not say that LOUIS NAPOLEON was such a man. But if the evidence which proves it should be discovered, it should certainly be made public. It should be no more concealed than the general moral tone of his court. We are all profoundly interested in knowing whether great public virtues may exist in the same person with great private vices; and whether a man who can govern himself can wisely govern an empire.

THE VOICE OF A GERMAN REPUBLICAN.

THE Prussian republican leader JACOBY has been arrested for a speech lately delivered by him at Konigsberg, in which he said what appears to be distasteful to the German Government, but what is certainly very true. In speaking of the demand for the absorption of Alsace and Lorraine as old German provinces which Germany may very properly claim, he begged his hearers not to be deluded; the demand, he declared, was only the old right of the cannon, of brute force, in a new dress. "Have Alsace and Lorraine no people? he asked; may the victor decide their fate according to his own caprice? They are essentially French, he insisted, and it would be inhuman to endeavor to incorporate them with any German state. "Let us," said JACOBY, "firmly maintain the principles of right as much in political as in private life; let us proclaim that any annexation of foreign territory against the will of the inhabitants is a violation of the right of the free disposition of peoples. Without allowing ourselves to be troubled by the momentary intoxication of victory, let us protest against any violence which may be done to the people of Alsace and Lorraine. Those only who respect the liberties of others are themselves worthy of liberty."

Wiser words could not be spoken. They describe a statesmanship which would make the war a blessing, and give Germany the leadership of Europe. The value of the highest principle is yet to be illustrated in state craft, but there is no doubt whatever of its expediency; and if, as we prefer not to believe, Germany should make the cardinal mistake of forcible annexation by the present conquest, she must take the responsibility of the future war which BISMARCK seems to regard as inevitable. If force is to be a power and not a truce between the two countries, it must be founded upon mutual respect. France defeated, dismembered, humiliated, is necessarily an implacable foe. An annexation by conquest will be but a provocation and justification for reannexation by conquest. And if a statesman like BISMARCK is unable to see that brute force can settle no state question except by the total destruction of opposition, we must postpone the day of the greater statesman like JACOBY.

It will be observed that in the speech of the German republican there is no war cry. In the phrase of Artemus Ward, JACOBY, like WASHINGTON, does not "slop over." He states calmly and temperately the central idea of his opposition, and we must regard his arrest, if really occasioned by this speech, as is alleged without contradiction, as a very serious outrage of the German Government, and an unpleasant sign of its probable intentions in settling the terms of peace. It will be a misfortune if the sympathy of the world, which has attended Germany from the beginning of the war, and which has thus far most justly followed its successes, should be alienated by its interpretation of the right of conquest. If Alsace and Lorraine wish to be united to Germany, let them vote. If they do not, to seize them and hold them against their will is to begin endless war.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE Massachusetts Republican Convention was apparently unanimous upon every point but that of suffrage for women. The nominated Governor CLAFLIN and his associates, who have served the State so well, and it expressed itself plainly upon the duty of the Legislature. Its resolutions cordially approve the Administration, but while they declare the natural pride of Massachusetts in having one of her citizens at the head of the Treasury, they delicately condemn his policy by suggesting that the burden of the debt should be lightened a little with the years, and that taxation should be further reduced. This, indeed, is a measure universally demanded by the party, and one that will be undoubtedly adopted.

The resolutions further declare the party pledged to continued interest in the care of prisons, and to take care that education is secured to them. This resolution comes very properly from MR. HOAR, the chairman of the committee, who, in his place in the House of Representatives, made a powerful and admirable speech upon the ultimate relations of education and republican freedom. The Convention also asserted that the Republican party is distinctively the labor party, pointed to the great and vigorous settlement of the *Alabama* question, and favored "laws wisely calculated to prevent crippling and remoteness, and secure prompt issue and industry"—a truly sound and conservative resolution!

But MR. HOAR, MR. BOUTWELL and MRS. LUCY STONE, and MR. SLACK and MR. ROBINSON, and other gentlemen, moved and pleaded in vain for the woman-suffrage resolution. The Convention declined to act upon it, and reported it back to the Convention for its pleasure. The Convention did not act upon it, and it had yet become a question upon which the party was unanimous or prepared to speak, and so declined to declare itself. But LIVERMORE and other able movement be adopted by the Republican party, by which it naturally belonged, and that its friends should not be to the Democrats for its support, surely nothing could so show the utter hopeless of the leaders of the movement as an appeal to a party which has no principle whatever with political progress or reform. Do they expect the party of caste, of ignorance, of hostility to every social reform, to be induced heavily to so vast and radical a reform as that involved in woman suffrage? Even if the Democratic Convention should hold the balance of power and be induced to accept some of the Democratic party, does any thoughtful advocate of woman suffrage think that the cause would be nearer its goal?

The great body of the friends of all rational progress in this country are in the Republican party, and no special good cause can gain, in the present condition of affairs, by the destruction of that party. As TALLEYRAND said that every body knows more than any body, so now the general national welfare is more important than any particular cause. The temperance reformers, the labor reformers, the revenue reformers, the suffrage reformers, should think long and well before they connive at the overthrow of the great organization of whose action they are all sure, so far as public opinion rigens, and without the support of that opinion success is impossible.

The success of such movements in the Republican party is organic development, but in the Democratic party it is a trick or an experiment. The Republican party always and wisely declares a little less than it believes in its own direction. It is even better than its word.

Democratic development should inspire in all friends of intelligent progress the most ascist of fears—that of the Greeks bringing gifts.

And this conservative parties, as such, are more than organizations for specific purposes, but because, as a fact, the moral and political intelligence of the country is at present in the Republican and not in the Democratic party.

THE USUAL THREAT.

THE organ of the Tammany Ring in New York says that the law of Congress to secure honest election in that city is "calculated to stir the people to resentment," and it very plainly suggests a riot and mob violence as a remedy against a law which makes illegal voting difficult. This is an illustration of the spirit and conduct of its party. In 1861, when some of its chief leaders were dissatisfied with the result of an election, they tried to destroy the government by force of arms. In 1863, when the leaders dread the result of an honest election, they declare the dishonest voters to be the people, and indirectly counsel them to go armed to the polls.

It is for the intelligent and truly conservative voters of New York to say in the country to decide whether a party which incessantly appeals and threatens to appeal to arms is a party that can be safely entrusted with the government of the state and the nation. It was so long the party of the slave-drivers, and so used to brute force as its only support, that it does not even know that, among free and intelligent people, threats are the poorest campaign appeals.

AN UNSAVORY FEAST.

THE *New York Times* is doing noble service in its treatment of the Tammany Ring. It performs a service which is in the interest of every honest voter in the State and the country. The seditious policy of the Ring is seen in nothing more clearly than in its total subjugation of the *World*, which is effectively and conclusively exposed by the *Times*. Last winter when the *World* declared what it ludicrously called "war to the knife" upon the Ring, there were many persons who believed that it had sufficient character and regard for the public welfare to persist in its words, and that there were honest Democrats enough to support it. The Ring, however, saw that the control of that feast shall not be lost upon the spectators.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

PARIS is now entirely isolated from the rest of France by the continued success of Prussian batteries, and balloons furnish the only means by which the beleaguered city can communicate with the outside world. The most recent occasion was that of M. Gambetta, who left Paris on the 7th inst., but the balloon was accompanied, at the beginning of its voyage, by one containing the Honorable Dorr Green, who has by no means a leaning the besieged city. We confirm the statement that M. Gambetta left Paris on the 7th inst. for Tours. For the purpose of foreign nations did by announcing in Paris had recently held a meeting at the Hotel de Ville to discuss the question in which they were placed by Count Bismarck's refusal to permit the Provisional Government without being consulted, which constitute the diplomatists have unanimously decided to leave Paris. M. Gambetta has been communicated to Count Bismarck; and, should he persist, they will be empowered to suspend all communications with their respective governments. M. Gambetta's journey to Tours is for the purpose of forming a provisional government, and he will return to or three times in those proximity to the Prussians.

The following account is given of the meeting on the 8th inst., by M. Gambetta, at Tours:

"By the advice of the republican government I have left Paris to transmit to you the hopes of the Parisians and the efforts which they are making to deliver France from foreigners. Paris, invented for seventeen days, has accomplished one of two million forgetting by their differences to withstand the invader, who cannot fail to succumb.

"The revolution found Paris without guns or arms of defense, and in twenty days we have created a power of 600,000 men. We have fortified and armed thousand Mobiles and sixty thousand regulars are assembled. The ramparts are covered with artillery of the greatest calibre, and served by gunners the best in the world. Around the city are 300 fortified works constructed by the smallest work. The ouvrage on the 4th had cost 200,000 francs, and the cost of nine hours' cannonading hundred, with four hundred rounds to the gun. Seeing that the enemy's fire was ineffective, the National Guards could not be restrained, and the enemy lost three days of defense—the barricades—which are adapted to the peace of Paris. This has all been done with the most calmly and orderly, amidst general patriotism. The impregnability of Paris is no illusion. It can not be captured or surprised, and there is no danger of sedition or starvation, which the Prussians have been counting on.

The engagements were in position about Paris on the 4th inst., and it was believed that the bombardment would commence on the 5th. The commencement of the battle of Sedan, General Ducrot, whom the Prussians permitted to enter Paris with dispatches for M. Thiers, announced that the garrison and the people are calm, and the appearance of the city such as to break the heart of a spectator. The *Paris Soir* describes within that the city is good for a six months' siege. It is said that the invaders' cannonade will be preceded by a formal summons to surrender the city. The English people and press are still trying to move the government to act on the question of mediation, but Lord GRANVILLE has yet do not manifest the slightest disposition to move.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, a military gentleman who has seen much active service, gives it as his opinion that the Prussians can enter Paris on the 20th autumn season. Nothing, he says, in the way of stone-walls can withstand Krupp's guns and the fire which they can be turned by the Prussian advances. The people are preparing for the bombardment with resignment by being kept at work in their windows. The books from the principal libraries have been removed to the Louvre. The Museum of Natural in the tower of Notre Dame to look out for fires.

Most important events have occurred of the new armies forming in the south of France. It is said that they will number 200,000 men.

Garibaldi reached Tours on the 9th instant. His presence created great excitement. He made a short speech to the Franco-Tireurs, in which he said that he should hasten to join the Republican Army of France to drive the invaders.

Many engagements are reported from several parts of France, with varying success. The cannon captured from the Prussians at Chateaudun, and retaken by the garrison on the 18th ult., in which they are driven back with loss, and the Prussians have left the city. The Prussians have also been defeated on the 4th inst., in which the Germans were worsted, and compelled, in consequence, to withdraw with precipitation, abandoning large numbers of cattle and much forage in the hurry of the flight. Two regiments of the army of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were defeated, on the 5th, after Pontanan, by the Gardes Mobiles of the Department of Aisne, garrisoning Soissons. On the 6th inst., the latter combat opened the city of Soissons, one of the strongest fortified town in Eastern France. The Prussians, after a bombardment of twenty-four hours, were unfortunately, and the Chateau Mauregard, and the Cathedral can be easily restored, and that the important Library, University, library, and the public buildings are in ruins. Strangers have begun to arrive, by the Belgian frontier, at Lille, and trade is beginning to revive. The German garrison is 10,000, who have left Lille for the seige.

The prisoners in Belgium, fugitives from the north, are pathetically appealing to the charity of the Belgian, have shown symptoms of revolt, and the Belgian authorities have found them to preserve order.

At Lyons military precautions are being taken in case of a movement in favor of the Empire or Orleans in France. The heights have been fortified, and are garrisoned by 30,000 men.

Bismarck has said that the documents found in the prefatal archives prove conclusively that the French Empire was the author of the war, and that it was important, as furnishing an answer to Bismarck's main argument, for publication.

An Oxford dispatch says that the latest story from Paris is that Bismarck contemplates signing a treaty with Count Von Bernstorff against France in Italy. Prussia is preparing to manage the Italian Republican soires Constantinople. The statement is not credited, and its publication is thought to be a ruse to alarm at Berlin concerning the designs of Russia, and an attempt to bring the popular opinion to Germany.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

It is conceded that the plan for taking the vote in the Ecumenical Council on Italian rights will be fair and impartial. All classes except the priests and their supporters will be represented. Intelligence of the spontaneous rejoicing of the Romans on thus ratifying the Italian union, the progress of which continues in the city is marked by the gradual changing of the names of streets, which are being rapidly made to conform to the new order of things. The Pope has not left the city during the entity; but there is now but little doubt that he will soon accept the situation, and throw himself on the protection of the Italian government. General Kanzler has been sent to Rome by the King of Italy to regard the gradual consolidation and annexation toward the Holy See. The Church and the clerical body, and guarantees for the exercise of the supreme spiritual power. The Pope will be allowed a guard of his own guard, at his own request, and has expressed a desire to have the troops in the great square of St. Peter's. A monument is to be erected to those who fell in 1849 in the defense of the Roman Republic. Garibaldi has written a letter to the Roman people, in which he calls on the scaffold in the cause of liberty.

The Belgian journals protest against the threatened at Rome.

More manufactories of arms in China are reported. Troops are also said to be collecting between Pekin and Tien-tsin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PROCLAMATION was issued by the President of the United States, on the 8th instant, appointing the following American neutrality, and warning the vessels of the belligerent powers not to make preparations in American waters.

The census shows that St. Louis is the fourth city of the Union in population. It has doubled since 1860, and now has 310,000 people.

The Grand Jury of Cook County met on Monday, the 10th October 8. The fund subscribed for the completion of the building now amounts to about $100,000.

Miss Etta E. Buxton, a school-teacher, of Canton, Massachusetts, died recently from the effects of an accidental blow he with stones in the hands of pupils. The young ruffians have been arrested.

The Democratic Convention met on the 12th at Fort Garry, and that Governor Archibald is gaining the confidence of the people generally.

The Democrats have tested the ability of the Council of the Enfield Brotherhood adopted a short time since, by which the Fenian organization is announced, and the condition of Ireland is reviewed. The Irish Land Democratic democratic Republic England it is believed that the working-men of that country will not be induced to join the Fenian Brotherhood.

At a conference held October 5 at Salt Lake City, Brigham Young restored his position as Trustee of the Church, which he held in 1844, and which position was appointed to succeed him. He holds the position of Trustee-in-trust, and has appointed a board of twelve men to be associated with the trustees in the trust transacted by societies. He was furious against the Gentiles, but he has now to assist every Gentile investment, and would destroy and burn every thing if need be to keep it out of the hands of gentiles.

Five citizens of Columbus, Kentucky, had a "difficulty" on the morning of the 10th instant, which resulted in a free fight. One of them was killed on the spot, and the remaining four received fatal injuries. The fight was desperate, and lasted only three minutes.

The Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Church of the Holy Comforter in the Middle Park, Chicago, has resigned his position as pastor of the church in the forts, and see whether troops are necessary for the protection of that district. A large force of mounted Indians appeared near Bijou Hills, Dakota Territory, on the 10th inst., but left the next time ago, but showed no signs of hostility.

John Gentain, Superintendent of the New York Police Department, died in this city on the 10th inst. He was an excellent executive officer, and was greatly respected by all who knew him.

Fitzhugh Ludlow, an American magazine writer of great talent and versatility, died on the 12th inst., at Geneva, New York, in his thirty-fourth year. He had gone there during a new attempt to recruit his failing health.

Ex-Governor Andrew of Suffolk, Massachusetts, have made an arrangement to break up a combination of brokers formed in that city by Gould, Fisk, Jr., and New York, and going into the business themselves.

THE FLOOD IN VIRGINIA.

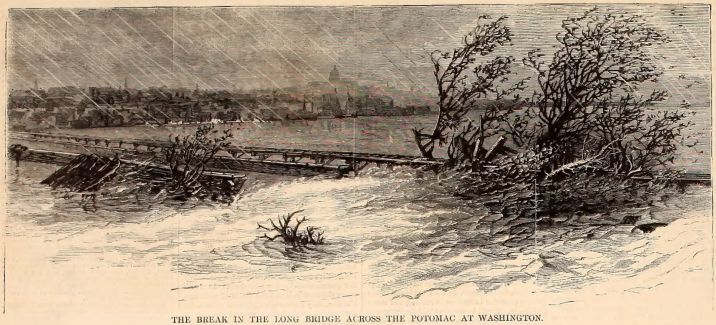

THE BREAK IN THE LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON.

THE flood that recently swept over Virginia was the most destructive ever known in that State. At Lynchburg the James River rose ton about 500 feet of the causeway of the Long Bridge was entirely swept away, and both spans nearest the south draw were broken.

tration, which is engraved from a photograph courteously sent us by Messrs. C. R. REES & CO., of Richmond. The view was taken from the St.

Many lives were lost at different places where the rivers rose suddenly in the night, and swept away houses before the inmates had time to

INUNDATION OF RICHMOND.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. R. REES AND CO., RICHMOND.]

twenty-two feet, submerging most of the town in its muddy waters, and giving it the appearance of a city rising from a lake. At Washing-

At Harper's Ferry and Richmond the flood was equally destructive. Several streets of the latter city were submerged, as shown in our illus-

Charles Hotel, and represents the flood on Main Street, where the water stood from four to five feet deep.

escape. At Harper's Ferry alone the number of victims was over fifty, and the total loss of life must reach nearly two hundred.

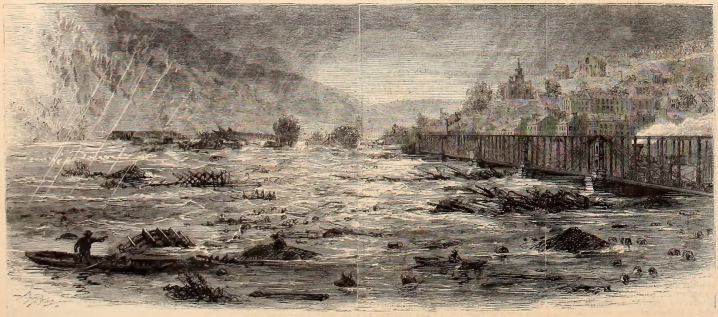

HARPER'S FERRY.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Approaching the Plain of the Geysers.—Its General Appearance.—Provoking Eruptions.—Theories and Facts in Regard to the Geysers.—The Great Strokr.

As the traveler approaches what is called the Plain of the Geysers—the region in which these blasts and explosions of hot water and steam are most abundant, and manifest themselves on the largest scale—the country grows more wild and rough, the crevices and fissures from which steam and sulphureous vapors and odors are emitted become more numerous, and every thing indicates the increasing violence of the internal heat, or at least its nearer approach to the surface of the ground. The country is almost entirely uninhabited, though travelers speak of one turf-covered hut, which they reach in approaching the plain, where a peasant, who serves as a local guide, resides with his family. A more lonely and dreary home for the abode of a human household can scarcely be conceived.

A guide well acquainted with the locality is very necessary in traversing this region, on account not only of the numerous chasms and pitfalls which abound in it, but also of the sulphureous and suffocating fumes which are emitted in certain spots, and which do not, like the vapor of water, make themselves perceptible from a distance to the eye, nor audible like a jet of steam. For steam, in consequence of its rapid condensation in coming in contact with the external air, emits a hissing or roaring sound; or, if it comes forth in sudden bursts, produces a series of detonations and explosions which warn the traveler of his danger.

These sulphureous emanations are alleged by geologists to be derived from the decomposition by heat of a certain mineral called pyrites, which is a compound of sulphur and iron, as is denoted by its chemical name—*sulphuret of iron*. Sulphur, when pure, and also in many of its combinations, is imbued with the remarkable property of *sublimation*—that is, the capability of being volatilized directly from the solid state, and afterward condensed again from the gaseous to the solid condition, assuming when thus condensed either the form of crystals or of an impalpable powder called the flowers of sulphur. In consequence of this property, great quantities of this substance in the form of vapor are emitted from volcanoes, and, being condensed again around the margin of the crater, form deposits which accumulate in the course of ages to a vast amount. A large portion of the sulphur of commerce is derived from deposits of this kind in the volcanic regions of Etna and Vesuvius, in Sicily and Italy.

PLAIN OF THE GEYSERS.

THE GREAT GEYSER.

The iron pyrites, from which sulphur is sometimes supposed to be derived, is widely diffused throughout the earth—disseminated generally, where it occurs, in small crystals which tend usually to a cubical form; and, as in color and general appearance it bears a certain resemblance to gold, people unskilled in mineralogy are often deceived by it—so much so that it has obtained the name of *fools' gold*. Almost every professor of chemistry in our colleges, and every State geologist or assayer, is continually receiving specimens of this mineral, sent in from the country to be analyzed, under the impression that it is gold. The character of the mineral can, however, at any time be easily determined by the stroke of a light hammer. Gold, being malleable, would be flattened by this treatment, but the pyrites is extremely brittle, and will fly to pieces under quite a gentle blow.

There is a third substance, besides the vapors of water and of sulphur, which is brought up from the interior by these volcanic ejections, and that is a silicious mineral which is dissolved by the water under the influence of the great heat below, and then is deposited again around the margin of the opening through which the water issues. The engraving showing a portion of the Plain of the Geysers gives an idea of the character and appearance of these deposits, which form a kind of mound around the orifice through which the water issues like the curb of a well.

The engraving also shows the tent of the traveler pitched upon the plain; for whoever attempts to explore these wonders has no shelter except such as he takes with him on the back of a pony. One of the figures represents the traveler in the act of throwing a heavy stone into an opening, while his guide is bringing another to be thrown in in its turn, with a view of provoking explosions.

For it is a remarkable, and in some respects a mysterious fact, that the ejections of water and of steam from these craters are intermittent, taking place sometimes at considerable intervals, and what is more remarkable still, they can often be excited by throwing a heavy stone or a clod into the opening. This last peculiarity—which was probably discovered by the very first visitors to the Geysers, through the curious propensity which seems to impel every one, grave and gay alike, when they see a hole or chasm or abyss of any kind, to throw the nearest stone into it—was long considered very wonderful and mysterious, as, indeed, were many other things connected with these extraordinary phenomena. The explosive bursts which followed the throwing of the stone seemed like the expression of life and passion, as if there were a monster within, who resented the entrance of the missile as an attack from an enemy, and the explosion which ensued was the expression of his wrath and defiance.

A great many theories have been advanced, and a great many speculations offered, in respect to the cause of the intermittent and irregular action of these springs. The tendency of most of the springs is to remain quiet for a time, or at least only to boil and fume with moderate violence, and then, after intervals varying in length, either spontaneously or from the stimulus mysteriously imparted by some shock given to them from without, to burst into a violent explosion, by which, in the largest of them, a column of water several feet in diameter is thrown one or two hundred feet into the air. The explanation of such a phenomenon must be in a great measure conjectural, but there are some scientific considerations connected with it which may involve the elements of an explanation, and, at any rate, which it may be useful and interesting to the reader to understand.

First, then, there is a mysterious connection between the presence of air in water and the manner in which the process of ebullition goes on when the water is heated to the boiling point. It is found that when all the air which, under ordinary circumstances, is combined with water is exhausted from it, the water may be heated somewhat above the boiling point without boiling, and then it tends to burst into sudden and great developments of steam. In other words, it boils continuously and quietly while it contains air, but when it is deprived of air the ebullition takes place in a series of sudden evolutions of masses of vapor, which have to some extent the character and effect of explosions. Now, as we may easily suppose that the wa-

ter, at great depths among the volcanic strata, may become entirely deprived of air, it is not impossible that the principle above explained may have some connection with the intermittent and explosive character of the emission of steam and water from the geysers. This is perhaps the more probable from the fact that the sudden bursting of the water into vapor, in the case above described, seems to be produced by any disturbance of the water, and even to be connected with any inequalities or roughness of the interior of the vessel containing it.

Secondly, the degree of heat at which water is converted into steam depends upon the pressure to which it is subjected. At the surface of the earth, where the ordinary pressure is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, it boils at 212° Fahrenheit. But upon the top of a mountain, where the pressure is less, it boils at a lower heat, or temperature. At the bottom of a deep mine, where the pressure is greater, it would of course require a higher temperature to boil it. So true is this that there is an actual though not very great difference in the degree of heat required to boil a tea-kettle in a farmer's kitchen, depending upon the difference in the pressure of the atmosphere, as indicated by the barometer, on different days.

Now the pressure bearing upon the lower portion of a column of water in a crevice or cavity in the rocks, extending some hundreds or thousands of feet into the interior of the earth, is enormous, and it would consequently require a very intense heat to boil water under it. It was said that Arago Perkins, in the experiments that he made many years ago with his steam-gun, subjected water to such a pressure that it would make it red-hot without allowing it to boil. It would be easy for a person conversant with the subject to calculate the depth below the surface of the earth at which the pressure would be sufficient to enable water to endure a given temperature and still remain liquid.

The pressure upon the lower portions of a column of water a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in length—a distance to which it would not be at all unnecessary for crevices and fissures in the crust of the earth to extend—though the force of it might easily be expressed in figures, would be really so great as entirely to transcend all human powers of conception; and water subjected to such pressure would endure a degree of intensity of heat before it would be converted into steam. If, now, we suppose that a portion of water, which is subjected to this heat and pressure, were suddenly transferred to the surface of the earth, where the pressure would be at once reduced to the rate of fifteen pounds to the square inch, it would instantaneously burst into steam with all the force of the most violent explosion.

Such a sudden transfer from so great a depth to the surface would be impossible; but it may easily suppose that the lower portion of the column might be slowly forced upward by water formed in small quantities at a still greater depth below it, until it reaches a level where the pressure would be so far relieved as to allow a portion of it to flash off into steam, and to throw up the column of water sufficiently to produce such an explosion as we have described. Numerous facts have been devised—ingenious but fanciful—for showing imaginary arrangements of channels and cavities in the rocks at a certain depth below the surface, so as to produce, by a combination of steam generators, air chambers, safety valves, and tortuous channels, which might be easily supposed to exist, and which, if they existed, would lead to the production of the phenomena in question. Of course these explanations are entirely conjectural; and, though it is well enough sometimes, when we can not determine how any given effect really is produced, to amuse ourselves with imagining ways by which it *might* be produced, we must not mistake such hypotheses for actual knowledge.

But, whatever we may make of the proposed explanations, there is no doubt that the Great Geyser of Iceland presents at the time of an eruption one of the most astonishing spectacles which nature ever where exhibits. The basin is surrounded by a mound of stone, which the water has itself formed, fifty to sixty feet in circumference and twenty high. The centre forms a well ten feet in diameter, through which, in the ordinary state of the Geyser, the water is seen to be boiling, rises quietly, and thence flows in a gentle stream over the margin of the mound, depositing sinter sometimes, sometimes for many hours, in this state, until at length a rumbling noise is heard deep under ground, and the water rises higher and higher into the air, until the rousing and steaming column finally shoots up to a height of from fifty to two hundred feet, according to the violence of the paroxysm. The water then, leaving basin nearly at the boiling point, the whole mass soon envelops itself in a cloud of steam which shuts the column of water almost entirely from view. The discharge continues for about five minutes, after which the Geyser returns to its normal condition of tranquillity.

The Great Geyser, so called, is not to-day excited to an eruption by throwing stones into it as another one situated at a few hundred feet distant from it, called the Strokr Geyser, from an Icelandic word signifying *churn*. The eruptions from the Great Strokr take place spontaneously two or three times a day; but by throwing stones into the opening they can be brought on almost at any time. Attempts have been made to sound these wells, but the plummet will only descend to the depth of from fifty to one hundred feet before coming to a stop. Whether the stoppage of the lead is occasioned by its reaching the bottom, or by some irregularity in the form or in the direction of the channel of communication, of course can not be known.

It is to be expected that a phenomenon so wonderful as that of these explosive fountains is to be seen only in a desert country, and that it is almost entirely withdrawn from observation from the whole human race. Three or four travelers in a century make their way over the rough volcanic rocks which guard them, and bring back to us their reports of the strange and unrepresentable scene. They can, however, do but little to give an adequate idea of the shocks the scene presents to the eye-witness, and still less can they explain the nature and the operation of the cause by which the effect is produced. There is no doubt that the force by which the water is ejected is that of steam, and that this steam results from the water deposited on the surface in rain, and thence percolating through fissures and crevices and passages until it reaches the incandescent, or nearly incandescent, regions below. But in what precise manner the steam thus produced is collected, and in what manner it is transmitted to the surface

upon my word. 'So help me, God,' is what I have first to say, and then say *that!*"

Why not?" rejoined the other, stoutly. "Will not these men, too, call God to witness what they know to be a lie? Will not *He* discern the motive that prompts you—desire to see a wronged man righted, the innocent set free—and the motive that prompts *those*—malicious hate? Or do you deem the all-seeing eye of Heaven is purblind? I tell you this, girl, if I were in your place, and the man I loved stood *justly* in such peril, I would swear a score such oaths to set him free! Yet here, with justice on your side and truth, and Heaven's help, to the fore-rate: you shrink from uttering a mere form of words the spirit of which is contained in the letter, and for conscience sake, forsooth, will let your lover perish. Your lover! yes, but you were never his wife, although he thinks so, to his sorrow, and tell him that you refuse to speak the thing that alone can save him from the full force of wretchedness; I will go and tell him that the girl for whose sake he has brought this load of pain on himself will not so much as lift a finger to her little finger! You fair, foul devil, how I hate you!" Sine drew herself to her full height, and regarded the wretched girl with such contemptuous scorn that even in her abject misery she felt its pain.

"I have not entered your house," said Harry, with some degree of firmness, "till I have carried your scorn; not a sweet taste you have given me despite me, because I fear to anger God."

"And you," added the other, with a bitterness. "You fear your father's wrath far more than Heaven's."

That bolt went home: the unhappy girl did indeed stand in greater terror of her father than of the sin of perjury; and the dark cloud fell upon oath what she had but a few days before so solemnly denied to him was filling her with contentemnation and dismay. Still the struggle had not had just been drawn of the ruin that would assuredly befall her Richard, and she cried out that to save him, had more vivid colors even than that of Tavernhelm's anger. Let him kill her, if he would, after the trial was over, but Richard she should go free.

"I will do your bidding, madam," said she, suddenly, "though I perish, body and soul."

"You say that now, girl, and it's well and bravely said; but will you have courage to keep your words to proof? When I am gone, and there are none but Richard's foes about you, will you resist their menaces, their persuasions, their sophisms, and be true as steel?"

"I will, I will!" answered Harry, impassionately; "they shall never turn me from it. But suppose they prevent me from leaving Gerbin, from attending at the trial on the day?"

"Well thought of!" answered Mrs. Gilbert, approvingly; "that has some sense in it, after all, this girl. As for their forbidding you to give evidence, however, Mr. Wessel, who is Richard's lawyer, will see to that. You will be summoned as a witness for the defense. You will say, then, that it was you who opened the window and let out the notes, and gave them into Richard's hand."

"But how could I open the letter pullock?"

"Good, again!" answered the other; "you have asked the very question that should have brought the answer. Now, listen! Have you access to your father's watch at times when he does not wear it?"

"Yes; he does not always put it on—never on the day he goes to market, for instance. He comes back late, you see."

"Just so; and sometimes, perhaps, not often—rather often, very good. Then, you need opened that watch from curiosity, and saw a paper in its case with B N Z upon it. Those letters formed the secret by which the lock was opened. You tried it, just in fun at first, and found they did. Do you understand?"

"I do," said Harry.

"You will not forget, then, what you have to say: and when? I negotiate it?"

"There is no need," groaned Harry. "I shall remember it forever, in spite of myself; and on my death-bed most of all." With a wearied look on her wan face, and a heavy sigh, the young girl rose to go. "Good-night, madam. We need not speak of this again to-morrow, need we?"

Surely not, child. My mission here is done. The rain is falling still, and that will be a sufficient excuse for my departure. I had a sick headache to-night—remember that—but it will be better after a night's sleep."

"Do you sleep?" asked Harry, simply. "Ah me, I would that *I* could sleep!"

"Of course I do. Is it not necessary for Richard's sake that I should be well and strong? I could veen all night and fast all day, if I let my foolish heart have its own way. But I am enough to grieve at any time: one has only to think to do that. Sleep, child, sleep, and a sick of him as he will be when you have set him free; then wake to work his freedom. I will tell him that you will do so. Press your lips to mine, that I may carry their sweet impress back to him. One moment more. Do not get your reason by heart, lest they should doubt you; but hold by this one sentence, and never swerve from it: 'I gave Richard Yorke the note with my own hand.' That is the key which can alone unlock his prison-door. Good-night, good-night."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. ROBERT BALFOUR.

An author of sensitive organization has always a difficulty in treating the subject of prison life. If he avoids details, the critics will not accuse him of to delicacy, but to incompetence; if, on the other hand, he enters into them, he trudges the narrow of the public, and hint that this particular phase of human experience is his specialty—that he "ought to know," because he has been "through the mill" himself. This is not kind, of course; but the expression, "a little more than kin and less than kind," is exceedingly applicable to the critic in relation to his humble brother, the author. We will take a middle course, then, and exhibit only just so much of Cross Key as may be seen in a "first visit."

Twenty years ago the system of treatment of prisoners before trial was somewhat lax. Now, Hyde's jails was not so uniform as it now is. In some they were permitted few privileges not enjoyed by the convicts themselves; in others considerable difference was made between the two classes. The governor at Cross Key was known to the side of indulgence. Its inmates who were awaiting their trial were allowed to wear their own clothes; to write letters to their friends without supervision (though not without the supervision of at their own part); and to mingle together for some hours in a common room, where that unbroken silence which pervades all our modern jails, and is perhaps their most terrible feature, was not insisted upon. In this common room Richard Yorke was standing on the afternoon following his incarceration. The principal meal of the day had been just concluded, and himself and his fellow-guests were sitting moodily over their troubles. The platters, the block-tin knives, so rounded that the most determined self-destroyer could scarcely do himself with them into Hades, and the metal mugs had been cleared, and their owners, with the more genteel table were occupied by a few periodicals of a somewhat depressing character, though well adapted to the cultivation of quiet cheerfulness," and by a modest inkstand much too large to be available for any purpose, existing, in the ground, perhaps, of not needing the wings of liberty for any other purpose—were expected to furnish forth them their dinner. These were but half a dozen of these unfortunates; all, in ordinary circumstances, were the higher grades of the ordinary agricultural criminal. Ignorant, slouching, dogged, they might have fired a rick, or killed a keeper, or even shouldered but no thinking hooters—have shot a great man's pheasant. They had not yet lost the social privileges of conversation beyond a murdered word or two, but stared stupidly at the pictures in the magazines, wondering (as well they might) what the devolent faces of the landlords, clergymen, and all persons in authority therein portrayed, or perhaps not wondering at all, but in a state rather pondering whether Bet and the children had come from the Union to see them, and how much whether the man in the big wig would be hard upon themselves next Wednesday three weeks.

One of these two persons was, of course, our hero, who looked, by contrast with these hero, with his calm face and his clear eyes, like another world, a fallen angel, but with the evil forces of his new abode already gathering foot within him. His cropped hair had grown but ten times thirty; and the dusky glow of his dark eyes existed that expression of fierce pride which they did but ineffectually reflect the hell of hate that was beginning to be lit within him. It was natural the whole world of his fellow-creatures, so mad he was with pride and scorn and rage, but he had sought to benefit one of the benefit-ed, as theirs was now against him; his motto, like the *crossed* exclamation of the mob in the play, should be: "Fire, burn, kill. He was like a spoiled child who for the first time has received a severe punishment—for a wonder, and wholly undeserved—and who, nursing in his vengeful passion, that all mankind might have one mark in common with him, and therefore (forgetting he is no Hercules) his infant arms might throttle it off-hand. The love which he still felt for Harry on a small tinder on being brought into contact with a merchant prince. The sweet, gentle character of the "person" had invested this young man with an increased interest in the stranger's eye.

"That is a pretty gentleman," said he, admiringly; "and could scarcely have happened with a poor devil like me, but required to be born a gentleman to have such opportunities. Now, I don't mind telling you," here he rank his voice to a whisper, and looked cautiously about him, "that I was forty years of age before I ever got such a treat as this. I've done better since, but it's been up-hill work, for all that."

"It doesn't seem to have been very hard work," said Richard, with a meaning glance at the other's hand.

"Well, no, I can't say as it's been hard; at least touch is what is wanted in my profession."

"Why, you're not a pick—" Richard hesitated from motives of delicacy.

"A pickpocket? Well, I hope not, Sir, indeed," interrupted the other, indignantly.

Then what *are* you?" said Richard, bluntly.

As a ray maiden blushes and hangs her head in silence when asked the question which she is yet both proud and pleased to answer in the affirmative, so did Mr. Robert Balfour (for such was the name of our new acquaintance) pause and in graceful confusion rub his stubble chin with his left-hand, ere he replied: "Well, the fact is, I have been in the gold and precious stone line these thirty years, and never in the possession until this present summer, when I came down here, as a Yankee pal of mine once put it, 'to open a little branch.'"

"With a crowbar?" suggested Richard, with a faint smile.

"Just so," said the other, nodding; "and it so happened that yours truly, Bob Balfour, was caught in the very act."

"And what term of punishment do you expect for such a—"

"Such a misfortune as that?" answered Mr. Balfour, hastening to relieve Richard's embarrassment. "Well, I had got the worst, I should say—considering the testimonials that were handed in—have been a lifer. But since I did not realize so much as a weddin' *ring*, twenty years ought to see me through it now."

Twenty years!! Why, this man would be over seventy before he regained his liberty!

"Great Heaven!" cried Richard, "can you be cheerful with such a future before you? and at the end of it, to be turned old and penniless into the wide world!"

A genuine pity showed itself in the young man's look and tone. A minute before he had thought himself the most wretched of human beings; yet here was one whose fate was even harder, and who met it without repining. Community of trouble had already touched the heart which he had thought was turned to stone.

"Are you sorry for me, young gentleman," inquired the convict, in an altered voice, "you who have got so much trouble of your own to bear?"

"I am, indeed," said Richard, frankly.

"You would not write a letter for me, though, would you?" inquired the other, wistfully. "I should like to tell—somebody as I've left at home —where I am gone to: and the fact is, I can't write: I never learned how to do it."

Richard took over Bob Balfour's face for the first time; the man was ashamed of his ignorance, though most of his career of crime. "If it's too much trouble, say so," added he, gruffly. "Perhaps it was too great a favor to ask of a gentleman born."

"Not at all," said Richard, hastily, "if the writing will be to you any pleasure."

"Hush! the *officer*, if you please," said Balfour. "They like to be 'officered,' these gentry, every one of them. Some friend of mine always addresses em as 'dogs;' but that's a mistake, though not a bad one, mind you."

Mr. Robert Balfour spoke a few respectful words to the warder, and the requisite materials were soon laid on the table. Richard dipped his pen in the ink, and waited for directions.

"To cut a long story short, then," said Balfour, apologetically, "to my old mother. Perhaps you have a mother yourself, young gentleman?"

"I had one," he had written in somebody the previous day, before he left Plymouth, to tell her the same sad news which he was now, as he supposed, about to repeat for another, and to urge her to repair to Cross Key at once.

Mr. Balfour leant coolly on the table with his forefinger for a moment, and then, as though he had found the key-note of the desired composition, dictated as follows:

"My dear Mother,—When this comes to hand, I shall have took your advice, and started for the New World. There's a ship a-sailing from Plymouth in a day or two, and my passage in her is booked. I didn't like to come back to you empty, as I said I would when last in my mind, and turn to the old trade. The post is queer and doubtful, they tell me, in these far-away parts, but I shall have better luck, and perhaps have an opportunity. All as is mine is yours, remember: I leave it. I have no fear of mercy myself, for there's a place being key for me, out yonder, in the carpentering line. Hoping this finds you well, as it leaves me, Your affectionate son, ROBERT BALFOUR."

"Then you don't tell her any thing about what's happened to you?" said Richard, wonderingly.

"Why should I? The poor soul's over seventy, and will never see me again. It's a great deference in the two cases, an immense difference: but still he resented this exhibition of natural curiosity, and commenced folding up the letter in his own conduct.

The other, however, had no suspicion of this. His thoughts, just then, were far away; and the subject of them gave an unwonted softness to his tone as he said, "Richard!" "I thank you for this, kindly, young gentleman. Here's the address—East Street, Spitalfields. It's her own house: and she's well-to-do enough, and to spare, while she lives, thank the Lord! Well, this is much kinder, and if Bob Balfour can ever do a good turn for it, he will. Hello, you're wanted."

"Richard Yorke!" repeated the warder, loudly. "Let that you hear?"

Richard had heard well enough; but the idea of his name being called out in such a way as this had for the moment unmanned him; he well knew how proud she had been of it, and how much he honor her name, disgraced, disheartened, in prison, a regretted thief! But the next instant he reflected that her arrival could not be possibly looked for for some days; perhaps it was Trevethick, who had, in the mean time, himself come to his senses and his willingness to withdraw from the prosecution; perhaps Harry herself had relented.

But there was no time for further reconstruction; a second warder was at the door, with the impatient, and Richard rose at once. The dull faces of the rest were all raised toward him with a malign aspect; they feared that some good news was come for him, that they were about to lose a companion in misfortune. Only one held out his hand, with a "Good luck to you, young gentleman; though I never see you again, I shall not forget you."

"Silence there!" cried the officer in charge, as Richard passed out into the stone passage, which led to it across our ways better than this, Balfour."

SUMMONED TO THE WAR.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 682.]

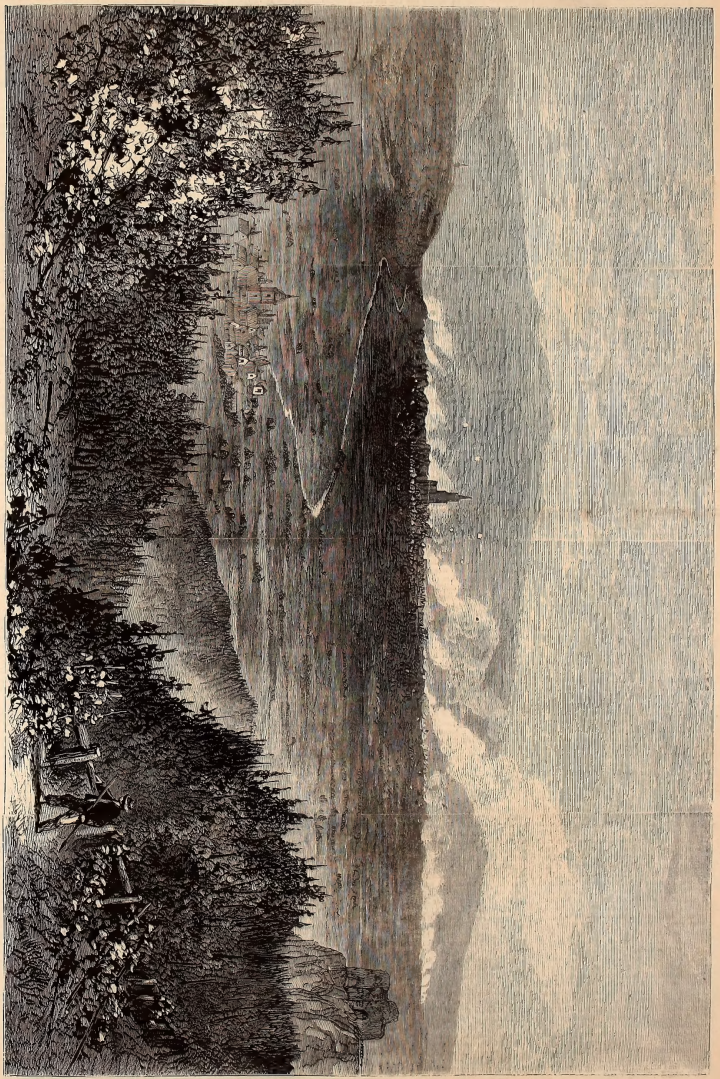

THE CITY OF STRASBOURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT, THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS IN THE BACK-GROUND. [See Page 681.]

SUMMONED TO THE WAR.

[See Illustration on Page 680.]

'Tis the Father-land that calls me, O my mother,
'Tis the Father-land that calls me, O my wife,
Calls me and many a sad-hearted brother
From the quiet hopes and labors of our life.

There are wives who pray with fervor that the battle
May spare the dearly loved ones, past all prayer;
And babes, too young a father's name to prattle,
Who will never know a father's tender care.

There are mothers who will shudder in the coming years;
There are friends, true friends, who will never meet;
There are homes where the ghost of haunting sorrow
Will sit forever in the warmest seat.

'Tis not our country wounds us, but the stranger—
We give but to our country what we owe.
For the rich invasion to us that toil of strangers,
Where the waters of our dear Rhine river flow.

And the very tree and shower of the nation,
The tilling and wood-whistles of the land,
The sturdy manhood of a generation,
In the vanward of the battle take their stand.

We fight for Father-land, and not for glory.
Where roots are watered by the tears of pain,
We fight not that our names should live in story,
But for the nation's life. And not in vain;

For 'tis a nation's war, and we, the nation,
Fight every inch of heart in our own cause,
Though the will of women, in their desolation,
Come to us only in the battle's pause.

Farewell, O mother! 'tis my father wants me—
Our country, common father of us all!
Farewell, O wife! weep not, for weeping daunts me;
Pray for me, and for yourselves I should fall.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

It was in the year 1835, before Italian unity or independence was thought of, when the journey from Rome to Florence occupied two days and a half, and when the Grand Duke Leopold dwelt in regal magnificence in the Palazzo Pitti, that two young Englishmen sat at breakfast in a Florentine palace, in which, without very much crowding, might have been stored half a dozen of the "brown-stone fronts" of Fifth Avenue or Madison Square. But for the comparative discomfort of Fiesole and the cloud-capped spire of San Miniato on their very highest peak.

It was a scene to rouse the enthusiasm of any one who had lived long enough in the world to throw off the self-absorption and satiety of youth, which are the characteristics of extreme youth, and which, thanks to a merciful Providence, time rarely fails to modify and subdue.

Our young friends, who, by-the-way, were doing full justice to a most luxurious meal, were far too much interested in their plans for future enjoyment, and in discussing the animated speculations of mamma's bookwork which they had had in their yesterday's travels, than they were in the art treasures within, or the natural beauties outside the villa for where they had elected to spend the coming six weeks. The young men were old college friends, and had been traveling companions on the continent of Europe for nearly three years. In personal and mental attributes they were fairly matched; in worldly wealth and position widely apart. One was a nobleman, the elder a commoner, with land and broad acres, and a rent-roll that was counted by hundreds of thousands; the other had but an inheritance of three hundred pounds a year, and certain expectations from an estranged uncle. In short, one was William Addyboy, Earl Grafton, of Grafton Castle, Wilts, with minor estates in half the counties of England; the other was plain Roger Bertrand, of no family matched:

"It's a very dangerous experiment, my lord," said Mr. Bertrand, as he moved his head hand which served as presse-papier, and took out a dozen letters lying underneath. "The English in Florence are as 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,' and there are a hundred chances to one that you will be recognized by some one or other."

"What an old muff you are, Roger; and what do you mean by mi-lording me? How can I be recognized by people who have never seen me? Haven't I looked over the list of all the strangers in Florence, and there is not a name I know among them? Besides, am I not ready to sacrifice the silk-net beard and moustache in Tuscany, and appear before the world in the usual sad short, 'without decoration or adornment, a complete specimen of the true-born John Bull Briton (I beg your pardon, Merton), resting my hopes of success upon the qualities of heart and brain alone. Pass the cheese, old fellow, and hold your tongue while I look over these letters and make out the plan of our campaign. And you dove! what a thing it is to *have* a plan and a something before one, besides dawdling through picture-galleries, and being 'civil and kind to your lordship' by all the mewling, puling, mushy-pasty puff-hunters between here and Mayfair! Let me see—to 'the English Embassador,' to the 'Chamberlain of the Grand Duke,' introducing Lord Grafton and his friend Mr. Merton. Lucky I had your name included in my letters, Roger. Well—the whole thing is arranged in my mind, old fellow, and you're not to have a word to say. Only remember that you are Lord Grafton for the time being, and as you won't sail under false colors, and go out and have a good time among the managing mammas and the husband-hunting daughters—why, 'Lord Grafton' must be an invalid and a hypochondriac, and never be seen by any one but his valet and his attached friend 'Merton.'"

"Very well," replied Roger, as he shook the ashes from his meerschaum on to a small silver plate—"'a willful man, etc.,—you know the old saying, Grafton. But it does seem to me the most insane project that was ever set on foot. To be impelled to give in my, like a good fellow! To be expected to sin and woo the lovely girl we met at Valombrosa yesterday, do it without subterfuge or deception. Let her know who I am, who and what you are, and trust—"

"To the noble indifference of the blood and power that exists in the female mind," interrupted the young lord. "No, I thank you, Roger; there's an amount of self-sacrifice about you, old boy, that would get the better of me on any other point, but on this my mind is made up. I have come to get such a notion again, and I'm resolved to be plain Mr. Merton for the next six weeks, and see what I can do toward remaking Grafton's hearts without my title and estates to back me."

"And so enact the 'Lord of the Manor' without any overdrive and humiliation, most likely. Recollect I warned you, Grafton," replied Merton, shaking his head gravely at his titled friend. "But if it *is* to be, when is the masquerading to begin, and how soon am I to fall into invisible ways? I don't feel any premonitory symptoms, unfortunately, and you must have nobody grumpy as a mask-ball companion. If you do I must pass for a lunatic, not for an invalid, this air gives me such a capital appetite. Do I'll let me get a glimpse of the Venus to-day, I hope, before I succeed to my unwelcome title, and am shut up in the mausoleum of—"

"Certainly, old fellow; do whatever you like. I shall be all the morning under Francois's manipulations, trying to be made respectable and invisible-like. And perhaps you may as well, as they spoke, and setting their hats upon their heads after the most approved British style, the young men left the room by different doors.

II.

There was a ball at the grand ducal palace a few days after the conversation recorded in our first chapter, and the whole of Florence, the whole *free* of cavaliers, and in the glitter of uniforms, stars, and diadems, "plied with Mercury," made his bow to Florentine society. After the necessary presentations to the court circle, and after bearing with the most profound regret expressed at the declining health of his noble friend, the *soi-disant* Mr. Merton found himself sufficiently disengaged this beginning of the season very much unknown and unnoticed, and rather uncertain whether this condition was one of pleasure and attractions were not somewhat of a mistake after all. He stopped for a moment in the hall-room to watch a pas-de-deux in which the Grand Duke himself was dancing, and as his eye fell upon the figure of the lovely Valombrosa, a thrill of delighted surprise ran through his frame, for he recognized instantly his charming exposition more of Valombrosa than of Florence, as the adventure there. She was a young English girl of about eighteen years of age, simple and very fair, and with the timidity of her race and of her sex written in very line of her beautiful face. She was dressed in white muslin, with no other unusual length, seemed to elude the most cautious attempts to meet their admirers' eyes, wore her hair purely parted over the small regular teeth, even in response to the efforts of her illustrious partner to attract her. She danced with the ease and grace of a Frenchwoman, gliding over the smoothly waxed floor without effort, and without seeming or desiring a fold of the exquisite Parisian elaboration which was called then, as it is called now, the "toilette de bal." And Grafton was too well accustomed to the "coming, seeing, and conquering" process to have any misgivings for the success of lord chamberlains, and requesting an introduction to the unknown beauty and to the honorable and worthy cursed his own folly in assuming a name and rank which were not his own when he saw the Duke's chamberlain bowing and smiling before complying with his request.

The quadrille ended, however, and the young lady deposited at the side of a rather formidable looking chaperon, whom Grafton devoutly prayed might not be her mother. "Mr. Merton" was taken up and presented to "Miss Adelaide Berringer." The young ladies were raised for a moment, and then Mr. Merton was called upon to make a second bow to "Mrs. Berringer," which he did with one of the most self-conscious phrases which completely took away that lady's breath. She, however, recovered herself as quite as apparent as was at all necessary that she was by no means pleased to make "Mr. Merton" the acquaintance of her daughter. The next waltz was timidly granted, and the next moment Miss Adelaide Berringer was whirling round and round the ball-room to the delicious music of the Duke's own band. A turn in the conservatory followed, and then a short conversation of having lost his way in his well-meaning efforts to find his fair partner, and Mrs. Berringer, Grafton led her out on to the moonlit terrace, where the entrancing beauty of the night was an excuse for still further delay.

During all this time Grafton had made the most of his extraordinary position, and with unusual conversational powers, talking charmingly and sympathetically, as he knew so well how to do, and eliciting many a responsive glance from under the long eyelashes.

"I think we had better go back now, Mr. Merton," said the young girl at last. "My aunt will be surprised at my long absence."

"Your aunt?" gasped Grafton. "She! the lady to whom I had the honor of being presented is not your mamma, then?"

"Oh no!" replied the fair girl, whose timidity was beginning to wear off a little. "I am an orphan. My aunt is very kind; but she has two daughters of her own."

"To whom I was *not* introduced," interrupted Grafton, quickly.

"Oh no! nobody ever is introduced to Mildred and Annie except lords or honorable ministers," replied Adelaide, with great naivete', "but I'm only a poor little girl, without parents or fortune, and when we go home very likely I shall fulfill a destiny as governess."

"Governess!" exclaimed Lord Grafton, looking compassionately down upon the lovely countenance at his side. "You are very unfit for that, my child."

"Oh, indeed," replied Adelaide, simply, "I have been very carefully educated, I assure you. I speak French and German as well as I do English, and pronounce that I sing very nicely."

"Sing!" exclaimed Lord Grafton, "how delightful! I am so fond of music! When may I have the honor of hearing you? Perhaps we might manage a duet together. I have a pretty fair tenor myself—"

"I am sure I shall be very happy," replied Adelaide, looking shyly down; "but, indeed, we must go in now. My aunt will think it so very strange."

And resisting all his efforts to detain her, she turned resolutely toward the entrance of the palaces.

They were met in the grand corridor by Mrs. Berringer and her two very plain daughters, attended and chaperoned by a stout and very stern was the glance the good lady bent upon "Mr. Merton" and her beautiful niece as they approached. All the more reason for their long absence.

"Mildred has your cloak, Adelaide," she said, in a tone that was intended to be calm; "and Lord Loftus will see us to our carriage. I have the honor of wishing you good-evening, Sir," she continued, addressing profoundly to "Mr. Merton," with an emphasis which seemed to this unfortunate young gentleman to mean on this occasion, but for the remainder of his natural life.

For the next few weeks life seemed to be one long summer day's holiday to Lord Grafton, and one long day's winter of discontent to the assumed possessor of that ancient name. In direct opposition to his friend's judgment and advice, Grafton gave himself up entirely to his daily increasing passion for Adelaide Berringer, and was well aware that the unconsciously betrayed it himself which she unconsciously betrayed. At balls and fêtes, in gardens and drives, they met continually, and Grafton had even the temerity to snap his fingers at Mrs. Berringer's repelling coldness, and still frequent that society which, even in the great morning after morning listening to the delicious strains of Adelaide Berringer's voice. During all this time he had not been honored with an introduction to the Misses Berringer, nor once received the slightest sign of recognition from them. It seemed to be tacitly admitted that he was "still enough" in the favor of Adelaide's, and would be tolerated as such provided he made not the slightest attempt to invade the sacred precincts of the nursery circle. As for Adelaide herself, she was living in an enchanted land, in which she and Grafton were the sole inhabitants. To her guileless nature the good things of this life were comprised within very narrow limits. To walk with the deep blue skies, gardens and vineyards under the deep blue sky of Tuscany—to dance with him, sing for him, and to fight nobly and bravely for him against the scoffs and sneers of the whole home circle, was happiness enough for her. The rest she left to him, "secure," as she shyly told him, when they stood together on the very spot where he had first seen her, in the valley of Valombrosa—"secure in his love, and content to give up all the future life to him."

And then Grafton would press her to his heart in a wild ecstasy of happiness, and whisper, "My darling, my love, dearest, of the trials and privations that poverty and obscurity may bring, I am ready for them. In the battle of life, fierce and dark though the struggle may be, at my side?" He had his answer in language that is ever the same, but not very intelligible to those living outside of their enchanted circle.

III.

"Isn't it time for this farce to come to an end, Grafton?" said Roger Merton, in a disconsolate tone, as he watched his friend pacing the terrace below the villa toilet for a "dress" in the lovely grounds of the Cascine. "I've been ill with fever, I've been a prisoner to my bed, and sooner you publish my demise the better."

"My dear fellow, don't talk of dying," replied Grafton, "for I shall be put out of your misery without going through that uncomfortable process. But you have been very much to blame for your patience and long-suffering in my cause. And by Jove! Roger, what a splendid success our little deception has been! I never should have believed that girl loved me for myself alone but for the fact that circumstances have put me upon my word, Merton, a man can't talk about that sort of thing, you know, but I do believe that I am the most self-pitied couple in Europe. The only trouble is how to break the truth to her. Do you think you'd like me much if I told you my title and estates?"

"Have you got her suit's consent to 'plain Mr. Merton' entering her august family?

"Oh, such a lark! Yes, the old lady was pleased to accord her royal permission, upon condition that our names were to be struck off her visiting list from the hour of our marriage. I've played you fairly, old boy, and by Jove! I'll hold to her own conditions strictly. How I did enjoy dwelling upon my narrow income in the only conversation I have ever had the honor of holding with her! By-the-way, Roger, I wish you'd go in and court one of those old girls as Lord Grafton. It would be such a splendid 'plant' upon the old dame."

"Thank you," replied Merton, dryly. "If you can offer me no better compensation for my services, I prefer to remain forever unremunerated. But, joking apart, Grafton, have you taken my advice and consulted Lord and Lady N—— about the marriage, and the best way to get out of this awkward affair?"

"Made a clean breast of it yesterday, Roger. The ambassador looked rather grave at first, and said something about the reproach cast upon 'our order' by my little escapade. What a farce it all is, to be sure! Fifty years hence 'our order' will probably have ceased to exist. But never mind, the old lady made it all right. Her plain old heart was charmed with the romance of the thing, and it's settled that our marriage is to take place at the embassy early next month, and they'll undertake to break the 'dreadful intelligence' to Mrs. Berringer, after we're gone, I suppose."

"When the veritable Roger Merton will throw up his cap and shout, 'Hurrah for liberty!' I never knew how fond I was of my father's name until I lost it. Can't I have it back before the wedding-day?"

"Not one hour sooner, you poor old victim. You've a great mind not to give it to me at all. It has brought me more happiness than ever my title and estates did—long may they!" and catching up his gloves and stick, and wearing a laughing adieu to Merton, he ran gayly down stairs.

The fashionable world of Florence was full of the most anxious speculations as to the various excitement and astonishment which was to herald the marriage of Adelaide Berringer with "that plain Mr. Merton, my dear," was to be celebrated at the British embassy; and faces was the struggle for invitations to the fête which Lord N—— had announced was to be given in honor of the occasion. What added a little to the interest was a certain veil of mystery which seemed to hang over the affair, from the impossibility of ascertaining definitely what the arrangements for the marriage were to be. All that the most assiduous artifices of fashion could learn was contained in their cards of invitation, which summoned them to the grand chapel of the embassy at one o'clock, and to an outdoor fête with dancing, to commence immediately afterward.

The sun shone as it can shine nowhere else but in an Italian sky on the memorable day which was to be a "red-letter day; and deep was the murmur of admiration that ran round the crowded chapel as, leaning on the arm of Roger Merton, he led up the aisle leaning on the ambassador's arm. The bridegroom met her at the altar; and when, a few minutes later than one of those present that the look of tender affection which rested for a moment on the lovely bride changed to one of almost triumphant defiance as he glanced round the assembled crowd. The ceremony proceeded, and at the first pause of the service the words were pronounced by the clergyman in that most solemn of all tones—the marriage service—"Wilt thou, be contains, Mildred Berringer whispered to the lady next to her, "William Adolphus?" What a grand name and such a very stupid husband! It ought to be 'Tom or Dick.'"

"Well," replied the lively girl to whom the remark was addressed, as the ceremony ended and the newly married couple, with their chosen witnesses, moved toward the vestry-room, "whether Tom, Dick, or Harry, he is a very distinguished-looking man. Adelaide Berringer is a lucky woman, I feel sure."

At this moment there was a buzz and a rustling through the chapel, and a signal from Lady N—— the guests retired and dispersed themselves over the magnificent grounds, or reclined in the luxurious carriages. Mrs. Berringer and her daughters took refuge in Lady N——'s boudoir. It having been a part of Mrs. Berringer's tactics from the first to identify herself as little as possible in the details of her niece's marriage, she had declined to accept the responsibility with her wife the signing of the contract. Now, however, she began to be a little anxious, and to wonder what had become of the bridal party. "Mr. nor Mrs. Merton," as she was careful to call them, had appeared.

"Do you think my little girl can have persuaded to Adelaide?" she said, a little nervously, to her eldest daughter. "Perhaps they have lost their way. Shall I go back to the chapel and make inquiries?"

"No, no, mamma," replied the aristocratic Mildred, who was standing near the window; "that horrid man is sure to be with them. I see Lord Grafton coming. Just come here a moment and look at this magnificent chariot standing at the embassy door. Ah and's coming out and four horses! It can not be Lord N——'s!"

"No," replied Mrs. Berringer, perceiving curiosity written on the blinds. "I have never seen it in Florence before. An earl's coronet—let me see. I have, Mildred. It must be that mysterious Lord Grafton's, whom nobody has ever seen. He has lent it to his friend for the first time in his life, knowing this, I suppose, girls, there are the bride and bridegroom getting in at this moment. They are going in their own carriage. Very sensible and judicious of them. I must say; as, of course, none of those people will ever call on a bride who goes in a hack. I did not suppose that Mr. Merton had so much tact. It spares us so much; my dears. Well, Adelaide goes off with flying colors," she continued, as the magnificent equipage dashed by, and the radiant face of Adelaide was visible for a moment to the group at the window—"it's a pity they are false ones."

"Hang me, madam," said Lord N——, who entered the room at that moment, and heard the last observation of his wife's guests, "if the true eyes of your lovely niece's own heart. And I am re-

quested by the young Earl and Countess, whom you have just seen drive from my door, to apologize to their friends for their abrupt and unceremonious departure, and to say that they hope to meet, during the coming season in London, all those from whom they have received kindness and attention here. Those who have declined the honor of 'Mr. Merton's acquaintance,' he added, glancing slyly at Mildred and Annie, "will of course not have it forced upon them by Lord Grafton. To you, madam," he continued, turning to Mrs. Berringer, "I have begged to intrust me to present his grateful acknowledgments for the wife whom you so reluctantly bestowed, and to assure you that the confidence which you imposed upon him when you gave your consent to his engagement shall be most religiously observed. Will you allow me to conduct you into the banqueting-hall, madam," continued the courtly old gentleman, feeling ready now for Mrs. Berringer, whose face was pale to absolute ghastliness, "where you can take some refreshment, and receive the congratulations of our friends on the happy *denouement* of this romantic little drama?" You will find there also, madam, Lady N——'s chaperonage, the real Mr. Merton, to whose assistance in planning and carrying out this little plot Lord Grafton is largely indebted. He really is a most charming young man, and I am sure you will be delighted to make his acquaintance. As he is quite a stranger in Florentine society, I will take the liberty of presenting him to your daughters. I have the honor to offer you my arm, madam."

STRASBOURG UNDER FIRE.

On page 681 we give an interesting sketch of the city of Strasbourg and the various scenes during the recent bombardment. The sketch was taken from the heights near Appenweyer, in the Baden mountains, directly opposite Strasbourg, on the west bank of the Rhine, and overlooking the valley of that river, with the village of Kehl on the east side. The winding stream of the Ill and its canals may be traced through the flat alluvial ground the belaguered city, and behind it lies the plain of Alsace, and in the distant background rises the chain of the Vosges Mountains. The magnificent Cathedral, which fortunately escaped destruction, though much shattered by the bombardment, forms a prominent feature in this sketch. An official examination of the city after the capitulation showed that the Prussian fire had been terribly destructive. Entire streets were in ruins, and presented a picture of utter desolation.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

AMONG the still active volcanoes we meet with some whose craters are several miles in diameter, encircled by precipitous sides rising to even a thousand feet above the bottom of the crater, when at rest, which, as in the Sandwich Islands, may contain swampy, or rather lake-like hollows, two to four miles across, and at times send forth rivers of molten stone several miles in breadth, which, after fiery tumultuous course a distance of even forty miles from the crater whence they issued, in the eruption of Mount Etna, in 1865, a lava current, after reaching the coast, poured out such volumes of melted matter as to fill up a bay some twenty miles wide, and in its place extend a headland some three or four miles farther into the sea. The rate at which these rivers of molten stone flow is a very varying one; in 1805 the lava current from Vesuvius is said to have run down the first three miles in four minutes, yet only completed its total distance of six miles in three hours; and in 1843 that from Mauna Loa advanced no more than eighteen miles in two hours; while on the other hand it is recorded that during the eruption of Etna, which commenced in 1614, and continued many years, the lava stream only completed a distance of six miles in ten years, notwithstanding that all this time it was seen to be in slow but almost imperceptible motion; during the eruption of this volcano in 1865 it was found, however, that at the edge of the current the rate of motion varied from 15 to 150 feet per hour, according to local circumstances; in the centre of the stream the lava was evidently still more rapid in its movements.

The entire mass of a lava stream often endures even when to the eye it would seem to have become quite solid; upon throwing a heavy stone on to the top of a lava current so far consolidated that the stone merely dinted itself into the surface without sinking deeper, it was seen that the stone moved along with the lava, which otherwise looked as if stationary. The surface of this lava consolidated and cooled with almost incredible rapidity, so much so that, notwithstanding the protestations of his guides, a gentleman walked over lava currents when, at the same time, the fiery stream still flowing below could be distinctly seen through the cracks in the crust over which he passed.

On this occasion also the stems of the pine-trees in the forest which was destroyed by the eruption were converted into charcoal as high as the lava reached, but the upper portions of the trees then toppled over, and remained in all almost unaltered and uncharred condition on the top of the lava current which had so quickly cooled. The crust which forms on the top of lava when cooling, being an excellent non-conductor, acts so efficiently in preventing further escape of heat that we find streams of lava requiring many years, and even ages, to become quite cold. Dolomieu relates that the lower part of the Ischia lava of 1301 was still hot in the year 1785.

The buried cities of Stabia, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, covered up in parts to the depth of 100 feet by the ashes of Vesuvius, are ocular proofs of the vast quantity which can be sent out of a volcanic vent during an eruption. The volcano of Sangay, in Ecuador, in constant activity since 1728, has buried the country around it to a depth of 400 feet under its ashes; and a French geologist has estimated that in the course of only two days the volcano of Bourbon has thrown out no less than 300,000 tons of volcanic matter. The immense distances to which these may be transported by the winds is no less surprising; the ashes of Vesuvius, in the eruption which buried Pompeii, darkened the sun at Rome, and were carried as far as Syria and Egypt. Ashes from San Vincent, in 1812, are reported to have made the sky as dark as night in the Barbadoes; and at Iceland, in 1783, ashes and lava in charges with ashes for a distance of 150 miles around Hecla that several nights together night not be distinguished at a few yards.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FOR the first time since theatres were permanently established in Paris there is a complete cessation of dramatic performances. These entertainments were stopped by legal authority; yet, before that was done, the managers announced their being about to close. While the Revolution was progressing, the tragedies of Marie Antoinette's favorite and Corneille were performed; and while the Reign of Terror deluged the streets of Paris with blood, sentimental dramas, recording the loves and quarrels of Corydon and Amoret, divided the public favor with republican lays celebrating the overthrow of the new religion, the marriage of priests, and other novelties. Napoleon went to the campaign which ended at Waterloo while the "Triomphe de Trajan" was being performed; and the entry for the second time of the Bourbons into Paris was celebrated by the production of "Le Roi et la Ligue." So that this peculiar feature of the present crisis must be considered in the serious aspect which it bears in the minds of the masses.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Saratoga, which was organized last winter, has had the largest gambling-saloon of John Morrissey. This establishment has been singularly and very successful, to the ruin of thousands, in defiance of all law. The statutes of the State authorize the seizure of gambling-tables and all property pertaining thereunto, and make it a punishable offense for any person to keep a gambling establishment. The promoter of the new association referred to was arrested, and, after examination, bound over to keep the peace and tried at the next term of the Saratoga County Court. All lovers of good order will rejoice to learn that the Young Men's Christian Association will persevere in this case until the notorious gambling-house is wholly routed out.

Remarkable solar phenomena are now exciting the interest of all astronomers. From observations made at the Allegheny University, Pennsylvania, it appears that the disk of the sun now furnishes what is covered with hundreds of spots of all sizes and in all positions. The area of one of the largest, through which is now near the centre of the disk, has been found by careful measurement to exceed in size 2,500,000,000 square miles. These spots apparently change their form from day to hour in a most unaccountable manner, sometimes to rush downward, carrying with it great masses of luminous matter to lower depths, and sometimes to burst asunder, and disappear entirely from the sight. Masses the size of whole continents are utterly changed in shape or disappear from one day to another. The appearance of the corona, which encircles during the whole "spot" in, to all appearance, being slowly absorbed by the cyclones which are visibly working there.

The aggregate number of persons who last year received relief from the public charities, under control of the Department of Charities and Corrections, or relief through their agency, is stated to be 94,878. Over 31,000 of these were relieved by the Superintendent of the Outdoor Poor.

The Chinese of North Adams continue to adhere to their peculiar diet of rats, on which they boarded at their own ate. They also eat beef and mutton, and occasionally vegetables. They are clearly in their personal habits, and are beginning to adopt the clothing which New Englanders generally wear. Some have ceased to have their heads shaved, which makes a vast change in their appearance; but the long queue is still carefully trained. They have not had any more raids, and many of them attend the churches and Sunday-schools. They work, however, very little with the exception, in general—which is, perhaps, one reason that they have still yet learned the smoke and drink. They are quiet and respectful, but withal somewhat suspicious; for when rumors have given them apples from their orchards they have been cautioned by Americans, who never have tasted the fruit until they have taken it home and examined it carefully.

A sect of Adventists, living in the vicinity of Pittsburg and Allegheny, are now busily circulating their belief that within the next two years the earth will be transformed into its original Edenic state. The European war, and the changes going on in the Papal States, are, in their opinion, fulfilling what the Seventh Day Adventists claim that the number of their followers in both Europe and America is large.

John Allen, who was unenviably known as the "Wickedest Man in New York," died a few weeks since. His father resided in West Perth, New York. At one time it was believed he had become a reformed man; but his subsequent conduct proved that the conversion was only a pretence for the hope of gain.

A correspondent of the *Independance Belge*, having visited Wiesbaden and seen the Emperor, says that he looks thirty years older than he did five years ago. He goes to bed late and rises early. A light can be seen burning in his bedroom after midnight, and between four and five o'clock in the morning he has already taken his first walk in the garden. Napoleon and his generals are apparently conscious of the tragic gravity of the situation, but his subaltern officers do not appear to understand it. They walk happily in the park, laughing at the passers-by, amusing themselves at the outside, and have all the insolence of jockeys accompanying a master on a journey of pleasure. One of these gentlemen dealed energetically, on the 8th of September, that the republic had been proclaimed at Paris. He considered it to be simply a Prussian ruse, and views told of the success of Paris of the first number of the *Journal Officiel* of the French republic, he shrugged his shoulders and said, with an air of superiority, "Good God, Sir, we must not believe every thing we read in the newspapers."

A singular petition was lately presented to the Board of Aldermen of Nevada City from a French woman who desired to be allowed to wear male attire. She stated that elsewhere she had worn those dress for twenty years, and being about to open a mercantile establishment in that city, she wished to be protected against insult in her new sphere. With her petition she sent a document bearing the signatures of the Clerk of the District Court of Amador County, California, which was giving her to serve as a protection against arrest, and which speaks of her as an industrious and virtuous woman, and one possessed of considerable real estate in that country. This document is certified to and countersigned by the French Consul at San Francisco, and states that she first adopted male attire in 1850, upon her arrival in California, that not finding any thing to do in San Francisco, and wishing to lead an honest and virtuous life, she went to work in the mines, where she made money enough to start in business.

A wild story is circulated in Paris that there exists a subterranean communication by wire entrance beyond the fortifications and another in Paris itself. The letter conveying this information to the authorities says that the writer has it from one of the masons employed in the work, who offers to come to Paris with a safe-conduct, but has a scruple. The subterranean passage is said to have been the work of six years, and to have been dug by German workmen on high pay, who were always taken to and from their work blindfolded!

Baron Rothschild, the millionaire, *par excellence*, of France, is in the National Guard, and is ready to do his part in defending the capital.

The session of the British Scientific Association of Liverpool do not trouble their heads about the great war on the Continent, but have quietly assembled for the discussion of the "atomic theory," the size of Polyzoa, the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, meteoric matcorn, fossil corals, and kindred matters. But in spite of their deliberations does not extend far out of their own charmed circle.

That much-dreaded disease, the yellow-fever, which has been prevailing in New Orleans and in parts of Texas, is, for the time, less than at the very door of our city during the past season. Although there is every reason to hope that the epidemic will not prove pernicious in regard to it, the season has now so far advanced that there is little danger of its becoming epidemic.

Phenaphthalosatrope is the name given to a new machine, invented by Dr. Donders, of Utrecht, for elucidating the movements of the eyeball.

A Massachusetts man having lately undergone a very severe surgical operation, his mind became unsettled, and he was seized with the conviction that they had removed all the internal organs from his body, and left him a mere animated shell. All their protestations to the contrary only convinced him the more of the perfidy of the whole medical profession. He would not eat, for he had no stomach; and forgot for nearly a month, he died the other day in a Salem hospital, bewailing his stolen vitals, and execrating his thievish doctors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old lady, recently in search of a cook-stove which she was desirous of purchasing, when asked to take off her bonnet immediately refused to do so, saying, "I have to go here to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh!" unexpectedly replied one of the judges, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?" "No, I thank you, Sir," said the old woman, tartly; "there are old women enough there now."

There are a good many people who do not live in New Jersey who will sympathize with the feelings of a Jerseyite, who, having found that sparrows would destroy mosquitoes as well as worms, procured a couple, put them into his bedroom, and told them to "skeer." He was somewhat discouraged when he returned to his room to find that the mosquitoes had swallowed the sparrows!

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

"Mother," said a little sharper the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea, and the men were all starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should be me—I'd jump into the water." "But," said the mother, "they would first tie you up." "No," said he, "for I wouldn't bite."

"Rose, I want twenty-five cents," said a jour printer recently to his employer. "Twenty-five cents! how soon do you want it, William?" "Next Tuesday week." "Then you shall have it." "I can't have it; I've told you often that when you were in want of any small change of money you must give me at least twenty dollars, for you ought to know that nobody pays the printer."

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESIDERATA—Fruit.

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways," exclaimed the boy as he threw the furnie at the schoolmaster's head.

An old lady who had never been to a railroad before, on taking the night at New Bedford the other day, took a seat, and after a while turned to a lady friend and observed, "I didn't calculate on much of it!"

SOULE RACE—A college examination.

The distinguished author of "I Lost to a Waterfall" is said to be engaged now on "Lines to a Hail-pin."

THE FAVORITE ROMANCE OF OFFICE-SEEKERS—"Put yourself in his place."

A young man in Ohio recently opened a clothing-store, and was sold out by the Sheriff. Reason—the clothing was consigned to another man.

The Detroit women wear Red-Cloud hats, and it is said the men are preparing to come out in Spotted Tail coats.

It was a woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own, even second advised.

Some lawyers study the free-ability of a client's case before undertaking it.

Preceding the list of marriages, a Chicago paper says: "The following is a list of candidates for divorce."

"What is the size of this place?" gravely asked a New Yorker of the landlord of a Western hotel. "Seven hundred and ninety-one!" said the landlord, with a look of surprise that was visible among the dying embers of a cigar which called an "outing-edition." "It's about as big as it ought to be," was the ready answer, "but it isn't built up yet."

A San Francisco paper declines to publish the particulars of three murders, as "there was nothing novel or original about the modes of death."

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in rooting a house, when one of them lost hold and fell to the ground. The other hastened to him, and inquired when he found him lying prostrate and still, "Mickey? Mickey! are you dead?" "No, replied Mickey; "get out, but speakative!"

A St. Louis reporter is terrifically "graphic" in describing the recent collision of railroad trains in Missouri. Hear him: "The two engines rushed together with a terrific crash, and, mounting monsters, grappled like tremendous crab, reared over the track in a mortal wrestle, and fell into helpless and disjointed fragments on the ground."

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "Why, grandpa," said a little fellow; "my sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times."

A lady recently said to an Irish man-servant, "I wish you would step over and see how Mrs. Jones is this morning." He returned in a few minutes with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-one years old.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY; OR, WHICH IS THE GOBBLER?

Where'er that tender bird I chance to see,
I wish that I might een a gobbler be;
So, as my foes are wont in battle murky,
I'll take my chance, and boast that keenness Turkey.

BEAR HUNT IN A SOUTHERN CANE-BRAKE.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 685.]

"OUR FRITZ" VISITING THE WOUNDED.

The kindness and consideration shown by the Germans to the French prisoners of war have been noted ever since the commencement of the conflict. At Berlin the citizens received the captives with open arms, and bundles of cigars and mugs of beer were distributed among them by the inhabitants of the various towns they passed through on the road.

The German officers also appear to be most anxious to alleviate as much as possible the lot of their unfortunate opponents. "Our Fritz" himself being among the foremost. The sketch on this page represents him speaking to wounded French soldiers as they were taken through the streets of Soultz the day after the battle of Wurth. An eye-witness, writing from the spot, describes his kindness as something wonderful, and tells us that whenever he sees a wounded man, whether soldier or officer, French or Prussian, he is sure to go up to him and say a few kind words.

JULES FAVRE.

We give on this page a portrait of M. Jules Favre, who is now the virtual head of the civil government of France, so far as such a thing can be said to exist in that country. He is a man of eminent ability and enlightened views. The task before him is, perhaps, the most difficult ever assumed by a statesman, and the prospect of a successful issue is very dim. His late circular, addressed to foreign powers, was the most reasonable and honest which has issued from any French Minister of recent times. Discarding the conventional fallacies of French rhetoric, he founds his arguments for peace on a basis which neutral governments generally recognized as reasonable, although it failed to satisfy the victorious enemy. Instead of insisting on the distinction between the imperial government and the nation, he candidly admits the obligation of France to repair by just measures the wrong it has done. If Germany "takes advantage of our misfortunes to overwhelm us, we shall offer a desperate resistance, and it will remain well understood that it is the nation, properly represented in a freely elected assembly, that

JULES FAVRE.

this power wishes to destroy." It may, of course, be objected on the German side that the question is whether France is prepared to offer sufficient reparation; but it is impossible in an appeal to European opinion to enter into the details which must at some time be the subject-matter of negotiations. It is admitted that the French Foreign Minister has confined himself, in this circular, to arguments which serious and educated men may use without intellectual degradation, leaving it for M. Victor Hugo, who formerly encouraged the cupidity of his countrymen for the Rhine, to rout in inflated phrases about Leonidas, Rienzi, and Danton, Plutarch, Homer, and Nebuchadnezzar.

IN A CANE-BRAKE.

The cane-brake is a distinguishing feature in Southern lowland scenery. Along the Mississippi and its tributary rivers and bayous there are large tracts of land periodically submerged, and covered by dense thickets of the graceful cane, affording cover for large numbers of reptiles and other wild animals. Trumpet-vines, wild convolvulus, the passion-flower, and other climbing and twining plants, lend the canes with their luxurious growth, and make them gorgeous with color. Over all the Spanish moss, which in such situations flourishes exceedingly, hangs from the dying cypress-trees, or swings from limb to limb in giant festoons. Malaria here holds potent sway, and woe to any one, not "to the manner born," who may have to pass a night in these deadly fastnesses.

In these swamps runaway negroes were wont to hide themselves from their masters, and during the war scouts and guerrilla parties found ample cover in these close retreats. A gentleman who visited a Confederate command in one of these thickets describes it as well quartered in an immense lodge, built of the canes, with doors and numerous windows. The brake had been leveled for many rods around, forming a dry and compact flooring, and every precaution had been made to avoid surprise.

Our picture on page 684 represents the capture of a bear, which, having been too particular in his visits to a neighboring plantation, had contracted the ill-will of the owner, and was hunted

"OUR FRITZ" VISITING THE WOUNDED.

down by a detachment of the hands detailed for the purpose. These packed the festive Bruin to his lair in the dense cane-brake, and there, with the aid of all the dogs in the vicinity, surrounded his beurship, and put an end to his marauding.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"We, the undersigned, Sisters of Charity, certify with pleasure that, after a trial of ten years, we have found Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines superior in every respect to all others used in our establishment. Their mechanism is strong and perfect, and with little care never get out of order.

"Sister Cuthlee,
"Sister Bayeux,
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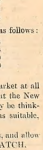

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIV.—No. 722.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

OCT 21 1870 C.C.

BALLOONS FROM PARIS PASSING OVER THE PRUSSIAN LINES.—[SEE PAGE 701.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

JOHN TO JONATHAN.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES has been welcomed in this country as few Englishmen would be, and his addresses in Boston were as much by and simple sentiment of the feelings toward us and our late war of the Englishmen who were our friends. What Mr. HUGHES said does not materially differ from the speech of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH at Ithaca last year, except that the latter claimed rather more good feeling upon the part of the chief members of the English ministry than Mr. HUGHES. But they both agree that the great popular feeling in England was strongly with us, and that the action of the Government, however hasty and negligent it may seem to us, was first taken on the instinct of English vessels, avow simultaneously with the issue of the President's blockade proclamation.

But the stress that we lay upon the Queen's neutrality proclamation is not so much upon the fact as upon the circumstances, as showing the spirit and temper of the British Government. It was the act of a cabinet which Mr. HUGHES is willing to admit was not friendly, and the declaration of neutrality of the cabinet, in the presence and offensive haste, indicated that the Government had prejudged the case against us—a fact which creates a presumption against its subsequent action. But it is certainly not fair to forget that the same ministry opposed in Parliament the issue of Governor EYRE and his friends at intervention, and declined absolutely the proposition of LOUIS NAPOLEON to the same end. The precipitancy, of unfriendliness in the issue of the Queen's proclamation is not susceptible of definite settlement. It will be determined by facts, but to every impartial mind it must still be an important consideration. Mr. SUMNER'S statements upon the subject were undoubtedly made without full knowledge or consideration of the facts, and we must be content upon both sides to have our own opinion. The English opinion is that the British cabinet thought that the Union would be destroyed, and were not very sorry, and acted accordingly.

Upon the scope of the Alabama Mr. HUGHES very wisely refrains from a general discussion, which could lead to no beneficial result. He was the first man in Parliament to urge upon arbitration upon the British Government. He concedes that that Government has acted unwisely in its policy as untenable; and in accepting the terms proposed by the United States, and in professing willingness to discuss the matter in public law which late events have suggested, he thinks that the British Government has done all that can honorably be asked. He distinctly agreed that when there is a serious difference between two nations, there are but two practicable methods of settlement—war and arbitration. But in this case the arbitration should interpret—that is to say, should make—international law upon the subject of recognition. Such a Government, according to British authority, is a fact, is it wise to leave the determination of the fact wholly to every state, or shall the great powers of Christendom agree upon certain preliminary conditions which should plainly exist? The vital international question is, Shall such precedents set by Great Britain during our war be accepted or condemned as a part of the code of nations? The question between America and England is, Will England pay for the losses inflicted by the privateers that escaped, or which were hospitably entertained? The last is all that we can demand as a nation; but the settlement of the first is essential to the restoration of friendly feeling between the two peoples.

"Shall it be love or hate, John?" asked Mr. HUGHES, quoting LOWELL; and to his earnest and noble appeal for mutual forbearance and intelligence every honorable American heart will unreservedly respond. Indeed, the great service of the pleasant and plain speech in this country of men like THOMAS HUGHES and GOLDWIN SMITH is the revelation that they make of the fact, which it is folly that any America understood, that there are two England—the England of aristocratic and narrow traditions, and the England of broad and generous intelligence and cosmopolitan sympathy. In the same sense, also, there are two American—the America of the traditions of caste and slavery, and hatred of race, and hostility to progress, and the America of liberty and justice and equal rights. During the war aristocratic England and aristocratic America—which was the rebel chiefs and their abettors—sympathized to the utmost, while the England of the people and the America of nationality, of freedom, and of equal rights, also clasped hands and hearts.

And now, in the interest of civilization and of human progress, it is the paramount duty of the last two not to relax their group. It is their duty to oppose every attempt to foster hostility and bitterness of feeling. It is their duty to remember that in settling the difficulties between the countries they are dealing with friends and not with foes, and to seek, therefore, not the humiliation of a rival power, but the clear and honorable and permanent adjustment of the two countries which lead the van of well-ordered civilization. This is possible only if undertaken in the spirit of the parting words of THOMAS HUGHES. "When that centenary comes round," he said, speaking of the 4th of July, 1876, "I hope, I trust, I believe, to see the great family of English-speaking nations girding the earth with a circle of free and happy communities, in which the mother shall be spoken of more on earth and good-will among men may not still be a mockery and a delusion."

IS GERMANY IMPLACABLE?

THE overthrow of France is so sudden and complete, the total destruction of a great and imposing military prestige is so astounding, that there is a natural disposition to accuse Germany of peculiar ferocity. Bismarck, personified in Bismarck, is depicted as unreasonable, insatiable, and blood-thirsty. It is declared to be devastating France, to be occupying towns and cities by arsenal, and to be threatening with fire the capital of civilization—the beautiful city. And this is urged against Germany as if she had deliberately refused the opportunity of making reasonable terms of peace and of ending the war. It is a calumny which we have already combated, but the accusation is so incessantly and vigorously urged that it is only fair to repeat the simple fact of the case.

When the empire fell by the surrender at Sedan, and a self-appointed committee of safety proclaimed the republic, M. JULES FAVRE, the Foreign Minister of the Committee, in his first circular denounced the King of Prussia for continuing the war, to which he had said that he waged against the Emperor, who was gone, and then added, that "a shameful peace" was not to be thought of, and that "France yields not one foot of soil, not a stone of a fortress." M. GAMBETTA, the Minister of the Interior, made a still more fiery declaration of a determination to expel the invader. M. RENATTE, the Prefect of Paris, said that the command was France "perpare to vanquish or die;" and the whole body of ministers called upon the country to rally around the glorious standard which eighty years before had driven all Europe before the victorious republic. All this certainly indicated a positive unwillingness to cut the country of the enemy; but it is quite as distinctly said to that enemy, "The terms you will probably offer us hereafter to advance as shameless."

But the Provisional Government, while hoping and, indeed, suggesting the mediation of foreign powers, was only made up of propositions of its own, but admitted that it was provisional merely, and that its action could not bind France. Meanwhile the German armies advanced upon Paris. What else could they do? The King had, indeed, said that he fought the Emperor, who was now his prisoner; but a nation and its military organization had supported the Emperor, and had made for their own ends. Germany, it was felt they did not say to the King, "This war was not our war; let us make peace." But they said, "We mean to make sure that you are ready, to drive you from our soil, and we don't mean to submit to a shameless peace."

There is not a government in the world that would not have done precisely what the Germans did. They pushed steadily forward. But they were plainly willing and anxious to encounter proposals for peace. There is no proof whatever of a cruel or blood-thirsty persistence upon their part. Indeed, M. FAVRE in his circuit reports, and most truly, that the situation permitted the enemy to throw upon France the responsibility of continuing the struggle. This is a distinct exculpation of Germany of any extraordinary hostile eagerness. And when M. FAVRE went out to negotiate, even with a prince, although M. BISMARCK showed that M. FAVRE could give no guarantee, which M. FAVRE admitted, the proposals for peace were made, M. FAVRE was conveyed through the German lines.

Unfortunately M. BISMARCK and M. FAVRE differ in their representation of some material points of the interview, which was abortive. The Provisional Government, M. FAVRE announced the conditions suggested by Prussia as "inolent pretensions;" declared that Paris was exasperated, and would fight to the last, self beneath her ruins." The German Government announced that an armistice being declined, the fate of Paris had become subject to military events. An armistice was, of course, the first condition of any negotiation. And for the necessary grave losses which the delay must inflict upon Prussia the surrender of Strasbourg, Toul, and Phalsbourg was demanded. It was not a severe demand, for they fell within a few days afterward, and the acceptance of the proposition would have saved much suffering. The conversation upon the terms that might subsequently be asked by Germany revealed the hope of acquiring Alsace and Lorraine by the right of conquest. This, certainly, is not an unprecedented nor unexpected demand, nor is it one of which FRANCE should too vehemently complain, since it is perfectly well known that if she had been victorious she also would have "exacted" from Prussia the return to us, however, a mistaken demand upon the part of Germany, for reasons that we have hitherto stated.

The whole situation, France, to gratify a grudge and to rectify a frontier, undertakes a ruseless war against Germany; and we say that whatever the opposition of THIERS upon the ground of want of readiness, there is no question that the war was sustained by the opinion of the country. Meeting reverses, the country apparently acquiesces in a change of government to prosecute the war with more energy. Unable to stay the enemy, France proposes to treat of peace, declaring in advance that it will not surrender an inch of territory nor a mile of a fortress. Germany, and certainly not unreasonably, insists upon its right to have the most substantial security against a similar assault from France, and declines what the security should be. France rejects the demand with disdain. To those to whom the demand of Prussia seems monstrous her conduct is, of course, rapacious and cruel. But that, under the circumstances, it is moderate or insolent we do not see, although it seems to us impolitic, because it does not promise peace.

Meanwhile the official report of the interview held with COUNT BISMARCK by M. JULES FAVRE, and which was published at length, will show clearly that there was nothing unkind nor insulting in the tone of the German offer, and that the strongest reasons were given for what seemed to the French the most dishonorable propositions. It must also be added that the Prussian terms appear to advantage in their own story. The war must proceed; but the passionate denunciation of the Germans because they put forward terms before an enemy who still resists is puerile. By the admitted laws of war which France has always recognized, victorious Prussia may properly demand territory as a condition of peace. It is for France to determine whether, in view of the general situation, the demand should be resisted at the cost of still farther bloodshed and inconceivable suffering, which to all reasonable apprehension would seem to be utterly fruitless.

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, whose portrait is a frontispiece page, is already well known in the State of New York, for in every part of it his eloquent and earnest voice has been heard pleading for the principles of the party which has now nominated him for Governor. Although still a young man, he has been a great deal of service of many kinds, and his tastes and his powers both incline him to a political career. He was born in the city of New York in 1835, and after graduating at Columbia College and studying law he was admitted to the bar. In 1860 a delegate in the Chicago convention that nominated MR. LINCOLN for the Presidency, he sustained the good cause throughout that exciting canvass in a series of able and popular speeches, taking rank immediately with the most effective orators of the party. He was selected to carry the electoral vote to Washington, and was soon after elected chairman of the Young Men's Republican Committee of the city.

Soon after MR. LINCOLN'S inauguration MR. WOODFORD was appointed Assistant-District-Attorney, and was placed in charge of the business for the prosecution of the many political captures made by the government; and we have the testimony of the District-Attorney, MR. DELAFIELD SMITH, which was warmly and generously given immediately upon General WOODFORD'S nomination at Saratoga, that MR. WOODFORD discharged his duties in this office with ardent and most satisfactory manner. The charges which have been made by heated partisan fear that his political fidelity have led him to suggest even a suspicion of MR. WOODFORD'S honorable regard for his duty. In 1862, after DELAFIELD SMITH'S honorable retreat, MR. WOODFORD enlisted for the war as a private soldier, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel before he joined the front. He served upon the Peninsula, and was afterward transferred to General GILMORE'S Southern Department. He commanded the brigade upon Morris Island, subsequently acted as Judge-Advocate-General of the department, and was intrusted with the exchange of prisoners. As General SHERMAN approached the coast Colonel WOODFORD sought more active service, and took part in several engagements.

When active hostilities ceased upon the Southern coast Colonel WOODFORD was made Provost-Marshal-General, and first Military Governor of Charleston. In this position his discretion, firmness, and ability were so conspicuous that he was called to be chief of staff by General GILMORE. Later Colonel WOODFORD succeeded General GROVER in command of the city of Savannah. During all his administration he was the most faithful friend of the freedmen, and his rule was confessedly sagacious and effective. In 1865 he resigned, and returned to resume in New York the practice of his profession. In the same year he declined the Republican nomination to the Court of Common Pleas; and in the autumn of 1866, after a thorough and active personal canvass of the State, General WOODFORD was elected Lieutenant-Governor by a majority of fifteen thousand votes. Against his official career only one serious charge has been made by party malice or a charge intimately exposed and refuted.

This is the simple story of the patriotic and spotless public career of General WOODFORD, whose name of the most representative Republican Conventions ever assembled in New York has called to bear the party banner in the present contest. Never was engaged, under the most favorable auspices, in canvassing the State, and has invited his opponent to meet him before the people. That opponent, however, although willing to insult General WOODFORD, as he does in his reply, declines to meet him. But with a firm assurance of victory and hearty support, and with a wise effort upon the part of the city Republicans to cast their vote in the manner which the Tammany Ring least desires, with the inspiration of the autumn elections, and with the old Republican resolution in the quieter determination of the New York men who, its real political sympathy by the election of General WOODFORD.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

It would take a very powerful microscope to discover the enormous Democratic gains which the October elections were to reveal. Indeed, those elections would be a very remarkable Republican tenacity, for it is precisely in the elections of the second year of an Administration that its party strength seems to be usually at the lowest ebb. Differences and disgusts may then be indulged without too serious consequences. But such causes of reaction seem to have been singularly inoperative in the Republican ranks. No Administration was ever more caustically opposed by the enemies or more bitterly and plainly criticised by its friends than that of General GRANT. But the fact revealed by the elections is not that of the most patient, to every friend of the popular system, for it is that the conviction in the public mind that the Administration is honest and faithful is a prospect fortification. The autumn elections are the distinct declaration of the people that the President and his cabinet must be kept. They do not always do the wisest thing, perhaps, nor always appoint the best man, but they have the honor and real welfare of the country at heart, and therefore they can be trusted.

This is a verdict which must be especially grateful to the President, who came to his office with no particular familiarity with politics or politicians, but with a very sincere resolution to provide as far as he could economical and able public affairs. How honest and economical it has thus far been is shown by nothing more than by the readiness and eagerness of even which the Republican orators and papers turn to the financial condition of the country, proving by the analysis and most statistical method that the public revenues have been faithfully collected and sagaciously expended, while the heavy burden of taxation has been very largely lifted. An Administration which has steadily diminished the debt while it has reduced taxation to provide at the most economical rates, if its attitude at home and abroad has also been honorable and dignified. Indeed, a very serious consideration in the election of this year might have been anticipated without implying a vital distrust of the Administration. The organization of the party, and of which we have spoken, with the reaction of feeling that must, of course, follow the act supplement of reconstruction, the weight of unpopular taxes, which were sure to be emphasized by Democratic misrepresentation, and differences as to financial systems and measures, might have been expected to reduce very largely the Administration vote, and the actual result of the autumn and especially in all the more agreeable.

But we do not forget the other reason which will long continue the Republican ascendency in the country, and that is the profound national distrust of a party which has plainly revealed the quality both of its patriotism and its honesty. The people know that the Democratic party to-day is substantially the same as when it polluted ourselves rebellion and shielded its

publish as shamefully corrupt. The autumn elections are the beginning of the answer to these questions.

They who have counted upon a rapid dissolution of parties are evidently mistaken. Existing parties can not be dissolved until there is a general conviction that the permanent issues are changed, and the error of some Republicans whose hearts are set upon certain measures and reforms is that in their eagerness they accept a formal and doctrinal view of the situation. If the only question of importance, for instance, were the method of reunion, the parties might fall to pieces. But the very fact of their steady cohesion should suggest that in the public mind there are questions even more important. And this general conviction will increase rather than decline. The real cause of the unfriendly party organizations is, that the old issues are not only not renounced by the Democracy, but they are constantly reaffirmed. The chief point in those issues is the amendments and the new colored vote. The elections show that that vote is, as it should be, a vote for the Republican party. But the fact will not win the Democratic party to acquiescence in the validity of the amendments, but will only embitter its hostility. To insist that the whole subject of reconstruction, therefore, is a settled issue is to accept a theory for a fact. The country has not done so, and the country is right.

Now let us put New York, where it belongs, in the Republican column of equality and progress, and we shall show the enemy at the polls, as we used to show him in the field, that our intention is to fight it out upon the line of his unconditional surrender.

ROBERT E. LEE.

ROBERT E. LEE was undoubtedly an amiable man and a good soldier. But his career, in that part of it which concerns the whole country, was the assertion of an apparently fatal weakness of character. He was bred in the army, and served as an engineer in Mexico with great distinction, and subsequently in a cavalry command. Upon the fall of Sumter, the first time that the flag of his country has been fired upon with doubtful result, he resigned his commission, on the 20th of April, 1861, saying that except in defense of his native State he had never sought to draw his sword. Despite this hope, however, he went immediately to Richmond, where, two days afterward, he was appointed General of the Virginia troops, and on the 10th of May Major-General of the rebel army. From that time he was the most popular leader of the Confederacy. He was passionately extolled by his Southern associates and the Copperhead papers in the North were never weary of applauding the "great captain" and "the Christian gentleman."

His military skill was conceded by his ablest opponents. He kept himself entirely aloof from politics, confining himself closely to his military duties, it will not, however, be forgotten that the failure of the Union prisoners at Belle Isle was almost visible from his headquarters in Richmond, and that the tortures of Andersonville were not stopped by him, not so far as we are aware, condemned. Personally courteous, and in the field honorably considerate of rebel and foe, his indifference to the fate of the Union prisoners may have been due to incredulity, or to a feeling that he was not responsible. Indeed, notwithstanding that he passed immediately into the national army to that of the rebels, his interest in the rebellion seems to have been reluctant and pro forma. Trained in the sophistry of State sovereignty he thought it his duty "to go with his State," but was not sure that his State was right. His services being required by the authority of which he thought them due, he performed the tasks allotted to him well as he could. "I recognize no necessity for this state of things," he wrote, and with a fatal inability to perceive what he yet seems always to have vaguely felt, the consequent immorality of his position, he continued to conduct the operations of a war which seemed to him needless.

If that war had been in defense of his country, if it had been a rising against intolerable oppression, if its object had been to convert and maintain threatened freedom, his obedience to such an authority would have been commendable. But it was a war to destroy the country, and instead of a rising against oppression, it was an effort to overthrow a great government, solely because it seemed to favor lawful liberty. To such a cause he gave his sword, because he thought that Virginia had a right to commence it. Was his moral judgment, upon that method, subject to his State? A man may be amiable, courteous, and refined, a brave and skilful soldier, intellectual, and learned, but if in the crucial moment of his life he consents to fight in a war of which he sees no necessity, and the malign purpose of which is but too plain, he consents to cloud his name forever as that of an amiable man whose weakness is virtual crime. It is in vain that we say General LEE thought that he ought to go with his State, for no man whom history can respect thinks that he ought to go with his State or with his country for an ignoble purpose. If he did not see that purpose to be ignoble, his confusion is only the more evident; for he was then ignorant of what was known to every man, and of what had been loudly and widely declared by the second officer of the Government which he obeyed.

From the day that he surrendered, and his cause was lost General LEE lived quietly withdrawn from the public eye. Apparently regarding events as fate and not as a political crisis, he did not think it honorable to try to thwart the results of a victory which he had vainly sought to prevent. His personal dignity and kindness, and the modesty of his retirement, had greatly softened public feeling, and he has been regarded with the pity that always attends sincere self-sophistication. But in the warmest eulogies that have been made of him, however, they always have been vaguely so. He was in no sense a great man, but he may be called truly unfortunate. His name will be remembered as that of a chief figure of one of the worst causes in history, yet a weak man, called to deal with events which he could neither clearly comprehend nor control.

POLITICS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

OUR friends in other States who sometimes see the New York papers may not exactly understand their references to the political situation of the city of New York. It is important, therefore, that they will see why it may probably be the duty of every sincere Republican to vote against what will be called the Tammany Republican city ticket at the November election.

Tammany Hall, which absolutely controls the city by the most notorious corruption, and which, under popular forms, has annihilated popular government, justly excites the anxious apprehension of all good citizens. But less its power can be broken the most disastrous results and the most desperate civil convulsions are sure to follow. Tammany Hall means civil terrorism and corruption. It relies upon cheating at the polls. Persons hold offices in its pay who are appointed to watch, and to act as gangs of repeaters at the polls. And no free people can long tolerate such a system, when its character is exposed, as that of Tammany now is.

The first duty of every voter, therefore, who means well by the city and desires an honest and urgent popular government, should be the overthrow of Tammany. If the whole opposition to it is able to unite upon a ticket which appears to be either its destruction or a formidable opposition party which would hold it in check. The first object of every true Republican is to defeat those who are opposed to it, that it may be more easily prevail. For this purpose it holds under its control certain persons who call themselves Republicans and still are professedly Republicans. These persons procure places upon Republican committees and nominate Republican tickets, and so far as they can, they direct the action of those bodies as Tammany dictates. There is, further, a certain number of Democrats who, for private reasons, wish to break the power of the Tammany Ring. Some of them, as experience shows, merely "play into the hands" of the Democratic party bought up by Tammany and are silent. But others steadily maintain hostility, and are organized into a party.

In the approaching city election Tammany wishes, of course, that the anti-Tammany Democrats shall be defeated and that there shall not be also a Republican ticket, in order that the opposition vote to Tammany may be divided. If it is true that the Republican party does not nominate with the details of politics will vote for Republican candidates, if they are in the field, rather than for the Tammany Democrats. Tammany has therefore directed its agents in the Republican party to procure the nomination of a ticket which the Republican vote may not combine with the anti-Tammany Democrats. If this plan should succeed, therefore, every man who votes the Tammany Republican ticket votes to sustain the Tammany Ring, while every man who votes the Democratic anti-Tammany ticket, votes to destroy the Ring.

Whether it would be practicable afterward to form a combination of the two great elements of opposition to the Tammany tyranny is not the question. It is enough that it is possible to form an opposition now in order to defeat the actual situation. When the pressing present evil is removed we can consider how to dispose of the next. A wise and honest man does the best that the circumstances allow. The Republican who votes for the anti-Tammany candidates, for instance, for the next Mayor of the city of New York, neither approves that past actions nor adopts the present general political principles of many whom he knows as anti-Tammany Democrats.

Nor is it necessary for Republicans to make any bargain, which in politics is always a very uncertain transaction. If the papers of the party and all those friendly to honest government will make it plain to the voters of the party that the object is the overthrow of Tammany, that alone will be accepted as a sufficient reason for supporting the anti-Tammany ticket. Indeed, it is the only manner in which the grasp of Tammany can be peacefully relaxed, and that result would be an immense relief for the whole country.

Last winter the sympathy and support of the Republicans were asked for the anti-Tammany Democrats, which was avowed to be a movement for the defeat of the Republican party at large, and the appeal, of course, failed. As we said at the time, "Tammany and reform a republic," in which case the Republican party is danger that a change would be only a change of masters. But when a situation is intolerable we must do what we can. The fear that another Democratic Ring might be no improvement is no reason for refusing to break the present one. And if the Republican nominations should be dictated by Tammany Hall, as now seems inevitable, it will be the duty, as we said, of the Republicans to decline to support the ticket.

NOTES.

THE retirement of Secretary COX from the cabinet will be deeply regretted by all who have watched his wise and faithful efforts to secure intelligent efficiency in the service of the government. Mr. COX, however, with many of the most thoughtful and practical of his fellow-citizens, that the purification and elevation of the civil service depend on the establishment of the details of administration upon sound business principles and making honesty and efficiency, and not "skill in politics," the tenure of office—will tend directly to withstand the enormous inequalities and corruptions that are the natural fruits of the patronage of our present system. It is unfortunate that the warm members of the first cabinet of President GRANT who were most conspicuously associated with administrative reform should have left the government in consequence of the pressure of those who believe that the civil service of the country should be organized upon the lowest party considerations. The names of SENATOR CRANDLER and CAMERON, which are constantly mentioned in connection with the retirement of Secretary COX, may probably be accepted as illustrations of the kind of influence which has plunged the country to the services of two of the ablest and most valuable advisers that the President has had—Judge HOAR and General COX. That the interests of a great party like the Republican are safer with gentlemen like these Senators with leaders like the late members of the cabinet we do not believe.

MR. TWEED'S MR. HOFFMAN'S proclamation as Mayor of New York virtually protecting the notorious ballot-box stuffers, his signature of the Erie bill as Governor, making what his own party papers called an "infamous" and "indefensible" bill law, and his appointments of Senate Judges for the general term, are acts so important in their significance that his refusal of declining General WOODFORD'S invitation to discuss political issues together is one of the very smallest parts of which a Governor could be guilty. In a perfectly courteous note General WOODFORD invited Governor HOFFMAN to discuss the issues of the election with him before the people. MR. HOFFMAN when a candidate had done the same thing, and now MR. FENTON, whom he knew not to be an orator, to meet him in debate. But after retaining General WOODFORD'S note for a day, the Governor, either not knowing or deliberately disregarding the conduct that is always expected of gentlemen, instead of accepting or declining with equal courtesy, directs his secretary to write a refusal. That person obeys by writing a note declining as General WOODFORD says as "merely a candidate for office." If MR. HOFFMAN thinks that a Governor may disdain to meet a mere candidate upon the platform, he will find that he must still meet him at the polls.

THE friends of Woman Suffrage, who seem to us sadly to cheapen the cause by the attempt to ask the aid of any party convention that will listen, have at least had in Massachusetts a very distinct revelation of the direction in which they are to look for equality. The Republican Convention courteously received and candidly discussed their proposition, and gave it a very respectful vote. The Democratic Convention laughed it down. The friends of the cause ought to reflect that their position is peculiar. They do not voters, yet their object is to affect voting. But the voters are practically divided into two great parties, the first of which seem to them more important than the extension of suffrage to women. Until, therefore, the friends of the movement of votes in one of those parties to whom this is the paramount issue, and whose election will change the political situation, ought not the movement to remain a moral appeal to public opinion?

THE latest illustration of "reportorial" patience, or else enormous facile pen, we find in the account of an evening party, at which "a gyrating table of appetizing viands were conveniently positioned," and at which was supplied with a relish that can only be experienced on occasions of the free flowing of that beverage."

IT is very good news that comes from Washington, that the Government of the United States will execute the laws protecting honest voting about any foolish persons undertake to violate them at the approaching election. It is to be regretted that there should be any possibility of an attempt to defend cheating at the polls by force. But after the frank exhortation of the *World* to riot, it would be inexcusable in the Government not to be fully prepared. The talk about bayonets at the polls comes from the reporters and their organs. Yet it is they alone who make such a spectacle possible.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN FRANCE.

GENERAL TROCHU'S proclamation, in which he announced the hope that the Pope would continue to enjoy the rights of a sovereign in the Vatican, perfect freedom, and appeals to all to support the Government of National Defense.

GENERAL VINOY'S division, which defeated the Prussians, who claim to hold the same positions they occupied September 28. The Chateaux of St. Cloud was fired by the French batteries during the reconnoissance of the 8th of October, and destroyed.

October 11 the Mobile Guards made a sudden attack upon Montretout, but after the place after a combat in which a number of Prussians were killed.

The bombardment of Mont Valerien, of bringing news of a battle outside the walls on the previous day, in the Bois de Boulogne and Longchamps.

The 100,000 Prussians capitulated on the 28th. Four thousand French prisoners fell into Prussian hands.

The garrison of New Breisach made a successful sortie October 14, killing many Prussians.

October 17 the French fleet was assembling off Dunkirk. This fact, coupled with the unexpected arrival of Admiral Farragut in the North Sea, caused the Germans to again remove the lights, and restore the torpedoes and other obstacles in the Elbe.

It has been arranged that each day three members of the Government shall visit the forts and redoubts.

A new commander-in-chief has been appointed to the garrison of the army of the Crown Prince, under General Von Tumpling, and the French Army of the Loire, in which, according to a London telegram, 100 prisoners and forty guns have been captured by the French, who fled in disorder. The French general's report that the defeat of the Minister of War was that a brigade and several companies of Chasseurs were attacked by a superior force of Prussians, numbering from 6 to 8,000, and succeeded in occupying the place. The Prussians were repulsed, by five regiments, with artillery, and a battery of eight guns, but, at 3 P.M., they received reinforcements, and the French were compelled to fall back. The loss of the latter is not known. The Prussians outnumbered the French. A Tours dispatch says much satisfaction is felt there that the French were not promptly reinforced, as there were troops at hand ready, and it is thought in such force there would be no fight. Later accounts state that in this engagement the Seventy-fifth Prussians and Garden Mobiles behaved well, but the regular troops fled at the first fire, many throwing away their arms and accoutrements. The Prussians opened fire on the town, but without effect.

The fall of Metz was an infrared defeat, and that was a repulse.

On the 8th of October a sortie from Metz was repulsed, with heavy loss to the French, and on the 7th a heavy battle was fought at Bellefontaine, in which the loss there was considerable. The French claim to have captured five mitrailleuses which shelled the Prussians, dislodged them from several positions, and cut to pieces a battalion of Prussians. It is stated that Marshal Canrobert made a successful sortie on the left bank of the Moselle.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

GENERAL LA MARMORA entered Rome October 11, and immediately issued a proclamation, in which he expressed the hope that the Pope would continue to enjoy the rights of a sovereign in the Vatican, perfect freedom, and appeals to all to support the Government.

The Pope and Cardinal Antonelli have refused to accept the proposition against Garibaldi, and declare that they will not leave the Vatican.

Victor Emanuel has published a decree establishing equality among the Romans. The Italian flag at Civita Vecchia has been saluted by the English Commander.

A number of French artists are in London, on the way to New York, where they propose to remain should the war continue. Among them are Gerome, Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur, Gulnet, and others.

The Paris municipal authorities demand the release of the Communists against whom the charge of the Black Seal.

Arrangements have been made for the marriage of Princess Louisa, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, with the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyle.

Three thousand Spanish troops have recently arrived at Havana.

A terrible hurricane swept over the island of Cuba October 14, causing severe inundations in many parts of the country, and the loss of many lives and property, and it is supposed that the boat to-day from Nassau to Havana has foundered. It is said to have been the severest that has visited the island for a long time.

There was a duel of the blacks on the Island of Martinique, September 24, when fifty plantations were burned and several whites killed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT GRANT issued a proclamation October 13 pardoning all persons against engaging in hostile enterprises against the Spanish power directly to the United States, and declaring that in all such cases the law will be rigorously enforced.

The importation of cattle from Europe to this country is prohibited, unless the invoice is accompanied by the certificate of a consul that no disease prevails in the district where they are shipped.

The Commissioner of Customs at Pembina has been ordered not to allow the entry of buffalo-skins and robes from the regions on the Red River where small-pox is prevalent.

The *Philadelphia Centennial*, from Marsailles, Mexico, for San Francisco, foundered at sea thirty miles off Cape St. Lucas on the 30th of September, and sixty passengers and one of the crew were drowned. Seventy-five passengers were saved in the ship's boats, and on the 29th her crew were put out by the water from a passing steamer, and took charge of the ship, while all who took to the boats were saved. Her treasure, amounting to $140,000, and the mails, were lost.

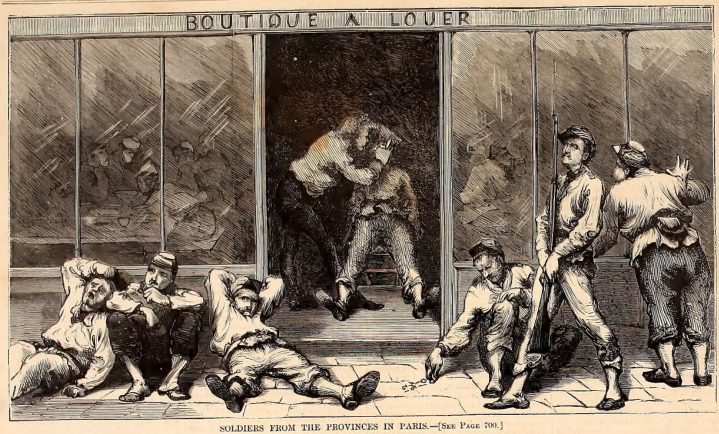

SOLDIERS FROM THE PROVINCES IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

GENERAL TROCHU AND THE NATIONAL GUARD.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS RETURNING HOME.

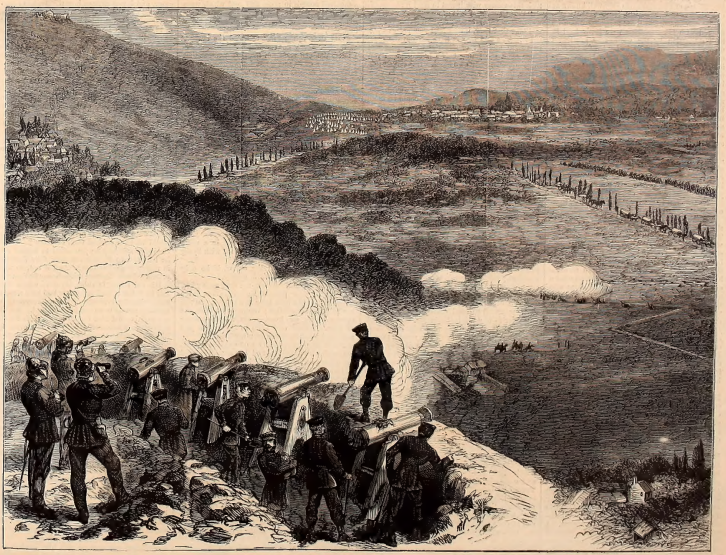

A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFORE METZ.—[SEE PAGE 695.]

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."
Special Correspondence.

HERE, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies:
Tis but another dead—
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Strange must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died—
Message or wish, maybe—
Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled:
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look! She said to miss,
Among and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
God to mamma, and sweet;
That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If they died! But no—
Death will not have it so.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendaline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.
ATTORNEY AND CLIENT.

In a hall of some stead a room of glass, and in that room the inmates of Cross Key Jail were permitted to have access to their legal advisers. They were not lost sight of by the jealous guardians of the place, one of whom perambulated the hall throughout the interview; but though he could see all that passed, he could hear nothing. Mr. Weasel of Plymouth was by virtue of his Cross Key standing a frequent visitor to that transparent apartment, and those prisoners whom he favored with his attention were largely held in high estimation by the warders, as gentlemen who, though in difficulties, had at least some considerable command of ready money. He was waiting now, with his hat on (which he always wore, to increase by many limited stature), in that chamber of audience; and so withered up he looked, and such a sharp, shrunk face he had, that Rachel, and, seeing him in the glass only, might have thought him some dried specimen of humanity, not alive at all, had he not chanced to be in the act of taking snuff; and even that was ghostly too, since it produced the pantomimic action of sneezing without its accompanying sound.

"Mr. Richard Yorke, I believe?" said he, as soon as they were shut up within the walls of glass. "I am glad to make your acquaintance. Sir, though I wish, for your sake, that it happened in another place. You'll excuse me for offering you my hand."

Richard took back his extended arm and turned crimson.

"Don't be offended, Sir," said the lawyer; "but the fact is, the authorities here don't like it. There are some parties in this place who employ very queer legal advisers; and in shaking hands, a file or a gimlet, and a bit of tobacco, are as likely to pass as not. That warder can see every thing, so I hear you say Sir; but he can no more hear what we say than he can understand what a couple of lowlands-bees are saying when they are buzzing up in a double window. He can therefore converse with one another as much without reserve as we please, or rather"—and the little man's eyes twinkled significantly—"as you please. What I hear from a client in the recidivism place is never revealed beyond it, except so far as it may serve his interests. If Mr. Dodge (to whose favor, as I understand, we owe this introduction) has told you any thing concerning me, he will, I am sure, have advised you to be quite frank and candid."

"There was no necessity for such a warning, Mr. Weasel, in my case, I do assure you," answered Richard, earnestly. "I have nothing to conceal from you with respect to the circumstances of my position: they are unfortunate, and doubtless very suspicious; but I am as innocent of this disgraceful charge—"

"Hush, hush! my dear Sir; this will never do. It is mere waste of time, though it might have been much worse. Good Heavens! suppose you had been guilty, and told me *that!* you would have placed me in the most embarrassing position as to your professional adviser, it is possible for the human mind to conceive. What I want to know *is your story*, so far as these two thousand pounds found in your possession are concerned. Whether it is true or not, does not matter a button. I want to know whether it *seems* true; whether it will seem true to a judge and jury. You have thought the matter over, of course; you have gone through it in your own mind from beginning to end—now please to go over it to me."

The little man whipped out a note-book, leaned forward in his chair, and looked all eye and ear, like a terrier watching at a rat-hole.

After a moment's pause, Richard stated his case pretty much as we are already acquainted with it; the little lawyer interrupting him now and then by a quiet nod, or a word in order that he might not set down a point or a memorandum.

"Very good," said Mr. Weasel, when he had done following. "That's your story, is it?"

"It's the truth, Sir."

"Hush! my dear young Sir. We shall have enough of that—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—a fortnight hence. What you and I have to consider are the probabilities. Why did you go to Plymouth, more than any other place, to change these notes?"

"Because I had heard there was a Miners' Bank there, and Trevethick had mentioned the notes of that company as being as good, in his opinion, as those of the Bank of England. I thought it would be easier to get them changed there than change for those of the Bank of England, than for others of the same bank."

"The check which you showed this Trevethick was not, then, a *bond fide* piece of paper, eh?"

"It was not," said Richard, casting down his eyes.

"Very good," answered the lawyer, so cheerfully that one would have thought his client had cleared himself of the least suspicion upon *that* score, at all events. "Now, where did you get it?"

"My mother sent me a blank check, at my request, said I Sir."

"That check is destroyed, you say—you burned it, of course?"

"No; I took it up, and threw it out of the window of the carriage."

"The devil you did!" said Mr. Weasel, in perturbation. "That is not the way to destroy checks. Had your mother an account at the bank on which it was drawn?"

"Of course," said Richard, simply.

"There is nothing 'of course,' Mr. Yorke, in this matter," answered the lawyer, gravely. "Are you quite sure?"

"Quite. She has always had an account there; though to no such amount as two thousand pounds."

"It is a large sum," muttered the lawyer, thoughtfully, "but still they have not lost one penny of it. In case things were going very ill, Mr. Yorke, would an appeal to the prosecutor be likely to be of service?"

"Oh!" sighed not," answered Richard, hastily. "I would not accept mercy at his hands; besides, it is not a question of mercy."

"It may come to that," observed the other, gravely. "We must not deceive ourselves, Mr. Yorke."

"God Heaven! do you believe, then, that I am in this money with some end in view?"

"What my belief is is of no consequence, one way or the other; but my opinion is that the jury will believe that you have told your story as you tell it. The fact is, you have left out the most important part of it. You have left out the conscience-money, the sudden fit of honesty, the scheme," pursued the lawyer, rapidly, and holding up his fingers to forbid the protest that Richard was rising to Richard's lip: "nothing could be more natural, though most imprudent and ill judged, than the scheme of which you tell me, in place of stealing the money than you had; how should she, since it was in a manner her own, profit by her father's sole heiress. You and I see that clearly enough, but a jury used to mere matters of fact, novice but little experienced in human nature, will. What we want, and what we must have, is evidence that you got these notes honestly, or that you thought so, else, but from her fingers. Nobody can hurt *her*, you know. Trevethick could never prosecute his own daughter for having had an affair dawindles down to a lover's stratagem, and there is no need for prosecution at all. Now, I am told, you had Harry Trevethick into the witness-box. Now can we, Mr. Yorke, or can we not? Shall the prisoner?"

Richard was silent; the lawyer's argument struck him with its full force. He had never scrutinized the matter for his own part, but he feared that Harry might entertain them—they would be only too much in accordance with his jealousies and superstitions nature.

"If I could talk to her alone for five minutes," muttered Richard, uneasily.

"That is impossible," said Mr. Weasel, with decision. "I am sorry for it, little to spare of it as we hold. I could go to Gethin myself, though it would be most inconvenient at this busy time, and refresh this young lady's memory—which, no doubt, is a delicate task, and would be looked upon by the other side with some suspicion. But, I fear, such judicious friend that can be thoroughly depended upon—a female friend, if possible, since the matter may require tact—is not to be found at this little negotiation? Think, my good Sir, think!"

"Why, there is my mother herself!" ejaculated Richard, suddenly. "She is the wisest of counsel, and the very one to undertake so delicate a mission."

"Is she, now, is she?" said the lawyer, cheerily. "Come, come, that's well, and I begin to see a little light. Let her go down to Gethin, where, I, to confess, she is not known, and see Miss Trevethick herself. I should like to see her beforehand, however; indeed, that is absolutely necessary."

"In my note to her, yesterday, I asked her to call at your office in Plymouth on her way hither," stammered Richard. "I thought it better—what is, in fact, the case—that she should hear from you how matters stood."

Mr. Weasel took a copious pinch of snuff, and shut his eyes, as though he were going to sneeze.

Whenever a client got upon an embarrassing topic Mr. Weasel took snuff, to obviate the necessity of looking him in the face: while, in case of any compromising disclosure, Mr. Weasel sneezed, to obviate hearing it.

"In a case of this kind, Mr. Yorke, not a moment is to be lost. I should advise your mother's going direct to Gethin from my house, and making sure of this young lady's evidence. Favor me a possibility—I don't say it is probable, but there is just a chance, you see—that she may be subpœnaed for the other side."

"Just so," assented Richard, so naively that a smile flitted across the little lawyer's face.

"Under these circumstances, then, this is what we will do, my dear young Sir: Mrs. York will go to the Miners' Bank as a guest, and, as I shall venture to suggest, under another name, she will thus have an opportunity of speaking to Miss Trevethick without awakening her father's suspicions; and when she comes to Cross Key, she will bring her news, some good news to bring you, something to talk about (although you must be very careful and guarded, mind that, for you will not be left alone together, as we are) besides mere regrets and lamentations; don't you see, my dear Sir?"

Richard saw exceedingly well, and felt more grateful to his lawyer for devising such an arrangement than he would like to have confessed; nevertheless, he did thank him heartily.

"Not at all, not at all, my dear young Sir," drawing on one of his gloves, in signal of departure. "In a case like this, we must consult strategy as well as array our facts; we must bring heart and head to bear together. Speaking of head counsel, by-the-by, of the subject of counsel. I propose to instruct Mr. Smoothbore, who leads upon this circuit: I gather from your story that there will be no difficulty with respect to funds."

"Whatever may be necessary, Mr. Weasel, for my defense will be, you may rest assured, forthcoming. My mother—"

The man withdrawn from the lawyer's face with electrical rapidity. "Pardon me, my young friend," said he: "but as a professional man, I only deal with principals in these matters. The word forthcoming is a little vague. Counsel are paid beforehand, you must remember."

We must not be angry with Mr. Weasel, who was really a good sort of man after his kind. He was haunting cautions, and if he had been the most trustful of mankind his experience would have taught him suspicion. He did like to see his money down; and really, as to Mr. Yorke, all he knew of his pecuniary position was with reference to the present case, the history of which was not of a nature to inspire confidence.

"I was not aware, Sir," said Richard, haughtily, "that my mother would satisfy all claims; but, in the mean time, there were over three hundred pounds in notes and gold which were found upon me when I was searched at Plymouth. If you doubt me, you have only to make inquiries."

"My dear young Sir," returned the lawyer, deprecatingly, "I have no intention, this is not the first time I have doubted you from the first moment that I saw you in this room, or any other room that could do so. Professional etiquette compelled me to remark that I could treat with principals only. Let me say, then, Let me see," added he, consulting his note-book, "have I any thing more to say? Yes, yes. With respect to the conversation with Miss Harry Trevethick—I did not like to interrupt you at the time, but I see I have made a memorandum—she is pretty?"

"She is very, very beautiful," said Richard, earnestly, the remembrance of her beauty giving him pleasure for the time.

"That's capital!" nodded the lawyer. "Old Bentham is out on circuit this session, and he likes a pretty face. So do we all, for the matter of that, I hope. You are young and good-looking your self, Mr. Richard Yorke; will make something of *that*, you may depend upon it. Gracious Heavens, is the hour of visiting at the law to smother happy lovers for a mere indiscretion, and make their bright young lives a blank forever? He'll say those unreasonable like that, Sir, in a broken by emotion, and bring you off with flying colors."

"I don't care about the colors, if he only brings me off," said Richard, gravely.

"A very natural remark, my dear young Sir, for one in your present situation; but three weeks hence, in the Assize Court, you may not be so easily satisfied; the more we have, the more we want, you know—except in the matter of money. I have very little to spare of it just now, and must therefore take my leave."

Mr. Weasel shook hands with Richard and his hat, and, with a cheerful nod, had actually placed his fingers on the door-handle, when he suddenly turned round and said: "By-the-by, I had almost forgotten a little form of words, which in your case I am sure will be but a form, and that I do not like to omit it. I never leave a client in your position without asking him the question: Can you trust excuse me, my young friend, and

hope, let it harden on, till it was as hard as adamant, for the hour, that, however long delayed, must come at last—of vengeance! He thought of Solomon Coe as one of a dominant race thinks of the slave who has become his master, and was his murderer in his heart ten times a day. He thought of him as the man who would marry Trevethick's daughter, his own Harry, while he (Richard) rotted in jail.

Such were the bitter reflections, creeping fears, and meagre hopes which consumed him when he was alone, that is to say, for five-sixths of the day and all the weary night. In the society of Balfour he found, if not solace, at least some respite from his gnawing cares. The impression which this man had attached to the recovery of stolen goods as mitigating the punishment of crime, and to good luck in the case of a first offender or prisoner, corroborated as it had been by the judicial experience of Mr. Wessel, gave to his confidence in the convict's intelligence; or, at least, in his judgment with respect to the matter on which Richard's thoughts were most concentrated. He was never weary of asking this man's opinion on this point and on that of his own case, the details of which he fully confided to him: Balfour, on his part, gave him his best advice, and gave or comfort he could. He did not resent, nor even seem to be aware of the fact, that the position in which he set himself was by no consequence sympathy in Richard. He had taken a fancy to this young fellow, so different from any companion that he had met with, and was flattered by his confidence; and felt that enthusiasm toward him which friendship, when it exists between two persons of very unlike different grades, sometimes begets in the inferior.

A week passed on, and then, at the same time and place as before, Richard was summoned from his fellow-prisoners. He turned pale in spite of himself, as he rose from the table to go out for the first time, since disgrace had overwhelmed him, his nerves failed him.

"Don't give way, my young master," whispered Balfour, good-naturedly, "for that will only make the warder worse."

Richard nodded, and followed the warder, who on this occasion led the way through a different door. "It ain't Mr. Wessel this time," said the latter, in answer to his look of surprise; "it's a private friend, and therefore we have to go by the have the glass box." He observed him into what would have been a stone court-yard, were it not that it had a roof also of stone. In the middle of this, running right across it, was a sort of cage of iron, or rather a passage some six feet broad, shut in on either side by high iron rails; within this paced an officer of the prison; and on the other side it stood a female figure, which made Richard at once recognised as his mother. It was with but iron cage between them, and in the presence of an official, that prisoners in Cross Key Jail were alone permitted to receive the visits of their friends and kindred. It is no wonder that in an interview under such restrictions, Mr. Wessel should have recommended caution.

To do Richard justice, however, that was not the reflection that now passed through his mind. For all his selfish thoughts and calculations, he had really yearned to press himself once to his mother's breast, and feel once more her loving arms around him; to whisper in her ever-ready ear his sorrow for the past, his accusation of his nature; and when he saw that this was not to be, the heart that he would have poured out before her seemed to sink and shrink within him. In this material obstacle between them he seemed to behold a type of the dread chasm that was impending over him—separation from humanity, exclusion from the world without, a life-long entombment within stone walls. He put his hand and arm through the bars, mechanically, to touch his mother's fingers, and when he found he could not reach them, he burst into tears. It was only by a great effort that Mrs. Yorke could maintain her self-control; but she, nevertheless, did so. Her face was calm, and her eyes, though full of mournfulness and pity, were tearless; only her low, soft voice gave token of the woe within her in its tremulous and faltering tones.

"Dear Richard," it said, "my own dear Richard, take heart; a few days hence, and you will be folded in your mother's arms; but not here. From them again, I trust, my boy, my boy!" She pressed her forehead with its fine white hair against the cruel bars, and seemed to devour him with her loving eyes. "All will yet be well," she continued; "your innocence can not fail to be established, and this dreadful time will be forgotten like an evil dream."

"Have you been to Gethin, mother?"

"Yes, dear; I only came from thence this morning. Harry sent you her best love. Your faith in her, she bade me tell you, is not misplaced; *she walks in the witness-box, for certain.*" This last sentence was uttered in a low French tongue, and very rapidly.

"I am very sorry, ma'am," interrupted the official, who had retired to the further extremity of the cage, "but my orders are to prohibit conversation between prisoners and their friends in a foreign language."

"I will take care not to transgress again," said Mrs. Yorke, with a sweet smile; "your considerate on for us I am sure demands all obedience.

"Has Mr. Wessel made his arrangements, mother?"

"Yes, all; the subpœna will be sent to Gethin to morrow. He is most confident as to the result."

"And what does Mr. Smoothbore say? Have you seen *him?*"

"No, dear, no. But the matter on which I went to Gethin having been satisfactorily arranged, we may consider that is all settled. Your counsel has no doubt of being able to establish your innocence, notwithstanding the malice of your enemies."

"But what is he like, this Smoothbore?"

"I have not seen him, Richard, we have not got him, but another man, Mr. Balais—quite his equal, Mr. Wessel assures me, in all respects."

"Not got him!" cried Richard, impatiently. "Why, Wessel told me Smoothbore led the circuit. Why have we not secured him?"

"He has been retained by the other side," answered Mrs. Yorke, in a tone that she in vain endeavored to render cheerful. "To say the truth, Richard, the prosecutor is exhibiting the utmost eagerness, and unwillingness to take a fee for a conviction. Money, which he was said to be so fond of, is now no object with him, or at least he pays no regard to it. He has 'nobbled' twelve honest men, nor a righteous judge."

Here the official, who had been stopping his foot on the stone floor. "Those sullen brutes, Trevethick and the other, would have my life, if they could, for nothing but they would not stick at, be assured of that—and do you but Wessel on his guard—to get me out of it. The scamary, was, he said, but a trifle compared with it.

"You have something else to tell me yet, mother—I see it in your eyes. If you go away with it untold, you have no love for me, that's all."

"There is nothing more," answered his mother, hesitatingly, "or almost nothing."

"But is it?" cried Richard, scarcely—"what is it?"

"Well, merely this: that thinking that no money would be spared to help you in this dreadful trouble, Richard, and having but a very little of my own, [—I forgot your debt, dear,] last fast resolution never to ask your father—"

"You did not apply to Carew for money, surely?" cried Richard, turning pale. "Let him know that I was here was ruin."

"I have been ill judged, indeed, dear Richard," replied his mother, quietly; "but it was not ill meant. Do you suppose it cost me nothing to be supplied? But I am sorry you have no scorn nor hate, as you have, for those who have wronged you most. If I can only have to clasp the knees of those whom you despise, in vain."

"Explained you, then—this man?"

"He did, Richard. He told me—who I had not learned from any; I do not ask you to reproach you, dear—what it was that had so long detained you at Gethin. He mentioned, in connection with your case. This man or may not injure you. Mr. Wessel thinks that it will not; but it shows the temper with which this case is pressed by Trevethick—a malice which we are altogether at a loss to understand."

Richard gazed on his face upon the stone without reply, while his mother looked at him in gravest sorrow.

"Your time is almost up, ma'am," said the warder; "there's only a minute more."

"You told her how much depended on her, mother, did you?" said Richard, rousing himself in the effort.

"Yes, dear. She will not fail us, never fear. Keep heart and hope; and as for me, you will be sure that not a moment of worldly time willingly is wasted upon aught but you. I shall see you again, once more at least, before your solicitor be in trial come on; and Mr. Wessel will be here next week again. Is there any thing, my own dear boy, that I can do for you?"

"One moment, mother. Carew has not published you on my account, I trust? He has not set off—"

"The sunuity? Yes; he has stopped that."

"May he rot on earth, and perish everlastingly!"

"Hush, hush, dear; pray be calm; there is no need to fret. I can support myself without his aid; indeed I can; and perhaps he may relent when he gets sure, for he was like a madman as my coming to Crompton. Mr. Whymper will do all he can, I am sure. How cruel it was of me to heed your words, and tell you— Look to him, warder, look to my son!" she screamed.

Richard had indeed turned deadly pale, and though his fingers still mechanically clutched the iron rail, was swaying to and fro; the warder unlocked the passage door, and ran to him just in time to save his falling headlong on the pavement.

"Are you a man," said the agonized woman, "or a coward? Remember, we have risen against the railing passionately—"that you will not let a mother look her son when he is dying?"

"Nay, nay, ma'am; it's not so bad as that," said the warder, good-naturedly; "see, he's coming round again all right. I've seen a many took like that. In half a minute he'll be himself again. It's his trouble as does it, being young. If you'll take my advice, you'll spare both your ron and yourself the pain of parting, and leave him to his rest. I can see by he is, it's a faint, that's all."

"Let me kiss him once," implored the unhappy woman. "Oh, man, if you have ever known a mother's love, let me kiss him once! Here is a five-pound note—take it, and leave me still your debtor—but one kiss."

"Nay, ma'am, I can't take your money; of which, as I couldn't help hearing you say, you have not got too much to spare. But you shall kiss your boney boy, and welcome; and with that the stout warder took the unconscious lad up in his arms, and bore him within the passage; and his mother put her face between the bars and pressed them to his forehead once, twice, thrice.

"Leave him now, ma'am; that will do," resumed the man, impatiently; "and even that is as much as my place is worth. Now, just tap at the door, please, and they will let you out."

Mrs. Yorke obeyed him without a word. She had heard no heavy flattering sigh that betokened Richard's return to consciousness, and knew that the worst was over; unless, indeed, the coming back to life might not be the worst of all.

A PRUSSIAN BATTERY BEFORE METZ.

METZ, which, like Strasbourg, has gained in the present war an excellent reputation for sustaining a severe and prolonged siege, is considered to be one of the strongest fortresses of France. Indeed, it has constantly been declared to be impregnable, and such would seem to be the opinion of the Prussians, as we hear that orders have been given by the King "to avoid further bloodshed, and bide their time," which, remarks a contemporary, signifies starvation. The most contrary reports have been circulated as to the true state of the garrison and inhabitants. The French, arguing in the words of soldiers who had escaped through the Prussian lines, say that Metz is still well provisioned, that the inhabitants are in a rapid spirits, and even that the usual business of the town is still being carried on. The Prussians, on the other hand, have been informed by deserters that the town is in a wretched state, and that the cavalry horses are being killed for food. The French again assert that several ludicrous dispatched from Metz have been picked up containing letters from officers of Bazaine's army, all disclaiming the slightest idea of a capitulation. Whether or not these airy messengers were disjointed more with a view of deceiving the enemy than for the purpose of relieving anxious friends is doubtful, but the former supposition seems far the more likely one.

The illustration on page 693 represents a Prussian battery planted on one of the hills commanding the town.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The builder of a church now in course of construction, when the roof of its lantih was given, called enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

A young man wants to know what business he had better go into that will enable him to occupy a high position in society. Let him try the roofing business. In that trade a smart man will soon get to the top of the ladder.

A rather grim bon mot by Bismarck comes to us from a European correspondent. The Count was dining with other officials immediately after the surrender of Strasbourg, and the conversation naturally turned on the war, and the devastation that followed the progress of the victorious armies. One of the guests remarked that France would pay dearly for her wanton attack on Germany. "Oh no," replied the Count, "it will cost her only ten *Napoleons*."

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house to which she had invited a gentleman who was known to be a great musical amateur. "I do not suppose," said the lady to him, "that you are familiar with the Marseillaise?" "Oh, ma'am, was the reply, I have often heard it."

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" resisted Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the pair you've got on."

FIRST FOR NEWNESS—Fresh dates.

"Sambo, do you know how to make a ten lay boiled egg?" said Boggs one day. "No," said Sambo, "I does not." "Why, did any one ever tell you how to do it to gib de lowest hot water for to drink, an' dey come out ready for eatin'."

Smollett tells an anecdote of a half-crazy trot-blister of his day, who, chancing in Rome, stopped one day before the statue of Marcus Aurelius, and, being addressed the dethroned idol: "Sir, if you should ever get your throne above water again, I hope you will remember that I treated you politely in your adversity."

A MAN OF LEVELS—The penny postman.

A sculptor went recently to a well-known lady, and engaged to make a statue of her son. The lady, who declined a legacy, to which her right was disputed. The sum was not, and no more need be said about it. "Now," said the sculptor, "I can copy you perfectly in the bust and trouble myself no further on account." I have nothing to say touch to give you," said the client taken the first step to him," answered the lawyer, gruffly.

The heartiest *internal* tax is paid by those who drink bad whisky.

A physician writes asking a renewal of a note which he owes, giving as a reason therefore: "We are in a terrible crisis. There is not a sick man in the district."

A Mr. Gridley, who advertises a tract of land for sale in Georgia, says somewhat recommends it as very "The land is said to be very valuable, but I never could get enough of it to try it. I have tried it on credit, but in my command. It is generally sold from thirty to one hundred dollars to the acre, and alligators enough to fence the entire tract."

An enterprising listener begs for some one to invent a "noiseless hand-organ."

An Irishwoman, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

THE MAN WHO CHEWS EVERY THING UNDER THE—The waiter.

A young man in Louisville is advertised to marry a Breckinridge County belicks the Mammoth Cave. This looks like running matrimony into the ground.

Men don't commit suicide in Memphis. When tired of life they go out and hunt some one, and are at once obliged.

THE BEST STATE—Trade.

It was a "Cannon" livery-stable keeper who presented the following bill for the use of a horse:

Ante	10c. 6d.
Antemyonion	01 6
Totalidol	75c. 6d.

In which terms he obviously meant to record the charge for "a horse," and for "the taking of him home," therefore the "total idol." He orthographical peculiarity is owing to the idiom of the country.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the spine, a lawyer exclaimed: "Well, I dunno 'bout that, for I've heard my sons a number of times, and never broke it yet."

HOW TO MAKE A HIT—Strike.

They tell a bell in Winchester, Indiana, every half hour as a signal for the inhabitants to take their quinine.

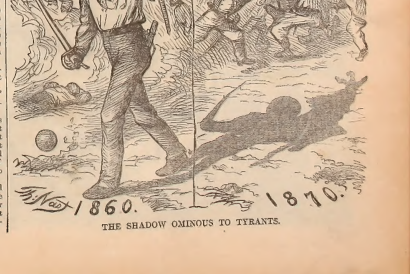

THE SHADOW OMINOUS TO TYRANTS.

BETTING ON THE FAVORITE.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, FROM A SKETCH BY W. B. MYERS.—[SEE PAGE 698.]

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

HE CANNOT CALL HIS SOUL HIS OWN.

Th. Nast.

BETTING ON THE FAVORITE.

Our illustration on page 696, given *apropos* to the fall racing season at Jerome Park, represents a scene that must be familiar to all persons who have visited that pleasant resort—a group of sporting men gathered round the jockey who is to ride the favorite. Such a scene presents a splendid opportunity for the study of character, and our artist, as a glance at his spirited picture will show, has not failed to put it to excellent use.

CHANGES.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

"Some are married, some are dead."

We were all young then, or at least we were all very much younger than we are now; and we were a very light band. A company of veritable citizens of Prague; a corps of the lighthearted Bohemians that ever fought its little battle for fame and life in that great seat of learning, a joyous, poor, industrious, reckless, war-loving, a joyous, poor, industrious, reckless, free group of young people who were all animated by the hope that "in the days to come" we should distinguish ourselves in our several careers, and win names that might be named with pride.

How we used to play at Redeem and Struggle, at Success and Success, at Disappointment and Defeat, in those bonny, hopeful days! How we used to make our experiments, and educate our composers, and patronize our betters! How we used to plan and hope and encourage! And, above all, how we used to like one another!

We were not all bound for the same goal. There were very few of us bound together by reminiscences of still earlier days. But though we were brought together by the exigencies of our several vocations, we, for a season or two, resembled the "three musketeers" in being "one for all—all for one."

We were all quartered in and about London at the time of which I write, and I fancy we all thought that civilization ended somewhere about the "artists' quarter" in Kensington, and that there was no other smart part about town in the world than that in the Strand. We all painted, or wrote, or sang for money—for the daily bread we are so grateful for the bright, luxurious position in which we indulged so freely. We were all, in fact, young and happy and poor.

Place aux dames. Mrs. Meredith was the queen regnant, by universal consent, of our brilliant little court. She she a widow, and not really forget; for her husband had always been such an unimportant item in her existence that she could contrive to take down the date of his decease. She had been known to the public before her marriage as a graceful singer and a clever art critic; known to a wide circle of admiring friends as charming Ella Vaughan; known, she married she did not sink her individuality, as too many artists do, nor did she suffer her light or genius to be submerged in the cares of domesticity. She drew as correctly, and colored as beautifully, and wrote about the fine arts as cleverly as ever. But she worked harder as Mrs. Meredith than she had ever done as Ella Vaughan, for she was not quite so frequently seen at the opera and in the saloons of titled patronesses of art as her juniors placed by her lion—not that she ever thought it such—for she made her pretty house in the Strada feel the scientific spell for all all whenever we liked to assemble there.

And we liked to assemble there very often indeed. Her little drawing-room was a snug spot to linger in, let the weather be what it would—a soft rose-tinted room, with tones from the Parthenon friezes covering one side—tall, and luxuriously shaped chairs and lounges disposed so that you could study the artistic comfort; flowers in abundance always, and a full provision of light and shade and impressive effect of all missions to picture-galleries, and programmes of concerts, and bills of new plays, and studies from the best of the ballet thing in models.

I remember one afternoon well when several of the most prominent members of *La Vieille Jeunesse*, as we called ourselves in the height of our foolish, bright enthusiasm, were gathered together in that room. Kate Arden and her two friends, Laura and Mimi Drayton; Flora Bryce, the sculptor; Ellen Hayes, or "Nell," as we called her among ourselves, the novelist; and Miss Gwynne, the musical composer and eminent contralto.

Kate Arden was the most admired, most believed in, most sought after of us all. She had no specialty save that of being beautiful as yet; and, perhaps for this very reason, believing, as we did, that she could do any thing if she only took the trouble, we looked forward to her most hopefully. She was the sister of a prosperous wine-merchant and severe topics, who had long ago shaken himself free of the harmless Bohemianism in which we were all steeped. And she was the child of a golden hue, and was adored by every young artist who had ever come in contact with her.

One of these was making a study of her finely-planned head as she sat on a tiger-skin in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room this afternoon. His name was Denis Daly, and he was rapidly making his name known by the current which contributed to a rising periodical. He was very young, not above two-and-twenty, and he had a gloriously beautiful dark oval face, and he was the idol of us all in those days. Clever and bright, gay and full of love. Gifted, in fact, with one of those glittering yet deep Irish natures that inform the melodies of Moore, and the eloquence of Burke and Grattan.

His career had only just commenced, and it was a very successful one already. Some short time before, he had come to London without money, without friends, without a prospect of remunerative employment. But there was a magic in his peaceful which charmed the public; and now Denis Daly was a popular pet, and was unspoiled by his popularity. He had the power of winning men as well as women to him. Even at the time when, lavishing compliments on the lovely outlines of the head he was copying, Charles Dudley (or "Curlo," as he was called familiarly), his rival in the favor of Miss Arden, could not hate him. As literary Daly was always celebrating her in his cartoons, under various names, so Curlo was constantly immortalizing her in some sculptured study. And, despite of his prettiest verses, the heroine of his most thrilling romances in two chapters; the object for whom he wasted his ruining himself in cephanoris and pale gray gloves; the reward for which he would gladly have died—he was simply as pieces, if need be.

It was very difficult at that time to discover which of these two were fighting so frankly for her favor had won it. She maintained a strict impartiality, and was chary of bestowing the subject of either, even to her bosom friends. When too hardly pressed for an opinion by one other, she would arrive with decision that she adored them both; that Denis was a dear, and Curlo a darling; and that they were the most perfectly welcome to continue their present system of worship for herself, free from all interference or opposition from her.

Two of these mutual friends were beauties too, but not beauties after the fashion of Kate Arden. One of them, Mimi Drayton, a fair, dreamy-eyed girl, played in a way that made all thought pause, and sang for Arabella Goddard's overthrow. She loved her piano as Denis Daly loved his art, and Charles Dudley his own, and Stella loved her stories of a high crime and folly and society.

Stella was the active agent, the leading spirit, the organizer-in-chief of these frequent gatherings. Sometimes—and more often than not—unfavorably—to the public while still a girl, petted by her friends, spoiled by her family, living a life that was as bright and free from care as a fairy queen's, she was the one of the group for whom the future seemed the least full of hope and things in store. I knew her better than I knew any of the others. If in painting a portrait that many will recognize I idealize a little, I shall forgiven for old friendship's sake.

She was that queer contradiction, a woman with an eastern blood impulse, who yet can take life easily and brightly. In these early days, just after the excitement of her success, when she worked as hard and unceasingly as if she had never made it. She was an anomaly even in that anomalous society—a woman, young, and with a book to be published, or to write an article or review, and yet who could find time to dance or go to one—an Amazon whose whole heart and interest seemed to be centred in the work in which she excelled, and yet who loved a waving anxiety.

The *paraonal* of a woman can not be pun ished paper easily. Stella will be pronounced unworthy of the prominent position she occupied in that clique whose chronicler I am by betraying. She was attractive enough and good-looking enough to be called handsome, and had the taint of slyness in that subtilty. Small-featured, dark-complexioned, with a look of race about her pretty hands, and a trick of voice that was and had these things, I have said all that need be said as to her personal appearance.

There was a good deal of happy aggressive assurance in her manner at this epoch. She had already made her mark in the world, and whether that mark was large or small, it distinguished her privately. She had her admirers, and her regular pursuits, and her big object—greater success—to fall back upon in all her troubles. And I am inclined to think that these made her rather antipathetic to the motiveless many who moved about her, and intolerant to all such as did not admit her claims.

By her side on this special April afternoon, Denis Daly, who was, perhaps, the only one of men who had made their marks, too, in literature, but in such ways as did not clash with the general correspondence of her leading "daily," and a blooming celebrity in the person of a buxom widow, perfectly well to do, and generally known and reputed already to make their opening expressed expectations of future fortune and success. Between these two Kate Arden, herself untured men, who made the most of those circumstances which threw them into the best society one hour, and into the bar of a tavern the next, to write about it (the society).

Mrs. Meredith was a little right than the corner in which Stella had enthroned herself. Miss Gwynne, the sharp-featured, sharp-tongued leader of the piano, and half hummed, half sang a song, the words of which Stella had written, called "Other Lives," and found by her side, and evidently under the distinction such singing of her words gave her.

I was ambitious in those days of following in Stella's footsteps, but she seemed so far above me then that I had only the hope of successfully emulating her in my dreams. She had got me started—that is my work, she had got about half of mine accepted in one or two second-rate magazines. So I believed in her—in her present excellence, and in the performance of her future high aspirations—more heartily than any of the others.

What was I? I will introduce myself last—when I have brought one of the merry band of our band to the fore. A Mr. Warren—a romantic realist, if ever there was one in this world, who wrote prose poetry of a splendid order by the yard whenever he was pushed, and understood the classics better than he understood his bread. I used sometimes to fancy: a clever, brilliant man, of exceptional cultivation and genius, a gentleman of good birth, a man of letters, whose high position in letters was widely recognized, might have a strange chance, a terrible fate in and yet, by some strange, hollow confraternity.

He was older than any of the rest, and his coming among us was the work of accident, not design.

Stella had been the agent in this case, as she was, indeed, in most cases of new introductions. She had seen him at an outside party, and had set herself the congenial task of winning as much success for him as a woman's regard as it were to win and him to give. How she succeeded was best known to herself. At any rate, he had brought it with him to follow her into her own familiar places, and for a while he was regarded as an interloper by the whole band.

For myself, I would fain describe myself simply as I have described the rest. But, in telling of these things, I am reminded far more by Stella's spirit than I am by my own. She would have described me as "Miss Owen—a favorite of ours," who thinks she will write as well as I do some day. I know you think that impossible, Mr. Warren, encouraging me as the excellent and unexcelled thing I am. Still Miss Owen is not so utterly despicable as you have made her one other time." Miss Stella would say before me; but I have reason to believe that behind my back her words were not quite so complimentary, as their friendship justified them in being.

Why were we assembled in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room at her half-Sunday, half-smiling April afternoon? I really don't know, unless it was that we found pleasure in each other's society, and so sought it with a motive, or without a motive, whenever the opportunity occurred. My way of accounting for having got in there, Mrs. Meredith was showing us her great picture of "Rosa Bonheur in her Studio," which had been sent by hand already; and, by way of excuse for having come at her impromptu bidding, we were all taking a great verbal interest in where it "ought to have been hung," if only she had finished it in time for this year's Academy.

Miss Stella was the only preoccupied and rather selfishly shocked one among us this day.

"You positively paint live in the clouds so far as every thing else is concerned," she said, when "Other Days" had come to an end, and the general gathering round the easelon which "Rosa Bonheur" was stretched.

"And you positively write expect the rest of the world to be constantly agape about what you have written—different forms of the same delightful subject in your mind; that is all, dear," Mrs. Meredith said.

"After all, with such dramatic power as Miss Stella undoubtedly possesses—we all agree that she does possess it"—Mr. Lacy, the aspirant for honors in landscape painting, was the speaker—"we agreed that she *did* possess them—and then he went on," said the voice of the artist, "that she began learn 'business,' and write for the stage."

"Nobody would act as I intended. People never do in real life," Stella said, laughing.

"We all do as you wish us to do, as far as you favor no by making your wishes known," Mr. Warren said, quietly. "Take me, for example: I have given up making classical puns and making verses for ballets."

"And I have really tried to do something better than make pretty bonnets, and went them out at the Zoo on Sundays," Miss Laura said, sighing.

"And I have humiliated myself before a man of no publishing taste in the world, and got him to publish something higher than the tweedledum-and-tweedledee pretensions that sell so largely with your reconciliation," Miss Gwynne chimed in. "Ungrateful creature, to say you can't get people to act as you wish them to act, when Mrs. Meredith and Mr. Lacy are acting as if they were in love with you, and we all know you will win."

"Hush!" Kate Arden said, coming to the rescue, with her grand air and cool tones—"hush! you are not to say that Stella wishes that's the beauty of it—of her, I mean. What were we talking about before Mrs. Meredith made honorable mention of Mr. Warren and Mr. Lacy?"

"I will tell you what Stella wishes just now," Stella said, quietly. "We are all going to immortalize ourselves in our several ways, of course; but each one is to be happy and happy and fond of each other and insignificant, let us immortalize ourselves in concert."

"Yes, I see—a literary partnership with you, but I don't care to increase the firm," Mr. Warren said, laughing.

"Let us start a magazine, and keep it up by ourselves, unaided by any one else," Charles Dudley struck in.

"Let us make Stella the editress," Denis Daly struck in.

"Let us put on the frontispiece for it, Daly," Mr. Lacy said.

"Let us start talk over the title first," Brand—the man who had been war-correspondent for a "daily"—interrupted.

"Let us have the name of a place or of a firm, will we?" Stella pleaded. "Let us have something peculiar to ourselves."

"'Unfit for Publication,' would take no end," Mr. Lacy said; and then Denis Daly sat down to sketch out the outline of a pictured back for the embryo magazine.

"All of us—look here!" he said, drawing away as fast as he could. "Something quite original, and something exclusive, accompanied peculiar to ourselves—the title suggestive, by all the circumference and the one subscriber, on her way to Bedlam."

"We ought to meet at least once a week, to talk over its contents," Mr. Selwyn said.

"We might as well make out a programme of the entertainments to-night," Mr. Lacy added.

"Mrs. Meredith, may we stay a little longer," Stella asked, imploringly, of our hostess; and our hostess said, "Yes, if we could put up with the remains of last night's supper" (I forget to say that we had all been at a party at her house the previous night), "instead of a proper dinner.

"Chicken and lobster salad and Hungarian wine would be enough for me," Denis said, and we all chorused our satisfaction at staying.

"Let us rejoice in its being spring and not autumn, when we can have oysters, and needn't go out of town," Mr. Brand said.

"Let us have oysters more especially over the latter fact," Stella said. "London, dear London! I suppose some people live out of it, but I don't. I am the savage that will have all the year round out of reach of Piccadilly, I have heard."

"For my part, I am more sympathetic with life in the 'Modern Athens,' than with London life: the Bohem of my day would have been in Athens," Mr. Warren said.

"So you say, because it's over," Stella said, slowly. "Mrs. Daly will make Denis look to his laurels, and—"

"As for you," Mr. Lacy interpreted, "servant of your fellow-mortals"

"—may crowd in an eleventh as an absolute matter of crime;

"In order to contradict them, and you'll do it in a novel.

"And the critics will declare to be—"

"A step from the sublime," Stella interrupted, laughing. "I know they will; but there's one thing the critics can't do, and that they can't do that one thing I can suffer and be strong under their censure."

"What's the one thing?"

"They can't banish me from London; if, for any bad purpose, they could send me into the country to become subjective, I should soon get where Denis Daly is sending me in his frontispiece.

"A good wholesome course of the study of butter-cups and daisies would do you good," Mr. Brand said.

"So another of my friends said," Stella retorted; "either that or starvation in an uncomfortably furnished garret was the medicine he proposed for the cure of my perversity.

"The study of butter-cups and daisies, under certain conditions, wouldn't be bad," Charles Dudley said.

"When you make your great success—which, of course, will be with your book—take a house at Richmond, Stella," Kate Arden said.

"Too far—altogether too far. I think every thing ought to take place in Piccadilly, and every one ought to live in one or other of the adjoining streets.

"Put your theory into practice as soon as possible, Miss Stella. You know whether I would go and live on the top of the Monument, if you said you liked the situation."

"Now I can understand that sort of love of place, if Faris were the place loved," Kate Arden said.

"And I can understand it if it were expressed in the Arcadian terms of the blue Mediterranean," Mr. Warren put in.

"And I think we can all understand it about London," Mr. Brand exclaimed; "for my own part, I honestly confess that at least half the income for which I am working is based on its environs; I can walk in any other city in the world, but I can't walk in London."

"And I don't like walking anywhere, Teddy; so the inability is no drawback," Mr. Lacy said.

"Don't you think Kate and Mr. Selwyn are going on very fivorably?" Mimi Drayton whispered to Miss Bryce.

"I hope not," that young lady replied, energetically; "we ought to remember that in this generation we should be no talk of marrying and giving in marriage among us—at any rate, there should be no talk of it for ourselves. The world is full of folly and sin; we needn't go and add to it yet a while."

"Very fine saying as if she didn't know we all know that she would marry to-morrow if she could, and is playing a riding-horse and a carriage kept for her," Miss Gwynne said, laughing.

"Will you all come to me and discuss her charms on Sunday evening?"

"Yes," we all chorused; "and you won't let any one else in, or we'll go to you as Mrs. Stella added. "Human beings should be occasionally forced to rely on their own conversational resources, for instance, to stand sweet on two legs, and talk to their fellow-creatures without looking either up or down."

"You may talk to as many of your fellow-creatures as you can get to listen to you, Stella," I said as I made a desire to give you something to talk about, Miss Hayes, let me offer you a box at the Prince of Wales's for the course of time to see my new burlesque," Mr. Lacy said; and Stella accepted his offer with a warmth of acquiescence that made her entirely forget the other engagements she had already made for "to-morrow evening."

"You have been going about so much lately, won't you be late with the copy for the novel that is announced as ready on the 1st of May?" Mr. Brand said, laughing. And then we all began to make plans for going to the Royal Academy together on the 1st of May, and for eating ices in Grange's afterward.

The 1st of May came—day of high hopes and bitter qualms! and a goodly number of those whom I have been striving to depict drifted to-

gether, in the way we had of drifting together, in the rooms at the Royal Academy. We had come to see the people and each other, we met pictures, on this the first day, so we moved about, or sat still and gossiped with each other, and made no efforts to see how art had progressed since 1865.

"The man who appreciates color to that degree can never go back to drawing on the wood," Denis Daly said, after a long look at a marvelously study in white, by a great colorist, that you.

"Don't you get on to color yet, then; wait till you've liberated me as you promised the other day," Stella said.

"I think working together in the way we contemplate is sure to be successful," Denis Daly said. "You see author and artist will consult each other, and will not be in danger of illustrating some other meaning than yours."

"The social millennium for engineers, eh, won't it?" Mr. Lacy asked. "During that time, at least, the flock is safe to fly together, for we all have an interest in each of you."

"And after that time," Stella said, "there is great pleasure in the thought that we may play our parts on the same stage. We are bound to follow out our respective careers in London. Where else can we go to succeed—to live, even?"

"We needn't ask where, because we would none of us try it if we were told. Look at the eminent author of 'Clogging his Wheels;' don't you wish you knew how he did the trick with that book: Miss Hayes?"

"Miss Hayes wins by honors," Mr. Warren said, lounging up to the group.

"He will, no doubt presently that Stella is a lady, and will congratulate her on being a scholar and a gentleman," was a casual acquaintance of Mr. Lacy's remarked.

"You're wrong there," that gentleman said.

"There are a few young that Warren never forgets—himself and the presence of a lady."

Those bright, happy days—bright in spite of many clouds, happy in spite of many disappointments! Well-watched, well-applauded work must always be a delightful thing to the worker. In the case of artists "the labor they delight in physics pain," undoubtedly.

The guild was a very pleasant one. It was one of interest, keen sympathy, and unselfish good-will. Its kind and repeated visits to Stella kindly said about each other. We prognosticated brilliant successes for each other, and would have worked and sacrificed for each other, had need been; and as there was no need for us to work and sacrifice for each other, we were merry together, and said kind things about each other's probable destinies. On the whole, we were kinder for our brightness, and kinder for our kindness toward each other; and if our lives were unselfish, and our work unselfish, there was nothing unhealthy about either.

It was a very sunshiny period; and it passed.

It is not very common since we are grown-up that we can go on meeting in the same way for just ten years—and then the flock is scattered. Denis Daly, the best liked of them all, the one who had made his mark the earliest in life and in his hazards the most successful, is beyond us all now, far above even what we had prognosticated for him—buried in the Crimea—dead. And nearly all the rest of the little band had declared itself to be like heaven, in that "it in there was no marrying or giving in marriage," are "wedded wives" and husbands now.

The destinies of all are rather different to what was then imagined for them. Kate Arden and Charles Lacy have thrown in their lots together, and she fulfills the onerous duties of wife as well as she did those of admired beauty. Stella has married a clergyman, whose flock feeds in a sequestered spot far out of reach of the sound of the roar of Piccadilly.

As for myself! Well, I find it hard sometimes to realize that

"Some are married, some are dead."

TALKING-MACHINES.

A DISTINCTION between the human and the deceptive in these contrivances deserves to be noted. There have been some very curious speaking and singing machines in which the talking and singing really came from human lips, under such circumstances as led the audience to believe that mechanism produced the sounds. We know very little about Roger Bacon's speaking head; but there is reason to believe that, if the machine were ever produced at all, the sounds emitted came from human lips. A similar supposition, called the Invisible Girl, was a deception in which much ingenuity was displayed. The machine there was a girl or lady concerned, who did the talking and singing, and who was invisible to the audience; the deception consisted in leading the visitors to suppose that she was in a small globe suspended in mid air. There were four upright posts, united at top by four horizontal rails, like the frame-work of a table. Bent wires, swinging up from the posts, supported an ornamental centre; and from these wires was suspended a hollow copper ball, with four trumpet-mouths on four sides. The ball was for visitors saw. Any person wishing to propose a question, spoke into one of the trumpet-mouths; and presently afterward an appropriate answer came from all the four mouths. The voice was so soft that it seemed to come from a very young and diminutive being indeed—a fairy, an invisible girl. French and Italian were spoken by the voice as well as English; witty and lively remarks were made, as well as questions answered; and songs were occasionally sung in silvery tones. It was admitted on all hands to be an attractive exhibition; and it was by some means of verifying the fact that the globe touched nothing whatever, except four ribbons by which it was suspended, the surprise felt was great. The facts of the case were these: One of the posts was hollow, as were two of the rails; and there were openings in the rails just opposite two of the trumpet-mouths. In an adjoining room was a lady seated at a piano-forte; a very small opening in the partition between the two rooms enabled her to see what was going on; while a concealed tube was carried from a point near the left ear of her to the hollow post of the machine beneath the floor. Sounds, as we know, travel very quickly through tubes; and thus the questioning, the answering, the singing, and the piano-forte playing, were transferred from room to room. When a spectator asked a question, speaking at one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was reflected from the trumpet back to the opening in the horizontal rail, which opening was neither seen nor suspected by the audience; it went down the tube to the lady at the piano in the adjoining apartment, where the lady heard it; and the sounds in the opposite direction were conveyed and conveyed. The sound became so altered in character and intensity by this process of transmission as really to seem to come from the ball; and when an answer was given to a question expressed in a whisper, the impression was very strong that the answer really came from the ball.

But the most interesting contrivances are those in which the sounds are really produced by a mechanism of pipes, bellows, keys, vibrating reeds, &c. Musical instruments such as some cases been played with surprising success by such means, imitation of the expenditure of an almost incredible amount of time, patience, and ingenuity in devising the requisite arrangements. Vaucanson's flute-player was a wonderful example of this kind. It was a lifesize figure, dressed in the costume of the period, (about 1730), and standing on a pedestal, both figure and pedestal being full of delicate mechanism. Behind the pedestal was a large machine. When wound up with a key, the figure played real music on a real flute. Air was propelled from the mouth to the embouchure or mouth-hole of the flute; and the force of the current was modified by the fingering of the masses of different passages, as well as the different pitch of their octaves, the opening between the lips being varied to suit the requirements of desired effects. The fingers, made of some elastic material, stopped the holes in the manner proper for producing the several notes. The machine was constructed to play a certain number of tunes, beyond which it could not go; and soon afterward the same clever mechanician produced his automaton flute-player, which was a flageolet had only three holes; and so diverse was the intensity of wind required to produce all the notes of a flageolet, that the mechanism for the pressure varied from one ounce for the lowest note up to fifty-six pounds for the highest. Another of his productions was his automaton pipe and tambour player; the figure of a shepherd, standing and playing on a pipe held between a tambourine and a small drum) with a stick held in the right hand. This automaton musical performer, exhibited about sixty years ago, was quite a triumph of ingenuity. A figure, dressed in the ancient costume of Arcadia, and playing tunes when wound up by a key, played the Austrian Cavalry March, and a number of others. Weigl, on a trumpet, and was accompanied by an orchestra, the sounds of the trumpet being admirably produced by the figure. Mr. Merlin, inventor to that of a French trumpeter of the Guard, the figure played a French Cavalry March, and, finally, a march by Dussek, and an allegro by Pleyel. When we consider the numerous modifications of pressure of breath the lips of the trumpeter touch the small end of the trumpet, the production of such results by machinery is certainly surprising. Soon after Maelzel's time Maillardet produced an automaton piano-forte player. The figure of a lady, seated at a piano-forte, played no less than eighteen tunes, keeping on for an hour when once wound up; the machinery was laid open at intervals in such a way as to show that it was really mechanism that did the work. Keys or levers were pressed and depressed with the fingers in the usual way, but the flats and sharps were produced by pressing on petals with the toes. Much more ingenuity in making this lady more graceful in her attitudes and movements than in producing the cases with automata. Somewhere about 1820 there was an exhibition of two automaton flute-players at Leipsic. In the two figures plays different pieces, which must have required a vast amount of clever mechanism.

Wolfgang von Kempelen, inventor of the farfamed automaton chess-player, constructed a talking figure which could "pronounce articulate thought, tune, and inventive ingenuity. First he made experiments with tubes and vibrating reeds, which enabled him to imitate the sound of the Continental "a," like our "ah"; then, with a tube and a bellows, and by the motion of the jaws, he produced the sounds of "m," "o," "u," which combined perfect "e," and finally, with the consonants "p," "b," and "t," and afterward a few others; but there were some consonants and vowels which he could not succeed in imitating. Having combined the results of his researches, he constructed a head, which contained the requisite wind-tubes and vibrating reeds, and a bust provided with some kind of bellows. This armed, his automaton could pronounce the words "opera," "astronomy," "Constantinople," "you can see me speak," "I love you dote de tout mon cœur," "Leopoldus secundus," and "Romanum imperator semper Augustus." The last was the most difficult word the machine was wound up, without any player being required to press upon keys and pedals. Tubes to imitate nostrils produced "m" and "n;" a funnel and a reed changed "o" into "e," "ah," and "j;" and there were various pieces of mechanism to imitate more or less successfully the movements and action of mouth, lips, teeth, tongue, palate, glottis, lungs, etc. Altogether, it was what the chess-player was not—really an automaton.

Professor Willis and Sir Charles Wheatstone some years ago attracted a good deal of attention to this matter; not, of course, for any exhibitory purposes, though they made the production of vocal sounds in a scientific way. Sir Charles showed the results of his experiments at one of the meetings of the British Association. Professor Willis separated all the sounds, whether letters or syllables, emitted in speaking, into three groups, which he called mutes, sonants, and narinonants. Doctor Rosi, of Philadelphia, adopted the same classification into tonic mutes, thonic diphongous, subtonics, and aspirants. Willis, having consonants sorted, made experiments in the mode of producing vowel sounds by mechanism. With an ear chest, vibrating reeds, and cavities and tuber of different kinds, he produced a great variety of sounds. One curious result of his experiments was, that with the same apparatus, drawn out gradually in length, he could produce in succession all the vowel sounds which are heard in such English words as "saw," "pat," "pay," "pet," "pin," "pique," "no," "move," "nut," "bird," "pull," "we" (as in effect, that the lips protrude more and more as this series advances; and this supplies a noteworthy confirmation of the views held on this matter by the experimenter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY day the most shocking reports reach us concerning the atrocities practised in the fiere Bayonnaise campaign. It is to be feared that the French soldiery number the helpless inhabitants of some defenceless village and destroy it for their dwellings' sake. It is the French, who show barbaric ferocity toward wounded prisoners, of which statement there is every one they fancy a spy. From both sides come similar details of barbarity, each from which our disgust grows wonderingly away. Whether these details are exactly correct in special cases is hardly worth while to ascertain, since the crimes of them necessarily prove the Prussians or the French to be more barbarous in their warfare than civilized nations have been before. The truth is that all war is demoralizing, and leads naturally to unnecessary atrocities and unnecessary crime. Wherever war rages there also rage the worst and vilest human passions—and in the horror of all ongoing of the strife, that in the hearts of multitudes, whose better feelings are overborne by hardships, sunstroke of resources, and the constant sight of carnage and bloodshed. And not only driving war do extraordinary cruelties and crimes occur, but in the settlement of disputes of reckless deeds equally fearful. Ever since our civil war a number of persons have come to and out of rights of person and property has been apparent among certain classes. Now, we begin to estimate the long train of evils consequent upon this French and German conflict?

The peculiar power of recollecting facts possessed by superintendents of asylums, and also knowledge of physiognomy, were valuable to him in his detective business. Coming in contact with an old medical gentleman, Jourdain looked at him a moment, and said, "Your name is ——." The man said, "Yes." "I have not seen you for twelve years; where have you been?" "I have been exiled," was the reply, "for seven or five years, and was in California until a week ago." "You know how to leave the city," said Jourdain, "if you wish to have no questions asked. I will travel to Sing Sing on the lightning express." The man took the hint and left.

Many trite sayings have been uttered about Doctor, as well as concerning all the other months. How it seems ever to be given there is a matter of speculation. If there is not more truth than poetry in the following, not much reliance can be placed upon the sayings:

"October warm with certain speed
Makes December very cold indeed.

"If there is in October much frost and wind,
January and February will be mild and fine;
But when in the autumn the weather is clear,
The cold wild will come on with August."

"Much rain in October, much mud in December."

"October boisterous, winter will be severe."

"Changeable weather winter will stay."

"Do not let October flies
Land you in the rapin stirks."

"In October the thunder, though sounding dear,
Shows that all January is better to hear."

There is an enormous traffic carried on between the two shores of the Bosphorus, and the daily caused by the opening and closing of the bridge of boats, which form the only means of communication, is very troublesome. Accordingly, the following method has been to be thought of, as the water is extremely deep, with twenty or thirty feet of mud at the bottom. Engineers of the nineteenth century, however, are not to be lightly baffled, and Mr. Haddon, chief engineer to the Turkish government, has suggested a means of solving the problem. He proposes to suspend or bend a tunnel at about the mean level of the water, allowing uninterrupted passage to vessels of the largest tonnage. The tunnel is to be a wrought-iron tube about 10 feet in diameter and 1200 feet long. It would weigh about 600 tons; and would require 1200 tons of lead; concrete and lining, to overcome the buoyancy of the tube, 1700 tons; water ballast, among, 2300 tons. Great care and strength will necessitate the upward strain when the train is not passing.

Since the opening of the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital, in October, 1869, 4780 patients have received treatment.

Soon after the organization of the American Board, in 1810, by the General Association of Congregationalists in Massachusetts, the Presbyterians were invited to join the mission work. They labored harmoniously together until the separation of the Old and New School in 1837. After that the New School Presbyterians alone joined in labor with the Congregationalists. Since the recent great Presbyterian reunion, merging Old and New School in the same organization, the latter have felt it expedient to withdraw from the American Board, not from any dissatisfaction, but simply because the Presbyterian Mission Board, in their judgment, specially claims their services. At the meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn this matter was fully discussed, and the separation effected with friendly reluctance to parting, but with the most cordial good-humor and honorable generosity.

All contributions to the German Sanitary Fund are transported free of expense by the Austrian railroads.

"The Holy War of 1870," is the title of a volume which is being issued by a German publisher.

When Minister Washburne was compelled to abandon his residence, situated on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, he rented for him a house in the rue de Babylone. He abandoned all his furniture and valuables —according to report—including a fine portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A charge of 2000 francs is made by the balloon company for conveying a passenger out of Paris.

A new mitrailleuse has been tested in the presence of a special commission at Vincennes. It is worked by steam, and capable of projecting balls darting twenty or thirty hours consecutively without becoming heated. A mechanism of two-horse power has been found for an supplement of twenty barrels. The range is about the same as the Chassepot. The inventor has offered to make 300 of them in eight days.

The harvest in Germany this year has been gathered largely by German women, assisted by men too old or too young to join the army.

When the Italian army invaded Rome, the Papal troops were ordered, in case they should be repulsed, to concentrate around the Vatican. And in the hour for capitulation had evidently come, Pope Pius was standing in the centre of the hall of the Vatican surrounded by his special friends, among whom was Cardinal Antonelli. Antonelli, after a few words, fainted on a

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

THIS city is on the Alabama River, and, from its central position, was first selected by the Southern people as the capital of the seceded States. It is a place of considerable importance in the cotton trade, large amounts being shipped down the river to Mobile.

The Capitol building occupies a commanding site, and is conspicuous from the surrounding country. The streets are wide and dusty, suggestive of the least interesting portions of Washington. High banks rise on both sides of the river, cut into picturesque gullies, or stretching like a wall for miles, adown which the cotton bales are pitched to the steamers below, as well as the cord-wood required to feed the furnaces.

FRENCH PROVINCIAL SOLDIERS IN PARIS.

THE Garde National Mobile of France is composed of those young men who, from the year 1867, have escaped from military service, either through having drawn a lucky number in the conscription, or through insufficiency of height, being the only son of a widow, or some other exemption, and of those who, drawing an unlucky number, were rich enough to pay for a substitute. They are termed "Mobiles," and the duration of their term of service is five years. But few exceptions, and, except for special reasons, no substitutes are allowed. One member of a family, however, may replace another, always providing that the *remplaçant* is not more than forty years old.

The Parisian Mobiots were the first called out in the present war, and a large camp was accordingly allotted to them at Chalons. Finding, however, that camp life was not so comfortable and easy as they had at first supposed, the Mobiots began to murmur, and were therefore transferred to the camp of St. Maur, almost under the walls of their beloved capital. Here they calmed down a little, but, on the approach of the Prussians, were removed into Paris itself.

The provincial Mobiot is a far different being from his Parisian brother. Unused to the luxuries and enervating amusements of the capital, he is much more suited to endure hardships, and far less disposed to grumble at them. Accustomed, also, to respect his curé, and to regard his mairo as infallible, he does not possess that turbulent and irreconcilable spirit so unfortunately characteristic of the Parisian populace, and thus is, as a rule, respectful and obedient to his superiors. Besides, in many cases, the excitement of visiting and residing in Paris, and of seeing and examining those wonders of which he has heard so much from his soldier cousin, and of which he has read such stirring descriptions in the *Petit Journal*, has overcome his disgust at leaving his native province, even if his patriotism and determination to expel the invader had not already been sufficient to check any such discontented thoughts.

The behavior of the Garde Mobile in the recent skirmishes round Paris has been admirable; and this carries out another of General Trochu's pet theories, so ably set forth in his "L'Armée Française," namely, the non-superiority of veteran over young soldiers. In a skirmish at Villejuif on September 19, the Mobiles were reported to have "fought most bravely, with the steadiness of old troops," while the Zouaves—those boasted heroes of the French army—ran away almost at the commencement of the affair. Indeed, the Mobiots are now as much relied on as they were formerly laughed at, and certainly the readiness and aptitude with which they have learned the several military exercises are simply marvelous.

The illustration on page 692 represents a detachment of provincial Mobiots having taken possession of, and fairly established themselves in, a shop in the Rue Lafayette, which, as it bore the now superfluous inscription of "Boutique à Louer," was immediately appropriated as a convenient residence for the time being. There they are making themselves at home, and enjoying themselves while they can, with the genuine soldier's philosophy. Some are eating at a table improvised out of the counter, another is being shaved by a good-natured comrade, others are reposing outside, while the sentry on duty looks amusingly conscious of the important trust confided to him.

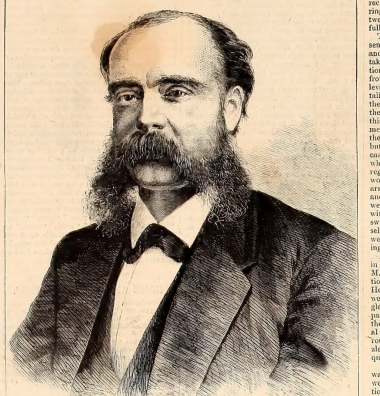

GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—(SEE PAGE 696.)

GENERAL TROCHU AND THE NATIONAL GUARD.

THE review of the Parisian National Guard, held by General Trochu a few days before the final closing of the gates of Paris, may well be reckoned as one of the most remarkable and stirring spectacles on record. For the first time for twenty years Paris appeared openly and powerfully armed.

The review was hardly a review in the strict sense of the term, for there was no maneuvring, and not even a march past, the whole affair partaking much more of the nature of a demonstration. The troops drawn up in line extended from the Place de la Bastile, through the Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde, and the battalions which arrived late were stationed down the side streets. The variety, and in many cases the insufficiency, displayed in the equipment of this army of some two or three hundred thousand men, plainly showed with what patriotic haste the government had armed them. There were but very few old regiments, and the new were easily distinguishable by the determined air with which they manipulated their weapons. Many regiments, however, were entirely composed of workmen, who, having formerly served in the army, were perfectly acquainted with all the drill and the routine of military manœuvres. Some were armed with the old muzzle-loader, others with transformed carbines furnished with the sword-bayonet, others with the *tabatière*, and a select few with the Chassepot. All, however, were armed, but few had uniforms, many wearing only the *képi*, and some not even that.

About noon, General Trochu, mounted, and in full costume, followed by a small staff, and M. Tamisier, the new Commander of the National Guard, arrived at the Place de la Bastile. He was received with great enthusiasm, and loud were the shouts of "Vive Trochu!" intermingled, of course, with "Vive la République," as he passed up the line, acknowledging with his *képi* the thousands of salutes that welcomed him.—The usual mode of saluting, by die-by, being a hat whirled round on the top of a bayonet. Many of the muzzles, however, were ornamented with large bouquets, giving a strange variety to the scene.

Another peculiar characteristic of this review was the almost total absence of spectators—there were none to look on. All the available population of Paris was in arms. Behind the ranks there were a few women and children, and from one or two of the neighboring houses handkerchiefs might be seen fluttering. Some ladies, it is true, threw down from their windows bouquets tied up with tricolored ribbon as the General passed, but this was all. The "ride past" over, the troops dispersed to their several quarters, many to take their station on the ramparts, where sentinels had already been posted.

How different was this inspection of ununiformed, undisciplined, and all but unarmed troops to one of the old reviews in the Champ de Mars, when NAPOLEON III., attended by a brilliant staff, of whom but few now remain, would put his favorite Zouaves or Cent Gardes through their paces in the sight of thousands of admiring Parisians! And now! It seems hardly credible that this was but three months ago.

APPROACH TO MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.]

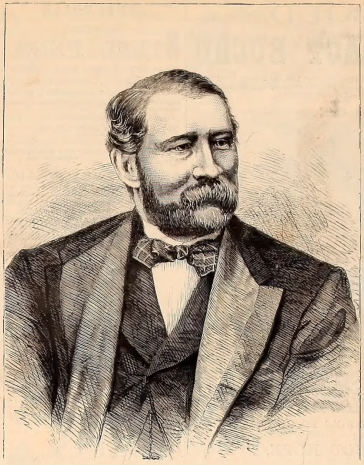

THE LATE SUPERINTENDENT JOURDAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.]

THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.—[SEE PAGE 691.]

THE LATE JOHN JOURDAN.

THE death of Superintendent JOURDAN, whose portrait we give on this page, deprived New York of the services of an efficient and thoroughly honest man, who, as manager of the Police Department, held one of the most important places of trust in the municipality. The story of his official life is too well known to be retold here; and it is sufficient praise to say of him that he enjoyed the confidence of all parties, and was sincerely hated and feared by the criminal classes.

FULTON MARKET OYSTER STANDS.

OUR sketch represents lunch hour at one of the Fulton Market oyster stands. A large proportion of the guests are ladies, who have acquired an appetite in the arduous pursuit of shopping.

BALLOONS IN WARFARE.

ON our first page this week we give a representation of the departure of M. GAMBETTA and two American gentlemen from Paris, in balloons, of which we gave a brief account in our

OYSTER STANDS IN FULTON MARKET.—[DRAWN BY A. R. WALD.]

last Number. As the adventurers passed over the investing lines they were saluted with muskets, bomb-shells, and rifle-balls from the Prussian batteries, and some of the missiles whizzed unpleasantly near their aerial ships. Fortunately for them, the range was too long and the mark too uncertain for accurate firing, and the wind at length bore them in safety beyond the hostile lines.

The use of balloons in warfare was first practised by the French at the battle of Fleurus, during the siege of Mayence, and during that of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on which occasion they were found of great utility. The "Annual Register" of 1794 says:

"The French armies are attended with a new species of reconnoitring engineers, whose business it is to do every thing relative to the perspective use of the balloon. The person who mounts in the balloon is furnished with pencil and portfolio on which, and the marks to be made are agreed on beforehand, and the balloon, after being properly fixed, is attached to a small rod paper, after being properly fixed, is attached to a small rod like an arrow, one end of which is loaded and pointed, the other rests on the ground and stands upright. A small line of colored silk is attached to the other end like a flag, to render it more visible. This is dropped from the balloon on ground that is in possession of the army to which the balloon belongs, and thus the information obtained is fully communicated."

After the expulsion of the Austrians from Liége, in 1794, by General JOURDAN, they retired to a strong situation at some distance, where they threw up intrenchments, intending to wait for reinforcements. Before, however, these could arrive, they were attacked by the French on the 18th of September of that year, and found no resource after a great slaughter on both sides. The success of the French was attributed in great measure to the discovery of the position and movements of the Austrians made by two engineers whom the French sent up in an balloon. From his balloon the engineers perceived whatever was being done in the Austrian camp, and gave continual notice of all they saw by notes which they threw down among their own people. By these means the number of troops in the camp, the quantity of their artillery, their motions and probable designs, were made known to the French, who directed their attacks accordingly against the weakest parts, assaulting these with the largest bodies of their troops, and with greater confidence from the probability of success.

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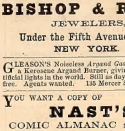

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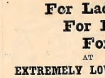

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIV.—No. 723.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE FLORAL TEMPLE IN THE GRAND GERMAN FAIR.—[See Page 706.]

THE GERMAN FAIR.

A GRAND fair for the benefit of wounded soldiers within the German lines was opened recently in the hall of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets. It is arranged with great taste, and will doubtless produce thousands of dollars for the desirable object for which it was designed. One of the chief attractions is a magnificent Floral Temple, of which we give an illustration on our first page. There are numerous tables in the room, profusely laden with fancy and useful articles of every description. Besides the tables supplied by private parties in this city, there is one belonging to the Turnverein, one from Hoboken, and one from College Point. On the premises might Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT made a very interesting address.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

ANNEXATION BY CONQUEST.

WE have more than once remarked the profound regard for the public opinion of the world which has been constantly evinced by Germany during the war. Every word has been spoken and every act done as in the conscious presence of a great and just arbiter. There could be no more significant proof of the immense moral progress of the world, for it is a tacit admission that mere force conclusively settles nothing; that every result produced by powder and shot must be ratified by reason, or it will not stand. In all Count BISMARCK'S dispatches, therefore, there is a tone of calmness which is almost cruelly satirical upon the passionate rhetoric of the French declarations. His circulars to the German legations in various countries detail, the circumstances of his interview with JULES FAVRE has been published since our article last week was written. COUNT BISMARCK'S account of the interview, like that of JULES FAVRE, is, of course, ex parte; but it has an air of great probability. His statements, as he reports them, are precisely those which it was universally supposed would be made by Germany, and his corrections of certain representations of M. JULES FAVRE justify themselves. There can be little doubt that the substance of the previous is faithfully reported by COUNT BISMARCK.

There can be as little that they will be considered by public opinion not to have failed by reason of the extravagance of the German conditions. The primary topic was of necessity an armistice, and the terms proposed were not extravagant. The frontier that would be claimed as a condition of peace BISMARCK declared to abscess until the principle of conquest was publicly conceded by France. Whether this cession were to be absolute by right of conquest, or be referred to a vote of the inhabitants, he did not say. But he denied that the cede territory would humiliate France. It was a demand which France had always made, and it was a result of all modern wars; and France could not urge that the cession would dishonor her without denying that she has dishonored other nations. Indeed, if the argument and the precedent were with COUNT BISMARCK, But the Count did not, and, of course, could not, show how the absolute cession of territory and population would tend to that peace of feeling without which a treaty is but a truce.

"America," a very learned and able correspondent of the *Evening Post*, recently considered the whole subject of the plebiscite, laying aside the question of the wisdom of annexing any French territory, and assuming annexation to be essential to the peace of Germany and of Europe, he shows that we Americans have five times decided in our national history, that neither the people of Louisiana, of Florida, of California, nor of New Mexico were consulted, and Texas, as an independent State, was admitted by treaty. All territorial annexation, with very few exceptions, has been made without the plebiscite, and "America" therefore asks by what right a majority can determine the allegiance of the rest. There is undoubtedly a great deal of weight in such a question. But the actual question must be determined by the circumstances. Louisiana was undoubtedly an unfit French territory as it was ceded, just as Washington Territory is as much part of the domain of the United States as New York. But it would manifestly be unwise now for the government to lose that Territory by friendly cession in a time of peace than to be forced by war to cede New York.

But although it is undoubtedly true that annexation by conquest has been hitherto the rule, there is no question that it has not tended to the permanence of peace. Mr. SEWARD did not care to have a vote taken upon the island of St. Thomas. But when Denmark insisted, and the vote was as virtually unanimous as that of the Roman provinces recently, the proposed cession had a moral strength which nothing else could give. It is, of course, a perplexing question. But if the majority of the inhabitants of Alsace ought not to determine the allegiance of a minority, should the arms of an enemy determine that of the whole? Granting that a vote upon the subject is awkward, and in a certain sense inconclusive, is it not a very much more satisfactory method than a peremptory transfer? The latter is an assertion of one of the old rights of war, as they are called, which have been set aside by the development of the very public opinion of which we were speaking, and which protests against the mere will of the conqueror as a law for the conquered.

It is, again, in deference to this public opinion that COUNT BISMARCK has sent a dispatch from Versailles to the German ministers that the object of the military operations in France is not conquest, but such a new boundary as experience has demonstrated to be essential to the defense of Germany from French incursions. To this security Germany is entitled. The whole world agrees that she is not bound to continue exposed to French invasions and promenades to Berlin. But it is not upon this security that can be found in the total demolition of the fortresses; and that no "rectification of frontiers" or occupation of the expenses can do more than exasperate feeling until it produces another terrible war.

THE TAMMANY POLICY.

WE showed last week how it had become the duty of the Republican voters of the city of New York to throw their weight against the Tammany Ring by supporting the anti-Tammany Democratic nominations. Since then the Republican State Committee, at a meeting attended by twenty-four of the thirty-one members, and by a vote of twenty-two to three, have recommended that no City nominations be made by the Republican party, but that those of the independent or anti-Tammany Democrats be supported. On the following evening two Conventions of the party were held. That of the Administration Republicans, on certain approved the action of the State Committee, by resolving that the course recommended by it was the true policy of the party, under the circumstances. The other Convention, that of those who are called, from their action, Tammany Republicans, disapproved a resolution virtually severing the State Committee, which was finally referred, and a committee of conference with the other body was appointed. We do not suppose that the Administration party will recede, and the other, having made an apparent overture of harmony, will probably be content to nominate a full ticket of Republicans.

It is a wise old maxim in war to find out what the enemy wants you to do, and then avoid it with energy. The enemy is anxious that a Republican ticket shall be nominated in the city. It will divide the opposition and secure the victory of the Tammany Ring. Is it not enough for any Republican to say that the enemy is voting a party ticket upon which he is bent, or does he prefer the fact of the enemy's defeat? We in the city prefer the fact to the Tammany Ring. It is very powerful and very crafty and unscrupulous. And when a Republican discovers that the wish of the regular party of his party helps the Ring, ought he not to vote differently? Moreover, it is not a question to be decided by sharp dislike of the managers or advocates of the two policies. If a voter distrusts A, who is conspicuous upon one side, as much as he dislikes B, who is conspicuous upon the other, when he sees that Tammany prefers one of them, is it not enough to persuade him to vote for the other?

Every Republican knows that the hope of the Tammany leaders in the State and in New York by manipulating the vote in the city by fraud of every kind. Should they succeed they will press Mr. HOFFMAN'S Mr. HOFFMAN upon the next Democratic National Convention as the most available Presidential candidate, who is sure to carry the State, and secure the imposing array of electoral votes. They wish to use the State of New York as the lever to overthrow the Republican national administration, and they intend that the city shall be the fulcrum. Does any Republican wish to help them? If he does, he will of course do at this election precisely what the Tammany managers wish; that is, he will support the Republican city nominations, and by many he will vote for both—if his object is to strike at the very heart of the movement to turn over the national government to the party which controls the city at election—he will refuse to divide the opposition to the Tammany Ring.

PRUSSIA AND NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

IT is stated from Washington that the Prussian Government has contracted with Lord for the sale of arms and material of war in this country to France. The same remonstrance has been addressed to England, and apparently with damaging force, by the Prussian minister, who points out that the British Government has changed its ground upon this subject during the war, and that its present position is incompatible with its recent conduct. Upon the first point the Prussian minister has, of course, says that when complaint was first made of such shipment from England the reply was, that there could be interference only upon positive proof of the traffic; and that when such proof was offered the reply was, that the traffic was lawful. In the second place, he says that in the Danish-German war the British Government did prevent the exportation of arms and warlike stores intended for use against Denmark. This is certainly a statement of damaging force, if it be true. But there is, of course, something to be said upon the other side; and that is to be found in the circular of the British Foreign Office of August 11, 1870.

In that circular LORD GRANVILLE says, that "The steps taken by her Majesty's Government have been strictly in accordance with precedent, and with the principles by which neutral nations, including Prussia herself, have been guided in recent wars." And he adds, that no neutral power can decide what articles are to be held contraband of war, nor prevent their exportation; and that it is the duty of the belligerent to arrest them if they are likely to injure him. But LORD GRANVILLE confuses his case by stating that in the Crimean war Prussia herself could not prevent the passage of foreign arms through her territory to Russia, although she had forbidden it. What then? If a state is not bound to prohibit the exportation, as LORD GRANVILLE claims, why should it be anxious to prevent it? That he is correct in his statement of the British law is undeniable. "Mr. VERNON HARCOURT — said, during the *Alabama* debate, "An English merchant may manufacture cannon and all the implements of war for a belligerent, because there is no law to prevent it." The late amendments of the British statutes have by no means done away with it; and the claim of the Prussian minister, that the export of arms and material from England to France is a breach of neutrality, can not be sustained in view of the fact that the same facilities are offered to each belligerent, and that if the subjects of neutral powers violate the laws more than the other, it is, nevertheless, a rule adopted upon general grounds, and without regard to any particular country.

The position of this country upon the subject has been always uniform, and Prussia must be only to be entitled to our unrestricted traditional neutrality. Hostile expeditions and ships of war are not allowed to depart, nor to be fitted out, but arms and munitions, which can be of service only when they reach the territory of the belligerents, we freely sell and take the risk. Recently the case declared to a foreign minister at Washington, just at the beginning of the present war, that arms and warlike material of every description declared by the United States as articles of legitimate commerce by neutrals; and that during our late war great quantities of such articles were furnished by dealers in England, France, and Belgium to both parties in this country. It is very plain that if Prussia wishes our assistance to be furnished with American arms, she must stop them. The Prussian Government has declared such a law-name and agrees regard for the rights of neutrals that she can not hope to maintain a claim that war shall limit neutral commercial intercourse. If the neutral world may supply arms and material at its own risk to belligerents, nations will be more wary how they go to war. It is manifestly better than that it is for the advantage of civilization that the rights of neutrals shall be constantly enlarged.

PARTY SPIRIT.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, in accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of that State, writes a very lively letter. He says: "Differing in that respect from my eloquent competitor [WENDELL PHILLIPS], I have, for thirty years past, wished to be Governor of Massachusetts very much; but having failed to discover the reciprocity of sentiment among a majority of my fellow-citizens, which is so desirable in such cases, I thought it would be wise for the Democracy to select a more attractive candidate." He adds that it would be absurd to insist upon refusing so small a sacrifice as that of allowing his name to be printed on the ballot of a party which is all that is expected of a Democratic candidate for Governor in that State. If the letter of Mr. ADAMS had ended here it would have been a good-humored part of the joke which he and every body else understand his nomination to be. But he proceeds to make certain assertions in regard to the Republican party and its policy, one of which will illustrate the value of all.

Mr. ADAMS says: "Above all, Sir, the Democracy intend to try for a new Union under what a radical Senator of the United States has called that revived and worm-eaten bequest of the fathers of the republic, 'the Constitution of the United States.'" Mr. ADAMS ought to remember that the first duty of an honorable partisan is to take care to ascertain the truth of charges that he makes; and the least care upon his part to know the fact would have apprised him that no radical Senator ever said what he quotes. It is an electioneering story, which, like that of the statement of a correspondent professing to report the substance of a speech of Senator CONKLING'S, and immediately upon its repetition in the *World*, where Mr. ADAMS probably saw it just as he was writing his letter, was promptly denied.

There are some things which even party malice might suppose that political opponents would not say. If in the days when Mr. ADAMS was a Republican, and PRESTON BROOKS assaulted Mr. SUMNER, it had been reported that Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, who was a political opponent of Mr. SUMNER'S, had said that Mr. SUMNER was served right, would Mr. ADAMS have gravely repeated the remark as authentic? Yet it was just as probable that Mr. EVERETT would have said it as that Mr. CONKLING would call the Constitution "worm-eaten and decayed."

FRANCE AND BALLOONS.

ANY close observer of the European war must have remarked that the truth of the situation has been constantly told by the Germans, and not by the French. During the battles at the end of August around Metz, and the series of operations which closed at Sedan, the reports from French sources were totally false, and the lies upon which Paris was fed are monstrous to remember. This French inability to tell the truth apparently continues. Whether is be that the new Government distrusts itself, and thinks that it is necessary to flit the French heart at all hazards, or wishes merely to produce a momentary effect upon general public opinion, whatever may be the case it is certain, it is painfully evident that it is necessary to disbelieve the French reports until they are confirmed.

Thus one morning recently it was announced from TOURS that BAZAINE had broken out of Metz, and was in triumphal victorious march through the German lines to join another French army; that the German force which had a day or two before taken possession of Orleans had been surrendered; while a sortie from Paris had driven back the whole line of the Germans, and had, in effect, raised the siege of the city. By one word, the entire situation was changed; and if the news were true, it was to be supposed that the next morning's intelligence would be that the Germans were in full retreat to reach the Rhine, and escape from France before they were annihilated. There was no such news, however, but in place a simple statement that the astonishing reports were untrue, that the Germans still held Orleans, that their position around Paris was substantially unchanged, and that BAZAINE was still in Metz.

Because the French have taken to balloons their news seems to be affected by the conveyance—it is all wind and gas. So tragical a matter as war is never offered to the support of material and moral chos into which a great nation has suddenly fallen. No man and no people of any character seems to be masters of the situation. Those who have placed themselves at the head of affairs shrink from seizing the people by the communistic hair, and they can not plead that the situation of the country renders it impracticable, for BISMARCK stated that in the negotiations with the interviewed in districts which the Germans command, and he would have granted an armistice for the purpose. The French authorities seem to dread the appeal to the people. The consequence is, that while industry is every where paralyzed—while the country is overrun by the enemy, and necessarily desolated—while city after city is falling into the enemy's hands, and his lines are fixed more and more firmly—while the confidence of the French soldiers and people in their military leaders is wholly destroyed, and the people themselves under the Italian jealousy, GARIBALDI—while the rhetorical proclamations of the Provisional Government only make the reader sigh, and the military operations seem the rapid, impossible, and resultless, there is the terrible consciousness that amidst all the bewildering confusion there is only a provisional authority, born of an emotion, and by its own acknowledgment not a Government which can bind the country, or which other Governments can fully negotiate.

No cheers for a republic, no denunciation of despotism, can do more than increase the confusion. If BAZAINE really had escaped from Metz, and were triumphantly marching to TOURS at the head of his victorious army, or had actually surrendered, and the remnants of their army were streaming across Eastern France—what should we be likely to see in a country full of blood and desolation and wrath?—labor paralyzed, and the laborer armed; somewhere a hysterical enthusiasm; self-constituted leaders of a people to await the legitimate organization of authority. One of the wisest of political thinkers, himself a Frenchman, DE TOCQUEVILLE, more than thirty years ago expressed a fear that France was tending to that most deplorable of conditions, a democracy under an absolute monarch; that is to say, a democratic state of society without an intelligent spirit of liberty. This was exactly the condition of France under LOUIS NAPOLEON, and it is this which has ruined the country. There is, apparently, the same confidence among Frenchmen left, and, so far as can be surmised from the reports

of eye-witnesses and residents in that country, a great military chieftain could easily work his will.

That a republic might at last, and after a terrible struggle, reorganize France into a peaceful and progressive political society, is possible: but is a republic possible? When it was declared, remembering the manner in which it had been always betrayed hitherto, it seemed in the then apparent situation as if its chances were fair. And if there had appeared in the Provisional Government a republican man of heroic grasp, which could have plainly seen *that* the first act of the country must be the *repudiation* of the Emperor's war, as it had apparently repudiated the Emperor, and could have seen further that immense sacrifices at which France would unskillfully protest, were indispensable, and had had the ascendency to persuade the country to acquiesce, the world would have felt that there was hope of establishing and sustaining a popular system. But the French conduct of affairs has been a huge blunder. The sole thought has been to repel the invader by force of arms, and to denounce him as blood-thirsty and barbarous because he did not retire before the threat. We do not certainly blame the men in authority that they are not other than they are. We do not say that any man, or body of men, could have commanded the nation to a truly great and wise policy. The storm of popular feeling must, perhaps, be spent. But instead of that the actual situation must be confronted reasonably, and not rhetorically. In the mean while it is useless to prophesy, but equally useless to credit balloon news.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT IN OPERATION.

THE returns elections show that the colored vote is true to the party which proposed and carried the Fifteenth Amendment. It would be very strange if it were not so. Those citizens who have been so long disfranchised or disabled should vote against those who have fought and won their battle, and in favor of the party which has steadily derided and oppressed them, it would only prove how utterly degraded that oppression had made them. But it is not quite so strongly by ex-Governor Orr, of South Carolina, in the letter of the 15th of August, when speaking of the new vote in the Southern States, that we are glad to repeat what he said:

"The colored race is, and has been from 1867, nearly a unit for the Republican party, and have they acted unwisely or unpatriotically in their ardent devotion to the Republican party? Suppose our condition as a white race—were reversed; that we and our ancestors had been slaves for two hundred years; that a party had made war to give us freedom, that it had succeeded; that the same party had perilled its own supremacy by guaranteeing to us civil rights; and that, above all, the forfeit, the effectual weapon of preserving those rights, had been secured to us by solemn constitutional enactment by the very party which we were, in the face of all this, appealed to by those who had opposed all these great boons, to join with them in overthrowing the party of our deliverance and redemption, would any white man receive with patience any such proposition?" And Mr. ORR adds very truly and concisely, "I is strange the colored Republican should be cautious, and adhere with tenacity to his party? Can we justly hope to secure a wise political influence over him which we now constantly do in all the other relations and duties of life, until he is convinced that we intend in good faith to protect him equally with the whites, not only in his person and property, but in all his civil and political rights?"

These questions, so obvious to every sagacious politician, have, of course, suggested themselves to the Democratic party leaders in the Northern States. But they had so long prepared by pandering to the contempt and hatred of the colored population that they could not suddenly turn to flatter and cajole them without alienating their followers. They have, therefore, lost all chance of securing a considerable part of the new vote, and their aim is to bully it from the polls if they can. This was tried in Philadelphia at the late election, but the United States Marshal had made provision of military force which awed the ballots and protected the voters. In the city of New York, the *World*, the organ of what is calls themselves correspondents, openly suggests to the repeaters and ballot-stuffers to go to the polls. Such advice is, of course, to be expected from those who are used to carrying elections by fraud and violence, and who trade to ignorance and crime. But the honest voters are, fortunately, still in the majority, and although the present Mayor, like his predecessor, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, should strive to protect frauds, and the Governor—the same Mr. HOFFMAN—should sustain the MAYOR'S attempts, honest voting will still be practicable so long as the superior national authority is in Republican hands.

No good citizen, whose purposes are honest, will object to the most stringent supervision of legal voting, nor to the summary exposure and the severest punishment of illegal. But nobody of course, who believes the organ of the Ring, believes an honest election to be practicable under the Ring auspices. For what chance of a fair election could there possibly be from gentlemen who, as we are told by the *World*, "cut down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SEYMOUR?" If they cut down the vote for a candidate whom they do not like, they will certainly not hesitate to "pile it up" for one whom they favor. If the *World* is to be trusted, the honest voters are defrauded at the polls, and can not be protected. So the glad the *World* must be to know that the Government is resolved that they shall be!

WOMEN AND PEACE.

THE appeals of Madame DE GASPARIN and of Miss JULIA WARD HOWE, each published without co-operation, show that the sympathy of women is ceasing to be a passive emotion, and is becoming a practical and powerful incentive to action. Mrs. HOWE, in her address, published some weeks ago, invites the assembly of a congress of women to meet in Europe, and that they will not connive at war, but will insist that a peaceful solution of every difficulty be found. Madame DE GASPARIN presents a petition to be signed by women throughout Christendom, and presented to the belligerent governments, and to others, praying for a speedy peace. Wives and daughters, against the inevitable wrongs and irremediable sufferings of war. However mistaken they may be, they may assure that no such protest or congress could be effective, the suggestion is significant. It is another sign that women are moving to a decisive part, not only as human beings, but as citizens, in the conduct of affairs. But while they are still disfranchised and do not use their savage public combined protest could be more influential than private remonstrance. A protest with a vote behind it is very powerful. But the power of feeling is made now as earnestly as it could be under any circumstances.

What a mighty moral power to prevent war, by making the protest operative. At present every wife and mother and sister is aware that all her prayers and tears are mocked, as they inspire courage for a truly holy war. The universal protest of their hearts as to the bitterness of glory would be of effect if they who arms and marches away. That, indeed, could not be deepened nor increased. But if women cannot vote, they can say, "You shall be no war," in the same way that men say, "There shall be," the impulse from a universal relation would be equal. Long ribbons of names, which could not well be authenticated, could have but a vague and remote effect, but piles of ballots cannot be denied. And the instinct which impels two women in different countries, and without collusion, to propose to adopt the widowed and orphaned children of a dom to bear directly upon the subject, is the same instinct which is moving them toward an equal voice, as they have equally vital interest, in the conduct of human affairs.

NOTES.

THE statement that Secretary COX resigned for what are called personal or pecuniary reasons is entirely without foundation. He resigned for a different reason. He resigned because those who have the power to make the department a mere political machine would not allow him to exercise dent to the public service and to his own self-respect and conscientious duty. He left the retirement of the Secretary, like that of Judge HOAR, is another eloquent protest against the present political system. It is a system which both parties cling because it is profitable to politicians, although it is a disgrace to the country. The perplexity of the President, who is comparatively unfamiliar with politics, is natural. He is between two parties, each party accordingly and control, must be, of course, very great, and the President's previous process to advise frankly upon every question of party management is all the more embarrassing.

THE latest accounts from Europe before our paper closes indicate that a strong combined effort will be made by England, and perhaps by Russia as for an armistice in France, and with some probability of success. The Russian Chancellor's sagacity we have elsewhere spoken, see, of course, the disadvantage to them of a bombardment and the capture of Paris. But the Government of it they will be entirely justified in demanding its surrender, and, upon a refusal, in proceeding to extremities. But the situation of France is so forlorn, and the interest of the world in Paris is so great, that there is every desire of the Republican party for the country which always attends misfortune. The Republic is a fact and a representative of this feeling. He says that France is a chaos, and that Germany is a superbly and nobly organized nation. But it is possible to believe both too far. There is no reason in such a remark as the last, but it expresses a very general feeling. It is the consciousness of that feeling which has delayed the bombardment of Paris, and which makes an armistice possible.

IS a recent speech to prove the purity of the elections in the city of New York, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR alluded to the draft in 1864, and spoke of "the absolute fairness and precision" of execution of our Union." But at the beginning of the war with so sacred a purpose Mr. SEYMOUR said substantially—and the saying was used against him with withering force by Daniel S. DICKINSON—that the Union should be dissolved rather than that slavery should be abolished. Mr. SEYMOUR'S speech is intended, like the proclamation of Mr. TWEED'S Mr. HOFFMAN when he was Mayor, to protect electoral frauds in the city of New York. Mr. SEYMOUR'S assertion of the purity of elections in this city is contradicted by the *World*, the office of which says that he personally knew the shameless frauds by which Mr. CASEY and Mr. HALL and Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED cast votes. Mr. SEYMOUR'S own vote here in 1868; and by Mr. THOMAS J. CREAMER, now of Tammany Hall, and then out of Tammany Hall, who said last winter in a speech in the State Senate, carefully reported in the *World*, that the electoral system in the City of New York was "a corrupt as hell." Mr. SEYMOUR'S smooth generalities will deceive no one who remembers the assertions of his own party associates who live in the city, and are familiar with the Democratic methods of election.

ONE of the late *foreties* in the morning papers was that General BANKS, lying advertised to deliver a lecture upon the European war, was at the last moment induced to withdraw, because his sympathies were known to be with the French, and ex-Governor CLAFLIN, of New Hampshire, took his place. At first sight this news would be puzzling, as there is a tolerably free expression of opinion here by other gentlemen, and it is certainly difficult to see why General BANKS should not have that his sympathizers with France, if such is the fact. But in the papers of the previous day it was announced that the General had just been renominated for Congress, and the unavoidable inference is, that there must be a large number of voters of German descent among his constituency. But the matter was clearly managed. If he had been reported unwell, no ill consequences would have ensued. But the announce authoritatively in the papers that he was among French sympathies would seem to be as damaging as if he had said so in a lecture.

WE are very glad to know that we misspprehended the action of the friends of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts, and very sorry if we shall have led any one into error. The representatives of the cause did not seek to traffic with either of the great party conventions, nor mean to make any bargain whatever. But before those conventions met the Woman Suffrage Convention resolved that it will not co-operate with any ticket who was not favorable to the political equality of women. The Convention, however, did address a request to both of the other conventions, requesting the recognition of that equality as an act of justice. We learn that the friends of the cause among the Republicans in Massachusetts are entirely satisfied with what has been done, and they "are opposing not the whole Republican party because it refused in the Republican Convention to commit itself to woman suffrage."

THE paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* installing Senator MORTON, our new Minister to England, of which we have spoken, however, there are serious doubts, should be regarded as just what it is—the joke of an ignorant and irresponsible writer. Certainly it should not be allowed to affect in any degree the feeling of friendship toward England. Our own press is free, and we know how loosely the falsest stories are often told by it about England and English. Again, while it is essential only to avoid error. There is no more popular Buncombe in this country than "Kiss" at England, and we are very sorry to say it. The phrase is expressive of a dull and ignorant hostility; of the spirit which protests upon reminding our friends in that country with our enemies, and denouncing them all as selish Britishers. Of course there are selish Britishers, and we ought to pity them, and be thankful that there are no selish Englishmen; but on the other hand, there are Englishmen who are our true and sturdy friends. They are a great and controlling party in England; and why are we apparently always insist upon forgetting them? It was the morning after the speech of Mr. THOMAS in the New York that the paragraph from the *Pall Mall* was published. His speech and the paragraph fairly illustrate the two England, and we must clearly comprehend before we can be just in our feelings toward that country.

OUR friends the enemy are having a very rough paper time in Louisiana against General WOOD, a form of complicity in the slave-trade. Mr. MURRAY, the late United States Marshal for the district, asserts that when the General was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor somebody from the Democratic committee him, and asked him to keep still upon the subject, as Mr. GREELEY had nominated General WOOD upon the Syracuse Convention. The Mayor of the city asks Mr. GREELEY if the messenger did not call at his request. Mr. GREELEY says that he remembers, "Yes, Mr. MURRAY has lied to you if he has told you any thing else." So far as we are concerned, Mr. MURRAY adds that he consented not to produce the evidence which would have so damaged General WOOD, because it is bad form and fellow because he may have been asked to be silent, and the evidence was conclusive. It was enough that it would have made the sense talk that it has now; and if a person came to the Marshal from the *Tribune* it was with the hope of keeping the discussion out of the canvass. That the evidence was materially fatal to General WOOD's case is entirely disproved by the fact that the whole subject was examined at the time by Judge SHIPMAN of the Interior Department, and the General most honorably exonerated. Mr. GREELEY, in another article, suggested that the secret of Mr. MURRAY'S hostility to General WOODWARD is that, as Assistant District-Attorney, the General interfered with some of the Marshal's plans for enriching himself by prize captures. However this may be, the attack upon General WOODWARD has entirely failed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN FRANCE.

UP to the latest dates, by balloon from Paris (October 28), the general situation within the walls of that city remains unchanged, except that there has been some improvement in the Provisions. It is reported that the garrison, consisting of cannon, is pushed forward with great dispatch, and that numerous batteries are drilled into position. Frequent sorties on the part of the garrison are reported. These sorties have for object the driving off and harassing the besiegers at their work, and accustoming the new soldiers to service, as the time has scarcely yet arrived when the garrison can be raise the siege by a general attack from within the city. Provisions are said to be still plentiful, and all the municipal squares and pleasure-grounds in the city have been converted into cattle-pens.

The German and French batteries is said to be so effective that the former have been unable to reply to the latter when bombarding the forts of the city. The forts are manned by the best gunners in the army.

Reports from the cities and provinces show that bands of sharp-shooters, in all parts of the country occupied by the enemy, are becoming more and more effective, and cause much annoyance and damage on the German lines of communication.

Accounts in regard to the destruction of the chateau of St. Cloud are contradictory. The Prussians have it in the French, and confess it is an act of Vandalism. The French say that the chateau was destroyed to deprive the world that the Prussians would not hesitate to sacrifice anything to their purpose. Whatever may be the motive, it was fired by the Prussians to conceal their depredations. The Prussians burnt all the town of St. Cloud except the public edifices and set treasures had disappeared before the fire broke out.

Four thousand French soldiers surrendered at Sedan, where October 1 and 120 others were among the sick of the victors. The Prussian force released by this surrender is said to number 25,000 men. It will move against some others of the northern fortified places.

The bombardment of Strasburg continues. The service of supplies, commencing October 20, resulted in the capture and destruction of 1,000 carts, 1,500 horses, 800 head of cattle, and 1,000 prisoners. The latter, clothing from shops and wine from cellars. The fighting is severe around the valley of the Lauter.

General Garibaldi has organized his command in the Vosges, consisting of three brigades, each of which is commanded by his son Menotti.

The efforts of Jules Favre to negotiate a reinforcement between France and Prussia have failed. The Count BISMARCK'S proposals, made through the American General, were said to be the payment of an indemnity of $1,000,000,000; the cession of Alsace, Lorraine, and Metz; the occupation for ten years, and then to decide by a plebiscite whether Germany should retain or abandon them, and eight a peace thereafter. It is reported that M. Jules Favre considered these terms as "humiliating," but that the Government expected them. Notwithstanding this rumor, it is stated in a Londondispatch of October 27 that the French envoys sadors at Tours and Berlin, in communication with those at Austria and Italy, are in favor of an armed intervention for an armistice.

The terms of capitulation on the Loire has issued a proclamation declaring that the main constitution of peace in the hands of the French Minister for Germany.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Roman provinces are to be consolidated forthwith, with the kingdom of Italy. The Chamber of Finance says the transfer of the capital to Rome is no longer desirable, but it needs the sanction of Parliament.

The Catholic hierarchy of Great Britain have issued a protest against Italian occupation of Papal territory.

The Government for the introduction of the British navy account of its part in operations.

The Duke of Edinburgh is now at the King of Italy. He will afterward visit the Emperor of Austria and Italy.

Late advices from China state that two Manchurian cities have been besieged, and fifteen criminal and fiscomplicity in the Tien-tsin outrages. An embassy is preparing to go to France.

The steamship *Cambria*, of the Anchor line, which left the city of New York, via Glasgow, struck a hitherto-unknown rock, off the north coast of Ireland, on the 20th ult., and was driven on the rocks. A seaman was was picked up in a boat, in which also was the corpse of a child. The vessel will not float and must be left the wreck, and the passengers were landed from at the date of the latest advices. The fate of the remainder of the crew, and all the passengers, is unknown.

An order has been issued by Captain-General Don Rafael Cano, Cuba, decreeing that persons aggrieve cape turned from slavers in 1859, 1860, and 1857.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN earthquake occurred on the 20th ult., which spread from the mountains of Utah County, Utah, to Lower Canada, and New England, to the coast. Dispatches were received from Montreal, Quebec, Syracuse, and other places in the interior of the State, along the line from Albany to Buffalo, and at Montreal and other Canada towns, and throughout the New England States. The shock lasted for a minutes past 11 o'clock, and lasted from half a minute to two minutes. At Montreal the shock was so severe that walls were rung in the public buildings, and judges precipitately left the court-rooms. At Quebec, the shock was more severe than in Montreal. The shock was also felt in Quebec, and the spire of St. Patrick's Church was shaken, the bells of which rang out. Similar reports from Canada to the shock was quite distinct.

The President has appointed Thursday, the 24th of November, to be a day of Thanksgiving throughout the country.

A number of distinguished Japanese are in San Francisco journeying from Chicago to Prince Edward Island, and will return by the Union Pacific Railroad.

The plains, filling the air with dust and sand.

The Gulf of Mexico and the West Indian waters, after the equinoctial gales, are unusually calm. The coast of Florida is strewn with the wrecks of small sailing vessels, and steamships, the disappearance of which between New York and New Orleans, is known to be lost at sea. The steamer *Mississippi*, Captain Bowker, which she encountered the hurricane on the 21st ult., while off the coast of the Gulf of the City. The vessel made a clear breach over the ship, and the captain was compelled to put back to Havana. The *Mississippi* arrived at the port of Havana. This was of material service, but the hurricane continued, and dashed the boats from the davits, tore the sails into shreds, carried away the skylights, binnacle, and every thing movable on deck, and, in short, completely damaged the pilot-house, wheel house, and filled the saloons with water. By the heroic seamanship of her commander and officers, Captain Richard Adams, the *Morro Castle* passed safely through the storm, and on arriving at Havana all the passengers published a card expressing their sense of the energy and good management.

FRENCH PRISONERS FROM SEDAN.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Off for Mount Hecla.—Deserted by the Guide.—An Involuntary Halt.—Hospitable Reception.—A Conversation in Latin.—Strange Scene in a Church.—A Peasant Wedding.—Curious Marriage Customs.

LEAVING the wonderful plain of the geysers, described in the last chapter, M. Noël Nougaret, from whose interesting narrative these papers are prepared, continued his journey to Mount Hecla. This remarkable volcano is situated in the southwestern part of the island, and not many miles from the coast. The valleys which extend into this region from the sea have each its stream of water, fed by the copious rains which come from the condensation of the vapors that rise from the comparatively warm water carried thither from the Gulf Stream. This moisture causes the grass to grow wherever there is any soil; and the country is accordingly sparsely inhabited by peasants, who raise sheep and cattle and horses to the extent that the scanty vegetation will allow, though they derive their chief sustenance from the products of the sea.

Our traveler had been deserted by the guide which he had employed to conduct him to the region of the geysers, and left alone with the nine horses which constituted his "transportation." For on such expeditions as these it is necessary, it seems, to take one horse to carry the tent and its accessories, two more for provisions and baggage, and two saddle-horses—one for the guide, and one for the traveler himself. This makes five that are necessary for the actual work, and five more must be taken for a change, that the two sets may relieve each other, by hearing the burdens alternately during the progress of the journey, since no fresh horses can be obtained on the way to furnish relays.

Our traveler accordingly, after being thus deserted by his guide, proceeded to load his horses and prepare to continue his journey alone. He had an excellent map; for the Icelanders, though rude and simple in their manners, have attained to a much higher degree of cultivation than one would expect to find in so wild and inclement a region, and, in co-operation with the Danish government, they had constructed an excellent map of the country. On this map various little villages were laid down in the valleys which lay between the geysers and Hecla, at some of which he hoped to obtain a new guide.

SUPPER IN THE CHURCH.

AN INVOLUNTARY HALT.

The horses went on, as they were accustomed to do on such journeys, following each other in a long line, with their master at the head of it. They advanced in this way very steadily for some time, until they came to a hut, when they at once broke their ranks and began peacefully feeding upon the grass around it. They took it for granted, it seems, that there was to be a halt at every hut. There were dogs sleeping upon the top of the hut, which was roofed with turf, and had the appearance of a mound, with a rude opening for a door at one end, and presented a general appearance which might almost indicate that it was the abode of some wild animal.

The dogs received the traveler with a loud barking, which soon brought the only occupant of the hut, an old woman, to the door. Her husband was very probably at sea, fishing. It was theoretically night, though in the month of June, in these latitudes, there is no darkness at any hour. The woman, by pantomime, invited the stranger to come in and rest from his

MOUNT HECLA, FROM NEAR THE SUMMIT.

journey. He declined this invitation, as he wished to go to a certain village some miles farther on; but being thirsty, he pronounced the *kolakaw* word *mefe*, which was one of the few words of the language which he had in his very limited vocabulary. The woman immediately went into the hut, and brought out some milk in a calabash. When M. Nougaret had drunk he handed back the bowl to the woman, and she took a drink herself, as required by the rites of hospitality in such cases, as mentioned in Leviticus. He then offered her some pieces of Danish money, but she declined receiving any compensation. He then took from his pocket a kind of shawl-pin, with a large head spangled with glittering stones, and offered it to her. She received the gift with great apparent surprise and gratitude; and then M. Nougaret, gathering his troop of dogs from the roof and from the interior of the house, proceeded in a manner himself grateful at the door. But a small man, was wrapped in a long black coat or gown, and his face was nearly concealed under the visor of a cap which he wore, and by his beard below. Behind him, in a narrow passage-way, were seen a crowd of women and children, who had risen hastily, it seems, and pressed forward to see who had come.

The traveler selected the nearest of these, and succeeded finally in explaining to him in that language—though with some difficulty, on account of the difference of pronunciation—what he was, and wherefore he had come. As soon as the new comer understood this, his face seemed greatly pleased with the arrival of their visitor, and all united in giving him a most cordial and affectionate reception, as if he had been an old friend.

It occurs, according to the statement of our author, that these solitary churches are not exclusively devoted to purposes of worship, but are also used from time to fulfill various other functions, especially those connected with the rites of hospitality. In this case the priest was at once conducted to the church, and preparations were made for his accommodation there, while the priest's wife, in order to make room for his efforts, began to take away the various articles of clothing for her family which had been kept there. A supper was soon prepared for him, the table being set in the open space near the pulpit, and the minister himself keeping him company while he was eating it, while all the household, together with some of the neighbors, assembled as spectators in the pews.

After supper the table was cleared, and a bed was made up in the place of it. When all was ready the family and the visitors withdrew, and the traveler, after saying the usual prayers, lay down and occupied himself for a time, before he went to sleep, in looking through a window near his bed at the objects blooming in the moonlit yard, and musing on the singularity of his situation, until at length he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun had of course been up for a long time, rising as it does in this latitude and at this season soon after six o'clock. When he opened the church door he found that all the family of the minister were up and at work,

body that looked so like death as the dim rays of the lantern fell upon it. She saw him place his hand upon Judith's heart; she heard his murmured words of thanksgiving as he found that she yet lived; she saw him put the hair back from the forehead with a tender touch; she saw him strong over and kiss the pale brow, ere he lifted the slight figure in his arms and bore it to Mr. Gray's carriage; she heard him speak a few low words, and there was something in his voice that she had never heard before.

The wheels rolled away in the distance, and Faith got up, went home, and to bed. She had saved a life—that was all: for the next day Judith's home was found in the bottom of the ravine.

The next morning Faith was paler than usual, and there were dark circles about her eyes.

"Mother," she said, "if you are willing, I will put the baby in her carriage, and take her up in the woods. I can sew just as well there as here, and—I can't breathe this morning."

Mrs. Harris looked at her in some surprise.

"Go, if you want to," she answered. "But I expect the baby'll get all strung up by the mosquitoes."

Faith went, nevertheless; and before long Kenneth Marston joined her. He did not speak at first, but held out his hand silently, and looked at the patient little face very much as one might look at a pictured saint.

At last he said:

"These are to you last night, Faith, when I found Judith and took her away?"

"I was—there," said Faith, hesitating, "on the other side of the stump."

"And you did not speak to me—would not let me thank you? Oh, Faith!"

She did not answer, but her face was hidden in her hands. He removed them with gentle violence, and held them close prisoned.

"Judith has told me all about it," he whispered. "You have saved and aided me, and how you saved her from certain death. You know where they found the horse?"

Faith nodded, shudderingly.

"She wants to know you better, 'he went on. "She told me to bring you to her to-day, for she is not able to sit up, and she wants to thank and bless you."

Faith shook her head.

"You won't refuse, Faith. It is not like you —you who have given her life. It was for that I sent you this," he added, slipping a costly ring upon her finger as he spoke.

Faith looked at it and hid it in his hand again, while her face grew white as ashes.

"I do not wish to be paid for what I did," she said, while her lips trembled painfully.

"Paid! Faith, she never dreamed of such a thing. How could she? She sent the ring simply because she could not come to you herself. She said, 'It means less than my simplest word, Kenneth. But place it on her finger, and beg her to come to me.' She has the gentlest, truest heart, Faith. Do not misjudge her."

A shade of color had stolen back to Faith's face. But as these words it blanched again to the very lip.

"I can not wear your wife's ring," she said, presently, in a low, self-restrained voice. "It is impossible. But tell her I am glad that I was able to be of service to her, and that I hope there are many years of happiness in store for you both."

"My wife—my wife's ring!" exclaimed the young man, detaining her as she was about to leave him. "My wife! Why, what do you mean, Faith?"

Her eyes flashed, then fell as they met his.

"I mean that I saved your wife's life last night, Kenneth Marston, and—I want to go home now. I am tired."

She looked so, poor child!

"But, Faith, *dear* Faith!—and he twined one arm about her waist, while he tried to turn her face toward him—"look at me and listen to me. Judith Grant and my brother Hal are to be married as soon as he comes back from Europe, that is. They have been engaged these two years. Did you not know it?"

What could our little Faith do but to shake her head, while the soft color went and came upon her cheek, and her heart fluttered beneath his hand like that of a frightened bird.

Kenneth Marston read the sweet face for an instant. Then clasping her closely, he kissed her lips.

"Faith, I love you, and you only!"

And the baby looked on in wide-eyed wonder.

ITALIAN PEASANTS.

A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER of the non-readers in Italy are good story-tellers and reciters of ballads, and some of them make what is called poetry on their own account. This is particularly the case in the south and in some of the central provinces, where education of a practical kind has (until recently) been much neglected. Where schools flourish, home philosophy, sometimes called mother-wit, is generally found to be on the decline. Old women lose their importance; old men look to their sons and daughters, and not to the priest, for instruction. No more pensive, brooding over the old classics, make a reputation as local poets; no more village sibyls thunder forth anathemas in blank verse, or hit their children, or their children's children, to sleep with cradle-songs in seventy or eighty verses, interspersed with Litanies and Ave Marias. To find such customs nowadays you must go to secluded spots, far away from the track of the schoolmaster; to mountains and valleys where the priest is still supreme; to villages suspended from the craggy like eagles' nests, and supposed (but not proved) to have been built at the breaking up of the Roman empire by feudal chiefs or robbers, who were making war on their sovereign. It would almost appear as if poetry of a certain class can not exist in an enlightened age. Ivy looks best on a ruin; ballads do not flourish in an age of newspapers. Perhaps it is because ballads, being in one sense an inferior kind of newspaper, are driven out of the market by the real article. Look at education, what it is doing in Italy; how it is breaking the soil (like a large steam plow), and preparing the country for a new harvest! But, in addition to improving the institutions which beset its path, it removes many beautiful things; not alone the weeds of ignorance and superstition, but the wild flowers of tradition and poetry. And these are the sights which one sees in Italy in the early days of the hanasmi of Naples swept away, or forced to become honest members of society; the gondoliers of Venice compelled to be civil and properly controlled by the authorities; the brigands of Calabria and the Roman States either imprisoned as enemies to the pifferari and wandering minstrels—poor peasants, with their wives and families, who used to stay in every town and way-side shrines and in front of the pictures of the Virgin Mary—sent to the reformatory or the work-house. It is impossible to be a decent some of the old customs and traditions which are being destroyed along with them stories and abuses.

Tuscany and Lombardy, as well as Naples and the Roman States, contain many of the secluded spots above alluded to, "spots" composed of villages, and even small towns, where newspapers are unknown, books a forbidden rarity, and candles (tallow, wax, and composite) highly esteemed as articles of religious luxury. The country of these places are still in the sixteenth century, and they may, women, and children, and his or her conscience in the hands of the local priest. Soul-money, or a tax on dead people, is levied, and the priest, or his deputy, who is raised on sin, indulgences (or permission to sin) are bought and sold in secret, and people are taught that the wages of sin is death, as stated in the Scriptures, but absolution and eternal life. Such are the dark spots scattered over the great bulwark of the Church of Rome. When these fall off the Pope may begin to despair; but so long as these remain blackening, he may, so long as they remain ignorant and superstitious—there will be no progress or change of tactics on the part of the priesthood, either as regards soul-money for the dead, or sin-money for the living, or the worship of the Madonna throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Among the most beautiful and touching parts of the peasantry is the belief in the advocacy of little children—babes, who die as soon as they can be baptized, or as soon after baptism as is consistent with a belief in their entire innocence and purity. Children who die young are called "advocates," or avvocati, because they are said to go to heaven without passing into purgatory, and plead for their parents and relations at the right hand of God. Many old women (chiefly grandmothers), and not a few fathers and mothers, have been convicted of compassing the deaths of children, not wickedly or maliciously, but in a pious, God-fearing sort of way, in order to have "friends in heaven" when their time comes. Do not suppose that they murder the children. Nothing of the sort. They simply let them alone, and keep the doctor at a distance. If they are ill they say the hand of God is upon them. If friends interpose, and insist on something being done, they mutter a Latin prayer, and resign themselves to what they are pleased to call the "wishes of the Almighty." I have known cases where mothers have prayed that their innocent little children might die during illness, and cried bitterly when the coffin was being carried out of doors. But such cases are not frequent.

FRENCH PRISONERS FROM SEDAN.

THE surrender of the splendid army of Marshal M'Mahon at Sedan, by order of the Emperor, was the most terrible military humiliation ever inflicted upon a great nation. Some of the incidents of the French generals since declared that there was no necessity for it, and that, had their advice been followed, the stain upon the French honor might have been averted. The picture which we give on page 708 shows a large detachment of prisoners, after their surrender, halting for refreshment under the guard of their Prussian captors.

FLIGHT OF FRENCH PEASANTS.

ONE of the saddest features of the war in France is the destruction of small villages by the Prussians. It is in some cases, perhaps, a "military necessity"—a phrase which, however, may be made to excuse every sort of military outrage—and in others an act of vengeance for the shooting of an officer or soldier by an exasperated peasant. More than a score of such villages, which a few weeks ago were the happy homes of quiet industry and rural comfort, have been given to the flames and totally destroyed. The illustration on page 712 will give our readers a vivid idea of the misery thus brought upon the peasantry, who are compelled to fly from their homes with what little they can carry away in their arms or in hand-carts. It is one of the worst effects of war that those who are least responsible for it are always the severest sufferers from its ravages. While NAPOLEON lives at ease in the luxurious Château of Wilhelmshöhe, served by King WILLIAM'S own chief of cuisine, the hapless subjects are driven out into the fields and highways from their blazing homes, to die of exposure and starvation.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.

MR. JAMES JACKSON KELSO, who has been promoted from the position of Chief of the Detective Office to that of Superintendent of the New York Police, is a native of this city. He was born in the Seventh Ward, October 31, 1835. His father, for whom he was named, was one of the best-known New York police, and highly respected by all who came in contact with him. The son, JAMES, being a bright and intelligent lad, was given all the educational advantages which were within his father's means. In due time he graduated from Public School No. 7, and subsequently from the Free Academy. He then entered the great oil house of JOSIAH MACY & SONS as a clerk; but after a short time took a position in the Register's office, where he remained for several years, under Registers DOANE and MINER, passing through the various grades to be a Principal Deputy. He then left the office, and on the 23d of January, 1861, was appointed a patrolman of the Metropolitan Police. He did not, however, go upon post duty, but was assigned to the office of Chief Clerk HAWLEY, and placed in charge of the record of arrests. About a year later he was transferred to the detective office, then under charge of Captain JOHN S. YOUNG. He remained doing detective duty until the retirement of Captain YOUNG, when he was placed in charge of the office, being made Sergeant April 9, 1869, and Captain on the 24th December, 1869.

Through all his police experience the new Superintendent was accounted a faithful and vigilant officer, and a shrewd, able, and successful detective. While in charge of the office he displayed administrative ability of a high order, and the training of his whole life has been such as to fit him admirably for the duties of the position to which he has been called. Personally he is said to be one of the most popular men in the Department, and he enters upon his new service with the confidence and good wishes of all parties. His portrait will be found on page 710

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for his correctness of language, but who by honest industry had raised a comfortable independency, being called on at a social meeting for a toast, gave, "Success to my forge!"

A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No wonder then the disappointment came than the mere apparition of a traveling thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

A Connecticut fisherman one day hailed his hook with a live frog. After patiently waiting some time for a bite, as he chatted with a friend, he found that his lively bait had swum ashore, and was sitting quietly on the rock by his side. He wound up his line and went home.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health-insurance company in Philadelphia the other day, and inquired: "Vell, dis man in vat business do people's lifes?" The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, Sir." "Vell," said my byes, "vat you charge?" "Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Vell," said Mynheer, "I vant to see dollers rert." The agent inquired his state of health. "Vell, I vas sick von day last year, and I vas sick two, two hours a day, and a doctor was he cum'd de nothing more cost for me." "If that's the state of your health, re turned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." At this Mynheer trotted up in great anger. "You must think I's a pig fool! Vot you think I come pay you ten dollars for nothing? Do you think me vas I vas?"

APPROPRIATE PLACE FOR GOOD POKE.—On the Rhine.

IN Chicago they define a miser as a "philanthropist who, knowing money to be the root of all evil, secures himself for the good of his neighbor."

BAD TASTE.—Assafœtida.

When are soldiers like writers for the press?—When they charge by the column.

AN old "stager" of Salem was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold water army," which he did, promising never to touch a drop except in sickness. He has never been well since.

THE sign of a pork-butcher in a French provincial city reads, "Batta, Jan., slaughters hogs like his father."

AN apprentice, one day, after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master and asked him what he waited his services at per day. "About sixpence," said his master. "Well, then," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out some copper coin, "here's a penny gift on this occasion."

A ridiculous story is going the rounds of the country that Mr. Beach had a young woman arrested the other day for stealing an egg.

A Michigan census-taker came across a man who had been married five years, but had never inquired his wife's Christian name. He put down "Mrs. Jim?"

"IF winnin was ta vote, wouldn't every man on em go out quarterin in them vast wes their husbands and kin be? I put it to ye, wouldn't my Wife deshrain (for wone) take a sort of Haughty pride in leavin in a vote wat shook kounter-balance & make void (& without no effects) the ballot wat I had? Oh, & wat I know was a Goin to save the kuntry from Ruin and kaos? I ask, wouldn't she do it, even if I stole over her Solemn form, & was fetchin my Eye to bear on her every movement, all The while? I tell ye she Would."

THERE is a poor fellow in Bangor, Maine, who says "it's working between meals that's killing him."

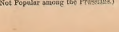

FLIGHT OF FRENCH PEASANTS.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

OUR MODERN FALSTAFF REVIEWING HIS ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

FALSTAFF.—My whole charge consists of slaves as ragged as Lazarus, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded serving-men and revolted tapsters. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. Nay and the villains march wide between the legs, as if they had fetters on: for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison.—*Shakspeare, slightly varied.*

"ALSTAFF REVIEWING HIS ARMY.

MR. NAST'S striking cartoon on page 713 is unusually not a fancy sketch, and scarcely a caricature. Every New Yorker will recognize its truthfulness at a glance. Only those who have not visited our city in recent times, since it fell under the domination of the Ring, need to be informed the municipal authorities maintain a vast army of loafers, ostensibly for service under the Department of Public Works, but really for political purposes, and chiefly for repeaters' work on election-day. The ingenuity required to make a show of employing these fellows is also cleverly described in the New York *Times* of October 11, in an article headed "The Paradise of Bagmen:"

"There is familiar military movement known as marking time without advancing. Somebody who wants to see a similar process conducted with pickaxes and shovels need only to inspect during the present working-hours of the day the labors of a body of the Ring's political friends under the charge of the City Inspector. Here may be seen a few scores of naturalized citizens, whom the municipal authorities have chosen to appoint, engaged in an honest endeavor to distribute gravel over a number of Parks and pleasure-drives which have received a more than sufficient dose of it for this year at least. The City Hall knows that time is money, and therefore it supplies its workmen with implements which are well suited to find how little a spade may, in particular circumstances, be made to carry. The amount of energy that may be expended by eight men in turning over a shovel's efforts to fill a cart with gravel when the reflective lounger by the City Hall like a new resident in natural philosophy, is a matter of curious speculation. The entry Regiment was not selected to do this particular task for the reason that it was the newest department of the great Ring effort in front of the City Hall, but because the Chief Commissioner of Works knew the requirements of the situation well. It will organize their force with a view to getting the work lazily finished. Electric-day, with its fierce sunshine, will find each of these patriots resolved to recognize at least five votes for HOOWEY, and the probabilities are that given a fair day's wage for no appreciable day's work.

At stated intervals during the day the sound of the bell is rung for lunch, and the gangs march off to the refreshment-stands. We have not been able to learn whether the Commissioner has made any provision for the precious grass should it be trampled beyond the daily limit by the Park. Carried attention, however, might reveal the fact that the present republican Park Board has intended to familiarize the employes of Mr. TWEED with the pleasant manner in which they will hereafter be able to answer to, 'Leave not to-day, but to-day, ought to be the motto adopted in the Department of Public Works. The shining example which it presents of a successful application of this principle will be found to aid another to its many claims to public consideration, and we shall be to-day, and we shall be ready to-last some items of the price we pay for our cumbersome city government."

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

We reproduce this week, on page 717, the translation of this popular German song, which appeared in our columns some weeks ago, and which gives the force and spirit of the original more closely than any other version that has been under our notice. Until recently it was supposed that the poem was called forth by the present war between Germany and France. This, however, is not the case. Germany is indebted for this song to the war-cheap of 1840, not 1870. It has now been ascertained that "The Watch on the Rhine" was written in the year 1840, a few months later than the famous "Rhine-Song," by NICOLAUS BECKER; and its author, DR. SCHNECKENBURGER, a native of Thalheim, Würtemberg, who, a young man of twenty or twenty-one, was then living in Bonn. The song has been set to music several times; but only one tune—the one now universally adopted—ringing through Germany and into France, from the coast fires on the Baltic to the bivouacs of the Crown Prince of Prussia beyond Châlons—has become popular. It owes its origin to KARL WILHELM, formerly Capellmeister at Cöthen, Rhenish Prussia, where he died a few back as some years before 1850. KARL WILHELM, the composer, now a man of about fifty years, is living (although not in very good health), to earn the fruits of the sudden popularity of his tune. His name is on every lip, and his illustrated papers give his portrait, public subscriptions in his favor are successfully going on, and the Queen of Prussia has sent him a splendid medal in acknowledgment of his merits. She had intended to confer the same honor on the poet, but it was found upon inquiry that poor SCHNECKENBURGER had been dead more than twenty years. His portrait and that of KARL WILHELM, together with the music to which the words of this spirited poem are sung, will be found on page 717. The picturesque sketch underneath represents a Prussian band playing this truly national air at the head-quarters of "Our Fritz" in France.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE brilliant autumn foliage, a crowning glory of October, has been unusually beautiful in and about this season. Walking or driving in the country, traveling by rail or by boat, the observant lover of the maple, oak, and of scores of other forest trees, has seen mingling in the contrast with evergreens the wild wining vines. It seems really to be regretted that in the balmy October days, so mellow with soft sunshine during the delicious Indian summer, toward November, most of the day-boats, which make bay and river lively by sunhammer, should be withdrawn. Yet, one great title of travel is stayed; but the more summer tourist never dreamed of the attractions of melodic to those who journey after autumn's hue has tinged the landscape, as it does the bosom and ear of the steamers which still leave the city late in the afternoon, or a mid-day excursion on one of the little boats plying between various points on the river, gives an enchanting view of that far-famed scenery. The Highlands must be seen in their full splendor to be appreciated—not even in their fresh green June robes are Storm-King and Anna-Cock Hill more striking when enfolded in their coats of many colors. What matter if the sunshine often disappears, and heavy shadows fall upon the mountain's brow? The gathering clouds are proud, and, perchance, the tears that burst from them may throw a rainbow over the scene. Watching the ever-varying clouds, which with their changes beautifully change the mountains also—watching the river, now densely white with encircling fogs, now glimmering in the sunlight—watching all the bright landscape, which alters like a kaleidoscope under the eye—the delicious days pass dreamily away, leaving the mind touched and softened by that subduing influence peculiar to autumn.

Rumors are rife that several artists have been prohibited access to the picture-galleries in the Vatican, in consequence of their having taken part in the Inopolar demonstrations at Rome. The Italian Liberals complain against this, and declare that the galleries of the Vatican must be regarded as national property.

M. Ollivier is preparing a work in two volumes for publication. The first volume will bear the title, "The Revolution," the second that of "The Empire."

Curious, if true, is the report that, while Jules Favre and Count Bismarck were trying to find a basis of negotiation, Victor Mollue was seated in a corner reading "Uncle Bertl."

The origin of the word *Silhouette* is curious, and may be new to our readers. M. Silhouette was Finance Minister in Louis XV.'s time. He was famous for his made large reforms in the revenue, till, touching the personal expenses of the king, he was dismissed. He made him the most popular man in France. Every thing cheap was a la Silhouette, and the black profile portrait, just then come into vogue have preserved the name to the present time. Another curious relic of Kœnewka has exhibited the finest skill and purest workmanship. The collection called the "Illustrated Night's Dream" are exquisite creations, delicate and full of bottine the play. Another, the "Illustrated Gotche's "Faust" in the same manner. The book will will surely be a favorite. The Kœnewka Publication, in the style of their beautiful edition of Shakespeare's fairy creation. The text will be that of Translation.

During the first twenty days after the commencement of the war 185,000 Prussians passed through Berlin. The Prussian capital has 1,000 confectioners, 800 dietary refreshments, and also with 8,000 bottles of wine, 110,000 large glasses of beer, 60,000 bottles of lemonade, 64 bottles of Jamaica rum, 220,000 cigars, and 52,500 packages of tobacco.

The arrangements made by government for observing the transit of Mercury, on November 9, are complete. Any approach of storms, will be most useful. It is the design also to have the astronomical observations of the existence of a storm at any place being ascertained, in advance of the new department of Meteorology. Information of it may be communicated by telegraph in advance of the movement. Whenever experience has certainly determined what may be regarded as of fair service to the country, the promulgation of approaching storms, signal-stations will be established along the coast, the necessary instruments will be provided, and signals will be displayed, announcing the probable approach, with other information which may be possible.

It is a curious fact that every person thinks that there is no danger of musket, revolver, or any firearm going off accidentally when it is not loaded. Moreover, he is always certain that no gun is left in a safe place where it cannot be found by women or boys. Yet accidents are constantly occurring. The other day, in Williamsburgh, a boy was shot dead with a charged loaded musket belonging to an elder brother. While playing with it he discharged it into the abdomen of his little sister of seven years old, and killing her instantly. Such a sad tale needs no comment.

The London firemen have received false alarms of fires in consequence of the aurora borealis, which has appeared several nights during the past few weeks. The aurora has been very brilliant in this country also; but, in general, our people care very little of the sky so long as nothing falls in the aurora and a fire.

The banking-house of Drexel, Harjes, & Co. removed from Paris to Geneva some little time ago. They were the only bankers of Paris who continued to pay out the full amount of gold to their customers, without premium. Their action has been highly commended by our removal; and the house still ever be held in honorable esteem by American travelers.

"Divorce without publicity, and for a small charge," is a notice which has been published recently in Parisian papers. A certain class of lawyers have given expression to this luminous idea. Now a divorce is being made to put an end to the fraud which has been so notoriously prevalent in Paris. Now, the Supreme Court of Chicago has adopted orders providing that in all divorce suits hereafter instituted the complainants must publish in full the bill of complaint, or their solicitors must file written authority with the clerk before the decree can be had. Publication is the advertisements of the kind referred to appear in the papers, such publication will be taken as will tend to prevent its repetition.

One of our daily newspapers has commenced the regular announcement of divorces in its columns. "Divorced," "Divorced," "Divorced," is the error in which these important particulars appear.

Over six thousand emigrants landed in New York during the week ending on the 15th inst. Of these were one hundred and twenty Swedes, who are to form a colony near Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

The long-continued bombardment of Strasbourg resulted in much destruction of life among the civil population, as well as among the garrison. The library, also, which contained many rare and valuable books, was entirely destroyed. A large picture-gallery and the Museum of Natural History shared the fate.

Since the death of Charles Dickens the statement has frequently been made that the author left no clew to the unfolding of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," and that nothing could be given to the curious reader beyond this fragment of a story apparently most artistically plotted, and so remarkably broken off. This does not seem quite correct. Although no written notes have been found respecting the further development of the tale, or the solution of the "mystery," and any attempt to complete it by a different hand would have been unwelcome to the public, yet some authentic indications appear to have been left by the author. He tended to give the story, and these should be furnished to the readers of the fragment. Accompanying the edition of "Edwin Drood" published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers is a fac-simile of the vignetted cover, designed, probably, by the same artist who furnished the illustrations to "Edwin Drood," and in which the course of the story is evidently prefigured. An English reviewer of the opinion that, as several of the scenes in the actually completed parts are distinctly represented on the cover, the drift of those that are not have been more or less explained by Mr. Dickens to the artist who designed them for him. Any such explanation, if given, the artist would greatly assist the imagination of the reader, if they were only added to the fragment. In this case the importance is extremely interesting, in connection with the story. A fac-simile accompanies the article.

Worth, the famous man-milliner, removed his establishment some time ago from Paris to London. Many ladies, fearing that silks and velvets will attain a fabulous price in the near future, are purchasing to an extravagant amount.

A novel surgical operation was recently performed upon General Kilpatrick, our late Minister to Chili. For two years past he has been suffering from a swelling in the knee. He found himself obliged to return to this country for medical advice. Physicians decided that he was suffering from a white swelling, and decided that he was suffering from a white swelling, and decided upon amputation. At that time the tumor protruded outwardly as large as a hen's egg. Recently it was much increased in size. A surgeon was built an inch over to the left, making the effort to talk the tumor with the knife painful.

General Kilpatrick was placed under the influence of chloroform. Three incisions were made—one was inserted in the tumor. A powerful electric battery was then applied in full force to the swelling. When the battery was removed the patient remained quiet under the influence of the ether. In half an hour the swelling began to diminish, and soon disappeared entirely. Miss General Kilpatrick recovered consciousness after the operation was over. She cried and threat, but the "great lump" had gone. The operation seems to have been entirely successful.

Dr. F. V. Hayden, United States geologist, recently visited Colorado for the purpose of examining the Georgetown silver mines, and the country adjacent. He has been absent about one year in search of a velop an amount of mineral wealth that will place Colorado among the prominent bullion-producing States of the Union. At the Paris Exposition of 1867 the Colorado exhibit was the finest on record.

A persistent adherence to the following rule is said to be an effectual cure for stammering: Keep the teeth close together, and before attempting to speak inspire deeply; the pause will give time for quiet utterance. The very slight practice the hesitation will be relieved. No spasmodic action of the throat or face must be permitted to separate the teeth when speaking.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE COURT-HOUSE.

It is presumed that the experience of the public mind to make us all philosophers, and to abolish the morbid interest which mankind at present feels in the various issues of life and death. They hold it weakness that we should become excited by the prospect, or enthralled by mystery, and prophesy a future when intelligence shall reign supreme, to the extinction of the vulgar passion for amusement. In the mean time, however, the sympathetic hopes and fears of humanity remain pretty much as they have been within the living memory—and one of the greatest treats that can be provided for the popular palate is a criminal trial. How many times a-week—nay, this should be the case; the courts of law are free, and a sight that can be seen for nothing is of itself attractive—how are we are, all of us, not lost long our time and money too. Again, the second popular delusion is the most popular with those to which the denouements can not easily be guessed; and in the court-house we see action and motion mixed with the varieties of the jury and the sentence of the judge—a matter of serious importance to all of us. Love and hatred, theatres and books are rare the passion for such scenes is proportionally stronger, and perhaps there is no greater event which so delights even the agricultural interest—speaking socially, and not politically—as the advent of the Judges of Assize.

At Cross Key, at all events, there was nothing to be inferred in the whole neighborhood" and the case which above all others was canvassed, and prejudged, and discussed in every way all sorts of hands—from the mahogany one in the dining-room at Cross Key Park to the deal tripod which held the joint of meat at the cook-shop next door—was that of Richard Yorke, the young gentleman-painter, who had run away with the daughter and heiress of Gerrish's boarded store. The rumor had got about that he had almost run away with her before also, and this intensified the interest immensely. The whole female population, from the high-sheriff's wife down to the woman who had the pork-stall in the market-place, was agog to see this handsome young Lochinvar, and to hear his story, and to pronounce on his (clandestinely) betrothed, who was known to have been subpœned for the defense.

There were two distinct theories of this prisoner to be had for nothing. He was a nobleman in disguise; he was the illegitimate son of the prime minister; he was indirectly but immediately connected with royalty itself; he could speak every European language (except Polish), and painted landscapes like an angel; he had £20,000 a year in hand, and was expecting for him to come of age, which carried with it half the representation of a Whig borough; he had not a penny to his name, and was only supported himself in luxury by skillful forgeries; young as he was, he was a married man, and had a wife (three times his age) alive. All these particulars were insisted upon and denied forty times a day. The least scraps of trust-worthy intelligence concerning him were greedily devoured. The turnpike-man who had opened gate to let him through on the night he came to the jail was cross-examined as to his appearance and demeanor. The rural policeman of the district (who, of course, never had a chance of seeing him) was treated to pots of ale, and suddenly found himself the best of company. The *Castle* at Cecil-h. was thronged by local topers, who, under pretense of being attracted by the scenery, came to stare at the prisoner's window. He returned to Cross Key with marvelous stories of her charms. As the time drew on the applications for admittance to the court-house made the life of the under-sheriff a burden, and caused the hearts of his subordinates (who got the half-crowns) to sing for joy.

The unhappy Richard was wholly ignorant of all this excitement. He was first carried the court-house to himself, so he often did, he only beheld a crowd of indifferent persons, who took no more attention to his own case than to that of Halifour, or any other that might follow the particular. He had been housed taken out in custody, and carried in some conveyance, such as he had arrived in, through the gaping street; but he had not seen it. He ordeal gave him no uneasiness. Those who saw him would forget him the next moment, or confuse him with some other in the same wretched plight. His mind always revealed from such reflections, as comparatively trivial, to the issue of the trial which, in fact, that thought might be said to be constant, though with the intruding of an occasional and melancholy it, like light clouds that cross the moon. As to the details of the scene of which he was about to be the principal actor, he knew nothing; for the warders never opened their lips to him, except officially, and Mr. Richard had never happened to come to grief in the course of his professional practice in that particular locality before.

But he had a notion that the day of trial was Friday, though situated in so out-of-the-way a spot, was a much considered one for the sessions. It brought in very highest principles of architecture, as connected with the administration of the criminal law. The prisoner was not aware of it for trial at all, but was conducted by an underground passage into the court-house itself—called into question by the court of, for a flight of steps, with a trap-door at the top, led straight into the dock, in which he found his appointed place like a dickie-box, but much more to his own astonishment than to that of the spectators.

In the midst of the unhappy Richard thus confronted, wholly unexpectedly, with a thousand eager eyes? They drowned him on the right hand and on the left, before him and behind him; they looked down upon him from the galleries above with a fixed gaze that was painful to endurance. Even the barristers in the space between him and the judge turned round to gaze at him, and the judge himself adjusted his spectacles upon his nose to regard him with a searching look. Not a sound was to be heard except the monotonous voice of the clerk reading the indictment; it was plain that every one of that vast concourse knew him, and needed not that his neighbor should whisper, "That is he." Was his mother there? thought Richard, and above all, Was Harry there? He looked round once upon that peering throng; but he could catch sight of neither. The former was a thick veil over her features, was, indeed, watching him from a corner of the court; but of the latter he recognized was that of his attorney, seated immediately behind a man with a wig, whom he knew by instinct to be Mr. Serjeant Bullen.

There was a sudden silence, following upon the question, "How say you, prisoner, York, are you guilty of this felony, or not guilty?" The turnkey by the prisoner's side muttered audibly behind his hand, "Guilty," and trifled on you to plead.

"Not guilty," answered Richard, in a loud, firm voice, and fixing his eyes upon the judge.

A murmur of satisfaction run softly though the court-house. His looks had informed the curious folks; they were afraid that he might have pleaded "Guilty," and robbed them of their fun. Not a few of the jurymen perhaps all the women, were also pleased upon his own account. But he was no prejudiced person than they could not choose but wish him well, and out of his peril.

Then Mr. Smoothbore rose, and was some time about it. He was six feet four inches high, and in manner as though you could never see the last of him. ("Oh, Jerrusalem, upon wheels!" was the remark that Mr. Robert Balfour muttered in hearing when some brawn afterward found himself confronted by the same gigantic counsel, learned in the law, as he was called upon by the millouth of a second the silvery accents of Mr. Smoothbore; others leaned back with looks askance, as though to concentrate their intelligence upon them; and the foreman held his head with both his hands, as if the whole portion of his person was not wholly under control, but might make some erratic start, and disgrace him into some prisoner's sentence. These honest men did not know Mr. Smoothbore, and thought (for the first five minutes) that they could sit and listen to him forever; before they had done with him they began to think that they should have to do it.

For be it from us to emulate the prolixity with which the learned counsel set forth his case; it must be conceded that he did not bang over it; his words ran as smoothly as oil, and with a perfect distinctness, and if any one missed his meaning, it was not for want of its being suffi-

ciently expressed. To a listener of average acility, however, he became unintelligible by repetition, which is, unhappily, not exclusively "the vice of the pulpit." We will take care to avoid his error. It will be sufficient to say that when he had finished Richard stood accused not only of having stolen two thousand pounds from John Trevethick, but of having compassed that crime under circumstances of peculiar baseness. He had taken advantage of his superior attentions, manners, and appearance, to impose himself upon the honest Cornishman as the legitimate son of his landlord, and acted with such that humble home a footing of familiarity, only the latter to compass a scheme of villainy, which must have occurred to him at a very early period of their acquaintance. Indeed, Mr. Smoothbore hinted that the prisoner's profession—photographic painting was a mere pretense and pretext, and that it was more than probable that having learned by some means of Trevethick's board, he had come down to Gethin with the express intention of becoming acquainted with it, which his subsequent discovery of the secret of the letter padlock enabled him to do. In short, by artful insinuation and this or that part of the story, Richard was painted as a common thief, whose possession of such faculties as writing and *finesse* only made him of a more dangerous enemy of society. There had been rumors, Mr. Smoothbore admitted, of certain romantic circumstances connected with the case, but he was instructed to say that they were wholly baseless. And that the matter which he purposed, as usual, in an order in inverse ratio to the interest and importance of their statements testimonies—the clerk of the Miners' Bank into whose hands the notes had been paid, policeman, Mr. Dodge, and others, who only corroborated what we already know. Even the appearance of Solomon Cox was marked by impressive dignity, save to the eyes of the accused. In the triumphant bearing of this witness, and in the malignant glance which he cast from time to time at the dock, I gan his tale, Richard read that the charge against him was to be pressed to the fullest extent. It was in this man's power, more than in any other's (save one), to extenuate or to set down in malice; and there was no doubt in the lad's mind though his rancor took so blunt a form that it might well have been mistaken by others for outspoken candor) which of the two courses Solomon had chosen. He showed neither scruple nor hesitation; every word was delivered with decisive, and on one occasion (though the repetition of it was forbidden by the judge) even accompanied by a blow with his inkstand-lid—not fist in the way of corroboration. It seemed that the story he had to tell was, after all, a very plain one.

When John Trevethick, who was the last witness examined for the prosecution, stepped into the box, this feeling was intensified. His gaunt frame and massive features seemed unconsciously to associate themselves with a plain story; and his evidence was as much in consonance with his counsel's speech as evidence could be with anything.

But when he had quite done with his unvarnished tale, and when Mr. Smoothbore had given him a parting nod in sign that he had done with him, Sergeant Sawbridge, for the first time that day, an uplifted finger, as though, but for that signal of delay, the honest landlord would have died incontinently, and hanged himself with his master Judas.

"You have a daughter, I believe, Mr. Trevethick?" and the Sergeant looked at the jury, with elevated eyebrows, as though he would have said, "If we can get even that information out of this hoary miscreant, we may consider ourselves fortunate."

And indeed John Trevethick did hesitate for one instant ere he replied. He had not even looked at the prisoner before, but at the question he gave an involuntary glance toward him, and met Richard's answering look. When two men are fighting, each with his hands upon the throat of the other, not for dear life, but for the hanged-for death of his foe, it is possible that in their faces some such inextinguishable hrid fire of hatred may be seen burning as that which leaped from witness-box to dock, from dock to witness-box; but scarcely under any other circumstances could such a look of deadly malice be exchanged between man and man. It passed, however, in an instant, like the electric fire, and was gone, leaving no trace behind it.

"I have a daughter," replied Trevethick; and as he spoke his face, though ashen of hue, took the same as blank and hard and meaningless as a wall of stone.

"This man is about to perjure himself," thought the experienced Mr. Balais; "and he looked around him with the air of a man who was convinced of the fact.

"The prisoner at the bar was, I believe, your daughter's lover, was he not?"

"Not that I knew of."

"Not that you knew of?" repeated Mr. Balais. "Will you venture to repeat that?"

"The witness and Jones," interposed the judge, demurely, and ordered a window to be closed, the draught from which inconvenienced him. Every body looked at the officials of the court who pulled the string and shut the sky-light, as though it had been the most ingenious contrivance known to man. Not that it was a relief to them to do so, but from that inexplicable motive which prompts us all to observe trivial circumstances with which they have nothing whatever to do, on any occasion of engrossing interest. Even Richard regarded this little process of ventilation with some curiosity, and wondered whether the judge would feel himself better after it.

"Oh, you didn't know of this attachment between the prisoner and your daughter at the time it was going on under your roof, but you have it of it afterward, did you?" was the next in the papers, I suppose, eh?"

"I heard of it, after the robbery was discovered, from my daughter herself."

"And, upon your oath, you did not know of it before then?"

"I did not."

"Your suspect it even, perhaps?"

"Nor even suspect it.

Mr. Balais smiled, shrugged his Demosthenes. His application of this way was Demosthenes. His motto was "Action, action, action." His friends on circuit called him the Balais of action.

He had had some experience of the depravity of human nature, said the shrug, but this beat everything, and would be most amusing but for its atrocious infamy. Good Heavens!

"Then you never had any conversation with the prisoner with reference to your daughter at all?"

"Never."

Mr. Balais bent down and interchanged a word or two with his junior, Mr. Smoothbore.

"Now be so good as to give me your best attention, Mr. Trevethick, for upon my next question more depends than you, perhaps, are aware of. If you have any regard for your own interests you will answer it truly; for as sure as fate"—

"Is this necessary, Brother Balais?" interrupted the judge, scratching his forehead with his forefinger, and looking up at the sky-light, as though that matter was not satisfactorily settled yet.

"My lud, I am instructed that nothing less than a cringing knee has been entered into against my unfortunate client."

The judge nodded slightly, shivered consistently, and made a memorandum of something that infernal draught before he should dismiss the ground up.

"I ask you, Mr. Trevethick," continued the counsel, solemnly, "whether or not, in a conversation which you had with the prisoner upon a certain day last month, you mentioned two thousand pounds as the sum which your daughter had in his possession before you could listen to any proposition of his with respect to your daughter's hand?"

"I did not."

"You never spoke of that peculiar sum to him at all?"

"Never at all."

It was Mr. Balais who looked up at the sky-light this time—as though he expected a thunder-bolt.

"Then, sir, of which we have heard so much, as being hoarded in this ingenious box of yours—and that you are very ingenious indeed, I must admit, there is no doubt—this box, I say, was kept in a certain cupboard, was it not?"

"It was."

"And now, please to look at the jury when you answer me this question—and look at me this particular question I instruct, Mr. Trevethick?"

Into the landlord's impulsive face there stole for the first time that day a flush, and his harsh, monotonous voice grew tremulous as he replied,

"The cupboard was in my daughter's bedroom."

"That will do, Mr. Trevethick," said Mr. Balais, observed Mr. Balais, with emphasis; "though I shall probably have to trouble you for seeing you another time"—and he glanced significantly toward the dock.—"*is another place.*"

CHAPTER XXX

FOR THE DEFENSE.

When Mr. Balais rose again it was to speak for the defense, and he addressed the jury amidst an unbroken silence. So long had been the attention of his audience that the smack of a curter's whip, as he went by in the street below, was resented by them as much as an impertinent intrusion; until even the quarters of the church clock to which the prisoner had given first its iron tongue should drown a single sentence. This latter interruption did not, however, occur during the first few words of the speech as he was energetic in action. He began at once quietly to point out the weakness of the prosecution had proved—that the notes had been taken from Trevethick's box, and found in the prisoner's possession, but that nothing had been the very act of endeavoring to change them for those of another banking-house. But while he maintained was, that this exchange was not, as Mr. Smoothbore had suggested, effected for the purpose of obtaining the prisoner's hand by throwing dust in the prosecutor's eyes. He had engaged the manner only with the intention of returning his own money to Trevethick under another form. Even so young a man, and one so thoroughly ignorant of the world as to the ways of business matters as was his client, must surely have been aware, if using the money for himself had been his object, that it could be traced in notes of the Mining Company as easily as in notes of the Bank of England; nay, by this very proceeding of his, he had even given them a *double* chance of being traced. This, gentlemen, was not theirs, of course, to justify the conduct of the prisoner at the bar. It was unjustifiable, it was reprehensible, it was all that could be, but what he did maintain was that, even taking for granted all that had been put in evidence, this young man's conduct was not criminal; it was not that of a thief. He had never had the least intention of stealing this money; his scheme had been merely a stratagem to obtain the object of his affections for his wife. This Trevethick was a hard and grasping man, and it was necessary for the young fellow to satisfy him that he was possessed of certain property before he would listen to any proposition for his daughter's hand. His ideas—wrong and foolish one, indeed, but then look at his youth and inexperience—was to impose upon this old miser, by showing him his own money in another form, and then, when he had gained his object, to return it to him. Mr. Balais was, for his own part, as certain of such being the fact as that he was standing in that court-house. Let them turn their eyes on the unhappy prisoner in the dock, and judge for themselves whether he looked like the mere felon which the learned lad pointed him out for, or the romantic, self-deceiving, thoughtless lad, such as he (Mr. Balais) felt convinced he was. They had all heard of the proverb that all things were fair in love as in war. When the jury had known young themselves perhaps some of them had acted upon that theory; at all events, it was not an unnatural idea for young people to act upon. Mr. Trevethick was always a certain weight and authority of their own. They were not necessarily bound to take his word for it, but they certain whether the proverb in question was one of Solomon's own or not, so he put it in this gentleman's mouth, but they smacked of it. This Richard Yorke, perhaps, had thought it no great harm to win his love by a false representation of the state of his finances. He could not see his way how otherwise to melt the stony heart of this old curmudgeon, who had doubtless—not withstanding the evidence they had heard from that able clerk—encouraged the young man's addresses so long as he believed him to be Mr. Carew's lawful heir. The whole question, in fact, resolved itself into *that of motive*. If there was not a word of evidence forthcoming upon the prisoner's part, he (Mr. Balais) would much left him rest on the jury's hands, with the confident conviction that they would never inflict upon a misguided boy—who had already suffered such tortures of mind and body as were more than a sufficient punishment for his offense—the infamous and shameful crime of which he stood accused. He had lost his position, he had lost his mistress, he had lost his own heart, for they had all heard that day that she was about to be driven into wedlock with his friend, a man twice her age and more; he had had the protection of his father—his own flesh and blood—driven with miserable occurrence he had chosen to drown him; and yet here was the prosecutor, who had lost nothing (except his own self-esteem), in the respect of all who had listened to his audacious testimony that morning; pressing for a conviction, for more punishment; in a word, for the gratification of a mean revenge. If he (Mr. Balais) had nothing more, therefore, to urge in his client's favor than that he had been content to leave the jury to deal with this case—Eaglehaven, who detested oppression, and hated that justice only which is tempered with mercy. But as it so happened, there was no need thus to appeal to it; no necessity to appeal to mercy at all. He had only to ask appeal for the barest justice. He was happily in a position to prove that the prisoner at the bar had no more stolen this two thousand pounds than their own daughter had stolen their fortune man.

A sigh of relief was uttered from a hundred gentle breasts. "We are coming to something at last," it seemed to say. A hundred fair faces looked at Mr. Balais—who was growing gray and wrinkled, had found every new performance of his pantomime harder and harder—as though they could have kissed him, nevertheless. "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, that money was given to him by the prosecutor's daughter with her own hand."

A murmur of satisfaction ran round the courthouse.

There was a romance—a love-story—in the case, then, after all.

Mr. Balais concluded a most energetic speech with a peroration of great brilliancy, in which Richard and Harry were exhibited like a transparency in the bright colors of Youth, and Hope, and Passion, and finally set down amidst what would have been a burst of applause but for the harsh voice of the usher stepping it in the bud by proclaiming silence.

The only reason for his doing that when Mr. Balais jumped up to his feet again, as though he were an springs, and called for Harry Trevethick. The jury were taking snuff at the time; and such was the stillness that you could hear the crepitation of the nose-powder before any one of which he wrote down his notes. There was a minute's delay, during which every eye was fixed upon the witness-box, and then Harry appeared. She was very pale, and wore a look of anxious timidity; but a bright spot came on her cheeks as she turned her face to the prisoner in the dock, and smiled upon him. From that moment Richard felt that he was safe. Guarded as he was, and still in peril, he forgot his dungeon, and once more could feel that he would cheer to this tender creature, to whom he was about to owe his safety, to his life's end.

Harry was dressed most attractively attired in a pale violet silk dress, with a straw bonnet trimmed with the same modest color. It was observed, with reference to this and to the innocence and gentleness of her expression, that she looked like a dove; and a dove she seemed to Richard, bringing him the signal that the flood was abating, the deep waters of which had so nearly overwhelmed both soul and body. Even the judge, as Mr. Wensel had foretold, regarded her through his double glasses with critical approval; for a most excellent judge he was—of female attractions.

Mr. Balais smiled triumphantly at the jury. "I had not tell you," he seemed to say, "that my client is guiltless in this matter? Here is Truth herself come to witness in his favor. Bless her!" Richard's feverish eyes were fixed upon her; he knew no God, but here was his spring in the wilderness, his shadow of the great rock in a weary land. And for her, she looked only at the judge, expecting—poor little ignoramus—that it was he who would question her.

"You are the daughter of John Trevethick, of Gethin?" said Mr. Balais.

This interrogatory, simple as it was, made her color rise, coming from that unexpected quarter.

"Yes, Sir."

"He keeps an inn, does he not;" he—here Mr. Balais affected to consult his brief, to give her time to recover herself from her modest confusion—"*the Gethin Castle*, I believe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The prisoner at the bar has been staying there for some months, has he not?"

She stole another look at Richard: it spoke as plainly as looks could speak, "Oh yes; that is how I came to know and love him." But she only murmured, "Yes, Sir."

"Speak up, Miss Trevethick," said the counsel, somewhat sharply; "these twelve gentlemen are all very anxious to hear what you have to say."

The judge nodded and smiled, as though in corroboration, as well as to add, upon his own account, that it would give *him* also much pleasure to hear her.

"Was the prisoner staying in the inn as an ordinary guest, or did he mix with the family?"

"He was in the bar parlor most nights, Sir, along with father and me and Richard."

"He was in the bar parlor most nights," repeated Mr. Balais, significantly, for he was aware now that the jury should catch that answer—"with father and me and Solomon." And he introduced him into the picture.

"Father brought him first, Sir, on the second day after he came to Gethin."

"Father brought him in, did he? Now, that is rather an unusual thing for the landlord of an inn to do, is it not? To introduce a young man whom he had known but twenty-four hours to his family circle, and to the society of his daughter?"

"Please, Sir, I don't know, Sir."

"No, of course you don't, Miss Trevethick; how should you? But I think the jury know. You have no idea, then, yourself, why your father introduced this young gentleman to you so early?"

"Father said he was a friend of Mr. Carew's, of Cromjohn, who is father's landlord."

"Just so," said Mr. Balais, with another significant glance at the attentive jury. "Mr. Trevethick had already discovered that this youth was of a good social position, and likely to prove an excellent match. 'Will you walk into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly: 'I have the prettiest daughter that ever did sup.' Eh?

Every body tittered at this except Mr. Smoothbore and his solicitor; even the judge blew his nose.

"Now, not only did the prisoner at the bar spend most nights in the bar parlor, but, as I am given to understand, he spent most days there, or, at least, events, by secretly, did he not?"

"Father and Solomon were away most days, Sir, and so we wove left a good deal together."

"Just so. Your father took care to be away most days, did he, in order that you should be left a good deal together?"

Mr. Smoothbore started to his feet. "My lud, I submit," etc.; meaning that this was a mode of interrogating the witness that he could not submit to for an instant.

"Very good," said Mr. Balais, smiling. "I will not put the question in that form, then. The form is of very little consequence. You were left together, however, and the consequence was that you two young people fell in love with one another, eh?"

No answer. Harry was thinking of Solomon, to whom she was to be married within ten days, and hung her head.

"Come, did he fall in love with you, then? There was ample apology for it, I am sure, and he ought to be much ashamed of himself if he hadn't. Now, did he 'court' you? I think you must answer me that question."

No answer. Every eye was upon her, the judge's double glasses included. They might as well have been opera-glasses, she felt so hot and frightened.

"Come, did this young gentleman ever give you a kiss?"

"Yes, Sir," murmured poor Harry, almost under her breath.

"Did you say 'Yes' or 'No?'" inquired the judge, dipping his pen in the ink.

"I said 'Yes,' my lord," said the unhappy Harry.

"There were more kisses than one, now, I dare say," said Mr. Balais, with a wink at the jury; "and they were not all on one side, eh?"

No answer.

"Some of them were on the other side, were they not? I don't mean on the other cheek, for I have no doubt he was perfectly indifferent as to that."

Again there was a little titter.

"She is your own witness, Brother Balais," observed the judge, "but it seems to me you are giving her unnecessary pain."

He had a very tender heart, had the old judge,

where a young and pretty woman was concerned —otherwise he was a Tartar.

"My lad, it is absolutely necessary to prove that my client's passion was reciprocated. Did you ever return one of these many kisses, Miss Trevethick?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever meet him alone at night in a place, I believe, called the Fairies' Bower?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes," repeated Mr. Balsis, recapitulating these facts upon his fingers; "you were left alone with him all day; you met him alone at night, away from your father's roof; you returned his kisses: and all this without the slightest suspicion—if we are to believe his evidence —being aroused upon the part of your parent. Now, Miss Trevethick, you were aware that your father kept a large sum of money—these two thousand pounds—in his strong-box, were you not?"

"I was, Sir."

"Did you ever speak to the prisoner at the bar about it?"

"I think—yes, I did, Sir, on one occasion," and here Harry's voice fluttered and faltered. No one noticed it, however, except the prisoner; if any neighbor eyes had watched him narrowly —but they were all fixed upon the witness—they would have seen his face whiten, and his brow grow damp. Why should she have laid that stress upon "on one occasion?

"You told him that the two thousand pounds were in the box in the cupboard in your bedroom?"

"I did, Sir."

"The fastening of the box was not an ordinary lock, I believe. It was what is called a letter padlock?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you ever open it?"

"No, Sir."

A great lull seemed to be suddenly sat tolling in Richard's brain—it was the knell of all his hopes.

"You had never opened it at that time, eh?" continued Mr. Balsis, cheerfully. "But you learned the secret afterward?"

"I—yes—I did."

"Do you remember the letters that did open it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What were they?"

"B, N, Z."

"Very good. We have heard from the counsel for the prosecution that they were so; and that Mr. Trevethick kept a memorandum of them on a piece of paper that fitted into his watch-case. Did he always carry that watch about with him?

"Not always. When he went out to market, and was likely to be late, he sometimes left it at home."

"In his own room, I suppose, where you or any body else could get at it?"

"I suppose so, Sir."

"You *suppose*? You know he did, do you not? Did you not open the watch-case yourself, and so discover the means of unlocking the box?"

"No, Sir," said Harry, faintly; and once more she turned her eyes to Richard. It was a true and tender glance, one would have said, and accompanied by an attempt at a smile of encouragement. But if it had been a glance of a gorgon, it could not have had a more appalling effect: it literally seemed to turn him into stone.

"Recollect yourself, Miss Trevethick," said Mr. Balsis, earnestly; "you are getting confused, I fear. Now please to give me your attention. You say that you knew that the letters B, N, Z were those which formed the key of the letter padlock, and yet that you did not open your father's watch-case. How, then, did you become possessed of the secret?"

No answer. Harry caught her breath convulsively, and turned deadly pale. She could never tell how Mrs. Yorke had endeavored to suborn her.

"Well, well, this is a matter of very little consequence—though I see my learned friend is making a copious note of it," said Mr. Balsis, gayly. "The main point is what, as you have told us, did occur—that you found out the secret somehow. When you got it, I suppose you opened the box?"

No answer, save from Mr. Smoothbore, who observed, tartly: "You have no right to assume that, Sergeant."

"Let the young woman have a glass of water," suggested the kindly judge.

"My lord, my lord!" cried Harry, with sudden passion, "he is not guilty. Richard did not mean to steal the money; indeed he did not. He only wished to get possession of it that my father might believe him to be a man of wealth. He did but—"

"Endeavor to compose yourself, young woman," interposed the judge. "The learned counsel will only ask what is necessary."

"Take your time, Miss Trevethick, take your time," pursued Mr. Balsis, in his blandest tones. "The question is, how the prisoner became possessed of this money. Now, tell us, did you not give it him with your own hands?"

The bell was still tolling in Richard's brain, and yet he could hear the buzzing of a fly against a window of the court-house, and the careless whistle of some lad in the street without. It was the same tune that the keeper at Crompton had been wont to whistle in his leisure moments at home; and his mind reverted with a flash to the glades of the stately park, the herds of deer, the high-mossed gate, which he had shut in the face of the hounds when they were chasing Carew's carriage. Was it the bang of the gate, or had Harry really answered in a firm voice, that resounded through the silent court-house, "No, Sir?"

"What!" said Mr. Balsis, raising his voice a little. "Do you mean to say, then—and recollect that the fate of the prisoner at the bar may depend upon your reply to this question—that Richard Yorke did not become possessed of these notes by your connivance, through your means, at all?"

SUPERINTENDENT JAMES J. KELSO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY & CO.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

"No, Sir, no," answered Harry, passionately; "I can't say that: indeed, Sir, I can not. But he is innocent—Richard is innocent—he never meant to steal them. O God, help me!" In her excitement, and not because she wished to do so, she had turned about, and once more caught sight of the prisoner at the bar. It was her turn now to shrink appalled and petrified. It was not reproach that she saw pictured in that well-loved face, but downright hate and loathing. "He will never, never forgive me!" cried she, with a piteous wail; and then scream followed scream, and she was borne out in haste, and a doctor sent for.

Cross-examination was, of course, quite out of the question; and, indeed, Mr. Smoothbore was much too sagacious a man to wish to exercise that privilege. The failure of the witness for the defense had proved the case of the prosecution.

It was Mr. Smoothbore who could now best afford to praise the innocence and candor of the unhappy Harry. Was it not evident that that tender creature had been tampered with, and almost persuaded to perjure herself, for the sake of the prisoner at the bar—almost, but happily for the ends of justice, not quite persuaded! Her natural love of right had conquered the ignoble passion with which she had been inspired by this unscrupulous man. What words could sufficiently paint the baseness of the conduct of the accused! Was it not clear that he had endeavored to escape scot-free, at the sacrifice of this poor girl's good name? She, forsooth, was to proclaim herself thief, to save his worthless self! It was not for Mr. Smoothbore—Heaven forbid!—to exaggerate such wickedness, but was it possible that the phrase, "Young in years, but old in vice," had ever had a more appropriate application than in the present case? For the credit of human nature, he trusted not. The point upon which his learned friend had mainly relied having been thus proved wholly untenable—the fact of Richard's taking the money having been incontestably brought home to him—it only remained for him (Mr. Smoothbore) to notice what had been said with respect to motive. If the prisoner at the bar had even had the intention, which had been so gratuitously imputed to him, of returning this money to the prosecutor, when once the object of his supposed scheme had been effected, he would be no less guilty of the crime that was laid to his charge. It was possible, indeed, in such a case, that there might be exhausting circumstances, but these would not affect the verdict of the jury, however they might influence his lordship's sentence after that verdict had been truly given. And this he would say, after what had just occurred in that court—after the painful scene they had just witnessed—the breaking down of that innocent girl in an act of self-sacrifice, culpable in itself, but infinitely more culpable in him who had incited her to do it—for he could not for an instant suppose that the prisoner's legal advisers could have suggested such a line of defense: taking all this into consideration, he, Mr. Smoothbore, would confidently ask the jury whether the prisoner at the bar was to be credited with merely a romantic stratagem, or with a crime the heinousness of which was only exceeded by the means by which he had striven to exculpate himself from it, and to evade the ends of justice.

When Mr. Smoothbore had thus concluded a lengthened and impassioned harangue, he sat down, wiping his hands upon his handkerchief, as though implying that he had washed them of the prisoner for good and all, and that a very dirty job it had been; while the judge rose and left the court, in the same hour appointed to his system, by nature, for the reception of lunch.

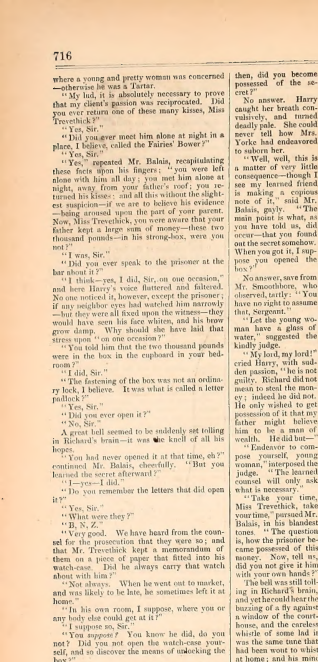

"COME, DID THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN EVER GIVE YOU A KISS?"

KARL WILHELM.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

Words by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER: *Music* by KARL WILHELM.

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel,
"The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong:
With filial love their bosoms swell:
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

And though in death our hopes decay,
The Rhine will own no foreign sway:
For rich with water as its flood
Is Germany with hero blood.
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

From yon blue sky are bending now
The hero dead to hear our vow:
"As long as German hearts are free
The Rhine, the Rhine, shall German be."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

"While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand."
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds; the river flows;
In golden light our banner glows:
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Dear Father-land! No danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

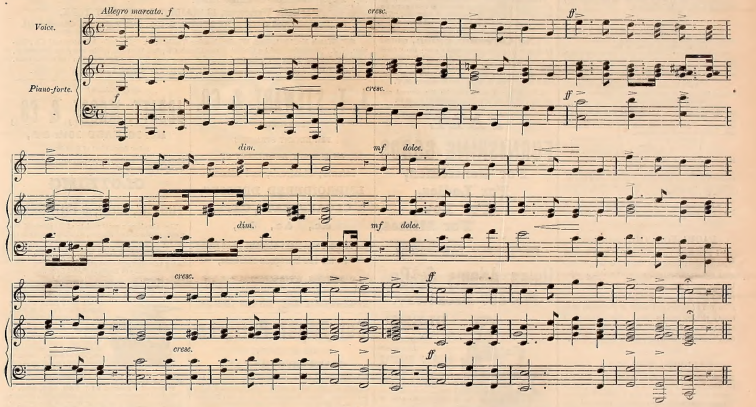

PLAYING "THE WATCH ON THE RHINE" AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF "OUR FRITZ."—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THE BLUE GROTTO.

One of the most remarkable caves in the world is the Blue Grotto, in the island of Capri. The entrance from the sea is so narrow that the persons in the boat must lie down; but as soon as that is passed you enter into fairy-land. The water, clear to the bottom, is of an exquisite celestial blue, which is reflected from the calcareous rocks in their pure whiteness. It is a palace of turquoise built above a sapphire lake. The drops of water from the oars sparkle like pearls with a blue tinge. The effect on the body is most singular; the part under water of a swimmer is silvery white, with blue shadows round the muscles; while the hand and neck, which are out of the water, are of a bronze color, looking like an alabaster statue with a bronze head. It is certainly one the most beautiful natural curiosities in the world. A fisherman was the first to discover it, in 1822, though there are some indications that it was known to the ancients. Much has been written as to the cause of so singular a phenomenon: perhaps the most plausible theory is that, owing to the peculiar form of the entrance, the sea is saturated with light, which, shut up within, and thrown its rays to the farthest depths of the vault. In another part of the coast there is a grotto where the color is that of pale green. It is very similar to its neighbor, but not quite equal in beauty.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., *May 8, 1870.*

MESSRS. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers, 138 and 140 Fulton St., N. Y.:

Dear Sirs.—Received clothes per express yesterday, and am perfectly delighted with the fit; in fact, so are they. My friends are wishing they had their measure at your factory. Yours, etc., CHAS. DOW.

FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, *May 2, 1870.*

MESSRS. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers, 138 and 140 Fulton St., N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—I received last night the suit of clothing for Messrs. DUNN, BRADSHAW, MOORE, and myself. The suits and shirts are much better than I expected they would be, and give perfect satisfaction. Please accept my thanks.
Very truly yours, J. C. STODDARD.

VILLOSIA, IOWA, *April 9, 1870.*

MESSRS. FREEMAN & BURR, Merchant Clothiers, 138 and 140 Fulton St., N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—I bought a suit of you last winter which pleased me so well that I am disposed to try you for a spring and summer suit. Please forward samples at your earliest convenience. YOURS, T. F. WILLIS.

For ordering Clothing by letter, see FREEMAN & BURR'S advertisement on the last page.—[COM.]

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"I PURCHASED a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine eight years ago, and it has been, in constant use ever since, making the heaviest cloaks, besides doing my family sewing. I have never needed fifteen months without even removing it from the machine, and made in the mean time eighty cloaks, besides doing other sewing. I have used other machines, but consider yours the best."—MRS. P. GORDON, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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By removing all taint from the blood. This can be effected with absolute certainty by a short course of *Ayer's Iron and Cod Liver Bitters.* Whether the initiating principle in the circulation be that which causes scrofula, blotches, scald-head, white swelling, or any ordinary cutaneous eruptions, the beneficial effect will be the same. The subject converts the most pungent and unhealthy secretions of the body into a gaseous form, and they are thrown off from the surface by the increased vigor imparted to the circulation by the tonic action of the iron. The morbid matter which causes the cutaneous eruption is discharged through the skin, and the cuticle regains its natural color and smoothness.

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Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, 291 Broadway, N. Y.

The following letter from the Rev. J. V. HINES, written to a gentleman in Philadelphia, speaks for itself:

BURNHAM, MICH., April 18, 1870.

Dear Sir,—I wear one of Dr. Sherman's Rental Instruments, and believe it to be the best in the world. I can now almost crawl.

Your best way will be to see the Doctor yourself, and let him adjust an instrument to you. You can speak of me if you like. Yours truly, J. V. HINES.

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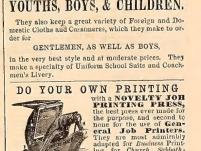

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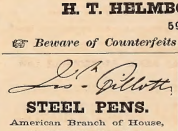

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 724.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

FRENCH REFUGEES IN LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

FRENCH REFUGEES IN LONDON.

THE city of London is full of fugitives from the war. There are a few Germans among them, who flee to avoid military duty; but the great majority are French, for the most part women and children and elderly men. The more opulent among them, driving in open carriages through the parks and gardens, or lounging in the fashionable promenades, give an unusual air of vivacity to the British capital. Ever since the gates of Paris were closed, say the London papers, we may hear almost as much French as English spoken in the streets and restaurants; and Regent Street appears to be as entirely occupied by the French as Boulogne is by the English. The illustration on our first page will give our readers a graphic idea of the character of this social "invasion" of England.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

THE PROVISION FOR HONEST ELECTIONS.

IT is not the magistrate who calls the military force to support the laws—it is those who force him to that action who are responsible for the consequences. This is precisely the situation of the Administration in regard to the election in this city. The immense corruption of the polls here is notorious. Every man familiar with the details of politics knows of it. Certain politicians openly boast of it. We are largely quite by the city government for certain nominal official duties, with the understanding that their real duty is repeating and fraud, and that they shall not bullying honest voters. At the election of 1868 the naturalization frauds were universal and shameless. They were carried in detail to every active politician. But Mr. TWEED'S Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, who was then Mayor of the city, issued a proclamation on the eve or two before the election declaring the charges of fraud "gross and unfounded," stating that they were made by dangerous men—meaning Republicans—"to cover their own schemes of fraud, which they hope to consummate by the aid of unarmed or unpolicied criminals," and that they were intended to produce acts of resistance and violence.

This excellent performance of Mr. TWEED'S official agent was part of the system of fraud which was intended to secure that agent's appointment as Governor. And the complete success of the declarations of the Mayor was established by the statement of Mr. TWEED'S present newspaper organ, the *Mail*, that the letter of which asserted in his paper that he was "the shameless and cunning frauds" of Mr. TWEED and A. OAKEY HALL, was written by the present Mayor. The subsequent investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives of the United States established that the naturalization frauds in detail beyond any question; and in pursuance of its highest duty to protect the purity of the government at its own sources, Congress passed a law to defend, so far as possible, the honesty of the polls, which was approved by the President on the 31st of May, 1870.

As the election of this year approached, the opposition to this law upon the part of the Democratic party, which is as much identified now with electoral dishonesty as it was formerly with slavery, became bitter and violent. The organs denounced the law as unconstitutional, as if each House of Congress, which is made by the Constitution "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members," which is authorized to make all laws necessary for carrying into execution all powers vested in it, and which is even empowered to change the times, places, and manner prescribed by the States for choosing representatives, had no constitutional authority to provide that the election of its members should be honest! Perceiving the hopeless folly of this idea, and of assault upon a law which could have no other purpose than the protection of the rightful voter, the organs of the Democratic party, and especially Mr. TWEED'S present organ, the *World*, declared that the law was an "unabashed attempt" to provoke popular "to go to the polls with arms in their hands."

This was, of course, intended both as a threat and a suggestion. It was an open and flagrant incitement to forcible resistance. And to whom was it addressed? To the July rioters of 1863, the men who burned orphan asylums, and massacred the most helpless and innocent poor people in the city; the "friends" of ex-Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR, who first threatened the riots by his speech in the Academy of Music on the Fourth of July; and then, when his words sprang up armed men, sent a message to ask the National Government to yield to the demand of the mob. It was addressed to the most ignorant and lawless class of the population in a city where they knew that their political party was in a great majority, and where the judges were elected by themselves; a city of which the chief magistrate was publicly denounced as a shameless corruptionist by his own party associates; in a State of which Mr. TWEED'S agent has been elected Governor by the very frauds which he officially denied. The managers of these frauds, having elected their agent Governor of the State, had openly declared at Tammany Hall that he was their candidate for President in 1872. But to that result it was more than ever necessary that he should seem to carry the State now. That any fraud necessary to this result would be perpetrated no intelligent person doubts. The law of Congress was, therefore, not passed a moment too soon. Its probable efficiency is seen in the rancorous opposition of the party of fraud.

But under the circumstances of which we have reminded our readers, and of which it is unfair to every citizen of New York, in the face of angry threats of resistance, it would have been inexcusable in the National Government if it had not taken the measures essential to secure the protection of honest voters by the prompt enforcement of the law. The present object is exactly that of Mr. HOFFMAN'S proclamation protecting the frauds in 1868, of which we have constantly reminded our readers, and every one of the most alarming documents ever issued under official sanction in this country. Proposing a painful regard for the forms of law, it struck at liberty itself. "It is the first time in the history of the country," said the Democratic Mayor's proclamation in 1868, "that a Democratic organs say in 1870, "that United States Government officials have attempted to interfere with free elections in the State of New York and the act is attended with danger." By free elections Mr. TWEED'S Mr. HOFFMAN meant stuffing, repeating, and ballot-box frauds. He meant what the editor of the *World* called the "shameless and cunning frauds" of Mr. TWEED and Mr. HALL. It was these that Democratic managers might prevent a free election that he denounced the National Government as interfering with.

It is an old confidence game, and is thoroughly understood. The honest voters in New York, who have been systematically shut out of the polls by ruffians, know whether, if the power of the United States is at hand, it is for the purpose of "coercing" or "protecting" them. Every intelligent man in the country understands that nothing would so surely lead to civil commotion as the electoral count announced by the Democratic party. A Presidential election, decided by the electoral votes of New York, which had been carried by the means that made Mr. TWEED'S agent Governor of the State, would not be accepted by the country with equanimity. It is not a mere party question. It is a question of the peaceful possibility of popular government. If the system by which the elections in the city of New York are decided by the Democratic party is not checked, it will as surely produce a civil commotion as the system of slavery which the same party so long and strenuously supported. And among the many claims which this Administration has to the gratitude, which the acutest election shows that it still enjoys, there is none more positive than its determination to protect the honest voter at the polls.

GERMAN TERMS OF PEACE.

THERE have been renewed efforts at peace between Germany and France. Count BISMARCK is stated to have remarked that there could be no peace until there was a recognized Government in France with which to treat, and many could not hope for full security against her dangerous neighbor without the possession of the provinces that have been wrenched from her by France. Assuming the report to be true, the situation becomes clearer. Germany is anxious for peace, but not from fear. If an armistice be granted for the purpose of the French elections, it will only be upon conditions favorable to Germany. If the French elections are not favorable to France, nor is there any evidence that they are likely to become so. The suffering of the country must be indescribable. The Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, President of the American Branch of the International Relief Society, has published a letter of Count ARCONATI, now at Brussels, stating that in the region along the Belgian frontier there are 200,000 persons in peril of *starvation*, and Count ARCONATI says that twice as many—nearly half a million—in the whole district over which the armies have swept are starving.

Moreover, there come from Marseilles and Lyons accounts of political differences and disturbances, and it is impossible not to feel that the whole nation is disintegrating. Meanwhile the movements of other powers toward intervention are limited by public opinion. No Government proposes to lend actual assistance to France, or to command Germany to desist.

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The single situation, that while France many has conquered France, and is overrunning the country in every direction. Her military skill is immeasurably superior, and her military force resistless. France is crumbling under her trend, and Germany dictates terms as a conqueror. Those terms are the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. France replies, "Never!" and can do nothing. The other powers protest that they cannot, or will not, they will do nothing because the terms of Germany are not unusual, and are justified by the precedents of every country in Europe, including France herself. Indeed, not only did France undertake the war for the purpose of taking more German territory, but the very provinces in dispute were "wrenched from Germany" by France more than two centuries ago. Germany, also, is in full possession of them to-day, and France is utterly unable to dislodge her. Nothing but a hostile European alliance against Germany could dispossess her of the new territory. But which of the European monarchies shows any disposition to ally itself with the phantom of a Republic; and which of them, with their hands full of conquered provinces, will command Germany to renounce her conquests?

This, indeed, is not the settlement we had hoped from Germany, because the German official acts and words during the war have indicated a very high regard for the good opinion of civilization. The demolition of the fortresses under the guns of Europe would be all the security which Germany naturally and justly desires. To end so great a war, in which the triumph has been so prodigious, by destroying the obvious means of future offense, and by disdaining the vulgar spoils of conquest, is all that is necessary to crown the work of Germany, and to give her a greater glory than any nation warring with another has ever reached. But to the argument that the demolition of the fortresses is a sufficient guarantee, Count BISMARCK virtually replies that it is sentimental, not substantial. "Whatever the settlement may be," he virtually says, "France will hate us more than ever. Her total prostration, the suppression of her armies, the ruin of her military prestige, our successive and incessant victories upon her soil, make her a more deadly foe than before. When the war leaves France utterly exhausted, we may demolish the fortresses; but we can not demolish the hostility that will build others, and make France a camp ready for the day of reckoning. Another war must come, and we have fairly won the offensive advantages which France now enjoys. We must guard against us, and we can not reasonably decline to use them. This alone will give us full security."

Germany is the judge of the situation, and this is her judgment. We see no present reason to doubt that Europe will acquiesce. To say that the terms are hard is to say what is always said of the victor, and to complain that it is a monarchy oppressing a republic is to forget that thus far the republic is a mere *coup d'état*.

A FEW REMINISCENCES.

MR. AUGUST BELMONT was president of the Tammany Democratic meeting in New York, and in his opening address announced that the country was tired of radical misrule, and wanted a Democratic Administration; and presently the banner appeared, "JOHN T. HOFFMAN for Governor, 1870; for President, 1872."

Mr. AUGUST BELMONT was chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1864, and fully represented the spirit of his party. In his house, it was publicly announced at the time, an English nobleman wore a secession badge unrebuked by the host, who was very angry with a young officer who resented the insult to his country. While he was still the official leader of the Democratic party, Lord LYONS, the English minister, wrote to his Government: "Several of the leaders of the Democratic party sought interviews with me.... The tone of opposition in their minds, while they were speaking to me, was naturally that of foreign mediation between the North and the South. The Democratic party were in power, or virtually controlled the Administration, they would rather, if possible, obtain an armistice without the aid of foreign Governments, and they would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation if it appeared to be the only means of putting an end to hostilities."

The Democrats say that they prefer not to talk about the past. Of course not. The last thing that a Democrat should wish to tell or to hear is the story of his party. But it is not so very long past; and the moral of political reminiscence is, that the Democratic party is led by the same chiefs, and is inspired by the same spirit, as during the war, while it refuses to accept the reconstruction, or to acknowledge the validity of the amendments. Mr. BELMONT says now that the country is tired of radical misrule. The Chicago Convention, which, as national chairman, he called to order, said the same thing in 1864. It said that it was the sense of the American people that the war was a failure, that the Constitution had been disregarded in every part, that public liberty and private right had alike been trodden down, and that justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demanded a cessation of the war.

Mr. BELMONT and his party had no comprehension whatever of the loyal spirit and purpose of the American people then, because they were merely a political organization to secure the ascendency of the slavery aristocracy. They had no more appreciation of the spirit and purpose of the same people now. They do not understand that the autumn elections, upon which Mr. BELMONT congratulates his friends, show that the Republican party will still control the Government, and that the country is not yet ready to trust those who would have betrayed it only six years ago.

Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR wisely confined his efforts to a genuine upon the Erie Canal, while Mr. S. S. COX, whom the *Evening Post* recommends as a candidate for Congress, did not remind his audience that he said in Chicago, in 1864, according to a report in his speech, which we have not known him to question, "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same bloody level."

The people, as appears from the elections thus far, do not think that the height of practical wisdom in politics is to shut your eyes and to refuse to remember.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE American Social Science Association, which a year ago held a meeting in New York, met this year in Philadelphia, and several valuable papers were laid before it. Electoral Reform, the Civil Service Reform, Minority Representation in Europe, the Annexation of Canada, the Relations of Business Men to National Legislation, were the titles of some of the papers; and the subjects, with the writers, show that the attention of the association is earnestly directed, among its other objects, to practical measures and political progress in the improvement of political methods. The objection that is an association of theorists and speculators, who consider every thing but human nature and the facts of the case, is one of those easy, flippant objections always ready to be thoughtless against the thoughtful, and is an especially easy general infidelity in regard to the great laws which govern political action and development. Indeed, one of the chief purposes of the association for some time must be to show that there is such a thing as social science, as a possibility of knowing the laws which regulate human society.

This happy-go-lucky view of society, which laughs at political economy, and sneers at intelligence and thought and common-sense as what it pleasantly calls impracticable, is also a popular view. But it is none the less absurd. It is the source of the opinion that any body is good enough for a legislator who is a social spy, and that to try to manage the ordinary business of the country as ordinary successful business is managed elsewhere is to be pedantic and dreamy. But intelligent thought upon any subject is never a disadvantage. To collect facts, to compare results, to draw conclusions, by analysis, as practical a method of treating important questions as to empty the mind and guess. Yet upon the great subjects of political science we are in this country chiefly students of foreigners, when we are students at all. Political science, since the earliest days of our history as a nation, has been scarcely studied. We have had a theory that popular government is a very simple affair, which needs "no study," and we have cultivated a horror or contempt of political thinkers, as if they were necessarily *visionary*. It is, indeed, why a education itself is not regarded as "aristocratic."

Now one of the very first services of the Social Science Association is to show that ignorance and prejudice and routine are not the necessary conditions of public improvement, and that thought helps invention, machinery, and trade, so it helps political progress. The association enables men who have made special studies of particular subjects to present the results of the inquiries which few of the rest of us have the time or the habit to pursue. For instance, it occurs to a thoughtful man that the rule of the majority may often be very unjust, and hostile to the real popular will. But the usual answer to that is that the majority must govern, however coarse a method it may be, and sometimes palpably unjust. Our best thinker admits that the majority must govern, but he asks whether it follows that the minority must be silenced. From this question arises a flow in the most practical and most practical manner how the minority may be represented while the majority governs. The subject has been the vital requirements of good government is satisfied, and the "theorist," the "speculator," the "visionary," has done what no statesman was wise enough to do.

Indeed, if the Social Science Association should do nothing more than awaken thought upon similar political problems, it would be a unique and most serviceable society. As it is, its volumes of transactions are quite indispensable to those who would know the best American thought upon several most pressing topics of public concern.

INTERNATIONAL RIGHT AND LOCAL LAW.

THE latest contributions to the literature of the *Alabama* question are the letter of Mr. JOHN A. PARKER, the President of the Great Western Insurance Company, addressed to ex-Senator FRELINGHUYSEN, and an article by President WOOLSEY, of Yale College, in the *North*

American Review for October, of which Mr. MONTAGUE BERNARD's book upon the neutrality of Great Britain is the text. Mr. PARKER's letter states that the British Government is ready to pay all American citizens who suffered loss by the *Alabama*, but that Lord CLARENDON, who was consulted, said that perhaps this very payment might be considered by our Government another British offense; and the letter accuses the United States Government of neglect and diplomatic error in the conduct of the negotiation. But Mr. PARKER himself falls into an extraordinary error when he supposes that a private citizen can complain of a sovereign power for a violation of international law. The offense of Great Britain was against the United States by a breach of the law of nations. Great Britain is, therefore, responsible to the United States, which seeks not only reparation for the particular offense, but a guarantee against its repetition. The Reverend JOHNSON treaty was repudiated by public opinion in this country because it regarded the *Alabama* question as one of damages merely, while it was even more conspicuously a question of guarantees. The vital point of the controversy would be left untouched if the United States should consent to the private settlement of claims.

Great Britain pleads that we can not go behind local state law to enforce international obligation. We claim that international duty is independent of state law. This is the substance of the controversy: and the question of special damages is quite subordinate. If Great Britain should pay all the damages claimed, nothing would be settled except those claims. Or if Great Britain should insist that she is absolved strictly her own law, and declined to pay, and we admitted that she *had* observed it, the inquiry would still remain whether one state can evade international law are subject to the local legislation of any country. How if there were no law at all? Are international obligations thereby suspended? The action of Great Britain in modifying the local law of neutrality at the instance of Prussia, to secure international rights more fully, is a confession that the local law should be adequate to that protection, and that during the war it was not adequate. Long before this, in 1868, as President WOOLSEY reminds us, a Parliamentary Commission reported that the inadequacy of the British law should be increased. These are facts that point to a possible good understanding upon the essential point, and the satisfactory settlement of claims will, of course, follow.

When Mr. PARKER recasts the Government of delaying the settlement for political reasons, and indicates very distinctly his own political sympathies by saying, "It is known that the Government is holding these claims for advance for purposes of its own—to accomplish objects of personal and political ambition and popularity," he also reveals a single explanation of the essence of the controversy. Mr. Reverend JOHNSON's opinion, which he mentions, that England would probably pay the amount of the claims if properly represented, is an opinion which needs the corroboration of any direct or indirect approval of any member of the British Government, or of any informed Englishman; while the remark of Lord CLARENDON to "our friend" was merely a question which could not be answered except by the Government of the United States, and was, if it could be considered any thing more than a polite diplomatic evasion, a reference of the whole matter to what Lord CLARENDON knew, whatever "our friend" might have known, to be the only principal in the case.

The wisdom of a certain delay in pressing the negotiation has certainly been vindicated by the event. There is much greater general knowledge of the facts; there is consequently a much more reasonable feeling upon both sides; and the probability of a peaceful solution of the difficulty, both by payment of damages and ample security against similar occurrences, is greater than it could possibly have been had we peremptorily demanded a settlement in the height of exasperation which followed the war and the Reverdy Johnson treaty.

"STATE'S EVIDENCE" AGAINST TAMMANY.

In the last session of the New York Legislature Mr. CHARLES H. CREAMER was released from the city of New York. He was then very strongly opposed to the government of the city by the Tammany Ring, and in a speech in the Senate Mr. CREAMER, according to a careful report in the New York *World*, made the following remarks:

"I trust that all other legislation will in a manner cease until laws are passed that will protect the purity of the ballot-box, and secure to the people of this city a fair what they have now only in name—a republican form of government. Sir, what a farce it is for me to sit here creating corporations and charters, and passing bills day after day to perfect the various departments of our government, when the very foundation-stone of a republican government is rotten to the core! What a farce it is for us to sit here and legislate, as representatives in a republican government, when the election system upon which such a government rests has been undermined, and is as corrupt as hell!"

This is testimony which, like that of the editor of the New York *World* to the same effect, will not be suspected of Republican origin. The fact that since his speech in the Senate Mr. CREAMER has been taken into favor by Tammany Hall, and is silent, does not affect the truth of his statement. The announcement of the "Young Democracy" but spring had this public advantage at least, that it produced an immense amount of "state's evidence" of the utter corruption of Tammany Hall.

NOTES.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, who went over from the Republican to the Democratic party in company with Mr. Andrew Johnson and Mr. Montgomery Blair, seeking, with those worthy men, political security and peace, has recently made a speech about his old friends and party. In the fury of his onslaught he even surpasses Mr. Phillips. To use a phrase irresistibly suggested by the amusing recklessness of his speech, he "outdoes found goodness," and his hearers must have suspected that they beheld the original "old Joe Hacking up alive and afore." There are few follies, treasons, and crimes of which, in his opinion, the infamous Republican party is not guilty. Mr. John Quincy Adams, for his part, has come out of Sodom. Flying from what he calls "the great, original, and unpardonable sin of secession," and seeking a government which will not "dam all her people, and all their land," he joins himself to Mr. Tweed. Sighing for an honest regard for the right of the people to manage their own investments, he is the friend of Mr. Tweed's Mr. Hoffman. Looking for honor in public service he is the Honorable Francis Wood and Mr. James Fisk, jun. Pining for official dignity and self-respect, he embraces Mr. A. Oakey Hall. In grave offense, loathing corruption, by which he says the Republican party lives, moves, and has its being, he turns with satisfaction to Tammany Hall. Indeed, it is an immense relief to the disgusted soul of Mr. John Quincy Adams to find that, close by this rocking, bottomless pit of Republicanism and Secession, he has providentially contrived to know that the other name of purity, principle, progress, intelligence, and honesty is the Democratic party. Mr. Tweed pulling at the sheet which Talleyrand expressed, "*surtout, vous ami, point de zèle!*"

The "Capital Convention" has not made a profound impression upon the public mind, and interest seem to have been a letter of Mr. Greeley's, which was read, and one of Mr. Forney's, which was not read. The most business of the Convention was the debate upon the rending of the rules. It adjourned upon the first day before it reached a decision. The next day it resolved to read it, and then the letter could not be read. Mr. Greeley advised the removal of the capital to New York, so Mr. Forney probably recommended Philadelphia as a proper spot. It certainly would have had a stadium in his favor. The Convention wisely did no more than to appoint a committee "to take charge of the whole subject," and then adjourned *sine die*. It has had, however, the good sense of showing that there is really very little feeling upon the subject in the country. Nor is any good reason to be considered, at a time when the facilities of travel so rapidly increase, for the enormous waste of the public money to which attend the migration of the present government buildings and the erection of new. The present capital in the mind of the country is so properly bent, demands at least the delay of such expenses until their occasion is plainly urgent.

The little telegram that on the 26th of October General Von Moltke celebrated his seventieth birthday at Versailles recalls the fact that few great men have lived to that age and so advanced an age as he. It is only within a very few years that he has been recognized as the greatest of living soldiers. Since Napoleon Alexander the Great had conquered the world which he knew, and Hannibal Barca Hannibal was commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian armies. At thirty-three Turenne was Marshal of France, and at thirty-four Farnese was triumphant in Italy. At thirty-three Frederick the Great was already considered the first soldier of his time. Gustavus Adolphus defeated Tilly, his greatest opponent, at thirty-seven. Before he was twenty-five Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, was a famous soldier. At twenty-one Don John of Austria was commander-in-chief. At forty-five Wellington had conquered Bonaparte. In our own day and country, on his fifty-first year, Sherman was marching to the sea; and before he was forty-four Grant had won Donelson and all that line to victory. At the same age Washington was commander-in-chief. But Von Moltke is not only the greatest soldier, perhaps the most imposing and effective series of military operations at so late an age, but he stands as a student, and what Napoleon would have contemptuously called a pedant. He must unquestionably rank among the generals of the very greatest military genius.

We recently mentioned with regret the arrest and imprisonment of Dr. Jacoby, the German republican leader. It was a stupid blunder, because it could not fail to alienate the very sentiment which Germany has so freely and steadily propitiated. We are therefore very glad to know that the German Government has not only ordered the release of Dr. Jacoby, but has also censured General Von Falkenstein for his repression of free speech at public meetings. It is certainly powerful enough to tolerate any expression of opposition, and any criticism of its policy. The German Government is rigorously monarchical; but unlike the old despotism of Russia, that it was a despotism tempered by assassination, Prussia is a despotism tempered by intelligence and sagacity. The monarchy will undoubtedly be stronger for the truly wonderful triumphs of Germany in the war; but also the national feeling and the confidence in German unity will be confirmed. With immense sagacity the German monarchy conforms to the spirit of the age, and it is in this that the supreme genius of Bismarck is apparent. Under the Hohenzollern and the soldier Moltke Germany reaches a greater glory than ever before.

The war in France has so entirely occupied public attention that the nomination of the Duke of Aosta to the Spanish crown, and his acceptance, have been hardly observed. The Duke is the second son of the King of Italy. He is twenty-five years old, and is Vice-Admiral of the Italian navy. The fact that his elevation to the throne is agreeable to the Prussian Government shows can be little question, and it cements the good understanding of the Italian and Prussian crowns. But that, which was formerly the chief consideration, is now quite subordinate to that of the satisfaction of the people. Probably the Germans have no other interest than that upon such a point as the succession should be satisfied. And if, as seems to be likely, the Spaniards prefer a monarchical system, they probably expect to look out of the crowned heads in the Italian political group may be as agreeable as any other. But the whole affair is of secondary interest at the present time, and nothing but convenience now hedges a king.

There must be great comfort to many readers in prodigious head-lines in newspapers, or they would not be used. Thus in the American advocate of Louis Napoleon's empire we read one day in the tallest capitals "France Finished," and in the same place and type, we have "The Fall of Metz." Or we read with interest, "Bismarck saves Amiens;" and hastening through the columns to find the details, we discover that it is announced from Tours—Gambetta's place of advocate—that a detailed story of the triumphant escape of Bazaine from Metz—that is, the Government here considers that his [Bazaine's] return to the sustenance of Amiens saved that city from attack and bombardment. The fact could be more vividly known than the publication of such stuff, except the emphatic head-lining of it as important news. Indeed, the reader must soon be entertained whether there are any French people or Government, when he finds that the suffering of the country is appalling, and its future so gloomy as to be incalculable.

The Pope has formally suspended the session of the Œcumenical Council, alleging that there has been a sacrilegious invasion of the territory of the Church, which might prevent its freedom of action. The Italian Government promptly replied that there was no reason whatever for such a suspicion, and that there is no obstacle to the meeting of a free action of the Council. The profane might suggest that, as Papa Pio has declared the infallibility, he has convoked the assembly—namely, the declaration of infallibility—has a perfectly willing to make capital by prohibiting it. But other considerations under the pretense of apprehended interference from the new Government.

The publication of Secretary Cox's letter of resignation excites attention that he retires because of the reasons which we have already stated. "I find myself embarrassed and interfered so grossly with the efficiency of the department that they or the Secretary must withdraw; and comprehending that under the circumstances, arising from a vicious system, for the present injustice to myself, neither honor nor more immediately important purposes might be promoted by his resignation, he resigned. Secretary Cox left to the decision of General President the question whether the Administration could safely provoke the hostility of its active political managers," and the President decided that it could not. Probably the decision was correct. Under the practice of every party, the executive patronage, or portions of nearly half a century, the attempt to free the public service from the incubus of patronage would have left the Administration powerless. But the fact should only the more plainly show us that the present system is one which costs us the services of the best men, and sinks us deeper and deeper in corruption.

Senator Conkling has written to Mr. John Quincy Adams a letter in the offensive remarks upon the Constitution which Mr. Adams attributed to a distinguished "radical Senator," and which were published in the New York *World* as Mr. Conkling's. The Senator states that he never made the remarks, nor said any thing like them, which was, of course, understood by every body but the most vehement partisan opponents. The grave exposition of the story, which Mr. Adams had probably casually seen in a newspaper, without the least evidence of its authenticity, is another illustration of the utter recklessness with which that gentleman conducts his campaign. But Mr. Adams ought to expect that, as no possible caricature or misrepresentation of his opponents can procure his election, temperate truth-telling would be of much greater service to him hereafter.

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co. publish "A Library of Poetical Gems, containing choice selections from the best Poets: with an Introduction by William Cullen Bryant." It is a large and well-printed book of double columns, illustrated with an admirable portrait of Mr. Bryant, with three or four wood-engravings, and fac-similes of the writing of many noted poets. It contains more than fifteen hundred selections from more than four hundred authors, and has one fifth more matter, the publishers say, than any similar collection. Mr. Bryant is not the compiler of the work, but every poem has been subjected to his revision, and he has added or excluded at his pleasure. His introduction is a brief and pleasant sketch of the progress of English poetry, and his judgments will be accepted as admirable. In its general character and arrangement the "Library" is like Mr. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," and is one of the best selections ever made. This traverses substantially the same field and gathers very many of the same flowers, as it unconsciously does. Besides, it is a delightful companion, or a storehouse of sweets.

Mr. Thomas Nast, who is undeniably the foremost caricaturist of the day, has lately employed his talents in illustrating a humorous almanac for 1871. He has wisely avoided the use of politics in these illustrations, and aimed only to amuse. Among the best of the cuts are "The Landing of Columbus," "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," and "The Landing of the Pilgrims." The latter will be best amused to those in the face of the latter the well-known lineaments of some of the living statesmen of Massachusetts.

Number 47 of *Harper's Bazar*, for November 19, will be issued with a very pretty cracker and ultramarine Supplement, containing twenty-five full-sized patterns of winter wrappings and dress trimmings, fully illustrated and carefully described, besides a very choice variety of literary matter and fine-art illustrations.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On the 26th October the grand army of Marshal Bazaine, at Metz, consisting of 173,000 men, surrendered to the Prussians, and 6000 more troops, capitulated to the Prussian forces on the 27th. Thus ended the memorable siege of Metz, which, as Sedan, had restricted the utmost concentration throughout France, and thereby materially assisted the progress of the German treachery. According to the statement of the Prussian General Von Stiehle, who had the words of Count von Moltke in the morning of August 19 after the battle of Gravelotte, Bazaine could have avoided being shut up in Metz. After he was thus inclosed he could have, and did, make a sortie of Metz, made a show of attack, and finally made easily by far than M'Mahon could reach the Belgian frontier. Bazaine's cavalry and artillery were in excellent condition, and this proceeding was, of course, more difficult after the capitulation of Metz, than before the commencement, and by this time he ought to have been even friendless. This is charged to a plot in behalf of the Emperor, by which time was to be gained to remain in *statu quo* until the conclusion of the war by Victor Emmanuel, and then was to make an attack, with Prussian consent, for Bonapartist purposes. Besides Bazaine could have escaped from the grave of the Prince Imperial, and the virtual regent.

The surrender of the siege, Bazaine and his staff were allowed to keep their swords, and were then marched in like men now for fear of assassination, and were then marched in like men now for fear of assassination, the better to protect them from the fury of the people, who were on hand. On the morning a sortie rations for a day were issued to the troops, Bazaine and his staff then marched out of the city, and the Marshal himself was detained until indulged in luxurious meals. Four days' rations were issued to the troops on the 27th, sufficient, but for two days previous they had received none. Not food nor drink had been obtainable in the town for a week; but on that morning, before any thing had been issued, the wine and spirit depot was opened, which goes to prove the charges current in the town that Bazaine's object was to starve out the garrison of food, and that a rational system of apportionment, which would have prevented the loss of life, was deliberately withheld. Had the provisions been issued with regularity, they would have prevented much suffering and would have enabled the siege to last a month longer.

On the 30th ult. the Government Council at Tours issued a proclamation to the army, charging Bazaine with treachery, and calling upon them to "raise their spirits and courage to the level of the height of the perils that have fallen upon the country."

The surrender of Metz seems to have produced a stand-still in French military circles, though Garibaldi is operating on the Loire and is said to be in command of French volunteers, calling themselves the "Wild-Beasts of Auvergne." In the meantime, the siege of Paris proceeds interminably with the Prussians and Parisians. They have thrown off the track the two communications by railway which remained. Many of the men were killed or wounded.

A Berlin dispatch of October 30 says: The King telegraphs as follows to the Queen:

"VERSAILLES, October 29, 1870.

"The defeat of the two hostile armies which recently marched against us has given me in command of our two commanders, Pritz and Frederick Charles, the decisive of Marshal Bazaine, the first instance which appointments in our family history. WILLIAM."

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Italian Foreign Office has issued a circular to the foreign representatives of Italy, saying the assumption that Italy is to be represented by Rome to the Œcumenical Council, and declaring that the government has no intimation of its intention to the independence of the Church.

The Pope has been asserted to the candidature of the Duke of Aosta for the throne of Spain.

The official account of Queen Victoria has been given to the British that the marriage of one of her daughters with the Marquis of Lorne.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Senator Morton has formally declined the mission to England, and has declared that the Democratic failure, being Democratic now, would elect a Democrat to succeed him in the Senate. Governor Baker, the present which would be an impropriety on his part in connection with the duties of the administration.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, the Postmaster-General says that the number of letters sent by mail was 1,249,065,554, or 39 letters to each person.

The United States steamers *Vigant*, *Frolic*, and *Guard* have returned from the Canadian fishing-grounds, the fishing season having closed. The senior officer of the squadron reports that five American vessels were seized for fishing within the prohibited limits. At one time there were eleven British war vessels in the vicinity of the grounds, some to refit and receive supplies. Notwithstanding of an unusually successful season, the catch was less favorable than in former seasons.

The Worcester Bank, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has entered voluntarily liquidation. October 28, by bargain, sales, after guarding the interests of depositors, the bank will be closed with $500,000 and $100,000 in treasure and valuables, $100,000 of which was in government bonds.

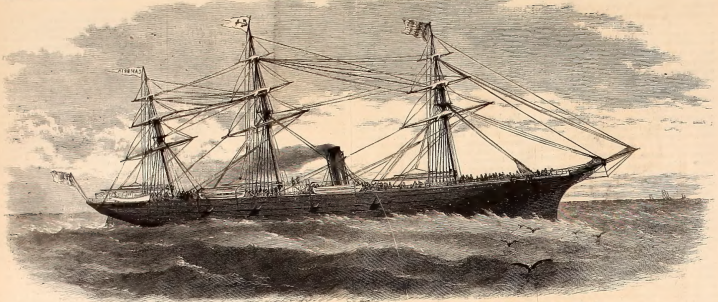

THE STEAMSHIP "CAMBRIA," WRECKED OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND OCTOBER 19.—[SEE PAGE 730.]

THE "NATCHEZ" AND "ROBERT E. LEE."

On this page we give our readers accurate pictures of the champion steamboats of the Mississippi, the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee*, engraved from photographs kindly furnished us by Mr. GEORGE ELLIS, of New Orleans. The interest excited by the great race between these boats, some months ago, has not yet died out, and even at New Orleans crowds of people are attracted to witness their departure and arrival, while the local papers give daily bulletins of the time they make from landing to landing. Their rivalry seems to have revived the old enthusiasm for racing, which years ago made the navigation of the Mississippi more dangerous than that of any other river in the world. A trip without an accident of some kind was considered a very tame affair; and a boat whose captain was so ment-spirited as to care more for the safety of his passengers and cargo than for winning a race, stood no chance in the competition for patronage.

Between the chimneys of the *Natchez* hangs the miniature representative of a cotton bale. The chimney-tops of the *Robert E. Lee* represent oak leaves. In finish, as well as strength of construction, these champion boats surpass all their rivals on the Mississippi. Thus far their competition has been pursued without accident; but no one would be surprised to hear any day that one or both of them had been blown to fragments.

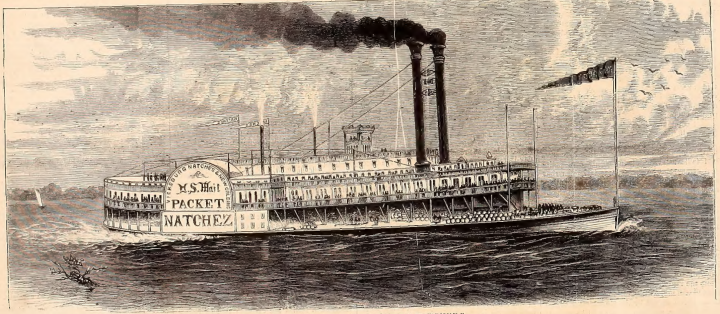

THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT "NATCHEZ."

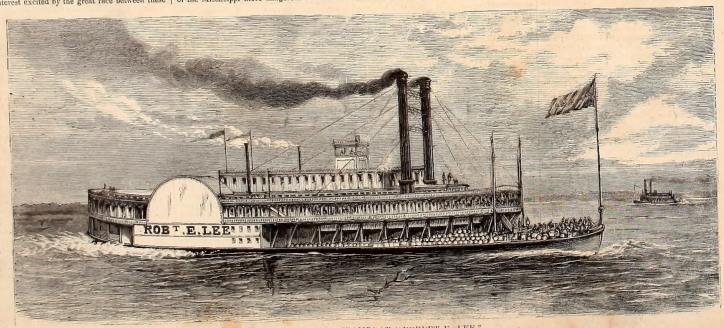

THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT "ROBERT E. LEE."

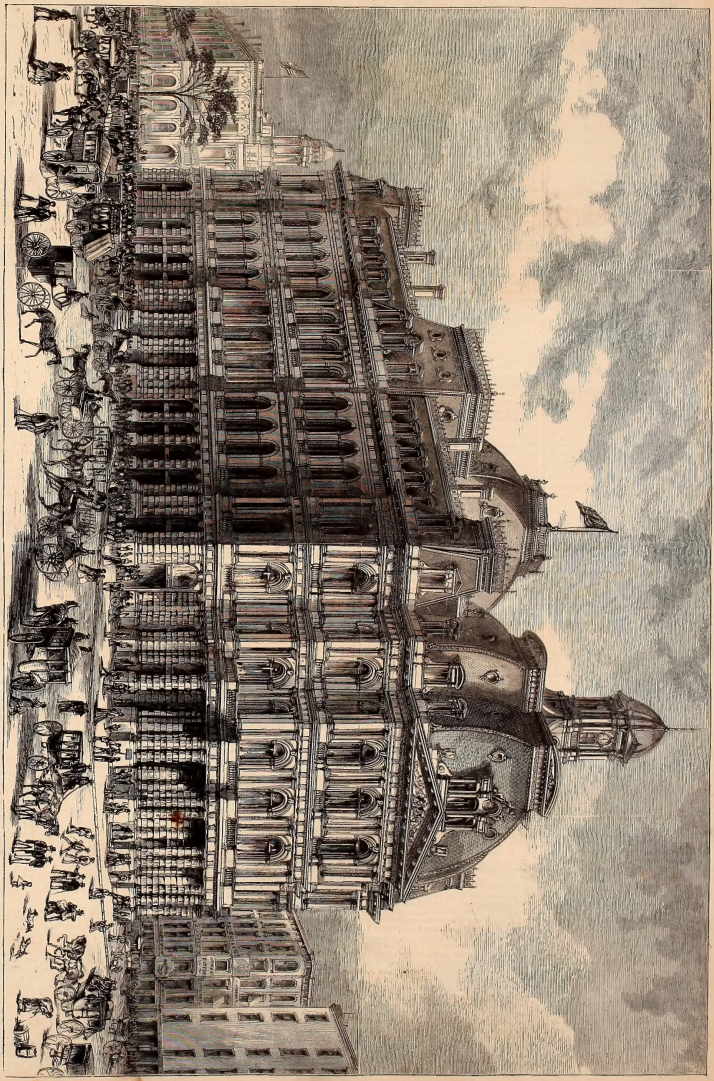

VIEW OF THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE, NOW ERECTING IN THE CITY HALL PARK.—[See Page 727.]

THE FIELDS ARE GRAY WITH IMMORTELLES.

The sheep are sheltered in the fold,
The mists are marshaled on the hill,
The squirrel watches from his hole,
And every living thing is still:
The fields are gray with Immortelles!

The river, like a sluggish snake,
Creeps o'er the brown and bristly sedge;
I hear the swinging of the pine
Betwixt the pauses of the rain
Down-dripping on the Hummock!

And think of faces, slimy cold,
That flinch not under falling tears;
Meek-mouthed and hewy-lidded, and
With white bone just behind the ears,
And crowned with scentless Immortelles!

The partridge hath forgot her nest
Among the stubble by the rill;
The rain the leaves of the fruit
Seek for some tender thing to kill:
They can not hurt the Immortelles!

Sad empress of the stony fell!
Gray stole of the blasted heath!
Dullest of flowers that ever bloomed,
And yet triumphant over death,
Oh, weird and winged Immortelle!

Lie lightly upon Nature's breast,
And cover up her altered face,
Lest we should shiver when we see
The brightness of its vernal grace
Grow grayer than the Immortelles!

The wind cries in the reedy marsh,
And wanders, sobbing, through the dell;
Poor, broken-hearted lover, lie
For votive to the Immortelle!
The Immortelle! The Immortelle

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SENTENCE.

RICHARD remained in the dock. The warder who had charge of him gave him the option of retiring, but he preferred to stay where he was till all was over. He had set his teeth tight, out of his mother, straining her loving eyes toward him—with the hope in them of a smile—and his hant corner of the gallery; and he kept his gaze fixed upon that spot. They had all the world against them now, these two, so clever, and so wholly unable to combat with inexorable fate. Harry's evidence, and especially the manner of it, had not seeded Mr. Smoothbore's fiery scorn to turn all hearts against the accused. To the great mass of spectators it seemed as though Richard would have made the girl change places with himself, and become a vicarious sacrifice for his worthless self.

The majesty of the law having withdrawn itself, a hum of angry voices filled the court, heard a munching of biscuits, a sipping of flasks. The silence of suspense no longer reigned. The struggle was virtually over, and the victim was only waiting his doom. It was hoped it would be a severe one. The spectators were pitiless, and had turned their thumbs toward their breasts. As to the verdict there was no doubt. Those who knew the character of the judge opined that this young gentleman would "get it hot," notwithstanding that there was a first offense. Odds were taken that he would have fourteen years. "At all events," said one of the small officials, in answer to eager inquiries, "more than he could do on his head." With this enigmatical reply of the one most astonished questioners were compelled to be content.

"Silence in the court—I desire." The judge had returned. It was thought by many that it was in the prisoner's favor that the judge had hunched. Certain mistakes, or perhaps a fatal economy had provided African sherry. His charge was scarcely less dead against the prisoner than that of Mr. Smoothbore's opening speech. As for the motive, upon which such stress had been laid by the counsel for the defense, that might be a plea for a recommendation to mercy, if the jury believed it, but it could not affect the question of the prisoner's guilt. That the stolen property had been found in the possession of the accused there was no room to doubt. If the prisoner at the bar had not himself taken it out of the prosecutor's strong-box, who had?

Such was the form in which the case was left for the jury.

"It's UP," whispered Mr. Wensel behind his hand to Mr. Bolus. Mr. Bolus nodded indifferently: the case was over so far as he was concerned, and he was not going to employ significant under-promptings. That would have been waste of power indeed at his age. The jury did not leave the box; they laid their heads together, like a bishop, and "deliberated" for a few minutes; that is to say, the foreman whispered, "We can't return but one verdict, I should say, gentlemen;" and the eleven answered, "But one."

"We find the prisoner guilty, your lordship."

His lordship nodded approval. "In my opinion, gentlemen, you could not have done otherwise. Hem!" Then that common phrase, "Your could have heard a pin drop," might have been used with respect to that vast assemblage. That "hem!" was a very fatal sign with Mr. Justice Bantam, as the bar well knew.

"I'll take you a bit to five in sovs he gives him seven years," whispered one learned gentleman to another, without moving his lips.

"It seems to me you are rather fond of a good thing," returned the other, scornfully, but with a like precaution.

"Hem!" said the judge again. "Is there any one in court able to give any information concerning the antecedents of the prisoner?"

"We have no witnesses to character, my lord," said Mr. Balais, gravely; "we had hoped it would not have been necessary."

"There is a witness in court, please your lordship, a detective of the A division of metropolitan police, my lord," observed Mr. Smoothbore, "who knows something of the prisoner."

"Let him stand up," said the judge.

Here was an extra excitement—an additional attraction, which had not been advertised in the bills—and the crowd was divided and subdivided accordingly by craning and crowding. Richard turned his heated eyes in the direction of this new enemy. He had no hope of seeing a friend. The individual in question was unknown to him. He was a tall, gaunt-looking man, whose face might have been carved out of box-wood, it was so hard and serious, but for its keen eyes, which seemed to emit his coat with a kind of phosphorescence.

"I know the prisoner at the bar; that is to say, I have seen him on a previous occasion, when he passed under the name of Chandos, and on other occasions, as I believe, under other names. From information received I attended a competitive examination, under the authority of government."

"Do you mean that you were employed by the government to set the examination-work a government one ?" interrupted the judge.

"You'll hear something now," whispered Mr. Wensel to Mr. Balais, "by Jove!"

"Both, my lord," explained the witness. "It was then the witness's knowledge of government that there had been several cases of personation in the competitive examinations recently instituted for the military and civil services. Not only were young gentlemen, who had acquired credit, found to be under the assignment of the subjects which they had previously been examined upon, but their physical appearance was altered—such as would be necessarily the case—to disqualify them: it appeared incredible that they should have passed the preliminary medical examination. One was bumpbacked; another almost blind. It was understood that some international scheme of personation, of misrepresentation, was at work to produce these results, and I was instructed to watch the men who came up to the examination that only one person was concerned in the matter—the principal—as he was the most unsuspicious of him for some time. I had seen him on three separate occasions as a candidate at public examinations. He appeared to me extremely sensitive, but (as I have since discovered) it had much result in his case. He was not disconcerted in every instance in obtaining the appointments in question for his employers, who received them in the name of Chandos. I have, I believe, been cancelled. In the case of Chandos, a letter was written to the supposed medical candidate, to the authorities of the government branch—the India Board—under which he was to serve, to gentlemen named that I had seen as at once suspected. In this instance the plan was frustrated by the prisoner's own confession of the young man Chandos himself, who had over to him a considerable sum of money for the same purpose. I have, my lord, now in a position to prove that on several other occasions the prisoner impersonated other persons; and, in short, if he may be said to have a calling, it is that of personating, at competitive examinations, other candidates, principally those who are thus enabled to secure situations and appointments which they could otherwise never obtain."

Mr. Justice Bantam had his prejudices, but he had a fair amount of justice.

"This is a most unlooked-for communication, Brother Balais," said he, doubtfully; "and it is not precisely evidence to be received upon the point of character."

"I am aware, my lord," returned Mr. Balais, after a hurried conversation with the little attorney, "that my client is not in a position to dispute the evidence of the witness; but I am sure to throw himself upon the mercy of the court, on the ground of his having no charge to think—of his youth and," he was going to add

"inexperience," but, under the circumstances, he thought it better to—"of the influence exercised by his," anybody else's barely eighteen years of age.

"Very good," said Mr. Justice Bantam, looking as if it could not be worse. "Hem! Prisoner at the bar: after a verdict of this nature, in which you have had the benefit of the best legal aid, you have been found guilty on the charge of which you are accused. In that verdict I cordially concur. The offense was a very serious one: but the endeavor to which you have made to screen yourself, at the expense of that beautiful and innocent young girl, is, in my opinion, still more serious and contemptible than the crime itself. Having made yourself master of her affections, you used your influence with her to the injury, moral and social hurt. You have added loud her perjure herself, and proclaim herself guilty of a crime she did not commit, in order that you might yourself escape justice. Nobody who heard her evidence—who saw her in yonder box—can doubt it. Still, as your counsel has just remarked, you are but a youth in years, and I looked about me in hopes to find some extenuating circumstances in your past career—some record of good—which might have assisted me in inflicting on you a more lenient sentence than your offense had earned. I had no other purpose in asking whether any thing was known of your previous career. The reply to that question has astonished and shocked me, as it has shocked and astonished every right-thinking person in this court who heard it. We know to what base purpose you had used the comeliness and youth and good address with which nature had endowed you; and now we have learned how evilly you have misused your talents—with what perverted ingenuity you have striven, at so early an age, to set at nought those precautions by which your country has lately endeavored to secure for itself efficient public servants."

"That's neat," whispered a learned friend to Mr. Balais, without moving his eyes, as though in rapt admiration.

"Very," returned that gentleman. "He's bidding for the Lord Chief Justiceship."

"In the whole course of my legal experience, young man," continued the judge, "I have never seen a case which seems to me to call for more exemplary punishment than yours. The punishment which I am about to award—bad for yourself, and bad for that society which, though so fitted to adorn and benefit it, you have chosen to outrage. I will not, however, reproach you further; I will rather express a hope that when you return to the world after your long probation —and it will be so long as I am able to make it—you may be a wiser and better, as well as a much older man. The sentence of the court is, that you be kept in penal servitude for the space of twenty years."

CHAPTER XXXII.

BROODING.

Nor a syllable of the judge's exhortation was lost upon the prisoner at the bar. He listened to it as attentively as if he were waiting for the thunder-clap before the muffled menace that precedes it, and the full of each big drop of rain. When the words fell it does seem more than six or seven hundred times; and then one glorious, agonized shriek, and a dull fall in the gallery below.

"This way," said a warder, sharply; and Richard was aware of the arm, and hurried through the trap-door, and down the stairs, by the way he had come.

Imprisonment for life! Twenty years' penal servitude! It was almost an eternity to him. It was time itself, and yet not so. He already beheld himself, at the end of his term of punishment, setting about to begin life afresh alone was left him on the earth—the accomplishment of his revenge. He had recognized his mother's face in the agonized wail, and knew that her iron will had given way; that the weight of this unexpected misery had overwhelmed her, her elastic and vigorous mind of consciousness—had crushed out of her, perhaps, even the power to sorrow—so, perhaps he, in his bitterness, if it had; there would then be not a single human creature left to love him. Twenty years! Why, he would make his fellows—none to counsel moderation, mercy, prudence.

That view taken by the judge had even been a correct one, as to "motive," Richard had been hardly dealt with—he had not asserted himself, as his own eyes he was an almost innocent man —the victim of an infamous conspiracy, in which he who was the most to blame had deserted him most grossly foiled. After flattering him with false hopes, he had left him to bear the whole burden alone, and in a manner even more atrocious than the desertion itself. He knew, of course, that he was making up to her evidence, to which he had looked for his preservation, that his ruin had been so complete and overwhelming: but what he hated her worst for was for their smile she had bestowed upon him as she entered the witness-box, and for the sad babe him hope where no hope was. He could not be mistaken as to that. She had known that she was about to perjure her last silence to years of misery, and yet she had had the devilish severity to smile upon him, as she had often smiled, when they had sat, cheek to cheek, together! Since they had done so, he could never lift his hand against her. He felt that now—now—for the first time day her, now even possess her; but he would have her always dead for all that. He would smite her, as she had smitten him, no matter how long the blow might be in falling: if her affections should be centered in any human creatures, against them should his rage be directed: but against her, never. Never, as long as he ordered him: he would turn their love for her to hate, if it were possible, and, if not, he would destroy them. He—for his father—for this stone devil Trevethick—it choked him to think that notion had ever really preserve him from his wrath, that the old man might die before his hour of expiation could arrive. But Solomon Gow would live: he—his vengeance. His hatred was at white heat now; what would it be after seven years of imprisonment? Richard's thinking that this terrible punishment had befallen him through such contemptible agencies—through such base and vulgar hands—was maddening; and yet he must needs feed upon that thought for twenty years, more than twenty-one, that at the end they might work out his purpose to the uttermost. There was plenty of time to ripen revenge and plot before him, and henceforth that should be his occupation. Revenge should be his latest thought and his earliest, and he might long he would dream of nothing else. His wrath against judge and jury, and the rest of them—though it only had to slain them all with a word he would have uttered it—was slight compared with the vehemence of his fury against those three at Gothin. Rage possessed him wholly, and, though without numbing the keen sense of misery of his miserable doom, rendered him almost unconscious of what was going on about him.

When he found himself in his cell again he had no recollection of how he had got there; and the warder had to repeat his sharp command, "Put on those clothes," before he could get him to understand that he was to exchange his garments for the prison suit that lay before him. It was a small matter, but it brought home to him the reality of his situation more than any thing that had yet occurred. With the deprivation of his clothes he seemed to be deprived of his individuality, and, in adopting that shameful dress, to become an atom in a congeries of outcasts. From henceforth he was not even to bear a name, but must become a number—a unit of that great sum of scoundrels which the world was so willing to forget. That he was to suffer under a system which had authored and right for its basis made his case no less intolerable to him; he felt like one suddenly seized and sold into slavery. That his master was the state was called the Law was no mitigation of his calamity; nay, it was an aggravation, since he could not cut its throat.

"It is no use, young fellow," said the warder, gruffly, as Richard looked at him like some hunted beast at bay. "If you was to kill me and a dozen more it would do you not a morsel of good; the law has got you tight, and it's better to be quiet."

Richard uttered a low moan, more woeful than any cry of physical anguish. It touched his jailer, used as he was to the contemplation of human misery. "Look here," said he; "you keep up a good heart, and get as many *V G's* as you can. Then you'll get out about half-a-dozen fifteen years: it ain't as if you were a lifer."

He meant it for consolation; but this unwarranted imputation of the very *best* that under the possibility befall poor Richard, seemed only to heighten his despondency.

"Why, when you've done it," pursued the warder, "you'll be quite a young man still—not much over forty. There's Bulkley—he's got some call to be down in the mouth, for he got it as hot as you, and he's old on, yet he's cheery enough up yonder"—and he jerked his head in the direction of the court-house—"you make your time easy, he is. You get *V G's*."

"What are those?" said Richard, wearily.

"Why, the best marks that can be got; and remember that every one of 'em goes to shorten your time. You must be handier with your hands, to begin with. You might be employed by some officers for the way in which that hammock is folded, and then we go your rounds in a cart, and you mean learn to sweep your room out cleaner. We couldn't stand *that* in one of our regulars, you know," said he pointing to some specks of dust upon the shining floor. "As for the oakum picking which will be set you to-morrow, I'll show you the great secret of that art. Your fingers will suffer a bit at first, no doubt, but you'll be a clever one at it before long. Only buckle to, and keep a civil tongue in your head, young fellow, and you'll do."

"Thank you," said Richard, mechanically.

"If you'll take my advice, you'll see about something of your own—sweepin', or polishin', or rendin' your Bible. Don't brood. But you will do as you like for this afternoon, since you won't begin regular business till to-morrow."

The warder looked keenly round the cell, probably to make sure that it offended no facilities for suicide; but the gas was not yet turned on, and it it had been, his prisoner was unaware that he looked out, and pinching light in his mouth, more than one in a similar strait to his own has found escape from his prison woes forever.

"I'll bring you some supper presently," he added; and with a familiar nod, good-naturedly intended for encouragement, he slammed the iron door behind him.

Thus he should have become an object of pity and patronage to a man like this would in itself have exasperated Richard to the point he had not been devoured by far more biting cares, and even now it galled him. His twenty years might possibly, then, by the extremity of good fare, be curtailed by five. By diligent execution of menial drudgery in his cell, by some considerable selfsatisfaction his daily toil; by careful obedience and subservience to these dacks in office, themselves but servants, and yet wielding power of life and death, he might be reported him for the most trifling faults, or for none at all, and thereby destroy even *this* hope—he might be a free man in fifteen years! He would, even then, be quite still, as a very young man. And that he would never be young again Richard was well aware. Whether there were three years more than that lost hour, he had already lived a life, and one that had aged him beyond the power of years. His youthful ardors, passions, hopes, loves, and all the attributes of youth, were dead with him for evermore. For the future he was old, and strong and vigorous as it will that could not have its way for fifteen years at ensilage.

Through the grating of his barrow window a few rays of the setting sun were streaming in, and they reminded him that he had supped him. What a flood of glory they were pouring on the woods of Cwmdonkin, now in their autumn splendor—on the cliffs at Gothin—on the copse that hid the Wishing Well—on the tower where he had left his mother to pray in his stead! He saw them all, and the sunset hues upon them became suddenly blood-red. He was now more at Gothin, and in imagination taking his revenge upon old Trevethick, and for the moment he was almost happy. "Pity on his grey hairs!" No, not he—though the gallows loomed before him, though hell yawned for him, he would shake his thirst in the life-blood of that perjured villain; and as for her, he would drag her by the hair to look upon her father's corpse. Where was she? Ah, with Solomon upon the castled rock, and—as he had pushed him from the edge, and there he hung exactly as he himself

lead bang when Harry had preserved him! How long would a man hold on like that, even a strong man like Coe, on such a narrow ledge, with the gulls screaming about him? Not twenty years—no, nor fifteen!

The clatter of the trap in the door of his cell, as it fell in and formed a table, awoke him from this gloating dream. "Supper," said the warder, looking in at him through this orifice. "What! you're still brooding, are you?—that's no use! Throw yourself on to the port."

Some gruel and bread stood upon this little improvised side-board. If they had been the greatest delicacies imaginable, he could not have swallowed a morsel. The sunlight had faded away; his means of retribution was over: he seemed to be touching the utmost verge of his man wretchedness. Was it possible to kill himself? He wrenched had been taken away: but he had his braces. The gas-pipe was the only thing to which he could attach them, and it would never bear his weight. He was but somewhere of some poor wretch who had suffocated himself by turning his mouth downward. Had he determination enough for such a device as that? Plenty. His will was iron: he felt that: but was set on something of a different stride—that afterward, or death or life of any kind, he cared not what; but in the first place, and above all things, Vengeance! In the meantime, there were twenty years in which to think upon it! Twenty years!

The bar dined with the judge that night at Cross Key, and talked, among other things, "shop."

"A curious case that of that young fellow, Yorke," said one. "I wonder what can be his been playing his game long with these competitive examinations? That Chancellor's niece, the queer one, too—son of Lord Fitzbacon's, is he not?"

"I dare say," answered another, carelessly. "It is only vicariously that the juvenile aristocracy ever get an appointment in these days, having no title of their own. This conviction will be a great blow to them."

"Very, Josephine! but you'd better not let old Bantam hear you, for he dearly loves the Swells. By-the-by, what a pretty girl that witness is for the defense, eh, she ought to be for the prosecution, eh?"

"Yes, she is, and her lover's conch for him nicely. Is it true, I wonder, that the little trustress is going to marry that dull, heavy fellow whom nobody had much word for to-day? Gad! if I had been she, I'd have stuck to the other."

"Yes; but kissing goes by favor. She must ries him next week, I hear. Is there any thing of interest in Richard?"

"Nothing of interest to us, at all events. Smoothbore and Rubis get all there is to get out of them, confound them! I say, just pass that claret."

Not another word about Richard. The judge himself had forgotten him except as a case in his notes. The jury forgot him in a week. A murder of a shipwrecked sailor-boy was soon afterward on that coast, and became the talk of the country side in his place. The sun rose on its way, and never missed him; the rain closed up where he had used to march, and left no gap.

Richard Yorke was out of the world.

THE NEW CITY POST-OFFICE.

THE new City Post-Office, of which we give an illustration on page 725, engraved from drawings furnished by the courtesy of Superintendent DELAFIELD, will be a large, substantial, and imposing edifice. It will occupy the south end of the City Hall Park, and will have equal and similar fronts on Broadway and Park Row, with its principal façade opposite the Park. The style is classical Italian Renaissance, with some modifications in harmonize it with the surroundings. the roofs, which is French, as best suited to street architecture on a large scale. The exterior is of three Doric orders superposed, designed with increasing richness from the lower story to the main cornice. The building is substantially in form a trapezoid, its longer base crossing from Broadway to Park Row, and is planned with an open triangular court in the centre, along the main story. It includes a subbasement, basement, three stories in the walls, and a roof story.

A wide drive-way, or street, reserved by the government on the Park side of the City Hall, as an approach to that front, and secures the perfect isolation of the building, with perpetual access of light and air from that side as well as from the others, whatever changes may hereafter be made in the disposition of the adjoining property. The principal entrances are at the southwest front, under the portico which gives access to the Post-office corridor, and by a broad double staircase to the upper stories, and at the northerly corner pavilions on Broadway and Park Row, where two great elliptical stairways lead again to the higher stories, but do not communicate with the ground-floor, being reserved for the use of the courts and their dependencies above.

Beside access to the lateral entrances to the Post-office corridor on Broadway and Park Row, and to the Post-office proper on those two sides and on the Park front.

The sub-basement, or cellar, and basement cover the whole area of the lot, being extended under the sidewalks, the central court, and the drive-way. The cellar will be used for the boilers, engines, and heating apparatus, and for the storage of coal and other bulky material. It receives light and air through large areas reserved from the inclined space beneath the sidewalk. The basement and principal story are set apart for the use of the Post-office.

The principal story occupies the entire space of the building, including the interior court, which here is roofed with glass, and the walls of which, with all the interior partitions of the stories above, are in this story and the basement constructed of columns, having the whole area of the Post-office room open to light, and free for use and communication. The corridor for the use of the public occupies the entire back half of the ground-floor on the southwest front, and on Broadway and Park Row enough to include the central pavilions, and is separated from the Post-office room by a box and delivery screen. The corridor is lighted by the front and first story, and the space above it is occupied by a second, or half story, which, having no windows on the inside, forms a gallery encompassing the Post-office room on three sides. The high windows of the corridor are protected by strong bolt corridor and mezzanine, give an uninterrupted communication of light and air to the interior, and secure the supply of daylight to all the whole breadth of the glass roof over the court.

The floor of the court is also of glass, giving light to the basement, which is also lighted by means of illuminating tile in the sidewalk and openings covered by gratings under the pavilions.

In the upper stories corridors fourteen feet wide make the circuit of the whole building from these corridors rooms open on either hand toward the streets and the court-yard. The rooms over the principal entrances, and looking down Broadway, are reserved for the postmaster, and those of the deputy-postmaster and cashier are close at hand. The whole of the fifth story is given to the United States Courts. There are three court-rooms, of which the two largest are connected with two attorney rooms by bridges; adjoining them are special rooms for the judges, near which private stairs furnish the only access to the jury-rooms on the sixth floor. The remainder of the second story is occupied by rooms for marshals, United States commissioners, clerks of the courts, record-rooms, and others for uses incident to the courts. Other United States offices are in the basement, together with some of the upper stories.

Owing to the ill-will of the city authorities, who have thrown every possible obstruction in the way of the general government, work has been prevented from commencing on the building, although permission to use that portion of the park required for the accommodation of work-shops and the temporary buildings has been granted, and the work-shops cleared away. So far only the foundations have been completed. These are of a work of great difficulty. The bed, which was to be excavated to a depth of more than thirty feet, was of loose sand, and the piles for the foundation streets were enormous. The trenches in which the walls were to be built were excavated, were to be laid were completely incased in sheetpiling, shored across with timber from side to side, and pumped constantly, which the water was carried out, and the masonry laid. The excavating was carried to the right, 10 feet below the hydrographic light. The outer walls and those of the court, and the foundations of the ranges of columns supporting the roof, rest on concrete arches beds of concrete. One hundred and fifty-nine iron columns in the basement, and 117 in the first story support the walls and floors. The piers of the cellar are of granite or arcaded brick; the walls of granite and brick; the floors of brick and iron; the stairs of stone and iron; the chimneys of stone; the roof and its ornaments of iron, covered with slate and copper.

Four large low-pressure boilers will supply the steam for heating the building, ample arrangements having been made for heat and ventilation. The roots of the corner pavilions rise 167 feet above the sidewalk. The foundation of concrete is built 35 feet below the sidewalk: the cellar is 14 feet more than ever before in the city; the basement 16 feet, the public corridor 14 feet, and the mezzanine, or gallery above, nearly the same. The cubic content of the building will be over one-fifth of a mile.

THE ART OF POMPEII.

HERCULANEUM and Pompeii, although they have furnished many exquisite statues, can not be said to have supplied our knowledge of the character and excellence of ancient sculpture. Also being the art which exists chiefly by the material in which it works, war, nor time, nor natural convulsion, can not so thoroughly destroy its evidences as the fine arts. Stone not receive a tolerable legacy. These cities rather illustrate for us the richness of their age in noble works. They have given us the exquisite Narcissus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo, the portrait statues of the Balbi, the Arrotino, the Sallustius, and a host of minor works, all of which belong to schools and are known to us by the material in which it works, war, nor time, nor natural convulsion, can not so thoroughly destroy its evidences as the fine arts. Stone does

WAR
MILITARY GLORY.

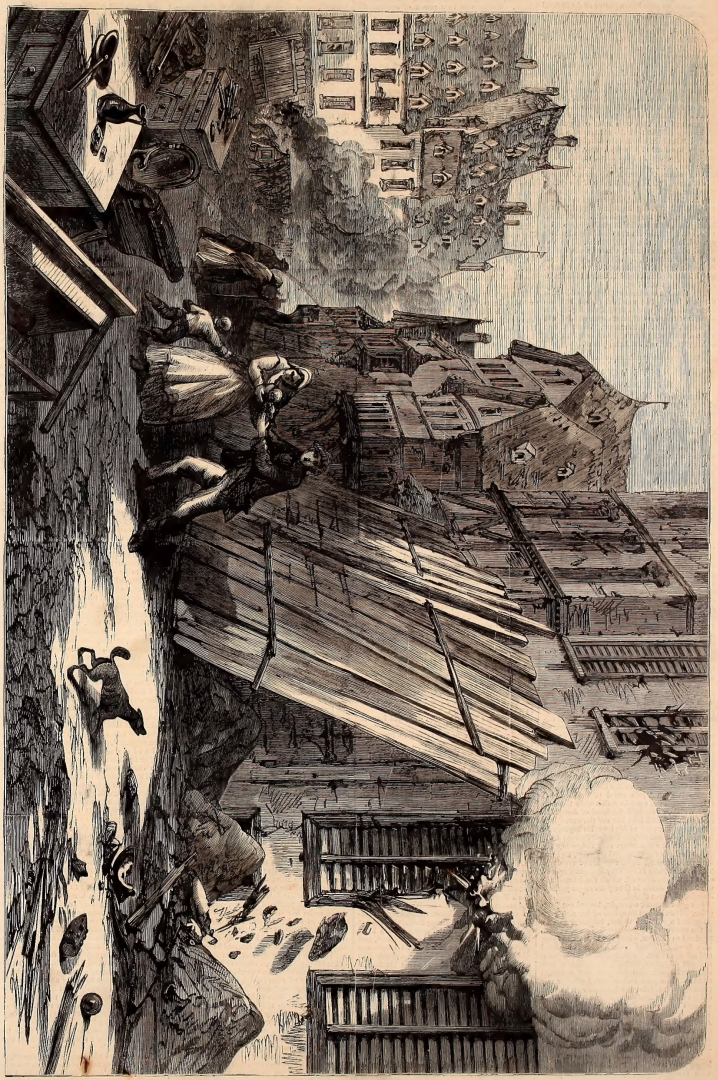

A STREET IN STRASBOURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—SEE PAGE 731.

THE "CAMBRIA."

WE give, on page 724, a picture of the ill-fated steamship *Cambria*, which was lost, with all but one of those on board, off the coast of Ireland on the 19th ult. The only survivor of the disaster, a sailor named MCGARTLAND, states that notwithstanding the heavy weather encountered on the voyage, every thing went well until the very moment of the wreck, which occurred about ten o'clock at night. The *Cambria* was under full sail and steaming rapidly, when she suddenly struck on Innistrahan Island, a small rocky islet and ten miles west of Donegal, and thirty miles west of Londonderry. The vessel instantly began to fill rapidly, the large holes stove in the bottom, and the fires were soon extinguished. It became evident that the steamer was doomed. Instantly the boats were therefore directed to save the lives of the passengers, who were massed upon deck. Four boats, crowded with passengers, were launched, and put off from the sinking steamer. MR. MCGARTLAND rested one of these, and he was more of the ship or the other boats. Almost instantly upon getting into the boat it capsized, and he lost consciousness. Upon reviving he found himself in the sea, but grasping the gunwale of the boat, which had righted, he succeeded in getting on it a second time, and found therein the dead body of a lady dressed in black silk. Mr. MCGARTLAND was tossed about many hours, when he was picked up. Later accounts, by telegraph, give details of the finding of fragments of the other boats, which leave no doubt that all the rest of the crew and passengers were lost.

The *Cambria* was built at Glasgow, of iron, in the year 1869. She was bark-rigged, had two decks and a tonnage of 3284 feet B.M. She was 30 breadth of beam, and 22 feet depth of hold, and registered, British measurement, 1740 tons. She was a screw boat, propelled by two engines built at Glasgow, each of 750 horse-power.

LOVE WINS.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

PAUL and Virginia, in their palm groves and glades of tropic Arcadia, were not happier, simpler, more truthful and tender lovers than Josephine Ashford and Walter Hexton. It is a certain hour when Josephine met with a piece of unexpected good fortune. Josephine was an extremely pretty girl, tall, slender, and fair. Walter was a robust, rather angular and awkward young man, with a big broad brow, and heavy jaws, and gray eyes. They were near neighbors, and had been in small town in the west of England. Walter Hexton was the son of a decent tradesman, and was studying chemistry, without any higher view, as yet, than that of opening a chemist's shop, and making a respectable living. Josephine Avent was a young lady of a class in an attorney's office. But Josephine's mother had some rich relations, who, although they had never thought her worth taking any thing for while she was yet unmarried, thought her quite worth denouncing and repudiating when she made her *mésalliance*. Mrs. Ascot, a weak woman with a love of gentility, venerated her relatives all the more because they had cast her off, and could never bear to hear a word said against them. In her mind, to be rich was to be endowed with celestial grace, and almost to be armed with celestial authority. She was not sorry—at least not always or pretty often sorry—that she had married an attorney's clerk, but she quite recognized the fact that, in doing so, she had committed a crime of *lèse-majesté* against her genteel relations, and she did not ask, did not hope, to be forgiven.

She had only one daughter, the pretty Josephine, and she was rather glad than otherwise that Josephine fell in love with a worthy and promising a young man as Walter Hexton. For Walter was a steadfast, high-principled young fellow, with strong aspirations of his own, and no taste whatever for dissipation, idleness, or frivolity. Josephine and he walked together one fine evening—took long walks on quiet roads and over breezy downs, returning often in the clear light of the moon, dear and sacred to all lovers, though Virgil may call its light malign, and Danish Ossian no longer allow his Malvina to announce it as a "pale angel of destruction." Happy, exquisite, ecstatic walks were those for poor Walter, as he held the hand of Josephine in his, and poured into her ear the unvarying, never-wearying story of his love, his hopes, his hasparations and projects for their future. Poor lovers have one advantage over lovers who are under far less of conventional restraint, and can have more frequent walks together of evenings. The lover of Julia in our alley had to use various privileges, after all, which the favored admirer of Lucy Neal in the square might perhaps occasionally have envied.

But good fortune, unsought, hunted out Josephine. Mrs. Selby Clare, one of Mrs. Ascot's relations, and a childless widow, happened to stay in the town for a day or two, in returning from Scotland to London, where she lived; and mock Mrs. Ascot felt bound to call humbly at her hotel and ask to see Mrs. Selby Clare. Mrs. Selby Clare had sort of person, and she consented to look upon and speak with her poor and humble relative. The poor and degraded relative was politic enough to bring her daughter with her, and old Mrs. Selby Clare's somewhat withered heart warmed to the graceful, pretty, lady-like girl. The visit ended in a ten-pound note to Mrs. Ascot, and a peremptory command that Josephine should, the very next week, go up to London, and there spend a fortnight in the house of her newly found relative.

"You don't think, Josephine, you will stay longer than a fortnight away from me?" These were Walter's words, spoken somewhat plaintively, the night before Josephine's departure for London, as they walked together in the moonlight. Walter was very proud of Josephine's being admired by the great relative and carried off to London, but his mind had some ominous misgivings confusedly struggling with the pride.

"No, Walter dear, I don't think so. I don't mean to, indeed, of course, Mrs. Selby Clare should insist on it. She may, you know."

"She may, indeed; I should think so. Of course she'll want you to be kept in the glasscase at the girl with the look of one who held it to be an obvious and perfect fact that all lucky relations or other person who once had Josephine near her must wish to keep her there.

"Well, if she does, Walter, then, you know, I can not venture to refuse Mrs. Selby Clare."

"No, dear, I suppose not. But you know, Josephine, I almost wish sometimes Mrs. Selby Clare had never found you out."

"Oh, Walter!" said the pretty girl. My mother's next relative. And so good a woman! And so rich! I quite expect that in a fortnight's time you'll ought to be very glad—only you men are all so selfish."

"I suppose we are," said poor Walter, with a sigh; and he urged the matter no further.

Next morning early Josephine was off to London. Her father, her mother, and Walter accompanied her to the railway station. Walter had the privilege of handing her into the train, swept out of the station he caught a final fading glimpse of Josephine's fair, pale, pretty face, and then turned away in complacent smile on it. She had left him with a complacent smile! His heart was burning.

But he was not a jealous creature. It was no wonder, he told himself, that Josephine should be a little dazzled at the bright prospects now evidently opening for her, and if for her, of course for him, if Josephine she were his wife. She need be selfish creatures, indeed, as she had said; otherwise he would at once have understood why he showed on her face a hopeful gratitude for their first parting.

Life for the next few months was all pleasure and brightness to Josephine, all hard work and dullness to poor Walter. Josephine was plunged at once into a new, brilliant, fascinating kind of existence, which, entirely novel as it was, seemed quite natural and welcome to her. She breathed in it with delicious freedom. Mrs. Selby Clare had money enough, and some good taste, and moved in a good circle. She had a house in the Park Lane region, and gave pleasant dinnerparties; and Josephine proved quite an attraction at such assemblies, and went through all the enjoyments of a London season—the ball, the opera, the concert, the *fête champêtre*, the *fête champêtre*, the straw-berry breakfast, and the rest, with a fresh zest upon acknowledgment of the fact that she was prettier doubly attractive. Then, it was well known that Mrs. Selby Clare had no children, or relations and connections near the relations of any kind; and the natural presumption was that this pretty, graceful, fascinating young girl would be the very whom as "almost" my niece, indeed almost my adopted daughter," would accompany her to Paris, and which invitation added not a little to the lustre of Josephine's triumph. Josephine was not at all insensible to these charms, and formed, indeed, ideas of splendid future which surrounded them and set them off.

Toward the close of the season, for the visit of a fortnight had, of course, swelled itself into weeks and months, Josephine was startled, and slightly alarmed, to receive a letter announcing a conflicting in a moment—by receiving a card with the name of "Mr. Walter Hexton" engraved on it, and being told that the owner of the card was below, and wished to see her. Whereupon she turned very deeply red, and the following thoughts and wishes passed successively through her mind, in the instant necessary for her to hold the card in her hand and hesitated as to what she should say:

"Walter here! Why! How delighted I am to see him!

"How did he contrive to get to town just now?

"How glad I am that he had a card!

"I wonder what he took to think of me?"—and she glanced at the looking-glass.

"I wonder what he took Mrs. Selby Clare will think!

"How unlucky that he should have come just now, when we're herself that Walter's here!

"I don't know, perhaps it is rather lucky, on the whole.

"I wonder how long he is going to stay in town!

"I hope not long—oh no, I don't hope any thing of the kind!

And then, to strife all further doubts and hopes, she ran down stairs, and presently received Walter. Well, she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that Walter looked very handsome in a West End youth. His dress seemed rural and provincial; so did his hands; and there was a certain awkwardness in his manner, a hesitation on his face, which young Belgravia does not quite itself to see. But he looked very well indeed. Her heart quite warmed to him, however, and she ran up and caught him by both hands, and he wondered why he did not kiss her, and why she did not. Then he did kiss her, and he blushed so much in the act that she blushed too.

They sat and talked, and he grew less constrained. He had come to town because of a chemical discovery, apparently of some importance, which he believed he had made, and about which he had written—not knowing any thing better to do—to a famous London *savant*, whom even Mayfair and Tyburnia admired. The famous *savant* had actually replied in friendly, kindly style, and had declared that he thought there was something in Walter's idea, that he would look into it, and that meantime he should be glad to see Walter and talk with him. So Walter came up to town, and was going to the house of the great man of science that very morning, but first, of course, he must come and see Josephine. Then he said, very awkwardly, that he hoped she was happy, that she looked splendid and quite like a great lady, and that he supposed she was never coming back to the old town any more. She scented him all over as was returning homeward—as soon as the season closed; and she began to give him a little outline of the kind of life she had been leading for the past few months, and as she thought of the flight of time, and looked at her watch, was quite beginning to tell him that she was going out, when Mrs. Selby Clare entered from the morning room, opening into the room and asking her whether she was not yet ready. Then Josephine presented Walter to Mrs. Selby Clare, who made but a few gracious and distant and Walter knew that he must go. He was agitated, and beginning to go, and longed beyond measure for one other moment of Josephine alone. That joy, however, he was not destined to have; and he left the room without a chance of exchanging a syllable with Josephine, except by pressing her hand. Mrs. Selby Clare that he would be welcome if he were to call again.

He was received with great kindness and consideration by the scientific man, who talked a long time with him, and urged him to study in London, and, with Germany, offering him letters to many great professors in those places. Then he said Walter Hexton—one and so him as often as he pleased, and allowed quite an interest in him. A year's study in London, he said, would be a while Walter wild with hope and joy; but, now, somehow, it did not seem to all to him. He did not appear to him that a proficiency in chemistry would be quite enough to make him rich, or to make of money and social position in the circles wherein Josephine had so suddenly found admission, and wherein even already she seemed to be so much at home.

The two who had been lovers met no more that time. Josephine returned to Mrs. Ascot's house during the winter, but Walter did not even then see much of her. He was, indeed, a good deal in London, working hard at science. Nothing was said of their old engagement. It had apparently passed so entirely out of the world of real life that Walter thought it would be a piece of presumption on his part if he were even to offer to remind Josephine of it. Was it "This long time," he thought to himself, bitterly, "it has been practically at an end. . . . Josephine has forgotten it, and I have no right to remind her in any way that it ever had an existence. She only wished to forget it."

Mrs. Selby Clare had evidently taken quite a fancy to Josephine. She sent for her in the winter, and made a visit to Nice. Josephine's father and mother had not the spirit to refuse. They could not imagine that it would only be a visit in the way of their child's advancement. They were very good people, in the negative, harmless sense of the very strictly failed to understand that their child might lose higher interests to advance than any which could belong to the scor of a rich old woman could make or mar.

Josephine had many admirers, but as yet not many offers. Admirers, indeed, something too uncertain about the basis of her future fortune to satisfy the prudent young men of the day. Then, there came to consider the matter seriously and closely. But she met at Nice with a very rich and influential man—a leading partner in a banking-house, and member of Parliament, who could probably be in high office in a few years, if he had lately been made a baronet. This gentleman fell in love with her; kept up his love for her when he went back again to London, and early in the season proposed to her, telling her frankly that her personal fortune was not a matter of any importance or consideration whatever to him. Now Josephine was not, by any means, in love with Sir John Ridell—not the least in the world in society, now that the startling novelty and dazzling gloss of the thing were wearing off, and more she began to years after some sensation deeper and more real than that of variety and gratified vanity and ambition. But she liked Sir John Ridell sometimes—often—better than she cared to—and she sometimes doubted whether she could bring herself to say no. But she had lost him; she did not know now even where he was; and there was no use in thinking about a man who was not any more. She might as well marry Sir John Ridell; there was no help for it; and compared to him; the man whom would make her rich; she could do any thing she pleased for her family; she could, perhaps, through her influence, do something one day for poor Walter. She would be Lady Ridell; and what a delightful position it would be to drive in her carriage through the streets of the old town of her birth, and be known there as Lady Ridell! And after all, there was no sin in the thing, and she and be proud of, even though one might not feel one's heart quite satisfied. She thought she had better accept Sir John Ridell.

Mrs. Selby Clare thought so too, and with a charming frankness reminded Josephine that she had not a penny of her own, and only depended for a fortune on the generosity of her, Mrs. Selby Clare. "I am very fond of you, my dear," said she old lady; "but then, you know, we may quarrel some day, although it does not look likely just now. I am capricious, and I am a woman; so are you, and we may fight at any moment; and I really think you had better secure yourself at once against all chances."

So Josephine Ascot accepted the proposal of Sir John Ridell, and was to become Lady Ridell in a few months. And she received many congratulations, and congratulated herself a great deal, telling herself, over and again, that it was like a dream, and pitying to herself the poor girl whose face had prepared for magnificent future a kind of face and exultant all day and in society. But at night, in her room alone, and in her dreams, perhaps bad, her thoughts even way, her hopes seemed into sad ghosts, crowding around her—and she shed a great many tears, and then tugged for the day, and the light, and the society, and the animal spirits again.

The weeks and months went by, and it was once drew drawing toward the close of the season. One night there was a brilliant reception, or *conversazione*, in the rooms of one of the great scientific societies, and Sir John Ridell, who took some interest in science, was invited and so were Mrs. Selby Clare and Josephine Ascot. The rooms were crowded, and all the celebrities of science, letters, art, politics, and travel were gathered together. Even Josephine, with all her present weariness of mind, felt soon interest in looking around her, and exchanging a word or two with this or that famous person—a great and world-wide something more than mere admiration of science in the emotion she felt, and the color which came into her cheeks, when Sir John Ridell brought up and introduced to her the distinguished man who had been poor Walter Hexton's sole friend in science, who longed to ask for Walter, but she could hardly bring herself to make the venture. She feared that the blood would rush into her cheeks, that her voice would tremble, and that some curious eyes and ears would possibly observe in her unpleasant significance to such symptoms of feeling.

A moment or two after she heard the *savant* say to her affianced husband:

"Sir John, I want to introduce to you a young scientific man, in whom I see a great deal of promise. He has just come back from a mission into Central Australia, to which he requested, at one of our best scientific societies. Here he is. Glad to see you, Hexton; and come here, I wish to introduce you to my friend Sir John Riddell."

And Josephine, looking up, saw Walter Hexton, her old lover, introduced to her betrothed husband. He was the old Walter still. More manly, more self-possessed, self-sustained, more perhaps, and with a darker tint on his face; but with the broad forehead, the gray eyes, the massive jaws, the same look and the same, simple, honest look and bearing. As she gazed at him the old, long-forgotten emotions came back upon her, all the interval since first she left her father's house seemed to have dropped completely out of her life and out of her memory; the pleasure, the frivolity, the mean hopes, the ignoble ambitions, the vanity and pride, disloyalty and treachery—all sank away, and she felt as if nothing remained in her heart but the true love which, from her childhood up to her early womanhood, had filled it.

The crowd separated her—and she allowed herself to be separated—from Walter and Sir John Selby Clare and from Sir John Riddell. The crowd, too, brought her quite near Walter. Walter was alone for a brief space, and quietly Josephine laid her hand gently on Hexton's arm, and he looked round and saw her.

"Walter," she said, in a low and tremulous tone, "you have not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, Josephine? No, I have not forgotten. I have tried to forget, but I could not." He spoke in voice so low, and with so much self-control and suppressed emotion, that she could barely catch his words.

"And I, too, Walter; I have tried to forget; but I could not, and I shall try no more."

He turned his eyes, which he had previously kept on the ground, upon her face, and read her meaning in the look which her eyes gave him back. He took her hand—it was not withheld—it Then they were separated, or allowed themselves to be separated, again. Their converse had lasted but lasted a minute, but, in that short enough, Walter Hexton went home with a heart swelling with unexpected joy, and Josephine and the soldier resolved to be true to her love which he long been endeavoring to crush.

Josephine Ascot went home with a mind more troubled, certainly, than his, for she had a perplexing, painful knot to untie, and the most honorable intention to displease and offend at the very least; and she looked upon much of her recent conduct with self-reproach and shame. But she felt so much of relief and happiness that at last she saw her way to duty and truth, and had recovered to her true allegiance. Come what might, she would never marry Sir John Riddell.

She kept her purpose to herself as Mrs. Selby Clare and she drove home together in the carriage. Mrs. Selby Clare then reached the house and were alone she broke out at once with her confession, and told her passionate she never could love Sir John Riddell, and she told her the reason why. "Because I love Walter Hexton! I did not know it fully until to-night—at least I thought I had perhaps stifled it and killed it, to the meaning—but I do know I was deceiving myself that I loved him still; and I never will be weak and wicked enough to marry another man!"

"This is delightful, I do declare, Miss Clare, dryly, "and quite affecting, no doubt, at least to romantic persons—a class to which I don't belong. May I ask what you propose to do with Sir John Riddell?"

"I will tell him all—the whole plain truth. He will then know I can not marry him, and he will forgive me."

"I wish you had thought of this sooner, Josephine. It is very unpleasant; it puts me in quite a false position, and I'm hardly grateful, I think,

pray he good enough to explain to Sir John that it is no doing of mine—that I have no hand in the business.

"I will make that plain to him, Mrs. Selby Clare, for I will go back at once to my father's house. Oh, don't think I am ungrateful, or that I can ever forget all your kindness and generosity—but after this—after I have done what I know you wish me not to do—I feel I have no right to remain under your roof any longer."

Mrs. Selby Clare only bowed, and said nothing. Perhaps she was beginning to wish for some novelty, and the excitement of a great scandal about Josephine would have been a fresh and pleasing sensation. That hope frustrated, she was not sorry to be rid of Josephine, and to be spared the talk of the ingratitude of girls.

Next day Josephine told Sir John Riddell all. It was a heavy blow, but he bore it bravely, like a gentleman, and was generous and forgiving. And Josephine seemed to feel that she was not richer by a coin than when she left it, but proud and happy.

Walter soon found her. He was yet but a struggling man, able to welcome his young wife to nothing better than a modest income and a humble home. But she was glad and happy to be thus welcomed; and she has faith in him, and believes him destined to rise in the world. It is her wish that, she has love for him, and were he never to rise at all he will be happy, and look brightly on life together.

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

In the first historical reign—the reign of Menes—there was a little dabbling in waterworks, but scarcely this, that the whole valley of the Nile, or of one of its main branches, was diverted from its course to favor the planting of the city of Memphis. The engineer who undertook the job—and tradition credits the monarch himself with the occupation—must have possessed the soul of Mrs. Partington, with something more than that lady's scientific acquirements. Mrs. Partington accurately understood the power which he resolved to oppose, and constructed a dyke "whose height exceeded that of embankments," says Wilkinson, "turned the water to the eastward, and effectually confined the river to its new bed." The dyke has also likewise shown to Abraham, in whose day the diversion of the river was, as did a single at the account of Joan of Arc or Jack Cade is to us. This is taking the very mildest calculation of the antiquity of Memphis. And in the days of Moeris, farther on, was formed an artificial lake, measuring, according to Herodotus, four hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and three hundred feet in depth. This huge lake was fed by the Nile through artificial channels, it received and stored a portion of the annual overflow, and, when that subsided, reregurgited upon the river by the same channels, and, at the times of refreshing, and extending the fertilizing influence to the land, which, but for the art, would be absolutely barren, and, no doubt, was barren before the days of Moeris. Herodotus, and those exactly following him, were wrong, it is now thought, in supposing that this immense lake was wholly a work of art. There was probably a natural basin to suggest the scheme, but this was greatly increased: and all the feeding canals, the arteries and veins of the system, were undoubtedly artificial. These last had their flood-gates, dams, and locks, and were managed with the greatest skill.

The mass of masonry in the Great Pyramid, according to Bunsen, measures 5,985,000 cubic feet, and would weigh 6,316,000 tons. The dimensions of the separate stones are not very great, but the quality raised above vile the excellence these old workmen did their quarrying. And they not only got this stone out of the rock and laid it with some skill. Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver-paper; and the cement so tenacious that fragments of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they must be attached. All the fine work of the interior passages, where granite is not employed, consists of the same stone"—to wit, the limestone of the Mokattam quarries—"and finished with the same beautiful exactness." But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the extracting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and quarrying, but clean blocks—*quadratim secundum artem*, from the native rock, after being selected and accurately defined. And how was this done? By driving in huge iron wedges? No, indeed; that would probably have split the stone. By infinite labor, then, in chipping and sawing? Pooh! the old Egyptians knew a trick somewhat cleverer than that: they cut a small groove along the whole length of, say, one hundred feet, and in the inserted a number of dry wooden wedges: they poured water upon them in the groove, and the wedges, expanding simultaneously and with great force, split the huge fragment as neatly as a strip of glass is taken off by a diamond. They had a way, too, of moving about these vast monoliths which we, with all appliances and means to boot, would find it hard to imitate.

Now such work would have been very astonishing, even if it had ended in Cyclopean sovereignty, like Stonehenge; but we know very well that it ended in nothing of the kind. The separation from the native rock was but the beginning of artistic treatment. Every fragment, great or small, had its billet, and was taken off to undergo a series of transformations; the least that could happen to any one being to be plain smoothed, and then left with consummate skill in a building. Twenty years ago it would have been wise to say little or nothing of the Karnak, notwithstanding that Herodotus considered it to be a wonder next second to even the Pyramids. For such have been the destructions and inhumations of this splendid work that nobody believed it to be anything more than ruins, even its site, and not a few were inclined to look upon the whole account as an invention. The truth, however, at the end of last century, affirmed that they had found the ruins, and every year that passed added to them and verified the French work. Gradually it came to be acknowledged that the foundations at least of the Labyrinth might be real, and the labors of the Prussian Commission effected a considerable clearance in the chambers of that building. But there is still much dispute about the purpose and the form of it; and what has been realized of it has been chiefly brought out to confirm the account given by Herodotus. He tells us that it had three thousand rooms, half of them above the ground and half below, and he goes on to say: "The upper chambers I myself passed through, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation. Of the underground chambers I can only speak from report; for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the Labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. This it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to be the most far-fetched productions; for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the Labyrinth stands a pyramid forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is erected by a subterranean passage." It is, perhaps, needless to say there exists nothing at present of which there is so little now to be seen; but there is nothing more certain than that there was, or both, at Karnac—a part of what was once Thebes—the grandeur of which a visitor may yet, for himself, form a conception from the mass of buildings in nearly square, and the side measures about 1,800 English feet. Travelers, one and all, appear to have been unable to find words to express the feelings with which these ruins inspired them. Diodorus, Strabo, and others astounded and overcome by the magnificence and the vastness of the remains appear to be admired. Courts, halls, gateways, pillars, obelisks, monolithic figures, sculptures, rows of sphinxes, are mentioned by the historians of the past; but even they reasonably believe that no description can possibly convey the full impression which the spectator will find this section of the country, and that self-possession will enable to meet the slight shocks that may come from time to time.

The same laws of this State positively prohibit hunting, shooting, or trapping on Sunday, under the penalty of a heavy fine, and in default of payment, imprisonment. Half the fine goes to the informer. Quail-shooting is prohibited in Kings, Queens, Suffolk, and Richmond counties at any time for the next two years.

The highest military decoration of Russia is the Order of St. George. It has been conferred by the Czar upon Baron Von Moltke.

It has been suggested that in the event of the siege of Paris being prolonged until provisions grow scarce, it may be worth while for the friends of the besieged to consider whether food could not be dropped from balloons into the city as effectually as bombs. Large quantities of Liebig's extract of best might thereof in this manner, and would be very acceptable when every thing else is eaten up.

A good deal has been said recently about the so-called "Seeping Beauty"—a case which has been brought before the public at several different times. The details are familiar to most of our readers. A young woman, residing in Lewis co., retiring in Tennessee, is said to have slept most of the time for the last twenty-one years, swaking to consciousness for but intervals enough to take nourishment during the day and night. She appears in good health, though certain paroxysms measure for certain periods, and is now under the care of St. Louis, and a committee of physicians were appointed to investigate the case. Inquiry declared that she had taken no medicine, nor adopted any measures for exciting her system, and somewhat which were suggested were declined. It was proposed to watch the case for forty-eight consecutive hours, which was also declined. Dr. Hammond, however, by which the case could be observed in the night by a proper secretary of the committee, and their report concludes as follows: "Having given the case considerable study and attention, we consider it important to accept the forger, as he supposed, and the culprit was confronted with a partner. The clerk explained the circumstances. "Well," replied the offender, to the clerk's astonishment, "I am Lord Cockburn." The partner, who knew the family and the peculiar circumstances of the case well, looked steadily at the young man for a minute, and then said to the clerk, "Yes, it is quite right; pay the check." Lord Cockburn, at the time of his death, was engaged to a young girl of highly respectable antecedents, in humble life, whose parents were reluctant to be but ignorant of the real position of the suitor.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT VERSAILLES.

The magnificent palace of Versailles, once the residence of the Bourbon kings of France, and dedicated to the glory of all the exhibition of historical and national glories, is now converted into a German military hospital under the redcross flag. Its picture-galleries, as may be seen by the illustration on page 732, are filled with the low iron bedsteads of the wounded soldiers, placed on the floor beneath the long array of portraits and battle-paintings which adorn the walls; and the magnificent saloons, once full of gayety, and servants of the hospital pass to and fro, attending to those in need. Convalescent patients, some of them cripples, others with bandaged heads, lounge in the gardens, upon the ornamental terrace or the lawns, to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of 1870 has been a great success. Even its most sanguine friends were astonished at the intense interest which was awakened in the entire community in it, and which was kept up, unblemished, to the very last moment when the great display was open to the public. For twenty-eight days the curious from distant and adjoining States, and not a few from distant sections of the country, wandered through the crowded halls of the Exposition, not merely as superficial observers, but intent on understanding the why and the how of the many and beautiful things on exhibition. About 48,000 visitors were admitted during the four weeks, and the receipts amounted to about $50,000. A noticeable feature was the immense number of children who thronged the halls of the Exposition. In the midst of learning and reviving wheels, and the working of poisonous machinery, an accident occurred to mar the day so far as known. Cincinnati may well congratulate herself on the results of this Exposition.

During the recent earthquake, which shook with more or less power various sections of our country, a Boston school-teacher reasoned her pupils by remarking, calmly, that it was "a providential wisdom—it's only an earthquake." Whether shutting doors and windows is a wise thing for us to do in case of an earthquake, may be a question. Nor are we, in this latitude, likely to have many earthquakes; and scions of this nature as to make it necessary for us to devote much time to the consideration of the question. Suggestion it may be accepted that it be a good plan to jump out of a fourth-story window, and screaming as loudest, in the case of fire. Even when an earthquake is felt, people fall on their faces, and pray to God to deliver them from danger. It is to be hoped that we shall not be obliged to test the advantages of any other method of avoiding earthquakes. We may reasonably believe that no very disastrous earthquakes will rend this section of the country, and that self-possession will enable us to meet the slight shocks that may come from time to time.

The game laws of this State positively prohibit hunting, shooting, or trapping on Sunday, under the penalty of a heavy fine, and in default of payment, imprisonment. Half the fine goes to the informer. Quail-shooting is prohibited in Kings, Queens, Suffolk, and Richmond counties at any time for the next two years.

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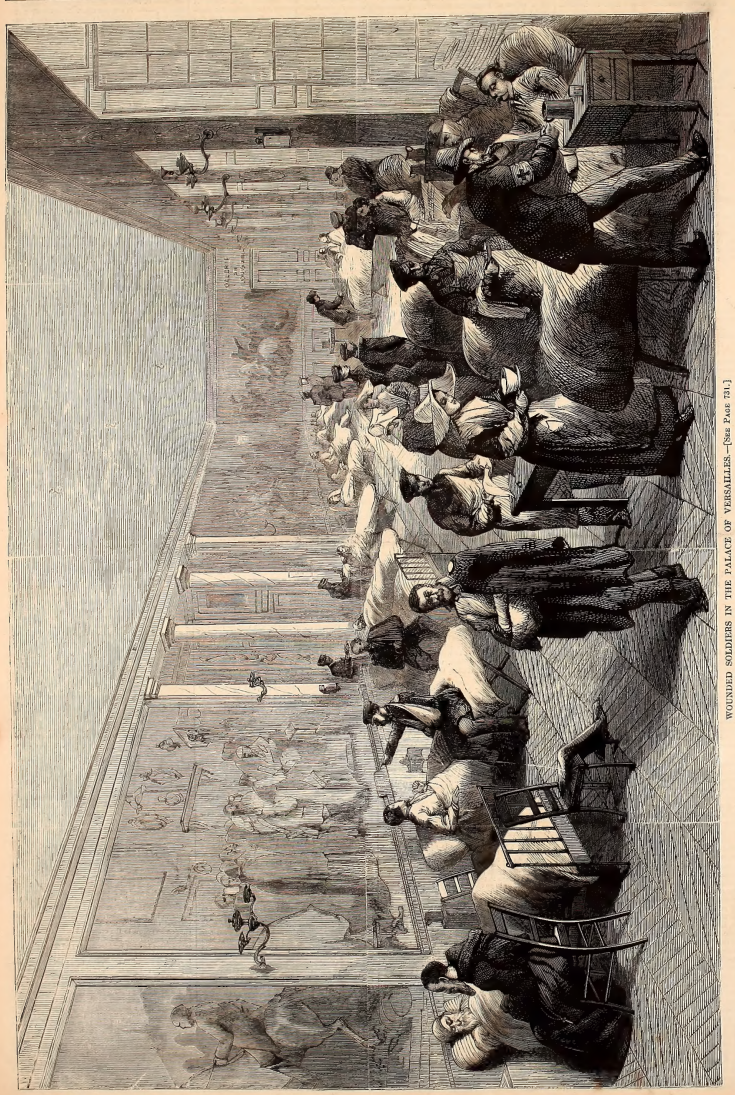

WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[See Page 731.]

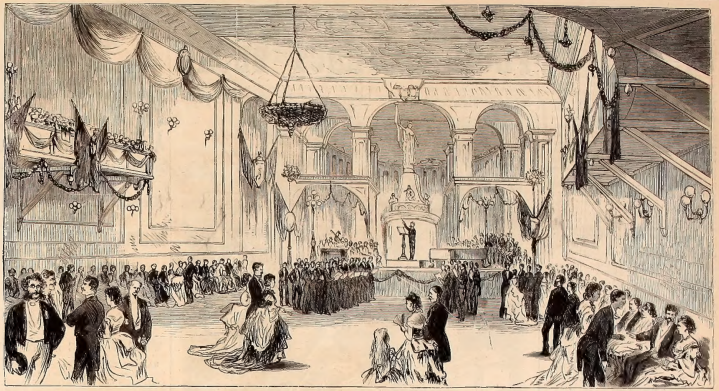

ITALIAN JUBILEE IN NEW YORK—CELEBRATING THE LIBERATION OF ROME.

ITALIAN UNITY.

THE Italians residing in New York held a festival in Apollo Hall on the evening of October 28, to celebrate the liberation of Rome and the consequent unification of Italy under one government. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers, and a colossal pictorial representation of free Italy towered over the platform where the speakers of the evening were assembled. The speeches were all in the same spirit of enthusiastic congratulation; and though an unfortunate and ill-timed attack upon the personal character and national policy of VICTOR EMANUEL by one of the speakers threatened for a moment to disturb its harmony, the festival passed in the most agreeable manner. Among the attractions of the evening was the singing of a fine martial chorus, composed expressly for the occasion by Signor BARILI. Our artist has chosen this as the subject of his illustration.

THE LIBERATION OF ROME.

THE entry of the main body of the Italian troops into the city of Rome, which forms the subject of an illustration on this page, took place at the Porta San Giovanni, where the attack was directed by General ANGIOLETTI. At the same time General BIXIO attacked the western gate, called Porta San Pancrazio, by which the French took the city in 1849, while the rest of the army attacked Porta San Lorenzo, Porta Pia, and a part of the city wall between Porta Pia and Porta Salara, close to the Villa Bonaparte, where the Papal Zouaves had taken up their position. The garrison, not including some of the Pope's Italian troops who refused to fight, numbered above 9000 men—the Zouaves, the carabineers, the Antibes legion, the dragoons, the squadrigieri (said to be recruited from the inmates of prisons), and the gens d'armes; but it is probable that not more than half of these were actually engaged. They were Frenchmen, Bavarians, Swiss, and Belgians.

The gates of the city were barricaded and fortified by ramparts of earth, as in 1867, when GARIBALDI was expected to attack them.

The defense was commanded by the General Baron KANZLER, a German officer holding the post of pro-Minister of War. The garrison had sixty pieces of artillery; and the walls, forming a complete circuit of thirteen miles about the city, are of great height and thickness, and of solid brick masonry, having been erected, for the most part, in the times of the ancient Roman empire, chiefly in the reign of AURELIAN. Nevertheless, they could not long withstand the attack of a modern army bringing up all its batteries within eighty yards of the city walls and gates. The artillery fire of the besiegers, which began at five o'clock in the morning, was accompanied by a sharp interchange of musket bullets, with loss of life on both sides, between the Papal Zouaves and the Italian bersaglieri and troops of the line. This went on till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, by which time each division of the Italian forces had succeeded in destroying a gate or opening a breach, and was enabled thereby to force its way into the city, without much resistance of hand-to-hand fighting.

By orders of the Pope, expressly given to General KANZLER, the Papal troops capitulated as soon as the Italians entered the city. They gave up their arms, and were sent away from Rome, next day, to the port of Civita Vecchia, whence they were conveyed by sea to Marseilles. The castle of St. Angelo was consigned to Italian troops. One division of the Italian army remained to occupy Rome; the rest were conducted to other parts of the country. The Romans have voted in favor of their union with the kingdom of Italy. The Pope still remains at the Vatican, having published, through Cardinal ANTONELLI, his protest against these proceedings. The Roman nobles, with Prince BONCOMPAGNI at their head, seem to acquiesce in the change of government.

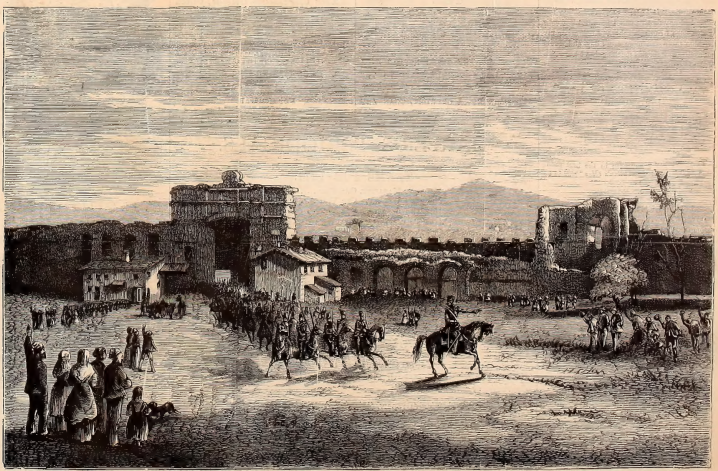

ENTRY OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS INTO ROME.

WEDDING-RING RHYMES.

"THE merit of having writ a posy of a ring." It appears that Mr. Richard Steele uses this expression in irony, and as if Mr. Spectator thought there was little merit in having writ a posy of a ring. There is, however, a charm about some of these posies that is engendered of their quaintness and their Pith. It is with pleasure that we see them revived on many of the wedding-rings exposed in the windows of the jewelers at this present time. The immediate derivation of posy is very clearly from poesie or posey, the r having been cut out. But posy is commonly applied by the country people to a large or small bunch of flowers their gardens afford in plenty in the gay seasons of spring and summer. Bouquet is another word applied to a homely bouquet, or bunch of rustic garden flowers. The analogy to the French bouquet is close, and it has been suggested that bean-pot is, perhaps, a more correct orthography than bowpot. However, in whichever way the word is spelled, it is at this day in very common use in certain districts of England. To revert, however, to posy, in its application to a short sentence of verse inscribed on a ring, and generally the wedding or a keepsake ring, we may quote a few of those inscriptions from old rings, dating from the year 1566 downward.

"Death never parts
Such loving hearts."

There is another, equally old:

"Love and respect
I do expect."

This also is from a very old ring:

"In God and thee
Shall my joy be."

Later we have:

"Dryfesdy knitt by Grace are wee,
Lately two, now one, the pledg here see."
R. and A., 1657.

"Love and live happy."—1660.

"Happy in thee
Hath God made me."

"God did decree
One unlike."

Of a still later date is a punning one:

"Endles as this
Shall be our bliss."
THOMAS BUNE, 1719.

Most of these couplets are strongly imbued with the spirit of loyalty—to wit, under date 1646:

"I love the rod,
And thee, and God."

Which shows a spirit of feminine subjection now rather uncommon. But all the devotion was not on one side, for we find on another old ring:

"I doe rejoice
In thee, my choice."

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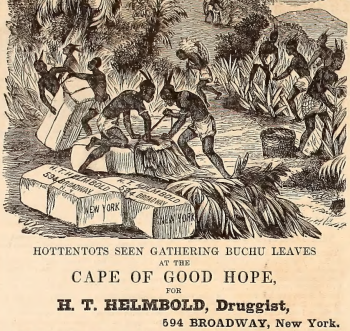

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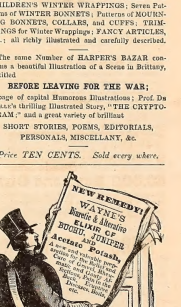

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 725.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TAKE A CHANCE?

WHATEVER may be said, in general terms, against the morality of lotteries, this easy method of raising money has become a part of the regular machinery of charitable fairs, and every objection is met with the undeniable statement that it is both popular and successful. Many a one, who otherwise would not contribute a dime, will take a chance in a lottery, especially when assailed, like the nice young man in the accompanying sketch, with the pleasant cajoleries of charming young ladies. It is a singular and not very creditable fact that mere misery is less potent than many other influences to unlock a cash-box. All around us, within a short distance of our own homes, in streets through which we pass every day, there are hundreds and thousands of our fellow-beings painfully holding themselves just above the verge of starvation, or sinking below it in despair. We know this. We know that within a stone's-throw of our own comfortable homes there is more misery than many a hard-fought battle-field has seen. And yet, partly from custom, and partly from the deficiency in picturesque elements, we are less moved by this than by a single incident of war.

It must be confessed that our sympathies are sometimes moved by circumstances entirely independent of the merits of the case. The French Zouave, for example, is a highly picturesque figure, and makes a brilliant show in illustrations of the war. Nothing is more effective than a scene in a hospital or on the field of battle, where Sisters of Mercy bend over the dead and dying, priests with the crucifix in hand listen to the

TAKE A CHANCE?—[DRAWN BY C. R. REINHART.]

hast words of confession, and groups or masses of military in the other parts of the sketch. Some such picture rises before our imagination when we are asked to contribute to a fund for the relief of the wounded. We do well to contribute liberally for this cause: but, at the same time, we should not forget that a New York laboring-man, sick and out of work, the starving seamstress, the poor widow and her children, and the wretched waifs of humanity that swarm in our streets, may suffer as keenly as the most picturesque appellant that ever marched to glory in baggy trousers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

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A LESSON OF THE DAY.

THE retirement of Secretary Cox shows that the present system of the civil service is stronger than the President. At the head of a party Administration, he finds that the condition of party supremacy, recognized by both of the great political organizations and the accepted tradition of a generation, is, in Mr. MARCY'S famous phrase, that to the victors belong the spoils. Mr. COX is of course not ignorant of the immense force of the system, and in his letter offering his resignation he suggests that he the President must decide whether the Administration can venture to provoke the hostility which would spring from his refusal to acquiesce in the usual practice. Since, then, it is a system strong enough to put the best men out of office, it will soon put honor itself out of politics. And when they are wholly gone it will be a little late to reflect that the application of the simplest principles of ordinary business to the management of the affairs of the government would have saved us from the total wreck in which we shall be involved.

When we have a party real the sole tenure of office we make every election a ferocious struggle, literally, for life or the means of livelihood upon the part of the officers. They therefore desert their duty to influence the election. The national business remains undone, or is turned off in the hastiest and most slovenly manner, and the excitement of an election becomes a prolonged fury. But the officers are ill paid. They not only know that they will lose their places if the opposition comes in, but that they will be taxed heavily for the expenses of the election, and that they will be turned out for any supplicant who can command stronger political influence. They therefore make but a while the sun shines. The system corrupts them to dishonesty. It is not honesty, capacity, and industry, it is party management and large subscriptions, that keep them in office. It is a system, therefore, under which the offices of the government are really for sale. A system which, from patent, for instance, is passed through a department—Secretary COX's or any other. The clerks are told that it is "voluntary." Young Jones, who has but a salary of a thousand dollars and a large family, feels and says that he can not honestly afford to pay the assessment. Young Jones is consequently removed; and if he inquires why, is told that there are twenty gentlemen, with a good party record, and not a family clerks as he, who would gladly pay twice the amount of the "voluntary" subscription which he declined. If the place is sold he would pay ten times as much, the office is sold to him.

But who should pay if not those who enjoy the party prizes? innocently asks some old fox. But we are not speaking of party prizes. We are speaking of the offices of the government necessary to the faithful administration of affairs. They are not party prizes, they are public services. Parties, indeed, have sometimes made them, and degraded them to prizes. But the question assumes the very iniquity. The alternative is simple. If the members of a party are not sufficiently interested in its success to pay the necessary honest expenses of an election, their convictions are not of a degree of sincerity which make their ascendancy desirable. If they insist that the office-holders shall pay the expenses, they put up the office to secret auction, and foster an abuse which is fatal to honest government. Young Jones, who is faithful and honest, and just the officer whom the country wants, says, sadly, "I didn't go round with the boys and treat, nor attend the caucuses and the polls, nor pay a political tax, nor subscribe 'voluntarily,' and here I am!" Smith, at the next desk, says, "I couldn't starve, and so I paid my assessment to save my bread and butter, as I would give my purse to a robber to save my life." Jenkins, at the desk beyond, pays up and is silent. But he feathers his nest against the day of wrath. Thus it is a pleasing system, by which every fourth dollar received disappears, and by which every man's interest is to cheat, and not to serve, the government.

"Yes, it is a very bad system, but you can't do any thing about it." Not half as bad as slavery, and a great deal less difficult to abolish that. There never was an evil yet which was removed by saying that nothing could be done about it. It is by doing that the world warps ahead. When a ship goes ashore, or drifts among breakers, if the captain should complacently swell his thumbs, and remark that it was a bad business, but nothing could be done, he might justly be thrown overboard as the DOGMA of the disaster. If deliberate venality and corruption are inseparable from politics, then the sooner decent men withdraw from them the sooner they pull the temple down. "It only lieves such folly? Who does not know that the very system which was finally established by General JACKSON, in pursuance of MARCY'S principle, led at last to the utter overthrow of the Democratic party? Who does not know that there is no advice to the Republican party so contemptible as that it should imitate the methods of its opponents?

The fatal power and tendency of the present civil service system are now apparent. It constrains a President to sacrifice the best men in his own party. That sacrifice is necessarily attended by the disapproval of the best sentiment of the party. It tends to destroy that harmony and unity which are indispensable to party success. The Administration, whose party of purpose we do not doubt, should respect this political sentiment, and by many of the best men, of thousands and thousands of the most intelligent of the country, arises from the feeling that one party is the unfamiliar with politics and politicians and political methods, is experimenting, and, as we believe, with perfect honesty, to reform the character. The character of the Republican party and its natural tendencies, we believe that he will agree with us, justified at the beginning of the administration to have been correct, and that it is safer to alienate the mere party managers than the intelligent judgment of thoughtful American citizens.

A FRENCH APPEAL.

THE dignified, pathetic, and powerful appeal of M. ADOLPHE LAUGEL to the Americans, and to the Germans in America, in behalf of his country must be without effect. It is a plea to the friend and secretary of the DUC D'AUMALE, and his wife is an American. He is a gentleman of the highest position and tone. He who came to us, full of sympathy, during our war, and upon his return published a work upon the United States which is the best document. He has been long exiled under the empire, with so many of the best Frenchmen; but the sincerity of his country's appeal must go deeply as to give to his appeal an eloquence all the more persuasive from the calm of its tone. Nothing can be more dignified. He begins by confessing the justice of the German indignation with "the unprovoked and wicked attack of the French Emperor." But as the war has now become one of conquest, its character is changed. Germany has no more right to annex Alsace and Lorraine than the right we had to divide Germany; and the situation shows that dismemberment is no longer essential to the security of Europe.

Has Germany a right to annex all German-speaking provinces? May she take German Switzerland and Germany in Austria? Will Europe allow France to claim Belgium, Luxembourg, and Geneva? Alsace, M. LAUGEL acknowledges, has never been a part of Germany. When LOUIS XIV. persecuted the Protestants elsewhere he spared Alsace. The very provisions of the German language in the province is the best proof that France has not interfered with the habits and customs of the people. And it is this policy which has made Alsace loyal to France. She became free, her peasants became proprietors, and her soldiers became generals. Why should she now be given up? Germany can only invoke the right of conquest. She would hardly dare to trust an appeal to the intelligence of the nineteenth. On both sides, if the annexation could be accomplished, M. LAUGEL thinks that it would not be for the advantage of Germany. Alsace was a mediator between the countries. Through her German ideas penetrated France, and French ideas Germany. To annex the mediating territory is to isolate France completely, and intensify the national jealousy and hostility.

M. LAUGEL then turns to the Americans at large, and asks the voice of their sympathy for France in this terrible hour of her humiliation and ruin. "Now that we are vanquished," says this noble and honorable Frenchman, "that our fields are devastated; that our fortresses are falling under the guns of the invader; that we have rid ourselves—even in the face of his advancing armies—of the corrupting power which prepared our ruin; that we are ready to give up every thing to our enemies except the honor of our fellow-country-men; that we accept ruin, humiliation, and famine, and only refuse to pay peace with the loss of our faithful Alsatians—I call upon Americans to remember the past—to remember LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU, TOCQUEVILLE and MONTALEMBERT—to remember the COMTE DE PARIS and his brother. Let the voice of America be heard, and that voice will not be heard in vain."

Such manly words are refreshing, for they assure us that there are still thought and reason in the hearts of Frenchmen, of which the lamentable rhetoric of GAMBETTA and the rest had made us despair. Here is an honorable acceptance of every thing but what seems to the writer a cruel betrayal of part of his countrymen, and a fatal dismemberment of his country. Upon no appeal will more avail. Since the address was written Metz has fallen, and the occupation and virtual annexation of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany are accomplished. No power—not even the United States—could consistently protest, or even demand that a vote of the people be taken. We have acquired great territory without consulting the inhabitants, and the right of possession by conquest is inherited by constitutional custom. France pays the terrible penalty of the total demoralization wrought by the empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON. No great, brave, long ignominious, a fall no nation ever had. But it is to men like M. LAUGEL, who have not succumbed to the general decay which has overtaken the nation, that France must look for her resurrection, not as a *grande nation*, but as a great, free, self-respecting people.

CONGRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

THE reputation of part of the judicial bench in the city of New York has become so tainted that Mr. ANDERSON says that there are judges here who, as the *World* says, "sell injustice for a price"—that it is very pleasant to contemplate the Supreme Court, with the highest ability and the best disposition, like those in the Circuit Court of this district, upon occasion of the attempt to test the constitutionality of the law to secure honest elections for members of Congress. There are hard necessities in every profession, and it may have been a little difficult—whatever the liberality of Tammany Hall—for two respectable lawyers like Mr. STOUGHTON and Mr. GEORGE CURTIS to know that they appeared in the interest of that vast system of electoral fraud which is now the most threatening danger to our political situation. Their cause was the cause of repeaters, ballot-box stuffers, bullies, and scoundrels of every description. They pleaded, as was their legal right, the constitutionality of a law which could by no possibility harm any man, and whose enforcement was a good citizen's the most precious political right of every citizen. The success of their effort to impeach the law would have been fatal—and it is, if they thought it so unconstitutional, they probably felt that they were doing a professional duty.

Now the law, however, must they have repetted the hard necessity of professionally siding electoral frauds, and all the more must they feel justified, because have rejoiced that their constitutional insight and greater professional ability than theirs enabled the court to establish the constitutionality of the law which they disputed, and to baffle the designs of those shameless corruptionists of the Ring, whose cause was defended by the *World* herald, and who were, of course, not the employers of Messrs. STOUGHTON and CURTIS in the case. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. STOUGHTON should have allowed himself more than once to speak in a highly emphatic and pointed manner of the "personal" and unprecedented course of the Court, as if he intended to convey a very much stronger criticism than the word could justify. The Court, however, calmly corrected him in a tone and spirit which, it is to be hoped, will not be without benefit to the learned counsel. It is so easy for prosperous and noted professional gentlemen at the bar to acquire an offensively dictatorial manner, which kills them business, courtesy and propriety, that a tranquil reproof is of the utmost service, and it is undoubtedly gladly welcomed by them, as it is universally approved by the public.

The opinion of Judge WOODRUFF sustaining the constitutionality of the election law is very clear and decisive. It asserts that the method of ascertaining the qualifications of an elector provided by the law is not an attempt to prescribe his qualifications, and therefore does not conflict with the constitutional provision in regard to qualifications. The opinion affirms, secondly, that the clause in regard to the manner and times of election was inserted to secure the honest and free expression of the popular will in Congress, which might be defeated by indifference or lawlessness in the States, and since Congress could certainly enable all to vote for its members who are entitled to vote, it may equally prohibit the voting of those who are not entitled; and the fact that the power has not been hitherto exercised is no argument whatever against its existence. Congress provides in the law that Congressional elections shall not be decided by fraudulent methods under the guise of the law. If it has the authority to make such regulations, the people of the United States would be powerless against just such organized villainy as Tammany Hall.

The denunciations of this law as "centralizing" are part of the Tammany tactics, to hide its purposes by its unscrupulous political mask under an appeal to jealousy of the national authority. It is an attempt to wrest the doctrine of State sovereignty to the protection of electoral corruption and fraud, as it was formerly invoked to shield slavery. The Democratic party is now, as it has been for a generation, a disorganizing party. Its efforts are all turned to foment suspicion and hostility between the national and the State powers. It strives to deject the government of all the people at Washington as a centralizing tyranny, and the interests of Tammany Hall—that shield a despotism as LOUIS NAPOLEON'S empire—despicy Congress as despotic! To all this foolish clamor the opinion of the Court in this case is an admirable reply. It states temperately, completely, forcibly, and finally both the constitutionality and the wisdom of the constitutionality of a law which aims to keep the Congress of the United States what the Constitution meant it to be, the representative of the people, and not of any clique of shameless corruptionists in this or in any State.

MONEY AND POLITICS.

IN the State of Massachusetts Mr. D. H. MASON was nominated for Senator at the recent election, and he declined the honor upon the ground that he could not afford to take the office. He said that a Senator must spend half of the year in arduous public duty with no adequate compensation, and a man who could do this, he said, without serious loss, must count his labor of little value. Mr. MASON states very pointedly what has become a grave consideration—the expense of taking office. Dr. FRANKLIN, who has the reputation of great shrewdness, was of opinion that the officers of the national government should serve for nothing. Subsequent experience and the decree day does not illustrate the wisdom of his judgment. A sagacious politician estimated ten years ago that the annual expense in member's bills, outside the entire sacrifice of time and labor and conscience, for an election as a representative in Congress, was not less than the salary of the office. This was the calculation of a moderate and economical man, and indicated what may be called a representation is a distinct tax upon the nomination was equivalent to an election.

But when an honest man is nominated in a doubtful district for a smaller position, as a member of the State Legislature, for instance —a position which is not generally personally desirable, and which requires of a man more than immense sacrifices—what will he find to be the situation? In the first place he will be assessed by the local committee. Even if he will be expected to subscribe liberally to the local clubs. Then he will be waited upon by all the target and other companies. He may be very fond of the printing of posters and circulars, and for speakers, and for the incessant "cheerful glass" of friendly entertainers. He may have a small agent or two, "practical politicians," who "know all about this thing." There must be many who are old banners; and, as the basis approaches, every kind of "usual" outlay will be suggested to him by perfectly disinterested gentlemen, who really think that, with this care, he can be elected. Meanwhile the glamour that touches the eyes of every candidate does not spare his. He is nominated, and he naturally wishes to make the best fight he can; and really, under the circumstances, it does look as if he had time—he might be successful! What, then, are fifty dollars here, or a hundred there?

If the honest man is rich and is elected, very well. He will be paid about a twentieth part of what he has spent. If he is poor and is elected, and has preserved the means for the campaign, and must leave his business, to be paid some two or three dollars a day in the Legislature, he is not his honesty exposed to a considerable strain? If, on the other hand, he is not an honest man and has spent five or ten thousand dollars to secure the chance of being paid three dollars a day for a hundred days, he will make the three dollars three hundred a day if he possibly can. Thus the small sums paid for the public service, and the enormous expenses to the candidate of a canvass, allow only the rich or the dishonest to hold office. The pay of a member of the Assembly in New York, who serves for one year, is three dollars a day for a hundred days. We have heard a member openly assert in a railroad car that his election cost

him six thousand dollars, which he "had got to go" with, as much more as was needed. There are men who have no business whatever but politics, and who grow suddenly and enormously rich. They live in fine houses, and are good-humoredly regarded as "knowing." There are other men who, with as much honesty, forge or steal; and they are sent as felons to Sing Sing. A rose smells so differently under different names!

These are very familiar facts, but they show plainly that money has become one of the chief elements in politics. The office is not regarded as a post of the public service, but as a prize for which aspirants must pay. To take office is not considered a patriotic sacrifice, a duty which must be done, when honestly practicable, to undertake, but a chance at money-making, for which he must expect to pay a good price. It is manifest that of the influences which are becoming so universal and imperative that good citizens can no longer safely disregard it. But for this reason there is no remedy but the wise and constant interest of honest men in the details of politics. There will then be a chance for the nomination of more candidates like Mr. MASON, who will break with the traditions, and refuse to pay great sums of money to obtain positions which they do not wish, but which the intelligent and honest public wish them to fill. And if such men feel with Mr. MASON that they can not properly accept the nomination, we shall begin to ask whether it is not true economy to save money by removing the temptation to steal.

A STRAW THAT SHOWS THE WIND.

At a recent political meeting in Norfolk, Virginia, at which the Secretary of the Navy and other gentlemen were present as speakers, a disturbance began while Professor LAWSTON, a colored citizen, was addressing the audience, which ended in a riot which the police were powerless to quell. Fire-arms were freely used. The negro speaker was ordered away, and was pushed and dead in an alley near by, and JOHN T. DAVIS, a well-known white Republican, was severely wounded. A Democratic body supposes that it was the Republicans who disturbed their own meeting, and shot and murdered their friends. It was an outbreak of the hatred and jealousy which still agitate the public mind in the late rebel region. And what does such an incident signify?

Nothing is truer than that trouble must for a long time be expected in that part of the country. We have constantly insisted in these columns that nothing was more foolish than to suppose that, because actual hostilities in the field were over, all the animosities of peace had ceased. The Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts at the late election said that of course the late leaders in the rebellion could not be dreamers of peace offered to Congress. Let us make no more of the fact than it will honestly bear, but do not let us assume that it is a dead fact, and act accordingly. Ostrich statesmanship is the most intolerable of all.

What the late United States really want more than any thing else is the conviction that the people of the country have a steady policy in regard to the whole subject of pacification and reconstruction. If the ugly element in those States knows that the government—that is, the party most friendly to the Union cause—will support it to the last, and with all its power, that element will become less and less pernicious and inevitably. If, on the other hand, it knows that the government is hostile, and heartily hates the political equality established by reconstruction, that element will be the dominant influence in the Southern States, and endless agitation must follow. When the Democratic organ foolishly has to favor fellow-partisans who shot at the Republican party, and when that party ought to cause its open warfare upon the political equality of all citizens, the persuasive argument is, in substance, that, if there is evidence of acquiescence, the party at large could only gain the national control, then the party in the various States might not see the same policies as it pleased, and the Democratic central power would be sleeping or gone upon a journey; in any way a party could not see itself.

Mr. GERRIT SMITH, in urging the colored voters to support the anti-drunkenness ticket at the late election in New York, said that it was "insulting as well as nonsensical" to tell them that if the Democratic party triumphed the Freedmen would be re-enslaved or disfranchised. Mr. GERRIT SMITH is a true friend of the colored citizen, but it is insulting as well as nonsensical to say that if the Democratic party could obtain national power, such riots as that at Norfolk would become very common, and the exercise of the right of voting and of free discussion in public would become extremely difficult for the colored citizens; that terror can disfranchise as well as law; and that while slavery might not be restored, the spirit of slavery would affect the conduct of the ugly element of which we have spoken? Could there fail to be immense excitement and agitation, a feeling of insecurity upon the part of the colored citizens, and of triumph upon that of the worst classes of the community? And what possible benefit would this be to any human being? On the contrary, would it not be a very grave disaster for the whole country?

When, therefore, we read the story of such a riot as that at Norfolk, let us reflect that if any things are to be naturally expected, as we admit, even under the Republican national ascendency, what might be naturally expected should the Democratic party come into power

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE attempt to bridge a stream or estuary, like the East River at New York, of a breadth of sixteen hundred feet navigable channel in a single span, is something new in the progress of engineering. This is twice the span of Roebling's Cincinnati Bridge, and four times the longest non-suspension spans ever attempted. The height of the proposed structure also is (practically) unprecedented; that is, although other bridges have been built at as great or greater height above the surface of the water, no other bridge has ever been projected at such an elevation above the shores. A proposal, by JOHN ROEBLING, to replace Old London Bridge with an iron arch rising to a height of sixty-five feet, or about two-third the height of the proposed East River Bridge, was rejected on account of the enormous impracticable extent of the approaches or ironches! Times change, and so do places, and men of Anglo-Saxon blood seem to change with both.

This bold and peculiarly American design is not yet wholly free from the cavils of doubt, or in perfect success, if achieved, will be a subject of congratulation, not only to the myriads of inhabitants who daily pass from their business stores on business or pleasure, but also to the whole world which visits the great metropolis. Yet the successive steps, as sure as bold, which have led up to the solid position from which Mr. JOHN A. ROEBLING, the son of the projector, has this last—to be avested in the very act by his lamented death—seem to have been taken with the practical demonstration for engaging in so magnificent an enterprise with little risk or failure to error. The only doubt-producing circumstance not shared at all by the ROEBLINGS, father or son—is in the stiffness of the suspended roadway against the lifting, swaying, and swaying effect of powerful winds. But as for the big pulsations, we, at least, must consider them matters of experiment, and to congratulate the engineer and ourselves when none can dispute the successful issue.

The bird's-eye view of the proposed bridge, herewith presented in a hypothetical form, portions of New York and Brooklyn more distinctly connected by it and the outlines of the river, its islands, and the surrounding shores, is, we believe, an unprecedented piece of engraving of the kind. It is distinguished for comprehensiveness and detail both into considerations. The more familiar the reader is with the localities represented, the more readily will the successful effect and the general accuracy of the artist's work appear. It is necessary to call attention to the bird's-eye view of the New York and Brooklyn bridge, which is gridironed with the tracks of all the city railroads east of Broadway, except the Second Avenue. The Grand Central, the new Post-office, as it will be in time. A corner of the Astor House here peeps into the picture, and next to it stands St. Paul's Church. Midway down the magnificent street stands Trinity Church, backed by Wall Street upon the right, the dome of the Custom-house, partly hidden by the shanties before referred to, but which have not yet been built all over it. The large dirt-heap at the foot of Broadway is the city dumping-ground, formerly the Battery, the old shore line surrounded by the most fashionable and aristocratic mansions of the city. The next street parallel to Broadway, on the left, above the second, William; the third, Gold; the fourth, Cliff; the fifth, Pearl; the sixth, seventh, and eighth, unattractively seen, are Water, Front, and South. Crossing them all, and heading off those west to right) of Pearl Street, the high rocher, or land approach of the bridge, is clearly shown down to the level of the water. The tall spire of the *Tribune*, on the corner beyond, and of the *Times*, fronting on the square, are plainly distinguished. Beyond the *Times*, on the further right-hand corner of the same block (formerly the Brick Church property), is the office of the *World*, on Park Row and Beekman Street. Next the pleasant corner of Beekman Street and Park Row comes the *Standard*, further down the same block the *Express*, and finally the *Herald* building, where Barnum's Museum so long stood, at the junction of Park Row with Broadway, opposite the old Park Church. The Post is at the bither extremity of the square, and the artist has kindly turned the front of the sign to send the rays of the sun on occasion, so as to give us a view of it.

The ground-floor of the enormous building, or block, in which the bridge approach on the New York side terminates will afford spacious waiting-rooms and platforms for passengers, besides abundant room for any possible number of discharging and reloading cars, for droves of foot-passengers, and for droves of vehicles and beasts of burden. The lucrative position and great public convenience of the stores above the ground-floor need not be pointed out. Many regard the heavy operations in real estate and building involved in these and approaches as a formidable obstacle to the practicability of completing the bridge. It is strange that any one should fail to perceive that the privilege of acquiring and controlling these approaches, necessarily property of third or fourth rate productiveness) carries with it one of the most enormous speculations or known in real estate, and constitutes the one part of the Bridge Company's business to the profit of which no alternative can be supposed.

The total length of the colossal structure before us is about a mile and one-seventh. From the entrance on Chatham Street to the tower at the New York shore is nearly half a mile, or, accurately, 2277 feet. Of this part of the structure, 940 feet, from the tower to the anchor-wall at Franklin Square, is to be suspended. The remainder, 1337 feet, is to be built up from the ground in fireproof workhouses and stores, supporting the roadway on their roofs. The streets will be crossed by iron truss and girder bridges. The grade of this approach, from Chatham bridge to the base of the bridge proper, is 3½ feet in 100, and the total ascent, or height of the bridge at the outer border of the ground depot, is 100 feet. The span from tower to tower is 1600 feet long and 80 feet wide, with an elevation of 135 feet above high-water. The base of each tower measures 56 by 134 feet, and the height of each is 278 feet above high-water.

The Brooklyn approach has a span of 940 feet, suspended over the roofs of the city, precisely like that on the New York side, and a similar roadway on the buildings to be erected for the purpose of 1337 feet from the bridge storage to the Washington Square Garrison, obliquely to the terminus in the block bounded by Fulton, Prospect, Sands, and Washington streets.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The *Independance Belge* claims to have intelligence from an escaped French officer, corroborated by a Prussian officer, to the effect that when the armistice, that the French leaders to the last deceived the army by promises to relieve Paris, and that consequently they were actually treating for the surrender.

The Prussian army was concentrated in the magazines and arsenals of the forts at Metz since the fall of Sedan, including provisions sufficient to maintain the garrison for six months.

The Alsatians captured at Metz and elsewhere are to be kept separate from the other prisoners, and they are hereafter to be regarded as Germans, and not French.

A despatch from Berlin announces that numerous political organizations in France waited upon M. Gambetta immediately upon his arrival there, and the appointment of commissaries in the Departments to organize the defense. The Prefects of the Departments were ready to carry out the policy across arms and munitions of war, and to raise the levies en masse, and, in fact, in every effort, and must not be allowed to make armament to surmount obstacles which they themselves might remove.

M. Thiers has been unsuccessfully negotiating with Count Bismarck for an armistice. At the first interview, on the 1st inst., it was arranged that an armistice should be made for a month, during which time the interval the inhabitants were to be at liberty to bring food into Paris, and to depart if they chose, but all the departments. M. Thiers asked if Alsace and Lorraine should be joined to the German Empire, and received for answer that the conditions were not favorable to Germany. The second conference was held on the 2d, when was directed to discontinue the negotiations, and to leave the Tuileries immediately.

Some disturbances were recently connected in Marseilles by the Reds, but promptly suppressed. Letters from that city represent that when Chanzy was carried in triumph to the Hotel de Ville he fortunately declined to be nominated George Francis Train its General-in-Chief of the Red Republic.

A version of what is called the Emperor Napoleon's thoughts on the war is published in the London papers. He thinks that Germany will have to raise 50,000 men at Metz, 100,000 at Strasburg, and 80,000 at Ulm, Spain, and in the Rhine near Belgium with 40,000 in large force, so as to do Germany, win the first rout, and secure the alliance of America and Italy by imposing neutrality on the South German states. The effective military operations and delay in bringing up food and material frustrated the plan, and the Germans, having all the material, and a large force formed, surrounded the French, and put them on the defensive. A new plan was then made to overwhelm the investment on a flanker. Thus the regency appeared as necessary to the Emperor. The Empress was opposed to it, but he had the Republic in view, fearing that it would end catastrophe. The author analyses the battle of Sedan, and the issue of the German successes, and points out many of the defects in the French army.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Austrian government has sent a circular to Interfere in Roman affairs, but suggests a conference of the powers to be held in Switzerland, which is refused by the Pope.

Among the propositions of the Italian ministry are the recognition of the Pope as the spiritual sovereign, and the municipal control of the army of the capital.

On July 18, 1871, has been fixed upon as the date of the centenary of the arrival of Italy by Romans.

A written acceptance of the Spanish crown by the Duke of Aosta was received at Madrid on the 31 inst.

Another hurricane occurred on the island of Cuba on the 16th inst., doing much damage to buildings, crops, and shipping. No loss of life is reported. Mzzanine and Cienfuegos suffered most severely. There was a destructive gale at Key West, Florida, at the same time.

The Sultan's steam-yacht Schooner ran on the rocks in the Bosphorus and sinking, were recently captured near Nagara, and are now in Turkish hands.

The French authorities of Martinique have shot twenty-three of the leaders of the insurrection, and have one hundred others in their power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE expenditures of the United States government during the months of October amounted to $29,000,000.

The revenue collections of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1870, amounted to $258,000,197, an increase of more than $25,000,000 over those of the preceding year.

The drawing of the Mercantile Library Gift Concert took place at Steinway Hall, Tuesday evening, the 15th inst., and was attended with considerable excitement. The first prize of $10,000 was drawn by ticket No. 13,945, held by Mr. Holloran, of this city.

The steamship *Alice Vivian*, from Galveston, Texas, foundered during the night of October 28, off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and all on board, except the second mate and four men, were lost. She carried thirty-six passengers, among whom was Mr. Jenkinson, member of the British House of Commons.

The post Whitter was offered the nomination for Congress in the Sixth District of Massachusetts, by the prohibitionists, but declined it.

The official returns of the South Carolina election show that Republican members of Congress have been elected in all the districts.

WASHING FOR DIAMONDS AT THE NEW DIAMOND FIELDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

THE diamond fields recently discovered in South Africa are situated on the Vaal River, far inland, though easily accessible from Cape Town by steamer to East London, and thence by an overland journey of about 300 miles through a country where the means of travel are good, and subsistence obtainable at moderate prices. A letter written from the mines by a Mr. VOS ROSS gives the following interesting particulars of his visit there:

He started from Phillipolis Missionary Station, which lies in the Orange River Sovereignty, between the Caudock and Vaal rivers, and after passing through Jacobsdaal—a most miserable village of about twenty houses, situated in a waterless desert—entered some immense plains stretching on every side without any landmark. A few miles before reaching the Vaal River, however, the landscape changed, and our traveler entered a region of stony hills and immense boulders of rock. He was much pleased with the first sight of the lovely Vaal River, which he compares to the Thames at Richmond. It is shaded with willows and other large trees, and the sloping hills, except that they consist of basaltic rocks, closely resemble those of the Thames. For two miles in length both banks of the Vaal are dotted over with tents and wagons, and, Mr. VOS ROSS reckons that the population at the time of his visit could not be far short of 4000. Since then it has doubtless greatly increased, as people were rushing there from all parts of the colony.

The diggers gravel the floors of their tents with the refuse washings of the mines, and amuse themselves by looking for diamonds while lying in bed. Several have been found in this way. Gambling and drinking prevail to some extent, but on the whole Mr. VOS ROSS gives the people a very high character. They are very civil, friendly, and obliging, and help each other in every way. Besides this, there are a large number of respectable women and children at the mines, so that the rowdyism of California and Australia is not likely to be reproduced. "In fact," says Mr. VOS ROSS, "it is a large and enjoyable picnic, just the thing for a Dutchman and his family, so that those who are compelled to go away all say they shall come back again."

DIAMOND MINERS GAMBLING AT NIGHT.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

A new Guide.—An inveterate Snuff-taker.—Icelandic Snuff-horn.—An Escape from Drowning.—Preparations for ascending Mount Hecla.—A Hospitable Clergyman.

At the village where the incidents narrated in the preceding chapter occurred our traveler procured the services of another guide, and resumed his journey. He was not very favorably impressed with the character of his new servant, who appeared to be inefficient, and who was certainly slow and stupid. Among other disagreeable personal traits he was an inveterate snuff-taker, and constantly inhaled the titillating dust, after the Icelandic fashion, from a receptacle somewhat like a powder-horn. It requires the use of two hands to manage an ordinary snuff-box, and this on horseback is not very convenient. So the Iceland peasants have adopted another contrivance, consisting of a kind of horn,

AT THE MINISTER'S.

the stopper of which, when taken out, is held by a short chain. The man then holds the orifice to his nose, and giving the horn a shake, and inhaling vigorously, performs the operation in a very satisfactory manner.

VOLCANIC DUST.

The traveler met with some accidents characteristic of the country as he went on.—One of his stirrup-straps broke, and he was obliged to ride with his legs dangling by the horse's side until he arrived at the next church, where the minister produced the necessary tools and repaired the damage; for the ministers, it seems, in addition to their scholastic attainments, are possessed of many other kinds of knowledge and skill, which are often called into requisition. After going on somewhat farther his horse, in crossing a ford, fell into a deep hole, in which both horse and rider were completely submerged —so much so that the latter was wet through to the skin. Indeed, our adventurer was thrown off his horse entirely, and was only saved, as he says, by seizing hold of the horse's tail, and being dragged in this way out to dry land.

It was blowing a gale at the time, and the guide, by signs, indicated that M. Nougaret ought to stop and change his clothes. But M. Nougaret was thrown, he says, into a state of irritation bordering on frenzy by his mishap, and he whipped the horses and drove on at the utmost speed he could attain to the next hamlet, hoping that the excitement and the exercise would prevent him from taking cold. The name of the hamlet was Thyorsholt, a little village on the banks of the river Thyorsa, flowing at the foot of Mount Hecla. Here he was received with the greatest hospitality, and made the recipient of the utmost kindness and attention by the whole family. They put him into the best room, brought out the ancient sacred family chair for him, and all together began to remove his wet clothes and dry him with towels, the young people of both sexes taking part in these attentions with an innocent simplicity and assiduity by which the object of them was much impressed. When he was dry, and fresh clothes had been put upon him, they brought him such refreshments as their cabin afforded. Among these was a cup of coffee containing in the saucer the single lump of sugar which comprised the whole family store of that article, and which had long been preserved for some great occasion of hospitality. The traveler found that he could not decline using this precious delicacy without wounding the feelings of his hosts, but he took care to replace it secretly from his own stores before he left the cottage. He was so much impressed by the devoted attentions which he received from this family that he says, on leaving them, that though the Icelanders have not much blood in their veins, and though what they have is poor and thin, he really believes they would open their veins and shed every drop of it, if it was necessary to do so in order to relieve the distress of any chance guest that should come among them.

After spending a day or two in the enjoyment of the hospitality of this kind-hearted family, and completing in the mean time his preparations for ascending the mountain, M. Nougaret announced his determination to depart. They all urged him to remain longer, especially as there was a heavy gale of wind blowing, by which the air was filled with flying volcanic dust and ashes from the vast stores which had been deposited all over that region by former eruptions. But he was intent on proceeding, and so the horses were loaded and brought to the door, and he bade his hospitable

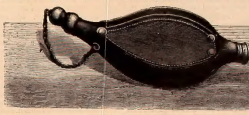

ICELANDIC SNUFF-BOX.

entertainers farewell. The cavalcade was followed by several members of the family to the banks of the river Thyorsa, which was not far distant, in order that they might witness the process of crossing the stream—an undertaking not unattended with danger in such a wind. There was a large, broad, flat-bottomed boat on the bank. The horses were unloaded, and the baggage put into the boat, and then the poor animals were driven into the water with sticks and stones. The boat followed, conveying the baggage and the men. The air was so filled with clouds of dust that in the middle of the stream nothing was to be seen except that an occasional glimpse was now and then afforded of one bank or the other, and of here and there

M. ISSANDIER'S BALLOON, FROM PARIS, DESCENDING NEAR DREUX.—[SEE PAGE 745.]

a horse, drifting down with the current, and with only his nose and his tail to be distinguished among the soggy waves.

However, in due time the passage was effected, the boat reached the further bank, the horses were collected from the places in which the stream where they had several scrambled to the shore, the loads were replaced upon their backs, and the cavalcade was fo med in order of march again.

The party arrived after a time at the village of Stonesville. Here the traveler stopped a while, in order to confer with the minister of the place in respect to the best mode of procuring a guide for the ascent of the mountain. The minister received him with great kindness, caused a table to be spread for him with refreshments, and while he was partaking of them stood by, conversing with him in Latin on the subject of Mt. Nougaret which he appeared to find how well informed he was even in respect to those portions of which could hardly be expected to possess the same interest and solicitude as the rest. He found, however, that there was a newspaper published occasionally at Revkjavik, the capital, and that the successive numbers found their way by some means even to this lonely retreat. The minister produced the last number of the paper, and read an article from it, translating it into Latin, as he read it, for the comprehension of his visitor.

When M. Nougaret was ready to resume his journey the minister insisted on accompanying him to the next halting-place, which was a hamlet named Hankadolur. The track lay among the ranges of hills and broken ground and pinnacles which surround the mountain, and in one place the travelers were obliged to cross a patch of loose volcanic dust, that was driven about so furiously by the wind, which was still blowing heavily, as to make the progress of the party extremely disagreeable, if not dangerous. They protected their mouths in some degree by their handkerchiefs, which they wrapped over them, but still they were almost suffocated; and the horses appeared to suffer even more than the men.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRED THE BONE.

By the Author of "Cayton's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beginner in Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN COUPLES.

What tender-nurtured boy, newly-arrived at school—that Paradise when looked back upon from afar, that *Inferno* of the present—has not awakened from sweet dreams of home to the first busy hear? Who has not pictured to himself the weary months that must elapse before he can once more regain his freedom and his friends? The burden (one may say) is light, but then the back is also what it bears it. It is a grinding woe. Soothing of this, but tenfold in intensity of wretchedness, Richard felt when he awoke for the first time a convicted felon. He had dreamed that Carew was dead, and left him heir of Cranbrook; his mother and his sister Mary and Harry as his wife. The splendor of the house, the beauty of the grand lawn, abused it. It were as vividly presented to him as when he saw them with his eyes; and they were all his own. The hope of his youth, the dream of his manhood, were gratified to the uttermost; yet through all ran an undercurrent which warned a portion of the present reality. In the marshy pond where he had fought the Squire by moonlight the bodies; it was shallow, as it really had been, and he could see their faces as he peered into the water; they were those of Coe and Trevethick. He kept them there, and would not have the pond dragged; but would go thither and look upon them for half a quarter a day. The mansion was full of gay folks—his old town companions invited to a house-party, and behold his greatness (as he had often imagined they should be): Tuly Kyll was his jester now, and Parson Waymper his "chaplain." They were all playing pool as usual, and he was just about to make an easy hazard when Waymper begged his elbow. It was the warder of the jail.

"Come, come—this won't do," said he, gruffly. "You must wrap up when the bell rings, or we shall quarrel. Fold up your hammock, and clean your room."

Even the school-boy does not begin on his first morning to moan on his chimney-piece that the day gone, twenty-four hours of prison life before-hand, Richard made no such complaint. He did not note, who had twenty years of prison life before him, save one day!

He did as he was ordered, wearily, with a heart that had no hope: it seemed to the warder that his duty was sullen.

"I 'ha happens again, young fellow, I report you; and you good-by to your Y C's."

He did not seem to be heard; but Richard could have stabbed him where he stood. There were times to come when the temptation to commit such an act was to be very strong with him; and when no thought of punishment, for loss of right, restrained him, but that of his projected vengeance always did. Every rough word, every insult, every wrong, was treasured up in his mind, and added to the long account against those who had doomed him to such a fate. It should be paid in full one day; and in the mean time the debt was out at compound interest.

He took his sordid meals, his cocoa, his bread, his gruel, not because he had ever any appetite for them, but because without them he should lose his strength. He must husband that for the long-expected hour when he might need it; when the moment had arrived to strike the blow for which his hand was clenched ten times a day. His hate grew every hour, and, like a perfect spring, fed drop by drop about his heart, and made it stone. In the mean time, a fiend in torment could alone imagine what he suffered. He spoke to no one but his warders and the chaplain; for both he was a mystery. He was in communication with his fellows; only once a day for an hour and a half he took his moonrace exercise in the high-walled quadrangle. Tramp, tramp, tramp, each half a dozen paces behind the other, with an officer on the watch to see that speech was preserved.

"Keep your distance, you there, unless you want to be reported."

Richard did not want that; but at times his temper was like a devil incarnate, and for the longer one like a devil incarnate, and for the longer one like a devil incarnate, and for the longer one

this. The bald animal: of the place reveal nothing of this terrible secret.

Richard rose at five at clang of bell, cleaned out his cell, and folded up his bed more neatly than did ever chamber-maid; at six was breakfast—porridge, and forty minutes allowed for its enjoyment; then chapel and parade; then labor—mat-making with coarse rushes, on which he became a great proficient. His fingers deftly worked, while his mind needed. At twelve was dinner—bread and potatoes, with seventy minutes allowed for its digestion; then exercise in the yard, and mat-work again till six in summer, and four in winter; prayers, supper, school till eight; when the weary day was done. On Sunday, except two hours of exercise and chapel, Richard was his own master, to brood as much as he would. There were also but more than three holidays in the year, on which it has been witnessed with pleasure the convicts have gambled. There was, however, no such excess at Lingmoor.

As for society, there was the chaplain. This gentleman could make nothing of Richard, though he tried his best. It was evident to him that the young man had something on his mind: if he would only confide in his spiritual adviser, he assured him, comfort could be administered. But no confidence ever took place. It was a most distressing case; here was a youth of superior position, and well educated, as obstinate and stubborn as the most hardened criminal in the establishment. His Bible was never opened. One of his warders had expressed his opinion that No. 81 was vindictive, but for the chaplain) was bound to say he had observed nothing of that. The remarks in his note-book respecting 421 were these: "Richard Yorke's general history, looks ten years older; reserved and cynical; a hopeless infidel, but respectful, uncomplaining, and well-conducted."

Richard had been reported more than once for "inattention to orders," and had also been one of his good marks accordingly. The cause of this was one over which he could now be scarcely said to have control. He had become an absent and *distrait* man he sometimes hardly knew what was going on about him. Fragmentary reading to which he indulged had, in fact, already postponed the accomplishment of the very object which enthralled his fancies. The effect of this was in various; and he had good reason for the apprehension which existed in that his wits might leave him before that day of liberty arrived, which was still so many years distant. On account of his previous reading, which was described as the prison books as landscape-painter, he had been put to a handicraft trade; but he now applied for harrow-pins, and the surgeon seconded his application. This change of occupation, which was destined in some respects to be beneficial, proved at the outset most unfortunate. The outdoor toil was mostly spade and barrow labor on the ground on which the convicts worked in gangs—each gang under supervision of two warders, armed with cutlass and musket. The first face that Richard's eyes lit on, when he found himself in the open, with the free air of heaven blowing in him, and already, as it seemed, bursting the seals of health and hope, was that of Robert Balfour. In his joyous excitement he sprang forward and held out his hand; the other hesitated—for the old cracksman was prudence itself—then, as if with an irresistible impulse, grasped the offered fingers, with an "I am right glad to see you, lad." The next instant they were in the custody, and marched back to the prison, charged with the high crime and misdemeanor of conversation, which at Lingmoor was called "colloguing," "conspiracy," and other terrible terms. Brought before the authorities upon the charge, Richard, as usual, confessed himself alone to blame; the fresh air had, in a manner, intoxicated him, after his long confinement within stone walls; and the sight of his old acquaintance had caused him to forget the rules. The offense-list being examined, it was found, however, that No. 421 was a good deal in the habit of forgetting. His cell-warder gave him but an indifferent character; and Richard, in a fury, committed the fatal indiscretion of rebutting the latter accusation by a counter-charge of tyranny and ill-usage. The next instant he could have bitten his tongue out—but it was too late. He felt that he had made an enemy of this body-servant, who was also his master, for the remainder of his term. An "old hand," indeed, is a professional gaoruter (in which case he is generally too much respected to be ill-used), is always careful to keep on good terms with his attendant; otherwise—since a warder's word, if it be not law, is at all events worth that of his prisoner—there will be no end to your troubles. This is not because warders are not as a class a most respectable body of men, but simply because you can't get all the virtues for a guinea a week. A strict and impartial sense of justice is especially a rare and dear article—even governors have sometimes been deficient in it. Most men have a little spice, sullen, ignorant fellow, in a false position; he had an almost absolute power over his fellow-creatures, and like many—perhaps like most who have ever possessed such a thing—it was too much for him.

"I am a tyrant, am I?" said he, significantly, as he marched Richard back to his cell after sentence was decreed. "Very well; we'll see."

Richard got bread and water for three days certain, and, what was far worse, another "monstrous cantle" might be cut out of that period of remission which began to be all the dearer in his eyes the more problematical it grew. Garroters, as we have said, were respected at Lingmoor; they are so rarely with their legal appellate hands, and so dull-brained with respect to consequences; yet Richard's warder, when he brought his bread and water, with a grin, that was probably as near to death by stress of giving as he had ever been during his professional experience. It was not that he was on his own account the object of his prisoner's wrath, but that by his conduct he had, as it were, supplemented the inexpiable wrong originally committed, and earned for himself a portion of the unlying hate which was due elsewhere. "I may kill this brute some day," thought Richard, ruefully, "in spite of myself." And he resolved on the first opportunity to communicate to a fellow-secret which was on his mind to a friendly ear; so that after at least should be utilized to the disadvantage of the foes, in case of accident. No question should one day compel him to sacrifice a lesser victim, and make his great revenge of no avail. He had not once entered into his mind that he could *forgive* his persecutor, but only that circumstances might render it impossible.

The occasion for which he looked was not long in coming. His case of punishment was over, and he was once more marched out upon the moor, and again found himself in Balfour's company. Not a sign passed between them, but one that before they could be talked. "I fear you have been suffering for my sake," said Richard.

"It is no matter. My shoulders are broad enough for two," returned the other, kindly. "I am right glad to see you back, though it is changed. You have been ill, have you not, lad?"

"I don't know. Something is wrong with me, and I may be worse—that is why I want to speak to you. Listen!"

"All right. Don't look this way, and shift your voice if either of these dogs comes to leeward."

"If you get away from this place, and *don't*—"

"Now, none of that, lad," interrupted the old man, earnestly. "That's the worst thing you can get into your head at Lingmoor, if you ever want to leave it. I've been here now more than 'ten.' I am three times your age, and yet I mean to get out again and enjoy myself. I've got a twenty years now, without counting remission—though I've got into disgrace with my cursed watch-dog, and that's a great deal of time—but I mean to feed a good heart."

"I shall keep a firm one," answered Richard, "never fear. I wish to guard against contingencies, that's all. If I die—"

"Don't talk of that, lad," said Balfour, sturdily, quite innocent of any plagiarism from Uncle Toby.

"Very good," continued Richard, coolly. "If you get out of this before me, let us merely say, I have something of value which may be of service to you. There's a man in Breaknock-shire called Carew of Crompton—"

"I know him well—a gentleman born as put on the gloves with Bendigo at Birmingham?"

"Very likely; at all events, you only knows him in the Midlands. He will go to the dogs some day, and his estate will be sold. You have saved money, you tell me; if by chance you can't invest it better than in the lot called Wheal Danes, a mine in Cornwall—"

"I believe you every word," said Balfour; "but a mine would be rather over my figure, wouldn't it? I have only got a hundred pounds."

"That would be plenty. It's a disused mine and supposed to be worked out. There's only one man in England that knows it is not so, except myself. Will and testament, as the auction, expecting to get it cheap; but do you bid two hundred pounds beforehand, and you will get it for a trifle. Say you want the place—it's close to the sea—for building purposes; they'll think it's you, and jump at the offer. Dames, I assimple is not supposed to be worth five shillings an acre. It will turn out a gold mine to whoever buys it."

"Wheal Danes," repeated Balfour, carefully. "I'll remember the name. I am obliged to you, but I not forget the man as told me of it. It's not the profit that I am speaking on: that will be yours, I hope, as it will be in all reason, and not mine; but it's the confidence." The old man's voice grew husky with emotion. "Dames, I liked you from the first, as was natural enough; but there was no reason why you should take a fancy to an old thief like me more than to any other among this pretty lot here. The first as speaks of secrets is of course the one as is most in risk, but I will do what I can to show myself honorable on my side. You have trusted me, and I'll trust you."

"Have you any plan to get away from this?" whispered Richard, eagerly. "All that I have shall be yours: I swear it."

"Nay, lad; your word's enough," returned the other, reproachfully. "And I've nothing nothing of yours; indeed I don't."

"I was a brute to talk so to you, Balfour," answered Richard, penitently. "But you don't know how I crave for freedom: it makes me hard to think of it."

"Ay, ay: I know," sighed the old fellow. "It used to be so with me once; but now—but now I've promise you we shall be the men to know it. It's another matter altogether. I'll mount to tell you about. You've given me an address to remember: let me give you another in exchange for it—No. 91 Earl Street, Knightsbridge. That's where mother lives, if the poor soul is alive, to whom you wrote for me from Cross Key. She'll be dead, however, long before you or I get out of this, that's certain, or I should not be telling you what I do; for one's mother is the best friend of all friends, and should come first and foremost. Well, the world do look more no good, and if any thing happens to me, I have neither chick nor child to inherit it. I am speaking of this eight hundred pound, lad. If I get into the world, I shall want for myself, for I doubt my limbs will be too stiff for work by that time; but if not, then you shall have it—every shilling. I am digging my own grave, as it might be, with this spade, and making my will, do you see?" said the old fellow, smiling.

"I thank you for your kind intentions," returned Richard, absently; "it's very good of you, I'm sure." His hopes of some scheme of present release had been excited by the old man's manner, and this faint and far-off prospect of a legatesship seemed but of little worth.

"I may not have another chance to tell you about it, Dames, and I should be sorry to think, if any thing happened to me, that it should lie there unclaimed. I've been accidental like, and perhaps fall into the hands of the bluebottles. Your memory's good, my lad, I dare say, and you won't forget the number nor the street."

"My memory is very good, friend, 'returned Richard, 'and I shall have only two or three things else to keep in it. And you, on your part, you will not forget the mine?"

"Nay, nay; I've got it safe: Wheal Danes, Wheal Danes."

"Silence, down there!" roared the warder and nothing but the squeak of the barrow-wheel and the clean slice of the spade was heard in air that throng of involuntary toilers.

HANDWRITING.

MANY people laugh at what is called "graphomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting *does* indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and a woman's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerkly hand, etc. "I had no idea," said Archbishop Whately, "of the remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly; there was but one thing about him which seriously displeased me—his hand, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting: it was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it, which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but subsequently to which he was afterward engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, when he proved that the writing had spoken truly. But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'graptomancer' was able to read character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly high-minded woman and single-hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she appeared, was desirous to know whether M.—— would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it), and gave it him one evening as the handwriting of a person whose character she wished to submit to decipher. His usual habit when he undertook to read character was to write the name of a letter, eat down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night, and to bring his mind to his judgment in writing in the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast-table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining made some observation which particularly struck Mr. ——as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by-the-way, your friend,' and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest which she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the words, 'Fascinating, false, and lofty-minded.' The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. —— never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE clerks at the New York City Hall are so accustomed to getting marriage licenses signed with O and an apostrophe that one of them recently, addressing a friend, wrote, "Take letter with, 'and O'Riley' yours," etc. The letter was to a gentleman in O'Main, Nebraska.

WHY is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of sharps and flats!

A close-fisted man invited a friend to dinner, and provided only two mutton-chops. Upon remonstrating with his host, My friend, when you invite me to a dinner, you set your dinner before me." "Very well," replied the host, "you may begin with the friend replied, "Yes, I do; but where is your dinner?"

A man in Buffalo pulled off his coat and jumped in the canal to save a woman from drowning, when a pickpocket stole his pocket-book from the coat, and the woman swore at him for pulling her hair in his efforts to save her life. There isn't much inducement in Buffalo for a man to act as a retriever.

"Will you dake sbanding?" said a German testator to a friend, while standing over a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Vell, den, let us dake a valk."

A banker lent a graceless scamp fifty dollars in the hope of getting rid of him; but, to his surprise, the fellow paid the money punctually on the day agreed upon, and a short time afterward applied to him for another loan. "No," said the banker; "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall never do so a second time."

PLEASANT CREEKS IN LIFE—Brook cheeks.

PAT'S master told him to go and grease the wagon. He returned after a while and said, "All the grease is gone, but back to it." "Why, Pat, I gave you enough to grease five or six wagons." "If you please, Sir, I only got about half over the top of the wagon when the grease ran out." "Why, you blundering fool, I meant that you should grease the wheels, not the wagon." "Sure, and you never told me so plainer than that."

SMOKING-GARRIAGE—Engines.

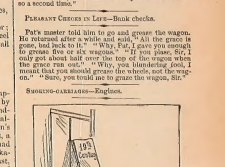

A rich old speculator in Chicago, It is said, has sent a request to our Italian minister to engage "Mr. Chromo" to paint him a picture worth not less than $50,000.

AN INDIAN ACT—Pulling down the blind.

"WIFE, I don't see how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "They don't send the paper," said the wife. "They just send the writing in a fluid state."

A liberal translation of "*tempus fugit*" in "few got time."

The man who by mistake took a drink from a bottle of mucilage says he has felt "stuck up" ever since.

BEHIND THE RAMPARTS—A CRITICAL MOMENT.

IRREGULAR FRENCH TROOPS.

FRENCH SOLDIERS.

We give on this page some illustrations that show the motley character of the armies on which France now relies for deliverance. The honest-looking but not very smart nor intelligent Breton would doubtless make excellent soldiers in time, but no amount of drilling they are likely to get before the Prussians force them into the field can make them equal to the educated peasant-soldiery directed by MOLTKE. As for the Turcos, and other wild people brought over from Algeria, they are good for nothing in a war like this. Against their own kind their military training would make them efficient troops; but when employed against such men as Germany sends into the field, they must share the fate of all savages brought into conflict with a civilized race. Their bravery and dash avail nothing against the steady resolution and intelligent training of the Germans.

TURCOS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

A BALLOON DESCENT.

THE dispatch of balloons from Paris conveying persons and bags of letters, when the wind favors the passage, to territory beyond the Prussian lines of investment, is a remarkable characteristic of the siege of that capital. The picture on page 741 shows the descent of one of these balloons at Dreux, on the Eure, fifty miles west of Paris. The aeronaut, M. ISSANDIER, who was alone in the balloon, was greatly alarmed on nearing the ground by the approach of a number of horsemen, whom he took for Prussian Uhlans; but he had discharged so much gas that he could not help coming down then and there. To his great relief they turned out to be French volunteer cavalry scouts, ordered to welcome him, and assist his landing on terra firma. M. ISSANDIER gladly availed himself of their protection, and proceeded to Tours with important dispatches for the government from Paris.

PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS COOKING IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PARIS.

THE END OF ALL.

WHEN mirth is full and free
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high
The Watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its lure among,
Tempts its pageants vast,
And vaunts—it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eyes surveys,
With their adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend—
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts have, save Truth, but grave
Toward an end.

WHERE THE PATHS PARTED.

AFTER some restless wakening up and down the room the young lady had paused before the mirror, and now stood with her eyes riveted upon the image revealed to her.

This circumstance, you will think, was not in itself remarkable. Very true, it was not; but the fact referred to was far from ordinary.

It was a miracle of contradictions. It was a young face and an old face at once. It was fresh and yet a faded face. A care-worn, thoughtful face, that might, nevertheless, have been mistaken for a merry face. It was trustful, perhaps; or was it perhaps cynical? But one thing one might swear: among all its shadowy meanings of expressions it was very earnest, very honest. There was not a taint, either, of the dry-rot of vanity.

The eyes thus sounding themselves were not large, but were well shaped and liquid, and delicately charming, through their limpid softness and calm sincerity. The forehead above them was rather high and full, and upon it, between the somewhat heavily marked eyebrows, were two or three fine lines, visible in a strong light. It was the effect of these, perhaps, to fade the past round cheeks, if you observed them. The nose was not remarkable; the nostrils, thin and flexible, being quite too wide, with a slight dent in the upper part of their fine curves. Its whole shape have been wished away. But the mouth—the mouth was beautiful! perfect, in right of its outlines, its color, and its wonderful, delightful sweetness. And the chin was almost as pretty; decided, but gently carved, as lovingly impressed with one smooth dimple in its centre. I am sure that no woman would have called the face pretty, and no artist could have called it plain. It was framed by much (natural) dark brown hair, just now hanging loose and long about the girl's shoulders.

Between her elbows, where, for the better support of her chin, she rested them on the mantel by an open letter, hastily opened, evidently, for the envelope was on the floor, and torn in two or three pieces. And somehow, though her attentive glance had never touched it since she paused in her walk, you would have felt almost distinctly certain, if you had seen her, that this letter contained the motive of her present reflection. She did not sigh once. Observe, that she did not once sigh. But when her scrutiny had lasted perhaps five minutes a film seemed to create itself in her soft eyes, which still regarded themselves in an alien, critical way, exceedingly strange. The mist thickened, clouded her vision, and, resolving itself into two heavy and pearlish tears, rolled slowly down her cheeks. Others followed; and she watched them fall without the smallest change of expression. Presently, however, a slight spasmodic stricture contracted her lips, and a sob caught in her throat and choked her. At that she turned from the glass with a gesture of disdain toward the figure in it; but, seemingly in despite of herself, her head sank, she buried her face in her hands, her shoulders beat, her bosom heaved, her whole figure was convulsed by a sudden storm of some nameless emotion.

Almost immediately she lifted her head, and cried out aloud, passionately:

"Do my tears change my thing? I am a fool! My God! were there not reasons enough? What was the Heavenly reason for making me?"

Then she laughed. Not a self-scornful, female-Mephistophelian laugh; not even a merry heart-broken little sound, full of music.

The next thing was to take up the letter and reperuse it; and again; and again yet several times. Its sole and simple contents were what follows:

"DEAR MISS FELIX,—Hitherto I have been too busy to indulge myself with the happy-making pleasure of a visit to you; but if you are disengaged to-morrow evening, and it is sound for acclamation, I shall have a holiday, and inflict an hour or two of it upon you. If I bring with me the body-guard of which you wrote, which you maintain I support, I shall hope to leave them behind. Yours very truly, "ANTONIUS BOWARD."

It may not be out of place to state, at this point, that Mr. Augustine Howard was a journalist, industrious in his way, but hopelessly familiar genius for never making money; which was only equaled by his gift for throwing it away if chance ever forced any into his pocket. Miss Carmen Felix was a resident governess.

Long after it would have seemed that she must have extracted every possibility of meaning from the simple words of the note, Miss Carmen rose, and remarked to herself, philosophically:

"Well, the world turns round. To-morrow he becomes to-day, and it is time I should dress myself."

The direct sequence of these words seemed to be that she should so dress again, which she did, and looked thoughtfully at the carpet a long time. Then she slowly unlocked a writing-desk at her elbow, and selected from a thick package of letters, directed in the firm clear hand of a man of business, one—the most recently dated. It was what is called "a love-letter," in the entirest sense of the phrase; devoted, ardent, and decidedly silly. In addition to the absurdities inherent in such a composition, it was noticeable that in this specimen the capitals were not correctly placed, and that the punctuation was managed in accordance with a system original with the writer.

It is impossible to imagine any one with a more vivid perception of such infelicities than Miss Felix; but she read the letter through, word by word, slowly and attentively, twice; then slowly and carefully replaced it among the others, laid the package in its proper compartment, closed the desk methodically, and locked it with a sudden decisive click. Once more she spoke to herself—thus to speak being a bad habit of hers.

"There must be a death that he loves me," she said, right sadly. "Unfortunately there can not be a death of that. I wish I were not going to-day this evening too. However, I must comply with him."

She attended to this duty with scrupulous exactness. And though she was far from looking as handsome or as charming as she could look, she still dressed with unlikely about her bare shoulders, I am bound to say that the result would not have been unsatisfactory to the man she had loved her, which, thank Heaven! I never did. It is, perhaps, a matter for regret that I did not; it is downright fatality to love such a woman as Carmen Felix—a woman capable of so much controlling power. But what was about one would be pleasant, no doubt. Water-lilies are pleasant things to look at, but if I were in a strong swimmer? I would prefer they should not twine their soft long stems around my neck. I have noticed that there is a class of women (this is said in parenthesis), happily a small class, and unhappily a fascinating one, who do most particularly delight in making persuade themselves that they are conscientiously refraining from any and every thing which Carmen Felix may have belonged to it.

After she was dressed, she felt her heart dissink when she sat waiting. It did not flutter —it never did—but somehow impeded her respiration. Then, suddenly, it left off, which she did not disguise from herself, distressed her, and she was aware also that it would be apt to flush her face alarmingly. Yet she had resolved in the course of Emerson to quiet herself. It will be admitted that she chose wisely. Carmen Felix never was against her. When the servant entered her room a little while after, with Mr. Howard's card, she was trembling and changed five times over these words, which she had lit upon, and twice erased:

"Whatever is fated, that will take place. The great, immense mind of Jove is not to be transgressed."

"Very well," said Miss Felix, rising; "I will be down in a moment." She added to herself, "But should I not be free from responsibility, in any rate." After a little pause and laughing: "Oh yes! Amen, I say, remember Mr. Howard Ainsworth's speak with perfect ease again, and yet with a curious effect of forcing herself to say what she was saying.

"Don't you remember? He used to bring me flowers sometimes when I was boarding at Mrs. Dixon's. You did not like him much, though, I believe."

"His favorite outlook?" Mr. Howard repeated her words without emphasis.

"He likes it very much indeed; and who can wonder? All my friends are not so forgotten as to be, I hope, unremembered, Mr. Howard. By-the-way, that reminds me that I am angry with you. What is the reason that you have not come before?"

Mr. Howard had been in the room but a few while—perhaps a minute—and no words of particular meaning had been spoken by either. Miss Felix, I suppose, was self-possessed, I suppose, the impossibility of making commonplaces commonplaces; of banishing meaning from words and sentences; of quite covering the fire which leaped in tremulous flashes to the surface of the ice-cold and cold unreproved by the eyes of the other. He looked deeply into her eyes as long as she would let him, and when they dropped beneath his, behind their long fringes he spoke. Slowly, as a man speaks who speaks to be heard, and to be heard only by those for whom he has brushed wrangling; as a woman speaks when she quietly soothes her child who is dying. He spoke in a very sweet, rapid, dangerous way in darkness; as a diplomatist touches tenderly the heart of a woman before he pierces it.

"I think I can explain," he answered, gazing at her eyelids as if they were white eyes—"I think I can explain, if you will let me. I can assure myself of two things. To make them certain beyond a doubt. One was assured me months since. The other—Do you remember a little note you wrote me two months since?"

"I suppose I did not destroy it," said Miss Felix, in a low voice, without looking up. Her face was quite white.

"It was of importance to me," he answered, with a painful and pallid smile, "when it took the form of a note to frame a suitable reply. I have brought one with me. I came to make it, and I beg you to hear me. I wish to make you feel—"

"Don't go on!" cried Miss Felix, in a sharp, unnatural voice. "I have something to tell you. I am going to be married in October!"

There was a dead silence after that, and a sense of suffocation in the room. A burning pain devoured Miss Felix's brain, neck and chest below, and receded, leaving an ashy pallor. She was conscious of the horrible fear and shame that forgot every thing, even the despair she had thrust into her listener's heart. She had held in her hand a carven fan; its delicate handle snapped, and it fell to the floor; neither of them made the small, sharp noise, or stooped to recover the toy. Mr. Howard did not seem to notice the advantage she had given him. He looked at her like a man bewildered by a sudden blow. At last he held out his hand, and when she placed hers within it he crushed the soft palm.

"I congratulate you from my heart on whatever is likely to make you happy. God bless you, Miss Carmen Felix!"

He uttered these words in a husky voice, that came from a pierced heart, and that thrilled his listener's like living flame. "If God ever made a creature who deserves happiness, it is you: if a man's deathless—if my eternity—could do it seems to me you would have it in spite of God himself."

"Oh, even! what am I, that you should say such things?" The words dropped from her lips in a half whisper, her white, scared face without a feeling the anxious passion of his. "Why—oh, my God!—why did you not answer my letter?"

She rose from her chair. I can not describe her look, nor his. Her gesture was unutterable, horror of herself, despair, half extinguishing agony. He stood as he had been struck, silent for one moment, she changed. Her eyes lost their intensity; a little color crept into her cheeks; her high mood seemed to lower itself; her whole figure somehow to *settle*. She sank back into her chair as if she were tired, and her fingers loosely, and pressed them against her breast; she drew a long, slow breath, and with a faint smile said, murmuringly:

"Do, pray, forgive me! Sometimes I am so silly."

"Forgive you! I can not understand you. If I—if I could think a possible—"

"Oh, I hope it is possible!" she cried, opening her eyes and looking at him merrily, with the same lonely light and rippled over them, "when, a while ago, up stairs, she had called herself a fool. She was very much obliged, now, and was in danger of them just now. But, you see, though I expect to be very happy, of course, the thought of it never kept my heart from these distresses me. You must have been truly amazed at such a singular unconcernedness of mine. Pray, pardon me, if you were. Yes, I am going to marry Mr. Ainsworth." Then she went on with increasing brightness, her cheeks burning scarlet while she talked. "I wish you were better acquainted with him; I am sure you would like him very much indeed. There is nothing remarkable about him; he is nowise brilliant; but he is very good, and he will make me more to do with everyday happiness than all the brilliancy in the world. Don't you agree with me? And I am very fond of him, you know, since I am to marry him—he has plenty of money, And I have been sensible, just now, reasons —what not—so long that I shall be quite ready, no doubt, to appreciate pretty things and handsome. Ah, I had you are thinking of going? Why, I supposed I should have a nice long visit. Yes, yes," seeing Mr. Howard turning flippancy, "you remember you have to present me with your flowers."

"Nay, I am sure you will pardon me without an explanation." Mr. Howard's haggard face was a curious study of pity and his low voice, uncertain and tremulous, had the same quality. "I would gladly do anything my sky, if the object of my coming is answered. I can not affect indifference well, and I do not wish to pain you."

"Oh, I am sorry you came!" repeated Miss Felix, with uncomprehending, cordial warmth. "I am sorry you came, and I am glad you came. I should hope for the pleasure of reintroducing you to Mr. Ainsworth. I expect him also this evening."

"There is the more reason for a speedy leave-taking," said Mr. Howard, with the frank courtesy of a gentleman. "I fear it will be a long one to us. I shall probably leave for Europe in a day or two. I shall know I have accomplished a visit to my mother for a long time, and the pressure will be a fortnight or more."

Miss Carmen expressed her frankly warm regrets and good wishes with eyelids that never quivered, and with a face that never flushed. But just as he was leaving—He had said farewell quietly, and had shut her hand in his, and held it open in a hungry, clinging grasp, that seemed as though it could *not* loosen, and looked at her with the silent, death agony of a heart-rent beginning in his eyes. This gleam fell into hers with all its weight. She pierced him deep, and sunk out of it in inexplicable lethargy. She seized with both hands the one that had held hers, and pressed it with a passion of tenderness against her breast. There fell from her lips one monosyllable, but it sounded like the falling of a heart-rent deep in the darkness, as the murmured, and stopped. At that his eyes lighted with a renewed interrogation; there was a smile in hers, and no answer.

When he had gone she stood still in the same attitude, looking at the vacant air as if she saw his ghost. She was quiet and motionless a long time. Then she spoke:

"I wonder if I am dead, or alive," she murmured, smiling quietly. But her face looked ashen, and her lips were torn open with pain. She put her hand on her heart with a whimsical air of interrogation. "It certainly beats! Well, it is a comfort to know where to place one's self. But if I am not dead, I am certainly drowning. I feel nothing, and I don't wonder at wonderful things. Yes, I'm certainly dreaming. To be dead might be the fate of the two. There is a doubt, at least, about the quality of the dreams they shut up in the coffin with one. I wonder if pins or crosses hold the heads down. Ah, what a pity I did not think of that doubt before!"

This she murmured, after a minute of silence, with a quaint air of calm affectedness, which, in some inexplicable way, might have suggested a broken heart.

"Yet for our love shall fate retire,
Nor God relent for our desires,
Till the grave open for our call.
The end is more than joy or anguish,
Than lives that laugh or lives that anguish,
The poppied sleep, the end of all!"

She repeated these lines in that musical, soft, sad voice of hers, whose subtle, heart-seeking intonations somehow always reminded me of the leaping and murmuring of white flame. The last low cadence dispersed itself like melting perfume. The bell startled the listening silence. Miss Carmen clasped her hands and looked upward.

"Now God help me to do the hard, right thing!"

The gesture was honest, the aspiration sincere and fervent. But from her lips it might well have reminded one of the text on a good Mussulman's sharp and cunning—pretty quoted at bloody work.

Mr. Ainsworth entered the next moment. He was what is called a "good-looking" man; decidedly so, indeed, though the cast of his features was rather heavy, and though his figure, which was of no more than the medium height, was somewhat too stoutly built. His was very fair, with a profusion of blonde hair, and blue eyes, which were honest and tender, but not bright. His manner was more choice of courtesy, and his appearance and elegant, unassuming dress those of a man of wealth. I am bound to say that the difference between himself and Miss Carmen was conducted in the manner of bestrothed lovers. But this over-fine and well-bred lady had merely submitted to an embrace which she could hardly avoid), she seated herself at some little distance from her lover, and gave a hasty conversation of commonplaces. There was visible about her a remulous agitation, a certain cowardice—a certain irresolution in the nervous twitching of her clasped fingers. But Mr. Ainsworth was not the person to observe either indication.

However, love is prescient, wherever its home may be; and he grew uneasy after a little while, without knowing why. Perhaps he remembered that his mistress did not use to receive him in such a chilling distance.

"Come Carmen," he said at last, "come and sit beside me on the sofa. I want to tell you about something important. I want to explain to you about some matters I have been looking at. You remember the corner house I spoke of, the brick, with brown-stone trimmings, dear—I—why don't you come and sit beside me, Carmen?"

"I'm coming. But brick and brown-stone are such heavy topics! Don't talk to me about houses, please. Besides, I know all about it beforehand: 'the man won't hear reason, won't give in an inch,' you'll say, 'and therefore I shall you purchase whether or no?' Indeed, I can't tell. I'm not a woman of business. Please I myself."

She loaned her head back, and folded her hands, and closed her eyes. She was pallid under them, but they seemed so. She looked indifferent, almost tired.

"Why, surely, Carmen, it is something to you!" said Mr. Ainsworth, after a minute's surprised silence. "But perhaps you are not well. If I won't weary you, love, with details that you don't care for. Come dear, and sit beside me a little and let me die, you shall go over it with me, if you will, and see all for yourself. You will understand it better then."

"You find me rather stupid to-night, perhaps?"

"You stupid?" cried the lover with ardor, and would have kissed her; but she avoided the embrace, and seemed a little hurt.

"Carmen! What is the matter with you to-night?"

"The matter? with me? Am I not looking well? It is this blue ribbon, perhaps; blue is not becoming to me, in spite of my complexion. But just now I am anxious to hear what you wish about the house.

"My darling," said Mr. Ainsworth, beginning to look puzzled as well as grieved, "I thought the subject was you?"

"It did, but I've changed my mind. Ferdinand—you—you tell me if I ask you."

Mr. Ainsworth was very distinctly in love, and it took only the slight accent of kindness in this question to banish the shadow which had begun to creep over him.

"I will do any thing on earth for you, my pet!" he answered, with devotion almost overpowering to the subject.

And so he began, immediately forgetting his momentary pique in his desire to please her, and shortly entering into his subject on source. For though he was a young man, with a fortune, and courted in consequence, he was full of home longings and fine domestic instincts; and he had pleased himself for many a week with imagining all sorts of pretty contrivances, and luxurious nooks and corners, in the new house he was to make ready for the bird he had won, and which he truly thought of Paradise. So he told her all he meant to do, and mixed up his descriptions with raptures and ardent epithets that showed his very soul. And Carmen—though her head still lying back against the wall, her hand in his, he having captured it long ago. The color had quite sunk out of her face. It had not faded suddenly; the blood seemed to have drained itself away, to have fallen like the mercury when the weather chills.

"Do you like it?" he asked at last.

"Yes; that is—She broke. Now describe its mistress—"

"Describe its mistress—*to you?* Ah, I can't do that! God made her, and made her perfect; too good for any home but heaven! And God grant I may be *there* first, and see the spirit in the flesh!"

He added this aspiration after a moment's silence, with an egotism and a sudden, poignant anguish of love which love alone can create or justify. "And she is beautiful as well as good. Kiss me, Carmen."

She let him kiss her cheek, and then, with a quick, bitter sigh, turned her lips to his for one immeasurable instant. His frame quivered from head to foot: he could not speak. He held her fast, and looked at her—looked at her as a man looks at but one woman on earth—as he has never indeed his very soul, and his whole being yearned to her. But she was gone, suddenly and far from his lips.

"Please let me go." The words came in a soft, voice, which, being so distinct just then, had death in it. Let me go, Ferdinand. I shall never be your mistress of this house."

He did not seem to hear her, and would have drawn her head down against his breast.

"Let me go, Ferdinand. I shall never live in the house you have been making ready for me. You must find another mistress for it, my poor friend; a better one than I."

He loosed his hold of her, and stared at her with exacted brows. Then he spoke, it was huskily and painfully and slowly:

"I don't get so, Carmen. Darling, don't jest so. You puzzle me and you pain me. I don't understand you. I can not bear to hear you talk so, even in jest. Tell me what it is."

"No: I don't love you," answered the girl, quickly, with no pause.

He seized her hands, and crushed them with a fierce pressure.

"Good God! What do you mean?"

"I have wanted to tell you before, Ferdinand—often." And her voice was low and very hoarse and dry. "I have wanted to tell you often. But until this evening I did not know how wicked and how cruel I was to torture you so. Now I can not marry you."

A great cramp from his lips. He looked at her with the eyes of a drowning wretch in sight of succor. She turned her face away, and went on:

"I want to ease your pain by telling you just what I am. I want you to know what I am. Will you hear me, Ferdinand? Then you could only despise me as I do myself! Then you would read me as you have read me, and would trample on every thought of me; you would disdain to suffer for such a creature as I!" She interrupted herself, and a drowning wretch in sight; she had glanced at the face confronting her. "Oh, don't look at me so, Ferdinand. I will cure your love for me. Only listen. Ferdinand, before I saw you I loved some one. I would have married him, but he was poor, and he did not; I thought he had seen my love and despised it, and he was very wretched and very poor. Then you came. I was so lonesome and so miserable. And you seemed to love me—I don't ask, I don't care, if you did not—but only listen. I remembered I was poor and plain, and not very young nor talented, and I knew you had money, and I could perhaps make you happy at least. And—oh! Ferdinand, understand, for God's sake, how I came to do it! I knew you had money, and I longed for ease. And so I promised to marry you. But this evening he came back to me. He must have asked me to marry him, and I would not let him. I told him that I could not marry you. And I can not! I can not! I can not!"

She covered her eyes with her hands, because she could not look at him any longer. She trembled with horror of herself and terror for him. His face was like that of a man in a fever. "Is this the right thing?" She heard his slow, difficult breaths, and saw him shudder. His face was utterly changed. It had grown old and gray and ghastly. With a wolfish, murderous light in the eyes. He spoke slowly and painfully.

"You are going to marry *him*, then? Damn him!"

"He bade me farewell," she whispered, pallid to the lips. "He has gone away; he will never return."

"You double-faced flirt! Fly after him; hang upon *his* neck. Curse him! Kiss *him*. And pray God—"

She held up her hands with one of her strange, speaking gestures. All the long weeks of her humiliation, all the pleading of undefended weakness. Her eyelashes were wet with tears that came no further. Her noble bosom seemed broken up with smothered sobs. At that sight—the misery and the weakness of the woman—he was the man once more himself. He held out his arms, with a strange, dumb yearning, and drew her close again to his breast. He kissed her head, figure in his arms, and kissed her forehead again and again; the despair of his own heart was lulled by the called love; endearing name a thousand times—his love, his life, his flower, his pretty bird of thought. It was instinct that drew her way above price! And she lay in his embrace without a word; she had neither voice nor power out a word; she had neither voice nor power out a word; she had instinct that drew her away from him at last. Then she held his hands in hers, and looked at him with a ghastly smile.

"Only reproach me! Ah, only tell me you forgive me because you despise me!"

"Carmen! Is there no hope? Don't you think you can learn to love *me*—a little? I would die for you, Carmen!"

Her grief broke into passionate sobs at last, and there fell upon his hands a mingled rain of tears and kisses.

"I do like you—too well, too well to marry you. Your wife should give you her whole heart, and that I can not. Forgive me, and live to thank me for saving you from such a woman as I am!"

Let the rest pass. She remained steadfast. In spite of his pleading, of the traitor in her own breast, of her remorse and his despair, she sent him from her.

Mr. Howard sailed in two days. He passed quite away from her life; she never saw him nor heard of him again. Within some years Mr. Ainsworth married a sweet and loving girl, who was not in love with Carmen had been, but who gave to his life its calmer light of content.

And Carmen. She, too, was married—to a clergyman. He was quite a severe man, with exalted views of his office; decidedly inclined to Romanism. During six months his wife was very ill and a invalid. After that she wrote a book. It was a strange volume, not successful, and which was severely, yelling fatalism and despair. It was the cause of difference between herself and her husband, which resulted in a total separation, during the greatly commiserating the sanctified minister of God.

I have in a letter in her private journal inscribed with a date—the date of this one evening in her life which I have endeavored to describe, as it is burned in a flower, brown and crisp, which she wore in her hair that day. And the place is kept with a blue ribbon.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE high and exposed situation of Willehmshöhe, the present residence of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, is said to be unsuited for the sufferers very severe. It doubtedly a prolonged sojourn there would be trying to the health of persons accustomed to the rigors of a northern climate. This fact, added to the circumstance that the Empress Eugenie's health is now very cold, may have given rise to the report that he is about to remove from Willehmshöhe to Wilhelmsthal in Ems. But that is it may, this rumor brings into notice that little island in the Mediterranean. Ellis is about eighteen miles long, and its greatest width is twelve miles. It has an area of about ninety-seven square miles, and a population, according to census of 93,000, of whom between 700 and 8000 are proprietors of the soil. It has numerous mountainous, and some of its peaks rise to the height of 3000 feet above the level of the sea. Its coast is generally rocky, and rises from shoreside in the valleys. Red and white wine, merino salt, sardines, anchovies, and other fish are among the products of Ellis. It is also noted for its iron and other minerals. During the brief sovereignty of Napoleon I. at Ellis he made many improvements upon the island.

The English who, from motives of curiosity or otherwise, are still visiting New York, are reported to be under the protection of our minister, Mr. Washburne.

NEW York is to be favored with another census. The order for it states that the charges which have come to the Treasury Bureau, alleging that the first census was grossly inaccurate, render it necessary to have another completed, so that the charges may be disproved, or a fuller and more accurate enumeration of the inhabitants obtained.

Stenographic reporting by machinery is one of the latest improvements. Some English genius has announced a stenographic press, which enables the reporter to sit at his ease, and transcribe at a proper time, and by applying his fingers to the keys to print in a style of perfect uniformity upon which present the words which drop from the lips of a speaker. A new monthly periodical is to commence in Paris in the most finest speaker with case. Pity that somebody can not invent a condensing machine to work in connection with it. Speeches would be too long for newspapers unless judiciously cut down.

It is well known that some colors do not "take well" in photographs, as purple, pink, violet, pale, and negatives will come out very light. Dark shades of brown, drab, green, maroon, and plain black, without gloss, will take a rich drab-color. So, also, scarlet, cherry, crimson, and dark orange. Silks come out lighter than woolen goods.

The work of counting sustituted fractional currency and legal tenders received at the Treasury Department for redemption, from all parts of the country, is done entirely by women. It is said that they excel men in counting the notes, as they are quicker, and their fingers more pliable, but that they do not succeed so well in the work of counting silver. Probably we are not large enough to grasp the bundle and separate the notes quickly enough.

The Bishop of Calcutta recently visited Burmah, but the various points of etiquette prevented a proposed interview between him and the King of Burmah. The king intered the room on his hands and knees, cross-legged before him on a small carpet. The bishop asked to be excused from this mode of salute, but he could not allow any man either to stand before him or to occupy a seat not lower than his own. The bishop ended by lying on a very low couch on these occasions. The bishop was likewise firm; he declined to suffer the indignity of either sitting cross-legged on a bit of carpet; and the result was that the bishop left Mandalay without seeing the king. Preparations both were very desirous that an interview should take place.

The presence of a lady law student in a court-room in Rockford, Illinois, created a sensible diminution in the number of boot-heels resting upon tables and railings, low tones of conversation, and whispered remarks—his love, his life, his flower, his pretty bird of thought. It was instinct that drew her away above price! And she lay in his embrace without a word; she had neither voice nor power out a word; she had neither voice nor power out a word; she had instinct that drew her away from him at last. Then she held his hands in hers, and looked at him with a ghastly smile.

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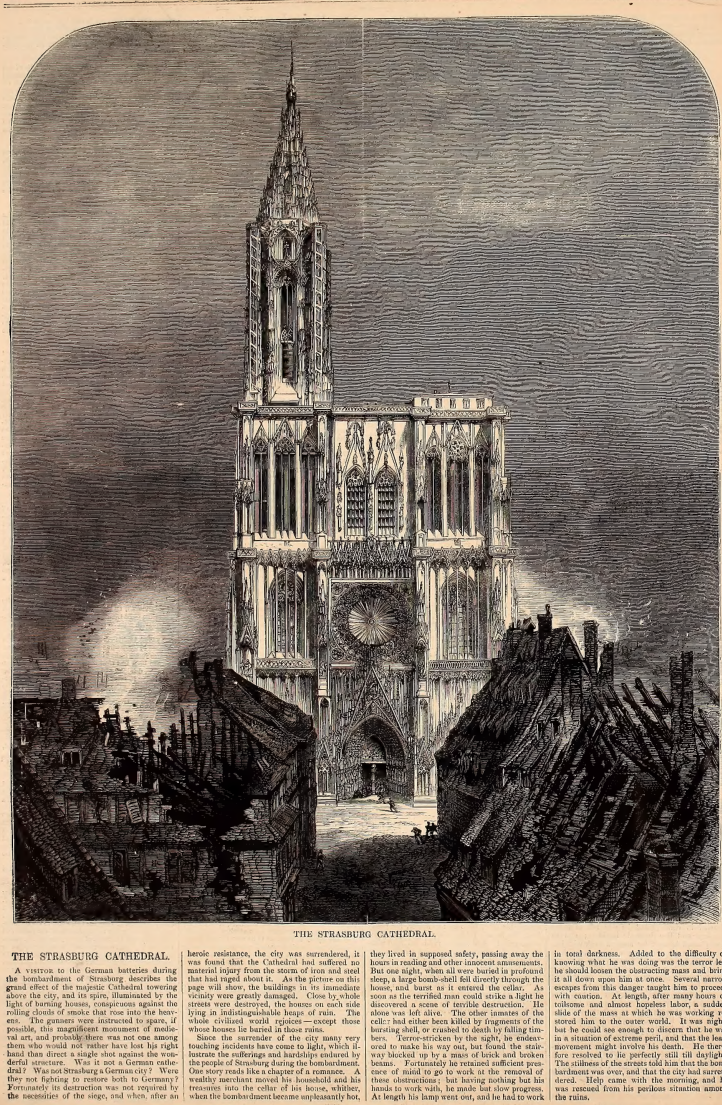

THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

A VISITOR to the German batteries during the bombardment of Strasburg describes the grand effect of the majestic Cathedral towering above the city, and its spire, illuminated by the light of burning houses, conspicuous against the rolling clouds of smoke that rose into the heavens. The gunners were instructed to spare, if possible, this magnificent monument of mediæval art, and probably there was not one among them who would not rather have lost his right hand than direct a single shot against the wonderful structure. Was it not a German cathedral? Was not Strasburg a German city? Were they not fighting to restore both to Germany? Fortunately its destruction was not required by the necessities of the siege, and when, after an heroic resistance, the city was surrendered, it was found that the Cathedral had suffered no material injury from the storm of iron and steel that had raged about it. As the picture on this page will show, the buildings in its immediate vicinity were greatly damaged. Close by whole streets were destroyed, the houses on each side lying in indistinguishable heaps of ruin. The whole civilized world rejoices — except those whose houses lie buried in those ruins.

Since the surrender of the city many very touching incidents have come to light, which illustrate the sufferings and hardships endured by the people of Strasburg during the bombardment. One story reads like a chapter of a romance. A wealthy merchant moved his household and his treasures into the cellar of his house, whither, when the bombardment became unpleasantly hot, they lived in supposed safety, passing away the hours in reading and other innocent amusements. But one night, when all were buried in profound sleep, a large bomb-shell fell directly through the house, and burst as it entered the cellar. As soon as the terrified man could strike a light he discovered a scene of terrible destruction. He alone was left alive. The other inmates of the cellar had either been killed by fragments of the bursting shell, or crushed to death by falling timbers. Terror-stricken by the sight, he endeavored to make his way out, but found the stairway blocked up by a mass of brick and broken beams. Fortunately he retained sufficient presence of mind to go to work at the removal of these obstructions; but having nothing but his hands to work with, he made but slow progress. At length his lamp went out, and he had to work in total darkness. Added to the difficulty of knowing what he was doing was the terror lest he should loosen the obstructing mass and bring it all down upon him at once. Several narrow escapes from this danger taught him to proceed with caution. At length, after many hours of toilsome and almost hopeless labor, a sudden slide of the mass at which he was working restored him to the outer world. It was night, but he could see enough to discern that he was in a situation of extreme peril, and that the least movement might involve his death. He therefore resolved to lie perfectly still till daylight. The stillness of the streets told him that the bombardment was over, and that the city had surrendered. Help came with the morning, and he was rescued from his perilous situation among the ruins.

TAKING THE CENSUS.—[From a Sketch by Thomas Worth.]

SOCIAL IRREPRESSIBLES.

ACCORDING to Rabelais, there once grew a kind of medlar which caused those who ate of the fruit to swell enormously; and, in like manner, some persons having partaken of mischievous food, their natural priggishness is developed and distended to an extent which seriously interferes with the comfort of others. Sometimes this dreadful mania for improving others takes the shape of exercise in socialism. We men will be seen making the lives of their husbands, brothers, and lovers a burden with the high cause of altering and moulding with what really does not concern them, if they could only be persuaded to think so. Nothing is sacred with them but reform, root and branch, of all the habits and peculiarities which have become sweet with the nature of the unfortunate victim. It is the "See what I can do!" of the loving, restless fingers, which are never still, on a man who have the beard or moustache taken from his whiskers docked, his latch-key taken from him, his cigars counted out to him, his manners looked after, and all his little weaknesses crushed out of him, until he hardly knows himself as he stands in the street, the sport and derision alike of Barbarian and Philistine. It was said of Madame Récamier, "Elle n'est pour ses amis la sœur de charité, de leurs peines, de leurs faiblesses, et souvent un peu de leur fortune." What a charming woman that must have been! But one of the class we have in view has been described as "being in this sort of benevolence thoroughly cruel, and she would listen to nothing that was said to her, because she was convinced that *she was managing admirably.*" There is a *that she was managing admirably.*" There is a world of significance in the words we have italicked. This particular disposition of mind perhaps rather pedantically defined as a deficiency of Entropelis, which is the power of altering your own mental attitude to that of others. Who will show us any good? Alas! how many are too ready to undertake the task under the impression that they, of all others, can demonstrate it most effectually! Indeed, they are quite convinced a grave mistake; for, besides affording these Irrepressibles the unholy satisfaction of feeling that a point has been gained, you will discover that it is the prelude to other demands, and, before you know where you are exactly, you will find yourself attired in a swallow-tailed coat or a round jacket, or something else equally unsuitable to your habits and opposed to your own inclinations. It does not matter whether you go to bed early or late—if you did the one before you will have to do the other now; or whether you smoke five times or twenty times a day—whichever it is, your privilege will be reduced by one-half, and the safest plan is to demand in the first instance, and peremptorily, fully twice as much as you desire to obtain.

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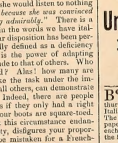

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Coney Island. Sandy Hook—Highland Lights. Staten Island.

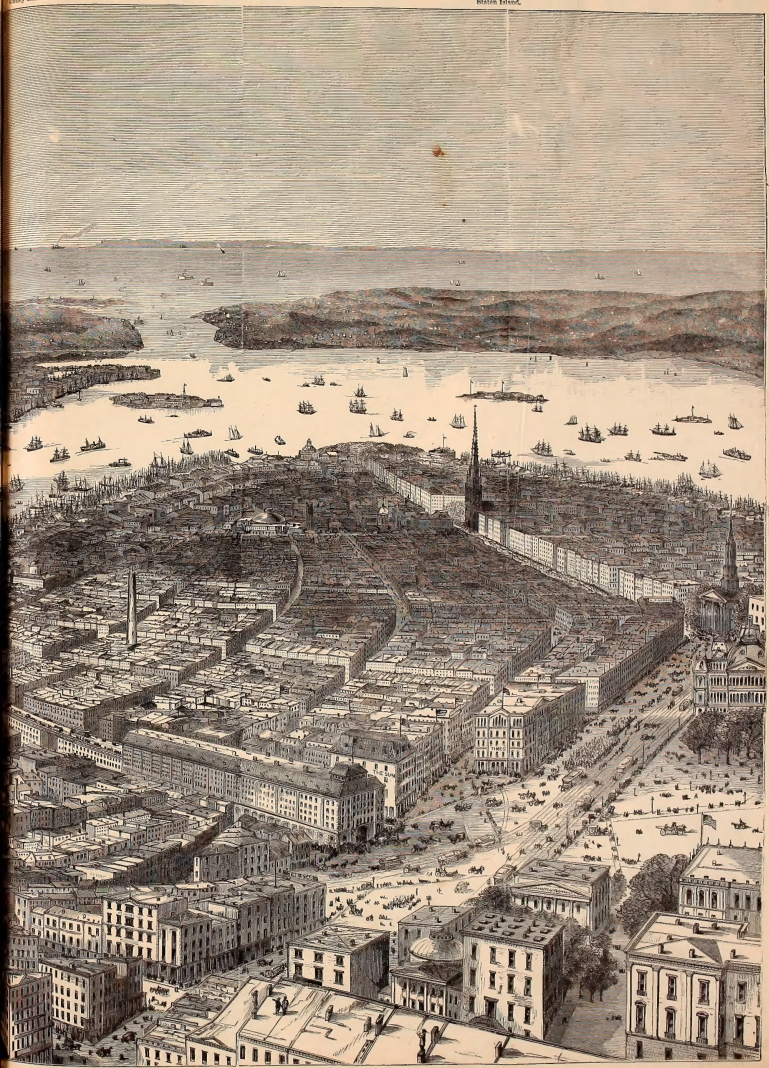

ST RIVER, FROM THE WESTERN TERMINUS IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 739.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 726.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE TRAVELING TINKER.

THE itinerant tinker, a few years ago, was an important personage in the rural districts. He traveled from village to village, from farm-house to farm-house, and being generally a good-natured, oddish man, with a talent for conversation and telling stories, and always willing to chat over his puttering work, he was almost as welcome as the traveling peddler. The growth of villages, and the increasing cheapness of manufacture, have nearly driven him out of business, and he is now rarely met with except in districts remote from large towns. People have discovered that it is cheaper to throw away leaky pans and kettles, and buy new ones, than to have the old tinkered up. He is, however, to be met with occasionally in the vicinity of our larger cities. The illustration on this page is a sketch from life in a New Jersey village near New York.

CHINESE GODS.

THE amiable celestials do not treat their gods with much veneration. If burning sun, continued drought, and dry weather should prevail, and their simulated offerings, their scant prayers, should not result in the required change of weather, they very coolly take down Joss, kick him and cuff him, and put him out in the sun and heat, just to let him see how he likes it! Then, as they keep the poor dumb image out of doors until the rain comes, he gets the credit of having produced it after all; and accordingly becomes duly reinstated to his former dignity, amidst the joyful adoration of his benighted worshipers.

In every corner of the Chinese empire you come upon the Joss-house. Many are crumbling into ruins, and but few of the best are remarkable for any architectural beauty, but make up for any deficiency in that respect by a super-

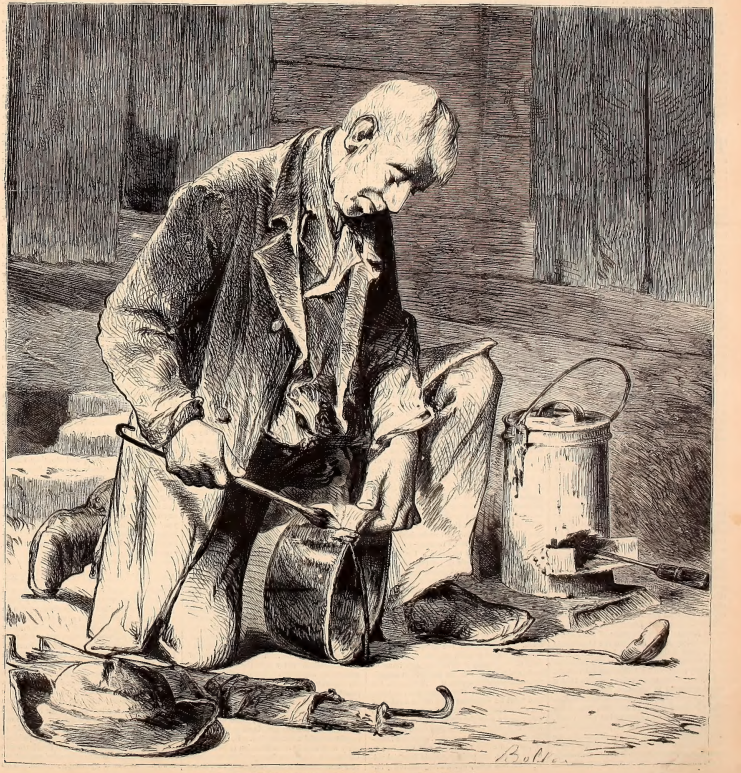

THE TRAVELING TINKER.—[DRAWN BY JOHN ROLLES.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

☞ *Persons desiring to* RENEW *their Subscription to this Paper will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their names as early as convenient to prevent mistakes and* DELAY *in* SUPPLYING SUBSCRIPTION. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and making back Numbers.*

THE SITUATION.

THE elections of this autumn were peculiarly interesting, because they were the first answer to the inquiry whether the Republican party had fulfilled its mission. The Democrats upon one side, and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS upon the other, loudly sneered that the Republican party cumbered the ground. They insisted that it was organized to withstand slavery, and that, slavery being utterly abolished, the party was superfluous. Had the political situation been as simple as they represented, they would have been quite correct. The party would be superfluous, and would be discarded by the country. But as it is not so simple, and will control the next Congress by some majority, as the Democratic majority in New York is not increased, notwithstanding the Republican feuds, as Mr. PHILLIPS's vote falls far below what had been anticipated by his friends, and as, in a word, the Republican line is virtually unbroken, it may possibly occur to the Democratic orators and to Mr. PHILLIPS that they are mistaken, and that there is some reason for the steadfast support which the Republican party receives from the people of the United States.

This reason is evident enough. Upon questions of general policy both parties are united. For instance, the Republican party, as such, is not a protectionist party, nor is the Democratic, as such, a free-trade party. But both parties demand reduced taxation. The foreign policy of neither party is belligerent. The doctrinaires can please themselves as much upon one side as upon the other. But the Republican party, being in power, is criticised in every point. Its mistakes are magnified in every spirit, and they chill or even alienate many of its own friends. It is full of the suspicions, jealousies, and hostilities that attend every protracted conflict, despite all these considerations, is due to the deep distrust of the Democratic party felt by the country, and by the profound confidence, even of the impatient and critical, that the great measures of real progress are to be expected from a party of the history and composition of the Republican. A self-respecting and truly wise foreign policy, reform in the domestic civil service, and practical dealing with the danger of electoral corruption, are to be expected from the Republican party, and from the Democratic party.

This feeling that Democratic ascendancy would fatally disturb the peace of the country is founded upon the fact that the Democratic party, down to the year 1860, had subordinated every interest in the country to the extension of slavery; that in 1861 it exerted its influence to a revolutionary faction; that in 1864 it urged surrender to the same faction; that in 1868 it advocated repudiation and renunciation of the political results of the war; that it has been for ten years a disorganizing party; and, above all, that its spirit and purpose and leadership remain unchanged to-day. It sneers at the war, it sighs for the old day of the slavery despotism, it hates the negro, it denies the validity of the amendments, and it would repudiate the debt. Mere passive opposition to a party so radically destructive and revolutionary would be enough to hold the Republican party together, and, in view of the facts, the support by some Republicans of certain Democratic candidates, because of some special measures which they are supposed to favor, is as much a betrayal of the great interests of the country as if a Prussian company should shoot their own officers in the back because a party fancied that some of the French officers were better soldiers.

That this is the real situation, and that this well-founded and most natural distrust of the explanation of the unyielding Republican strength, is felt by the Democrats themselves. They shout that they have not been defeated in New York, but they are too shrewd not to understand the significance of the whole result. So on the day after the election, when it was plain that the hope of a threatening minority, if not of an actual majority, in Congress was utterly baffled, the New York *World* began to shadow out the explanation of the unyielding Republican strength, is felt by the Democrats themselves. They shout that they have not been defeated in New York, but they are too shrewd not to understand the significance of the whole result. So on the day after the election, when it was plain that the hope of a threatening minority, if not of an actual majority, in Congress was utterly baffled, the New York *World* began to shadow out the explanation. The Democratic intention is known. Tammany Hall, the most powerful and corruptest organization of political managers in the country, has again elected its docile agent, Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Governor of New York. It now prepares to vote for the control of the country, with him as its Presidential candidate in 1872. Its organ, therefore, begins immediately to claim that the party is always successful in New York, and that therefore the leaders in other States should yield to the New York policy. That policy, when it insinuates, is persuaded that there is but one way in which the party can succeed in 1872, and that is by abandoning acquiescence in the great Republican settlements of the war, without which the national distrust of the party will remain unabated.

That it can bring the Democratic party to this acquiescence we do not suppose, because, although Tammany Hall has no conception of principles except those of success at any cost, there is a large part of the Democratic party which has. A delicacy of feeling, a sensitive sentiment, and hatred of the debt and the negro, are sincerely felt by the great bulk of the party in the country. A very large part of it is not strictly ex-rebel, and that part, at least, has a great deal of fervor of conviction. Moreover, as in the party of opposition the ruling democratic prejudices of every kind are invincible. The Tammany managers, therefore, will not find it the easy task to persuade as the defective declaration of Freedmen in favor of some form of government. The refusal of the authorities to engage in the election necessarily covers them with doubt, and of course lessens their influence and command. The evident number and force of the Irish Democracy, the constitutional republicans, and the conviction that so much of the intelligence and character of the country are dominant against that party, the political struggle will really be between them and the Reds—the constitutional republicans acting with the Democrats, as the struggle approaches the situation will become still more tragical. The actual suffering will be more intense, and the feeling of the world will be that the French authorities ought to have accepted the armistice. Those who have been loudly looking for a great leader round this party, who have expected to see a MIRABEAU arising to unite EUROPE in a fiery, resistless crusade, or an ADAMS who would improvise a conquering army from raw and despoiling recruits; those who declare that a great occasion always develops a great man—are silent during the terrible fact. Will TROCHU yet justify what MARSHAL BUGEAUD wrote of him to GUIZOT in 1845? "If you have him you would be as much satisfied with him as I am; he has precisely the head and sentiments that you love. He is absolutely a servitor at any height. I know no man in the army more thoroughly disposed than he is."

REPUBLICAN REVENUE REFORMERS.

IT is very evident that what is called revenue reform is assuming a certain importance in politics, and, as was expected at the time of the Missouri movement, it is a fact which should not be turned off with a sneer or an epithet. The Revolutionary party was originally composed of Whigs and Democrats. They united for action because they believed the slavery question to be the most urgent and vital issue, and they were agreed in the policy that should be pursued. Their views upon other subjects were held in abeyance, and each wing of the party was willing to make certain concessions to secure harmony and success. That harmony and success did follow. The achievements of the Republican party are the noblest ever wrought by any party. The consequences of the rapidity of its political movement are only paralleled by the military success of the Germans in France. But, naturally, as the slavery question is in process of settlement, the views of the members of the party upon other subjects become of more pressing importance, and require careful consideration. If, indeed, the party were merely a combination of Whigs and Democrats to abolish slavery, when the members were satisfied that there was no further danger they might return to their old parties. But the situation is not quite so simple.

The Whig party is extinct, and the Democratic party is the residuary legatee of the remains of slavery, and its fatal spirit and disorganizing tendency. Moreover, there is all the new generation of the Republican party—the young men who have been only Republican, and to whom the old Whig and Democratic names are mere traditions. In other words, the Republican party is not, as seems to be often assumed, a league for a particular purpose, which may be harmonized and closed when the purpose has been formally fulfilled, but it is a political organization founded upon certain principles, and which has so steadily persisted because it has applied them with the utmost sagacity to the paramount issues as they arose. That question of revenue and the present system of taxation, including the tariff, are now becoming prominent; and since the party must occupy some position and hold some policy upon that subject, and can not differ upon a vital point, there is no more interesting question than that of what that policy shall be.

Mr. JESCKES, of Rhode Island, in the speech which we elsewhere mention, declared himself a protectionist, and he very truly said that the Republican party in this Congress or the next must decide upon what principle the tariff is to be revised. A correspondent of the *Tribune* asserts that the great mass of the party is protectionist, while the *Evening Post* openly advocated the election of Republicans who were not free-traders or revenue reformers; and we had, at the late election, the remarkable spectacle of a Republican paper denouncing the corruption of the Tammany Ring as hostile to the existence and permanence of the government, and in the same breath urging Republicans to vote for a candidate of that Ring, a gentleman who said, during the war, that he considered JEFFERSON DAVIS and LINCOLN and JEFFERSON DAVIS equally guilty, and to vote for him merely because he was not a protectionist, against MR. GRIFFIN, who was, at the same time a third of the Republicans in Missouri united with the Democrats to elect a candidate who, in every speech that he made, denounced protection as virtual robbery. And it was announced from Washington, immediately after the election, that an alliance was contemplated between the revenue-reforming Republicans and the Democrats to organize the House by giving the Speakership to the former and other substantial advantages in the committees to the latter.

This is the exact situation. As we say elsewhere, we believe that, with reunion, the unshaken ascendency of the Republican party can be maintained. But it can only be by reasonable, the course of the *Evening Post* during the recent campaign should be made that of the Republican revenue reformers, they will, of course, actively destroy it. An alliance with the Democrats would be simple absorption; and the revenue reformers would discover that they were merely throwing the fetters of Tammany Hall over the whole country. They will not find that their proposed allies voted for the imposition of taxes at the last session. But they would find that they must either obey those allies or become futile and ridiculous. The consequence is plain. For the object for what is called revenue reform upon free-trade principles are these Republicans willing to help the Democratic party to the national supremacy? Are no other questions, no other interests, to be considered? Is not a reform in the civil service, or radical and organized effort against corruption in politics, quite as important as revenue reform, and do they look for any such effort in the Democratic party? Is not a faithful and honorable care of reconstruction as indispensable to the national welfare as revenue reform, and do we expect that of the Democratic party? These are some of the questions which Republican revenue reformers ought to ask themselves, if they are resolved that there is but one object, and that they will make any alliances and take any risks to secure it, from which to return, beyond reflection. But do they really see nothing in the national ascendency of the Democratic party but a reform in the revenue system?

A SHORT WAY WITH DISSENTERS.

GENERAL BUTLER, if he is correctly reported in the *Tribune*, warns respect for the popular judgment. He thinks that the country can be lulled and the Republican party saved by a cry of war with England, which will be entirely safe, because England, he says, will not dare to make war. Here we differ with General BUTLER, as we very inconvenient for Great Britain to go to war. It may be even hazardous, under existing circumstances. But the blood that flows in English veins is our own blood; and if England believed herself to be insulted she would do precisely what we should do. She would fight to the last gasp. We have heard before that people . . . . . But fight. Before our own war began it was very generally said at the South that the North was a mob of peddlers and white-livered sneaks; and at the North that the town's poor would as soon rebel against the town as the South against the Union. This

want the Chinese method. It was beating a tremendous tootsum of big words. But the wise men were mistaken. The North had the South did fight, and we have none of us forgotten how.

General BUTLER has himself already announced this policy. Upon Memorial-day, a year ago last spring, he addressed the soldiers at Gloucester, and defied Great Britain. There are no responses from the country, if we remember correctly. And Senator CHANDLER has belabored England in the Senate with the most energetic epithets, and still the country was silent. A war policy! It was tried in Congress last year, with Cuba as the point of departure. There was only Spain to consider, and what was Spain? Then there were a struggling people and a brave people. There were, besides, a great many grounds of a truly powerful and sympathetic appeal. General BANKS tried it. The country smiled at the General's zeal, and went to dinner. What! Have we, then, become indifferent to freedom, to humanity, to our own honor? Far from it: but we have become remarkably perceptive of Buncombe. When the member for that constituency rises we know that we shall hear all about that Strasburg mark upon the left arm, and "it is! it is! nee long-lost brother!"—but we have heard it before, and we are a little used to it.

The policy which the General is reported as advocating is the declaration to Great Britain that we propose to settle the *Alabama* difficulty immediately, amicably if possible, if not, then forcibly. The terms of the proposition are, that John Bull is to go down on his marrow-bones and cry *peccavi*, and agree that any Canadian provinces that wish to join the United States shall do so, and the annexation treaty be a receipt in full by us for all demands. It is truly simple. It is a transaction for the ocean telegraph. The State Department will send a message to Downing Street. "Do you confess your sins in the *Alabama* case, and will you telegraph a *peccavi* to the Canadian provinces?—If not, war exists between the United States and England." Nothing could be neater or more explicit; and of course England would immediately reply, "Any thing you please." This is a policy which is to electrify the whole country, and re-elect General GRANT triumphantly, and, of course, bring General BUTLER into the State Department. The General's cleverness is unquestioned, his services in the war are gratefully remembered; but does he seriously think that England will be persuaded by a kick, or that it is statesmanship to propose to begin a war as a method of keeping a party in power?

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST A SENATOR.

THERE seems to have been an open market for votes at the late election in Rhode Island. The Providence *Journal* asserts that hundreds were bought, that the price was five dollars, and that there was scarcely a pretense of secrecy. It has been often alleged that the politics of the little State were more venal than those of any of the other States, and that preferment and influence have depended mainly upon money. The late contest in Rhode Island has occasioned a great deal of plain talking; and one speech of Mr. JENCKES just before the election is of national importance, because of the grave charges which it makes, upon official documentary evidence, against a Senator of the United States. Mr. SPRAGUE, one of the Senators from Rhode Island, has been known for some time to be peculiarly hostile to Mr. JENCKES, one of the Representatives—a gentleman most honorably known to the country for his bankrupt act, and more especially for his efficient advocacy of civil service reform. The Republican Convention of his district were unable to agree upon a candidate, and referred the selection to the people. There were two candidates at the polls, and Mr. JENCKES was defeated. Mr. EAMES, who is called a Sprague Republican, was elected, having only a few thousand majority over Mr. JENCKES, and nearly four hundred over all.

Of the local and personal considerations affecting the election we have, of course, nothing to say, except to regret that so experienced, able, and faithful a legislator as Mr. JENCKES is lost to the country. But in the speech to which we have alluded Mr. JENCKES, after stating very plainly that it was the general impression in Congress that Senator SPRAGUE's ill will is the law of Rhode Island, and that his will was established by political bribery and fraud, in consequence of which the State was every where notoriously disgraced, proceeded to charge, not, as he said, "without the most ample proof.....that, in the darkest days of the war, WILLIAM SPRAGUE, formerly Governor, and now Senator, of Rhode Island, in the Congress of the United States, violated the articles of war of the United States in holding commerce with the enemy, and aiding them with money and munitions of war."

Mr. JENCKES then read an official report from General HOLT to the Secretary of War in 1865, concerning a case of illicit trade to Texas, "implicating HOYT, SPRAGUE, and others, brought to the notice of the Department by Major-General DIX." The substance of the case is, that in the autumn of 1862 certain firms in Providence furnished money with which vessels were bought, loaded with machinery, arms, and cleared for foreign ports, and run to Texas under changed flags, the cargoes sold in TEXAS, and the proceeds invested in cotton. General HOLT states that Mr. SPRAGUE wrote several letters to General DIX denying the statements of HOYT, who seems to have been the agent, and who asserts that Mr. SPRAGUE was fully informed of every thing, and advised and aided the enterprise. Mr. JENCKES, in speaking of the subject was to aid Union men in TEXAS; but no one else, the General says, seems to have had any such idea, and Mr. DIX's letters show that, who, as the Senator admits, had especial charge of the undertaking, describes its object in very different terms. In a letter to General DIX, in writing to the Secretary of War, states that the proof of illicit trade is ample, and that it is an important question whether the proceedings should be by military commission or in a civil court, and whether the State, if a civil court, is entitled to the *res* of war or a still higher crime under the Constitution. General HOLT, in conclusion, is of opinion that the examination of the papers, that the persons involved may be brought to trial for relieving the enemy with money and munitions of war, and violating the rules of war in trading with the enemy. His report is dated JUNE 15, 1865; and he says it is "the duty of the Government to consider, in view of all the circumstances and of the present condition of affairs," the trial shall be ordered.

In the question, why the accused persons were not tried at the time, Mr. JENCKES replies that HOYT and SPRAGUE were not indicted upon the ground that in that dark hour the trial of a Senator upon such a charge would be too demoralizing a shock to the Republic to be undertaken; when the report was made by General HOLT in 1865, more than two of the three years from the offense, required by the statute within which it can be tried, were passed; there were no national civil courts in TEXAS, and the authority of military tribunals was considered at the Supreme Court, which presently denied it; and the offenders, according to Mr. JENCKES, thus escaped exposure. The inference seems to be understood that Senator SPRAGUE has decided either the accuracy of Mr. JENCKES's statement or the inference of guilt which General HOLT, in view of the report of the latter gentleman is very emphatic, and General DIX's opinion was that the proof of illicit trade was conclusive.

It remains for us, for instance, from the invoice of the cargo with which HOYT went from Havana to Matamoras, that it included "thousands of cartridges and percussion caps."

Party and personal feeling in Rhode Island are very acrimonious. But these are not the considerations of a partisan, they are official documents of the government. Their charges are so grave, and the implication of Senator SPRAGUE is so apparently positive, that no one is so much interested as he in a full and frank statement of the facts. One thing, at least, is very evident. If Mr. SPRAGUE satisfactorily explains this extraordinary charge, his opponents in Rhode Island will be decisively and finally overthrown, and his power must remain for a long time unassailable.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND MARRIAGE.

IF the charge that is sometimes carelessly made that the movement for the suffrage of women implies sympathy with the views which some of its prominent friends hold of the divorce laws or of any other subject, the number and weight of those friends would certainly be very seriously diminished. Mrs. STANTON, for instance, is very well known as one of the earliest, ablest, and most faithful advocates of the concession of the suffrage to women. Her knowledge and experience as a woman reveal to her a thousand wrongs which might be rightly, and measures of common advantage that might be adopted, if women were admitted to equal political power. She is of opinion that the laws of marriage would possibly be altered if women voted; and she has probably very many other expectations of the results that would follow the granting of women. These views she expressed at a late meeting of the friends of woman suffrage in New York. They were her own views, sincerely entertained, eloquently set forth, we have no doubt, and to be judged by their intrinsic merits. But they are not the platform of any woman suffrage society, and are to be received as the expression of another person might be who should say that the prohibition and extermination of evident spirits would follow the voting of women, and were in themselves desirable objects.

This speech of Mrs. STANTON was very vigorously criticised in the *Woman's Journal*, as containing views fatal to all domestic happiness, or even to the existence of the family relation; and, of course, there was a natural regret that the teaching of "a woman beloved and honored as Mrs. STANTON is" should tend directly to inculcate doctrines which the *Journal* believes to be so pernicious. There was doubtless, also, very serious regret that they would undoubtedly be considered the views of the woman suffrage party, and a great injury be consequently done to the cause by confounding it with other questions. The *Revolution*, which is understood to be peculiarly friendly to Mrs. STANTON, replied to the criticism by asserting that the editors of the *Woman's Journal* were quite as heterodox upon the subject of marriage as Mrs. STANTON, and printed a private letter from that lady contemptuously criticising Colonel INGERSOLL, whom she declares to be the real leader of the Boston movement, Mr. HIGGINSON having, as she says, no knowledge or interest in the matter.

This little bickering will explain to our readers why there are two associations to further the extension of suffrage to women. It is plain that those who think Mrs. STANTON's views of marriage, which she urges as of the first importance at the meetings of the society, are false and perilous, will naturally prefer to work by themselves and in their own way; while it is equally natural to suppose that Mrs. STANTON and her friends would not be slow to labor in common with persons whom they publicly hold up to contempt. This is the real reason why the attempt at union is not only futile, but foolish. The members of both societies are undoubtedly sincerely devoted to the cause. But the "New York" methods allow a latitude of debate and a miscellaneousness of subject which in the judgment of the Cleveland or Boston society are not only perplexing, but most injurious to the cause itself. The latter association, of which Mr. BECKER is president, holds, as we understand, that the special question of reform in the marriage laws is independent of the woman suffrage question.

All the successful meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association at Cleveland it is understood that a further proposition of union will be made by the *New York* society. But it is obvious that even if all other differences could be waived, that which springs from so totally antagonistic a conception of the scope of the cause does and must divide the action of its friends. The divergence is, of course, intensified by the position of Mrs. STANTON as a free strictures upon her fellow-workers, but it need not necessarily have been acrid or hostile. There is a real difference of feeling, and it is therefore proper that there should be separate action. We have no doubt that this will be the result of any effort that may be made. Something certainly will be gained by sentimentally declining to recognize the facts of the situation.

HOMEOPATHIC ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

IN the State of New York there is proper hospital accommodation for only about half the whole number of insane patients. All the retreats are crowded. The asylum on Blackwell's Island has about thirteen hundred inmates, which is, perhaps, almost twice as large a number as can be properly lodged and cared for. It is therefore a subject of general interest that another insane asylum is proposed at Middletown, in Orange County, in which the patients are to be treated by the homeopathic practice. The State gives $150,000 when an equal amount has been privately subscribed, and to complete this private subscription $75,000 are yet needed. A project so humane and important appeals to the sympathy of all intelligent citizens; and Dr. GEORGE E. FOOTE, at No. 6 West Thirty-second Street, New York, will furnish any information.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE first important success achieved by the French arms since the commencement of the war was the reoccupation of Orleans on the 9th of November, by the secret battle, in which the Prussians under General VON DER TANN were defeated with great loss, and compelled to evacuate the city. The broadest part of the fighting occurred at the small hamlet of Coulmiers, near Orleans. The losses of the Prussians are stated by Von Tann's journals to be 10,000 in killed, wounded, and 1000 prisoners. The French report that the number killed by their own arms is little more than one of which were collected and distributed to the Na-tional Assembly. In the official report the number of Prussians is stated to be at 8000, and that of the enemy, he says, exceeds largely. The Germans have captured 1000 prisoners (said to be continually adding to the number in the pursuit of the enemy), two pieces of the Prussian pattern, and many ammunition and provision wagons. A telegram from King William to Queen Augusta announces the defeat of Von der Tann, but states that he has been largely reinforced.

The Times of Monday, of Near Orleans 200 men and 100 guns—published November 11 to the besieging and consisting of those of the 14th and 15th result of the surrender of this fortress was the dismantling of the German fortifications at Ad Brisach, across the Rhine, which, it is presumed, will no longer be necessary.

M. JULES FAVRE has addressed a circular to the French representatives abroad on the subject of the recent effort to obtain a new neutrality, in which he asserts that Prussia must assume the responsibility of rejecting the proposition for an armistice, and argues that Prussia, in rejecting it, proves that she makes war for personal aims, and not for the interests of Germany. M. FAVRE represents that an armistice without the preliminary convening of the German Constituent Assembly, in which Prussia would condemn the population of the annexed provinces to a state of slavery.

The Russian government has informed Austria that the treaty of 1856, so far as it relates to the Black Sea, will no longer be observed. This action has created great excitement in Europe, and may lead to very serious complications.

The Prussian Governor of Lorraine has ordered a census of persons liable to military duty, and evasions are to be punished severely.

The special committee of the Italian Senate on the question of changing the capital to Rome recommend that it, the Senate, should not make any of the death of the present Pope. M. THIERS, in a letter to the Pope, assures him that the French army will remain in the case at the coming Conclave, and a position "worthy of God's supreme Head of the Catholic Church."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State election, which took place November 8, resulted in the defeat of the Republican State ticket, headed by General SEYMOUR L. WOOLLEY for Governor, over whom Governor HOFFMAN was re-elected by a majority of about fifty thousand. The delegation in Congress will stand sixteen Democrats to fifteen Republicans. The State Legislature will be Democratic by two votes in the latest returns—sixty-one Republicans to the same number of Democrats.

The next Congressional House of Representatives will probably number one hundred and forty-five Republicans and one hundred and sixty-seven Democrats, five of the present being colored.

MAP OF THE SOUTHWESTERN PART OF FRANCE, SHOWING ORLEANS, TOURS, LYONS, AND THEIR RAILWAY CONNECTIONS.

THE NEW PARISIAN POLICE.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

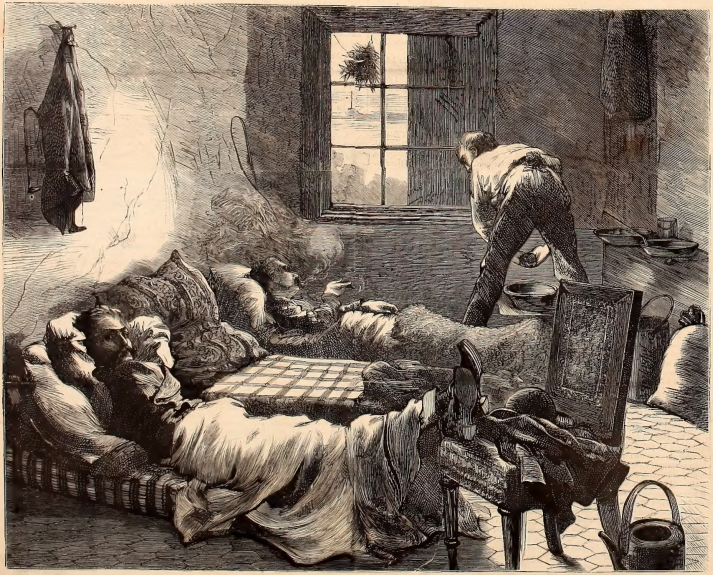

A NIGHT AT THE FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

M. THIERS.

On another page this week we give an account of the unsuccessful negotiations recently attempted by this veteran statesman to secure an armistice for France; on this page the reader will find his portrait, as he now appears, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He has exerted himself boldly and diligently in his patriotic mission, and has failed only because the headlong current of events was already too strong to be controlled. We can not, within the limits of a newspaper article, give even an outline sketch of his long and varied career in the departments of literature and politics, and can only glance at his history since the revolution of February, 1848, which brought him more prominently than he ever had been before to the notice of Americans.

On the breaking out of that revolution he was invited, with OUDINOT BARROT, to make one attempt at saving the monarchy; but it was too late. He was never a republican, though he accepted the republic, and endeavored to give it a conservative turn, vehemently resisting the fallacious notions and preposterous schemes of the Communists, and the intrigues and agitations of the Red party. Sitting in the National Assembly for the department of the Seine Inférieure, he supported the advent of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON as President of the Republic, and the French intervention at ROME, fighting a duel with the Italian General BIXIO upon that occasion. He has always upheld the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In 1850, with the conservative majority of the Assembly, he helped to carry the restriction of universal suffrage, in order to prevent the re-election of the President.

M. THIERS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON was by this time obnoxious to that party, who suspected him of a design to usurp absolute power; while he suspected them, on the other hand, of an intention to restore the Orleans monarchy. M. THIERS had become his chief antagonist; and when the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, struck down the legislative body of the republic, M. THIERS was arrested, taken out of his bed at five o'clock in the morning, and confined some days in the prison of Mazas. He was released, but expelled from France, and passed some months in Belgium, England, Italy, and Switzerland. Returning to Paris in August, 1852, he finished his Napoleonic history. It was not till 1863, after the adoption of a more liberal constitution for the empire, that he entered the Corps Législatif, in which he has delivered many effective opposition speeches. He has denounced the financial extravagance of the imperial government, its wars in Italy and Mexico, and not less its abstinence from a warlike behavior toward Prussia four years ago. He has incessantly protested against the movement of the Italians and Germans toward the completion of their national unity, and he has taunted the Emperor for not daring to stop them. It can not, therefore, be denied that M. THIERS is, as much as any Frenchman, responsible for the irritation which has caused the present war, though he disapproved its undertaking last July, because he thought the opportunity was not well chosen. Notwithstanding the grave political errors which have been pointed out, his conduct, during forty-five years of public life, has not deserved the reproach of tergiversation; he has not belied or forsaken the principles which he formerly pro-

THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD.—[SEE PAGE 759.]

fessed. Constitutional monarchy, with a responsible ministry dependent on parliamentary and popular support, and with a permanent aristocracy to strengthen the throne, has been the object of his constant faith.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Greendolme's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BASIL.

It is nineteen years since Richard Yorke stood at the dock at Cross Key and heard the words of doom. Almost a whole generation of his fellow-creatures has passed away from the earth. Old men have died, young men have become old, and babes have grown to be young men. There are but some half dozen persons in the world who, if reminded of him by some circumstance, can recollect him plainly. There are two who still keep him in their thoughts continually, just as he was—like a picture which bears no longer any resemblance to its original—and even these never breathe his name.

Here is a young fellow walking with his mother along Oxford Street who is not unlike him, who might be himself but for those nineteen years, and the girl that walks upon the other side of him might also be Harry Trevethick. Youth and beauty are not dead because Richard Yorke is dead, or as good as dead. The name of the girl is Agnes Aird, a painter's daughter, who is also a teacher of his art. The lad is her father's pupil, and has learned beneath his roof a lesson not included in the artistic course: he must know that the way in which his eyes devour the girl, the intonation of his voice when he addresses her, are silent pressure of the arm on which her fingers rest. Charles Coe is in love with Agnes, and in all his studies of perspective beholds her, a radiant figure beckoning him on to a happy future. His pencil strays from its object in journey her features—maybe her name beside his own. Mr. Coe, his father, recordingly disapproves of this projected alliance, and has forbidden the young people to associate. This shake, however, can scarcely be obeyed while the whole party are inmates of Mr. Aird's residence, who "lets off" the upper part of his house as furnished apartments, which the Coes have taken for lodgings for one of their sons. Selfcemon (now a very well-to-do personage, and a great authority on metallic cements) is also under the same roof as business, and left to his wife the choice of a residence; and she, to please her son, had chosen the artist's dwelling-place whose door-plate was inscribed the fact that he was a professor of drawing. Solomon was not displeased that his son should gain his name in distinction; it might be useful to himself hereafter in the matter of sales and auctions: but he is distantly opposed to this ridiculous love affair, which is to be stamped out at once. To that end he has instructed Charles Coe to look for lodgings in the east quarter, and it is on that errand that we now behold him. It is characteristic of the Harry whom we once knew that she permits these young people to accompany her—and one another—in the very quiet that has been their final separation for its object. She can not resist making them happy while she can; and she can re fuse her Charley nothing. Moreover, Solomon is in the City, looking after his mining interests, and need never know.

In appearance, however, Harry Trevethick is greatly changed. She is not worn and haggard, yet has already passed into the shade of middle life. Her hair, though still in profusion, is tinged with gray; her features are worn and sharp; her brow is wrinkled; and in her once trustful eyes dwells a certain anger and suspicion that are the trouble, not an anxiety which is almost Fear.

The three are now in one of the streets which unite Cavendish Square with Oxford Street, and a busy babbling riff connects the unruffled lake with the roaring river. The pavements are full of shops and private houses, the latter of which it seems once deep, notwithstanding their genteel appearance, to accommodate visitors in the week or month.

"This is the sort of locality your father wished for, Charley," remarked Mrs. Coe, looking about her: "it seems central, and yet tolerably quiet. Let us try his house."

The name of "Basil," without prefix, was engraved upon the door-plate; and in a corner of the dining-room window fluttered a pasteboard card with "Apartments" on it.

"There's no use to drag Agnes and you in," Mrs. Coe went on, as they stood waiting for the bell to be answered. So Charles, well pleased, was left outside with the young people, while his mother went over the house." In a few minutes, however, she reappeared, and in a somewhat hurried and excited tone observed, "I think this place will do, my dears; but there is a good deal to talk about and settle, which will take some time. Therefore I think you had better go home together, and leave me here." And without waiting for a reply, she retired within and closed the door.

"How very curious!" exclaimed Agnes, wondering.

"Oh, not at all," said the young man, cheerfully; "my mother likes to do things for herself, and I dare say has not a very high opinion of our judgment in domestic matters. You don't seem over-pleased, it seems to me, Agnes, at the notion of a day-walk with your humble adorer;" and Mr. Charles pouted, half in fun and half with annoyance.

"No, no; it is not that, Charles," answered the girl, hastily. "You know I have no pleasure equal to that of being with you; but I don't like your mother's looks; she had such a strange look, and spoke so differently from her usual way. I really scarcely like to leave her."

"My dear Agnes, you don't know my mother," returned Charles, laughing. "One would sometimes think she had all the care of the world upon her shoulders when every thing goes not as smooth as oil. You don't appreciate the grave responsibility of taking furnished lodgings for a week certain. Come along, you little goose. And, drawing her still hesitating arm within his own, he marched away with her.

Yet Agnes had reason for what she said; and Charles, somewhat selfish as he was, would have forgone the flirtation and remained with her mother's side had he seen her the moment after the front door had shut her in.

With a throbbing heart, and a face as white as the handkerchief she pressed over her damp brow, Harry stood against the wall of the passage, with trembling steps, she approached the open parlor door. An aged woman stood in the centre of the room, with hair as white as snow, but with a figure straight as a poplar, and drawn up rigidly to its full height.

"Why do you come back again?" cried she, in accents soft as mails, yet keen as steel. "Why! is you once more on my threshold, you false witch, who flees is nothing more to blight and blast? Did you think I should not know you? Did you think I had to come? I should know you among all the fair faced fiends in hell."

"Mother, mercy, Mrs. Yorke!" cried Harry, feebly; and she fell upon her knees, and made as though she would kneel to kiss the other's garments with her stretched-out arms.

"Don't touch me, lest I strike you," answered the old woman, shrinking back. "Seven years ago I would have struck you on your cruel lips, and spoiled the beauty that has been your curse and ruin. May you have sons to perish through false witness, and to pine in prison! May you be deserted, and know the want or hope, as I do, O God, O devil, go, and rid me of your hateful presence!"

"Mother, hear me, Mrs. Yorke!" cried Harry, clutching at the other's garments. "Strike me, spit upon me, if you will, but only hear me! Abject as I look, remember, as I once was, I have not needs look and feel—I have longed for this hour to come, as my boy longs for the day when he shall be a man, to wake the next to find his bride a corpse; or, better still, to find her false, like you.

"I am not false; I never was; Heaven knows it!" cried Harry, passionately. "I do not blame you for your bitter words. I have earned your curses, though I meant to earn your blessing."

"Of revenge," muttered the old woman, struggled for the mastery in her tone. "Richard, Richard! in your chains and toil, do you hear? Is there no woman among men who knows mercy?"

"Upon my soul—whose salvation I would have imperiled by my silence—I do not know whether it seemed my worst," cried Harry. "That I was weak and credulous and fearful is most true. Richard Yorke, I have been false to you—you: My father—he is dead, madam, and past your judgment! Let the fire of his wrath burn out, and blazed up afresh at the mention of him)—deceived me with false hopes; for fear alone—though I swear it—I have done what have caused me to break the promise I had passed to you. He said, if I married myself and him by the law, as I contemplated, that he would mean me from his door forever; that in the lips of all the world he would call me a designing woman of the slume and infamy; that even the man I loved would loathe me when I had thus served his turn. I answered him, 'No matter, so I am true to my act.' Then he said, 'But you will not save him; you will turn him, rather, into a felon, and expose you purpose to give. We have proof enough of this Yorke's guilt, no matter what you swear; and with such proof before the jury, they cannot but set other offenses, if we choose to adduce it. All you will achieve by your generosity is your own.' Then I hesitated, not knowing what to think.

"The case is this,' argued my father: 'I have no fear to maintain this prosecution; because the money has been all recovered, and I don't want your revenge, as I say. I only want to be sure that I'll have him taught a lesson; he must be punished for the wrong he has done, but not severely. If you will promise judge Jones to be merciful over, will beg him off: such an appeal is always listened to, and your money, and I will make it. If you dare to speak for him, as I hear you mean to do—if you, my daughter, call yourself thief and traitress by your words, he shall be sent to jail. He shall, by Heaven! His fate hangs on my lips, not yours.'

"Is this true?" mused the old woman.

"It is true, so help me Heaven!" cried Harry. "I, not a fool, as I thought myself, believed him. I was a traitress. If you were in court, and saw me look at him—the smile I gave by word, I trusted to secure his life—you would not cavil over it it seemed—No you did see it: I see you do. Then I trusted to secure his life, thank God, thank Heaven!"

She began to sob and cry, and caught hold of the old woman's hand and kissed it, while the other stood silent, still in doubt.

"Oh, madam, you see I had you have suffered torments for long years is plain to see, and yet you have not, though he was your son, been punished for it have. Have you not had to forgive him by a word as I could; and oh, I did not utter it! I seemed to be his judge, his jailer, the cause of all his woes, to the man I loved—and loved beyond all others! I hated my own father for his sake. I"—she shuddered—"I was married to Richard's rival. You at least have been spared the contamination of his touch. He was not who helped to doom him. Your case is hard and bitter—but mine! not deserved on Richard, in his chains and toil, has suffered what I have suffered! Look at me, madam, and tell me if I speak truth or lie."

"Yes, yes," mused Mrs. Yorke, in tender tones, and passing her fingers over the other's silvering hair and haggard face; "I do—I must believe it. I should not have known you to-day had you not called me by my name. You must have mourned for him indeed. Is this the cheek that I struck? Is it to this the hair a boy of mine I took to comfort him in prison? Poor soul—poor sister!"

"How is he, madam?" whispered Harry, hoarsely. "Is he well? Is he free?"

"No, no," said the old woman. "In a year hence he will be. I had a letter only yesterday. But you must never see him. And if you really love him—I speak it for his sake, not theirs—you must never let him see eyes on your husband or your boy."

"I do not intend to see him; it would be too terrible to bear," groaned Harry.

"But he must not see them. Insisted the other, gravely. "You must put the sea between yourselves and him, or there will be murder done. His wrath is terrible, and will be the destruction of both them and him. The hope of vengeance is the food he lives upon, and without which he would have died years ago. Even if you persuaded him, as you have convinced me, that you yourself were innocent of his ruin, that would only make him firmer in his purpose against your husband. He will have his life-blood, and then will be even will prevent it. If I had not seen you, I meant to see this man, and give him warning six months before Richard was free."

"Solomon would never heed it," exclaimed Harry, "nor even believe it if I told him."

"Then he is a fool," said the other, contemptously. "You must bring him here that I may tell him. Solomon must be a fool indeed not to hearken when a mother warns him against her own son. Mind, I do not blame my Richard, Harry Trevethick, Mrs. Yorke, with a sudden passion; "he has had provocation enough; it is but right to tell him that you have been false to him, and to make no see him do it. But they must be kept apart, I say—this man and Richard—lest a worse thing befall him than has happened already."

"Never to see him more!" moaned Harry, covering her face with her hands; "never to tell him I was not the wretch I seemed! only to hear him as an enemy to me and mine—"

"Ay, and to himself," interrupted the other, gravely. "If you would not inflict far more on him than you have already; if you love Richard not—as you will, if you neglect my warning—designated by the hand of God to death, as you have involuntarily doomed him to a shameful life, keep these two men apart. If you love this man of your husband, keep him from the touch of mine."

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry, shuddering, "would he harm my boy—my innocent boy?"

"Ay, as he would set his heel upon his father in the viper and the toad. It is no idle menace—he has breathed so cautiously that the whisper might well escape even another ear than mine—he might well escape even another ear than mine—he might well escape even years. He thirsts for liberty, not for his own sake, but for the slow-ripening vengeance that he knows it will have. Unless we save him from himself by saving them from him, as sure as yonder inky cloud will fall upon us, so sure will the evil of it was fall given to his mind when he wrote from Cross Key: 'They are with me in those three, or present, and have made me ever to mention them by name; and since then he has thought of nothing else. The evil will be accomplished. Do not, I say again, beware of him."

"He must be mad to cherish—"

"Perhaps he is," interrupted the old woman, coldly; "he will not be less dangerous on that account to those who provoke him mad.

There was a long silence. Then Harry, in submissive tones, inquired what Mrs. Yorke would have her do.

"Bring your husband hither," returned she. "Let him take his children, and leave the world—telling him his peril to me: the sooner it is done the better. There is but a year at most—and Richard will be free. He has his goods, and get him away across the world, erasing every footstep behind him. Then, when no matter how great a blight the elew—Richard will track him like a blood-hound."

"I will come here at once—to-morrow," cried Harry, eagerly.

"And your name is Basil now, remember; not that it is likely," she added, bitterly, "that you will call me Yorke from habit; it is not a household word, I reckon."

"It is never breathed," said Harry, simply; "but, oh, madam, I have indeed learned I do! He was my first love, and my last; and though he should kill me for the crime, of which I have been guilty, I should pray God to bless him with my truest breath. Yet he must curse me never! I must never know but that I was the willing agent of his ruin!"

"Tis true, I dare not mention your name, Harry," said Mrs. Yorke, sadly: "and, if I talk him, all the knowledge of the deception practiced on you would make him more than ever bitter against your husband—the man who, by convivance in your father's cruel falsehood, obtained you for his wife, and his rival joined as his foe. I do not blame you for your marriage—I know the force of stern necessity too well. Richard must know that Richard could forgive you: he never, never could."

"I know it, I know it," sighed Harry, shuddering; "and yet he would pity me if he did but know what my life has been—almost as much as I have pitied *him*. But you, madam, you at least have forgiven me: you believe me; you will not refuse to bless me, as he would have before I go."

"I believe you, and therefore I forgive you," answered Mrs. Yorke, with tenderness; "and if I believed in blessings, and had the power of bestowing them, you should have your wish. Even henceforth we two are friends—though I were thought to kiss your cheek again, Harry—and must work together for the good of him we love in common. You will be here to-morrow for certain, then?"

"Without fail we shall."

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE ONEN.

Mrs. Coe was as good as her word, and her husband and son were Mrs. Basil's lodgers within the second-empty hours. Solomon Coe was not very particular as to furnished apartments, and left such arrangements wholly to his wife. On the other hand, he was confided to her little respecting his affairs, nor was she, on her part, envious to inquire into them. Man and wife had few things in common, and affection was not one of them. Solomon had married Harry with the full knowledge of that maiden's unprotected before him; the disclosures at the trial, and the subsequent gossip of his neighbors, had placed that fact beyond a doubt. But he was not to be balked of the bride that had been promised him so long; nor, above all, should to her but little respecting his affairs, nor was she, on her part, envious to inquire into them. Man and wife had few things in common, and affection was not one of them. Solomon had married Harry with the full knowledge of that maiden's unprotected before him; the disclosures at the trial, and the subsequent gossip of his neighbors, had placed that fact beyond a doubt. But he was not to be balked of the bride that had been promised him so long; nor, above all, should to her

out of the reach of such temptation as a pretty girl living beneath the same roof must always offer to susceptible youth; and hence it was that Mrs. Coe had engaged new lodgings. But even now, so lightly did his father think of the matter, that Charley was still to be permitted to visit at Mr. Aird's daily, and take his drawing-lesson as heretofore.

An excuse for the change of residence had been afforded in the fact that Soldo was too far from the parks, in which alone Mrs. Coe took pleasure in walking. She was quite unaccustomed to town life, and the roar and tumult of the streets annoyed and even alarmed her. In some respects, indeed, she was even a more nervous, timid creature than she had been as a girl; the warning just received from Mrs. Yorke had not fallen upon her altogether unexpectedly, though she could not have been said to be prepared for it. A vague apprehension of Richard's vengeance had haunted her whole married life, she did not fear for her own safety; something told her that his anger would scorn to be so small a self; that it would pass over her head like a flaming sword, and smite her husband and her boy; and as face after face passed by her in the crowded street, she would shrink and tremble, thinking that that of Richard Yorke would come one day, and recognize her own, and track it home. Was he not fitted to work this monstrous ruin? Did not the specific ship cross Turkish Sands before she met his face for the first time? Though not very young, Harry was much wedded to superstition as ever. A curious instance of this occurred on the day that the Coes moved into their new lodgings. The mother and son had arrived first—Solomon being engaged in the City until evening—and Charley had stood upon the ground-floor parlor, while the landlady (whom he had not yet seen) was engaged with his mother up stairs in the disinfectan of the bedrooms. Above the chimney-piece hung that striking if not attractive portrait of Joanna Southcote, given her amanuensis, with which we are already acquainted; and it tickled the young man's fancy amazingly. He considered it was a fine old picture—the likeness, perhaps, of Mrs. Basil and her late husband engaged in making out their worldly balance. "I wish Agnes not to be jealous of our charming landlady," thought he, and took out his sketch-book with the intention of preserving the likeness for that young lady's amusement. While engaged in this occupation the door opened, and stepped Mrs. Basil and her new tenant. In his alarm and haste he stepped back against the small overthrow a table (on which were some ornaments, he knew not what, which rolled to his mother's feet. She uttered a cry of terror, and the landlady fainted right off, still, regarding him with a face of astonishment, and even terror.

"Is that—your—son?" exclaimed she, clutching his mother by the arm.

But Mrs. Coe did not seem to hear her.

"Look, look!" cried she; "the skull, the skull! Oh, is it not a frightful omen?"

"I am really very sorry," said Charley, picking up the article in question; "it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Basil."

"Don't mention it, young Sir," said the landlady, who had apparently recovered from her sudden alarm; "the skull is not of more value for its roll, you see; he was fortunately a hard-headed gentleman when he originally owned it."

"Indeed," said Charley, taking it from her hand with some curiosity, "it seems a curious ornament for a sitting-room. May I ask whether it belonged to when it had flesh about it?"

"It is the skull of Swedenborg," answered Mrs. Basil. "A near relative of mine was a disciple of his, and left it to me as a most precious relic."

"But how the deuce did he get possession of it?" inquired the young man.

"Well, not very fairly, as it seems to me," smiled the landlady. "While your mother sits down and rests herself—for I am sure she looks frightened her a bit—I'll tell you the story."

"I am, yes," said Mrs. Coe, faintly; "I shall be better presently; don't mind me."

"Well, the tale runs thus, Sir. Swedenborg was buried in the vault beneath the Swedish ambassador's chapel in Princes Square, Ratcliffe Highway; and a certain theologian having once affirmed that the great philosopher's soul and body with them into the world of spirits, and that this gentleman had done the like, they were obtained to settle this point by actual examination. The body was found, and the theologian confuted, but no trouble was taken to reclose again the lid of the coffin. A thieving Swede, attending a funeral of one of his countrymen in the same vault, remarked this circumstance, and stole the skull, with the intention of selling it to some disciple of the great philosopher; but I am ashamed to say that he found a purchaser in my respected relative; and that's how I became possessed of Swedenborg's skull."

"Very curious, though rather lacrimose," observed the young man, laughing. "And this good lady over the mantel-piece, who is she?"

"That's Joanna Southcott. But my good young gentleman, I will answer all your questions another time. Your mother and I will have enough to do to arrange matters before your father comes home. You will excuse my freedom, Sir."

"Certainly," said Charley, rather amused than otherwise with the landlady's bluntness. "I know I'm in the way just now; so I'll step out for half an hour or so. I am sorry I frightened you, dear mother."

He stooped and kissed her fondly; and then, with a smile and a nod at Mrs. Basil, stepped into the little passage and was out of doors and, whistling, passed the window down the street.

"Your son has a light heart," said Mrs. Basil, looking at Harry very earnestly. "How old is he?"

"Eighteen—or a little less."

"He looks his age *at least*," observed the other, emphatically.

"Yes; dark people always do."

"And your husband is dark, like him, I remember."

"Yes; his complexion is swarthy, though he is not ilun, like Charles."

Mrs. Coe, still in the arm-chair into which she had first sunk, here closed her eyes; either the faintness of which she had complained was continued so again, or she did not wish to meet the other's searching gaze.

There was a long pause, during which Mrs. Basil went up to the sideboard, and poured out a glass of sherry, put it to her tenant's lips.

"Do you feel better now?" said she, when Harry had drunk it.

"Yes, yes; much better. But that skull—oh, horrible! it chilled from head to foot. What an omen on your very threshold! Heaven guard my Charles from evil!"

"My husband's, Mrs. Coe. The skull is harmless; and it rolled because your son upset it."

"Yes, my son," gasped the other, trembling. "It is for him I fear. It augurs death—death—to him!"

There was a ring at the front-door, decisive, sharp, and resonant.

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry; "if it should be he himself! Hide me away; put me out of sight, for God's sake! I cannot bear to behold the shock in every limb.

"It is the post," said Mrs. Basil, contemptuously; and she was right. The servant brought in a letter for her mistress.

"It is from Richard," mused she. "Black-bordered, and black-sealed too." She opened it without excitement, and read it through: it was but a few lines.

"Your omen has proved true for once, Mrs. Coe," said she, in silence, to herself. "This speaks of death."

"Whose death?" cried Harry.

"My husband's, Richard's father. Caress of Crompton died last night."

There was no sorrow in the aged woman's face: a gravity, unmixed with tenderness, possessed it. Carew was naught to her, and had been naught to her for years. But the title of memory was at its flow within her brain; and Crompton Park Past it, Past it touch us. That man had loved her once, after his own scornful manner, when he was young, and before power and affluence had made him proud. Now he had been the father of her only son, and now he was Dead.

"I am so sorry," said Harry, not quite knowing what to say.

"There is no need for sorrow," replied the other, quietly. "Let us go up stairs and finish our work."

A NIGHT AT THE FRONT.

THE war correspondent has to put up with a thousand personal inconveniences and privations, and is frequently settled down with a besieging army, to which, in ordinary times, he would not submit without a good deal of grumbling. He has to dine when he can get it, to move to a moment's notice, night and day, either to join a fresh regiment or the wagon which contains his own battery that happens to have hit the range of his quarters; and happy, indeed, is he if he lights upon a comfortable lodging as that described in the engraving on page 756. It is, perhaps, just a little crowded; but the jolly-looking fellows seem to be taking it easy, and are probably all good friends.

THE EXODUS FROM ST. CLOUD.

A WAR correspondent writes that, walking one day in the direction of St. Cloud, he met a melancholy procession of fugitives from that village, who had been turned out of house and home, not to make room for the Prussians, but for their own safety. St. Cloud was constantly under fire, and to stay there was to risk one's life. A brother and sister, old bachelor and old maid, who had always loved quietness, led the dismal procession. Some of them were doubtless on their way to quieter themselves with more peaceful friends, but others, probably, knew not where they should lay their heads that night, and were not too glad to get out of the range of their countrymen's guns. The engraving on page 757 illustrates this affecting incident.

THE NEW PARIS POLICE.

AMONG other changes which the Paris revolution of last September effected was the disbanding of the police force. This force, which was obnoxious to the mass of the people, as instruments of imperialist tyranny and intimidation, and especially as the spies of Pietri, were disbanded, and the Red Republican Government, led the dismal procession. Some of them were doubtless on their way to quieter themselves with more peaceful friends, but others, probably, knew not where they should lay their heads that night, and were not too glad to get out of the range of their countrymen's guns. The engraving on page 757 illustrates this affecting incident.

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STRAW PICTURES.

AMONG the curiosities of art must be included pictures made of straw. How far patience is exercised in this direction at present we do not know; but in the last century the inmates of some of the French monasteries employed a portion of their time in such labors. The process was by no means a simple one. First, a selection was made of the whitest, thinnest, longest, largest-barrel straws. They were severed above and below all the knots; the knots, membranes, and small parts of the straw were removed, and the rest were retained for use, in the form of tubes. Sometimes, unopened cylinders of straw, sometimes six or eight inches long. The straws were damped, and split open by means of a sharp-pointed instrument, which was inserted at one end, and decorously run along to the other, making a straight cut. Sometimes the whole circumference of a burnisher flattened out each piece. Sometimes, to expedite their labor, the workers cut a dozen straws at a cutting-mill, which first split the straw and then opened it out flat. The straws were prepared, and dyed in various colors, and were then pasted side by side on small sheets of thin paper, forming veritable mosaics. It is not necessarily cut out always that the lines of junction could scarcely be seen. All the straws on one sheet were exactly of the same length and size. Those, then, were the materials with which the artist worked; and the work was executed on the kind of effect desired to be produced. Sometimes the sheets were cut up into very narrow strips, and made into carpet patterns by alternating the colors; sometimes the artists in straw would make diagonal patterns, producing the effect by crossing the strips, or diversified patterns by alternating broad with narrow strips. A favorite style of ornamentation was that of making the straw mosaic. Several sheets, of different colors, were glued one on another, and cut out completely through with a delicate apparatus, in accordance with some particular device; and then the regular work of pasting the tiny bits side by side on paper, in the case of his powers of color. Occasionally the pictures or devices so produced were embossed in relief by being stamped between a die of horn and a counterdie of thick pasteboard, and the raised and depressed parts of the device corresponding in a proper way with the different colors of the picture. Sometimes the artist went so far as to engrave or chase the straw, or even to work it up into a kind of cameo.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STOUT girl, who was sitting, wearily, on a summer day, under the shadow of a small equally pompous lady, up on holding forth, whispered to her mother, "Ain't she a fool, mother?" "Hush, child," was the reply; "don't you see, she's a woman?" "Oh come now, mamma," said the child, "you are such a little booger." The birds are singing, and as a boy was passing under the little girl, all worn out, and longing for relief and freedom in the open air, she said, "Oh come now, mamma." "Hush, dear," was the response; "he'll soon be done—quiet is a lesson." This was more than little patience could stand; and while the tears were running down her cheeks she said, in an indeed hopeless way, as expanding preacher, "Oh no, mamma. He is just putting a lot more in there."

GALLEY SLAVES—Type-setters.

AT Wamego, a place in the extreme West, is a shanty which bears the sign: "Here's Where You Get a Meal for Your Money—and No Grub Ye Give You."

"THE RAW MATERIAL"—Undersize steak.

A Dutchman at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following the funeral of the latter, he was first reading, and was duly "cut up" with the following response, "I don't think Jemima Ann will another woman in so soon after death of mine frau? No, no!"

A PROBATING SIGH—A pawnbroker's.

A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his compositions wherever they should occur to him, "for," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or impressing your meaning." Shortly after the boy was being lectured on propriety. "I hope," said he, "you have no vestes, fathe—far better. The Bible says so, and I say so." "Illustrate it, pupa. I think I will illustrate your back before." Father could not see the application.

MYTHOLOGY tells us that he died of love for Jupiter; but modern chemistry has to do of potash.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE NOW SAYING TO THE HOZZES—"Shut up."

AN Indiana husband lately dosed valuable property to his wife, "in consideration of one dollar and natural love and affection."

A soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a house, as he supposed, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none but he can imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished. "Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here." "Yes, Sir," and forth with came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not quite sure of the claim. "Well, Sir," said the lady, "is it the one you want to fry in it, madam?" and he laughed in spite of himself. He got it.

In the reign of James I., of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and imitated it quite well. But they found numerous expedients to conceal the vice from their master; for when he came unawares, what he saw was hooded together round the fire of their dormitory, insulting each other in virgins of the most terrible kind. But the master, not altogether a world dignity before them, "Why, you rascals, what do you mean by such conduct? Who dare you be smoking tobacco?" "Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain." "And you?" said you? said you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn. One said "raging tooth," another cold, the third a cough; in short, they all had something. "Now, Sirrah," followed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?" Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a flavorful whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone, "*Sir, I smoke for cheese!*"

THE GREAT OCEAN RACE—Fishes.

When cousin Lobkins first saw the elephant at the show he exclaimed, with great astonishment, "Then that's the real menagerie—the identical critter itself! Why, I don't wonder it takes a team to draw stun with! It ain't a scrape!" Lobkins went home, and related what he had seen. "I seen," said he, "the gineruine elephant—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had tew tails, one behind and t'other before. Philosophers call the fore 'un a proboscis. He put one of his tails in my pocket and hauled out all the ginger-bread—ever hearn on. What d'ye think he done with it? Why he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to munch for more."

A silly missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle in the eye, "because I have such a large family to support."

A reverend divine, who was but a no-so preacher, being called upon accidentally to preach, asked a friend what he should preach about; to which the other coolly replied, "About two hours."

ADAM DENSMORE—A Nantucket, being examined by the coroner, was asked, "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Don't know, Sir," said he, "but I reckon he was on hoeing a more special description of the first man, and answered for more experience." "What," said the cabinetmaker, "he was just like Jos Simpson, the horse-cooper." How we'll asked the minister. "Well, nobody got one thing by him, and many lost."

Josh Billings gives good advice to young wives. He says: "Don't undertake tew fix with your husband—by law; but if woss comes to a wussess let yure mother-in-law fix with ye."

A dentist, trying in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this apology. "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for any thing but to come from your mouth."

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land he said to a farmer, "I perceive your land have is not very productive." "Yes, Sir," said the farmer, "it is so poor that it can't raise even a mosquito." "Why, the more a man has of it the poorer he is."

A LONDON SKETCH.

"Oh, it was pitiful.
In a whole city full.
Home he had none."

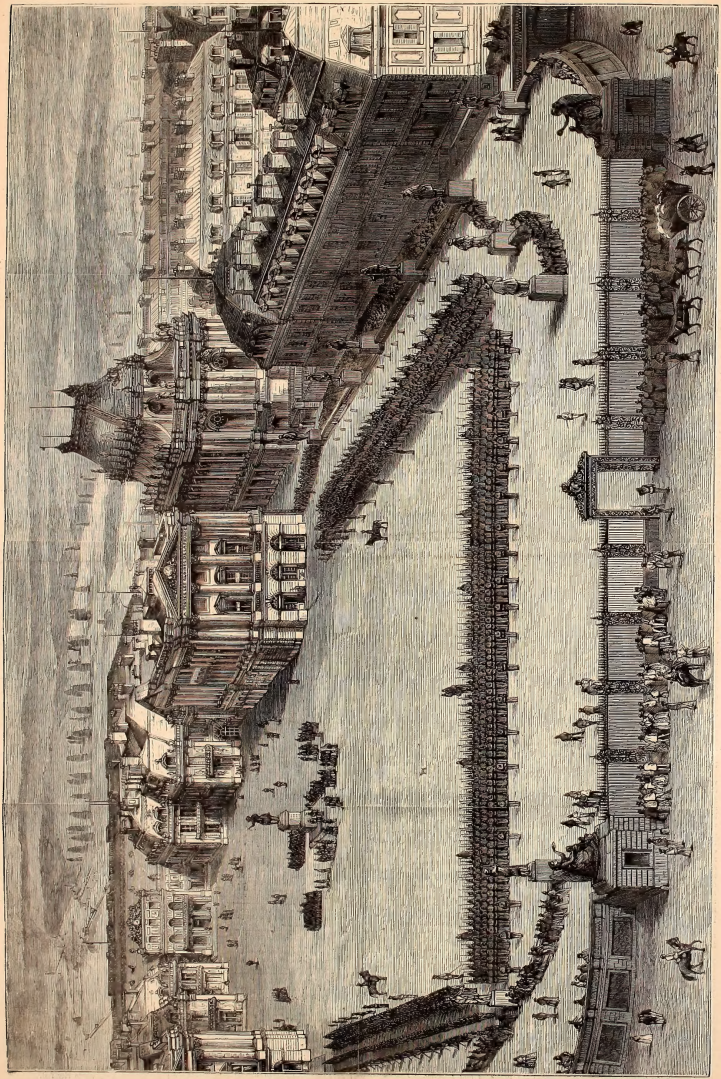

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—[See Page 762.]

SEDAN
DIE
WACHT AM RHEIN.

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

The engraving on page 760, which gives a general view of this famous structure and its gardens, represents the town Prince distributing that coveted decoration of the German soldier, the Iron Cross, to fifty of his officers and men, who had especially distinguished themselves in the present war. The ceremony took place in the court-yard of the old palace, in which is a statue of Louis Quatorze, and commenced by a grand parade, the old inscription on the building, "*Il fautre fa gloire de le faisance*," standing out with bitter irony. The battalions were then drawn up in the court-yard in close columns, with the Prince and his staff in the centre. Then, amidst a respectful silence, the soldiers appearing on each side of the centre battalion, the fortunate recipients' names were called out one by one, each marching up to the Prince, receiving the decoration, and marching back again as mechanically as if it were an everyday occurrence. This ended, "Our Fritz" addressed a few words to his troops, and himself gave the signal for a cheer for King William, which was most enthusiastically given by the bands playing the national anthem. A cheer for the Prince himself concluded the ceremony.

"JEANNETTE AND JEAN."

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

EVA TRESILIAN was the prettiest girl in the small circle on which she shone. She lived in a little town in one of the southern counties of England, a town which combined the attractions of a garrison, a cathedral, and (being a sea-port) a splendid stretch of strand. Society there was not very fast, to be sure, but it had the great recommendation that, if not fast, it certainly was not loose. The amusements were mild. There were balls (a few), and dancing-parties (a great many), and picnics, in the summer. There were boating excursions, and bathing, and driving, and picnicking in the summer. In winter it tells of a dozen fourteen or fifteen years ago, when croquet had not yet been invented, when nappers were still extes, and when the young ladies, and even the gentlemen, at evening parties were expected to sing songs as a matter of course. In this society Eva Tresilian was the envy of every backward, fashion traveled so slowly down, that even the wife of a fashionable surgeon was an unusual contribution to the entertainment of an evening.

In this social circle, thus amusing itself, Eva Tresilian was, as I have said, the prettiest girl and the best singer. She sang, indeed, remarkably well, and it is a pity that croquet was not a flourishing game in her girlish days, for Eva could ankle were as gracefully and graceful. She was a romantic girl, too, and she raved about Wagner's "Lohengrin" when no one to the reading world, and often dreamed of being the Princess, only with a different moral to the story; and she delighted in Byron's "Corsair," and perhaps occasionally liked to fancy herself as Gulnare herself. She was, however, never only arose to her mind whenever her lover sat or did any thing which jarred upon her feelings, whenever he indulged in a momentary fit of jealousy, or looked grave and discontented if she danced too often with somebody else.

Will Heyworth was her lover—her *fiancé*, one might almost say, for all the town assumed that they were engaged, and would soon be married. Will Heyworth was a tall, strong, manly fellow, with a great beard; his father was the principal banker of the town, and Will would have a fine property some time or other; and so croquet himself a present chiefly in hunting, fishing, rowing, and making love to Eva Tresilian, whose head hardly reached his shoulder. The course of true love was running very smoothly indeed with this fortunate pair. Perhaps it was running too smoothly. Your artist soul, you know, must of fire, and child of the sun, usually takes more delight in Swiss torrent than in the Dutch canal; and Eva Tresilian delighted to believe that her nature was steeped in the atmosphere of art.

It was not a fortunate circumstance that brought to the garrison just about this time a certain celebrated regiment of the cavalry, to which belonged the Honorable Captain Hopeful Dartwell, younger son of the Earl of Stonehenge. Captain Dartwell was not a very young man by any means, although a younger son. He was not, perhaps, far off forty years of age; but he was nearly as tall as Will Heyworth, and he was, in a certain sense, a far more striking-looking man in appearance. While Will was fair and bright of complexion, Captain Dartwell was dark-haired and sallow. He had a light beard, which he wore well had when Guy Livingstone would call a cascade of black ringlets. Captain Dartwell, in that peculiar expression, part melancholy, part stern, part "used up" and Don Giovanni-like, which belongs to a certain class of Byronic military swell. Moreover, he had a wound on his forehead, won in some one of England's numerous frontier wars in Hindostan; and he had the reputation of having lived with wild companions of the highest and the lowest social degree, especially in London.

The moment Eva Tresilian looked first at the Honorable Captain Dartwell she felt an interest in him and admired him; the moment Will Heyworth saw the distinguished dragoon he took a strong dislike to him. This dislike grew deeper and deeper, as it became evident that Will was a person of quite secondary interest in the eyes of his social circle when the dark-mustached, stern-looking soldier, who was the son of an earl, and had looked on war, happened to stand near him.

When Eva first met the captain (at one of the most brilliant balls of the little town's season) she danced with him several times, and she found that Dartwell, like most cavalry men, was a superb waltzer. Then he had an air and manner at once proud and caressing, chivalric and lazy, courteous and *blasé*, which imposes immensely on girls. His slightest attention to her was offered in a style which seemed to give special meaning to it, seemed to mark it as something done for her and her only; and he ignored so calmly and grandly some of the most pretty and attractive girls in the room for attention and deference to Eva next little throbs of pride and delight flowed in her heart more often to her her more attentive he became. He would stand by her chair and talk with her in a low tone, and bending his tall figure over her shoulder, for half an hour together, superbly unheeding all of the other girls who were waiting and waiting in vain for the chance of exchanging half a dozen words with her. He told her of travels and adventures and battles, and Eva's heart told his tales, but with a careless, almost contemptuous manner, as if such things were every-day occurrences of life were unexciting, and hardly even interesting.

In fact, Eva was a little dazzled by the manner and the attentions of the Honorable Captain Dartwell. Will Heyworth became jealous and irritable, and probably made himself unreasonably ridiculous. Dartwell gave no outward sign of any particular emotion, but was evidently rather pleased to note the evidences of emotion, very different in their kind, which his presence and his ways created in those around him.

The balls were and months went on, and Dartwell's attentions to Eva Tresilian grew more and more distasteful to Will Heyworth. Yet there was hardly any thing in them of which open complaint could be made. Nothing but love-making could be seen; only poor Will felt that Eva was growing colder and colder to him while Dartwell remained in the town. At last there came news which ought to have gladdened the heart of Will Heyworth, but which did not. Captain Dartwell belonged was ordered off to the Crimea to take a part in the preparations for the coming siege. Alas! this very fact only tended to poor Will's further discomfiture, for it invested his rival with a certain halo of romance, and made him a new, touching, and pathetic interest in the remembrance of Miss Eva. Captain Dartwell was worth wished for were going to the wars—to fight against the Russians, the French, the Sardinians, any body—for there was always an interesting figure in Eva's mind, and purchase, even with his death, some of her tears!

A few days before the departure of the regiment there was quite a brilliant little party at the house of one of the officers' wives, and among those Eva was there, looking very romantic, sad, and beautiful; Will Heyworth was there, looking stern and out of temper, and Captain Dartwell was there, looking cool, composed, and stern, as usual, receiving adieus from a number of ladies, among whom Eva Tresilian was near. In the course of the night Eva was invited to sing, and Dartwell, as usual stood near her, full of the theme of the song, accompanying herself, the little "Jeanette and Jeannot" which was a favorite of the young soldier-lover who is going to the wars, and fears that he will never return. It is a touching song, full of so fighting men abroad, or weeping girls at home, and so forth; not a master-piece of music or poetry certainly, but having a certain pathos about the heart of it—not intangible, under certain circumstances, of very touching and moving power. Why on earth did Eva select that particular song for that particular occasion? Did she plunge into unconsciously? Did she intend to give to the interpretation which all the listeners put on it? Assuredly every one but Will Heyworth felt as the supporting of the girl's grief and love—grief and love which might not be repressed, and which must express itself in some way. Dartwell was not

VIOLINS.

IT has been sometimes said that the merit of a violin is not so much in its make as (1.) in the age, and (2.) the quality of vibration produced in he wood by incessant use. It may be answered, first, that no doubt age improves vibration, but ago will never make a good violin out of a bad one; witness the host of violins that were made in the time of Stradivarius by makers who must now either known as greatly inferior to his, or forgotten altogether. Again, that using a violin keeps it in good condition is no doubt true; but the fact, that much using does not will make it good, or, secondly, that a good one is not made to improve by much use, are two undeniable propositions; for, first, how many bad fiddles are there that have been scraped assiduously for ages, and are as bad as at the end, and, secondly—here is a remarkable and conclusive fact—there is a perfect Stradivarius (No. 17 in the collection of Count Cozio de Salabue, which until a few years ago had never been used at all. It is now in the possession of M. Vuillaume, who on being placed not long ago for the first time, proved, equal, if not superior, to the very finest violins by the great maker. It is the only one of his instruments which has come down to us in perfect preservation.

Thus it would appear that the secret of excellence lies neither in age nor use, but must be sought elsewhere.

The excellence of a violin depends, roughly speaking, upon two ranges of principles: (1.) the thickness, density, and collocation of the various woods. 2. On the nature and direction of the curves.

1. The front of a violin is of soft deal, the back and sides of maple. Now, it is well known that a piece of wood, like a string in tension, can be set in vibration, and will then yield a certain musical note; the pitch of which note will depend upon the length, thickness, and density of the wood; and that note will be accompanied by a certain number of sound-waves or vibrations. Now, when the back or front of a violin is covered with fine sand, and struck, or otherwise caused to vibrate, the sound will arrange itself in certain lines, corresponding to the wave of sound which generate the note belonging to the back or front, as the case may be. M. Savart maintains that after testing a great many of Stradivarius violins, in this way, he found that all the finest gave the same note, but that in no case was the note of the front the same as the note of the back. Further experiment showed that in the finest violins there was a whole note between the back and the front, and that any departure from this rule was accompanied with injury to the tone. There is probably a certain kind of grain in the wood of these remarks, although some suspicion has been thrown on the worth and even reality of Savart's experiments by some of our experienced makers; however, the following facts, stated necessarily in a considerable variety, seem to be relied upon:

For the front of the violin you must choose very light, soft, and porous wood—there is no fining better in this way than common deal. When dry, you cut a section, and look at it through the microscope, you will see it to be full of little hollows, once filled with sap, and the more of such cells there are, the more quickly will the wood vibrate to sound. For the back, then, we must take a table of harmony, or sounding board, or belly of our violin. But in proportion to the quickness will be the thinness and evenness of the material, and, if the back vibrated as quickly as the front, the sound would be very poor. Accordingly we take maple wood for the back. It is a harder wood, containing less sap, and consequently fewer hollow cells when dry. It therefore vibrates more slowly than deal, the effect of this is to detain the waves of sound vibrating from the front, and to make them take slower vibrations of the back in the hollow of the instrument. The ribs or sides of the violin, which are also made of maple, serve to confine the quickly vibrating belly with the slowly vibrating back, and hold them most firmly to together with full pulsation and body of sound. But we must not omit to mention a little bit of solid cubical wood-peg, which is stuck upright inside the violin, just under the bridge, and helps the bridge to support the upper spots by the strings. This insignificant little piece, connecting as it does the inside roof of the belly directly with the back, is so important as a medium to communicate and mix the vibrations that the French have called it the "soul of the violin." Indeed, by-the-by, a baby is born, becoming a sensible difference in the quality of the tone is produced, and a whole morning may be spent sometimes wasted in putting it up and shifting it about from one side to the other. The best possible advice to all amateurs is, when your instrument is up, leave it alone; but if it is evidently in the wrong place, don't attempt to alter it yourself, but have it set right by some first-rate violin doctor.

But we have not quite done with the vibratory qualities of the wood. Great skill must be exercised in the choice of woods. A piece is cut up a dozen maple-trees without finding a piece of wood so smooth and regular in grain, and of such even density as some of the Cremonese backs; and then, although deal is more porous than maple, yet all deal has not the same porousness, nor is all maple equally close-grained. Consequently, too pieces of deal of equal dimensions will not give the same note.

2. But we must not forget to say a word about the curves. The general shape of the violin has been fixed, after years of varied experiment. It is not shaped so for convenience (although its last most perfect shape happens to be also the most convenient), but because its final shape is acoustically proved to be the best. The most important curves are the longitudinal and latitudinal lines of the belly and the back. At first viols were made flat like guitars, then in all sorts of fanciful curves; the older ones are thick and bulgy, like pumpkins. The curve gradually subsided, until we get the exquisite wary lines of Stradavius. That curve is so graceful because it is the curve of nature. Set a string in vibration, and you will get the curve in the arc of a Stradavius back. And I am told that it is one of the most modern discoveries that this curve is the best for the belly of a violin, because it is the only one which is found perfectly to conduct the vibratory waves of sound.

But the sides or ribs also call for special notice. The height of these determines, of course, the air-bounds of the interior of the instrument. It is found by experiment that all the best violins contain about the same amount of air, and that any increased relation between the air-bounds capacity and the thickness of the wood is always found to be bad; any decrease of power in the air is found to injure the intensity of the sound. If there is too much air the deep tones are dull and heavy, the high notes thin and screamy; if too little air, the deep tones are harsh, and the first string loses its brilliancy.

Again, if the sounding-board is too thin, the sonority will be poor and weak; if too thick, the vibrations will be slow and dull. Or, as violin players say, the instrument will not "speak." Each thin sounding-board too much, or too little, is too flat, in either case the equilibrium of the mass of air will be disturbed, and the sound will be muffled and dead.

The shape and proportions of the two *f*'s can not safely be departed from; no more than the model and the various incisions in the bridge. Immense numbers of holes, of all shapes and sizes, have been every possible experiment, position of bridge, before Stradavius fixed the pattern, which no good violin-maker has since ventured to alter or modify in the least degree.

THE PLEBISCITE IN ROME.

THE capture of Rome by the royal Italian army, on the 22d day of September, was followed on the 2d of October, by the Plebiscite, or universal voting of the population upon the question of their political union with the rest of Italy. Universal suffrage almost prevailed in all the municipal districts of the capital city, and in each of the five provinces—forming a territory about two-thirds as long and as broad as Belgium, but containing not more than 600,000 souls. It was therefore possible, with the assistance of the city districts, invited by the provisional government to execute the decree for taking this vote, to collect the votes of Rome almost throughout, to assemble under the banners of the different guilds the tradesmen and workmen, the lawyers, notaries, the sculptors and painters, the musicians, the jewelers, the cabinet-makers, the printers, the barbers, and the domestic servants (numerous in the Italian flag; and that they should march round to visit each district voting-place, where a tent was erected, with the national standard above it, and an urn was provided to deposit the voting-papers. On July 31st the Municipal Council of Rome City, on the right bank of the Tiber, which contains the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Hospital of Santo Spirito, but not allowed a voting-place of its own, because the Italian government considered this right of self-rule would come to terms, that this district should remain under Papal sovereignty, and not be annexed to the Italian kingdom. But many of the inhabitants of the Leonine City, not belonging to the Papal household or to the Swiss regiment, or to the ecclesiastical institutions there, demanded of the provisional government that they should be allowed to come out and vote together with us on another part of Rome. It was therefore agreed that they should cross the Ponte Sisto, and the Ponte Sisto, and the Ponte Sisto, and

THE NOISE OF A SHELL.

CORRESPONDENTS and artists who accompany armies to the field run full as many risks as those who are actually engaged in fighting. Their vocation compels them to seek the front in order to observe and record, with pen and pencil, the most stirring incidents of the day. The engraving on this page illustrates an artist's visit to the Château Meudon, where in happier times Prince NAPOLEON had collected those treasures of art for which he exhibited a keen zest in his younger days. We give the story in the artist's own words:

"I started on foot for the Château of Meudon, at present held as a Prussian outpost. My way lay through a wood. I passed old women breaking up and carrying off for kindling the branches of trees the French had felled and thrown across the road; boys climbing for sweet chestnuts, which, they told me, now formed a considerable portion of the peasant diet; and several *loafers*. I came to a picket, whose officer in command sent me with a soldier to his colonel in the château. We passed over a fosse defending a semi-piggledy into the wicker-work. Over one domicile the Sunday hat of the Prince, terribly crushed, and decorated with a peacock's feather, hung triumphant; and the hut was further decorated with a sign-board, on which the soldiers had drawn an elephant, and written '*The Elephant Tavern.*' Over another hut stood a stuffed black swan, and this, of course, was the '*Black Swan* circular earth-work which the Germans had thrown up in front of the château. Inside of the intrenchment the soldiers had built themselves a wonderful labyrinth of little hovels from gabions made in the adjoining woods. These were adorned most fantastically with the spoils of the château. Magnificent chairs with velvet cushions, and tables in white and gold, stood about. Gilded ornaments were stuck higgledy-*Inn*.'

"I passed into the château, over which an officer conducted me, and allowed me to peep through the windows that faced Paris and Fort Issy, which were all closely shut for fear of attracting the French fire. A shell had fallen just outside this morning at eight o'clock.

"In the fore-ground was the Prince's garden, cut now right across by a deep trench, its paths and lawn strewn with boards, barrows, and bivouac *débris*; but one could still tell that it had been a garden from the little oases of flower-beds which still dotted the desert. In the distance lay Paris, with its *enceinte* and engirdling forts, of which latter we are within range, as I found before long; for, returning to the Black Swan Inn, I sat down and began to make a sketch, the soldiers gathering round me, and I was working away when we heard a bang, a hissing sound overhead, and another bang close outside the earth-work. We all ran for the fascine huts, and when the alarm was over I returned to my sketching. Another bang; away we ran again. The shell burst this time a little short of us. Then we laughed, and I went back to work. The next shell would probably fall right in the middle of our encampment. The direc-

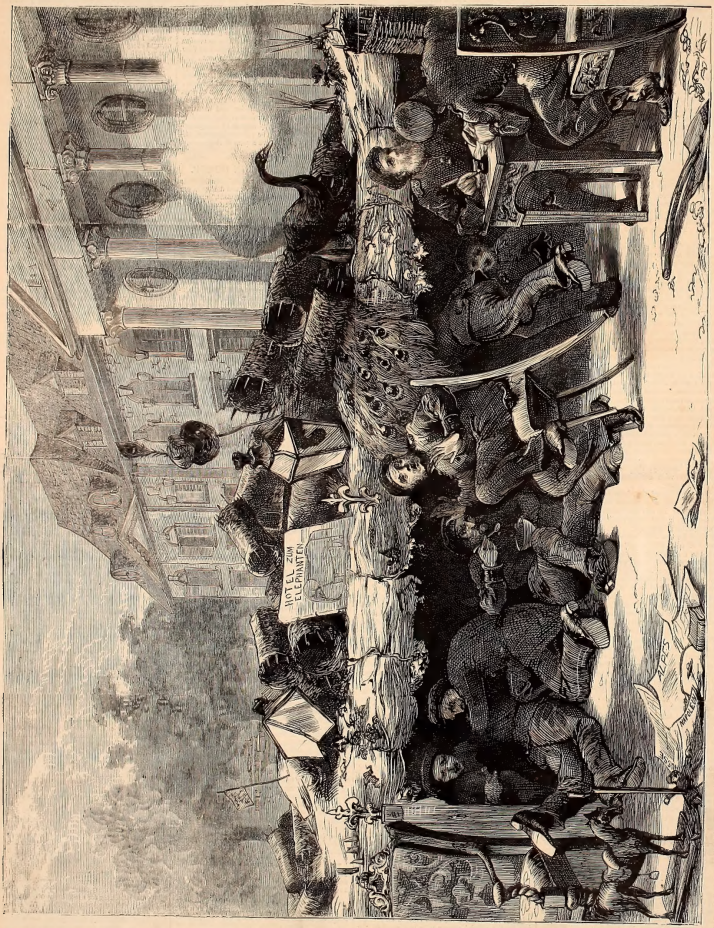

AT THE PRUSSIAN BARRICADES—THE NOISE OF A SHELL.

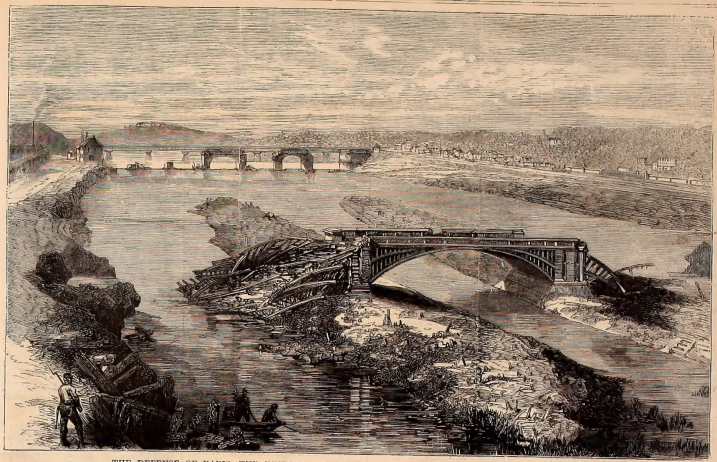

THE DEFENSE OF PARIS—THE BRIDGES OF ASNIERES AND CLICHY, ACROSS THE SEINE, DESTROYED.

tion of the others had been excellent, and the French had only to hit the golden mean in distance to hit us also, in which case our fascine huts would have been but of little service to us. They did not hit it, however, though they fired several times, and each time we ran away to shelter ourselves under the huts."

SEINE BRIDGES DESTROYED.

THE defense of Paris has rendered necessary the destruction of some of the finest and most expensive monuments of engineering skill in the vicinity of that city. Bridges, railway viaducts, roads, and embankments, on which years of labor and millions of capital have been expended, were blown up or otherwise destroyed in the attempt to retard the Prussian advance. The engraving on this page will give the reader some idea of the thoroughness with which this work was done. Had it been effectual in any degree the destruction would have been less to be regretted; but the Prussian commanders assert that their march was not delayed more than two or three hours by the obstacles thus placed in their way. Their engineers, supplied with every facility for construction, replaced the bridges, cleared away obstructions, and rebuilt the railroads, almost as fast as they were destroyed.

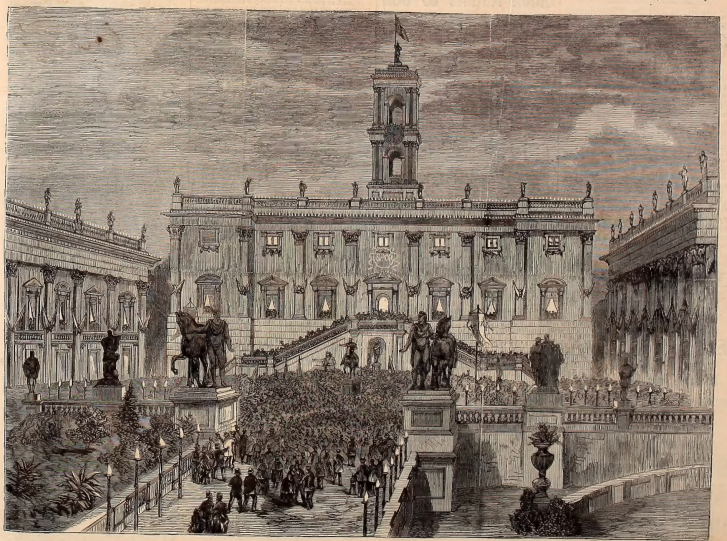

DECLARING THE RESULT OF THE PLEBISCITE AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 768.]

THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE WAR.

THE *Weimar Gazette* publishes a few extracts from a letter written by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, with reference to the wa.. a which he says:

"Your anxieties about the war must have been of short duration; in fact, they must, after the first few days' practical experience, have been changed into bright hope, into a hope increasing in rapid geometrical progression till it obtained its present dimensions. So far as my reading goes there never was such a war, never such a collapse of shameless human vanity, of menacing, long-continued arrogance, into contemptible nothingness. How has fallow-land as it from the hammer of Thor, till it lies like a shapeless heap of ruins, wishing to itself, 'In the name of all the gods and all the devils, what is to become of us?'..... All Germany may now look forward to happier days in a political sense than it has seen since the Emperor Barbarossa left it. My (old-)final satisfaction in all this is great. I got England, I can say all the intelligent in England, heartily wish good fortune to brave old Germany in what it has accomplished—a real transformation into one nation, no longer the chaotic jumble which invited the intrusion of every ill-disposed neighbor, especially of that ill-disposed France which has inflicted on it such interminable mischief during the last four hundred years —wars heaped upon wars without real cause, except insatiable French ambition. All that, through God's grace, is now at an end. I have, in my time, seen nothing in Europe which has so much delighted me. As for the people, as your Goethe calls them, and, as I believe, a peaceful and a virtuous one. I only hope that Germany will send them the wisdom, patience, and pious discretion to turn to a right use all that has been achieved."

NOTICE and rend the Organ advertisement of the Messrs. SMITH, on last page of this paper. —[*Com.*]

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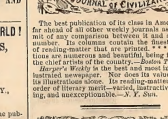

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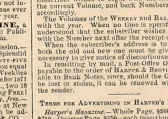

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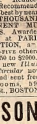

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To accompany VOL. XV., No. 726.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1870. [*Gratuitous.*

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Among the few things saved is the table on which the Emperor Napoleon III. signed the declaration of war against Prussia. Some furniture, books, and works of art which could be hastily snatched out of the conflagrating element were carried to one of the magnificent alleys at the back of the palace, where they remained a day or two, prior to removal to more spacious quarters. Had the destruction of an edifice so intimately associated with the history of France been the consequence of an attack on the part of the Prussians, they would have been charged with the crime of causing irreparable loss. As it is, the artillery men on Mont Valérien are alone responsible for what occurred.

The ruins were visited soon after the bombardment by the correspondent of the *London Times*. His account of their appearance is subjoined:

"After a long ride we entered the park of St. Cloud. The sentries in the avenue at once ceased hiding behind the huge trees. Turn sharp into side walk just as the vision of an earth-work, surmounted by a portion of a fort of the first house of Paris, comes in sight at the end of the avenue; ride in single file; get a view of what was the Lantern of Diogenes—it is now a heap of white rubbish. The French must have had exciting practice at the batteries, as it was the only new object, but the avenue made it a kind of white bull's-eye bounded by dark green. And there lies the memorial toy of Napoleon III.'s private study, the bronze model of the Colosseum, with its minute mass of shattered stones. Turn to the left, down a gentle slope. There are some people living under the trees; the tents—the first Prussian tents I have seen—of a strong infantry guard and a cavalry picket gleam through the dark trunks of the forest. It is all so quiet that we might be going to picnic. Here are the ruins in the wood, out on the grand avenue. Here are deep scores in the ground, holes, and furrows in the grass. These have a connection with the iron, deftly ornamented with brass knobs on the sides, cast on the ground in front of it. It is only a 100-pound shell which has not burst. See, there is another, and there. This must be a hot corner, right in the line of fire. The trunk of one of horsemen instantly quicken their pace. A shell—100-pounder—bursting here would be unpleasant. Another moment and there are fountains which do not play, garnished by statues, gardens, and terraces, with the broken pieces of water girt with trees—the Prince Imperial's play-ground. And then a basin with flights of steps and guarded by statues of nymphs. Was such a ruin! I could not believe it. All that remained of 42 suits of rooms for guests, for other rooms, stabling for 237 horses, and barracks for 2000 men," as the guide-book says, was a tall, gaunt, white wall—the wall opposite to the places where the fire and smoke rushed outside and licked the masonry as it had done never saw such a complete destruction. Bare walls and chimneys alone stood; the fire still smouldering, and a dazzling heat came from the heated mass inside; but so clean is the work that I could look right through the place and see Paris beyond in the opposite window-glass. Here was all that was left of the favorite retreat of the great Emperor—a palace that was unique in France for historical interest; the scene of the 18th Brumaire, of the inspection of the 14th of May, 1804, of the receipt of the *Senatus Consultum* of the 7th of November, 1852; where Henry III. was murdered, and Henry IV. and Louis died, where Peter the Great was received by the Regent, where Charles X. signed the fatal ordonnes, where the capitulation of Paris was signed in 1815, where Napoleon III. received Queen Victoria in 1855, where the declaration of war against Prussia was signed in 1870; decorated by the hands and works of Mignard, Le Moyne, Coypel, Boucher, David; rich in marble pieces of painting, tapestry, sculpture, art—a smoking Karnak of to-day. A few guns scored a few boots, some furniture, clocks, a fine bust of Napoleon, and the like, which were saved, at the hazard of their lives, by the Prussians. Count Seckendorff was sent off to ascertain if the picture of the Queen's arrival at Calais was saved. It is gone, and so are all the pictures. The books are stored in a gardener's house. They bear fleurs-de-lis, kingly crowns, imperial eagles, and bees and N's indifferently. I took up one. It was Vol. I. of Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, Paris, Furne, Jouvet et Cie., Libraires-Editeurs, Rue Saint-Andrédes-Arcs du 2 Décembre,' Chaix, Paris. Another near it was 'Pichot, Voyage en Terre de Moabi.' Most interesting of all, a copy of the *Moniteur Universel*, with the dispatches of Napoleon before Waterloo, his account of the defeat of the Prussians at Fleurus, and the dispatch after Waterloo.

"The officer in command at St. Cloud told me he had strict orders to let no one approach the ruins of the castle, for if a moving speck were seen the French fired at once, and sent showers of stones flying out of the hot walls. What a story, to be sure! I know of nothing like it. Castles and theatres seem to be built that they may be burned. There is no such deed, I think, recorded as the destruction of a palace by the people to whom it belonged merely because they fancied the enemy might be raising a battery behind it. The shell which fell through the Emperor's bed, about 11 o'clock, began the mischief. Smoke issued from the room, and a flight of bombs coming in quick succession rendered all successful effort to extinguish the flames, which in high wind soon became a furnace. Well, it be said that the Prussians burned the palace? I dare say thousands in Paris will believe they did. Meudon is now crumbling away. The French are naturally jealous of any communication building being erected if they thought it conspience's castle or a peasant's mill. I am told that a complete underground electric telegraph was discovered in one of the cellars at Versailles. Underground passages too have been discovered running from the interior of Paris into the open. The days and doings of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes, and of the persons of the 'Castle of Otranto,' and of the 'Old English Baron' are revived in strange uses and associations. For days the unconscious French were sending messages which were 'tapped' by the Prussians, to no great use, as they were generally in cipher. There have been successful fishing in the Seine for telegraphic wires. Some codes of signals have also been discovered, impossible for me to say if it be the investment of a capital containing 2,000,000 of people by an army which is numerically inferior to the force of the besieging army. That is a reversal of all military principles."

THE PRUSSIANS IN STRASBURG.

MAJOR VON W——, a Prussian officer belonging to the army before Strasburg, was the first to enter that city after the capitulation. On the morning of the 27th of September he was ordered to report at eight o'clock to General Von Werder, in Strasburg. With an orderly and four men he made his way into the city without much difficulty, though the streets were full of threatening demonstrations, and soon reached the quarters of General Von W——, the text of the story is given in the Major's own words:

"Leaving two of my men to watch the door, I proceeded with the other two into the corridor. There was no sentinel, but a few subalterns and a groom. Turning to the latter, I asked, 'Wohnt Ulrich?' they politely answered, 'Le Général est dans sa chambre.' I begged to be announced, and, unattended by my two men, entered into his room. Presently one of the adjutants who had met me coming down the stairs, and who had my revolver which I still held in my hand, led me into the presence of General Ulrich. The next moment I found myself face to face with the famous commander who had so gallantly defended the place intrusted to his charge. He is a tall, seven years old, short, thick-set, with gray hair closely cropped, and mustache of the same hue. He has a round face, a kind expression, clear and dark, large, hazel eyes. He regarded me with evident surprise, and perhaps some suspicion, not knowing what to make of me. I duly saluted him, and, mentioning my name and rank, I explained that I was the bearer of a message for self to my superior officer in Strasburg at 8 A.M. The General replied that eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the meeting of the officers, and that as far as he knew, neither General Von Mertens nor any other Prussian officer had been ordered Strasburg. 'Do you know, my brave commandant,' he continued, 'you are the first Prussian officer who has ever been in these rooms, and I am happy to make the acquaintance of one of the gallant Prussian army.' 'How can I serve you, did you get here?' No one is permitted to enter till eleven o'clock.' I replied that I was proud to have the honor of addressing a general whose gallantry we (the Prussians) had had so much occasion to admire. The General then made personal my hand, and there was a tear in his eye as, half averting his face, he motioned me to sit down on the sofa. He said, as I afterward learned, that certainly not inside the fortress, and as he had no hand left free for preparing for the melancholy ceremony of the morrow, he might as well sit down and smoke and chat together like soldiers. He praised our artillery, and the discipline and steadiness of our men, whom he was pleased to call the heroes of Europe. They had converted Strasburg into a heap of ruins, shattered mountains and bomb-proof erections, making it, in short, impossible for them to hold out against our fire. Then, taking a map of our parallels, on which every one of our guns was accurately marked, he continued: 'I am glad to perceive that the excellence of your cannon that beat me. You will have observed that the parallels on which are quite new; but the best of them is not equal to your worst. At the very outset of the siege I knew you would be victors in the end. I was up in the tower of the Cathedral to observe your movements, when I accidentally met one of you and my suit, opened fire on us. The first shot missed, the second glanced along the edge of the platform on which we stood, and the third force. Then I said to myself that I should not hold Strasburg long against such artillery. It was but yesterday one of your large bombs penetrated a house of six stories from top to bottom, and, falling through into the cellar, killed seventeen persons. We had about fifty killed per day —about 2000, I should say, during the whole siege. And, *mon Dieu!* what a number of wounded! All the hospitals are full of them. But now, my brave fellow, to breakfast. There is a beef-steak left for the commander of Strasburg. The rest of the city have had to content themselves with horse-flesh for the last fortnight.' Before sitting down to breakfast I requested the General to send messengers to the citadel and the Porte de Saverne to inquire for General Von Mertens. I also begged him to have some bread and wine given to my four brave companions outside, all which suggestions he kindly complied with. At this moment General Decasse and Colonel Gayot, Prussian officers on the staff, came in, and spoke to the commandant. One of my gunners outside availed himself of this opportunity to look in at the open window, and tell me that he and his comrades were on the alert, and would enter the room instead if they thought it necessary. We lunched with two other generals, one adjutant, and the Préfet, M. De Laboulie. Wine is a very common, and comforting, meal. As they all gave toasts, I thought I had better imitate their example, and proposed their happy reunion with their families. Upon which General Ulrich said he had not heard from his wife for five weeks. At last the orderlies he had sent in accordance with my request returned, reporting, 'No Prussians in Strasburg.' It was half past one o'clock by this time, and the General had to leave me. In a touching manner he bade adieu to the other officers, and, fastening on his sword, shook hands with me, saying, 'Pardon my leaving you so abruptly. I must go. I shall remember your name as that of an officer of your nation of a defeated adversary. I shall have much pleasure in making the acquaintance of your General-in-Chief.' With this my amiable entertainer quitted the room, leaving me to my own devices. What was I to do? It was clearly my duty to continue my search for General Von Mertens. Though not in Strasburg, he might be in it, he might have arrived by this time. Forward, then, again with my four men. When we departed from the house the streets were empty. We proceeded in the direction of the citadel, where I was most likely to find the object of my search. In the corridor I found a corner we were confronted by a French regiment of regular infantry, marching in the opposite direction to front. The officers saluted me. I halted with my men, and we resumed their courtesy. The regiments followed. They were fine, well-accoutred troops, marching in a sad, dejected manner. Behind these came a crowd of soldiers, less orderly and military in appearance. They had not received the order to halt, and kept on tiny confusion. Their officers ignored my presence. I was looking at the sorry spectacle presented by the two tumultuous mass, when suddenly one of the men came up to me, and, thrusting his fist into my face, said, 'Take that, you Prussian spy!' The same instant another came up and did the like, striking the butt end of his musket violently on the sole of my foot. I ordered my men to keep quiet, and told the fellows threatening me I was an officer, and that they were liable to be punished for outrages. Though evidently drunk, they desisted. On attempting, however, to pass on in the direction I was my route, I found myself again stopped by an enraged soldier, who, placing himself in my path, and lifting his fist, cried out, 'See you marching with which I have killed so many Prussians! His wife must be deliberately took aim at me. I heard my men behind me presenting their guns likewise, and the chances were that we should all be dead men in a few moments. As a last resource I explained, laughingly, 'My brave fellows, don't shoot! We are friends! We are sworn foes are not loaded!' There was an uncanny sparkle in his eye; but he turned round, and in another moment had his musket on the pavement. It was as though the others had but waited for this signal to do the same. Like roaring, raving maniacs, they smashed their weapons so that the fragments flew about. As far as I could see the infection had spread from rank to rank, each vying with his neighbor who could do it the most effectually. Then, as suddenly as they had resolvent it, even if they had so desired. One of them, addressing me in an excited, urgent voice, said, 'In Heaven's name withdraw with your soldiers; your life is in danger!' I cried, 'March, forward!' and, calling out to the Frenchmen, 'Adieu, mes braves!' rapidly crossed, and we got into a quiet side street, with the wild shouts of the increased suddenly ringing in our ears. Five minutes more and I was in the citadel. There, at length, I saw our belauged again. It was like a sweet vision. The citadel was occupied by a company of the Thirty-fourth: 17,200 men, consisting of Landwehr and Line, were laying down their arms at that moment outside the walls. Still no General Von Mertens. I was to be met, determined to march back to the Commandant, and, a Baden artillery officer with two men, joining me, set out, my men reassured by this important addition to our force. In the more frequented streets we passed through groups of people, some with arms, some, many ones, belts, etc. Four people, mostly women, were picking up the fragments of a musket about. As I crossed the bridge over the ill, a man told me that there were many Chassepots in the river, which I found had cast them. By one o'clock I reached the Commandeur again, and, seating myself in the courtyard, felt like the commandant of the place. At last, after a long delay, a small detachment of our infantry arrived, and took possession of the building. Gradually the streets filled with our troops, cavalry made their appearance, and the familiar tattoo of our drums resounded from all sides. At half past two General Von Mertens, very cordial, I must say I at first thought, rode into the courtyard of the Commandeur. I reported myself as having been engaged for some sixteen years. The General knew nothing whatever of my summons, and on my showing him the written order I had received, promised that the matter should be inquired into forthwith. In the mean time he was good enough to confirm me on my not having been shot, and to evidence his approval, appointed me Garrison-Major of Strasburg."

THE SATAN ROCKET.

M. L—— (says *La France*), the distinguished civil engineer and chemist, of the Rue de Londres, Paris, has invented a rocket which will be a formidable weapon of defence. He has intrusted it the *Juste Satan*. We have seen this rocket made, and we will endeavor to describe it to our readers. To the end of an ordinary rocket is attached a very slight receptacle of tin, having exactly the shape of a conical bullet. In this receptacle is arranged a chamber filled with a composition based, we believe, upon saltpetre of carbon, which composition, once lighted, gives out considerable heat. A fuse communicates from this chamber with the top of the rocket. The tin bullet is filled, just before being used, with petroleum oil. The lighted rocket rises in the air, and traversed the space necessary to arrive over a certain spot. Arrived above its object, the composition in the fuse, the composition in the chamber of the bullet takes light, bursts its envelope, and at the same time fires the petroleum, which falls like a sheet of flame, and continues burning. The sheet of flame falls at the rate of about 20 to twenty-four square metres, according to the size of the rocket. No. 1 throws one litre of petroleum, No. 2 two litres, and No. 3 three litres. They can be thrown a distance of six kilometres, and aimed with great precision. The composition by means of a slow match attached to each rocket, which maintains the elevation given to it at the time of its projection. Some interesting experiments were made with this weapon at St. Cloud on the 10th of last month. In less than five minutes a considerable piece of ground was covered with a sea of fire. A combustible, composed of petroleum and gun-cotton, is artillery presided over the experiments, and the general at their head was appalled by the terrible nature of the new engine. Should it be decided to retain the use of rifle upon the Prussian masses, burning every thing, setting light to the cartridges in the soldiers' pouches, even to the ammunition wagons of the artillery. Their rout would be complete. Nothing appears in its report to prevent it in the opinion we civilized nation could make use of these rockets except for exposals; and it would be only in case of the Prussians burning up with petroleum bombs, such as they used at Strasburg, that we should be entitled to retaliate with the new rocket. However this may be, the Committee of National Defense has given the inventor a large building on the Boulevard (formerly a girls' school), and has ordered the immediate manufacture, on a large scale, of Satan rockets. From day to day 200 workmen will be actively employed, and within a few days we shall have a sufficient stock to overwhelm utterly the Prussians in their own coin, if, as at Strasburg, they make use of unlawful weapons.

PHILOLOGY OF THE WAR.

MANY of the old tyums and departments of France have names which are somewhat curious. "Orleans' is a corruption of the name of Aurelian, by whom the city was rebuilt. In the town of Epinal there is the statue of a child trying to put out the fire in a house in fire, which is meant to symbolize the thorns and briers of the region in which the town was built. For the same reason the city called "Epine" has, upon a thorn. The word Alsace means the *Elsa*-place —the *elsa* meaning *olsa*, elder, having probably come to mean outsiders. Nancy is derived by some from Celtic *nant*, a valley, but others say it is from *Nanthe nant*, Alsatian, according to Forstemann, Metz and Mousson are traceable to the same root with the German Metz, cowards, while an analysis of Meziores shows it to be from German *mez*, food, and *hors*, warrior. The town will probably regard itself as decided on furnish, if not to become, warriors' food.

The names of prominent men on the Continent just now have sometimes suggestive meanings. Bismarck is from "bishop's march," i. e., mark for bonds, etc. Bismarck's wife is unfortunately Norse, from the old word *kone*, struggle; and she married two of Bismarck's sons from the same name. Moltke, oddly enough, is from Gothic *molyan*, Norse *molla*, English *mould*. Should we suppose that he robbed the graves, the old Scandinavian men the man who knows how to mould! The genius of christening would seem to have presided at the font also when Garibaldi was named. Garibaldi is substantially one with *guerre* (war is the same), and particularly with spear, which last means bold. So the Italian hero is "Bold-spear." It is very remarkable that the most distinguished military man on the French side should have Teutonic names. Such is the case with Bazaine and Garibaldi, but it is equally true of Trochu, Ulrich, and Bourbaki. Trochu is from Anglo-Saxon *droppen*, infantry; Ulrich from Old Norse *ur*, a buffalo; while Bourbaki is from *bear*, bear, and Old Norse *bogna*, to contend. It is natural that the names just come to us out of old times should bear traces of the perpetual war amidst which they were given.

An English philologist, Mr. Robert Ferguson,

has contended that Bonaparte is an old Frankish name, come back after long exile to its native land. The case, according to him, stands thus: Bonifacer in the seventh and Bonifacer in the ninth century appear as Frankish names. In that part of Italy which was subdued by the Franks I find the present Italian name, Bonifacci. From the same part of Italy come also the Bonapartes. Still the name may be German, for the Lombards, who held that part of Italy before the Franks, were also Germans, and the name seems radically identical with the American name Bowknight, which Mr. Bowditch has shown to be from Anglo-Saxon *bold*, famous, and *bona*, slayer. Wherefore Bonaparte may mean, not as commonly thought, a man of *bon* or good parts, but a famous slayer.

About the name of the King of Prussia there is no doubt. Wilhelm means the helmet of Odin. In the Northern mythology the god Odin appeared at the creation of the world, in conjunction with Vili and Ve, beings whom Thorpe boldly to be personifications of "divine agency." The name Vili (Old Norse) is the Anglo-Saxon *Wilfa*, English *Will*, meaning, according to Grimm, the force and spirit which set will in motion. *Vili* became a title of Odin as the supreme will. And *helmet* is of obscure origin, thought by some to be related to the light (Helios) which flashed from it. Wilhelm was the name given to the sixth Odin Woden—the mythical Odin—in the genealogy of the kings of the East Angles. King Wilhelm, therefore, in believing, as is said, in the divine right of kings, is but true to the old belief represented in his name, which traces his helmet to the *Will* of Vili, the god of Valhalla.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

ONE of the principal obstacles to peace between France and Prussia is the want of a stable and authorized French government with which a treaty could be concluded. In order to obviate this difficulty, it was proposed to arrange for an armistice which would give the French people the opportunity to elect an Assembly. The negotiations were conducted on the part of the French by M. Thiers, fresh from his unsuccessful journey to Russia, Vienna, London, and Florence in search of allies. The veteran statesman was submitted to an audience with King William at Versailles on the 1st of November, and subsequently, on the 3d and 4th, with Count Bismarck. At the first interview with the Count M. Thiers exhibited his authorization from the Paris government to arrange an armistice on the basis proposed by Lord Granville, namely, the duration of the armistice to be twenty-five days, the inhabitants of Paris to have the liberty to take in food during this interval, and free elections to be held in all the departments. Count Bismarck replied that it was all very well as far as it went, but an authorization from the Tours government was also necessary. M. Thiers said M. Gambetta and his colleagues would not disavow an agreement made by the Paris government, and supported by General Trochu and the army of Paris. But he would undertake at once to communicate with Tours, and obtain a formal authorization in addition to the informal powers already received. Count Bismarck insisted on the necessity of convoking an Assembly, to speak with authority in the name of the country. He said he was willing to suspend active hostilities for this purpose, but until all had been arranged the siege operations would have full course.

At the second interview Count Bismarck waived the point of the Tours government's authorization, and discussed the conditions of the armistice. He proposed that Paris should receive daily one day's food on the scale of present rations, and both belligerents proceed on their material preparations, the Germans to continue to occupy the whole territory now held by them, to cause to make forced requisitions, and to be allowed to bring forward all their stores and war material without interruption. M. Thiers agreed to these points, and asked, "Will Alsace and Lorraine be permitted to send deputies to the Assembly?" Count Bismarck replied in the negative, but at length intimated that he might consent.

King William, however, refused his assent both to the revictualing of Paris and the participation of Alsace and Lorraine in the election. The negotiations were therefore broken off. M. Thiers returned to Paris, and the siege of Paris goes on with undiminished vigor.

The accurate map of that city and the girdle of outlying forts printed on this page will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by the investing army. Probably no city in the world is better protected by artificial means than the French capital, or is more capable of prolonged defense, if not reduced by starvation, or compelled to surrender by internal dissensions; yet the history of all sieges proves that, unless relieved by a victory in the field, outside the fortifications, the strongest fortress ever constructed must in time yield to the investing force.

The detached forts about Paris are seventeen in number, of which the strongest is that of Mont Valérien. It stands upon the west side of Paris, upon a hill behind Suresnes and Puteaux, on the left bank of the Seine, directly opposite the Bois de Boulogne. The fort is built in a pentagon, with sides of from 380 to 440 yards in length. The conical top of the hill on which it is situated comes up in the centre, towering over every thing, and serves as a gigantic natural parados, or traverse. There is on the top of the cone a plateau, which is surrounded by an earthen parapet. Beside this there are bomb-proof barracks. The fort consists of bastions joined by curtains. There are high cavaliers in the bastions, and small re-entering places of arms opposite the centre of each front. There is a masonry counterscarp and a covered way on four of the fronts. There are redoubts in the re-entering places of arms. There are seventy-six heavy guns and a battery of mitrailleuses on its ramparts, and a garrison of 1500 Gardes Mobiles and 700 sailors. Some of the guns have a calibre of 9½ inches. The other forts round Paris have each four or five fronts, of from 325 to 330 yards in length. They have a bastioned trace. In general, the dimensions are as follow: escarp, 33 feet; counterscarp, 20 feet to 24 feet high; ditch, 78 feet wide. Some have loopholed walls on the top of the escarp. They have covered ways, *tenailles*, opposite the entrances and re-entering places of arms. They are well supplied with casemates, whose embrasures open on to the ditch. Some have advanced works, and even important outworks. The armament of these forts consists, in great measure, of 80-pounder guns. The garrisons consist of Gardes Mobiles and sailors. In many cases neighboring spurs are occupied by strong earth-works, which look into adjoining hollows which could not be searched by the fire of the forts.

According to published statements the Prussian siege-train comprises, besides many guns of inferior calibre, the famous 9½-ton gun, calibre 8.25 inches, projectile 220-pound shell; the 14-ton gun, calibre 9.25 inches, projectile 337-pound shell, containing a bursting charge of 15 pounds of powder. Both the above are breech-loaders. The extreme range of these guns, with an elevation of 35 degrees, is said to be 8300 yards, or rather less than five and a half miles. The heaviest breech-loading rifle-guns mounted by the French at Paris are: 5-ton gun, calibre 6.3 inches, projectile 70-pound shell; 8-ton gun, calibre 7.5 inches, projectile 115-pound shell; 14-ton gun, calibre 9.45 inches, projectile 220-pound shell; 21½-ton gun, calibre 10.63 inches, projectile 480-pound shell. It would be interesting to know in what proportion these guns exist on the two sides; but this is one of those secrets which good generals preserve. It is not likely that either French or Germans have added considerably to the number of their heavy guns since the war began, as the larger ones are of slow construction. According to a Berlin letter, 25,000 tons

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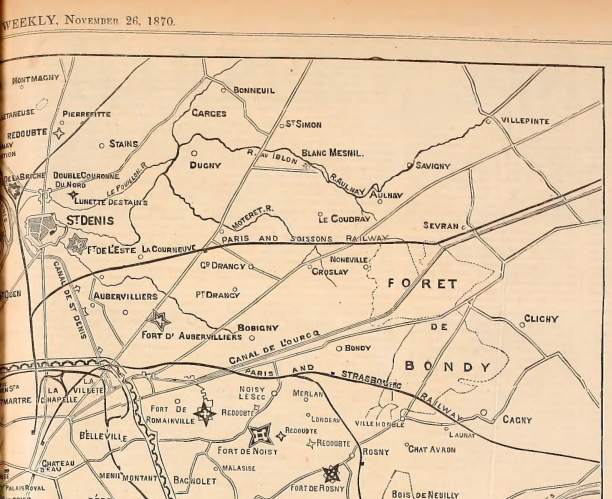

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BOMBAST.

La Liberté of October 17 says: "In three weeks from this date no bomb will have reached the heart of Paris; in three weeks Bazaine will be free; in three weeks Garibaldi will be master of the Vosges; in three weeks the Prussian army will be crushed under the forts, decimated by hunger and disease, or scattered in the provinces and annihilated." The *Liberté* adds: "Paris has issued from behind her shield of stone. She has burst into fragments the girdle of steel which bound her. On all sides the Prussians retreat. The lion is scattering the herd of buffaloes. The Prussians have entered. Let us close the frontiers that they may never depart."

THE GERMAN TROOPS BEFORE PARIS.

In their external appearance, says a writer in the *Cologne Gazette*, the German troops before Paris show scarcely any trace of the hotties and marches which they have gone through. Advantage has been taken of the lull which has interposed to put in good order the whole *materiel* of the army. The Würtembergers and Bavarians are less particular in this respect than the Prussians, and on taking up their quarters any where they think first of eating and drinking, and then of cleaning their weapons, uniforms, and horses, whereas with the Prussians the latter is the first duty. The Bavarians have many slightly indisposed and fatigued soldiers, and contribute more inmates to the hospitals than the Prussians, owing to their faulty management. The Saxons have been quite equal to the Prussians since they have been under control of the Confederation, and have wonderfully improved since 1866. The activity of the regimental tailors, shoemakers, and locksmiths since the investment of Paris began, and the vigilance of the authorities as to the neatness and order of the troops, are evident at the reviews of the various divisions by the King. The regiments are almost as trim as on parade in garrison towns. The horses of the artillery and most of the cavalry are in good and often in brilliant condition, especially those of the cavalry reserve. Only in three regiments which have had much outpost or patrol service, or which have lyre smacked and marched a great deal, are seen ill-conditioned horses. Of the 20,000 horses captured at Sedan and elsewhere, the best have been picked out and supplied to the artillery and cavalry. Those include many capital Norman horses for the cavalry, and heavy animals for the artillery. The Barbary horses of the African troops, excellent as they are, are deemed too small for the Prussian cavalry. The strength of the regiments is better by about one-third than that at the beginning of September. Although in the battles near and before Metz many regiments were reduced to a half, and some to nearly a third of their numbers, the losses included a proportionately very large number of slightly wounded. Most of the wounded were struck by Chassepots from long distances, so that the force of the bullets was much spent, and many of them broke no bones, but buried themselves in flesh. The wounds caused by the Austrian bullets and grenades in 1866 were, on the average, much more serious. During the last few weeks, therefore, many soldiers, and a relatively much larger number of officers, who were wounded at Weissenburg, Wœrth, and before Metz have rejoined the ranks. Many officers, indeed, have their arm in a sling, or a plaster on the face, or use a crutch, but their zeal induces them to render what service they can. The lack of superior officers which was felt in August and September, when young sub-lieutenants had frequently to command companies and second-class captains battalions, has almost disappeared. Most of the regiments have been reinforced, and it is a pleasure to see young, intelligent, muscular volunteers, burning with patriotism and warlike spirit. On off days most of the Prussian troops are vigorously drilled for some hours, and it is a singular spectacle to see recruits practicing a very strict parade march in the splendid court and broad alleys of Versailles.

NEW ARTICLE OF DIET.

A new article of diet has appeared in the Paris markets—ass's flesh—which is selling at 80 centimes per kilogramme. Recently, at M. Jules Favre's, there were three cutlets for seven persons. Nobody would touch them, and they remained for the servants, while every body made an onslaught on a hum, which quickly disappeared. Fresh-water fish and vegetables are abundant, but prices are rising daily.

ST. CLOUD AND STRASBURG.

The German papers can not help continuing the partial rescue of the St. Cloud library with the indifference which allowed the Strasburg collection to be annihilated by the flames. It is urged that the French authorities, knowing Strasburg would be attacked, might have stored away the library and picture-gallery in cellars, and preserved these invaluable treasures the same way as so many chairs, tables, and other everyday articles outlived the siege. It is also asserted, on the testimony of officers who have inquired into the subject, that part of the library might have been saved, even after the building had caught fire, but that no effort was made. On the contrary, there seems to have been a certain satisfaction at the Germans destroying what they set such store by. It must be owned there is some difference between this conduct and that of the Prussian soldiers rushing into the flames at St. Cloud and fetching the enemy's pictures out of a conflagration unnecessarily caused by the enemy himself.

THE IMPERIAL NOVEL.

The following is a translation of the outline of a novel, recently found among the secret papers at the Tuileries, in the handwriting of the ex-Emperor:

"M. Benoit, a worthy grocer of the Rue de la Lune, set out in 1817 for America. After having invested in the country which lies between the Hudson and Mississippi rivers he returned to France in the April of 1868, having spent nearly nineteen years abroad. He had heard the distant echoes of all that had been going on in France since 1848, without thoroughly realizing the changes that had been brought about. Some French refugees had told him that France had been groaning under the yoke of despotism, and that he would find his native country, to which he was about to return, degraded and impoverished, although ill fated he been so prosperous when he quitted it in the time of Louis Philippe. Our friend Benoit lands accordingly at Brest a passenger by the mail steamer. He enters the roadstead full of prejudices, preconceived impressions. He asks of the first sea-faring man he meets, 'Mon, ami, how does vessels which are so black and ugly when contrasted with the magnificent ships which I left behind?' The answer is, 'Why, these are armor-clad ships, the invention of the Emperor. They are covered with iron, and can not be injured by cannon-balls, and that transformation has destroyed up to a certain point the naval supremacy of England.' 'It may be so,' is the rejoinder, 'but I regret our old vessels with masts and sails—the ships of poetry.' (On the margin opposite this I have ere these words, "passports suppressed.") "He sees near the Manche the crowd going up to the elections. He is astonished to hear of universal suffrage, and astonished also at the railways which spread over France, and the electric telegraph. He arrives in Paris. Its embellishment. The

city boundary extended to the fortifications. He buys various articles, and finds them cheaper than they were, thanks to the commercial treaty, even cheaper, etc. He thinks that many authors are in prison. An error. *No énervés*, nervous, bilious prisoners, no colic, no preventive imprisonment. Acceleration of lawsuits. Privateering suppressed. Savings-banks for old age. The asylums of Vincennes. The coalition. *Police du roulage* abolished. Regulations abolished. Industry set free under lighter, pay increased, medal founded, retiring allowance augmented. Reserve increasing the strength of the army, reliefs six times a week. Arrest for debt. Brokers; a shop-keeper who sent out a clerk to sell or buy merchandise arrested. General councils.

A NIGHT TELEGRAPH.

A new nocturnal military telegraph has been invented by a Hungarian officer, and sold to the Prussian War Department. By means of this telegraph, which consists of rockets of different colors, a communication can be established in the night between armies stationed at a distance of twenty miles from each other. It would enable Bazaine, for instance, to have continual contact with the commandant of Thionville. Each rocket represents six words, and no other combination of words can thus be conveyed by fifty rockets. The key to this telegraph, which may be altered so as to render it unintelligible to the enemy, contains all the words used in strategy and tactics.

LIVING ON THE COUNTRY.

How requisitions are conducted by the Germans—especially in the Bavarian districts—may be judged from a report of Major Schmetzow, from Chevreuil, near St. Cyr:

"We summon the mayor and municipality, and inform them in writing what they have to furnish. As I have an excellent knowledge how to oil the commuses in the department, the authorities are astonished to see when I make out the warrant demands as to their herds of cattle, population, etc., and address the head officials by their names. The little experience in my bundle furnishes me with data for all this without any great trouble. One mayor had to deliver sixty sacks of oats. He swore hard and fast that it was impossible. Without listening to him further I inserted in addition two bullocks and a sheep. It was not my intention to take these. An hour afterward I received the oats. I am the warmest friend of the authorities for waiving the bullocks and sheep. In communes, however, where five or more requisitions are made, I prefer to take away cattle from the people is an unpleasant part of the soldier's duty."

RAILWAY HOSTAGES.

The railway at Epernay having been torn up by the French on the 11th ult., wrecking a train of sick German soldiers who were on board, three being killed and twenty injured, the French authorities have been required to appoint hostages of wealth and rank, who will accompany every train in the front carriage. In case of destruction of the line, and accident to a train, these persons will forfeit their lives. Several gentlemen including a count residing in the vicinity of the outrage, have been arrested, but it will be almost impossible to discover the offenders.

A PEN FOR BISMARCK.

Paris is not yet taken, but the pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bissinger, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary steel pen-holder. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the whole closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented, while the back of the feather is thickly studded with brilliants, and bears the count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraving and polishing, hundreds were engaged on it for five weeks. The gold employed is of 18 carats, and that part in which the brilliants are set is of 24 carats.

GERMAN IDEAS OF FRENCHMEN.

A German writer in the *Cologne Gazette* comments on the impossibility of reasoning with the French. "They know that it is all in vain with them, and console themselves with the belief that in five years they will recover themselves from the final, but in the same breath they protest that they are not conquered, and are deceiving themselves as the last with the absurdest reports of victories. The "genius of the defence of Strasbourg" is invoked by Gambetta. A postal, but in fact, experts by barricades to repel a million practised soldiers, and by a mob of Mobiles and Franc-tireurs to annihilate the armies of the provinces. The townspeople and peasants, with their excitable temperament, are to be turned by bubbles and drummers to deeds of so-called heroism, and while a handful of the enemy fall victims, the localities implicated are punished by destruction or contributions. Emissaries and proclamations are sent about, inciting a guerilla war, directing people to assume to-day the franc-tireur's blouse, to-morrow the peasant's smock, so that they are to blame if peasants' coats of arms are fusilled. The barricades and obstructions placed in the roads are not, however, defended; and behind the ready-to-destroy bridges and tunnels, which are shattered to pieces, there stood not one more to defend the passage of the Moselle by the enemy on a bridge of boats. Will the well-to-do effeminate Paris tradesman or the artisan display more bravery than the army? Will he not throw away his musket as soon as the first shells fall in the city, like the people of the large provincial towns? To talk of dying under the ruins of Paris is the very fudge which has talked France into destruction. Treachery, numbers, espionage—these, according to the Paris prates, are the means by which the Germans have "intrigued" themselves up to Paris. Even intelligent people in Paris are not free. There are intelligent people to be found in Germany who can be induced to confess "Germany is much stronger than we, and we must therefore be conquered." If asked why France declared war, they reply, "It was not we who wished for it." "Looking down on the Champs Elysées," they exclaim, "I imagine that our heaviest shots will fall on the Place de la Concorde, the Place de la Bourse, or, at any rate, on the Champ de Mars. When I stand under the forts of Issy and Vanves, especially the Mont Valérien and Mont Gravelosse, I fancy that a couple of thousand of our brave fellows will take these heights and these interests, as easily as the capture of Weissenburg, Saarbrück, Gorze, and Gravelotte, and as they have already taken Bicêtre, Meudon, and Bicêtre. I am no strategist, but I believe Mont Valérien and St. Denis will give us little trouble. Our artillery-men have already selected the points from which the greatest havoc can be made. The engineer officers can, therefore, be made. The engineer officers can, therefore, count long, and if the war should still be protracted, and the Germans be obliged to establish themselves for the winter, the question is not yet spoken, will also be wasted." He concludes by remarking that freebooters and marauders are not deserved villages, taking away whatever has been left and concealing it in the woods, and that there is a danger of Paris, in the event of its remaining it, becoming the prey of bands of marauders.

AMAZONS TO THE RESCUE.

"You will hardly believe," says a letter from Paris, sent out by Ballon, "that the Paris ladies can be seriously regarded when I tell you that it is proposed to raise ten battalions of amazons, and to call them—to call them—what? But, indeed, it is because the people are thoroughly in earnest that they go into a ludicrous extreme. Well, and, why do not see the folly of it. There were placards all over Paris last night, announcing the formation and formation of the ten battalions of Amazons, describing what their dress would be, their accoutrements, their duties, etc. Each of the first battalion is a course of formation; the others are as yet in the air. The Amazons are a provincial contingent, so-called in the name of Belly. How long M. Belly—Felix Belly—will be allowed to exercise them in such a name I perhaps they will soon want a colonel of their own sex to lead them on to glory; or I should rather say a major, for the grade of colonel is as yet unknown in the citizen army. In the mean time M. Belly is to do its work. The battalion, of course, is to have black nether garments, with an orange stripe, cut, I believe (but this is not in the announcement), after the Zouave fashion; they are to have a black woolen blouse with a hood; they are to have a black belt with an orange buckle or shade; they are to have a shoulder-belt with cartridge-box attached; and they are to be armed with a light rifle, good for 200 yards. Each battalion is to have eight companies 150 strong. Their duty will be to defend the ramparts and the barricades and they demand the pay of a franc and a half a day, allowed to all the other battalions of the National Guard." They are in earnest; they mean business, and no doubt they will find enough to do. I must say this for the Parisians, that, while some seemed bewildered as they read the green placards announcing what the Provisional Republican of Paris intend, staring in amazement as if they could not believe their eyes, the greater number were consumed with laughter."

FAMOUS CAPITULATIONS.

There are moments in the first full flush and vigor of youth when sorrow seems to us but a dream, and death an impossibility. Even in the latter, in the midst of pain and trouble, looking back from a sick-bed, or from the edge of some great calamity or misfortune, to the past golden period of victorious youth and hope, the stricken man sighs and wonders at the change that has come upon him. An equal surprise at feeling must accompany the capitulation of a great army.

Yesterday its soldiers were shouting in harvest gateways, polishing brass, grinding steel, piling powder-wagons, admiring new canteen, commissariat wagons, shoeing horses, and calculating plumes and epaulets. An ocean of bayonets—one hundred thousand brave men—who can turn their course? who can bar their way? Fire and steel are powerless before them, and the enemy seems to melt away from them. Multiply a will bold, a live, or a tiger by one hundred thousand, and you have then but a faint approximation to the rush, the leap, the force of such an army. Yet modern war is but a mathematical problem after all. Throw your army as an arrow along the base of a given triangle while your opponent is laboriously trying to wind down the other to get at you, and you will pass your sword through his heart before he even sees it glitter. Such is the reason we now find that it was in the time of that great master player, the late Napoleon, who then but a little approximation to the rush, the leap, the force of such an army. Yet modern war is but a mathematical problem after all. Throw your army as an arrow along the base of a given triangle while your opponent is laboriously trying to wind down the other to get at you, and you will pass your sword through his heart before he even sees it glitter. Such is the reason we now find that it was in the time of that great master player, the late Napoleon, who then but a little handful of men on the equal ranks of pieces; the knights leap, the bishops sidle, the castles sweep the field, the pawns move timidly; the game appears equal. Suddenly the Philidor—the Morphy—mover a piece, and the enemy's game is broken up. There is a dead lock, his army becomes entangled in a deadly defile, his queen falls by her husband's very side. Checkmate! The king is checked. The monarch and all his army are cooped in a corner, and in deadly danger. A feeble move more, and he moves not again. That position of things in chess is called checkmate; in war, capitulation.

And what a capitulation that of Philidor—the Morphy—mover a piece, and the enemy's game is broken up. There is a dead lock, his army becomes entangled in a deadly defile, his queen falls by her husband's very side. Checkmate! The king is checked. The monarch and all his army are cooped in a corner, and in deadly danger. A feeble move more, and he moves not again. That position of things in chess is called checkmate; in war, capitulation.

And what a capitulation that of Mulack's army at Sedan on the 2d of September last! On that day, so fatal to France, after that defeat, worse than ten Pavias and six Waterloos, there were surrendered to the Prussian invaders eighty-three thousand French rank and file, five hundred and fifty cannon, and ten thousand horses. It was a defeat worse than Cannæ, and as overwhelming as that of Sarmizegetusa. Since Pavia no French monarch had ever been taken in siege or battle. No modern European nation has ever received so crushing a blow.

It is only by analysis and historical comparison that it is possible fully to appreciate the enormous importance of this event.

The great capitulations recorded in history have generally followed the break-up and humiliation of some once great, but then effete or exhausted nation; but, occasionally, as in the case of the Caudine Forks, they have aroused all the energy of the defeated nation, and have been followed by swift and complete revenge. The disaster of the Caudine Forks was one of those early reverses (321 B.C.) which tested the Romans to steel, and made them the invincible conquerors they soon after became. Three days, the historian says, was a terrible people, the Kabyles of Italy, who, living in natural fortresses on the highest points of the north of Naples, boarded their corn and wine among their bench wools and ravines, despising the feeble folk of Latium and Campania, who had made no effort for the eagles of the children of Romulus. The consuls commanding, according to Valerius and Arnold, broke out almost immediately before the death of Alexander the Great, who, in subduing the great descendant of Hercules, was but arming as prisoner to the obscure nation of whom he had probably hardly heard by the name. So it befell this campaign the Romans, determined to subdue all neighboring nations, invaded Samnium from the Latin frontier or south side of the Apennines. To drive the Romans into the dangerous defiles that lead from the plain of Capua to Benevento on the high valleys of the Apennines, Caius Pontius of Telesia, the Samnite general, spread a report that his army had marched into Apulia. The Romans at once drove straight at the mountain passes. At Caudium, a group according to Livy, between Arienzo and Arpaia, through which runs the present road from Naples to Benevento, the Samnites had legions and a force of auxiliaries (probably), at least seventeen thousand men, when all told, found themselves in the defiles. The Samnites had surrounded them; they were in a trap from which there was no issue. Every path on the hills was blocked and guarded; the Samnites repelled the desperate, maddened rushes of the first despair. Then winter set in, and the end was near. The Romans, after many hopeless fights and great butchery, laid down their swords, gave up as hostages, and agreed to surrender every foot of Samnite territory. The captive Romans had to

"Put us to the sword at once, sell us as slaves, or keep us as prisoners till we are ransomed by our friends, but do not insult your living or dead, from all unworthy insults."

The young general, a man not without Greek culture, having, indeed, it is said, known Plato, was generous. He required only that the Roman army should pass under the usual degrading ceremony, pass under the yoke. Through a gateway of spears the Roman army passed, every man of it, man naked all but his kilt. Even the consuls were stripped of their paludamenta, or war-cloaks. To all other Italian nations proved civilization and generous; he ordered wagons for the sick and wounded, and gave the deputies money enough to last them till they came within sight of home.

The Samnite men stole into the discomfited city at nightfall, and would neither speak nor be comforted. The great-hearted, proud people were deeply wounded in their disgrace; all citizens put on mourning, the knights and senators took off their golden rings, stripped their togas of the purple borders which marked their rank, and all festivals and ceremonies were suspended till they could atone in a way of better success.

The Romans sent to Rome for reinforcements, levied troops,

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 727.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

UHLANS TRACKING THE COURSE OF A BALLOON FROM PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 770.]

TRACKING A BALLOON.

THE Prussians are naturally anxious to put a stop to the "balloon posts" which defy their attempts to isolate Paris from communication with the rest of France, and put in requisition every means for their capture. At the head-quarters of the German staff men are constantly on the look-out with telescopes, and the instant a balloon is descried rising over Paris notice is telegraphed throughout the camp; and parties of cavalry are dispatched in chase, in the hope of making a capture when it descends. They sometimes ride a long distance into the open, but in their eagerness, and even panetrate districts as yet unoccupied by the Prussians. The effect on our living representations of the ever-exciting pursuits, and reminds one forcibly of ancient hawking-expeditions. Nor are these sights unfrequent in Paris. Not a day passes without a balloon being officially announced as having started, and the instant it is seen a gun is fired to announce the fact. It would be impossible, except by sheer luck, to hit so uncertain a target; and the two balloons that far captured came down inside the Prussian lines.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

☞ *The splendid* WAR SUPPLEMENT *given with our last Number of the Weekly is followed this week by one of similar character, containing* TWO FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS, *referring to the Defense of Paris; a stirring Poem on the War, by Christian G. Bunsett; a touching Story of Irish Peasant Life; and a variety of other interesting literary matter.*

☞ *It is unnecessary to announce to our readers that arrangements have been made with the distinguished author of the "*Scientific Record*," in the* HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, *for a new Department in* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *to be entitled,*

Scientific Intelligence,

to commence in the next Number of the Paper. It will contain early notices of the most important discoveries throughout the world, but especially in the United States, in the way of SOLENTIFIC EXPLORATIONS, *discoveries in* ASTRONOMY AND NATURAL HISTORY, *and other interesting items of scientific progress. The Publishers believe this Department will prove a very interesting and important feature in the* WEEKLY.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE criticism of the Administration by the Republican journals is naturally misinterpreted by the Democratic press. The Republican party contains the largest portion of the people who do not blindly follow leaders, and whose party allegiance, founded upon principle, is observant and discriminating. Those, therefore, who believe with us that, under the circumstances of the country, continued Republican ascendency is essential to the national welfare, will endeavor to connect their counsels to be unwise in the national Administration, knowing that the condition of continued Republican power is the approval of the intelligence of the people.

The present difficulty is the apathy of the Republican party. Its organization, as the late elections show, is virtually unbroken, and the just national suspicion of the Democratic party, founded upon its past history and its present attitude and spirit, is plainly undisturbed. But the Republican position is one of passive resistance merely, and its immense power in that attitude shows how great its real force would be if fully developed. That development is the immediate problem, and if Congress and the Administration are sagacious it is not even a difficult problem. The first step, of course, is to ascertain the reason of the apathy. And is it not evident?

There are a great many Republicans who ask: "What is the difference between the two parties? What principle divides them?" And there are others who declare that both are equally corrupt, and that the members of the Republican are little better than those of their adversaries. There are still others who, with the Chicago *Tribune*, insist that all the old questions are settled, and that there is really no present issue but what is called reform. Those who ask the first question do not care to vote, or they vote indifferently as personal feeling dictates. The difference, they reason, they might be asked why, if the parties are divided by no principle, they might not be wisely divided by their general character and the doctrine of chances? But, practically, the man who feels that both parties are alike is utterly pathetic, and votes either way. But the second class is of the same kind, and they both swell "the stay-at-home vote."

The third are merely allies of the Democracy, and they have yet to show their reasons for believing that a sincere revenue reform would be carried by that party. The Chicago *Tribune*, indeed, proposes to form a new party. But that is, possibly, only upon the theory that both of the present parties dissolve. And even supposing there were many Republicans who would follow that journal out of their party, does it suggest that in pressure of Republican disintegration the Democratic party would disband? It certainly would not; and the *World*, therefore, says, not that there must be a new party, but that the Chicago *Tribune* and its friends must join the Democracy.

The fact is the cause of Republican apathy is the feeling that there is no serious difference between the parties, it is because that difference is covered by Republican management and the remedy lies in making the difference plain. The great peril of our political situation is that the present is overlooked. The Democratic efforts to elect a free-trade or a protective Congress when money will decide the contest? Why talk about the tariff when the test is the autumn when the roots are rotten in the spring?

The first and most imperative duty of every American citizen, before any other financial reform, is to stay the corruption, which will baffle any Administration, and which produces the apathy of which we speak. That is now the position of parties upon this point?

The national law to protect the purity of Congressional elections, against which the Democratic party threw its whole force, is a step in the true direction—a step taken by the Republican party. If that were followed by a wide and searching reform of the whole system of the civil service, abolishing the deplorable habit of selling the public offices at auction, and making the system a mere party machine, and if all chief appointments were conspicuously made in accordance, there would be a powerful and astounding response from the better sentiment, which is the controlling sentiment, of the country. If the character of the party, the known and influential counselors of the President was such as the whole country honored for honesty and independence, a thousand minor points of administration would be pardoned. The national faith in ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not founded upon his supposed sagacity, but upon his proved honesty. Nobody doubts the equal honesty of President GRANT, but there is not an element of doubt in the counsel he believed to be influential with him.

The country does not expect a reform of electoral corruption from the Democratic party, which has developed it, and which is identified with it, any more than it expects a reform of the civil service from secretaryships. But it does not yet see that the Republican party has undertaken it as a distinct and distinguishing duty. As a general and profound is the disgust with the corruption of politics in every department, that we believe nothing would so powerfully tend to unite the party with enthusiasm as an urgent recommendation by the President in his message of a thorough reform of the civil service, and the immediate stringency of legislation for the security of the polls, with a practice showing how sincere is his desire that the reform upon the subject. No passage in MR. MUNDELLA'S recent address in New York was received with more hearty applause than his statement that the lowest officer of the customs. The President may confidently appeal to the better sentiment of the whole party, for it is the unity of that sentiment which is the danger of the party. And when once the Republican President has strongly pronounced for civil service reform, we should like to see how many Republicans would desert to the Democratic party under cover of a pure revenue reform.

It is not, certainly, that we would oppose the one to the other. As we said last week, a simple financial system would be adopted, and tested with reference to the actual situation and necessities of the country. Upon such principles let us have a revenue reform which will please no party, and if it be impracticable to obtain all that some Republicans may wish, shall the party therefore be lost? Or will it be wise deliberately to barter a lost day in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. But there are a great many other pressing questions to be considered in the government of society. To protect other rights which may seem to him more valuable, a man will watch his own pennies to buy in a dearer and to sell in a cheaper market. And to bring into power the Democratic party, for its present spirit, leadership, and policy, because it vaguely promises revenue reform, would be the deliberate betrayal of the country.

THE RUSSIAN NOTE.

THE position taken by Russia in regard to the treaty of 1856 is clearly stated and refuted in the letter of Lord Granville. The Russian claim is, that when any power which is a party to a solemn treaty of mutual guaranty conceives that any part of the treaty has been violated, it may, without consultation with its co-signers, denounce and withdrawal from the compact. This is, as Lord Granville says, "the entire destruction of treaties in their essence," because in a joint treaty each power surrenders a portion of its free agency. Obviously, if any signer is dissatisfied, it should call attention to the difficulty; and if the other signers are unable to remove it, or deny its existence, the injured party must seek his own remedy. This is of course because a state can be supposed to compromise its sovereignty. The objection raised by Lord Granville is not an assertion that a power is absolutely bound by a joint treaty if the co-signers do not release it, but that it owes to comity a less peremptory course than Russia has chosen to pursue. Indeed, there is a strong presumption against such action as the Russian, because it implies a doubt whether its objections to the treaty are so evident as to command assent. Indirection is always suspicious. And in the condition of Europe the suspicion that Russia has some ulterior purpose is unavoidable.

What the ulterior purpose be it is not easy to foresee. A general European war would be a calamity so deplorable that the good sense of every country and of capital and labor to the last that it may be avoided. It is true enough that progress is usually made through blood. It is certainly true that there is immense suffering and injustice among the people of Europe. But it is not the less true that war is an evil so enormous, and a remedy so terrible, that it is often questionable whether the advantage gained compensates for it; and it is the highest of duties in every public opinion against an unjust or unnecessary war. There are two questions raised by the Russian circular. The first is, whether the treaty has been violated; and then, if it has been or not, whether it is wise for the powers to go to war if Russia withdraws. The plea of Russia is that the several powers have not respected the terms of the treaty in regard to the Black Sea, and that her shores are exposed. That this is a sufficient cause for war, which, like her complaint of the situation of the Danubian provinces, should be referred to the co-signers, whom it has asked to be referred, shall the co-signers go to war? Certainly war could not be justified until every other means of adjustment had been exhausted. The public opinion of the world, to which BISMARCK so constantly appeals, should be invoked against any power or alliance which irregularly takes up arms. A nation which begins war so wholly in the wrong as France was when the present war began is at a fearful disadvantage, as FRANCE has found.

The situation in Europe is evidently critical. If there is a war we shall have an indirect interest in it; for, as England must be engaged, she will be more disposed to settle the differences between us without much further delay. It is certainly desirable that at such a moment the United States should have a firm and able minister in London, and that the policy of the Government upon the main question with England should be known to the country. It is a subject upon which the State Department should have the support of public sentiment, that the British Government and people should know precisely what the Administration and expect—a point upon which they declare that we do not inform them. The extreme mystery which for many years has enveloped negotiations may wisely be disregarded. But in all our claims and arguments let us be very careful not to plant ourselves upon precedents which we decry, nor be content with a conduct which we have already denounced in other nations.

ODIOUS PERSONALITIES.

WHEN the election in New York was over Governor HOFFMAN made a speech. It was a celebration of the victory and beneficent acts of the Democratic Legislature, a fierce denunciation of the Congressional laws to protect honest election, an exhortation to universal love and harmony, and a deprecation of the excessive personality of the campaign. In the recital of the good services of the Legislature we find congratulations that the registry law, one of the defenses of honest elections, has been repealed; but we do not find any allusion to the most notorious of all the acts of the Legislature, an act which became law only by the signature of the controlling Governor—the Erie bill. But as that is the especial official achievement of Governor HOFFMAN, he possibly felt unwilling to refer to his own praise. Let us, therefore, imagine how he might have alluded to it, had not modesty forbade:

"Fellow-citizens, gentlemen, that I was made Governor by my friend MR. TWEED, and his associates, and by means of the frauds of which I shall presently call 'a cry,' but which were proved by the committee appointed by Congress. You will each believe that I am, therefore, in the situation toward and by honor of friend MR. TWEED, who is a director of the celebrated Erie Railway, and a friend of the honest MR. FISK, a gentleman who, at MR. TWEED'S ratification meeting, entirely eclipsed our comrade and supernumerary Governor, the candidate of '68, MR. HONORIUS SEYMOUR, for whose memory I invoke three cheers from your honest throats with a will. I beg you to remember, gentlemen, that my friend MR. TWEED controls Tammany Hall, and my friend MR. FISK controls, as he distinctly stated, twenty-five thousand voters. Now, if I wish to succeed my excellent and supersannuated friend, MR. SEYMOUR, as a candidate for the Presidency in 1872, is it surprising? Having proved the power of MR. TWEED at the polls, is it not essential that I should depend upon him for assistance; and when that patriot and his honest friend MR. FISK said to me that they wanted to control the property of other people for three years longer than the term for which they had been appointed, should I not have been a fool to forfeit their favor by refusing my assent?

"It is true that the Governor is instructed with the veto power for exactly such an exigency. It is true that the bill was the most wanton overthrow of the most sacred rights of property. It is true that it gave monster owners of the stock helplessly into the hands of certain men. But, gentlemen, every body knows the character of those men. Every body KNOWS that they would be instinctively selected from the whole community for positions of trust and responsibility. And more than that, gentlemen, every body knows that I wish to be a candidate in 1872, and that I should never have been heard again if I had not signed the bill. I trust, therefore, that this great and honorable act of mine will not be forgotten by you, nor by the country, and that we shall hear no more of these odious personalities about candidates. Of course, if my friend MR. TWEED and his associates think that a liberal distribution of the most wretched libels upon a counterpetiter, as well as a 'good cause,' is the secret to my success in an election, I acquiesce, because nothing is so clear to me as honor and constitutional right. But I trust, for the sake of decency, that nobody will ever again allude to my part in the passage of the Erie bill. Gentlemen, to whom, as to me, justice is the most precious word in the vocabulary of a free people, and since he shrunk from the effort—and not unnaturally—it is only fair that others should attempt the conquest upon the subject. And he and his friends may be sure that the country will be instructed.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE WOMAN QUESTION.

AT a late meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church Bishop SIMPSON made an admirable and interesting speech. The bishop is a man of clear perceptions and of moral independence; and it was pleasant to see how sweetly and temperately he expressed views with which many of his hearers might not sympathize, but which were very decided and mature upon his part. In every clergyman, in his experience he has shown him the peculiar difficulties of the position of women in our social system; and not by any means, but from the force of habit-ness, and through thoughtlessness, they are apt to fall into the position of drudges or of dolls. There has been, as was natural, a deep interest in the minds of the best men and women, and the movement for an enlarged female education, which began in England more than half a century ago, was the first striking sign of it. SYDNEY SMITH, one of the most conservative of men, strongly advocated the movement, carefully stating the limits which he imposed upon it. "I stand in doubt of any thing that comes up against," says Bishop SIMPSON, "but if God has been inclining the hearts of the community to educate their daughters; so the common schools have been opened, and the doors of colleges have been opened, to admit young women, and they are going to compete with their brothers, and God is evidently commanding that women shall do more than they have done in the past."

The necessity to the better education of women was as bitter, and supported by the same arguments, as that which every demand of reform has met on equal opposition in early encounters. NAPOLEON'S phrase, *Les carrières ouvert aux talents*—or, the tools to those who can use them—expresses the motto of progress of thought and civilization. That a human being shall not be forbidden to do whatever innocent thing God, or the taste, or the natural bent, dictates, calls him to do, is a proposition which will hardly be disputed. But an application of it is not always to practice in certain directions is always stoutly resisted. DEAN SWIFT gravely scales the reasons why women should not be taught. His words are full of mockery, but they are substantially the arguments which were seriously urged and controverted by SYDNEY SMITH. But now the excellent canon would have suddenly turned off a period of polished contempt at the Methodist dissenters, whom he never spared, if he had heard Bishop SIMPSON saying, "Certainly, MR. SMITH, I agree with you, and upon your own grounds, and therefore"—in the words of his speech the other evening—"for more than a score of years I have believed the opinions I express. I did not think the full reformation of society would come until woman received the ballot."

The bishop, however, carefully excuses himself from all responsibility for the opinions of some who believe with him. He thinks that woman "steps out of her sphere" when she con-

tends for the overthrow of institutions that give stability to society. "I have no sympathy with woman when she says that the Bible is unnecessary, or when desiring to lessen the marriage tie." The speech is very interesting and significant as showing how widely and surely the conviction which the bishop expresses is extending. The follies of many of the advocates of every reform are deprecated more sincerely by its friends than by any one else; and not the least of the practical perplexities of the social movement is the disposition to insist upon individual vagaries as the essential elements of the faith. There was a great man very pretty thirty years ago who seriously thought that the anti-slavery movement was only a desperate attempt of a few long-haired and large-eyed eccentrics to make themselves notorious. And certainly there is nothing more exquisitely comical than many of the incidents of those days. But those who, somewhat earlier, in England, thought that Puritanism was only canting through the nose, were quite as ridiculous as any Zeal-in-the-land Boy. Will the good sense of the next century smile in the same way at those of to-day who think that the bishop wastes his sympathy upon a few weak, restless women craving notoriety?

THE KING OF SPAIN.

THE disturbance of the old order in Europe is shown by nothing more plain than the election of a king of Spain. The representatives chosen by universal suffrage select an Italian prince to take the place of the banished queen, without the least regard to kinship, and seeking only a royal descent. In the days when monarchy really flourished, and kings were not popularly supposed to be mere ceremonies, when a revolution displaced the reigning house the successor was sought in the family line. The true Tory requires that the regal descent shall be as unbroken as the priestly, and that the sanctity of the oil that have the blood of the monarch of centuries ago flowing in his veins. When JAMES the Second was expelled from England, and the "glorious revolution" was accomplished, it was the husband of his daughter who was called to his throne. But the Duke of Aosta is as much a stranger to Spain as MAXIMILIAN was to Mexico. He is elected because it is decided that Spain must have a monarchy, that it is essential that no feuds be perpetuated by preferring any Spanish line.

The situation in Spain is certainly remarkable. The revolution that overthrew the old monarchy and exiled the queen, two years ago, was universal. The country was at the lowest moral and political point. The silver of the court were notorious. The people were almost wholly unable to control, and the whole system of government was so rotten that it fell without even a struggle or a word. The task of those who had led the revolution was incalculably vast. But they maintained order, and appealed to the people. The people freely elected a congress which has had fiery debates, but which appointed a regency that has also maintained itself. After constant regal candidacies and intrigues of every kind, a king has been elected. Of the 334 deputies to the Cortes entitled to vote, 311 voted, and the Duke of Aosta received 191 votes, the republic 60, and the rest were divided among five candidates, the highest number being 27 for the Duke of Montpensier. It is certainly creditable to the candidates that they have left the country tranquil, and that an election, evidently free, has resulted in a decisive vote. The most threatening peril was anarchy, and that seems, thus far at least, to be avoided. But when a king is elected in a country of Spain, nothing can be foreseen. Should nothing prevent the coronation of the young king, and the beginning of his reign, the friends of the friendly will undoubtedly reappear as ministers, and exercise, under more stable forms, the authority which they had held for two years.

There is one point upon which Spain and civilization are to be congratulated, and that is that the ecclesiastical system of the country will probably be relaxed. Indeed, under all the agitation upon the continent of Europe, there is a very visible tendency toward emancipation from the ecclesiastical tyranny. In France, under LOUIS NAPOLEON, it was becoming bravier and bravier. The only thing before the beginning of the war, the liberal Catholics had been beaten by the priestly party, and a total reaction was impending. The folly of the French empire was a partial release of Belgium from the sad consequences of this success, and the war against the Italian temporal reaction has been overthrown. Meanwhile the Papal temporal authority is destroyed in Italy, and the great truth is emphasized by events, that nothing is so disastrous to human progress and the development of civilization as the political supremacy of the ecclesiastical body. It is a truth which we can observe in this country by the absence of that supremacy hitherto. If our progress has been prodigious and beneficent, it is because it has been free from the interference of the spirit which has so long degraded Europe. And we have a right to hope for better days for Spain, when we see that it is being emancipated from that debasing influence.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

IN his admirable address at the Cooper Institute MR. MENDELSA praised very warmly much that he had seen in this country; and it made some valuable criticisms. Thus he said that in general our system of education was the best in the world, but that it needed one thing to make it perfect, and that is, that education should be made compulsory. This remark was received with applause by the audience, and it is one to which the people of the country must soon be accustomed. The coincidence of the universal Prussian system, and the very general advance of Prussia to the leadership of Europe, is too significant not to be remarked. The fact that in this country electoral corruption is most prevalent among the most ignorant class is one that suggests to us the remedy. Indeed, the chief danger to our system appears to us intelligent public opinion, and that is impossible without education. To maintain that opinion, and constantly to elevate it, the State must not only provide education for every child, but it must insist that every child be educated.

There is one point in this connection to which we have often called attention, and that is the resolution of one of the religious sects of the country to insist, not only upon separate public schools, with the intention of throwing it under ecclesiastical control. Nothing could be so fatal to the system with a public fund. But it will be steadily pursued, and not without chances of success. It is a design frankly proclaimed and defended. The leaders of the party openly wish only that each sect should have its share of the school money, because education should be religious, which they now only pretend to be. Now, to resist this school policy, we must have an enlightened public opinion. But we can have that only by keeping open all the doors of schools are suffered to become sectarian or ecclesiastical. Moreover, as the Protestant sects profess to be so strongly opposed to sectarian action as the Roman Catholics are—as they are divided by a thousand theological differences—it is only by such action that they can maintain their principle and spirit from which that system springs, can best be maintained, is by the same enlightened policy.

The condition of that enlightened opinion, which is the true American conservatism, is education; and it is the highest duty, therefore, to insist that the people shall be educated. Look at the Prussian of to-day, and at that of the time of Frederick the Great. The latter was called despotism. But the vital difference between them is that to-day there is a public opinion, which then was not; and it is that public opinion every thing is really referred. Bismarck is a Tory of the blue blood. But he understands that he can go no further than public opinion every thing is really referred. Bismarck is a Tory of the blue blood. But he understands that he can go no further than public opinion every thing is really referred. Bismarck is a Tory of the blue blood. But he is a painful fact—and one that should be startling to the friends of a national system of education that it shall cease to be a fact—that we are no longer the most generally educated people in the world. The public opinion which was established by the Bureau of Education show some very disagreeable facts upon this subject. And among the most disagreeable facts which should devote itself this is certainly one of the chief—to devise some method of compelling the people to learn. The safety of the system and Union by making the most ample educational provision; while in each State where this provision is made it should be the first duty and duty of compelling every child to take advantage of it should be stringently inculcated.

"I should be sorry," said MR. MENDELSA, "if I did not frankly tell you that North Germany and Switzerland excel you in the thoroughness and universality of their systems, and this, I believe, is entirely owing to the fact that in those countries the parent has not the right to deprive the child of the excellent training which the state has provided. When the parent fails in his duty the state stands in *loco parentis*; and this is what you chiefly need to perfect your educational system."

TOURS NEWS.

IF very large headings were history, the Germans would seem to be in mortal peril in France. But it must be the same people described with elaborate detail the triumphant escape of the CHILDE HAROLDS from the Turks, who informs us that MOLTKE is frightened, that BISMARCK is astonished, that every body who understands the situation perceives it is great peril, and that the unhappy KING WILLIAM would hurry back to Berlin if he could; but, as an escort unfortunately could not be spared, he must stay in France and await his doom. This is the Tours style of news. It is the growth of the same spirit and good sense which in Paris first called the story of the surrender of METZ a lie, and when it was established denounced it as treason. The German army is not conquered, nor is the moral tone of France restored, because a superior force of the French has beaten a German force. The French success at Orleans seemed greater because of the uninterrupted series of German triumphs. But the dispatch from Versailles which announced the victory of the French, but stated it somewhat more moderately, ceased, like all the German official accounts, to be true, which can not be said of the French reports, which always seem to be inspired by GAMBETTA.

Indeed, in considering the situation in France, it is impossible not to feel more and more deeply the terrible misfortune which was wrought by the empire. The republic was proclaimed on the 1st of September. M. GAMBETTA confidently asserts that the republic is invincible. We are invited by many eloquent appeals to sympathize with the French republic. What is the French republic? Where is it? Tours is a Committee of Defense, which, with great propriety, and from the necessity of the case, has assumed the functions of the Government. But a few French gentlemen are not a French republic. There has been no appeal to the people, no ratification by the people. The French cities would undoubtedly give large majorities for the republic. But the mass of the general population, led by the priests, would probably pronounce as strongly against it. It is a needless confusion to speak of a self-appointed committee as the republic, because they call all their proclamations with a vote *a republique*. We are not censuring them. They did the best that the circumstances allowed. But it is undoubtedly an error to suppose that France is republican.

It was the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON to depend upon the rural population of France, and to keep it as ignorant as possible by putting education into the hands of the priests. His Minister of Education, DUBUY, made valuable reports and excellent suggestions. His array of statistics was mainly interesting and improving. But while there was a great apparent activity in that direction, what may be called free education steadily declined, the result was disintegration of the nation, which is shown upon every hand, is revealed also by the decline of the higher corporate schools. France was no longer the university of the world. The young surgeons and physicians from other countries go to Vienna and have gone there for ten years. The chemists studied at Giessen and Berlin. The art of France had become showy and elaborately mechanical. Its music was OFFENBACH'S—fit music for the society it entertained. In every department France declined, like under one empire, but how badly only the catastrophe revealed.

At this moment it is doubtful whether the truest and most patriotic Frenchmen are not the Orleanists. But the services of its leaders were declined by the Committee of Defense. Meanwhile the demoralization of the empire has been so terrible, and the tone of the present authorities is so hollow and rhetorical, that the chance of an unhappy country at last in the deepest gloom. Even if a great reverse should occur, and the Germans be driven from the country, it is impossible to foretell of whose advantage the victory would be turned.

NOTES.

WE are glad to learn that the fair now in progress in the armories of the Seventh Regiment, and Broadway, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of French soldiers wounded in the German service, promises to be no less successful than the fair held recently by the Germans. It has been well attended every day since the opening, and the tasteful and attractive display of articles for sale has induced a very liberal outlay on the part of the visitors. At a time when the whole of Europe appears to be preparing for war, every effort to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded are encouraging to the friends of humanity. Americans are the friends of France in these war, and contribute with equal liberality to the relief of French and Germans.

PAUL ROSENEKE, whose magnificent silhouettes illustrations to SHAKESPEARE'S "Midsummer Night's Dream" are well known to our readers, has lately employed his extraordinary talent as a new field—that of illustrating children's books. His pictures for a little volume called "Puck's Nightly Pranks," published by ROBERTS BROTHERS, are both graceful and amusing, and will give quite as much pleasure to "children of a larger growth" as to the children of the nursery.

"MOTHER GOOSE in her New Dress" is the title of a very attractive edition of the popular old nursery rhymes, illustrated by a daughter of the Chief Justice of the United States. The book was originally prepared as a birthday present to a granddaughter, and therefore has the air of a book of publication; but the young and gifted artist was happily persuaded to allow the public to share the pleasure which GRACE GOATES, to share the pleasure which was intended only for intimate friends. The drawings show a delicate fancy and happy sense of humor.

FREEDOM of the press, as understood in England and America, makes slow progress in continental Europe. Even so enlightened a statesman as COUNT BISMARCK has so little conception of it that he foils into the mistake of remonstrating with the Belgian government for allowing Belgian editors to comment unfavorably on Prussian affairs. It is not surprising that some of the Southern German states, where the press is comparatively free, hesitate to accede to Prussia's demand that in the United German Empire legislation regarding newspapers and public meetings should belong to the Imperial Parliament.

DURING the last war between France and Austria the German clergy preached crusade against French fashions—crinoline coming in for the larger share of their denunciations. This year the anti-French sentiment breaks out in a petition on the part of the Berlin clergy for the prohibition of OFFENBACH'S operettas and the French dances.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE French victory over the army of General VON DER TANN appears to have been less important than at first reported, the only real advantage gained by the French being the recognition of Orleans. WILLIAM has telegraphed to QUEEN AUGUSTA that on the 11th December the combined forces of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and General VON DER TANN defeated the French near Beaune. The town had was captured, and occupied by the Prussians. The latest dispatches from Versailles state that the Duke of Mecklenburg and General VON DER TANN are falling back upon Dijon. The same dispatch says it is thought General MANTEUFFEL will relieve Belfort. According to a dream dispatch a German attack on Evreux, about forty miles south of Rouen, was repulsed. There has been a good deal of activity in the operations in the North, but no decisive engagement has occurred. The bombardment of Montmédy is now confined to the French fortifications. On Wednesday, December 7th, the Germans withdrew from the besieged place by two companies of the Seventy-first Regiment, and every one was made prisoner.

Letters from Tours state that the country resents with activity the disorder in supply system, and all the unoccupied districts are actively engaged in preparing war material. The Army of the Loire is reported nearly ready for sale. Prussian dispatches continuing valuable information have been found at Orleans by the French.

It is reported that England has renewed her proposal to the Government of Tours to guarantee a pecuniary loan, the raising of the frontier fortresses, and the security of Alsace and Lorraine, the power however future French governments to repudiate any of the conditions by way of compensation.

Contradictory reports are received concerning the evacuation of Metz by German troops before Paris. One stand they are said to be drying by thousands of sickness and hunger. The Germans are in possession of Camp Mile; on the other they are said to be in excellent health and spirits, and not at all anxious for the war to end.

A NEW COMPLICATION.

The situation in Europe has suddenly and unexpectedly received a new complication by the announcement of Russia for the abrogation of the treaty of 1856. The Czar addressed a circular to the powers, which declares that Russia considers herself released from the obligations of European treaties, and among them the treaty of 1856, which by the treaty of 1856 has forbidden, declares that Russia is unable to see why she should observe the treaty of 1856 while other powers violate others, and accordingly disowns the obligation to limit her armaments on the Black Sea, and declares Turkey to the equal participation in the privileges claimed. The circular concludes with the words "This is not a Russian question," and says Russia only desires increased development. The circular has been received by the Russian government, arranging the question at issue by a conference.

The circular of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF was officially dressed to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, and by him received the complaint made by Russia that the treaty has been violated to her prejudice, and stated by saying that it was impossible for the British government to give any sanction to the course undertaken by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. The Earl of Earl GRANVILLE are shared in by Austria and France, each of which has been violated by Russia, and will refuse to adopt the same policy. Russia has replied to Earl GRANVILLE that a conciliatory tone will remain firm in the position originally adopted. She denies the violation of the treaty, and declares that the concentration of the Russian fleet is to her advantage; declares that a congress is impracticable at present, but will not be opposed to a conference. Gladstone say hostile intentions or desire to disregard any of the stipulations of the treaty of Paris but those which are generally admitted to be unjust and oppressive against Turkey and express her intention to act upon the previous notification in regard to the Black Sea.

The Russian circular has been well received in the Mediterranean to observe Russian movements. A Russian squadron has been provided gun-boats is said to be already in the Black Sea.

LATEST FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, was elected King of Spain by the Cortes on the 16th of November. The proclamation of the result of the election was received in Spain with the greatest disturbances, and the military precautions were found necessary.

The British government has replied to the German proposal for the neutralization of the Black Sea, that the consent of the other powers must be obtained.

A British gun-boat is to be stationed at New Chaay, on the Mekong river. Affairs at Siam are still said in an unsatisfactory condition. Minister Low advises the misunderstanding between Cambodia and governments exist.

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The Protestant chapel at Fulstein has been destroyed by fire, but there was no violence done to persons.

The visit of Mr. Seward to Japan is described as the event of last month. The first interview ever accorded to a private individual by the Mikado was granted to Mr. Seward.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE forthcoming report of the Postmaster-General of the United States will show that the total number of letters carried during the fiscal year ending the year was 18,259,918 (an increase of 3,939,378 or 18 44-100 per cent. over the year 1869), and the number of letters mailed exchanged were $1,964,864, or 806,613 less than the previous year, owing to the abolishment of the Great Britain and other countries from January 1, 1870. The total cost of the service, including incidental expenses, was $1,107,976. Twelve postal conventions were made during the year, in all of which reduced rates of postage were agreed upon.

The annual report of the Director of the Bureau of Statistics, now in press, presents, among other interesting facts, the following: The total imports into the United States during the year for the past fiscal year.

During the late hurricane in the West Indies several vessels were wrecked on the Salt Bank, Bahamas, of which the crews and cargoes were totally lost, no one surviving to tell the tale of disaster.

The Republican majority at the late election in Louisiana was 38,000, and the full delegation of Republican Congressmen was elected.

The Solicitor-General has decided that the proprietors of vessels running along the coast or on the lakes are entitled to the same rights and privileges as vessels plying in the foreign trade, as like express carriers.

The total amount of the receipts and expenditures of the United States government for all purposes, from its organization, March 4, 1789, to June 30, 1870, was $1,467,160,186 36.

THE PARIS RAMPARTS—TURNING OUT FOR DUTY.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

NON-COMBATANTS TRYING TO LEAVE METZ.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

THE COAST OF DONEGAL—SCENE OF THE WRECK OF THE "CAMBRIA."

THE DONEGAL COAST.

It is probable that we now know all we ever shall know concerning the loss of the steamship *Cambria* on the Donegal coast, whose rugged and dangerous character is shown in the sketch on this page. The one witness who survived the wreck was in his berth when the vessel struck, and can only speak to what took place afterward—of the lowering of the four boats, the overturning of that in which he had obtained a place, his half-unconscious clinging to the gunwale, the finding the dead body of a woman under the seats, and his weary hours of drifting until his final rescue. Bits of wreck, casks, and dead bodies washed on shore tell the rest of the tale, and whether the disaster was unavoidable or due to neglect is left to conjecture; but, in justice to the captain, it should be added that he had already given ample proofs of seamanship. In a former voyage his screw shaft had broken, and it was necessary to secure the loose screw, which was hanging against the stern, and threatening to beat a hole in the vessel. Slung by ropes, the captain superintended this difficult operation, a gale blowing at the time, and brought his vessel into port in safety. He was less fortunate this time, but the known danger of the coast and the violence of the weather are sufficient to account for the sad catastrophe.

This Donegal coast is rugged and rocky, with jutting headlands and dangerous islands. Inishtrahull Island, where the *Cambria* struck and went down, is a dangerous spot, and is marked with a light to warn mariners to give it a wide berth. Glen Head Point, not far distant, is another ugly place. It was here the *Sydney* lately foundered, nineteen out of a crew of twenty-one being drowned. The cliff here is about 800 feet in height, and right and left, as far as the eye can reach, from Sligo on the one hand to the Bloody Foreland on the other, stretches the long line of stern, picturesque, cruel rocks. A few miles south of this point is another headland, the "Slieb Ling," or Mountain of Flags, rising sheer up from the sea a height of 1972 feet. The position as well as the character of this coast makes it extremely dangerous for vessels from America.

A PRUSSIAN OUTPOST.

THE picturesque engraving below shows how the Prussians contrive to make themselves comfortable in France. A party of jolly fellows, having emptied a number of large wine-vats—we may take it for granted that the contents were not wasted—cut them in two and used them as guard-houses. The effect at night, as shown in the illustration, was most singular and striking. The ruddy glare of the bivouac fires illuminating these curious extemporized shelters, and the stacked muskets, with the spiked helmets hung upon them, made an effect that would delight a painter's heart. One almost envies these jolly comrades their picturesque and comfortable shelter.

AN ADVANCED PRUSSIAN POST.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

Ir you go over desert and mountain,
For into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and tomorrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and sobby
For grievous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike find their hopes and their fears;
Pall of supreme-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their tears;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows, with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune resistless
To fill each with stillness and peace—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-aching emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Corbyn's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WITCHERY.

Carew of Crompton was really dead, men said, "at last," not that he had been ailing long, or was an old man, but that he had eventually succumbed to one of those deadly fevers to which he had so often voluntarily exposed himself. On the occasion which had been fatal to him he had started from home one frosty morning at the gallop, with a cigar in his mouth, the reins on his horse's neck, and both his hands in his pockets, and had been pitched off and broken his neck within half a mile of his own door. His daughter, who had dispatched the news to Mrs. Basil, had been riding by his side at the very moment. "He was a good friend to me," was the laconic remark that poor Parson Whymper had added to the bare intelligence.

To judge by the regretful excitement in the Midlands, Carew might have been a good friend to every body. The news was at once telegraphed to town, and appeared in the morning papers. The public interest in his mad freaks had of late years grown somewhat flat—his extravagances were, perforce, on a less splendid scale—but his death revived it. "So that mad Carew has killed himself, after all," was the observation which many overheard that evening, as acquaintance met acquaintance on their homeward way from business. "Well, he's had his whack of most things," was the reply of the philosophers: "He has not left much to grumble at, for his daughter inherits, I reckon," of the cynics. "He was a decent good fellow at bottom, I believe," remarked those who were secretly desirous of earning the same eulogium for themselves; "He was altogether wrong at top," answered the others.

Solomon Cee came home to his new abode in such a state of elation that it could hardly communicate to his wife. Mrs. Basil happened to be with her in the drawing-room, but he only acknowledged her presence by a hasty nod. "Well, what d'ye think, Carew of Crompton, that was your father's husband and mine?" Solomon never said "ours" with reference to property—"has broken his neck at last!"

Of course the very name of Carew was a sore subject between man and wife, on account of Richard Tucker's connection with him; but it assured Solomon's purpose on this occasion to ignore that circumstance. It would be necessary for some time to come to allude to the Crompton property more or less, and it was just as well to begin at once; it was also rather embarrassing to do so in the presence of a third person.

"Yes, Solomon, I knew Mr. Carew was dead," said Harry, gravely. The next instant she turned scarlet with the consciousness of her thoughtless indiscretion.

"Oh, granted her husband, annoyed at what he deemed her silky manner, when he himself was so grossly unskilled in the art of dissembling, and also displeased to find his news anticipated, "you've been buying an evening paper, have you? Then you have more information than I know what to do with, it seems to me."

Harry was thankfully conscious of this imputation in silence, when Mrs. Basil's soft voice was heard. "No, Sir; it was I who told your good lady. I had a letter from Parson Whymper by the afternoon's post."

"The devil you did!" cried Solomon, turning sharply upon her. "How came that about?"

"I was housekeeper at Crompton, Sir, in old Mrs. Carew's time, for some years, and one of the servants wrote to let me know of the accident."

"Housekeeper, were you?" said Solomon, with interest. "That must have been a good place, with deused good pickings, eh?"

"Solomon, Solomon," remonstrated his wife, in a low voice. "Mrs. Basil is quite a lady. Don't you see that you offend her?"

It is more than probable that, under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Cee would have resented this rebuke with choleric vehemence; but he had his reasons for being good-humored in the present instance. "You must excuse my country manners, Mrs. Basil," said he. "As my wife will tell you, I must always have my joke. I meant no offense. So you were housekeeper at Crompton, were you? Well, now, that's exactly for Mrs. Cee's father and I myself, as you heard me saying, have had a great deal to do with Carew. You know him well, of course?"

"Yes, Sir; I did."

"And the place too, of course. That was a fine one, was it not? Plenty of pictures and looking-glasses, and things?"

"It was very richly furnished."

It was curious to mark the difference of manner between questioner and respondent. Solomon, small as reticent and reserved, was Greek quite voluble. Mrs. Basil, on the other hand, naturally so open and expansive, seemed to reply with difficulty. She was weighing every word.

"The estate, I suppose, was out of your beat; you did not know much to do with that?"

"I used to walk in the park, Sir, most days."

"Ay; but the property was entailed. My friend who writes you to-day don't say any thing about that, I suppose—whether any of it is to be sold or not, for instance?"

"The report—of course, being a servant, she can only speak from hearsay—is that Mr. Carew's affairs are in a sad state. Every thing, I believe, is to be sold at once. The whole estate is said to be—I don't know if I use the right term—mortgaged."

"Just so," rejoined Solomon; "yes, yes. That is, no doubt." There was a slight pause; Mrs. Basil contrived, and was about to leave the room. "Stop a bit, ma'am," said Solomon. "My wife tells me that you are a lone woman—a widow. Perhaps you'd like to take a bit of dinner with us to-day?"

Harry began to think her husband was intoxicated. He did get occasionally, and under any particularly good stroke of business was in course of progress, and on such occasions his manners were unusually affable; but she had never seen him half so gracious as at present. Hospitality, though he did sometimes exercise a lavish agent or a broker home to dinner, was by no means his strong point. Mrs. Basil looked doubtfully at the dress, which, though neat, was by no means well-made and ill-like, and murmured something about its being almost the dinner-hour, and there being "no time."

"Oh, never mind your gown" (which, by-the-by, Solomon pronounced "gaown"); "we're quite plain people ourselves, as my wife will tell you. I've shall have to ask you to sit. Where's Charley? That boy's always late."

But at that very moment the young gentleman in question entered the room at the same time as did the servant with the announcement that dinner was on the table.

The astonishment of the domestic at seeing her mistress taken down to the dining-room by the new lodger was only exceeded by that of Charley, as with his mother on his arm, he followed the strangely-assorted pair. "I knew she was a witch," he murmured, "with her human skull and her Joanna Southcott; but this beats all. Margery's dead, at Corbin."

"Hush, hush!" whispered his mother, for Charley's high spirits were apt to overflow, and jarred her when exhibited in his father's presence: "they have found they have a common acquaintance in the late Mrs. Carew."

"Father didn't know Swelenborg, did he?" answered the young man, shyly. "Because, if he knew him as he has black coat on the stairs. She can make any body do it, as I was telling you, Mother, when you had been to Soho since the morning); "I shall be the next victim, no doubt. It's no use saying to myself, 'Thou shalt not marry a housekeeper.' Her charms are too powerful for the flesh. Ah, Mother, I see she'll be mine."

Mr. Charles was right in that particular of his diagnosis of their new guest. Mrs. Basil did treat that deceitful formula, which I fear we never committed to pronounce, in spite of her husband's unconventional mode of introducing her to audience. She sat opposite to Charley, and more than once, when he looked up suddenly, he caught her gazed earnestly upon him. Those wondrous eyes of hers yet shone forth bright as ever like chests of steel. He had noticed that though her brow had many a wrinkle, they were the footprints of thought and care, rather than of years.

The conversation, as was natural where the company are of such various degrees, was each other, turned upon the topics of the day, and the objects in the room, some of which, as we know, were sufficiently remarkable. "Where's the request Mrs. Basil once more narrated the story of the child; and then continued, with a sudden tongue, the biography of poor Joanna. Up stairs, she said, she had one of that lady's "seals"—passed from Joanna herself—which she would bestow as a present upon the young gentleman opposite. A typical human delighted Charley, and won the approbation of his father—not the less so, perhaps, since he saw it annoyed his wife.

Poor Harry was a simple well-meaning woman in her way, and, had the circumstances of her life been less complicated, would have earned the reputation of a good creature and steadfast friend—good, that is, for her own sex only; for all the places most suitable to our dispositions; the restive are often compelled to run in harness, and the quiet low-born goers, who would never come restrain, are left without guide, and with no course marked out for them. Such it was with Mrs. Cee. The situation in which Fate had placed her it was altogether beyond her powers to fill. She knew that Basil was rapidly ingratiating herself with her husband, and so far was furthering their common plan; but, notwithstanding its supreme importance, she shrank from the means that were bidding fair to accomplish her own end. She shuddered at her husband's vulgar ejaculations of assent and approval, at her son's thoughtlessness; at this woman's sparkling and audacious talk. She suspected no purposeless, and yet was so full of design and craft. She had feared her and shrank from her at Gethin, and she feared her now. And yet how necessary was her assistance! Of her own self she was well aware that she could do nothing to avert that coming peril from her husband and her son, the shadow of which had darkened all her married life, and was now deepening into blackest doom. It was absolutely necessary that Mrs. Basil should obtain the confidence of Solomon, and perhaps of Charley also, and yet this unlooked-for and swift success of hers was far from welcome to poor Harry. It seemed almost second that there was truth in what her son had spoken in jest—that there was witchcraft in it.

Solomon was talking earnestly to Mrs. Basil in low tones, while Charley looked toward his mother with inquiring eyebrows, and a comic expression, which seemed to say, "She's got him, you see; I did see a black cat on the stairs."

If she could have overheard her husband's talk, it would have been inexplicable to her.

"Then you think this sale at Crompton will take place directly after the funeral?"

"I should certainly imagine so—yes."

"There is something—you needn't tell my wife, because I wish it to be a surprise for her—that I should like to buy at it; something I have long had my eye on."

"Some piece of furniture, I suppose. Well, you must be prepared to give a good sum, I fear. From the contents of the thing—the repetition, I mean, of poor Mr. Carew—it is likely things will fetch more than their price."

"Perhaps so. But I should like to know, as soon as possible, when the sale comes off. From your connection with the place, you will be able to get news of this before the general public—I mean the exact date."

"No doubt. I will write to-morrow, and bet that the information may be sent me."

"I should feel much obliged if you would, Mrs. Basil."

"I'll write this very night. You wish to know the day on which the sale of the furniture may be fixed?"

"Yes; and of all the other things: of the estates so to speak, for instance; there may be some land that may prove a good investment. Don't make a fuss about it, but say you have a friend who is interested. The catalogue of effects, with the dates appointed for the sale of each, will, of course, be sent down there. I want to have an early copy."

"That is very simple," said Mrs. Basil, making a memorandum in her pocket-book: "you shall be among the very first to get one, Mr. Cee—you may rely on that."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OVER THE ROOF.

Richard Yorke is still at Lingmoor; and though but a few thousands intervene between him and freedom—or perhaps partly because of it—prison life is growing insupportable. It is the last week but one, "a long term," as all "old hands" will tell you, which is the most trying. Impatience then becomes a positive agony, as the limit of suffering is neared; and just as, after a tedious and dangerous illness, the convalescent is more than ever at risk a relapse in his feverish desire to be well, so a prisoner will often make some wild endeavors to escape, even if he did but wait a little—a span of time compared with that in which he has lain captive—his sentence does seem to consist of themselves to let him pass in safety. But there are other reasons (though he does not suspect them) for the step which are pressing (he feels) to madness if he remain quiescent. He has quarreled with all about him, and has suffered for it; and he is now menaced with severe things. Solitude, and his brooding ire, have long transformed him into a cruel tyrant; and every obedience have become impossible for him. He kicks, as it were, against a chevaux de frise of steel. He has been punished on bread and water, and grown thin and fierce. He has been put, and not for nothing, into the dark cell for hours, by stool, as usual, and has come forth a more reckless devil than he went in.

His worst foe is the prison surgeon. That cross-grained official has taken a strong antipathy to him, which is more than reciprocated, and every time he enters his cell sets foot, though unconscious of the fact, on the very threshold of death. He is the keeper of those who is almost a madman; but the latter is sane on one point yet—he knows to whom his vengeance is owing—and while this knowledge lasts his loser foe is safe from him—safe, that is, as regards any personal violence. The fact which would compel this long-suffering victim—in years scarce a middle-aged man, in appearance a great deal older—at the oldest within these prison walls—to give his passion way, and slay him. Richard Yorke should take pains, and his warder himself has prophesied would happen, it will be so; and all Richard's hoarded hate would be spent at once, since it would have no heir. There has been flogging in the prison—an unusual punishment, and only inflicted for a great offenses, or for continued contumacy and bad conduct. A conspiracy was discovered, and the ringleaders received their punishment in lashes each, in presence of all the inmates of the jail. It was a punishment perhaps severer than need necessary, but sickening enough to witness. Richard's warder stood beside him, and while the cat was descending on one wretch's naked back, observed in a grim whisper: "Do you take warning, my man; for if you are reported again, the governor says you are to have a dose of the same medicine."

The warder spoke truth or not, Richard believed him. It was more than probable that he would be reported, and by the surgeon if the latter officer was not. In a revlevemouth's time there were three hundred and sixty-five opportunities, ten times told, of its being fulfilled. If such a sentence was ever passed upon him, as it was almost sure to be, Richard was well resolved that it should not be carried out; rather should this man die, and he himself, his slayer, be hung for it. His desire for vengeance upon those who had blasted his young life so cruelly was as strong as ever—was stronger, perhaps, but he knew that he could never bear the lash. Somehow or other, therefore, at all risks, he must escape from Lingmoor.

Robert Balfour was to be set free in a few days, his conduct, though not good, having averted that mark of remission. Richard was not envious of him, yet the contrast of their two positions made him perhaps more desperate and reckless. Of late months the old man had been admitted to certain privileges accorded to such as have almost worked out their time, or who are otherwise recommended for them. He had been employed as "a cleaner," then as "a special"—in which position he was permitted to work out of doors without an attendant warder, and even (in his particular case, for he was growing very old and feeble) to have leave of absence for an hour or two. On some occasions it was his duty to bring round the prisoners' meals; and to these he saw Richard, and could even exchange a word or two with him alone. This happened upon the afternoon of the day when the public flogging had taken place.

"Balfour," said Richard, earnestly, "will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, lad, any thing," replied the old man, softly. The word "lad" seemed so inapplicable to that gray-headed, cowed, broken wreck, which he had known so young and comely, that the misuse of it touched the speaker. "You know I will."

"Even though you should run a risk, said Richard, within a day or two of your freedom?"

"Ay; for your sake, I would do that and more."

"God bless you, if there be a God!" answered those haggard lips. "Ask leave to go to the village to-morrow, and get me a file."

"Hush!—the warder."

The conversation thus interrupted was resumed in whispers.

"Here is the file," said Balfour; "hide it in your mattress. But, lad, you will not attempt to use it. I pray you be patient. It is only a twelvemonth now."

Richard shook his head, with a ghastly smile. "I must try," said he.

"Nay, you will be retaken and flogged—lad; think of that."

"I shall never be retaken, Balfour, at least alive."

It was easy enough to read in Richard's face the corroboration of his words.

"Have you any plan?" asked the old man, disconsolately.

"I have. From my window here I see an open shed, with a coil of rope in it. I shall file my bars, and get that rope to-night; climb back to my window, and then over the roof. I can reach the distance from outside. I feel sure I can reach the ground with my hands, and so drop upon the window-ledge, then let myself down into the exercising-yard upon the west side."

"You have thought about this, my lad—free high, lad."

"There is a spout in the north corner which will help me up; and if I reach the top without a broken neck, I make fast my rope, and slide down to the moor. Then comes the question how dark it is—and it will be pitch-dark, I reckon—I can make through Wood. No power on earth shall stop me. If you told the warder yonder of my plan this moment, I should still escape from him, and most certainly from you. To look at him and read the resolute despair in his white face were to have no doubt of that."

"But must be must be, sighed the old man. "But for my sake, lad—for mine, who love you as my own son—show more than patient till to-morrow. This is my last day at Lingmoor. To-morrow I shall be free. If you but ought to wait till the west yard, and throw a rope over the north corner, close by the spout, I could get more easily down that on my side, and if you do but lay hold of it, the rest is easy. Your scheme, as it now stands, is impossible. No warder expects it. Wait, good, for less a man reduced as you are;" and he repeated significantly the lizard's thrusdom text.

"You are the best of friends, Balfour—indeed, the only man that ever was my friend." Richard spoke truly: only an unfortunate that was so strange to him. "At midnight then, to-morrow, I shall be at the spout. If not an hour from that time, if all goes well, I shall be at the spot appointed. If I fail, you will remember my plans?"

"Yes, yes; but you will not fail. Keep a good heart, lad. Think of your wife, as he hurried away at an approaching footstep.

But, in reality, Balfour had no hope. His experience of life, and his knowledge of the difficulties to be surmounted in the prescribed escape, forbade any expectation of Richard's success, even in the matter of getting outside the prison walls; and, supposing that was effected, the wood remained. He had to be looked for further but slow starvation or death from cold and exposure, and most probably the last. Still Balfour's help was promised, and would be given; the old cracksman had many faults and vices, but he was not one to desert a friend at a pinch, and Richard Yorke was really dear to him.

As for Richard, notwithstanding the seasonableness of the other's offer, and although he had not the slightest intention of making use of such aid he could never effect his object, no sooner than he felt sickest that he regretted that he had possed his word to put off the attempt another

day. Suppose he should transgress some prison regulation between this and then, or be reported by his hostile attendant without having committed a transgression! There were thirty-six hours of such perilous delay before him, and his impatience was already at fever-heat. By standing on his metal wash-stand, and peering through his bars, he could see that the coil of rope still lay in its accustomed place that afternoon, but would it remain there till to-morrow night? The very act of thus climbing to his window, which he could not resist, was a suspicious thing, and if by any chance he should be found in possession of the file—then all was over. He was fully determined only to part with life by the file itself. For once, the picture of Trevethick and his son-in-law (for he had heard about before he left Cross Key of Harry's marriage with his rival), unsuspecting, complacent, and exposed to the full force of his revenge, failed to rise before gloating thoughts; they were fixed as ever there, but on the means and not upon the end—the means by which the ingenious and daring enterprise. He feared the warder should read that forbidden word "Escape" in his eager eyes, or on his restless lips. A change of cell or a sudden examination of his bed-furniture—no uncommon occurrence—would prove his ruin. He took the file out of his mattress, and placed it in his breast: let that man beware who followed in there!

At last the long night, which should have found him free, passed by, and the next weary day. The anticipated time had come.

It was past midnight, and not a sound was heard in the vast prison; there was no noise but a few stars shone on him as he worked at the iron bars; the nose of his file was muffled —he had rubbed it with some of his own coat now and then he paused and listened. He half fancied he could hear the distant tramp of the patrols, who, musket in hand, watched the walls of Lingmoor from the roofs of its four stone towers; but he was only fancying it, as there was no one else but they was stirring. Years ago he had gauged those bars, and calculated that but a few hours must be seen through to give his body room to pass; but that was when he was young and plump and vigorous. He was vigorous now—he fretted within him seemed to give him the strength of ten—but he was an old man to look at, and the flesh had left his bones. So much the better: there were only two bars to file instead of three. Finding the upper one would be twitted in his blanket into a rope, fastened it to the broken bars, and so, by its aid, slipped noiselessly into the yard.

That portion of the prison was low, and consisted but of two stories: under the window was immediately beneath his own, but, as he knew, it was not used for prisoners. Still, he trembled as he slipped past it. Fortunately, he had been pushed through to clasp his limbs, or a voice had given the alarm, as he passed the watchful patrols! But his feet touched ground in safety. His eyes, accustomed for long years to observe the darkness, could distinguish that the shed and to the coil of rope. He seized it as the shipwrecked mariner clutches that which is thrown him from the shore to drag him through the roaring breakers, and then, winding it about his waist, he retraced his steps. The ascent to his cell window was comparatively easy; but to stand upon its narrow ledge, and, clutching the parapet with his fingers, to raise himself by thereby, was a task that few, without the hope of liberty to spur them, could have accomplished. Three times he failed; without something more of purchase for his hold, he felt the thing was beyond his powers. The strength of a giant, he was the stone coping? If, by a sudden spring, he could catch the other side of it, he might succeed; but if he missed, his hands would slide from the smooth surface, his feet could not regain their stand-point, and he would fall backward twenty feet or so upon the stone courtyard.

There was nothing for it but to run the risk. He gathered his strength together, shut his eyes, and made a vigorous upward spring—caught a firm gripe, and, after a hard struggle, with chest or gained it; then he drew himself slowly up, and lay down in the gutter of the roof to gather breath and look about him. The prison was built like the four sides of a square, and, as he peered, with the high wall circling round it, did closely resemble that image. Nearly the whole of the building could have been seen, had it been light enough, from his present position; but, as it was, only the west wing was distinguishable, with its guardian tower standing blackly up against its dark back-ground of wintry night sky. He could not make out the sentry on the top of the now and then, when his circuit brought him nearest to his lofting-place, he could hear his measured foot-fall.

Like a creeping thing, for he scarce used hand or foot at all, Richard slowly crawled along the sloping roof, then swiftly over the vertex, while the patrol was at the other extremity of his round, and then once more, motionless and almost breathless, he by down behind the western parapet. The perpendicular into which it was his object to drop, was just below him: but it was necessary to find some object to which to fasten his rope; and here he perceived how futile would have been his plan of escape without assistance from without: for here, having slid down it, he must needs leave his rope tied to a neighboring chimney, which was not length enough to cut off, and be of any service afterward for the descent of the external wall, nigh sixty feet in height. If Balfour failed him, it was gone, indeed, clear to him that his whole design must fail. Yonder towering wall, higher even than his own present elevated position, could never be scaled by foot and hand, with only the help of a spoon-rope, he doubted whether, even if he found the promised rope in position, he could even make use of that; for, though agile, he had none of the sailor's cunning.

He made fast the coil which he had with him, however, and watching his opportunity, slid off the parapet into space. Such a fall seems easy enough to read of; but to slide without noise down a loose and swinging rope for so great a distance is no slight-task to one unused to such gymnastics; and besides he had to check himself at intervals (which took the skin off from his hands, although at the time he did not feel it), as his head suddenly struck the wall with a heavy dull thud. He accomplished this in safety, and once more paused, like the sailor upon the iron yard, while the warder passed, whose form he could now even make out, it was so unmistakably narrow him; then he slipped the yard with a swift but anxious step to its north corner, and peered about in the gloom for the rope. Alas! no rope was there, smooth and ineffectual enough as a means of exit, but no rope.

His heart died within him; his hands trembled with anxiety and trepidation as they felt in vain for it along the smooth cold wall. Richard's brain began to reel. He leaned his trembling brow against the cold iron of the fence, and endeavored to collect his scattered ideas. He was sure of Balfour; he felt certain that nothing but sudden and dangerous illness would have prevented him from keeping his promise. But perhaps he had not been able to obtain a rope; such things were prohibited articles even in the neighborhood of Lingmoor Prison, and might even not be procurable. Yet had such been the case, Balfour could not have deliberated that form of assistance. He was of opinion that the rope must be there, then; so, it must have been thrown over by means of a stone, or weight of some kind. In that case, if the stone had rolled after reaching the ground, the rope might not be hanging like a plumb-line from the wall, but at an angle, and, if so, it was possible that, when he began to move, then, in a parallel line from the wall, still feeling right and left, and on the third trial he found the stretched-out hand a string—a string-line such as a boy uses for his kite; and his heart leaped at the ineffable joy of such means to effect his purpose from him with despair. But presently pulling on the string, he found it was tied to it in hand, and pulling softly on, more string, and then an end of thin but wire-strong cord, and then more cord. He was certain of all way, that this rope was knotted at intervals of every foot, so as to afford a hand-hold.

After many yards of this had been hauled in he found resistance: the end of it was evidently fast on the other side. He pulled more, and found the bottom of the iron spout, and beneath an iron clasp, that prevented its being pulled off, he found a knot. It was a perilous bridge even then, and supposing the watcher with his round had not been there, as he was certain enough of him; but it led from prison walls to liberty, and Richard felt himself master of it. He crossed it, drawing himself to it. Hand over hand, foot after foot, he dragged himself with infinite but slowly upward; but a heavier task was the power to watch the patrol, and secure the most favorable moment for crossing the roof, as he had done on the side of the roof. As ill luck would have it, just as the sentry came to the northward portion of his beat, Richard found himself vaguely visible against the sky, though the very summit of the wall. The next instant the bell resounded in the night air—"Who's there?" had glided rapidly down upon the other side. The sentry's gun was at his shoulder, and the sharp report rang through the silent night as just as the convict reached the ground. The starlight was just sufficient to enable him to sequently swore (and truly), to see the man was hit; he staggered and fell backward against the wall, and was lost in the surrounding gloom.

At the same moment all the prison seemed to wake to light and life, and the whole place became but its hoarse notes of warning as the sentry gave

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEWS FROM LINGMOOR.

MRS. BASIL kept her word with her lodger, and (thanks to the chaplain) gave into his hand a catalogue of the great Crompton sale some days at least before the details of it were made public; on the receipt of which Solomon at once left town. His absence was felt to be a relief by all parties. The work of translating herself with his hard, coarse nature, independently of the personal loathing she felt for him, had rendered him, on Richard's account, was very hard, and rest was grateful to her. Mrs. Coe had always seen at ease with business-men her husband from his home. Charley hailed his departure, since he could now enjoy the society of Agnes without stint.

He was, as usual, at Soho one morning, when Harry, sitting alone at the window, engaged in needle-work, was alarmed by a shrill shriek. Mrs. Basil, in the parlor. She had heard the front-door closed but a minute before, and the thought that she was never wholly alone in the house flashed upon it with terrible distinctness —the Avenger had returned! It was the first time the recollection was one of thankfulness that neither Charley nor Solomon was at home. Then, pale and trembling, she stole out to the landing of the stairs, and listened intently. Not a sound was to be heard save the throbs of her own fluttering breast. The cook and the waiting-maid, who alone composed the domestic staff, had apparently not heard the noise; for the former was singing loudly in the kitchen, as it was her wont when she had been "put out," as she phrased it, some dozen times per diem. It was frightful to think that in yonder parlor her once-loved Richard might even then be closeted with his mother, dead to her appeals for mercy, resolute for revenge, and only demanding where his enemies might be found: it was better to face him than to picture him thus. That his sudden appearance had terrified Mrs. Basil into a fit she had little doubt from that shriek and fall; and, indeed, she was now so still within there that she might be dead. The fear for her suffering, however, was not uppermost. Indeed, as has been said, she did not entertain any apprehension of personal violence at the hands of her son-in-law, in spite of Mrs. Basil's assurance to the contrary, she had some hope of reconciling him to his cut purpose by her prayers and tears. Step by step, and clinging to the hand-rail for support, for her limbs seemed to fail her, she descended the stairs, stood a moment in the passage, listening like a frightened hare, and then opened the parlor door. There was no one within it: yes, upon the hearth-rug lay the motionless form of Mrs. Basil, as she had fallen on her face; and, rushing forward, Harry knelt down beside her, and strove to lift her from the floor. Some instinct seemed to forbid her to call for assistance.

"What is it? what is it?" gasped the old woman, looking wildly up in the other's face.

"You have been unwell, dear madam. I am afraid you have had a shocking fit; but, thank Heaven, you are better now."

Harry was truly grateful first, that her original fear had proved to be unfounded; secondly, that Mrs. Basil was alive. She had contrived to place her in a sitting-posture, and was back against the heavy arm-chair; and now she brought a carafe of water from the side-board, and sprinkled it on her face and hands.

"Let me call Mary, and we will get you up to your own room as soon as you feel equal to the effort."

Mrs. Basil's eyes had closed again. Her face was white as death, and that of a corpse. The shock her head with vehemence. "The door—lock the door!" she murmured.

Harry was in consternation, for she began to fear that her companion was wandering in her mind. "Mary, Mary!" she cried, "Get me some wine. Oh, why did I ever wake to weary life again!"

"What has troubled you? Can any new misfortune have happened to us?" inquired Harry, wistfully.

"Is your concern," answered the old woman, with sudden fierceness; "to me—yes. Do you not know better?" Then, relapsing to one long lament the relief. "Twenty years ago that would have been my death-blow, but now I am old and weak. Like the man who lived on poisons, nothing kills. Read it—read it."

The letter was still under the envelope inmeuse, with "On her Majesty's Service" stamped upon it, and out of deference to the sentry counted, with an air as follows:

"MADAM,—I am instructed by the Governor of this jail to acquaint you with the sad news that your son, Richard Yorke, is no more. What would have been your proper duty, by night, and took refuge in an adjoining wood. His body was discovered early four days after, and an inquest held upon it, when a verdict was returned in accordance with the facts. I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS SPARKES *(for the Governor)*.

"I am instructed to inclose a locket with miniature, which was found upon deceased on his arrival here. The rest of his property will be forwarded by rail."

This locket contained the little picture of Harry painted by Richard himself, and which, though he had contrived to secrete while at Cross Key, had been taken from him at Lingmoor.

Harry's breast was agitated by conflicting emotions: it was not unnatural that a mother's love could be no murder done—gave her a sense of intense relief, which could scarcely be called selfish. But that affection was but transient, and a passionate burst of sorrow succeeded it. The only man she had ever loved—except her husband—the most precious memories—had died, then, thus miserably, after miserably years of unavailing repentance and sorrow. She saw him with her mind's eye once more as when he had clasped her in his arms for the last time, and his ruined fortunes when he had raised his kisses on her lips beside the Wishing Well, and his youth and beauty and passion, after nine-teen years of loveless wedlock were swept away, and left her as she saw herself in the little group, her husband's portrait, and which was now his legacy. His memories and vows of vengeance against the lovers were all forgotten: her own mother's heart was loyal to him whom she had owned its lord, and once more filled with love.

"Oh, Richard, Richard, my dear love," cried she: "God knows I would have died to save you!"

"Come here, Harry—come here," whispered Mrs. Basil, "and let me kiss you. I would have died to save you, too; but the fountain of my tears has long been dry. I thought you would have been glad that you and your son were dead, and that retribution was averted from the man, your husband; but I now see I did you wrong. Your love is touched—you remember him as he was before the taint of crime was on him."

"Yes, yes, I remember him, Harry passionately. "He never meant to wrong my father of a shilling."

"Well said, dear Harry; well said. He was himself a wronged—a murdered man. Imprisoned for nineteen years, and then to perish thus! And yet men talk of Heaven's justice! My boy—my boy!"

The two women were silent for a while—the one gazing with dry eyes but tender yearning face upon the other, as she rocked herself to and fro, and shook with stifled sobs.

"Dear Harry, you must not desert me now," pleaded the former, pitifully: "I am very old, and this has broken me. He was my all—my only one on earth—and he is dead. I shall not trouble you long. We two, child, were the only ones that loved him, and we love him still. Let me cling to you, Harry, since it is but for a little while; and let us talk of him together, when we are alone, and think of what he was. So bright, so gay, so—Oh, my boy! my boy!"

The tears rolled to the latter's eyes at last. Hard Fate was softened for a while toward its life-long victim; and side by side sat the two bereaved women, each striving to comfort the other, after woman's fashion, by pointing in its weakness alone that dead Hope which both deplored. Begotten of their common sorrow, Love sprang up between them, and on one side confidence, and on the other forgiveness. Harry, for the first time, poured the story of her courtship, her marriage, and the estrangement between them to dead which it would seem to have destroyed. The fatal letter lay open on Harry's lap, but the envelope had fallen to the floor. Stooping to pick it up, she found something still within it—a piece folded slips from a local newspaper, with an account of the inquest, the details of which the governor's clerk had, perhaps humanely, preferred to communicate in that form, to be read or not as the mother's feelings might dictate to her. Upon the women read it together, not aloud, for neither had the voice for that. With most of the evidence there recounted we have become familiar. It appeared that Richard, No. 421 had long been in a desponding, brooding state; but, as only a mere statement, without the experience of his term of punishment, his attempt to escape was almost unaccountable, and certainly unpardonable. He committed the act in sending ever him. The opinion of the authorities was expressed that he had been insane during midnight. The method of obtaining his freedom showed indeed considerable cunning, but also an unaccountable want of consideration for safety. The height of the prisoner was known, and his proportionate reach of arm; and it seemed impossible that he could have succeeded in reaching the parapet above his cell windows: in that attempt he must have risked certain death. His descent from the roof was explained by the presence of the rope. The latter, however, could not have been entrusted to the external wall were, of course, evident enough, since the rope was there at last; but the means of getting it to it some there? The prisoner must have been aided by some one outside the walls. The warder who heard the shot which subsequently proved fatal had seen but one man; but the night was dark, and the assisting affair had passed unnoticed. Indeed, the convict had only fully shown himself when at the top of the wall, and the marker by the shot was not certain that the figure he saw there being given, pursuit was at once attempted; but, under cover of the night, the prisoner had gained Bergen Wood. The next morning his footsteps were traced so far, and it was proved that he was unaccompanied. A search was placed round the wood, and the place itself thoroughly searched, but no trace of the fugitive could be found. The report of the results who were made use of on such occasions, that the convict had not been in the wood, unless under in any hamlet in the neighborhood; the quest was therefore relinquished. The body was found on the three weeks afterward was No. 421 discovered. It was supposed that the unhappy fugitive had died of the exposure on the very night of his escape, for the body was so decomposed that it could never have been identified but for its convict clothes; the nights had been wet and tempestuous, and it lay in an unsheltered part of the wood, though within a few yards of a road and been once humanity. The bullet that had been the cause of death was, however, detected in the body.

What an end to the high-spirited, handsome boy that had been Harry's all in all! Gone, the joy of his betrothed! What wonder that they should have shed tears of it with bowed-down sat over the bald head and the gaps with only too easily imagined horrors! Each kept hold of the other's hand, though at times in spite of and bond between them, and sat close to one another in silence. Presently Harry rose, and, with a low sound of sobbing, left the house-door.

"That is Solomon," cried she.

"Impossible!" answered Mrs. Basil. "He told me himself that he should stop for the last day's sale, and to-day is but the fifth."

"Hush! hush!"

Yes, it was certainly Solomon's voice in the passages, and was followed by the sharp tones of his hard a male companion with him.

Harry seized the letter, with its inclosures, and hid them in her bosom, which, full of grief for his victim, seemed to spare her husband's perpetrator. Mrs. Basil, hastily rallied her impatiently, as was his wont, from the foot of the stairs.

"Harry, come down; I have brought a gentleman home with me. Let's have something to eat at once, will you?"

"Answer him—answer him!" gasped Harry. She could not speak; her tongue seemed paralyzed.

Mrs. Basil rose at once, walked with steady step to the door, and said, "Here I am, Solomon," Mr. Coe. I am glad you are come home, for she is far from well, and I was getting quite nervous about her."

"She must be ill," grumbled Solomon, "not to be able to say 'Here,' when I am breaking a blood-vessel with holloing to her in the attics. Come in here, Sir." This to his companion—a man considerably his senior, thin and spare, was stood peering curiously at the landlady. "I am sorry to see you unwell, Mrs. Basil. I have brought a friend to stay with us for a day or two. Mr. Robert Balfour—Mrs. Coe."

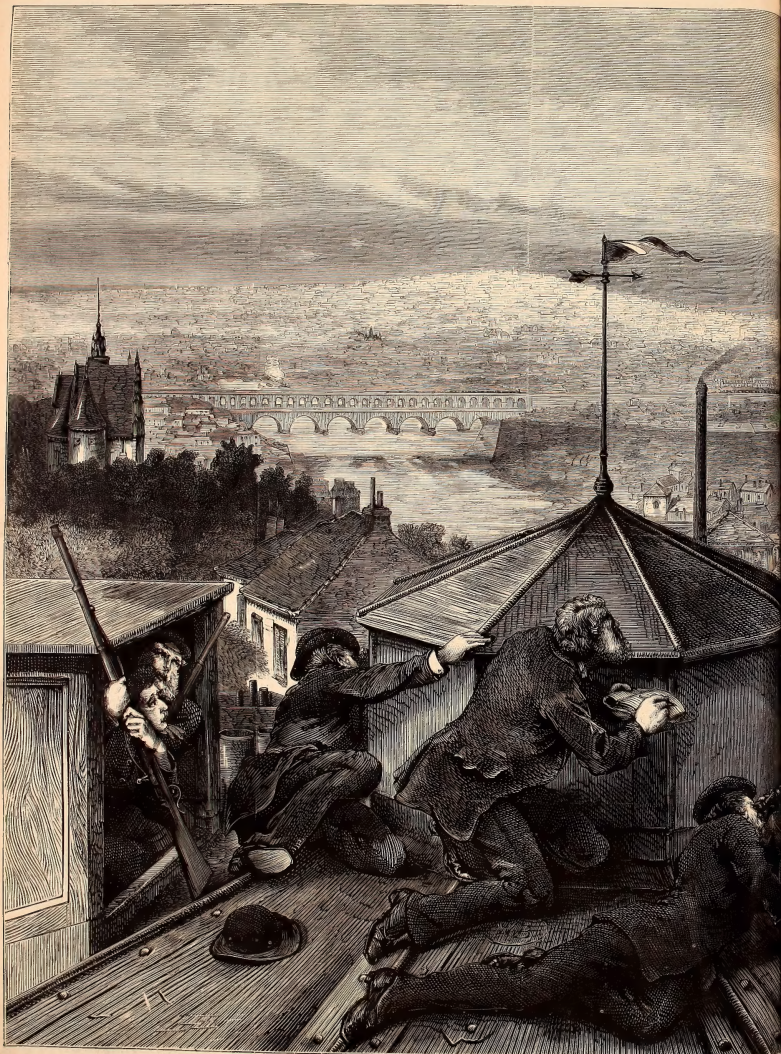

AN ARTIST AT WORK—MAKING A HASTY SKETCH FROM AN ADVAN

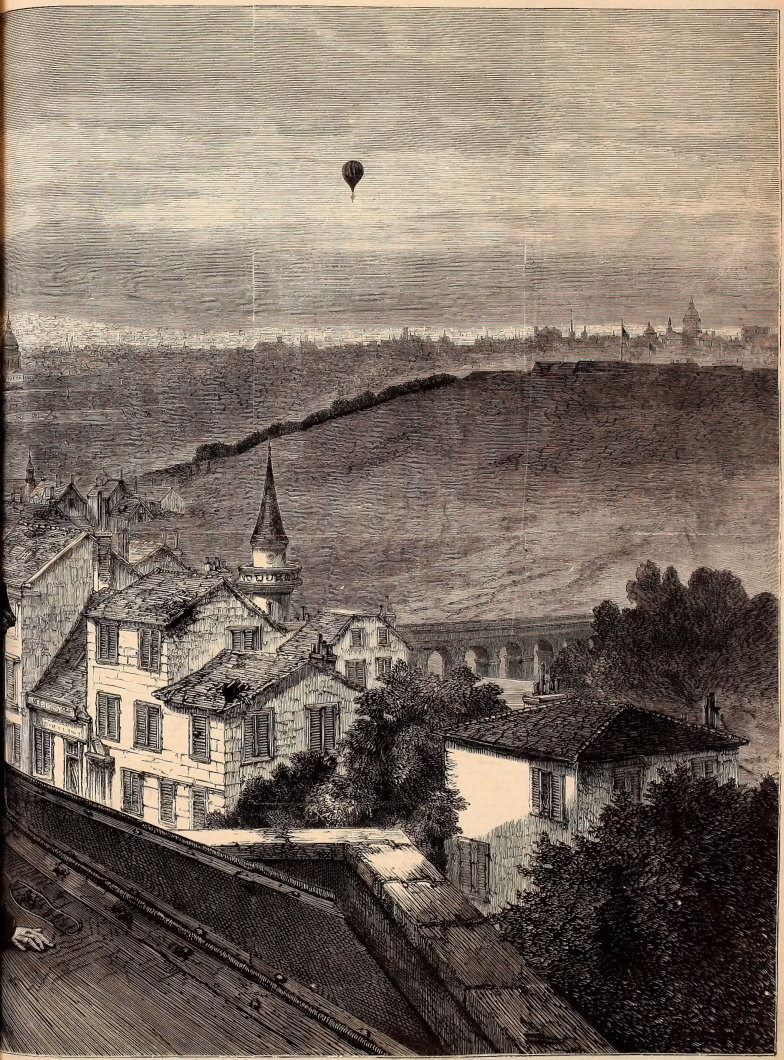

ED PRUSSIAN POST BEFORE THE WALLS OF PARIS.—[See Page 778.]

THANKSGIVING.

[A figure in quaint costume—half Puritan, half Cavalier—enters with the turkey of a Yankee family party in New York, and thus sets forth himself:]

I'm that penthouse little wight
Who, one cold November night,
In the Puritan forefathers' gloomy times,
Stole upon them unawares,
Smoothed the wrinkles of their cares,
And rang out the long-forbidden Christmas chimes.

How each gloomy brow unbent!
What magnetic thrills were sent
Through the iron of each grimly sternest soul!
How old England's merry face,
Touched with memory's tender grace,
Through New England's chilly fogs live sunlight stole!

Tempting visions of mistletoe
Danced before the solemn eyes;
Plum-pudding proved a serious stumbling-block;
The antiquated world arch
Mocked their puritanic starch;
Phantom holly beamed down from Plymouth Rock.

Ah! those dreary times are gone!
All day nearly-work is done;
They are gathered (ot us hope) to dreamless rest.
Now our Christmas chime sing clear,
And we dance in the New Year,
But Yankees still must love Thanksgiving best.

'Tis the festival of toil,
Of the harvest's gathered spoil;
It owns the shadow of the primal curse.
So best! In this our land
Thrift looks benignantly to the hand,
And Labor is of both the sturdy nurse.

So I fear not to come
To this stately city home
As herald of my brother, Santa Claus.
He has no vision mild
Of Bethlehem's Holy Child—
I bear in either hand the palm and cross.

AN ARTIST BEFORE PARIS.

AN adventurous artist, in company with two English officers, recently made an excursion to the extreme front of the Prussian lines before Paris, the result of which appears in the double-page engraving which we lay before our readers this week. It was his intention to the proper officers the artist was politely furnished with a patrol for guidance and protection, and the party set out, descending the valley below the chateau toward the Seine, stooping and running past an exposed place and dodging behind trees. Fifteen-grounds trampled out of all shape—dismal villas, deserted, sacked, starting roofs all their bare empty windows, as though they wondered what would happen next—cabbage-gardens and potato-fields that had been turned over and prodded and bereft of their produce, marked the country through which their journey. Finding the door of one of these villas invitingly open, the party ascended to the roof, and lying flat upon the tiles and peering round the corner of the sky-light, found Paris spread before them. For five square miles about half a mile distant, the Seine within a stone's-throw—one pontoon bridge was broken in the middle; beyond this was another; and beyond, over which a train was slowly crawling. Between this and a fourth bridge were the gun-boats. Beyond lay Paris. There was the dome of the Invalides, the twin towers of Notre Dame, the tall spire of St. Sulpice—public buildings, and towers every one, and a mass of roofs, with the indications of the well-known streets and gardens and plazas, all apparently lying so near at hand that it seemed to the spectators as though they were actually within the fortifications. At the top of the picture appears a balloon, which, we believe, afterward fell within the Prussian lines, and supplied the besiegers with a file of Paris papers.

It was a dangerous post to occupy, for the French outposts are very sharp, and will almost fire at the tip of your finger if it is exposed; so the engineer was, of course, to have very close, the escort in particular, as his "lightning-conductor" would have been a sure mark for the enemy's Chassepots had the sun, as it threw its glow over the bronze-tops of the beleaguered city, glared upon that shining beacon which the Prussian soldier bears upon his helmet. No such accident happened, however, and the adventurous landscape painters seem to have brought off the scratch some initials on the lands, thus proving that there was a veritable Jack Ball among them. As the evening closed in they descended from their observatory, and returned to the Prussian lines in safety.

POLLY'S PIES.

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE.

THE clock struck three: and like a punctual Fate, Polly, shawl in hand, flung wide the oven door. For hours had that tempting odor been born at work, unseen of mortal eye, and the fragrance, compounded of spice, and richness of crusted loaf, and savory fowl, which now floated forth and filled the kitchen, told the result. For Polly, the house contained only a precious whiff, and a stir and bustle overhead announced that some one there appreciated the signal, and knew that baking was done.

In and out trawled the busy shovel till the tenor depth, where yet a red glow lingered, was reached, gave up its last treasure, and Polly, making a fan of her apron, stood before the table to inspect the result. There they were, ranged in order due, the loaves brown and white, the rolls, the crackling pork and beans, the "Indian cake," that difficult dainty, over whose precarious fortunes she had watched till midnight—the two-and-twenty pies, gold, brown, and cranberry red, toothsome mince and translucent apple, flecked here and there with spicy parts or.an-mouthed and gaping for the friendly jam; and in the midst, in disk of yellow enchin-ware towering above the rest, the rotund centre piece, to whose composition had gone such wealth of cream, of celery, of fatted pullets, as is not often met with outside the limits of the Pursall farm. With something of the feelings of a general at the head of his battalion Polly reviewed her forces, noting here and there a specially crisp edging, and the exact degree of portioning out and that to Uncle Nathan or Aunt Sapphira, and then to grace to-morrow's dinner: for "to-morrow" was New England's special day—that "great day of the feast"—in behalf of which reasons or excuses for any proclamation, and neighbors to vie in friendly zeal of housewifery and kind remembrance of those who have no pies? Of their own.

"Yes," said Polly, half aloud, "that will be the best for the larger children's parties. The crust is a little too brown, but they won't mind that, and it's so big. Then old Aunt Pigott shall have that, and that one I'll keep."

An approaching footstep cut short the soliloquy, and, looking round, she caught a rather special pie, and hurried it into the table drawer. Next moment her mother entered.

"Well, Polly?"

"Yes, mother, Come and look at them."

They made a pleasant picture, that mother and daughter, as they stood side by side before the long ironing-table. Mrs. Pursall was tall and erect, the very model of a farmer's wife. Strong, sweet, with face unfurrowed by the wheels of that light wain, Care and Worry, that drive so heavily over female good looks in our country, and smile undimmed and bright, it was easy to divine how the honest husband, these thirty years before, had passed through that door on her wedding morning, to be from henceforth her joy and comfort, all within. And beside her stood the vision reserved in early youth, the same coral lip and blue, the same clear cheek, the same capable hands; for Mrs. Pursall was a noted housewife, and Polly inherited the faculty all round. It was with a little heart-beat that she now watched her mother's critical survey, and a sense of relief at the approval.

"First-rate, dear; I never saw better. And what a lot of them! Some are to send away, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, indeed; it would take us a month to eat them all. Mrs. Pursall's nuts and apples to one. I picked out for ourselves—for to-morrow and Sunday, you know. And the others are for the Forest folks—all that end with Nat, and the Bolgers, and so on. Don't you think I was lucky in my cake?"

"Indeed you were, and it's a trying cake, too. Suppose you treat a couple of the loaves for tomorrow's dinner, and put the remainder in the station. You must be sure and wrap them up well. Had you any help to-day, or came in the evening besides the Watsons and Jim?"

"No, ma'am—that is—yes," began Polly, flushing and stammering. "I didn't ask; but when Phil Ralston was here in the summer he said he should like to help me, and I told him we'd be happy to see him. That was what I meant, mother."

"Well," replied Mrs. Pursall, too intent upon the pies to detect the weak points of the lucid explanation, "I'm glad you had help, and Phil's a boy he's forgot all about it. But Philip is always welcome, my how."

Polly said nothing, for her secret soul she did not believe Phil had forgotten.

How distinctly she remembered about that promise! All through the short vacation, so vaguely alluded to as "in the summer," they had been planning and talking and laughing over it, till of a mignonnette seed to twenty minutes' conversation; "botanising" (Heaven save the mark!) Polly barely knew the difference between a pistil and a pistil); dawdling at the gate under the apple-trees, all, when she came to think of them, above the pink, and Mrs. Pursall's voice addressed them from an upper window on the subject of "damp;" "tempers," and "when he leaves the grange of the same authority, in wet grass or evenings to sit down." Such remarks, and kind and similar pursuits had made it a time of enchantment. Phil was an old playmate and neighbor; nobody thought about it, they had grown together, but Polly thought a great deal. And now he was gone, and when she remembered that he had stolen away half an hour before training time, and surprised her in the cool well-room, and kissed her, and said, he would come and help, coped in a white apron, making pies—all unconscious of his promise, Polly's face crimsoned in bold relief from others; for, lingering there outside the window, words had been half said, half looked, which could never forget. Suddenly, at the time half frightened, she had pretended not to understand them. And at home! there they were! Look, Polly, just coming in.'

For a moment all was there before Polly's eyes. There was Phil's manly face and frank smile, and Ralston's white head passing up the aisle, followed by his daughter, a dear old woman who lived with him and kept his house; then Phil, and by his side a lady. With unnatural fire in her blue eyes and crimson on the stranger, noting the clear olive cheek, the graceful undulating walk, the dress, which, even to Polly's inexperience, seemed something rich and foreign. That, then, was Phil's wife, the woman he preferred to all others! And with the sudden power of thought Polly felt that she hated her. All the sweet, warm pulses of her nature seemed turned into bitterness and fire.

"She looks old for Phil, doesn't she?" whispered the other girl.

She did, but how beautiful! And still, as the service went on, what a mockery it all seemed—the prayer in which she did not join, the sermon which spoke of people as thankful and happy! And the rose with the dewdrops, she had kept all the time something jungled in her ears the whole church, "Phil is married! Phil is married!" till it seemed as if she could not bear it. Long afterward, when she was happy again, that wretched morning would come back to her as visions of fever to returning health; little things she was unconscious of noticing—a late canker-worm walking up Mary Jane Oake's bonnet-string; the scrap of newspaper left on Deacon Brewster's fire from his morning shaving, and on which could be plainly read, "Lost and Strayed," with the after clew of "a heifer" just below. She remembered the exact position in which Phil stood as he held the hymn-book open for his—his wife's—to be half turned and glanced at the gallery. That was too much; Polly drew tight the green curtain, and looked no more.

"You're pale to-day," whispered the friendly gossip in the rear, "or else your hat isn't becoming."

This roused her pride. Bad as it was to be jilted, it would be worse to be jilted ill. So her lips till they were red, and (taking advantage of the hymn) prayer, I am sorry to inflict on upon her cheeks a series of furtive pinches, which restored their bloom. Coming down stairs with the rest, she saw, she was sure, Phil lingering as if to speak. Cruel, insulting, she would not see! Leaning on Aimee's arm—Heaven knows, all bloom and animation, she brushed past. "Polly," he had exclaimed; then paused. Tears are sometimes more expressive as faces. Polly's said, distinctly as back could, "Don't speak to me." Phil looked after them a moment, then, suppressing a low whistle, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and took the opposite direction. Polly's room, retreating, he sorry to have done so. "She didn't see me," he said to himself; "that was it. Well, I'll go over this evening." And all events, and that was not it means."

Oh, what a miserable day it was! All the little, carefully prepared-for pleasures were as so many goads and stings to poor Polly. The turkey was "done" to a chip; Aimee's merriment hurt her. And there were all the relations to be seen to—Uncle Nathan, and Uncle Jacob, Cousin Jane with her family, and the new baby. But for all her heartache the little maid was true to herself. Only Aunt Pursall, with mother's instinct, divined that something was the matter. 'To the rest Polly's manner was the same as usual, if over shy thing, and gayer with that deep flush on her cheeks, and the saucy tongue which, barbed with sarcasm, was directed in a smart answer to all and each.

At last the long dinner ended, amidst praises loud and high. The fire was replenished, the candles lit, evening and a general romp set in. Then, when Aunt Polly could shut away for a moment unperceived. She has "found a thing to do," as Mr. Browning says.

Upstairs, in the dark pantry, she felt about. Yes, there it was. Just so she had seen it carried out from the kitchen for Phil. With tight-set lips she carried the dish through the hall to the back-door, where Jowler, a faithful friend and companion of a breed, was wont to be on a convenient door-mat.

"Jowler—Jowler—poor fellow," she said, "here's something for you," and she held out to him Phil's pie!

The next dog awakened by daintier morsel! It was not a very fierce vengeance that, but somehow it seemed to Polly's feelings, and for was a certain tragic quality in her manner as she stood looking on at the demolishment which would have satisfied an unintentional murderer as definitely comic. As the last crumb vanished, however—the last twirl of the "—" edition—Polly herself asserted itself. She put her hand in childish fashion against the door, and, with the empty plate in the other hand, began to run—a slim, miserable crying, with a little dumb moan running through it like a child's.

At the end of that somebody passing up the walk came upon her—somebody who in his haste to be home, had come out and leaped the garden fence in his way. A tall, brown-haired fellow, with merry, kind eyes, in which wonderment changed to love at this satisfactory spectacle.

"Hallo!" he began; "why it's—bless my soul! Polly! Why, Polly—what is the matter, dear?"

At the sound of the voice started, as if stung, Polly, her face a little scream, a terrified, retorting herself, would have dashed past him into the house, but he caught her and held her.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Phil.

"You here, and crying, on Thanksgiving night with your wife! How we were going to be happy! Tell me what it is, Polly darling? Can't I help you? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Philip Ralston!" said Polly, too furious to weigh her words, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Why?"

"Why? You ask me that? Because"—suddenly remembering what she implied—"because —you have no right to speak to me—to any body —but that way more, and you are not you are married!"

"I?" ejaculated Philip; "and who says I am married?"

"I'm not married," went on Phil, "who ever says so. And I only recognize how much I love you, and poor Will mistakenly kept up by the voyage and a pistol-ball one of her relations sent after him. So I didn't let Mabel know, for fear of worrying him; and when Will got better

we all came up together. That's the story, Polly; but I did think you trusted me a little." "Oh, I did, I do," sobbing; "and I was miserable, Phil."

"So this was the cause of Polly's tears," went on teasing Phil, availing himself, man-like, of the opportunity; "and that was the reason she turned her back this morning. Then Polly does care for me a little—a very little?"

"A very little," responded Polly, with a faint gleam of humor from under her wet lashes.

"Enough to put some confidence in my word when I assure her that I shall never marry never—unless somebody I know, somebody who has proved very faithless, and hurt me not a little to-day, should learn to believe me—but like me well enough"—squeezing a little brown hand as he spoke—"to take me for a husband herself? What do you say, dear?" for the pretty rosy face had vanished into the sleeve of his coat, and for all questioning no answer came save a low but a little, sweet, half gurgling, half sobbing, "Forgive me, Phil."

Phil did not prove obdurate. Before long the face came out of its hiding-place, and, leaning on his arm, Polly stood a happy moment to look at the rising moon, and taste the consciousness of bliss. Jowler stretched himself luxuriously, yawned, then leaping up, his master and Polly's shoulder, he gave vent to one loud, solitary bark of benediction perhaps, or rising to self-congratulation that this consummation devoutly to be wished did not happen sooner, to the detriment of his dinner. A few days after Phil drew Polly into the shelter of the warmed and lighted hall, and the door was shut.

There is another "young Mrs. Ralston" now, whose pastry is said by the good housewives in the neighborhood to "beat all." Her delicate dainty ways are very like our Polly's; but she always answers her husband (whose name is Phil) that, if she should live half a century, she shall never, never make, or be ever taste, a pie one-half so good as that which he ate on the morning ten minutes late one Thanksgiving evening. And he says— But no matter what he says.

TRYING TO LEAVE METZ.

SOMEWHAT before the surrender of Metz a large party of wealthy and influential French citizens set out of the beleaguered city, and pass through the Prussian lines. The scene, as depicted in the second illustration on page 772, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"We saw a number of people coming from Metz, who were civilians desirous of getting away from the blockaded fortress, and a number of Prussians which all can understand must be the fate of those left within it. The group who came along the road consisted of men, women, children, all carrying bundles; and a woman came on in advance with a pot-hook suspended on a stick as a flag of truce. But the Prussians, who had determined that they would not allow any more of the citizens to leave the place, had also had notified to those in command that all parties attempting to escape would be fired upon, now kept their word, and the pickets opened fire on the gas, as the group approached, to fire upon them. We could distinctly see the party on foot upon the road. One man, who made himself unfortunately too conspicuous, was observed to fall. The group wavered; the foremost figure, with the white flag, still advanced; but at last she looked round, and perceived that the other companions were flying; upon which she understood her situation, and followed them back. We could observe crowds of others hastening to the scene forward if these had succeeded; but soon they disappeared. Those people who wanted to leave Metz were evidently not of the poorest class. The woman in front was a peasant, but many, by their dress, seemed to be of the middle class; they, and the children, all had bundles and bags, or sacks. The poor woman who was struck seemed afterward to be dead, for a solider came round to where we were to report to his officer that he had killed a man. The solider began to reload his needle-gun, and pulled a packet of cartridges out of his pocket; but before he could get to the bottom, where they were, he had to pull out a dove. The soldiers here trap the doves which have come out from Metz for food. The bird which this man had caught and kept along with his powder and shot represented a most curious association of the emblems of love and hate, of peace and war."

ON THE PARIS RAMPARTS.

THE Parisian National Guard have been reviewing their "baptism of bucklings and fatlings," as they will probably be soon receiving their christening of fire, on the walls of their capital. And truly these bucklings are not in the habit, as it is by no means agreeable for men who all their lives have been comfortably and, in many cases, luxuriously housed to do twenty-four hours' duty in the cold and rain, with perhaps not even a leaky tent to sleep in. Yet it is what thousands of the hitherto indolent, pleasure-loving Parisians are daily doing; and many a one who, two months ago, would have thought it preposterous to rise at nine, and would have been horrified at getting his feet wet, now goes through the most arduous duties without a murmur.

Each division of the National Guard has its turn on the ramparts, and generally on the appointed day assembles in some square or unfrequented street. Each guard, besides his usual accoutrements, takes with him a perfect outfit of personal comforts, among which thick railway rugs and copious comforters are conspicuous. A tin saucepan with some savory concoction is indispensable to his equipment, neither is the *eau de vie*, with which to lighten the tediousness of his watch, forgotten. Drums and trumpets at their head, they march to their day's destination in time to think about breakfast. The arms are piled, and mysterious messes are disinterred from knapsacks and sauce-pans, wine is fetched from a neighboring canteen, and the company make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

At night the guards crep into the tents with which the ramparts are furnished. If there is room enough to hold six or eight occupants as closely packed as herrings in a tub. As soon as the revelle sounds they come out, and the same fantastic costumes—as represented in the sketch on page 772—seem a dressing-gown and cap, with their heads tied up in woolen wrappers, while others smoke their morning cigarettes, their loins girded with a sheepskin. A few days' exposure of black coffee the sound of the relieving company's trumpet is heard, and they march back to Paris and tranquillity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ABOUT seven years ago a movement was made by certain charitable individuals in this city to add to the benevolent institutions of New York a hospital for the relief of ruptured and crippled children. In due time a commodious edifice was erected, and given to the society formed, and a large number of patients were treated each year. A suitable building was needed; and a week or two ago the new hospital was formally opened, a large edifice in Lafayette Place, upon being present, and the exercises being of a very interesting character. The building occupies a lot on the northwest corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street. It is built of brick, has all modern improvements and conveniences, and is capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty children. At present there are about one hundred and fifty there. The society is now free of debt; but to enable the institution to support it, it can find room for a few more, derived of annual subscriptions, whereby a subscriber of one hundred dollars has a right to place a child in the institution for treatment for one year, a proportional additional one hundred dollars a child may receive one year's residence. The trustees will bend come from when months have passed away?

William C. Bryant recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. He was born in 1794.

The German papers bewail the effect of the war on the trade. One manufacturer of needles said recently, in one respect, lost more than France, for her army contained nearly one more trained to the use of fire-arms, and manufactures who have died on the battle-field, and whose sons it will take another generation to call humanity. Though a temporary consequence of the war is the incompetence of the harvest gatherers, millions of tons of corn were used for that purpose having been taken for the army. The result of last summer's abundant crop of fruit, which would have been spoiled by the rains, as it was impossible to gather them in quickly enough."

The American artists from this city, R. S. Gifford and J. Wells Champney, are spending some time this fall at Tangier, empire of Morocco, Africa. They will doubtless find there a great deal of material for sketches. After spending a month on the coast of Italy they intended to go to Alexandria.

Hall's *Journal of Health* urges rest from stimulating brain labor. Insanity, it says, always comes on with increasing sleeplessness, and the first step toward recovery is a growing ability to sleep. Too much nervous stimulates the brain; and if this is continued too long, the inevitable result is either nervous prostration, or apoplexy. Insanity is caused by too much blood to the brain or the action of the brain; paralysis is a loss of power—the parts have worked so much they can work no more; apoplexy is where too much of the brain are so full, so distended, that they are ruptured. The person who is kept up to the working point by any artificial stimulant runs a dangerous risk of losing life or reason.

A rebellious damsel, declining by her silence to assent to the requisitions to "obey" in the marriage service, the officiating clergyman refused to proceed with the ceremony until an audible indication of consent was given.

There are, according to report, not less than five hundred English in Paris at the present time who are really suffering for money, and even for food.

At the first meeting of the presbyteries of the United States after the union of the Old and New schools it was voted to raise within a year $50,000 for church purposes. The money will doubtless be promptly raised.

A price of five hundred dollars a year for the remainder of the college course has been offered to the student of the Freshman class in Princeton College who, at the close of his year, shall pass the best classical examination. As the examination includes authors not in the curriculum, the competitors must devote extra attention to preparation.

Dœt and the younger Dumas are among the *literati* in the French army.

Pestilential vapors hood over the battle-field of Gravelotte. It is a ghastly fact that beside every grave-heap a barrel of chloride of lime stands like a translation; yet, notwithstanding this disinfectant, the air is indescribably fetid.

A year ago last March the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized at Boston. The specific work intended was to send the Gospel to the women of India and China. The first public meeting of this society was held recently at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. By the first annual report, just issued, it appears that seven thousand dollars have been collected; one hundred and thirty auxiliary societies formed; a missionary journal established; and two missionaries sent to India about a year ago. In addition to these things, at the first annual meeting the society resolved to maintain certain schools and hospitals in India and China, and to send out two other missionaries this fall. For this work $1,198 in gold have been appropriated, and it is proposed to raise an additional $9,000 in currency. The society now includes six contributaire branches, which are located in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. It is proposed to establish similar branches in New Orleans, Charleston, and San Francisco.

A London publisher has offered ten thousand pounds for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible now in progress.

The German soldiers will have a home-stick longing to be with friends and relatives at Christmas. To them the Christmas festival is a very tender bond of sympathy.

According to an official statement the number of German soldiers buried on French territory is about 120,000 of them belong to Prussia and the North German Confederation.

Telegraphic reports of the weather are now received in Washington three times a day from twenty stations; and the information is used for distributing them throughout the country are very substantial.

A report comes from Germany that the inhabitants of Strasburg desire that the fortifications of the city be destroyed, and have forwarded it to an open petition.

Napoleon, in his exile at Willenhalshe, rises regularly at six o'clock. After dressing, a cup of tea and a slice of bread are brought to him, and then he reads the German, French, and English newspapers, remaining alone until the nine o'clock. At nine his private secretary arrives, and remains with him until ten. After walking about the grounds of the château, at noon a second dejeuner is served, the dishes being very simple. Napoleon and his officers then spend an hour or so in smoking and conversation. He then retires to his cabinet for business. At half past three or four he drives, rides, or walks—always preferring walking when the weather permits. At half past six dinner is served, which usually consists of a mixture of French and German dishes, but every thing very simple. After dinner his Majesty and his household retire to a parlor, where coffee and cigars are served. The evening is passed in conversation, cards, or reading aloud. Napoleon usually retires very early.

A good degree of interest has been manifested by the United States government, the Coast Survey, and the Smithsonian Institute in the scientific enterprise which leads a party of three to make Mount Washington their winter residence. Messrs. J. H. Huntington, of Hanover, New Hampshire, Assistant State Geologist; S. A. Nelson, of Georgetown, Massachusetts; and A. F. Clough, of Warren, photographer and telegrapher, make up the company. All needed scientific instruments have been provided. By means of a telegraph cable daily reports of the weather will be sent to the world; and it is expected that these reports will be of great value to commerce by giving warning of approaching storms. The building to be occupied is sixty feet by twenty-two, and twenty-five feet high. The main room is twenty feet by eleven, lined with light thicknesses of felt, and thickly carpeted. Six months' provisions and an abundance of coal have been provided. Small stoves have also been sent up, to be used in cases of emergency.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WAS MR. Chisselm a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of a friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons contrived to prevent his leaving, and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him round distance."

"Mamma," said an intelligent little girl, "what is the meaning of a book being printed in Texas?" "Why," said she, "probably, my child, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months."

"WHAT'S THE BUSINESS" "NO SMOKING"

Poetry is the flower of literature: prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-fortis; wit is the spice and pepper; invectives are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple-dumplings.

Under the head of "Crimes and Casualties" a rural paper mentions the fact that a rival editor has just published a book.

BILLIARD-LETTERS.—Love-letters.

A gentleman dropped a letter in Memphis the other day. A by-stander picked it up and returned it to the owner, saying, "You have dropped a paper, Sir; it may be valuable." The gentleman looked at the wandering communication, and replied, "I valued not at all. It's only a love-letter!" Sentimental young ladies can make a note of this.

WASTING TIME.—Hugging the grim.

A French marquis was riding out one day, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey. "Ha ha!" exclaimed the marquis, "how much the ass, good father!" "On horseback, my son—on horseback," replied the priest.

SET-LOOTS.—Stars.

Not to laugher after each others' chills" is the height of discourtesy in Indiana.

SATURDAY NOTES.—Our salaries.

A lady who has been reading law is in the most fearful and agonizing doubts regarding the legality of her married condition. She says: "Letters are illegal, and marriage is the greatest lottery in life."

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very big, stout old Englishman upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, Sir," said Pat, "it's long enough for, when you first come into it." "I don't mean that there'd be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot forlorn up the rear.

A witty lady, being asked her opinion of mustaches, replied, "I always set my face against them!"

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

During peace a regiment is quartered; during war time it is occasionally cut to pieces.

Two Dutchmen lived very close together, and they had born (not friends), but they fell out, and hated each other like poison. One of them got sick, and sent for his neighbor, and said, "Hans, I am going to die; will you forgive me?" "If you die I will," said Hans; "but if you get well you will die after all," stand good."

THE BEST WIFE FOR YOUNG LITE.—Cherry.

Where do Welshmen go to when they die?—To Australia).

The gentleman who borrowed an oyster-knife with which to open an account at a bank, has returned to meet with a pocket cork-screw to draw a check.

The nation which produces the most marriages must be the fastest nation.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.—Don't lend them.

When a man husband and wife not one, but two.—Because the wife is number one, and the husband gone for nothing.

Why is the letter "O" like the marriage service?—Because it makes "one" into "two."

"IN VINO VERITAS."—Seattle M'Semple respondeth: "Truth in wine, indeed! Host, man, there's one sin a thing! Just shake up that cold pot, and you'll find there's muckle low in it."

Why do school-boys having their ears boxed resemble ragged house-brokers?—Because they are handcuffed.

An old lady, whose son was lately about to proceed to the South Sea, among other articles of necessaries, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "bilious mate."

A fellow in Indiana put one end of a gun-barrel in the fire, and looked down the muzzle to see whether it was loaded. A comrade jury decided that his suspicions were correct.

"I hope this band is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was leaving with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the next reply.

DUEL BETWEEN THE PRUSSIAN GUN-BOAT "METEOR" AND THE FRENCH GUN-BOAT "BOUVET," OFF THE COAST OF CUBA.
FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

PRUSSIANS TAPPING FRENCH TELEGRAPH WIRES.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

THANKSGIVING-DAY AMONG THE PURITAN FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

TAPPING THE WIRES.

TAPPING the telegraph wires in the enemy's country was first resorted to as a system in this country during the war of the rebellion, and many are the stories told of hazardous adventures undergone by raiders and operators in quest of military intelligence by this means. The Prussians have not neglected this important branch of modern warfare in their French campaign, going to work in a severely scientific and business-like way. When Metz was invested subterranean lines of wires were discovered and cut, as depicted in the illustration on page 780; some were found in the cellars of Mendon, but double-bet before they were destroyed they were made to furnish a budget of news for the information of the besieging army. Sending messages in cipher is at present the most effective way of counteracting these precautions, and even ciphers may be read with patience and ingenuity.

NAVAL DUEL NEAR HAVANA.

WE are indebted to a Cuban correspondent for the spirited sketch on page 780 of the engagement between the Prussian warsteamer *Metzer*, carrying three guns, and the French war steamer *Bouvet*, carrying five, which took place off the port of Havana on the 9th of November. The *Metzer* had a crew of sixty men, and the *Bouvet* eighty. The Spanish war steamer *Hernando Cortés*, having on board General Don Rafael de Quesada, Captain-General of Cuba, who acted as umpire, and other prominent officials, went out to see a fair fight, and to prevent a violation of the neutrality of Cuban waters. The fight took place about ten miles from Havana; and as it was in full sight of that port, the neighboring heights were crowded with thousands of interested spectators.

The *Bouvet* opened the contest by firing five shots, which the *Metzer* promptly returned. The *Bouvet* then attempted to board the *Metzer*, but this she was unsuccessful. Her rigging became entangled, carrying away her main and mizzen masts. The rigging, falling with the masts, became entangled in the *Metzer's* screw. At the same moment the *Metzer* sent a shell into the inside of the *Bouvet*, smashing her steam-pipe. The *Metzer*, by reason of the disabling of her screw, became unmanageable; and the *Bouvet*, finding the quarters hot, and capture certain if she waited until the *Metzer* could disentangle herself, set sail rapidly, and made for port, the *Metzer* continuing to fire meanwhile. With a fair wind the *Bouvet* was enabled to reach the Spanish water before the *Metzer* could disentangle her screw. At this time the *Hernando Cortés* first fired a gun, a signal that the combat had closed. Both fought bravely.

The victory was accorded the *Metzer*, though both vessels were badly damaged. The Germans had three killed and one wounded on board the Frenchman there were three wounded and one killed. Both vessels returned to Havana after the fight, and another engagement is to come off as soon as they have completed repairing.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

"On the 14th of February, 1854, my husband made me a present of a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. For nearly fifteen years it has done its work (hundreds—yes, thousands of dollars' worth), and is this day as perfect a sewer as when I first got it. It has never been the least out of repair. During the war I kept out needle in constant use, and I have more than half the original dozen of needles given with the machine on its purchase."

To cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—[Com.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOSEY'S STANDARD OPERAS for VOICE and PIANO-FORTE. Published by Boosey & Co., 24 Hanover Square, London, and 7 Beekman Street, New York. The complete series, unabridged, with Italian and English words. Price One Dollar each. The Operas will be printed from new type on the finest paper, large type, in volumes containing about 300 pages each. They will appear fortnightly, commencing in the following order:

Nov. 1. DON JUAN (now ready).
" 15. FIDELIO, with the four Overtures.
Dec. 1. IL BARBIERE.
" 15. LA SONNAMBULA.
Jan. 1. IL MATRIMONIO.
" 15. IL TROVATORE.

Subscribers' names will be received by all Music-sellers and Booksellers in the States, or by the Publishers, BOOSEY & CO., 4 Bond Street, New York.

$10 made from 50c.!

Something urgently needed by every body. Call and examine, or 18 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents that retail easily for Ten Dollars.

R. L. WOLCOTT, 161 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Burnett's Cocoaine
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FOR
HAIR DRESSING in the World.

RENEW NOW.—THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3, and either of Harper's, $4, sent a year for $6, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 107 Pearl St., N. Y., Electric Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* for sale at 10 cts. per lb.

$10 to $25.—Genuine Oxide-Gold Watches. Address Cross Four Foster, MT., 19 Nassau St., N. Y.

HELMBOLD.

HE APPEARS IN A NEW ROLE.

NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

The Most Enterprising and Largest Advertiser of the Age.

THE famous DR. H. T. HELMBOLD, of 594 Broadway, New York, who is universally regarded as the most sagacious, enterprising, and successful business man of the age, has recently been brought before the public in a new attitude—that of a candidate for the Presidency.

The following rapid and graphic sketch of this remarkable man can not fail to be read with interest, and might be studied with profit by men who could make a fortune had they half of HELMBOLD'S pluck, tact, and push:

PEN PICTURE OF HELMBOLD.

Beyond doubt, the greatest advertiser in the United States, if not in the known world, to-day, is H. T. HELMBOLD, the millionaire druggist of New York, whose name, through the medium of the press, has become a household word in every township in the United States.

As the public is always more or less interested in men who have, by dint of energy, enterprise, boldness, and honorable dealings, risen from ordinary to extraordinary positions in life, a pen picture of this most successful merchant and accomplished gentleman may not be uninteresting. If you have time, come with us a few moments while we introduce you to the man who has made himself very conspicuous through the medium of the press, and by the discovery of a remedial agent for certain diseases somewhat prevalent in American.

Leaving our office, in New York, on Printing-House Square, we turn into Broadway, whose activity is heard night and day, about half-past two in the afternoon we leisurely saunter up Broadway, that great street of the world. We soon passed Canal Street, on our way to Grace Church. On the right-hand side of the street there is a beautiful drug-store attracts our attention. Of course we will stop for a moment and look at it, for on all the American cities there is not another quite like it. Beautiful, filled with every thing to please the eye, arranged by the hand of taste and genius, the store is a model in every respect. It is wide, nearly three hundred feet deep, and filled with the choicest articles that money can demand. As others are constantly entering, we will do the same. Come with us, from the front door back toward the rear building, and observe that, in this is called the "parlor," leaving those who wish to make purchases in the front department, where they can be waited upon, for we are looking for the man, who in a few years has erected this monument to enterprise, liberality, and well-doing.

It is nearly three o'clock in the afternoon. "Which one is HELMBOLD?" "Which do you think?" It is not that tall man. It is not that portly man. Nor is it that earnest, iron-looking man who is poring over the ledger and private cash-book. "Well, which is the one?" It is that little shaver, about five feet one inches in height, dark-brown hair, heavy eyebrows, full whiskers, cut rather close, dressed as if just taken from a bandbox. It is that same man who is flying on an elegant pair of bid gloves, but, while doing so, is continually walking about from this desk to that one, from this man to that one—giving an order to that, a word of encouragement to this man or that man. Yes, that is the man we took as a cat on every thing going on from one end of the establishment to the other.

In dress he is faultless. A first-class business suit, the whitest of shirts, elegant wristbands, hair neither too short nor too rough—indeed, taken in all respects, indicating a business man of taste, wealth, and prominence. He walks to this man and to the right, leans his shoulder at once on what he is doing, nods approvingly; then to his cashbook, makes a few figures, and away he is right; then asks the cashier of the concern one or two questions, nods approvingly; takes in the entire store at a glance, says very politely to those in charge, "Good-day, gentlemen!" He passes out, nods to the occupants of stores on both sides of the one, and, with a kind word to all, passes out to his private carriage, waiting before the door, and, if the weather is pleasant, with one top or two cradle is off for a drive through Central Park, and up the Bloomingdale Road, behind his elegant horses. Few men in New York drive so fine a team as does HELMBOLD. From three o'clock until six, with a friend or two from different parts of the country, he is on the road, as are thousands of other businessmen in the great city, gathering health, fresh air, and strength for the morrow. At six o'clock we find him at his elegant residence on Fifteenth Street, corner of Fifth Avenue. And there is always at his well-furnished table two or three extra plates and extra chairs for such friends as he may invite to his dinner-table. HELMBOLD believes that it is not good for a man to eat alone. And though he has at his house one of the most beautiful women of the land for a wife, and a family of three little children, he still delights in extending the most generous hospitality to those who are always welcome when invited.

HELMBOLD lives well. This we know, for often have we dined from his well-filled table, laughed at his jokes, and listened to his experiences in life.

As a business man, HELMBOLD is a success. As a merchant, he is a prominence. As a druggist, he is equal to cut glass. As a sharp, shrewd, calculating man of the world, he is worthy of much of enthusiasm. While as a bold operator and advertiser, he has no equals in the country. He does business on a large scale. Lives like a prince. Pays his advertising bills with a liberal hand, and promptly. Pays large salaries to those in his employ, and aims apparently, not so much to accumulate money as to spend it for the benefit of printers. His expenses for advertising are nearly half a million of dollars per year; a one or ten thousand dollar order to some newspaper is nothing for him, providing the paper is of sufficient importance for him to use. In the evening you will find him and his wife, and perhaps one or two friends, occupying a private box or reserved seats at one of the operas or theatres; at home, if the weather is unpleasant, or at the home of some of his friends, the business men of New York.

When seven o'clock in the morning comes, you inquire for HELMBOLD, and you will find that he has down town. He must have seen something about the early bird catching the worm, for certainly we know no earlier bird among the business men of New York than this same little druggist. His beautiful palace of a store is kept open day and night at the accommodation of the public; and early in the morning, before the rest of the family are up, HELMBOLD has walked to his store, looked over the establishment, gained an appetite for breakfast, and returned. Breakfast over, the morning papers looked at, a romp with his family, the carriage is brought to the door, and down he goes to his place of business, reaching there at ten o'clock, and from that time till three in the afternoon he is most industriously engaged dictating answers to hundreds of letters, giving orders about his business, forming the acquaintance of strangers, chatting with friends who drop in for a moment, and comporting himself with the air of a man with all the business on hand he can possibly attend to.

HELMBOLD is a nervous, quick, restless, ambitious man. He understands the art of advertising to perfection. He believes with us that money judiciously expended in printers' ink brings a larger return than any other investment.

An idea comes to him one minute and is acted on the next. What he does he does quickly and thoroughly.

While other men would be canvassing, debating, or arguing the propriety of doing this or that, he has accepted or rejected the proposition almost before it is made to him. He acts at once and with energy. A little hint from one of his brother-men and magnify to something of importance. Some little idea that another man would have no faith in, or think unworthy of thought, he will seize, turn to advantage, and make thousands of dollars therefrom.

He began life with little or no capital, but, confident that the remedy he had discovered was the right thing, he was not afraid to advertise. His success tells the rest. His sales now amount to about three million bottles per year, and are rapidly increasing. The opening of his palatial drug-store in New York was one of the greatest events of the season. Thousands of persons attended to partake of the sumptuous repast furnished free upon the occasion, and all were delighted.

Among the presents to those who came were one thousand bottles of cologne distributed to the ladies. This of itself shows that HELMBOLD is a very acute man.

To see him on the street or in the store, you would imagine him the confidential clerk of the proprietor; but when you come to talk business, make plans and suggestions, you will find that this seemingly confidential clerk is the head of the house, and what he does not understand about business and about advertising is hardly worth learning.

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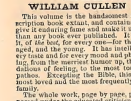

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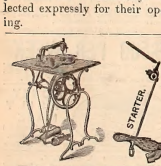

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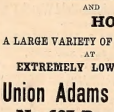

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SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY

To accompany Vol. XIV. No. 727. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1870 [*Gratuitous.*

"THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH."

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

All her corn-fields rippled in the sunshine;
All her lovely vines, sweet-babes, bowed;
Yet some weeks to harvest and to vintage:
When, as one man's hand, a cloud
Rose and spread, and, blackening, burst asunder
In rain and fire and thunder.

Is there naught to reap in the day of harvest?
Hath the vine in her day no fruit to yield?
Yea, men tread the press, but not for sweetness,
And they reap a red crop from the field.
Build tombs, inscription, cypress all mingled:
Though your scales be called to-night.

A cry of tears goes up from blackened homesteads,
A cry of blood goes up from drenched earth:
Tears and blood have a cry that pierces Heaven
Through all the Hallelujah revels of earth;
God hears their cry, and though He tarry, yet
He doth not forget.

Mournful Mother, sitting in the dust weeping,
Who shall comfort thee for those who are not?
As thou didst, bow down to thee; and heap the ashes,
And beat the furrows sevenfold hot:
As then once, now there to thee—who pitieth then
From sea to sea?

O thou King, terrible in strength, and building
Thy strong throne on thy pain!
Though he drink the last, the King of Shushach,
Yet he shall drink at the last.
Art thou greater than great Babylon,
Which like overthrows?

Take heed, ye swallow among the people:
O ye fools, when will ye understand
He that plaiteth the net shall He not hate,
Nor His smite who formed the bond?
"Vengeance is Mine," thus saith the Lord.
O Man, put up thy sword.

INSPECTING A BATTERY.

★The illustration on the second page of this Supplement shows General Trochu inspecting a powerful battery erected on the summit of the Butte Montmartre, which commands a wide sweep of country to the north of Paris. The gunners here are sailors; the sentinels belong to the National Guard. The distant view looks toward Argenteuil, Montmorency, and St. Denis. The railway to Calais and Boulogne is shown beneath on the right of the hill, and part of the convent of Montmartre lies close under the hill to the left.

REVIEWING TROOPS IN PARIS.

THE scene depicted in the illustration on the third page of this Supplement, showing the members of the provisional government reviewing the National Guard, took place immediately after the insane attempt of M. Flourens, at the head of the Red Republicans, to overthrow the government, and install himself and his friends as leaders. The readiness of the National Guard, fortunately for Paris, prevented the accomplishment of this design. It is said saved the city from the horrors of riot and anarchy. This took place on the 10th of October. A few days afterward the gunboat Farcy arrived, and publicly thanked for their promptitude and fidelity.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN WAR TIME.

THE carrier pigeon employed by the Parisians to convey intelligence to other cities during the present war is larger than the common species, being usually about fifteen inches in length, and weighing from a pound to a pound and a half. The plumage is generally either dun-color or black. The pectoral muscles are very large, denoting a power of vigorous and long-continued flight. As to the instinct, or whatever it may be called, which leads a carrier pigeon to make such wondrous flights, naturalists seem to be pretty well agreed that it is made up of two elements—love of home and keenness of sight. Mr. Rennie, speaking of the pigeon's power of vision, says: "We have not a doubt what is by the eye alone that the carrier pigeon performs those extraordinary aerial journeys which have from the earliest ages excited astonishment. We have frequently witnessed the experiment made with other pigeons of taking them to a distance when the dove-cot expressly to observe their manner of finding their way back; and we feel satisfied that their singular flights are uniformly the same. On being let go from the bag in which they have been conveyed, they rise to conceal themselves on the road they dart off on an irregular excursion as if it were more to ascertain the reality of their freedom than to make an effort to return. But they find themselves at full liberty they direct their flight in circles round the spot whence they have been liberated, not only increasing the diameter of the circle at every round, but rising at the same time gradually higher. This is continued as long as the eye can discern the birds: and hence we conclude that it is not confirmed after we lose sight of them—a constantly increasing circle being made till they ascertain some known object, enabling them to shape a direct course." A spiral directly the reverse in character is made by a pigeon let down from the ear of a balloon; the bird drops perpendicularly for some distance, and then begins to wheel round in a descending spiral, increasing in diameter until some previously known object is descried by which the flight home may be regulated. Their vision is undoubtedly very acute. In the wild state, as seen in this country, they fly in amazingly large flocks over wide ranges of country, keeping high in the air, and flying with extended front, so as to enable them to survey hundreds of acres at once. They can descry a fertile field at a considerable distance, and will descend with unerring accuracy to enjoy the meal of which they are in search.

Whatever may be said about the instinct that is at work, a good deal of training is necessary to make the pigeon's flight serve their fight. The Turks have paid much attention to this matter. When a young pigeon arrives at full strength of wing, it is taken from the nest in a light basket, and taken to a distance of half a mile or so from home, where it is allowed to feed alone, looks keenly around, selects a course, and flies home. It is then tried a mile, two miles, four, eight miles, until it will traverse the whole length or breadth of a kingdom. If the pigeon fail in the first journey or two, it is discarded as not being fitted for this kind of work. These Turkey pigeons were regularly used as media of communication in past years. Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," tells us that the Turkey Company's establishment at that city employed carrier pigeons to bring news from Scanderoon, the nearest Mediterranean port. When any of the Company's ships arrived there, the name of the ship, the hour of her arrival, and other particulars, were written on a slip of paper, and fastened under a pigeon's wing; and the bird, set loose, flew back to Aleppo (its home) in two and a half or three hours, the distance being about seventy miles. The pigeon's feet were dipped in vinegar to keep them cool and to avoid the delay which would occur if the bird were tempted to descend at the sight of water. The best pigeons would fly a hundred miles over the Aleppo, and it was anxiety about the chicken that hurried the parents back. It was found that if the pigeon were kept at Scanderoon more than a fortnight, they could not be relied upon for returning to Aleppo; the pigeons of the *Scala dominos* fauled and weakened. There are lofty hills between Scanderoon and Aleppo; the birds, instead of ascending gradually in the manner of those hills, used to dart up vertically to an amazing height, where they could lark it over them.

There was a great deal of this kind of pigeonexpressing in old days. Some of the victors at the Olympic games used to send off pigeons with news to distant friends by pigeon-express. When Modena was besieged by Antony, pigeon-intelligence was maintained by pigeons between Decimus Brutus and Hirtius; and Pliny was so much struck with the bird in 3,000 years. Thousands have been distributed to the army, and they can be employed in places where field-artillery is impracticable.

THE PARIS HORSE-FLESH MARKET.

THE necessities of the time have caused great activity in the Paris horse-flesh trade. The great market was usually held on Wednesday and Saturdays on the Boulevard d'Enfer, but since the commencement of the siege it has been decided that Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays shall be additional market-days for the sale of horses intended for slaughter. Upon these days the show of horses is now very large, and a government commissioner is there to examine the animals exposed for sale, and brands those which it deems fit for human food. The ordinary weight of a horse ranges from 400 to 450 kilogrammes, and the selling value is from 40 to 50 centimes the kilogramme. On the 25th of October 700 horses were offered at the market, and 400 were slaughtered, most of the remainder having been retained for the purpose of remounts. Asses, mules and mules are also sold in the market, and are in great demand. The asses are eagerly sought after, and bring 75 centimes per kilogramme of the living animal.

WILLIAM THE VICTORIOUS.

THE King of Prussia on being informed by telegraph by the King of Prussia of the fall of Metz, replied thus: "I hail with the deepest thankfulness the capture of Metz, so important for the result of the war, and send you my best thanks for your skillful strategy. When the forty-one day reviews the splendid successes which the German forces under your command have uninterruptedly gained, they will justly give you the name of William the Victorious.

A BAD MOMENT FOR A SOLDIER.

A GERMAN officer, writing from before Metz on the 26th of September, thus relates the opening of the negotiations for a surrender: "On the evening of the 26th a letter arrived at head-quarters from Bazaine, requesting an interview for General Changarnier on the morrow. Prince Frederick Charles granted it, but only on condition that the General should be met by two orderlies near the outposts at 11 A.M. They, however, did not find him. The moment, two thousand paces in breadth, between our outposts and the enemy, was arranged to the minute. The orderlies had to wait and come within one hundred steps of our lines in order to hunt out potatoes, grapes, and forage. This went on till the morning. The French took off their hats to our outposts, pointed to their stomachs, and made gestures indicative of hunger. Our soldiers then winked, the French began their trick, and turned back when they had filled their sacks. The French had through this become so audacious that we were yesterday (25th) forced to drive them with sticks out of a village which they had occupied and would not vacate. As the General did not come, our orderlies took a white towel and went, accompanied by hundreds of unarmed enemies, up to the French outposts, where the guard received them on their saying they expected the General, an approaching carriage was pointed out to them. Changarnier, a venerable man of about eighty, but tolerably hale, hopped out he might do as far as possible, as he could not walk far. Our officers sent for the carriage, and it came so close up that the General had only to climb over a small trench. Changarnier is a republican, but carried his services to the Emperor after the battle of Wörth, and since the 8th of August had been in Metz, where he was attached to Bazaine headquarters. Any separate convention to be blindfolded, and on his arrival here was received by General Steinmetz, and delivered to the Prince. The interview lasted an hour and a half, and he was accompanied as far as the carriage. The General shook hands heart-broken, as his words were, 'We shall fall, but with honor. I wish, gentlemen, that neither you nor any brave soldier may ever experience this.' Thereupon a flood of tears streamed from his eyes. He was led back blindfolded past the outposts. There, the handkerchief being removed, he observed some potato-sackets, and delivered a eulogium to our soldiers. He added that he hoped the negotiations in the evening would lead to some result."

NAVIGABLE BALLOONS.

A FRENCH paper says that M. Dupuy de Lôme, the inventor and constructor of the French ironclad fleet, has recently placed before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a scheme for the construction of navigable balloons. It says:

"He has applied to balloons the principles of aquatic navigation. We can not enter into technical details, but we into the calculations he gives. We shall only say that his balloon has an oval shape, with a rod projecting at each extremity, and to which the screw is hung transversely. At the back a triangular sail, managed by ropes, takes the place of a helm. The motive power is the screw, driven by human power. Four men are necessary to perform the work. The screw, instead of being worked with an axis, turns round round a fixed horizontal axis. The wings consist of ribs of wood covered with silk. In order to avoid loss of ballast in ascending and loss of gas in descending, M. Dupuy de Lôme has placed in the lower part of the balloon an air-balloon resembling the bladder of a fish. It is a kind of gas urse which a pump can compress in order to cause the weight of the balloon, while a valve allows the same air to escape, and thus lighten the balloon. It is possible by these means to obtain a speed of from eight to eleven kilometres per hour. The direction taken by the balloon is the resultant of two forces, the wind and the motive power. If the wind blows from the south, instead of going due north the balloon may be directed either to the northeast or southwest, at an angle of from thirty to five degrees, according to the force of the wind."

A DAY OF RECKONING COMING.

THE semi-official *North German Correspondent* contains the following striking paragraph:

"The necessity and justice of making the authors of a war, and not, as hitherto, merely their subordinate agents, responsible for their own acts before the world, have suggested the idea in governmental circles of stipulating as a condition of peace between France and Germany that the intellectual originators and instigators of the present war shall not escape with impunity. Among the responsible parties are included the entire executive which devised the invasion of Germany; the Frenchmen who organized it; the ministers by whom it was recommended; the persons who labored for it, and openly and vehemently welcomed it; the journalists whose constant text was war, and who discussed the triumphs of the coming campaign. The watchword of 'Guilty' or 'Not guilty,' and the penalty to be inflicted, would be left to a jury composed of jurists of neutral states, supposing those states to lend the plan their concurrence; or, in case of their refusal, the privilege might be allotted to the two belligerent nations themselves. The institution of an international tribunal for the settlement of peace-breakers is regarded in governmental circles as likely to furnish no unsatisfactory guarantee for the future of the world."

AN AWKWARD SITUATION

A GERMAN writes thus from Nancy to the *Cologne Gazette*: "People appear very fanatical in this good town, although they do not go to the guillotine, and the belief is that the whole of the Germans will leave their graves in Lorraine. A thoughtlessly trusted my Prussian head to a hairdresser, and allowed myself to be drawn by him into a political discussion. He was a man with red-hot patriot, and ought to be in Gambetta's place at Tours. The danger of my situation compelled me to agree with him in every thing; but the more I concurred with him the more excited he became. All the officers who had traversed or sedan are cowards, he exclaimed. 'Undoubtedly,' I answered, 'but we must not venture to be seen again in his native country.' 'Of course not,' I admitted, while he was working the shears on my head. 'Only a hundred thousand brave men are under arms in Paris, who will all rather die than yield, and will annihilate all the Prussians.' Snip went the shears close to my ear, so that I shivered. I held my tongue. The man became still more violent. 'The whole nation will rise as one man to crush them.' Snip went the shears again over my ear. 'At least, don't cut my ears off,' I cried, in despair; and the fanatic then cooled down, and asked quietly whether the Prussians would not act just in the same manner."

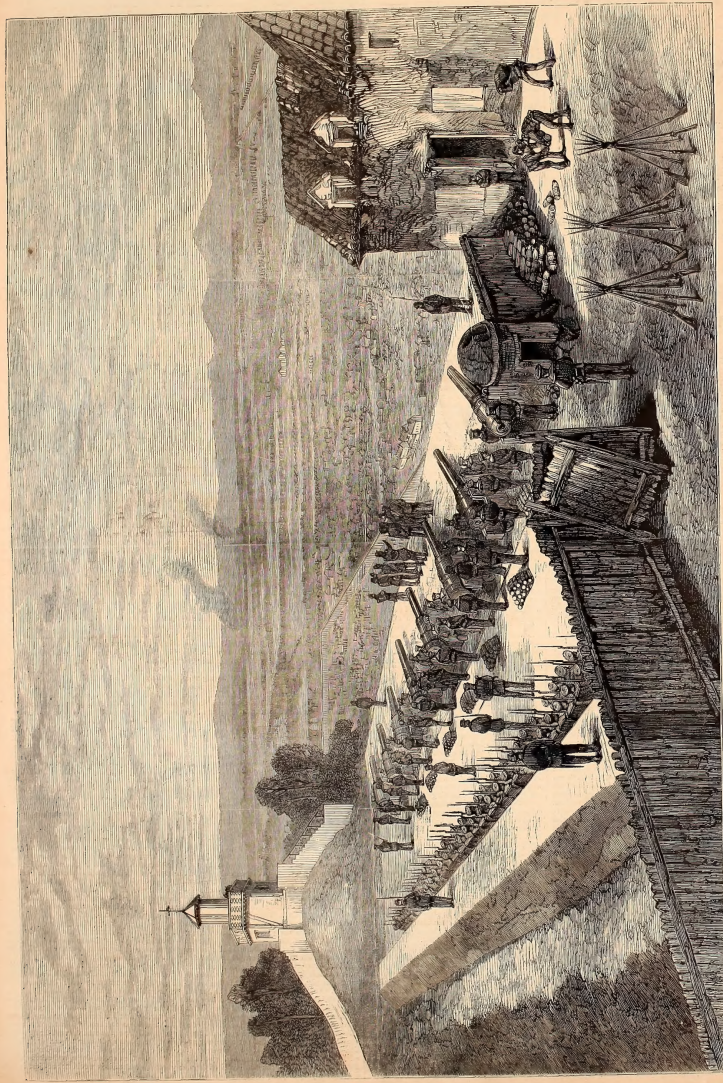

GENERAL TROCHU INSPECTING A BATTERY.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT REVIEWING THE NATIONAL GUARD IN PARIS.—[SEE FIRST SUPPLEMENT PAGE.]

THE BRAIN'S WORK IN SLEEP.

SOMNAMBULISM is an unmistakable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs coolly and with most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of "Kubla Khan," composed in opium sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seating themselves at their desks there writing down whole columns of algebraic calculations, solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on difficult cases of law. Calmly says that Condillac brought to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours; there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things in unconscious ways altogether. The beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulistic delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages exercised for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment of them; and in this direction we must understand the marvelous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Codrington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was roused suddenly in his cabin, with a sentinel, an usual, seated in his door. In the middle of the night the captain rose from his bed, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that a change must have been made in the course of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain; "I gave no order." I kept soundly in my cabin." The sentinel was summoned, and, of course, testified that the experienced commander had, in his usual unknown way, learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall be tested both the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism—whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrecies may be discernably due to the action of unconscious cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive suggestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his somnambulism out of whatever portion of memory it may retain. What a man never knew, that no magic has ever yet enabled him to do; but what he has once known, and in his conscious hours has forgotten, *that*, on the contrary, is often recalled by the suggestions of the other operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does the same thing. I once all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, etc., made through dreams, generally with the fact of the obvious ascendancy of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning very interested him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle —where she had been lulled by the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath the floor of the women's tent a considerable corpse, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul exhale of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision.

Drunkenness is a condition of coma when conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial ingenuity in talk which drunken men full without hurting themselves can only be explained by the fact that the unconscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least likely to be injury. The same ingenuity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not very violently exert the muscles being which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind or of injury men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fulfilling the best known and most unconscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least likely to be injury. The same ingenuity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not very violently exert the muscles being which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind or of injury men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fulfilling the best known and most unconscious instinct.

"WHAT is Providence, I wonder?" says that the wag, if a little exhibit, was by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have come from Shirley Brooks, even one so well accustomed to the production of humor. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new elements into action play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Person who, when drunk, manifests his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes and bully. She possesses the vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

SHAUN'S SORROW.*

A TALE OF ALL-HALLOW EVE.

MOST of our readers have a clear idea conveyed to their minds by the words "an Irish cabin." A vision of smoke and bare stones; cows, children, and pigs mingled in inextricable confusion; a withered old woman knitting; a dark-haired, grey-eyed girl, with bare feet, but much her blue petticoat; two or three men, unshaven, stalwart, and *Irish-looking*—there is no more to see.

In just such a cottage as this (or rather "house," for no Irishman would confess to a cottage) a party was gathered on the night before "All-Saints' Eve." It was after sundown, and the last rosy tinge had faded from the sky, a sea-breeze which had blown through it so keenly all day.

What will ye have for supper the morrow, Madge?" said a tall young man, who leaned near the entrance of mother's cabin as well as permitted by the title of window. He addressed his sister, who was facetously peeling potatoes for a round pig, on the floor beside herself on a block of turf at his feet.

"Can't ye think yourself that I'm peeling for buttern,† Mebeas' Mother bade Nancy bring over a quarter stone of flour. There is not an ear or eye or finger silent. If one Antony will cross the ferry for a bit of fresh meat we should eat Hallow-e'en supper in grand style."

"Ye'll have a fine pig, Madge," said Shaun, as they term it, "set-aside," of Western Ireland. As a social gathering, corresponding to Christmas-day or Easter-Sunday in the estimation of the people. "I wonder did Father Dennis tell the people to pay all due honors to its observance; even the very poorest among them collect their eggs to save up their pence to spend on the special luxury of "white bread" at this time.

Michael O'Donnel and his family were accustomed to a sort of rough plenty. Their farm was large, their cows many; and since the father's death, Madge, the eldest daughter, had always found it easy to keep the house in plenty of potatoes during the autumn and winter, and in a small meal and cakes made through the spring and summer. They had their own milk, butter, and eggs; and what comfort could the people of Inver County "strive bread" at this time.

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Michael O'Donnel and his family

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 728.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

INSIDE PARIS—VOLUNTEERS ON GUARD DUTY AT A POSTERN GATE.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

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THE PARTIES.

THOSE who speculate upon the formation of a new party, or gravely propose it, seem to suppose that a great party is organized as a corporation is chartered. But that does not seem to us to be the way in which a party arises. In our own history party divisions began during the administration of Washington, and the Federal and the National Republican parties continued until the former disappeared, leaving in the Monroe era of good feeling, no immediate successor. The next great party division was that of the Whigs and the Democrats. It turned philosophically upon the question of the functions of government, and practically upon the just and constitutional policy of the great internal improvements, a national bank, tariffs, etc. The Whigs contended for a liberal, fostering, protective, and developing government. The Democrats declared that it was by the enterprise of the people, and not by the action of the government, that the most solid results are to be obtained. But gradually the increase of slavery, and the development by machinery of the product of slave labor, made it essential to controlling element in politics. The intensity of the moral agitation of the subject, with the fanaticism of the slave interest, which used the government for its own purposes, and absolutely dominated the Democratic party, with which it allied itself, and, upon the other hand, the economic sagacity which perceived the material impolicy of slavery, all concentrated political interest upon the subject.

The Democratic party made an abject alliance with slavery. Its policy proceeded entirely from the slave leaders, and its success—it was made evident—had it been doubted—by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The Whig party, unwilling to take any step that upon the one absorbing and paramount question of the time, was virtually annihilated in 1852, and the new party division of Republicans and Democrats appeared, which still continues. But does it seem to any one who speaks of a new party that the organization which to-day controls the Administration, and holds a great majority of the States, and which at the intermediate election, when every Administration party is weakest, has carried forty or fifty majority in Congress, is in the condition of the Federal party or the Whig party when they were superseded? The war of 1812 finally destroyed the Federal party, and the slavery question, which was supreme, and which it evaded, destroyed the Whig party in 1852. What issue is there to-day so overshadowing and absorbing that it will probably and properly supersede the Republican party? If the Republican revenue reformers, as we have said, should desert in a body to the Democratic party, they might do a great deal of mischief. But they will not do it. That scheme is an important element to-day in the first place it is not paramount to all others, and in the second, if it were, it is by no means evident that the reform is more practicable under Democratic ascendency.

There will be no new party until there is a general feeling that the party system is essential for the national welfare is more probable with a Democratic than a Republican Administration, and that feeling does not exist. Those who hope for a reform of the civil service, for revenue reform, for a wise foreign policy, for maintenance of the authoritative will of Union, for honest and economical administration, and for reform of electoral corruption, do not expect them from the Democratic party. But they do expect them from the Republican party, and they expect them because they are harmonious with the principles, history, and the composition of that party. Some Republicans will, of course, leave the party. Mr. GRATZ BROWN, of Missouri, who there are not faithful Republican hitherto, designs, if we read his late serenade speech correctly, to act with the Democratic party hereafter. Mr. CARL SCHURZ, his coadjutor in the late election, has expressed no such intention. Mr. BROWN sees that he has brought the Democratic party into power in his State, and he naturally wishes to make the best of the situation. But Mr. SCHURZ declines to believe that there are not great national issues upon which he must be a Republican. There are many revenue reformers in New England also, and a strong party for the civil service reform, but they act within and not without the Republican lines.

The Chicago *Tribune*, therefore, seems to us mistaken in supposing that there can be "a reconstruction and reorganization of parties"—in other words, a new party; and when it speaks, among others, of Mr. GARRISON, Mr. BEECHER, Mr. SCHURZ, and Mr. SUMNER as favoring such an attempt, we are very sure that it is mistaken. Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. SUMNER, at least, have distinctly denied sympathy with any effort to destroy the Republican party. There are some questions they differ with the President, but they do not allow their disapproval of certain executive measures to paralyze their loyalty to the party. The proposal for a new organization, under the circumstances, is, therefore, a declaration in favor of Democratic ascendency. That party is certainly very unlikely to commit hari-kari if it should see its opponent engaged in that operation. Indeed, it already inviting the Chicago *Tribune* and Mr. SCHURZ to walk into its parlor. The assumption that revenue reformers belong with the Democracy, not that Democratic revenue reformers will secede and join a new organization, is what the Chicago *Tribune* thinks of revenue reform and civil service reform as objects equally desirable, it would be interesting to know how lively a friend it has of reform of the civil service from the Democracy.

In the present situation of the country, when the Republican party is neither disbanding nor likely to disband, the Republican who asks whether a new party is not desirable, merely asks whether it is desirable that the Republican party should be successful. If, indeed, the party had gone to pieces, like the Federal in 1812 and the Whig in 1852, he might wisely ask whether he should vote with the Democratic party for a new organization. But we must not forget that the country was so ready for the Republican party that, in 1856, it polled 1,200,000 votes in less than a year, 500 votes cast, and elected its President in 1860. Is there any corresponding situation now? The career and character and leadership and necessities of the Democratic party are known of all men. Who believes that great and salutary reforms of political corruption can be effected under or to proceed from it? Who supposes that greater order, progress, and economy, would follow the destruction of the Republican party?

GENERAL BUTLER'S TRIAL.

GENERAL BUTLER has repeated the substance of his latest views upon the Irish question in a speech. The General remarks that the ears of a certain offender are very large, that two wells, a lunatic asylum, a pump handy, but he would by no means recommend nailing the ears to the pump, although the sinner richly deserves it, and it could be very easily done. His arraignment of England is not upon the ground that the British Government peremptorily refused to admit the Confederacy, nor that the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah* were suffered to escape, but that after they escaped they were received, fitted, and equipped in British ports; besides which England was "bitterly hostile;" and she has suffered a Dominion to be created on our entire northern frontier for the purpose of crippling us, while she has destroyed our commerce upon the sea. Besides, she is unfriendly, because, intermeddling in the fisheries, out of which serious collisions are sure to arise. These offenses General BUTLER considers past, and then proceeds to consider the remedy. This is nonintercourse, in the first place, which will probably lead to war; then a maritime war, with England consents to relinquish her American possessions.

The General can not conceal his fervent hope that war may arise. "Far be it from me to suggest," he substantially says, "that the strength of the Democratic party, the vote of 1,200,000 Irishmen, and that they would be quick to the war party; or that the Democrats themselves would, of course, support the Government in a foreign war; or that our Southern brethren, now somewhat discomposed, would gladly join in a contest directed again what was as loving brethren; or that it would be a war upon the ocean, in which only a few sailors (whose interests as laborers are dear to me!) would be killed, while the stimulus given to American production would not only pay the cost of the war, but make the whole rich besides; far from me," says the General, "be the disposition to suggest such unspeakable facts; but when I think of them, I cannot help praying that I may be saved from temptation."

This speech of General BUTLER's was delivered in the Music Hall, where a few weeks before Mr. Theodore Hinckley spoke upon the same general subject. Which speech, in manliness, in lofty spirit, in sincere and generous humanity, was preferable? Which was the speech of a man honorably anxious that the two great nations whose harmony is essential to the development of free government should be at peace, if peace be possible, and which that of a politician who seeks to kick up a row which he hopes may save what he considers a moribund party? Which country is the more fortunate in its orator upon the occasion—America or England? General BUTLER's speech is remarkable for its unfairness. We have felt and we feel as deeply as any Americans the conduct of the British Government during our war. But we should certainly be the meanest of ingrates if we forgot that great body of Englishmen composed not only of popular leaders like JOHN BRIGHT and CONDEN and GOLDWIN SMITH and CAIRNES and THOMAS HUGHES, but of the great mass of the cotton operatives, who stood fast by us, and even consented to starve that we might save. And what is to be said about BUTLER? Let us have non-intercourse. Let us keep back our cotton and breadstuffs. Could we wish paralyzed Manchester, Birmingham, and Bradford will work a revolution! That is to say, let us starve the workmen who were true to us until their suffering brings the Government to terms.

What did these workmen do for us? They sustained their liberal leaders in England who compelled the Government to decline the invitation of France to recognize the independence of the Confederacy. General BUTLER says that the British Government was not more openly hostile toward us because it was afraid of the result. Not at. It was because its hands were held by those whom the General now proposes to pinch and starve. We insist, as they do, that they shall not be forgotten; and we have no doubt whatever that they will be infinitely more serviceable in settling the difficulty than any Democratic leading would-be out for a party cry at home.

We hope that the intelligent Englishmen who have remained true in this country will reform their countrymen of the precise weight of General BUTLER in our politics. He is a man whose services in certain angry junctures of the war were signal and most efficient, and gratefully remembered. But there is no politician in the country less trusted than the General. He is universally known to be always wondering which way the wind is going to blow; but never has the gift of seeing further into mill-stones than quieter persons. He speaks for himself only, not for his party or the Administration, and he very truly stated in his address. But if the Republican party with which he acts should ever become a war party with England, it would be only because there is no longer honorably possible even to the most friendly sentiment, and not because of 1,200,000 votes that might keep the party in power.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

THE position assumed in the Russian note upon the treaty of Paris, as we said last week, is destructive of its provisions. If any one is bound by a treaty whenever it chooses to declare any of its provisions violated, it is not bound at all. There is no ultimate tribunal to which the subject can be referred. A nation in signing a treaty engages its faith, but there is no superior authority to enforce its observance. If the faith fails, every thing falls. A nation, indeed, does not pledge nor compromise its sovereignty. It only pledges its faith to the treaty. But when it has become a party to a joint understanding, it has virtually agreed that it will proceed solely in a friendly spirit, that a friendly spirit requires that it shall refer to all the signers any question which may arise under the agreement. If it is dissatisfied with the judgment, it has its remedy. It can then declare, as a sovereign, that it takes all the risk of withdrawal upon a conquest, the conditions of which it believes to be violated.

This is the view taken by the English note of the Earl of Clarendon, and there can be no doubt of its justice. It is very possible that the Earl did not sufficiently consider two things: first, that nations are not as punctilious in such cases as good faith and obvious principle require, and that England herself should be extremely careful how she lays down abstract principles of international conduct; and second, that when Russia makes such a declaration at such a time, she probably studied her opportunity, and means to do what she says, and that, therefore, the answer should be so expressed as to avoid a specific reply, unless war was already accepted. But the English note only suggested that if a reference to a conference had been accepted by Russia, England would gladly have assented. If Russia chooses, a peaceful issue will certainly follow, because in a congress Russia would undoubtedly have her way, and while she triumphed she could not be accused of dishonorable violation of a treaty.

Should a congress assemble, Russia would present two facts: first, that the treaty was made to her disadvantage; and secondly, that when the disadvantageous treaty had not been respected by the other powers. Both positions would be correct. If the congress assented to such modification as Russia might propose, she would have prevailed peaceably. If, on the other hand, the congress declined to modify, Russia would properly reply that she had done what was possible for a united solution of the difficulty; and her action being apparently unacceptable, she must resume her original right, and withdraw from what she believes to be a broken compact. If then England or any other power proposed to make war, it would be upon some other ground. That ground, of course, is evident. It was the consideration that originally made the treaty to the dissdvantage of Russia. It is the fear of the Russian extension in the East.

If, therefore, England is tenacious, it is not because a treaty is formally violated, but because the violation of the treaty is accepted by her as the beginning of a policy injurious to her interests. England looks at India, not at Turkey. Turkey is only a barrier maintained by Europe in the path of Russia. But should Russia make the question to the great powers, and should they decide that she was justified under the restraints imposed by the treaty, her refusal to be bound by her strength by conditions imposed upon her helplessness would be naturally and universally respected.

CHURCH AND STATE

THE Reverend Father HECKER recently delivered a lecture in Boston upon the true method of caring for the poor, whether by the church or the state. He contrasted the sluggish, the cruelty, the demoralization of the state care with the tender supervision of the unlearned nothing poor by the charitable brotherhoods and sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church. Father HECKER cried history. He told not spare Henry the Eighth, and he quoted English and American reports. He might have alluded with effect to GIBBON'S Baby, but that dragging little nature shows conclusively that the Roman Catholic methods are very much like the rest. The whole discourse of Mr. HECKER, however, was a practical application of the principle which he stated—as reported—when he began. "The Catholic Church teaches that the whole man comes under the jurisdiction of the Church." That has been always the cardinal axiom of his denomination. That being conceded, all the rest follows. It is, in fact, the extreme demand of his Church.

If the statement which is now made that a quarter of our population is of that Church, the principle announced by Mr. HECKER becomes interesting. Translated into common language it is this: "Every act and every motive of life must be subordinated, not to conscience, not to religion, not to a sense of moral duty, but to a body of ecclesiastics. History, to which Mr. HECKER appeals, shows us what the purposes and character of the ecclesiastical body have often been. Every man's knowledge of himself and his own experience teach him what such a body must always be. Mr. HECKER has done a great service by publicly and plainly stating the objective point of the activity of his Church. It is a statement which would satisfy the most extravagant ultramontane. And it is not to be forgotten that the particular ecclesiastical body which makes the declaration through Father HECKER is the only Christian denomination in this country which has expressed political purposes. True to the theory that the Church should take care of "the whole man," it demands its share of the school money, that it may put the schools in which its children are taught at the control and under under its own ecclesiastical control. Faithful to the principle of the subjection of "the whole man" to the Church, it will enforce its views of his political duty. It is upon this principle, and no other, that the Church by the Pope claimed authority to release subjects from their allegiance. The doctrine is that the Church, which is of no country, but is universal, is charged with the care of every subject of every man. It demands that the Church be first obeyed, and then such authority as the Church may designate. It demands that the subject of the Church in England or America be loyal or disloyal to his government as the Church, to whose jurisdiction "the whole man" is subordinated, may direct.

We say that Father HECKER's doctrine is the extreme demand of his Church, and he has recently returned from the Œcumenical Council at Rome. That Council has affirmed the infallibility of the Pope. That, however, he was always infallible. Then, upon all subjects which the Church could rightfully decide, the Pope was always spoken infallibly. The object, if the Church is to regulate every human relation, as Father HECKER claims, the Pope might justly control temporal affairs, and the universal interference with local political governments was justifiable. Yet where shall we find the evidence of the assumption of the Church upon which its clergy always lay such stress? If Father HECKER should explain that when he says "the whole man comes under the jurisdiction of the Church" he means only so far as the Church has rightful jurisdiction, he plays with phrases in a manner unworthy of him, and which we do not believe he intends. But if his words mean what they express, he is at variance with other scrupulous Catholics. Archbishop PURCELL tells us that when he asked in the Œcumenical Council where was the authority of the Popes to depose HENRY or ELIZABETH, or to absolve their subjects from their allegiance, "the entire Council, with one voice, cried out, 'Those Popes had no authority, no commission from God to pretend to any such power.'" Yet, if the Church is charged with jurisdiction of "the whole man," and the Pope, when speaking upon subjects rightfully cognizable by the

Church, speaks infallibly, then when he annuls allegiance he is within his acknowledged sphere.

The reader of Father HECKER'S praises of his Church need not deny to that organization any merit which it may justly claim—the heroism of many a missionary, the wonders of its discipline. But when he is asked to surrender to any body of men, because they are ecclesiastics, the supreme control of all human relations, he will decline to barter into history and experience, and ask himself whether Spain and the Netherlands under PHILIP the Second, or any country or age in which ecclesiastical authority is virtually supreme—the rural parts of France and Spain, and the patronage of St. Peter, under the immediate political control of the Pope—present a spectacle of human well-being which persuades him that the practice of Father HECKER'S doctrine would be likely to increase the happiness of mankind.

THE SITUATION IN MISSOURI.

THE ST. LOUIS *Democrat* makes an interesting statement in regard to the late vote in Missouri. It was assumed out of the State that about a third of the Republican vote was cast for Mr. BROWN, and that the enfranchisement of the ex-rebels would add about 70,000 votes to the Democratic party, which would give it the permanent control of the State. But the *Democrat* says that there were 90,000 Republican votes at the election, of which 65,000 were for BROWN, and 25,000 for Mr. MCCLURG; and about 85,000 Democratic votes, of which 38,000 were for BROWN and 5000 for MCCLURG. The *Democrat*, upon investigation, is of opinion that if every man recently enfranchised should vote with the Democrats, the Democratic strength would not exceed 116,000, against 130,000 Republican votes; and it concludes, first, that a majority of the Republicans voted for BROWN; second, that more Republicans than Democrats voted for BROWN; and third, that the Republicans, if united, have now more than 14,000 majority in the State, even if all the newly-enfranchised men vote against them; and that majority, by immigration and other causes, will be still larger in 1872.

On the other hand, as GENERAL GRANT will probably be the Republican candidate in 1872, it will be impossible for Governor BROWN to support a man of whom he has spoken as he did of the President during the recent campaign; and he has as totally forfeited the confidence, which can not be assumed, he can distract the party so as to give the State to the Democrats. In his sermonic speech Governor BROWN said; "I am the last man in the nation to disregard the obligations under which I stand, and the first election I expect to meet my obligations are in the largest measure due to the Democratic party of the State of Missouri." It is quite evident that the Governor does not regard his election as a Republican victory; and although he says that there was no appeal to party, his speech is a long series of praise of the Democratic party as released from its old bonds, and established upon "a platform upon which the young men of the nation can stand." Governor BROWN, therefore, in his own view, is a Missouri Democrat. He is of opinion that the regeneration of politics has begun, and in his dithyrambic of the Democracy he has not even a word of remembrance for the party with which he was so long associated, and whose achievements will long be the chief glory of our history. That the St. Louis *Democrat* also intends to drop the Republican party we shall regret.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AND REFORM.

WE observe that the Boston *Advertiser* asserts that the Secretary of the Treasury is unjustly charged with indifference to the civil service reform, and that he has "done all in his power to secure honest examinations." But the implication of the *Advertiser's* remarks that appointments in the various branches of the Treasury Department are not political, and that patronage is abolished, is certainly unfounded. In some of the very details mentioned by the *Advertiser* the fatal power of patronage is most evident. We are very glad to know that the Secretary of the Treasury approves the principle of the civil service reform, and we can assure him that there is a great deal he can yet do to reduce it to practice. But the only measure which would spare him all trouble, and enable him to give himself wholly to his official duties, would be a wise civil service bill. And the Secretary in favor of a law upon the subject, or does he only favor what the *Advertiser* calls a dead law "which he has revived"? We hope he is not dead? And is it not while this law has been upon the statute-book that the great abuses of the service have occurred? A clear and positive statement from the Secretary, exposing the present system and recommending a real reform—a statement such as Secretary COX made last year—would be of the greatest value to the country.

But meanwhile the evil of the existing system is too radical and fatal to be trifled with by any vague and well-meant exculpations of particular persons. It is the system which is responsible, not the heads of departments. Every Secretary now takes office with the implied obligation to administer its patronage in the interest of the party. There are certain important officers whose chief business is the regulation of patronage. The political weight, as well as the fidelity and service of subordinates, in a number of public offices is enormous. To retain an experienced postmaster in the most insignificant village, who is not offensively partisan, is regarded as an insult by the party in the town. And the Secretary of the Treasury knows, as every body knows, that if the Republicans were to lose control of the government, every one of the officers whom he has appointed upon proper examination would be turned adrift for reasons that might be as "properly examined" as the Secretary's success. The minutest points in the service are character and ability, and permanence of tenure. If the Secretary could say that every man he had appointed had improved to be fit for his place, he could not say that the fitness would retain the place. And that is one of the essential objects of the reform. It is the uncertainty of tenure which is so horribly demoralizing. The man who is put into an office by political pressure, and who knows that the utmost honesty, devotion, and intelligence will not hold him in his place against the stronger political pressure which puts in a candidate, is under a cruel temptation to make hay while the sun shines. And it is not a temptation to which any nation can wisely subject its citizens.

If, then, the Secretary of the Treasury has been really prevented from applying the civil service reform by carefully ascertaining the qualifications of candidates, and by rejecting those who are found to be incompetent, we may justly expect from him a public report, or a law which would make his efforts really effective. If the Secretary merely directs to-day the examination of candidates who are to-morrow appointed, and to-morrow directs the examination of others who are more powerfully nominated, and the business of such examinations be to-day's, what has the country gained? It is not a fact that competent persons are now appointed to the various branches of the Treasury service. But if it were, would not common-sense suggest that competent officers should have some security of their positions?

NOTES.

THE article in the *Edinburgh Review* upon the European situation, which is attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE, shows the immense power of civilized public opinion, the new power with which statesmen and rulers have to deal. So far as GLADSTONE, or the Queen, or any woman, against a war with Russia, are stated to have seriously influenced the policy of the ministry by their calm and moderating appeals. It is very evident that the old days of war-making were passed, and that statesmen were deeply conscious of the necessity of popular approval in proceeding to extremities. It is long since the American people began to support blindly the summons of the Government to the field in defense of what is called national honor. A new question arises, and Lord Granville, for instance, declares that one course should be taken, and Mr. BRIGHT, representing public opinion, declaring the one counselor to be as disinterested as the other, and at fully equal pains to study out the law, will pause and reflect, and the decision is as likely to be against the minister as for him. It is the most significant sign of progress, for every thing that tends to make war more difficult is a blessing to mankind. War is sometimes inevitable, but it is never any thing but the least of two terrible evils.

AMONG the new magazines none is more striking and beautiful in form and in contents than *Art*, an illustrated monthly devoted to the fine and industrial arts, and which has absorbed the *Photographic Art Journal*. It is published by SAMSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, in London, and MESSRS. PUTNAM & SON are the New York publishers. Price three shillings sixpence a year, half per annum. The illustrations are various and striking, and the articles are interesting and valuable. In the September number there are two drawings by the American VEDDER, and six by the late MARSHALL, engravings in the South Kensington Museum. The work is, of course, addressed, not to lovers, to a public interested in art, but for them it will be found very satisfactory.

THE Pope has certainly one effective weapon, which it is reported that he will use against VICTOR EMANUEL. Mr. HARRIS, the British minister at Rome the Pope will order the churches in that city to be closed. The city, in fact, will be laid under an interdict. All public religious services in churches and the music of incessant bells would be most distressing to the people, and the law in the kingdom of Italian Roman Catholic population it would be as if a visible curse rested upon the city. It is possible to conceive certain Protestant towns in which the temporary closing of the churches would not profoundly excite the people. But to close the church to the average Roman would be to close to him the gates of heaven. He would feel that the favor of God was averted. Should this be done, there will certainly be a powerful pressure of public dissatisfaction in Rome. The Pope's hope, of course, is that it will be directed against the Italian Government. But it is not impossible that the people may find leaders who will say, "Let us not sacrifice our newly found liberty to the Holy Father, but let us compel him to yield to that liberty." So if the Pope should insist, it is not impossible that he may be driven from Rome by the Romans. And when, by insisting upon his interdict against the popular monstrances, it became evident that it was leveled at the Romans as well as at the new order of things, Italian leaders would have gained a great advantage. The interdict, however, is a most powerful weapon, under the circumstances, in the papal armory.

IT is remarkable that the French were as ignorant of the movements of the Prussians before the battle of Sedan as the Prussians were of those of the French before the equally fatal battle of Jena, sixty years before. Lord Malmesbury says in his journal: "A general and decisive battle took place on the 14th [of October, 1806] between Jena and Auerstadt, which ended in the total defeat and annihilation of the Prussian army. The force on each side was nearly equal, amounting to about 120,000 men. The two armies had for some days been near each other, but the Prussians did not know that the main body of the French did not know where the French were till a day or two before the battle." LORIN NAYLORDS says, in his late apology: "So well did the Prussians conceal their movements behind the formidable screen of cavalry, that they deployed before them in all directions that, notwithstanding the most unswerving vigilance, they never quite knew where the mass of their troops was, nor, in consequence, whom their chief efforts should be directed."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE present to our readers a list of appropriations made at the last session of Congress for literary, scientific, educational, and benevolent purposes, which will amount to $1,000,000, which, we think, will be of interest as showing a generous recognition of the claims of such objects, and an example of what may be looked forward to in the future. It is true that the sums mentioned are considerably less than many foreign governments expend, since the national revenue of the United States is annually about $600,000, while all the national museums of the United States receive only about $25,000. In other directions, however, the disbursements authorized by Congress are much greater than the corresponding appropriations abroad; and we have very good reason to be satisfied with the schedule as it is presented:

1. Benevolent Objects.

Life-saving service on the coast	$48,880
Government Hospital for insane	140,880
Columbia Institution for Deaf and Dumb	46,778
Freedmen's Hospital for Women and Children, District of Columbia	15,000
National Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, District of Columbia	16,000
Care of sixty transient paupers	12,000
	$184,658
2. Education.	
United States Bureau of Education.	$14,500
Howard and Lincoln University	57,000
	71,500
3. Literature.	
Library of Congress	$50,000
Publishing Records, United States Army	2,000
Publishing Records, Navy	2,500
	52,500
4. Museums.	
National Museum, in charge of Smithsonian Institution	$20,000
Army Medical Museum	12,000
Agricultural Department Museum ..	6,000
	32,000
5. Science and Art.	
Geological Survey of Territories	$10,000
Botanical Garden	5,000
United States Capitol gardens	$48,904
President's house	9,208
Agricultural Department	28,350
	76,094
6. Agriculture.	
Department of Agriculture—miscellaneous expenses	$138,070
Of adding thirty already given—grain-science, $38,890; Museum, $6,000; Botanist, $2,500	49,390
Of adding fifteen, $20,000; we have an aggregate of $188,070 for the Agricultural Department.)	138,070
7. Astronomy and Meteorology.	
Observations of eclipse, December, 1870, under Coast Survey	$20,000
United States Naval Observatory	20,000
National Observatory	19,000
For meteorology at National Observatory	10,000
Hydrographic notices of storms	50,000
	169,000
8. Surveys, etc.	
United States Coast Survey	$103,000
Survey of lakes	150,000
Survey of Louisiana and Tehuantepec ship canal	50,000
Survey of the mouth of the Mississippi	75,000
Professor Powell, survey of Colorado and Dr. Hayden's	12,000
Polar expedition under Captain HALL	50,000
Dr. Hayden's geological survey	25,000
Statistics of wool and mining	10,000
	1,025,000
9. Light-house Establishment	1,871,197
	$3,316,594

Excluding from the above enumeration, as may be considered proper by some, the appropriations for the United States Coast Survey, for the survey of the lakes, and for the light-house establishment (which may be regarded rather as aids to commerce and navigation than as especially literary), there will remain $1,000,000, or $1,052,721 for the general purposes of science, literature, art, education, public utility, etc.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that during the last session of Congress an appropriation of $70,000, to be expended in observations by the Coast Survey on the great solar eclipse of December 22, 1870, was made at the suggestion of the Hon. JOHN A. BINGHAM, of Ohio. Steps were taken at once by Professor PEIRCE, the Superintendent, to secure the most satisfactory results for the laudable appropriation, and an officer was sent by him to examine the principal places to be involved in the eclipse, in order to form a judgment among them most available for the purposes of the expedition. Two parties have been organized, each consisting of about twelve persons. One, under the direction of Professor PEIRCE himself, will observe in Sicily (Catania probably), while the other, under the direction of Professor WINLOCK, of Harvard Observatory, will proceed to Xeres or elsewhere in Spain. Nearly all the astronomers of the expedition took part in the observations of the eclipse of August, 1869, and consequently are familiar with the use to their purposes in studying the impending phenomenon. It is expected that observations will be made in all branches of science, those with the spectroscope being specially assigned by Professor WOLCOTT GIBBS, assistant by Professors YOUNG and MORTON. Mr. HENRY DRAPER, of New York, prepares the photographic apparatus for Professor PEIRCE'S party, and Mr. HENRY FITZ, JUN., of New York, accompanies him, to superintend this portion of the work. Professor WINLOCK'S party will be accompanied by Captain ALVAN CLARKE, of Cambridgeport, Mass., assisting in the observations.

The polariscope examinations will be made by Professor PRUDDEN, of Professor PEIRCE'S party. The expedition will be accompanied by two officers of the United States Engineers, namely, Major ABBOT and Captain ERNST.

It is understood that Mr. HENRY DRAPER has accepted the warm invitation of Professor PEIRCE to accompany the expedition, which, therefore, will have the benefit of the presence of this eminent physicist.

Up to a very recent period it was supposed that the Mediterranean would be land-locked, owing to the alleged refusal of the Admiralty to furnish a vessel for the transportation of the Nubian caravan. But it was expected that a number of them would take advantage of Professor PEIRCE'S offer. And as it seems probable, after all, that the desired aid will be furnished, we presume that the expedition will sail from Britain in the American party will be quite limited.

The Italian Naval Observatory at Rome also organized two parties for a similar purpose. One of these, under the direction of Professor SECCHI, goes to Spain, the other, embracing Professor ASAPH HALL, Professor HARKNESS, and Professor EASTMAN, proceeds to Sicily.

A British vessel of war, recently touching at the Galapagos, reports that at the island of St. Charles the inhabitants, consisting of forty men and one woman, were habitually occupied in collecting ox-hides for export. Some thousands of cattle were running wild on the island, and birds were dealt with in great numbers. Of the latter, geese were seen, and it is probable that the gigantic race of tortoise remains, formerly well known to whalers, will soon be extinct, if not already so.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THERE has been no change in the aspect of affairs in and around Paris in the past week. It is reported from London that Paris has still plenty of provisions for two or three half months, four or eight months, and wine and brandy for a year. The people are confident, and are busily engaged in active military defenses on all sides. From Berlin, however, it is reported that large bodies of Prussians, and in some cases regular troops of the garrison at Paris, have passed through the German lines and arrived in surrender. Invariably, it is added, they have been Germans.

Various minor movements are reported to have occurred in different parts of France, in which the advantage remained with the French. But the serious demonstration toward Glen and Montargis, on the eastern flank of the French, was met by the Duke, and the Germans were obliged to change the plan of attack. An movement from Germain fell or was baffled, followed, with the view of overwhelming the French left, Bourbaki was attacked and too weak.

Frequent encounters are reported from Belgian observers between France-Prussian and the cavalry, or Ulhans, in which the latter have been worsted. The Prussians have been driven back from the frontiers into Belgium, where they were promptly disarmed.

A successful sortie was made November 17 by the garrison at Montmedy which defeated a loss of 800 in killed, wounded, and prisoners upon the besieging forces, who were soon afterward driven beyond the fire of the fortress.

Napoleon is said to have written to the provisional Government proposing an armistice by proposition to cede French territory to Germany. The London Times believes the information of the report is probable.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Eastern question is still threatening, though a peaceful solution is hoped for. The Russian Press has offered her good offices as a mediator between Russia and the other powers, but the result has not yet been known.

News from San Domingo to November 9 says that Baez had defeated Cabral in a battle near the southern boundary. The Haytian army defeated the latter, in the hope of overthrowing Baez before the arrival of the fleet from the United States, which is stationed in the United States, it is supposed, of success will engender thither from Central and South America.

The kingdom of Bavaria and the Grand Duchy of Baden have signified their adhesion to the North German Confederation.

The *Paris Official Gazette* urges sending Mr. Bright as minister to Washington, in order to insure peaceful relations with the United States in the impending crisis. There is great opposition to the new king of Spain in Aragon, and insurrection is threatened.

The Spanish press has been officially ordered to avoid all discussion of relations of Germany as against France and the United States being identified with those of Austria.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the meeting of Congress this month the Senate will be full number of members for the first time since 1861.

Ex-Secretary W. H. Seward has been heard from in Paris.

It is reported that E. M. Yerger, who killed Colonel Crane at Jacksonville, Mississippi, has recently had a second trial, and has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Thirty thousand seats had been captured near St. Paul and the adjacent islands, Alaska, up to the 10th of October, and 4000 more are expected before the season closes.

The United States Assistant Treasurer of New York has been ordered to sell $1,000,000 of gold on each Wednesday, and purchase $1,000,000 of bonds each Thursday, during the month of December.

Thirteen ships have loaded with wheat at Oakland, California, for Europe since the first of October.

General Bullock, who was ordered to make arch discoveries in Georgia, is now in Georgia as may be necessary to prosecute the work of reconstruction in that State.

The premium for Indian scalps has been raised from $100 to $500 in Sonora.

INSIDE PARIS—WAITING TO BUY MEAT AT A BUTCHER'S SHOP.—[SEE PAGE 796.]

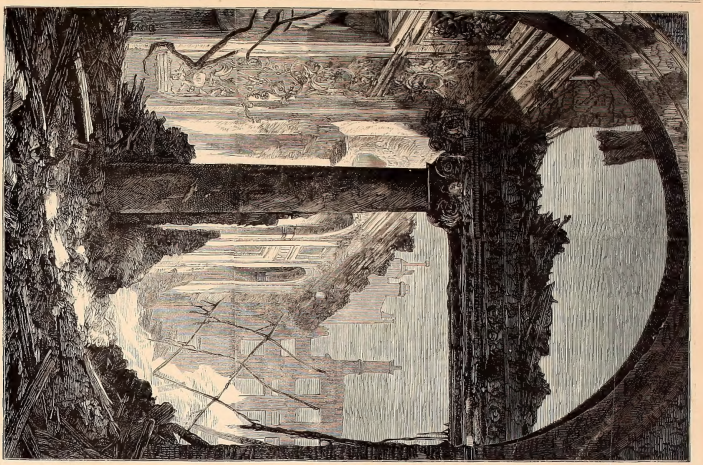

THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

THE destruction of the magnificent palace of St. Cloud, which has so long been associated with the pride of the French monarchy in modern times, is much regretted by those who know Paris. The small town of St. Cloud takes its name from the hermit CLODOALD, grandson of CLOVIS. The palace was originally built, in 1572, by a rich financier, named JEROME DE GONDY; but it afterward became the mansion of the bishops of Paris, till, in 1658, it was purchased by LOUIS XIV., and presented to his brother, the Duke of Orleans. In 1782 it became the property of LOUIS XVI., who gave it to his queen, MARIE ANTOINETTE. It was the favorite residence of NAPOLEON I.; and it was here, in the Salle de l'Orangerie, that a celebrated historical transaction was performed, about seventy-one years ago—namely, on the 18th of Brumaire, in the revolutionary calendar, which means November 9, 1799. It was on that day that General BONAPARTE, military commander of Paris, after his return from Egypt, played the part of CROMWELL by dispersing the Council of Five Hundred with his soldiers' bayonets, upsetting the republican Directory, and making himself dictator under the title of First Consul. This coup d'état took place in the Salle de l'Orangerie at St. Cloud, to which the meeting of the council had been adjourned from Paris because of the turbulence of the city mob. The engraving will give the reader an idea of the completeness of the ruin which has befallen this splendid palace.

TRARBACH.

TRARBACH is on the Moselle, in the Prussian Rhine Provinces, some sixty or seventy miles below Metz. It is in that portion of German territory coveted by the French, and would probably have changed hands at the end of this war if the fortunes of the campaign had been reversed. Its transference from Prussian to French rule is necessary to that "rectification of frontier" of which we have heard so much since 1866. Happily for the fifteen hundred honest, industrious, and peaceful inhabitants of this village, the tide of conflict has been turned in another direction, and Trarbach and its neighbors, who would have been certain to suffer at the very outset of the French invasion of Germany, are saved at the expense of the equally honest, industrious, and peaceful villages and peasantry of Northwestern France. Trarbach has seen enough of war in times past to satisfy it for the remainder of its existence. It stands in the midst of the old battle-ground of France and Germany, and, besides its tale of Franco-German war, it has wondrous narratives to relate of the quarrels of petty counts and territorial bishops. The village stands on the right bank of the Moselle, not more than five miles by road from the ancient city of Treves. Its situation is in the most beautiful part of the valley of the Moselle, where the scenery is scarcely less interesting than that on the Rhine. A great fire occurred in the little old town in the year 1857, and robbed the place of much of its quaintness.

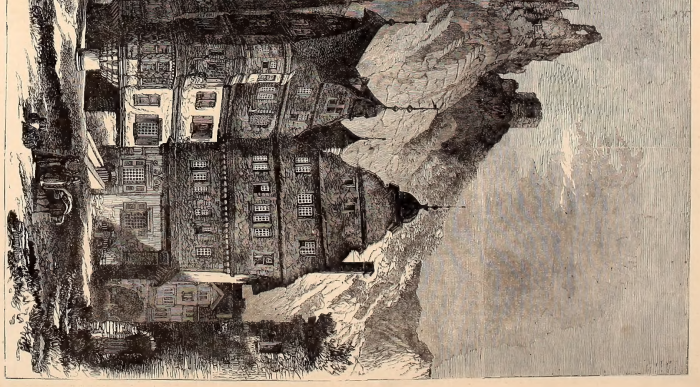

THE OLD TOWN OF TRARBACH, ON THE MOSELLE.

The pile of civic buildings which forms the foreground of the picture on page 789 stands at the foot of the rocky heights which are crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Grünburg. That baronial fortress, whose broken walls present so weird and striking an appearance in the engraving, was built in 1336, and was for centuries the strongest castle between Treves and Coblentz. It belonged to the powerful counts of Sponheim, of whom remarkable stories are preserved in the locality.

On the left-hand side of the Moselle, directly opposite the castle whose ruins are depicted in the sketch, on the summit of a lofty hill, in the year 1681, the great military engineer, Vauban, erected for Louis XIV. of France a mighty fortress which completely commanded the passage of the Moselle. This fort was called Staerburg and Mets by the same country, this act of war was perpetrated in a time of peace, and the fortress was actually built on German territory. King Louis's excuse was a perfectly groundless claim to the dominion of the Counts of Sponheim, the lord of the opposite castle of Grünburg. As many as 8000 men were employed for the construction of this fortress, and six score years afterward it was leveled to the ground in conformity with the terms of the treaty of Ryswick, the Duke of Marlborough having achieved great victories over the French forces during the long campaign which succeeded the general peace. The structure was called Fort Montroyal, which the ruins still remain. There are, therefore, no longer any strong places in the immediate neighborhood of Trèves; but the Prussian Rhine Provinces generally bristle with fortresses, and had NAPOLEON III. invaded that country there would have been as many well-defended sieges as we have witnessed in France.

ATLANTIC MAIL—FIRST-CLASS.

As naturally as a steel needle flies to a magnet so have I felt always ready to hurry to the rail of a big steamer. I do not say it unwillingly, nor put it forward as a virtue, for the act has generally been involuntary and as it was one day last year, when, having seen my small quantity of personal luggage on board the great screw-liner lying at the wharf getting up her steam, ready for her race across the Atlantic, I was looking out, watching with a somewhat amused the arrival of passengers, for the most part excited, worried, and the prey of porters and others, who seem to be troubled with no more perfections in Liverpool than in the metropolis. A lighted pipe was between my lips, and I was trying to enjoy it—for, judging from old experience of my sensations in a rough sea, I did not anticipate much comfort for the next two or three days at the least—when I saw a gentlemanly-looking man, evidently commercial traveller for a cutting house, walked on and asked me for a light, staring at me the while in a decisive manner that, as I had supplied my cigar, I glanced down at his left hand to see that it was not meddling with my watch chain.

"Looks like a commercial, but may be a pickpocket," I said—mentally, of course—while he puffed at his cigar, putting mine out in the process.

"Going across?" he said, abruptly, and, to use what would probably have been his expression, taking stock of me the while.

"Sir?"

"Going across the pond—*Hebedlyn*?" he said again, coolly, and nodding his head toward the great steaming and snorting vessel.

"My cigar—thanks!" I said, in a tone meant to be perfectly Belgravian in its hauteur, as I turned aside; for I had met the appeal of a pair of dark eyes—a lady was in distress, and, between porters and luggage, apparently perfectly bewildered.

"Are you going on board?" I asked.

"Yes, oh—yes," said the owner of the eyes eagerly. "Are you connected with the steamer, Sir?"

"Er—no, not exactly," I said, taken somewhat aback; and I felt disposed to say, "I took you for I was?"—"Allow me, though—these men!"

"Yes, yes," said the lady; "they 'ask six shillings for bringing my luggage from the station. Is it correct?"

"Absurd!" No," I said; "half a crown is ample." And, espousing the lady's cause, I dismissed the ravenous monsters who prey upon the unprotected, and then sent her luggage on board the *Hebedlyn*, casting more than once a glance aside to see that my new acquaintance was still, with handsome, well-marked features, very lady-like, and dressed in the first fashion.

"Seems odd," I thought, "travelling quite alone. Strong-minded woman, perhaps."

But this latter thought was not made the next moment as I handed her along the gangway for there was a quiet, earnest, trusting look in her dark eyes; and the answers she made to my entreaties that she would not be alarmed at the rushing to and fro, the messy motion of the steam and the pushing, excited crowd, were grateful in the extreme. I felt flattered, and not at all sorry that such a companion was to share my voyage.

"If you would lead me to the cabin where I could see the stewardess," she said, and I immediately handed her to the saloon door, where she turned frankly to hold out a well-gloved though rather large hand. "I am indeed much obliged. I am obliged to travel alone; but my husband will meet me on landing at New York, and he will, I know, be extremely grateful for your kindness."

The next moment I was standing alone, confounding her husband, and speculating to her to know why another should have first seen and secured about the only woman who seemed likely to form an agreeable sharer of my pilgrimage through life.

"Nice to be a young, smart-looking fellow," said a voice; and, turning, there stood the big man, puffing away at his cigar, and staring at me with all his might, though, probably from business habit, he was referring from time to time to a pocket-book he held in his hands. "Now, you know, I never make an impression like that on a lady. I never find the sea saking my protection, and all that sort of thing. Very nice, lady, I should say, isn't it?"

He accompanied his last words with the slightest approach to a wink, and I felt that he had poked me with it in the side; when I felt so annoyed that I angrily turned upon my heel and walked to the side, where, looking at the other passengers, but to my great disgust he followed me, and, unmindful of my frowning looks, continued his scrutiny.

I tried very hard to get rid of him, but unsticking was quite away. Apparently he could not understand that his conduct was obtrusive; and at last, making a virtue of necessity, I suffered him, and he literally hooked himself on to me.

But all the same he seemed to have a shrewd business eye; and while carefully keeping close to me he contrived to find time to make board till the time for starting had arrived. The cables were cast loose, the screw revolved slowly, then stopped, then revolved again, and the huge mass began gradually to move forward, the passengers waving their adieus as they passed the side. Then once more the bugman stared me full in the face, looked undecided, walked through the throng on deck, and then, with a wave, seized in face after face, as a dog would who sought his master, and then, in the same manner he had left her, returned to me, and stopped by my side, as if about to speak; but directly after he clucked himself, and drew out another cigar.

"How very soon the motion of the vessel begins to affect you!" he said, with a smile.

"Affects you, you mean," I replied.

"Yes, exactly. Curious, though, isn't it? Seems as if Nature were always ready to play a hand of our fathers—the place of our birth as the song says, eh? I've been across the pond."

"Yes, yes," I said, sharply; and then I walked away, for now, closely veiled, I had seen the figure of the lady step out another time from the saloon door; and upon my going up, and asking concerning her welfare, she made no demur about taking my arm and walking to and fro upon the deck.

I must confess that I thought very little of the scene around, though I kept, on the strength of old recollections, pointing out the various familiar objects we were passing, and I felt the side in my head that the remark my companion had made was not unjust, that is, that he seemed to believe that there would be my husband awaiting her upon the quay at New York, and that after all it was not a bad thing for a lady to be a single and unprotected woman wished to shroud herself in the respect due to the married protection of a married lady; and I felt assured that no one whose business it would be to meet her at the New York would so readily lay herself open to remark by accepting my arm upon so short an acquaintance.

"Is—is that a—a friend of yours?" suddenly asked my companion.

"Friend?—friend of mine?" I said, in a puzzled way. "No; I have no friends on board—at least, only—" and I felt myself hesitating.

"I—I thank you," was the hesitating reply, in the most gentle manner, "for your kindness in a single and unprotected woman wished to shroud herself in the respect due to the married protection of a married lady; and I felt assured that no one whose business it would be to meet her at the New York would so readily lay herself open to remark by accepting my arm upon so short an acquaintance."

said the second-class passenger, panting, as he rose from one knee: "but, for your information, Mr. Frank Smith, I hold a warrant for your apprehension. Bunk robbery, gentlemen; cool twenty thousand; but I'm in hopes it is all here." And he took up the bag that lay upon the deck.

"Stand up, Sir," he said the next minute, as he assisted his prisoner to rise, and tore off the "cloak." "Very clever, very well done, indeed, that false hair; and the chignon is very becoming, Sir. I must do you the credit of saying that you took me in, while poor Matthews hadn't a suspicion, but was rather down on your friend."

"Take me out of this," said the prisoner, faintly. And I would have turned and fled, but I felt myself weighed in among the crowd; for it seemed impossible that the fiend in the boat could and knotted with disappointment and rage, could have been that which had deluded me through the voyage.

"All right, Sir, as soon as we can get an officer from the shore. But then, you need not mind for a few minutes."

"Take me below, officer," was the husky, imploring petition next uttered; and the officer was about yielding, when a passenger exclaimed,

"But are you sure you are right, officer?"

"Right, Sir? Yes, I'm right enough, and I hope there's nothing blocker against him, for there is the death of my poor mate to clear up yet. It seems strange that he should disappear the very night that our friend here suspected that he was found out; and it seems stranger still that he should have settled down so quietly after, and never show at all when the officer first suspected him was gone, for he did not know I was on board."

I glanced once more at the deathly pale face as the detective led his prisoner below; and then, giddy with the rush of thought through my brain, I made my way back to my cabin to stay till the other passengers were ashore, when I proposed to an hotel, but not, as I had hoped, unseen, for I encountered the officer just returning from placing the prisoner in security.

He took me by the button, as he had seized the captain, and held me for a few moments.

"There, you need not be ashamed of it, young man," he said, with a dry smile: "he's got about as womanish a face as ever I saw on a man. The cause was as clever as it was possible to be. I was hard pushed, but I felt pretty sure that in the last I got one look that settled it. There's a resemblance between you that had he put on a good beard would have made him quite the man like you, and it was that which made my poor mate have his suspicions of some one else; but, any how, between you will make him quite different, and he won't come the petticoats again."

"Fourteen years!" I said.

"Yes, perhaps more; for it's a bad case—confidential clerk."

We parted, and I saw no more of the policeofficer. From the report of the trial, though, I learned that the police had certainly discovered that the culprit would sail from Liverpool in the *Helvellyn*, though his disguise had been nearly clever enough to throw dust in the eyes even of every one. I was only twenty then—a fact which I plead as an excuse for my share in the excitement; and no doubt I formed in the culprit's eyes a capital screen, and one which would make it almost impossible for his plot to fail for an instant doubted.

The brightest was right; the prisoner was brought back to the scene of his depredations, and fourteen years' penal servitude was his reward. As to the work of that night, whether Sergeant Matthews, otherwise Mr. Lister, met with foul play, and was sent to his death by a push in the dark—the mystery, if there was, lay a secret between Frank Smith, prisoner at the bar, and him who was forever dumb.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

MUCH as we have to say concerning "sensation preaching" nowadays, it is quite certain that nothing ever means the eyes or greets the ears of a modern audience at all so be exciting as the most extravagant performances of some of the elder preachers. Many of their sermons seem to us doubt mere modes of expression current at the time: but a good deal of their extravagance also was bathetery or violence of manner. We will should we say, for example, of a preacher now who should exhaust himself by the physical energy of his declamation that he should be obliged to stop several times during his sermon to recruit himself with wine, as it is related of a certain of Seville, preacher to Charles the Fifth? We read of some preachers who indulged in every sort of extravagance of deportment, or of others who went just as far the other way, affecting monotony and unvaried movement in all things, and fixing the exact passage beforehand when they would cough. Feignot professed to have made the manuscripts of a preacher, on the margin of which were directions, thus: "Sit down; stand up; here you must use your handkerchief; here you must roar *en diable*," etc.

It was to the demonstrative kind that Bolzee referred when he makes an old doctor advise a young man concerning preaching as follows:

"Shake the church all over, look at the crucifix in a frenzied manner, say nothing to the purpose, and you will preach well."

The strange folly and buffoonery both of manner and matter which were so habitual as to pass without reproach, may be illustrated by an anecdote or two. Here is one related by Feignot, for the truth of which he does not vouch, but which is by no means too strange to be believed:

"A monk, preaching on the Nativity, remarked that the cock was the first to announce the joyful morning the great event, by singing, 'Christ is born, Christ is born,' *Christus natus est*, and in repeating the Latin words the monk imitated the crowing of a cock; 'then,' continued he, 'the ox, impatient to know where Christ was born, cried out, "Where, where?" "*Ubi, ubi?*" and again he imitated with the Latin the deep low of the ox; 'to this question of the ox, the preacher said the sheep made answer, "*In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,*" and so saying, he bleated like a sheep; finally the ass invited all to repair to the place by braying out, 'Let us go, let us go, let us go, '*Eamus, eamus, eamus*;" and it was in the braying of the ass that the preacher surpassed himself."

The Father Honoré, however, a celebrated Carmelite of the seventeenth century, had his performances far in the shade. Once, when he was preaching on the vanity of the world, he suddenly produced a human skull, and held up to view. "Speak!" he cried, "speak, thou skull, speak, thou mute and dumb! Let us hear what Silence gives consent." Then clapping upon the skull the cap of a judge, he continued: "Ah ha! what thou never wast before, good friend? Just now not been snoring many times during a hearing? Eh, eh, etc. "How many times have you given per the fleur-de-lis only to put virtue at a disadvantage?" Casting aside the skull, he held up another, which in like manner he addressed: "Want thou not, perhaps, the skull of one of those benefices who occupy themselves only with catching hearts, after the manner of bird-catching?" Then, arraying it in a bonnet, he continued: "Ah ha! you, Sir, answer. Where are those lovely eyes, which cast such fascinating glances? that pretty mouth, which opened such pleasant lips? that fine nose, which unhappy ones to weep in hell? Where are those cheeks, which chewed gum so many hours, and to make them the more tender for the devil's eating?" etc., etc. "Thus most invectively he preached through the whole of Advent, before the court," bringing forth skull after skull, and appropriately discoursing to each according to what the Father Honoré is said to have been a very popular and successful preacher in spite of his whims and oddities. He was born in 1651, migrates on the ear, but to rends the heart."

A still more extraordinary preacher was that of Brydaine, a powerful preacher of the first half of the last century. He caused himself to be laid into the church by the door, and then about his neck, like a victim endeavoring to win the favor of God. Then he commenced his sermon. The

GENERAL VON MOLTKE MAKING A RECONNOISSANCE BEFORE THE WALLS OF PARIS.

MARSHAL BAZAINE'S ARMY LEAVING

KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA, AT A CAMP FIRE, DICTATING A DISPATCH TO COUNT VON BISMARCK.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.—[See Page 794.]

LOVE AND TIME.

BECAUSE old Time's a rover,
And young Love change his home?
Ah, now that summer's over,
Old Time, and winter come,
Teach young Love to discover,
Where'er them roamest, some
New ways wherehy to love here.
If Love with thee must roam.

Old Time, why wilt thou never
Let young Love be? Ah, why?
Because thou art forever
Unkindly fleeting by.
Must Love, where Time is roaming,
And play me false like thee?
Change thou thy sons and seasons,
But leave my love to me!

A CHINESE EXECUTION.

In several respects the Chinese are an anomalous people. Individually they are harmless and inoffensive, as proved by Californian and Australian experience, but in their national capacity they are prone to treat foreigners with the utmost baseness and contempt. In their social relations they appear to be kind-hearted and good-natured, and the intensely brutal, hardened rabble which beats his wife and starves his children is a rare phenomenon in China; yet the penalties inflicted for his friendly severity, and, on occasion, unfriendly slight provocation, human blood is poured out like water. In trading, although the Chinese, as compared with Europeans, are stigmatized as cowards, their timidity can scarcely proceed from an excessive love of self-preservation, for there where she in the world is the indifference to death so great? That which in the Western world is regarded as the highest type of self-sacrifice, namely, that a man should give up his life for his friend, is in China regarded as a mere matter of business. A man will voluntarily offer himself as a substitute for some consenting criminal, provided a sum of money is handed as a recompense to his relations.

The engraving on page 797, which is copied from a photograph of an actual occurrence, represents the scene before a Chinese execution. We see the criminal, with his hands bound behind his back, and his tail brought forward over his face, so that he cannot impede the efforts of the executioner's sword. In this picture only one victim is visible, but it frequently happens at Canton that the number of doomed persons may be reckoned by scores and hundreds, while, after the capture of provinces and some of the principal cities during the Tae-ping rebellion, thousands of poor creatures were thus massacred in cold blood.

A naval officer visiting Canton thus, in *Good Words*, describes an execution which he happened to witness near that city. The execution-ground consists of a lane outside the city walls, and about two miles from the factories. It is a favorite spot with the backs of houses, and has a door at each end to keep the mob out. While sitting in a shed at this ground from the top of a carpenter's shop, our informant heard a great noise in the street below. A party of Chinese were escorting the people for execution. The prisoners, who had their arms pinioned behind their backs, and their hair twisted in a knot at the top of their heads, were carried in baskets, pitched out on the ground, and then arranged in four rows kneeling. As soon as the chief mandarin arrived the work of death began, and the four executioners, whose assistants changed their swords at every fourth stroke, cut off the heads of sixty-eight people in four minutes. The heads are thrown into a trough, as a warning to passers-by, but their bodies are the right of pleasure, claim the bodies. The clothes are handed over to the executioners as a perquisite, and they also add to their gains by cramming the bodies into one coffin, being allowed eighteen pence for each coffin supplied. The number of people executed yearly at Canton is between 2000 and 3000, sometimes as many as 150 are executed at one time.

Following close upon them came the cuirassiers of the Guard, then the voltigeurs, then the hussars, then the lancers, then the horse artillery, then the guides, then a mixed mass of infantry. To this apparently unending stream of men there was a very small proportion of officers. In order to spare them as much as possible, the French officers were not required to do more than set their men fairly *en route*, and then turned back to Metz to make their submission in some more private way. All this time it rained and hailed alternately, and the poor, half-starved army had, in addition to their other misfortunes, the misery of a wet night in the open; but they would have food. Riding along toward Metz, meeting this melancholy cortege, I came to a small farm, a spot at which Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, surrounded by his staff, was watching them file by. He was on horseback, a little in advance of his staff, smoking a cigar, and talking to the French officer who was there to see that the stipulations in regard to the surrender were properly carried out. With them was General FAILLY, who had come from the town in a French officer rode up, and placed in his hands a slip of paper which contained the numerical strength of each regiment as it passed. There were three horse artillery officers riding back to Metz, and, as they passed their regiment, one of them took a note-book out of the ranks and seized them by the hands. It was too much for me. I turned my head and my eyes over their eyes to hide the tears that gushed from them. I could see that it was with a very great effort that they kept their emotion. The last corps that finished the procession, as evening closed in, was the Guard—the—the grenadiers of the Guard; and they, as they passed their officers, in several instances embraced them, kissed them on both cheeks. Then I came to the corps which seemed really to feel its humiliating position. They were the cuirassiers. Their troops stood in masses, silently watching the foot for whom they can not but feel contempt; but not a word was spoken, and not a gesture betrayed any expression of that feeling could be seen or heard."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BALLOONS bring out from beleaguered Paris occasional letters, and the following is reported as an index of the state of affairs within the walls of the once gay capital. To a great extent the people have fallen back upon their own only individual feeling and knowledge; the real condition of the masses can scarcely be revealed by them. Some of these articles find a spirit and hope. One lady writes: "We bear gayly the privations and the discomforts. Our troubles but so changed every body that the Parisian appears a people of brothers, salutations are exchanged side by side on the ramparts, and use their best endeavors to help each other. Women have relinquished the gayest vanities; toilette no more form the question of our days. We have made a vow to wear the same dress until the siege is over. They tell me to-day that as there is nothing like necessity for bringing out natural resources, the Parisian—always the Parisian—has developed several new talent. The *fiâcre* horse is now replaced by a donkey, and the animal, docile as well as humble, and disregarded except, the city of Paris will not count its donkeys, is the object of the empress's own cares and good taste." An indication of this natural "good taste" is found in the universal change in the mode of dressing the hair. At least one in the fortnight of our stay, I should say, is taking advantage of the flight of certain personages to adopt a new style. Women have given up the fashion their indispensable false hair, Parisian ladies have at once restored to liberty their own locks, so long hid under the disgusting chignons. The Empress Paris, carefully smoothed down, light ringlets, at once graceful and natural, have replaced the artificial curls the delicate and pretty heads of young ladies, who are delighted to have their most beautiful adornment restored to them.

Boston has received a bad blow in a disgusting exposé of its backbiting—or of some of them—by a NEW YORK paper. If the facts in the case are generally believed, "Boston brown bread" will lose its popularity under it is made somewhere in Jersey City. The "Hub" might retaliate, if it can not deny the statements made. New York is not spotless in its cleanliness.

Art receives some favors in war. The residence and studio of MISS. ROSA BONHEUR, at the picturesque town of Fontainebleau, escaped the fate of the sacred and respected by the Germans in accordance with a special request from the Crown Prince of PRUSSIA. Her studio have been given by the King of Prussia in favor of the talent and studio of the artist M. EDOUARD FRERE, at Rouen.

Hypochondriacs are often cured by some very simple device. Not long ago a wealthy citizen of New York, who considered himself a confirmed victim of what he terms "the blues," was induced to consult a physician, who prescribed a course of medicine, to be administered by two medical students, who followed him about from place to place, and whenever they saw the most mobilous, stated that they were waiting for him to go to dinner. The result was he might have a chance to pick up the pieces for dissection.

A European student of the habits and peculiarities of poisonous snakes has discovered that "if poison be applied to the specific antidote to the bite of a reptile or reptile in which these poisons exist." The bite of the rattlesnake, which is the most fatal, can be cured by administering a few drops of a preparation of the gall of the snake. The gall of the most deadly kind of snakes may be used in cases of bites of those less virulent. The gall is to be mixed with pure spirits of wine, or the best high wines.

A singular story is told of the reappearance of a gold medal which was made about three years ago, and was to be presented to CYRUS W. FIELD on the accomplishment of the Atlantic cable. Congress had appropriated $5000 for the purpose, and the medal was, we believe, ratately carved and mounted, and inclosed in a pearl case mounted with gold. The Secretary of the Treasury received the medal from the mint, and sent it to Prescident Johnson by his confidential secretary. The medal was missed shortly after this, and, upon inquiry being made, Mr. Johnson stated that he had returned it to the Treasury Department. Nothing could be heard of it at the Department, and it was finally believed that the medal had been stolen. Congress, therefore, made another appropriation of $5000 for a duplicate, which was made and presented to Mr. Field about two years ago. It now turns out that the original medal was returned to the Treasury Department by President Johnson after he had received it, and the messenger gave it to Assistant Treasurer Tuttle, who locked it up in his private safe, and never heard the charge that it had been stolen, or an appropriation made for a new one. The medal remained in his safe until a week or two ago, when Mr. Tuttle inquired of General Spinner why Mr. Field did not receive his medal. General Spinner was greatly astonished, of course, at hearing all the facts in the case, and will obtain the medal until some disposition of it be made by Congress.

Miss Vinnie Ream writes from Rome that the statue of LINCOLN, upon which she has been engaged for three years, is completed, and will be shipped at once for Washington.

"The Pope has sold his horses." Such is the announcement of a Roman correspondent, accordingly, who writes from the Eternal City we gather that there same horses were "grand" ones, that they were also "old," and, moreover, they were "lame." We judge also that they were fine trotters, and were to the habit of occasionally running off with the Equilline deities with flowers, leathers, and bells. But who has bought them? And to what uses will they now be put?

The American College, erected in Constantinople at the expense of the Protestants of the city, is now nearly completed. It stands on a splendid site on the Bosphorus, close by the ancient castles built in A.D. 1400 by Mahmoud II., the conqueror of Constantinople, and commands a most magnificent panoramic view. Mr. Morse is now in Constantinople. When the college is finished several of the Armenian Mussulman families intend to place their sons there to be educated.

A new water-proof packing paper is now prepared by coating it with a resinous liquid, and afterward painting it with a mixture of glue and soda, to prevent the appearance of blotches. After it is dry the two surfaces of the paper are applied, which consists of a solution prepared with two and a half ounces of powdered gum arabic, one ounce of glue, 1 lb. whiting, 1 lb. soda, boil in added gradually one-third of an ounce of pulverized alum, and then add some fine mineral coloring matter, like ochre or umber, may be added. When cold it is ready for use. The operation of coating is now quickly performed, and two persons may prepare three thousand square feet of paper per day.

Miss Rye is an English lady of large fortune, who has for many years exercised her benevolent feelings by collecting waifs in the streets of London, and providing them with homes in the fields of Canada and Iowa. Most of these children are orphans; all are taken from workhouses and sin at a tender age, which has tended to increase the English poor-rates. Over three hundred have been sent across the ocean by Miss Rye from Marylebone in Canada, many others in the Western States.

From Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, comes a curious story at a steamboat excursion, when, one Sunday, an attempt to make his way through the crowd to get within better hearing distance of the distinguished BEECHER, BEECHER was at that moment giving the words of his text, "Who art thou?" in a clear, distinct voice. As he spoke the words a bystander said, "Who art thou?" The stout man thinking himself in the wrong, pushed by pressing forward, and believing himself to be personally addressed, startled both preacher and people by sotutely replying, "I'm a pilgrim from Brooklyn, Sir." I hope you still may. There ain't any rarly, or else I'd 'a not down." Plymouth Church didn't recover its serenity for ten minutes.

M. Gambetta, one of the most vigorous members of the provisional government, is young in years, yet his black hair is already tinged with gray. When a boy he destroyed the sight of one of his eyes to make his father take him from school. A boarding-school that he disliked. He has therefore a glass eye. His voice is remarkably sonorous, powerful, but quite coaxed and a youth of hardships and privations have much impaired it. He is a fine orator, and in his parliamentary attacks, habitually wears a respirator, and public speakers will recognize the utility of it, when it be necessary to exert the voice greatly, always distresses and weakens him.

War is prolific in strange devices. It is reported that Napoleon III. will issue a number of bonds in the vicinity of Paris to wage war upon the French savage carrying the bonds.

Dio Lewis says that if you wish to live to the age of eighty-five in the full enjoyment of all your faculties, go to bed at eight o'clock, and eat twice a day the most acute quantity of plain food. He is of opinion that the reason why Americans are such dyspeptics is that we eat too much and too fast.

Fleshy people are constantly inquiring how they can reduce their weight, and lean individuals as frequently how they can put on flesh. A correspondent of the Lewis says to the former: "Reduce the quantity of your food one-half, and increase the proportion of animal food. At the end of three months reduce the quantity another quarter. Eat, only, sleep little, and walk an hour before breakfast. Exercise into a profuse perspiration at least once a day." His advice to the latter is: "Eat plenty of oat-meal and Graham mush, cracked wheat, and stewed fruit. Retire at eight o'clock. Rise at six. Begin to become young and plump, go to bed at eight o'clock, and rise when you have had enough. Exercise gently, and take your share of the laughing." Fat people will perceive that the rules are expected to work by a happy frame of mind, and by no means to indulge in much laughter.

In a preface which Disraeli has written to a collected edition of his works, now being published in London, he says, speaking of "Lothair:" "It has been more extensively read both by the people of the United Kingdom and of the United States than any work which has appeared for the last half century." The Count himself remarks on the extraordinary circumstance: that there is not the slightest doubt that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read far more extensively.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A PROJECTED PARTNERSHIP.

THOUGH by no means to either the mental or physical condition in which a lady should be who is called upon to play the part of hostess, Harry Rose had presented that Solomon in mind several alone. The presence of this stranger, whom his genial friend had described as "different without a glance at his features, was welcome to her, because it was likely to distract from herself her husband's regards. What she would like to have done would have been to shut herself up alone in her chamber, and weep and pray. As it was, she had to be cheerful, to affect an interest in her husband's late expedition, and pleasure at his unexpected return. Mrs. Rose had been invisible; you would never have managed that it was the same woman—so rich an amount of ingenuity had she minutes before, and now so self-possessed and cheerful. But she had been used to playing parts throughout her life, and acting was easy to her. She dreaded silence, lest with it should come observation and remark upon the agitation and distress only too visible in Harry's countenance; and yet it was difficult, even for her to keep up the ball of small-talk, for Solomon was always slow and scant of speech, and the new-comer rarely opened his mouth, and then only to utter a monosyllable. His manner too, was embarrassing; he turned his white and black eyes now on one, now on the other, like an automaton, but with a weird and searching gaze. They had never so much as heard his name before, for Harry had been accustomed never to mention Belfour in his letters, since they were, of course, opened by the authorities, and friendships were not encouraged at Lingmoor; but, on the other hand, it was evident that these ladies were an interest for the visitor. Even while they were yet all below stairs, arrived Charles and Agnes, Charles's greeting of Solomon was enough, but also a great disturbance and alteration for the worse in Mr. Coe's temper. No sooner, as it seemed to him, had Jack been turned, then, than the intimacy between this girl and his son, which he had strictly forbidden, had been recommenced, and with the connivance and encouragement of his wife too, or else how should they have come to bring her home? For the first time Solomon was openly rude to Agnes; and the latter, being a girl of great sensitiveness and quick perception, Charley, rash and impetuous, rose to consequent fury. Solomon was accustomed to his son's temper, and that the presence of the visitor would have been wholly inadequate to prevent a family scene, when Agnes had departed with Mrs. Rose. "No, Charles; I would rather go alone. If your father wishes to say my presence there is shall not be intruded; and if he considers your company a condescension, I can not accept it upon such terms."

Solomon could have taken but little notice of all consequences, and led her off under Solomon's nose; but the compliance in which Harry was narrowly watched by the disregarded stranger. When Agnes got her way and departed, "That's a girl of character," observed he, with a cynical smile.

"She is a girl without a penny," answered Solomon, gleefully, with a scowl at his son, upon whom this young fool wishes to throw himself away."

"What! so early?" observed Mr. Balfour, good-naturedly addressing Charles. "When I was your age, I thought of enjoying life, and not of marriage. I don't wonder, however, that any one should wish to make Agnes Rose become a young fellow as your son, Sir. It is quite natural, and there is no need to blame him for it, that I see."

Ashamed, perhaps, of having exhibited such violence of temper before his guest, Solomon was very willing to be mollified, and grimly saluted approval of these sentiments; Charles, too, though fully resolved to set himself right with Agnes on the morrow, was not displeased with the visitor's remark; but the two women justly thought it a most impertinent speech. If Charles's thoughts had not been so preoccupied with the late voyage—the deprivation of his Agnes's society, which he had promised himself for the rest of the day, and the snub which he considered he had administered to Jack—he would have noticed too, for he was by no means wanting in observation, that the new-comer seemed to Solomon and Mrs. Basil was not what it should have been. It was not absolutely rude, but it was extremely curious and inconvenient. He no longer stared at them as at first, but, on the contrary, seemed to ignore the fact that his companions were addressed them; and if either spoke to him, replied as briefly as possible, and then relapsed into the same fit of abstraction. Mrs. Basil concluded that he was a vulgar fellow, who, having penetrated into the secret recesses of the males had the upper hand in the establishment, did not give himself the trouble to conciliate the lady whose social influence, if not Harry, always timid and suspicious, was alarmed at him; his air had, in her eyes, something of brute in it as well as contemptuous. She could not understand, and therefore mistrusted, the influence he had evidently obtained over her husband, and which already had superseded that of Mrs. Basil.

That Solomon should no longer take pains to make himself agreeable to the latter, now that he had obtained from her his object, was, to any but a fool, a most unpardonable oversight; but why should this stranger have taken her place as his counselor and friend? The idea of

some personal advantage was, of course, at the bottom of it: but it was clear, not only to say Mrs. Basil, but even to Harry—since even a moderately skilful looker-on sees more of the game than the best player—that in any contest of wits Solomon would have small chance with his new friend. The opinion of Mrs. Basil was, that some new speculation, in some manner connected with the Crompton sale, had been entered into by the two men, and that Mr. Balfour would in the end secure the oyster, while Mr. Coe was left with the shell. But Harry had deeper forebodings still; she was instinctively confident that there was enmity at work in the new-comer, as well as the motives common to all speculators to overreach a friend. There was a look in his pallid face, and in his speech, as he thought unheeded, on either Charles or Solomon, which, to her mind, boded ill. If it did so, it was certainly unwarranted by those on whom it fell. He Coe had apparently never found a companion so agreeable to him; and, curiously enough, this idea seemed to be shared by Charles. According to his own account, Mr. Balfour had been abroad in South America for many years, and had there retrieved a fortune which, originally inherited, had been speedily dissipated in the pleasures of the town. His long absence from such scenes had by no means dulled his taste for them, and his conversation ran on love affairs. He had a light rattling way with him—that, to Harry's view, resembled youthful spirits rather than opinion in a corpse resembles life, and which was certainly not in harmony with his age nor appearance—yet graphic powers and considerable tuition; he expressed himself curious about the changes in public amusements since he left town, near twenty years ago, and seriously placed himself under Charles's guidance on the expenditure of pleasure for which the latter was always ready. To this, strangely enough, Solomon made no objection, notwithstanding that his own purse-strings had to be drawn more wide to meet these extravagances. His new friend had duly to suggest that he should give the lie to his pound note to enjoy himself with, and the thing was done at once.

As for Harry, Mr. Balfour seemed to be made of money, so freely did he spend it; and if he did not offer the use of his purse to every new companion, it was only, as he told him, because he feared to offend his pride. "Besides," said he, when they were alone together on some of their expeditions of amusement, from which Solomon, whose notions of enjoyment were always closely allied to money-making, always excused himself upon pretense of having business to do, "it is only right your father should be made to feel that he is as rich as Croesus. It is quite unreasonable that he should stint you in enjoyment when, one day or another, you will have all the pleasures of life to pick and choose from."

It would seem that Solomon's new-born friendship severely if he could have heard Mr. Balfour dilate upon this topic, which he did with such earnestness and fervor that he could not be convinced of those great expectations which the cautious reticence of his parents had so long concealed from him. On the other hand, Charley's companion deduced an argument from this fair prospect which was not so unwelcome to him as he maintained that, under the circumstances, it would be a pity to mar his father's pleasure entirely by uniting himself irretrievably to Agnes, or to any other young woman. "My good offices will be always at your disposal, my lad," said he, very gravely, "and I don't deny that, at present, I have considerable influence with Mr. Coe; but it would be proof against so flagrant an act of disobedience as that which you contemplate. The great bulk of his property is at his own disposal, and his nature, if I may speak plainly to you in so important a matter, is obstinate and implacable. At the same time, there is no harm in your and this charming young lady are but boy and girl at present. Love is uncertain, and you may not be your own master any day; wait till you are so, or wait for a little, at all events, to see what may turn up: and in the mean time, please myself."

The last part of Mr. Balfour's advice, at all events, was palatable enough, and that much of it Charles accepted; in doing which, as was anticipated, the whole intention of his Mentor became frustrated. Engaged in pleasure, the young man thought less and less of his love; gave himself little trouble, though he still wrote the unalterable attachment, to set himself right with her; grew more and more dissatisfied with his own home, at the same time that that of Agnes became less and less attractive; and, in short, he drifted away daily further and further from the safe moorings of love and duty.

Harry perceived all this with a dread so deep that it even drove her to invoke her brother's aid against this man, who, inexplicable as his hostility might be, was here, she firmly believed, aiming at the ruin of darling boy. With Solomon, as she well knew, the fact of his son's disposition was not likely to move him to interfere; so to her the companionship of Balfour was gradually producing an estrangement between Charles and the only friend he had to oppose him. She had no argument available except that of expense, and, to her unsophisticated judgment, that was to affect her prudent spouse.

"Just let things be a while," was Solomon's reply, "and mind your own business. It is quite true the lad's throwing my money in the gutter at a fine rate; but in the end I shall get it all back again, and more with it. This Balfour takes me for a foolish doting father, but he shall pay for all himself before I've done with him. I throw a sprat to catch a whale; and neither you nor any other fool shall interfere with my fishing."

Harry dared not say more; her husband had been in the worst of humors ever since he had returned from Crompton, and was all the more brutal and tyrannical to her that he had to be out of coin, and unlikely to see fresh, until he unfortunately indulgent, upon his account, to Charles. The unhappy mother was powerless to check the peril the growth of which was so patent to her loving instinct, and there was none to whom she could look for help. Mrs. Basil had no longer any influence with Solomon, and, besides, she was seriously ill, and had even been confined to her room for weeks. In her extremity, Harry had even resolved to make a personal appeal to Mr. Balfour, to appeal to the man who, her husband had injured him, to adjure him to forgive the wrong, or at least not to visit it upon her Charley: innocent head. But the shrank with an inexplicable terror from putting this design into effect: and she felt she should humiliate herself to no purpose; he would deny, in his cold, cynical way, that he entertained any thing but friendship for her estate husband and affection for her bright and impulsive son. Besides, to say truth, there was nothing to speak of in the man's look and a suspicion that this weird and shadowy fear was in some degree shared by Mrs. Basil; at all events, Harry was aware that it was not much midisposition as a desire to avoid his presence that induced the latter so hastily to absent herself from the family circle.

Mr. Coe, at all events, entertained no such prejudice against his guest; and by day he grew more communicative with him, and more solicitous to have his company, than Harry's self-love could have thought possible. The two men were in reality, as it was easy to see, as opposite in character as the poles. Solomon was, and apparently always had been, a man of pleasure; but his pleasures had been very low and brutalizing—sordid, shrewd, and selfish, and worldly-wise enough. It was rarely that his talk ever strayed to matters of business, which he considered a weak point in a listener; but that unambitious part he played to admiration.

Upon one occasion, however, their after-dinner converse happened to turn upon partnership; Solomon's views of that arrangement being how one man brought money and the other brains, and how pleasant it must be for the former to sit at his ease while the latter worked hard for him, both for present use and for the wintry future. He rose with the familiar subject to quite a flight of poetry.

Mr. Balfour, with half-shut eyes and a mocking smile, allowed upon the entertainment evinced in such communities of enterprise, the sympathy engendered by true friendship, and the success that were produced by them. His host either did not, or would not, perceive that these remarks were ironical, and launched out afresh into its details, proportions of profits, balance-sheets, etc., until Charles rose with a yawn, and left his two elders together.

"Well, Balfour," said Solomon, frankly, as soon as they were alone, "I've been much pleased at the matter that first introduced us to one another—your purchase of the old Crompton property, Wheal Danes."

"Ay," replied the other, carelessly lighting another cigar, "I've had a good deal to do with how many cigars Mr. Balfour got through daily; you might have almost thought that he had been born and bred there, from the interest he has lately just been permitted to resume the habit."

"Yes; you showed me that most eminently, I must confess. I went down to the sale on purpose to secure it."

"Do you hold any, or, at least, so I guessed from your manner; and yet I don't know why you should have been so anxious to get it, for only a bare bit of ground with a round hole in it, close by the sea."

"That's all," said Solomon, puffing at his pipe placidly. "What on earth could have made you buy it?"

"Well, I told you once. I lost my yacht off Turkey, when coming to England last autumn, and very nearly myself. I had a fancy for some escapes with a whole skin from such a storm as wrecked me there, the last time I ever went to sea, and so it was very attractive. I happened to be cast ashore beneath that very spot, and so I took a fancy to it. If I had been a good Papist I should have built a chapel there to my patron saint in gratitude for my preservation; but as I am not, I bought it to build a villa for myself there. It will have an excellent view, and the situation is healthy. I've had the plan of it prepared for the purchase, I have none to give you; it was a whim, if you like, but then I can afford to indulge in whims."

"This one cost you a good deal, however; you gave five thousand pounds for it, did you not?"

Balfour nodded assent.

"A great sum for a few barren acres," said Solomon, musingly.

"Yes; and so the trustees of the estate thought, when they sold it to me—and I took a sharp enough, and withdrew the lot from public competition; else, perhaps, I should have got it cheaper."

"Not if I had been bidding against you," observed the host, significantly.

"You don't say so! You were never shipwrecked therabouts, were you? Oh, I remember: you were wrecked in the Royal George. You had some tender recollection of the spot, perhaps, with regard to your drowning crew. What creatures of sentiment you men of business sometimes are—dear me!"

"I did live near the spot," said Solomon, slowly, "though I should deceive you if I pretended that that had any thing to do with my wish to possess it."

"You would not deceive me, my good friend," answered Balfour, coolly; "but, as you were about to say, it would not be frank. Let us be frank, and above all things."

"I wish to be so, I assure you," was Solomon's meek reply. "When I offered you a hundred pounds for your bargain, I think I showed you that deception was no part of my nature. In all matters of business I always go straight to the point at once."

"And in the present instance, for example," remarked the guest, with an imperturbable smile.

"I am coming to the point, Mr. Balfour—once for all. I will give you a thousand pounds down for that Crompton lot—twice the money that you gave for it within a month; that's twelve hundred per cent. per annum."

Balfour shook his head. "I am not a religious man," said he, "but I am far from it. But I believe, like Miss Jounna yonder, in inspirations: all my whims are inspirations, and therefore assert, Mr. Coe, that nothing will induce me to sell Wheal Danes, and I mean to keep it. If you offered me ten thousand pounds, I'd say it."

Solomon was silent for a while, his heavy brows knit in thought: then once again he addressed to the guest: "You may keep it, and not share the profit, Mr. Balfour."

"The profit!"

"Ay, the profit. I told you I was going to be frank with you, but you would never guess how. I'm much inclined to put somewhat a true into your pocket, on condition that you will let me have all the rest in the same mine. We were talking of partnerships just now; let us be partners in Wheal Danes."

"Balfour shook his head, but he only reiterated the other, coolly. "But I must hear your proposal."

"My plan is a secret—invaluable, indeed, as such—but which, once told, will be worth nothing to you or me."

"You may do as you like, my friend, about revealing it," said Balfour, coolly. "I care nothing for your plan; only, until I hear it I stick to my plot, my lot, my acreage. Tell me the whole story without equivocation—don't attempt to deceive me on the slightest point—and then you shall have your way. We will divide this land of gold between us, or, as seems to me much more likely, browse like twin donkeys on its rich and glorious herbage."

"I have nothing but your bare word to trust to," said Solomon, doubtfully; "but still, I must do it, as was while that I thought. Then, here's my hand upon it."

"Never mind my hand, my good friend," returned the other, coolly. "In the part of the world from which I hailed last, folks didn't shake hands, unless I've fallen out of the habit. Come, give us this story of Wheal Danes."

"It's a very short one," said Solomon. The plot of ground you purchased gets its strange name from an ancient tin mine that is comprised in it, and once worked by the Romans, but disused since their time. There are many such in Cornwall."

"So I've heard," said Balfour, while the other sipped his glass. It was curious to contrast the grave and earnest manner of the host with the careless and unconcerted air of his guest, who, presently, as the narrative proceeded, leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed into the fire, with occasional glance sideways at his companion through his fingers alone testifying that his attention was still preserved. He never uttered a limb nor winked an eyelid when Solomon came to that with his great secret.

"This mine is said to be worked out, Mr. Balfour, and which you have purchased by mere accident, believing it to be the same with your proposed building-ground, will, I have reason to believe, turn out a gold mine."

"So you have told me," said Balfour, coolly, "and you said it. I did not know that there was a shovel have been found in it, and left their pick and

the man. What money, what gain, can ever compensate for the demoralization of our child?"

"Nothing, indeed," said Mrs. Basil, quietly. "But have a little patience. Is not this gentleman going on Friday?"

"Yes, but he will come back again. It is only some business that calls him into Midlandshire. He does not even take all his baggage away. I have a great mind to tell him point-blank that his presence in this house—at all events in Mr. Coe's absence—is unwelcome; but I dare not do it; I am afraid."

"Yes, your husband would be very angry, without doubt," said Mrs. Basil, thoughtfully.

"That is not it. I am afraid of the man himself. He reminds me of that hateful creature—what is her?—in the opera, for which Mr. Aird gave us the tickets, and which Agnes went with us to see—Mephistopheles."

"What a strange fancy! He is only a sour, pleasure-jaded man. If I was not so ill I would speak to him myself; but you are right not to do so; that is your husband's place, who has brought him here. Let things be as they are till Friday."

Harry sighed, but perforce assented. Friday came, and Mr. Balfour went as he had designed, but not without stating at breakfast his intention of returning on the ensuing Monday or Tuesday at latest, and even making an engagement with Charley to spend the latter evening with him at the theatre.

"Do you happen to know when my husband will be home?" inquired Harry, timidly.

"No, madam. He was good enough to say, however, that his absence was to make no difference to my remaining here as his guest."

This reply, which might easily have been made offensive, was delivered with the most studied courtesy: it cut the hostess's ground from under her; for it had answered the very objection which she had intended to imply. She felt herself not only defeated, but reproved.

"Let us hope you will both return together," said she.

"I do not think that very probable," answered Mr. Balfour, slowly.

An hour later and he had departed, his hostess, under pretense of being engaged with her sick friend up stairs, not having so much as shaken his hand. Charles, indignant at this slight, would have accompanied him to the railway station, but Balfour would not hear of it. For this he had two reasons: in the first place, he was anxious to keep his route secret; and secondly, it was a part of his system to give the young man no sort of trouble or inconvenience on his account. He wished every association that linked them together to be one of pleasure.

Mrs. Basil, as we have said, had not made her appearance that morning below stairs: she was, in fact, no better, but rather worse: that news from Lingmoor, outwardly borne so well, had shaken her to the core. Still, no sooner had Balfour left than she made shift to rise, and even come down to dinner. She discussed with Charley, who had a considerable regard for her, the character of their late guest—not with hostility, as his mother was wont to do, but with the air of one who asks for information, and has confidence in the verdict which she seeks. The lad, flattered by this implied compliment to his sagacity, answered her questions readily enough. He praised his friend, of course, and though he praised him even when he spoke ill of him. He repeated his pungent sayings, and served up his anecdotes—such of them as were adapted, at least, for the ears of the ladies—anew. By this means he hoped to bring his hearers to a better opinion of so cynical a fellow; and in Mrs. Basil's case he apparently succeeded. His mother still remained her opinion that Mr. Balfour was a dangerous personage, and not a fit companion for any young man. Charles smiled at this, for it was the almost literal fulfillment of a prophecy which Balfour had made to him, and believed in that gentleman's sagacity, accordingly, more than ever. Women were so ludicrously prejudiced; the fact of Mrs. Basil's "the white witch"—not being so was an exception that proved the rule. She had been evidently interested in his anecdotes, of one of which she had even requested to hear the particulars twice over; not that, in his own judgment, it was the best, but, being of a weird sort, it had probably struck her fancy. It had lost in the telling, too—for he did not pretend to have the gift of narrative, as Mr. Balfour had—and his mother had seen in the story in question nothing at all.

Mrs. Basil came down stairs no more after that evening. She grew worse and worse, and was not only confined to her room, but to her bed. Harry was not much with her; she seized with avidity this opportunity of being alone with Charley to undo, as far as she could, Mr. Balfour's work with him. This was not hard, for the boy was a creature of impulse, and swayed her son's own conduct was as much the cause of this as her husband's ill favor; but she saw in it, clearly enough, the mark of the cloven hoof, the work of Balfour.

"I WILL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND POUNDS DOWN FOR THAT CROMPTON LOT."

for good or ill with equal ease. But she discovered that it would be useless to attempt beseechforth to conceal from him the nature of his future prospects. He was now firmly convinced that he was the heir to large fortune, and she regretted too late that she had left the disclosure to a stranger. What grieved her much more, and with reason, was that an attempt which she now made to bring the influence of Agnes to bear upon him proved unsuccessful: the girl resolutely refused to come to the house in the absence of its master, and contrary, as she knew, to his express commandment. Charley himself, too, whose visits to Mr. Aird's studio had been intermitted for some time, was received in both with coldness. It was not in Harry's nature to understand this independence of spirit, and she deeply deplored it on her son's account. She had looked to this young girl to be his guardian angel, and had never anticipated that she could possibly decline to watch over a charge so precious. She would not allow, even to herself, that

Sick Mrs. Basil could give her small comfort, though she did not attempt to defend their late visitor, as she had so unwarrantably appeared to do when discussing him with Charley.

"The man is gone, my dear," said she, wearily; "perhaps he may never come back: let us not meet troubles half-way. Charley has a kind, good heart"—for "the white witch" showed great favor to the lad at all times—"and all will come right at last.

She seemed too ill and weary to argue the matter, and Harry left her, as she thought, to repose. No sooner was she gone, however, than the closed lids of Mrs. Basil were opened wide, and revealed a sleepless and unutterable woe. Her sharp, pinched face showed pain and fear. Her parched lips muttered unceasingly words like these, which were, perhaps, the rovings of her fevered brain: "I am sure of it now, quite sure; those stags, those stags! There is no room for hope. His heart has become a stone, which no power can soften. It is no use to speak, or rather I am like one in a dream who watches murder done, and can not cry out."

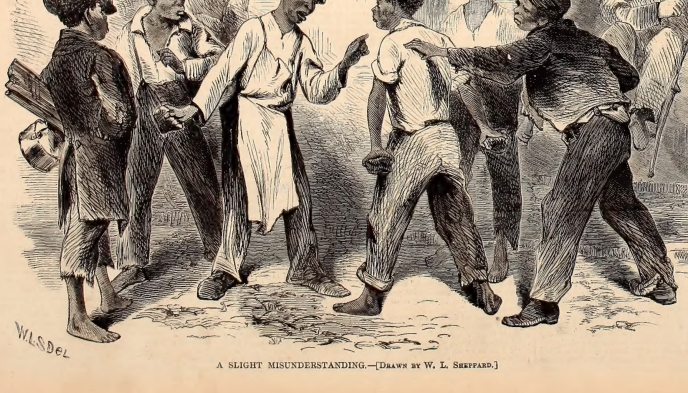

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

EXECUTION OF A CHINESE CRIMINAL.—[See Page 794.]

INSIDE PARIS.

The illustrations this week on our first page and on page 788 are interesting as showing the state of affairs within the walls of Paris, and some of the arrangements made for its defense. The first is a picturesque sketch of a group of Parisian volunteers gathered in a public park in the fortified enceinte which protects the city. That on page 788 depicts a scene now daily to be witnessed at the butchers' shops in Paris—the long train, or queue, of patient people, mostly women, poor housewives or domestics, who thus stand waiting their turns for admission to buy the limited quantity of meat allowed for each person, as specified on the ticket to be shown before the purchase. A gentleman writes from that city: "The allowance of meat now is averaging now for six days as about equivalent to a good-sized steak. By economizing one can manage, and eats three days' allowance at a single meal, and trusts to Providence for the next two days. I am not complaining to be the subject-matter of poor neighbors, so that as yet I have managed to get about six ounces of solid meat per day; but the cold thing is, you can't buy a scrap of cheese from one end of Paris to the other. One can understand milk, butter, and eggs failing; but cheese, which will keep for years, is another matter. It is the same with beans, lentils, and all that class of provisions. It is said the authorities intend to prohibit the sale of ration-cards by the poor, under severe penalties, as a principle that may entail sickness and still worse distress upon that part of the population."

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CHAPTER I.
INTRODUCTION.

It appears to me that the world is returning to its second childhood, and running mad for stories. Stories! Stories! stories! every where; stories in every paper, in every cracks, trade, and corner of the land. Stories! Stories! from the pen faster than the autumn, and of as many shades and coloring. Stories of the most horrible kinds from English novels; stories translated from the French, from the Danish, from the Russian, from the Swedish, from the Servian. There are serial stories in the *Atlantic*, in *Lippincott*, in the *Galaxy*, in *Harper's*, in *Scribner's*. The ladies' magazines are crowded for youthful pilgrims in *Our Young Folks*, the *Little Corporal*, the *Riverside*, the *Youth's Companion*, and every one of the weekly newspapers with serial stories for the nursery. We shall have Beautiful-but-Naughty illustrated magazines, the *Double*, the *Rocking-Chair*, the *First Rattle*, and the *Foot Tub*, with successive chapters of "Jack the Giant Gander," and "Hickory Dickory Dock," and "Old Mother Hubbard," extending through twelve or twenty-four or forty-eight numbers.

Even Solomon, in all his glory, Solomon would have said if he had lived in this day, "Do your num, it up and finish it," and then close with the abundance of literature in his time, and conclude that nobody was in a weariness to the flesh. Then, printing was not invented, and "books" were all copied by hand, in those very square Hebrew letters, where each letter is about as much as a bit of work as a gravestone. And yet, even with all those restrictions and circumscriptions, Solomon rather testily remarked: "Of making many books there is no end." What would he have said if he had lived over a modern Sunday-school library?

I do understood now that no paper is complete without its serial story, and that readers will be disappointed if the whole of wheels and spindles in motion are not brought out when the machine is put on the public ear, and to propound a new theory, or to give it a setting out. All my own life I have felt as in St. Paul's, a pedant, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, a manifestation—fortunes he wrapt it up in a serial story, and presents it to the public. We have prison disciplines, free trade, state rights, women's rights, the temperance question, in serial stories. We have Romanism and Protestantism, Mahigh Church and Low Church and no Church, contending with each other in serial stories, where each sees the errors of the other, according to the faith of the narrator.

We see the whole of the Bible, from it will be necessary to have a serial story. Even Jesus should embody his life in a serial story, to be delivered from the pulpit every day after Sunday. We look forward to announcements in our city papers such as these: The Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, will begin a serial romance, to be entitled "St. Sebastian and the Arrows," in which will be given the duties, the trials, and the temptations of the young communicant. The Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Messenger, Plymouth Rock Church, will begin a serial story, entitled "Cotton Is Naughty." In which will be given the distinctive features of Protestant theology. The Rev. Dr. Bellows, of the Church of All Souls, will commence a romance of Christian Spiritualistic View, entitled "Prospero," in which every thing is, in many respects, the same as it is now, and all things are as they seem, and every thing will finally end somehow, and that nothing is of more importance than a body should cultivate general sweetness, and have the very best time possible in this life.

By the time that all these romances get to going, the public will be ready for parables, and sermons in a mouth in duck sayings, will be fully elaborated. *Pilgrim's Progress* will be revised, and the whole of Industrial City will be as plain in every body's mind as the streets and avenues of their own neighborhood. Finally, all science and all art and all religion will be reduced to the form of a serial by serial stories, of the greatest men and the least men, and the men of no men. This will be about the time of the Millennium.

Meanwhile, I am going to furnish a serial story for the Christian Union, and I suppose it will be as good as in every body's mind and mouth, discussed on every corner, and thought of by every body, and every one going home to every man's business and bosom, to wit:

MY WIFE AND I.

I trust that Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Stanton, and all the prophetesses of our day, will remark the humility of my title. It is not "My Wife and I," or "My Wife on ice." It is My Wife and I. What am I, and what is my wife? Let us see, and let us see what is the use of any thing?

I write only specially for the *Christian Union*?" says the Landlord. Let us to a statement of facts.

Is it not evident why, O beloved? In not that firm of Christian Union which stands under the title of My Wife are I the oldest and most venerable form of Christian union on record? Why, then, is not my wife a better one?—a wiser, a stronger, a sweeter, a more experienced, and altogether better one?

To be sure, there have been times and seasons when this union has not respected her rights, and treated her a piece of old-fogyism, and various substitutes for it have been put in her place. But, lo! now, she is restored a relish, close competition inconsistent with the spirit of the times, and My Wife and I, united once more, with the rest of the Christian community, had no particular rights in society, and no particular rights to be thrust into the borders and outers of the Christian race. They have said, too, that My Wife are I, instead of an immovable unity, were a mere aggregation of partners, engaged on time, with the liberty of giving their months to any other concern that was in a hurry.

It is not thus that we understand the matter.

My Wife are I, as we understand it, is a type and symbol of more than any earthly partnership or union —of something sacred as religion, inflexible as the soul, endless as eternity—the symbol chosen by Almighty Love to represent his relation to humanity, which he sent into existence.

A fountain of eternal youth gushes near the heart of every household. Each man and woman that have loved truly, have had their romance in life—their poetry in existence.

So I, in giving my history, disclaim all other. Look not for tragedy, or haunted houses, or ghosts, or conspiracies, or murders, or concealed crimes, in this history, for you will not find such. But you will have simply and only the old story—old as the first of Genesis —of Adam, Eve, Abel, Seraphic, and Cain, Satanic, and how he sought and how he found her, and how he lost her and found her forever.

This much, on mature consideration, I hold to be sufficient introduction to my story, and now I proceed to have cast down written, and so long as human sex new Adams and new Eves in each coming generation, so will not want for sympathetic listeners.

So I, Henry Henderson—a plain Yankee boy from the mountains of New Hampshire, and at present citizen of New York—commence my story.

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Third. My real wife, where I saw her, how I sought and found her, and how we lived together.

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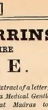

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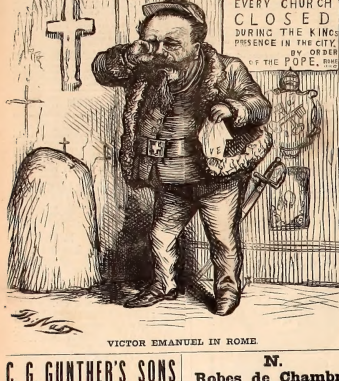

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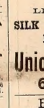

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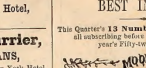

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Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

At the Foot of Mount Hecla.—Arrangements for the Ascent.—A toilsome Ride.—Appearance of the Crater.—A perilous Slide.—Descent into the Crater.—Native Curiosity.

Soon after passing through the desert described in the preceding chapter, our travelers arrived at Hankadalur, where the minister, after seeing that he was provided with the necessary attendance for the rest of his journey, took leave of his guest, and returned alone to his home. M. Nougaret went on till he reached Selsund, which was a little collection of huts not far from the foot of the mountain—a kind of settlement, of which neither the word village, nor hamlet, nor any other English word, in fact, would convey any conception. The Icelandic word by which such a nestling of human families is called is *bear*. The engraving will enable the reader to form some general idea of the situation and aspect of Selsund, as approached from the south, with the volcano in the distance.

The minister of Thyorsarholt, to whom M. Nougaret had explained, in Latin, his wishes in respect to the ascent of the mountain, had sent a message by the attendant whom he engaged at Hankadalur to accompany the traveler to Selsund, and by this means the people there obtained a general idea of M. Nougaret's plans and wishes. The wife of the man on whom the duty would devolve of going to the mountain as guide seemed to be put quite out of humor by the arrival of the stranger, as the result of it would be to take her husband away from home, and expose him not only to great fatigue, but to some danger, especially as the mountain had been "uneasy" for some time past, and threatened an eruption. M. Nougaret tried to appease and conciliate her by presents and attentions, but with very little success. She continued morose, and apparently very unhappy.

The man made signs of taking out M. Nougaret's watch, and then pointed to the mountain, by way of inquiring at what hour on the following day he wished to set out.

M. Nougaret replied by producing the watch and pointing to the figure four.

Accordingly at four o'clock the next morning he was awakened, and the arrangements began to be made for departure: but so numerous were the preparations required, and there were so many delays, part of which were occasioned by the evident disposition of the poor wife to do every thing in her power to retard and, if possible, to prevent the departure of her husband, that the process of preparation was very slow.

At length, however, about ten o'clock every thing was ready, and the traveler and his guide set out. They were to go to the foot of the mountain—a distance of some miles—on horseback, and then, leaving their horses, were to climb the remaining three or four thousand feet on foot. They arrived at the end of that part of the ascent which was practicable for horses about five o'clock—that is, after a six or seven hours' ride over a way encumbered with sharp rocks, ragged debâcles, heaps of scoriæ, and beds of volcanic ashes and sand. Greatly fatigued with the difficulties of the way, and mentally exhausted by the excitements and the dangers through which they had passed, they at once encamped on the spot for the night—if night the period might be called during which the sun glides along the horizon, skipping only for two or three hours a little below. They found a place of shelter in a corner formed by a turn in an ancient lava current, and there, after making their supper from a portion of the provisions which they had brought with them, they lay down, and protecting themselves as well as they could with such coverings as they had at hand, they went to sleep.

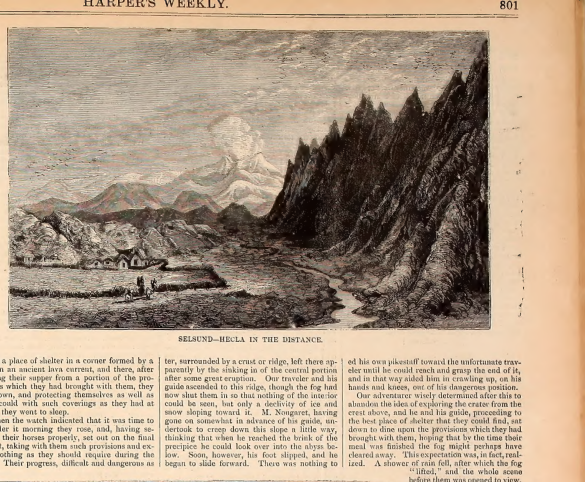

SELSUND—HECLA IN THE DISTANCE.

When the watch indicated that it was time to consider it morning they rose, and, having secured their horses properly, set out on the final ascent, taking with them such provisions and extra clothing as they should require during the day. Their progress, difficult and dangerous as it was on other accounts, was much impeded by a very dense fog, which rose and covered the whole mountain, and which in many places became so dense as to render it almost impossible to proceed. They, however, persevered. They soon began to encounter vast masses of ice and snow, which they were obliged either to traverse with great danger and fatigue, or to avoid by long detours. The engraving represents the kind of views they had of the mountain at such times as the fog lifted so as to open the prospect.

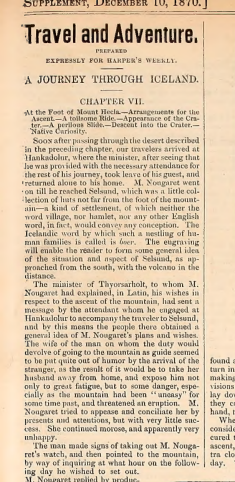

CURIOSITY TO SEE THE STRANGER.

The summit of the mountain forms a vast center, surrounded by a crust or ridge, left there apparently by the sinking in of the central portion after some great eruption. Our traveler and his guide ascended to this ridge, though the fog had now shut them in so that nothing of the interior could be seen, but only a declivity of ice and snow sloping toward it. M. Nougaret, having gone on somewhat in advance of his guide, undertook to creep down this slope a little way, thinking that when he reached the brink of the precipice he could look over into the abyss below. Soon, however, his foot slipped, and he began to slide forward. There was nothing to seize hold of to arrest his descent, and he instinctively struck his iron-pointed pike into the ice before him. The staff broke in his hand. He grasped the lower part, leaving the other to slide down the remaining portion of the declivity, and to shoot over the edge of the precipice into the crater, while he stopped his own progress by coming astride upon the part which was saved, and which was wedged fast in a fissure in the ice.

The guide soon came to the place, and, creeping down as near the spot as possible, he extended his own pikestaff toward the unfortunate traveler until he could reach and grasp the end of it, and in that way aided him in crawling up, on his hands and knees, out of his dangerous position.

Our adventurer wisely determined after this to abandon the idea of exploring the crater from the crest above, and he and his guide, proceeding to the best place of shelter that they could find, sat down to dine upon the provisions which they had brought with them, hoping that by the time their meal was finished the fog might perhaps have cleared away. This expectation was, in fact, realized. A shower of rain fell, after which the fog lifted, and the whole scene before them was opened to view.

They saw that the crest which surrounded the crater was not entirely continuous. There was a break upon one side, forming an opening by means of which it seemed that access to the interior might easily be gained. M. Nougaret determined to attempt this route, but remembering the anxiety and distress which the wife of the guide had felt in respect to the safety of her husband, he determined to make the attempt alone. So, making an appointment with the guide in respect to the place of meeting him when he came out, he began to creep and slide down the slope of rock and ice which descended toward the breach in the crest, and then went in.

He found himself in the midst of a vast cavity, of nearly circular form, three or four hundred feet in diameter, and surrounded by a range of cliffs one or two hundred feet high. The floor was covered with masses of lava and heaps of volcanic ashes, and here and there openings were seen, through which columns of steam and of sulphureous vapors were ascending. So dense were these vapors that in some places M. Nougaret was obliged to fix himself with his handkerchief to get breath. Besides these open vents, there were others which had formerly been open, but were now closed. Some had accidentally been choked up by the lava and ashes which had accumulated over and around them, while others were covered with ice and snow.

By going round to the windward side of one of the openings M. Nougaret found that he could approach so near as to peep over the edge and look down. He saw, at what seemed to him a distance of several hundred feet below, a glow of light, which seemed to come and go in flashes, and was accompanied by blinish flames, like those produced by the combustion of carbonic oxide or sulphureted hydrogen. Finally he threw a block of lava down one of these chimneys. He could hear it for several seconds thundering down through the winding passage-way, and then, after the lapse of about half a minute, a great commotion seemed to be produced by it below, and fresh bursts of steam and even flashes of flame came up to the surface, and issued forth, not only from the orifice into which the stone had been thrown, but from several others near.

M. Nougaret remained in the crater, he says, for three hours, exploring it in every part, and collecting specimens. Then he came out and descended the mountain to rejoin his guide at the place where the horses had been left, where he had directed the guide to await his arrival. He found him in a state of tipsy silliness and inconsolability, from having, in the absence of his master, found his way to a bottle of brandy which had been brought, by way of precaution, among the other stores.

Our traveler found, on his return to the villages, that his visit to the region had become known, and had made quite a sensation among the peasants—so much so that wherever he stopped, at any way-side cabin, the people came running with the utmost eagerness from their work of hay-making in the fields, to see and hear the stranger. Some came running on foot, with their

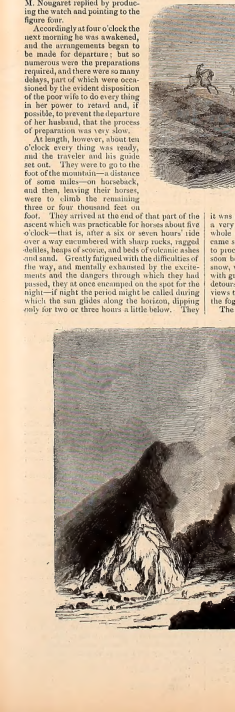

GOING INTO THE CRATER.

scythes and rude pitchforks on their shoulders. Others mounted horses, when they were at hand, for greater speed. The means of communication, however, with the stranger when they arrived on the spot were very limited and unsatisfactory, being confined altogether to dumbshow. They had at any rate the satisfaction of looking upon a foreigner who had come some thousands of miles from beyond the seas to ascend their mountain.

Indeed, he travelled on day after day, on his return toward his port of embarkation, our traveller found the hospitalities of the country somewhat embarrassing. He returned by a route lying nearer the sea than the one by which he came, and that led him through a somewhat more thickly settled portion of the country; and at every hut that he stopped at the dogs about the door and on the roof would bark in noisy welcome, the horses would stop, the guide would dismount, the peasants' whole family would come to the door and insist upon the traveler's going in. On accepting the invitation Mr. Macnay would be ushered into the best room, refreshments would be spread before him, consisting of coffee, and of bisc: ts made of Indian meal, and the whole family would stand around questioning the guide, and listening to his stories, while Mr. Youngster himself would partake of the refreshments in silence —not being able to offer any of his hospitable entertainers a single intelligible word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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With wedded years of life,
Whose nameless circle met my soul within
With sorrow-shaded strife.

Only a cincture clasping fast
Two separate lives in one,
That calls to mind the sunny Past,
Yet leaves me still alone.

Only a relic of the joy
In days no more to be,
Of thoughts Regret alone can cloy,
Never again for me.

Only a treasure from the hoard
No more to rest in mine,
But pass'd into the voiceless land,
Beyond the hills divine.

Only a pledge of mutual love,
Of love that ne'er shall fade,
Though Death has call'd all those he drove
That sacred plightings made.

Only an earnest of the truth
Nor Time nor sught can bend,
But ever still will bind us both
Unwavering to the end.

Small as the circlet is, it bound
All else her love to mine.
Now life is gone, but steadfast round
My soul its pledges twine.

Never again its gold shall thwart
Her yielding finger's move
Never—not e'en when graves their dead
Have loosed from sleep below.

Never again! But as one thought,
In realms of perfect peace,
Our hearts shall beat, with rapture fraught,
When Death gives me release.

THE WRECK OF THE "SIREN."

IT was a Sunday morning in June, and the large ship, newly built for the African trade by Messrs. Watson and M'Cash, thriving Glasgow merchants, stood ready in the dock for launching on the Monday. The figure-head of the *Siren*, with its fair, beguiling face and long, streaming hair, facing the Clyde, seemed smiling defiantly at the thought of the dangerous in which it was to share. The fine lines of the vessel, the strong, graceful curves, the massive proportions of the united ship, were being especially exalted in by two men of the crew, who were walking round her, and eying her with all the studious unction with which dealers eye a bloodhorse.

"I tell you, Mr. Mackay," said Patterson, the elder of the two, a grim old "Sandimonian" bostwain, "that there'll never be a finer craft afloat, that, instead of bearing the name of one of the great prophets or kings in the Old Testament, is to be christened after one of Queen Victoria's wards, a grand-daughter, sae dout, of that Scarlet Woman mentioned in the Revelations, and there so very deservedly censured."

"Tut, tut, man!" said his companion, a young, bright, frank-looking fellow, with honest, manly hair, who was to be first mate; "don't you know it is the likeness of Mary Cameron, our captain's young wife? She is as beautiful as an angel, and quite as good. She would bring a blessing on any ship. She is going out with us."

"All the worse for us, Mr. Mackay; there's always mischief where there's a woman. Even Eve downward, they were always kittle-cattle. I'm sorry for it, Mr. Mackay, very sorry. I never sailed with a captain's wife but once, and then we ran on the coast of New Holland, and half of us were eaten by cannibals. I call it very presumptuous, putting the face of a real woman on the figure-head of a vessel. It's joost makking an idol of the glut."

"Stuff! I only wish I had been the man who carved and gilded it. Hong me, but I'd have kissed it at parting! She is the smartest, winsomest wee thing, I tell you, that ever trod the planks of the Clyde!"

"And who may this paragon of yours be, Mr. Mackay?" said a voice which made the young man start, turn round, and perceptibly redden. It was Mr. M'Cash, with the captain and the captain's wife. They had at that moment come suddenly round the corner of a stack of timber.

"I was only speaking of a young lady I know," said Mackay, "and, I think, I said then that she was rather like the *Siren*'s figure-head."

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Cameron?" said the old merchant, turning round, smiling. "Why, there never could be two people like our fair siren, I should have thought, to be jealous."

"I dare swear, Mary," said the captain, "that there will not be a man on board my ship, I fancy that the *Siren* is the exact image of the woman he loves best—wife, sister, or sweet-heart. You mustn't make my lady vain, Mr. M'Cash."

"This is to be your 'last voyage, Captain Cameron, are you sure to hear?" said the merchant.

"Well, so I promised Mary when we joined hands; but I shall find it hard, I think, to leave so good a ship. What is there wrong, Mary?"

"And holds more than any vessel we have."

"Still, skim like a swallow," said the captain's wife. "Don't you think she'll be very fast, Mr. Mackay?"

A slight blush rose on the cheek of Mrs. Cameron as she kindly put this question, to prevent the young man feeling left out of the conversation.

"Yes, I think she'll be very fast," said the mate, with an air rather of veneration than respect; "she has all the look of it."

"Ay, I tell you she'll show them the way," said M'Cash. "She'll be faster than the *Petrel*, and that's saying a great deal, a very great deal, for the *Petrel*'s the fastest thing out of Glasgow."

The launch took place the next day. There was great cheering as pretty Mrs. Cameron dashed the bottle of wine against the ship's side, and called out in her fresh, young voice,

"I name this ship the *Siren*."

Then the flags flew rejoicingly, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, six small ship's cannon were discharged to announce the important event, and the new ship glided into the water, all eager to venture on her new element. Every body was smiling, shouting, or congratulating somebody else; but Mackay was still absorbed.

"Nae, nae, he said, "it's a pagan business, and will never bring luck to Christian people, *Siren*, indeed! What was a siren but joost a hizzie that ought to have been whipped at the cart's tail? It's no patience with such blasphemy. There's no luck in it. I feel that. No—no whisky, Mandy; I'll not drink the dregs of the heathen christening, though mayhap I'll take a double cuddee to-night to the ship's health."

"There's no wrong Patterson," said a sourlooking creole, who was to be second mate, and who had stood near the mate during the christening; "such a sad pig-headed fellow. How pretty the captain's wife looked at the launch! By Jove! that's the finest girl I ever saw in my life that she ought to have married a duke!"

"Yes, she is pretty," said Mackay, half reluctantly.

"That's very cold praise; why, man alive, you used to be far more enthusiastic."

"'Tis all the praise I care to give just now, Watson."

"Oh, please yourself," said the creole, with a glance that made the white part of his eyes become a reddish tint. "I only hope, Mackay, you were rather smitten with her, for you talked of nothing else after we first met her together at M'Cunlig's office."

"I do not care to remember the foolish things I then said."

"Oh, you don't," said Watson, spitefully. "Very well, then, don't: but I shan't forget them." And then to himself, as he turned on his heel, he muttered, "Nor shall the captain, I fancy you and him shall have a little upstart fool, who tries already to crow over me."

II

It was beautiful to see the young wife in the morning, just after the ship had got under way, happy as an angel; the men following her with admiring glances, the very ship's boys eager to run on errands for her. At the first meal or two after the coast of Africa an awning was raised over the quarter-deck, and the captain's wife used to sing in a way that even old Patterson said was enough to melt the heart of a shark. The very sailors loitered had been swift and gracious. One night the captain came on deck suddenly to see their discipline getting on. He was leaning over the bulwarks, conversing with a placid content, when Watson came up and began talking to him of the ship's crew for the first time.

"Why, Watson," said the captain, who had twice asked him a question without receiving an answer—"why, what's the matter? You look sulky as stitch-water. You can't be in love?"

"I'm quite well, Sir," said Watson, listlessly.

"Now, look here, man; as your superior officer, I insist on knowing what is on your mind," said the hearty captain, laying his hand on the creole's shoulder.

Watson was still sullen.

"I shall be very angry, remember, Watson, if you do not tell me; indeed I shall grow suspicious of some mischief. There's no mutiny among the men? No danger about the cargo? No fear of fire?—nothing wrong, I hope?"

Watson assumed an air of frankness as he turned round to his interrogator, his face lightening up.

"Captain Cameron," he said, "I do think it would have been happier for you if you had not brought Mackay as first mate this voyage."

"Why, what of him?" said the astonished captain. "He's one of the best of fellows—bank, gumesse; we have become quite friends. Besides, he is musical, and that's a great deal when a pleasant companion when we are together in the evening."

"Captain Cameron," hissed the creole in his ear, "I have a painful secret to tell you. I am afraid Mackay has done you a deadly injury. I'm not say his love is returned, but I am sure that he loves her: indeed, he his told me so. I feel there must be a man on board for you this."

The captain staggered back against the bulwark, and clutched at, or he would have fallen.

"Watson," he said, after a long silence broken only by a groan, "you are my friend indeed; and yet what you have told me has cut my very heart in two. But Mary's true—she's true! He, you say, told you he loved my Mary?"

"He said so to me last night when we were joining together, just after you left us to turn in."

"Watson, I know he had dared to tell me his love, I would throw him to the sharks. Give me your hand. I'll see to this. But Mary is true as the sun of that; nothing shall shake me in that—she's true. Fool that I was, not to see what that fellow's smooth speeches and sly manners meant! Ah! I remember now; yes, I've seen him colder when they met."

The pause was now long and fast. The unhappy man, tossed in a moment from heaven to hell, strode down and up the deck. The two were talking. Cameron listened guiltily—for he was ashamed of his meanness—before he opened the door.

"Now do tell me who she was that you were dreaming in the ship-yard," said his wife's voice. "I always felt so curious to know who the lassie was who had stolen away your heart. Were her eyes blue, Mary dear? Was her hair golden?"

"Her hair and eyes were nearly of your color."

"You were saying, I remember, that her face was like the siren's, so she must have been like me—you could not conceal that from me."

"Well, she was very, very unlike you: but don't ask me any more. I don't want to tell you who she was. That's my secret."

"Then I shall find it out as try 'Auld Robin Grey' again."

Then the door burst open, and the captain appeared. "Mary," he said, "enough of that singing for to-night. I've got a headache. Mackay, go on deck and see to the rigging and attend to your duties: you must not spend so much time away from the mess. It's hard on Watson. Go up at once."

Mackay, startled at the change in the captain's manner, left the cabin, after waking Mrs. Cameron good-night.

"Why, Lizzie," said Mrs. Cameron, throwing her arms round his neck, "what ails you? You do not look yourself to-night. Let me kiss your dear old forehead—let me kiss it, dearest—that'll soon make it well."

"I want no nonsense, Mary. I feel a bad pain at my heart, I tell you, a very bad pain."

In a moment the woman's nature was roused. She flew to her husband, knelt by him, held his hand, and rested his head on her shoulder. She was the patient, loving nurse; her girlish playfulness was all cast aside.

"If I didn't know the captain so well," thought Mackay to himself, as he walked to the lonely helm, the lump of which was just lit, "I should really have thought he was jealous. I hope he's not going to make a fool of some infernal African fever. Why, his eyes quite glitter."

"The captain is out of sorts—quite rusty, I declare," said Watson, as they met soon after on deck. "I never saw him so before."

The next morning the captain wished to alter the ship's course. He was sure there was an error in the reckoning, and that they had passed Cape Algo in the night.

"I still think that Cape Algo is before us, captain," said Mackay, in his frank, sleepy way. "Those were only clouds we saw at daybreak. We've gone over the next land, Sir, quite to the east of the usual track."

"Do you dare to teach your captain?" burst out Cameron. "Do you dare to ignore my understrolation mooring my mast? You bear witness, Watson, that my mate has insulted me in my own deck. Another word, Sir, and I'll strike you to the ground."

The mate's hand caught his uplifted arm. It was his wife's.

"Donald," she said—"Donald! Oh, think of what you do! Mr. Mackay has done nothing to deserve this anger. He only suggested a doubt. It was his duty, you know, to do that."

The captain grasped his wife by the wrist till she groaned for pain, and drew her toward the cabin stairs.

"I'll have no interference in these matters, woman. I know whom I can trust and whom I can not. An American captain would have shot that man down. Mr. Mackay, henceforward I only wish to speak to you when on duty. I said that."

"The captain's lost his head," said Patterson to Mackay. "He's joost clean demented, or he'd never have used those words. We're far out of our course. The lock's against the *Siren* now. God help us, for man can't! And that loving little wife will be clutched for sure!"

Well, if it is not the drink, there must be some thing wrong in his brain. Never mind, Mr. Mackay, he'll come like you, Sir, and we'll stand by you when we get back. He'll be sorry for this to-morrow."

"But we shall never be friends again," said Mackay, "and I suppose I must not speak to that noble wife of his any more. Heaven send me strength to bear this injustice, but it is hard."

"So hard, my dear Mackay," said Watson, who stood by his side as the captain left the deck, "that some men would never brook the fellow for being so savage, and raising his hand at you as if you were a dog. 'Tis brave revenge."

"No; I'll never turn mutineer," said Mackay. "My conscience is pure, and I can clear myself in the owners. As to the captain, Watson, do you think, that some villain has been infusing suspicious of me into his mind?"

Watson was silent for a moment; then he said,

"The men all like you. Perhaps it's that false wife of Cameron's."

"No," said Mackay, with generous warmth. "I'd as soon believe that a voice from one of the stars had told him that I was a mutineer, or that something from the sea had said that I was dangerous to the ship."

III.

Mackay was right. One hour after midnight, in the midst of a storm, the *Siren* struck, with tremendous shock that shattered the unhappy vessel, on a great reef two miles to the south of Cape Algo. The water instantly poured in with such terrific force that before more than twenty of the crew had escaped, screaming and shouting, to the mainyards, the ship had filled far over decks. But with driving storm, in the darkness and the terror, no one of the half-clothed men who flew to the rigging knew at first who was saved, except now and then that a name was shouted or replied to. The captain and his wife were there, Mackay was saved, and Patterson and Watson were also among the survivors. Patterson soon after the ship's keel had struck stood to the rigging higher up than the rest; the mainyard waves roared ceaselessly below for their prey.

When day broke lividly on the unhappy band it shone on the pale face of the captain, who had been injured in his efforts to save his wife, and with difficulty been rescued. He was wildly delirious. His brave wife held him up in her arms, and was by turns to vain to soothe him. They had made a sayanga's heart bleed to see her wiping away the clammy moisture that kept arising upon his brow.

"They're starving me!" he cried; "they're starving me! They tell me that I killed her and her lover, curse them!—tied me here to starve! They've tied me in reach of the sharks. There, I see one now coming at me; he is turning now. Oh, save me! gracious God, save me from this horrible death! Mary, you do think better of me? What, Mary! let me strike her in the face, the wanton; let me kill her; she has come to mock me!"

And he was, for madness could have struck the poor weeping woman who clung beside him, had not Mackay and another sailor held him back.

"Mr. Mackay," she said, "for the love of Heaven, tell me if any one else but Watson has saved any food, and would give me only a mouthful for Donald! I may eat no more, but I have any hope?" (She said these last words in a whisper.)

"There is but little hope, Mrs. Cameron," said Mackay, in a low voice—"but little hope. We have no food, and unless we are picked up within hail within a few hours we must one by one be washed off in the first storm that rises."

Mr. Mackay asked the simple truth. Some, sullen with despair, and huddled together, cold and shivering, would not utter a word in reply. Others were fed. One man had had a bit of bread and meat he had found in his pocket when the shock occurred, and one he had eaten. Then Mr. Mackay shouted to Patterson and the boy.

"Not a crumb, Mr. Mackay," said Patterson. "The last piece of bread that I gave me I've wetted as I was in the land of Goshen, by which I meant Bethelem! I'll go, Mr. Mackay, food's no use now; it's but a short time we have to live!"

The boy shouted that he had two biscuits, but he meant to keep them.

"Go up and kill him," said Watson.

Mrs. Cameron threw herself on her knees.

"Mr. Mackay," she said, "I know you are generous and brave; you will help me to save Donald. I have a little waistcoat-case in a belt; that belt contains five thousand pounds of the owners' money. Offer the boy money for one of those biscuits."

Mackay took the belt, the captain all the while screaming, "I will not die! I will not die!" and sent them to murder me and steal my money! The sharks are waiting for me! I see their teeth glitter in the foam; they are close to me now; merciful God, save me, save me!"

"I only wish they had you light," growled Watson.

Mackay took the money, and held up half a dozen sovereigns to the boy, who leaned over and glared at the money.

"Ay, Sir," said he, "I'll give you six sovereigns for that biscuit.

"Go up and tear it from him," said Watson.

"Won't take it," said the boy. "There!"

"A dozen?"

"I wouldn't to keep my own life in. What use is money to me now, mister?"

"Twenty? Think of twenty pounds for a biscuit!"

"No, Mr. Mackay, it's not enough. I know the value of the grub; it'll keep me alive for a day.

"Fifty—fifty, Tom?"

"No; life's as dear to me as to you. I tell you I don't want to part with the biscuit."

"A hundred?" Mackay shook the belt.

"No; my life's dearer to me than the captain's is."

"Two hundred?"

"No."

"Five hundred?"

"No."

"Eight hundred?"

"No; but give me a thousand," shouted the boy sullenly, yet greedily, "and I'll take my chance of a vessel coming or not. Here it is; hand up the money. If I'm saved, I'll go home to London a rich man. Hoorah!"

"Bring down the biscuit."

"Yes, likely! and have you snatch it before I get the money. Not likely!"

Mackay, faint as he was, clambered slowly to where the boy lay tied to a spar, and angrily handing the money, received the biscuit.

"Ah, man," said Patterson, who was too weak to rise, "what did I say about the *Siren*? Didn't I always say there was no luck about her? A curse on her and she who named her! But no, no; I won't curse the bonny lady. Look at her, yonder, bless her! See, she's praying for us!"

"Mary," said Mackay—for danger seemed to render his naturally natural now—"Mary, there is the biscuit. Let me crush it into a paste with some salt-water, and give it poor Donald."

Mary wept for joy when she saw the food, pressed Mackay's hand, and crept toward the delirious man with the treasure.

But he pushed her savagely from him.

"No, he said, "no; it's poisoned. I heard you tell your lover there that you'd soon get rid of the old man. No, no; better die here."

Two of the sailors at last forced a little down the madman's throat; then he forgot his fears and ate it greedily.

Near sunset he grew worse. He fancied himself at the village church with Mary, and his own fireside. His last thoughts were of returning up the Clyde after a happy voyage.

"I have, Mary," he said, "been on the wharf. Look, there's Al Gaffog waving his hat to us, and M'Cook, too, is waving into a boat to come on board. Stand by the gangway there, some of you! But look now! why, the shore-lights are all gone out! I hear a bell striking. Where is Mary, where are you? There's something wrong on shore. Help! help! the vessel's sinking, Mary! Mary!"

Then he relapsed into a torpor, from which he never woke. At daybreak they found him dead. Mary's head resting upon his breast. She had become insensible from hunger and fatigue.

Mackay felt his heart: it still beat. Then he took her in his arms, and ordered the two strongest men among us to unshackle the captain's body and let it fall into the sea.

"He ought to have gone there a day sooner," said Wason; "he won't swell half so much now. If I loved a man's wife, I wouldn't so much care what became of the husband. But what matter, we shall none of us last another day."

"Who was that fell off in the night?" said Mackay to the miserable wretch whom no suffering could soften. Death was familiar to them now.

"It was that fool, Tom. Much good his thousand pounds did him," said Watson, very faintly, but still in his bitter way.

There were only six left alive now.

By the faint moving light of the third day Mackay saw that the miserable woman who lay by his side. She looked very beautiful in her sleep, calm and peaceful, as if sorrow never had shadowed her brow. Her glorious hair was dishevelled and entangled with the rigging. Mackay freed it with a knife's care. Then he gave love unutterable and hitherto repressed filling his heart.] Her eyes opened slowly, a smile of peace passed over her face. He pressed her hand softly and uttered her name.

"I am ready for death now," she said; "I'm ready to join Donald. I have been dreaming that he was calling me from heaven to join him."

"There is no help for us," said Mackay. "Mary, now in this our last hour let us recommend ourselves to God. All hope is gone."

She placed her hand calmly in his, and they prayed together fervently for a speedy passing of death. Then a faintness seized them, and they fell asleep. It was just then that Patterson above gave a faint cry of joy, but they heard him not.

IV.

English voices aroused them. English hands were unclasping them from the raging sea. An English vessel, the *Swiftsure* frigate, had seen the fragment of the wreck and its flying signals, and borne down to their help. It was a sight of careful nursing restored them to some reasonable strength. Mary Cameron, to Mackay's great joy, recovered quickly.

The first night of their convalescence Watson came to their cabin and drew him upon deck.

"Mackay," said he, "I see you'll marry that young widow, but I don't envy you. I look to more substantial prizes. Come, I want my share of that four thousand pounds in the captain's belt."

"That belt I shall restore to-morrow to Mrs. Cameron; it is none of mine."

"Two thousand pounds I mean to have, whether you choose or no. I want to start fair again after this cursed business."

"Then get the money if you can; I shan't help you in it. Is nothing to M'Gaffog and M'Cook, and to them it goes."

"Only Patterson, man, knows it has been saved; and we'll soon buy secrecy. You can't affect sanctity at your time of life. Come, let's share it, Jnl."

"Watson, I tell you once for all you mistake me. I shall surrender that money to-morrow."

"Then, Mackay, you shall repent it as sure as the sun rises, for that money I mean to have."

"Do your worst."

"I will do my worst, and bad it shall be."

And so, with mutual threat and defiance, the two men parted. The frozen snake had soon revived.

"Take care of that man," said Patterson; "he's a limb of Satan, and, depend upon it, he made that murderer fix upon the captain. He was always jealous of you. Aweel, aweel, the *Siren* was an unlucky craft for all of us."

In those long, burning days and those stormy nights, when the waves beat in drifts of white fire around us, and one by one the dying men let go their hold or died lashed to their places, one thought cheered me, one only," said Mackay in the evening to Mary Cameron, as they sat together watching the moon rising above the great sea-waves. "and that was Patterson's faith, while my heart still beat I could guard you, Mary."

The answer was a woman's answer—silence. But there was hope for Mackay even in that silence: there was for Mary Cameron a new heat in union; love was rising bright above their path.

Mackay would say no more then. At a future time, when her grief lessened, he would press his suit; for the love Mary Cameron bore Donald

At that moment the captain's boy ran up, and requested Mr. Mackay and Mrs. Cameron would come to the captain's cabin. They went, and found the chief officers assembled, and Watson sitting near them at a table. There was a malignant congression about his lips as they entered.

"Alexander Mackay," said the captain, "we rescued you five days ago from a situation of extreme peril. You had escaped from the wreck of the *Siren* incredible—cold, heat, hunger, thirst, and wreck. We rejoiced, as any Englishman would, that we had been the means of saving a fellow-man to us as first mate of the *Siren*, bound from Glasgow to Bonny for palm oil and gold dust. But I see no reason why you should have been found too, owing to the captain having rejected your services. You were, I am told, on the wreck when on the reef by accident, after having, by help of the woman whom we saved, murdered the captain, aided by this man, Patterson.

"That's a d——lie!" said Patterson, who was standing among the seamen.

"Silence there!" roared the first lieutenant.

"Four thousand pounds belonging to the last named you now have in possession. I am told that you say so to this charge? Do you deny that you have that money about you?"

"I do not deny it," said Mackay, boldly, pleasing Mrs. Cameron, who had fainted, on a seat, and giving her in charge of the chief officer, who had watched her with the intensest solicitude from the first moment of her coming on board, for the money. The rest of the story is the wicked invention of this man" (turning round to where Watson sat, in a position to conceal from the surface). "It was he who threatened me unless I shared the money with him. He is to tell you that I fear, of mine. Does this innocent woman look like an accomplice in a murder? Oh, captain, have mercy on her!" Mackay's voice could not yet be found to clear us of this charge, brought against us on the evidence of only one man."

"And he a man of character," said Patterson; "a regular limb of Satan, if ever there was one, and didn't I wish right heartily I had?"

"But still on this evidence I am bound to order the two men, Mackay and Patterson, to be placed in irons as suspected murderers of Captain Cameron, of the *Siren* merchant vessel, bound to Bonny. Further evidence will be taken under restraint."

"Still," said the doctor, who suddenly came forward, "that I might throw some little light on this case, and somewhat serve the prisoners. Let me ask a few questions?—Mr. Watson, were you ever at Cuba?"

"Never, sir."

"As I thought. Six years ago, captain, I was doctor on board the *Xanta* frigate, then stationed at Havannah, when a merchant vessel came in over to Cuba, and there visited the court of justice, just then occupied with the trial of Mark Jackson, a mulatto clerk, who had robbed and murdered the merchant who employed him. He was sentenced to be garrotted, but escaped, by bribing the guards the night before the execution."

While the doctor had been speaking a dreadful change had taken place in Mackay's face. He had turned white as a corpse, then livid, as if about to be pulled down with a fit.

"That man," said the doctor, suddenly turning round and pointing at Watson, "was the leader I had ventured to describe. You see in him not deny it. Can you, then, believe the wild accusation of such a man against his own companions, one of whom, indeed, charges him with having endeavored to persuade him to steal and scuttle the ship?"

"Arrest that man Watson," said the captain "as the evidence is sufficient to arrest either the other prisoners for the present."

But before he could be seized Watson, with a yell of madness, had drawn a long Spanish knife, and fought his way up the cabin stairs. Several seamen ran to strike him down, but before they could reach him the desperate fellow had thrown himself over the side of the vessel. As the men looked there was a shark in the water, and they saw Watson and fallen: one sidled scream; a mist of blood, and a frightful ravenous swirl in the water, ending for their prey; then a long trail of blood rose upon the waves that had closed over the murderer.

"These sharks were waiting for the rascal," said Patterson afterward; "that's as evident to me, Mr. Mackay, as if I saw it written in the sun. He had lived his time. He was wanted, eh, man? An inch sooner, and he'd have had his guilty in me. God be thanked for that escape!"

The innocence of Mackay and Mary Cameron was now evident. A year from that day Mackay and Mary Cameron were married. Messrs. M'Gaffog and M'Cash last year appointed Mackay captain of their largest vessel. Patterson goes out as his bootswain. There is not, as every one in Glasgow says, a more reliable captain in the merchant service than Alexander Mackay. After that time of bitter trouble the rainbow of peace had risen above Mary and her husband. They still often talk of that Sunday before the launching, when they both went to see the new vessel, and Patterson predicted evil of the ghostship the *Siren*, whose figure-head bore to great resemblance to the mysterious object of Mackay's admiration.

SURF-SWIMMERS.

CAPTAIN COOK, whose "Voyages" is now a book seldom read, gives the following spirited account of the surf-swimming of the Sandwich Islanders, which will not improbably be new to many of our younger readers: "The surf, which breaks on the coast round the bay, extends to the distance of about 150 yards from the shore, within which space the surges of the sea, accumulating from the impetuous flow of the water, are dashed against the beach with prodigious violence. However, from custom, or practice, or some peculiarity in the sense or the texture of the skin, the inhabitants of this country are so much accustomed to it, that they can, without any other assistance than a board, swim through it with the greatest ease, and even with safety. The method of doing this is as follows: Each man provides himself with a board, which is made in the figure of a long parallelogram, but rounded off at the ends, set out together from the shore. The first wave they meet they plunge under, and, suffering it to pass over them, rise again beyond it, and make the best of their way by swimming with both the hands. The second wave is commonly met in the same manner as the first, the great difficulty consisting in seizing the proper moment of diving under it. But the third wave the person is caught by the surf, and driven back again with great violence, and all his dexterity is then required to prevent himself from being dashed against the rocks. As soon as they have passed, as their expression is, the smooth water beyond the surf, they lay themselves at length on their board, and prepare for return. At the surf commists of a number of waves, of which every third is remarked to be always much larger than the others, and is called the king of the surf. The best seeking in the intermediate space, their first object is to place themselves on the summit of the largest wave of the third; they are driven along with amazing rapidity toward the shore. If by mistake they place themselves on one of the smaller waves which break up before they reach the land, or should not be able to keep their pleds in the proper direction on the top of the swell, they are left exposed to the fury of the next, and the whole of their labor is lost. But to get brea

From an Original Drawing by Mr. J. F.

of Munich, Bavaria.—[SEE PAGE 806.]

WAR TIME IN BAVARIA.

BAVARIA, the largest and most important of the South German states, was, until after the war of 1866, the firm ally of Austria, and her most influential support against the rivalry of Prussia; but with the humiliation of Austria at Sadowa popular sentiment in Bavaria underwent a sudden change. Court and people saw that it would be useless to struggle against the manifest destiny of Prussia, and the idea of forming a part of the new German empire projected by COUNT BISMARCK at length overwhelmed the unwilling Bavarians. Accordingly, when, owing to the expectations of NAPOLEON and his cabinet, Bavaria entered hostility upon the side of the defense of Germany against French aggression, and her troops have played an important part in the wonderful campaign that has laid prostrate the military power of the "grand nation." The siege of Strasburg was conducted by Bavarian soldiers.

To commemorate the share of this little kingdom in the war, we give our readers this week an admirable picture, drawn expressly for *Harper's Weekly* by MR. J. H. GOODWIN, a German now resident in Munich. But few words of explanation are necessary, as the picture tells its own story.

The large figure on the left, holding a wreath, is that of the famous "Bavaria," the colossal Schwanthaler statue, which overlooks the "Volksfest" grounds at Munich. It is ninety-five feet from the base of the pedestal to the highest reach, the statue itself being sixty-five feet in height. It was cast in bronze from cannon captured from the Turks. In the head of the figure is standing-room for several persons, and from loopholes hidden from view and security in the folds of the hair one may have fine views of the city, while in the distance loom up the picturesque forms of the Tyrolese Alps.

The other large figure is that of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the soldier-prince and hero whose steps already take hold on the future with fiery tread. He prefigures the destiny of his nation.

In the centre of the picture is a view of the Odeonsplatz, Munich, on which, at the Theatiner Church, the equestrian statue to LUDWIG I., of Bavaria, and various palaces and public edifices. The day our artist took his sketch flags were displayed throughout the city in honor of the surrender of Strasburg, and the Bavarian Jägers, who were leaving for the front, were marching through the Platz.

In the upper corners are suggestions of those whom mother age nor sex can exempt from the keenest miseries of war. Underneath, to the left, the Marian Platz, where people assemble to pray before the statue of MARY, and "Die Wacht am Rhein"—a realistic illustration, taken from the famous poem.

At the bottom of the picture War, in the shape of a hideous female fiend, gathers the vintage of 1870, and crushing the grapes in her hands, transmutes them into hayonets and bullets.

Scenes of quiet banner are not infrequent in Munich, two of which have been painted by our artist. Near the royal palace are some captured cannon that excite continual curiosity among the peasantry that come in from the country. The metropolitans especially are examined with wonder and awe. Some days squads of conscripts daily thronging into the city are many who seem to think going to the front a very unpleasant business, especially when they meet with wounded soldiers returning from the front, and listen to their stories of the awful struggles before Sedan and Metz.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

TAKING revenge by heaping up coals of fire may be shown in many ways. Let us take one, by no means uncommon in a country town or home—that of excessive and exaggerated patience during and long after a temporary attack of illtemper on your part, and of an unrebuking obedience to your transient wishes, if they have been petulantly expressed. Most people, at times afflicted with peevish humors, and you are not exempt from the ordinary feelings of humanity. But your temper was temporary, and you are heartily ashamed of it, and sorry that you gave way to it as you did; and when it has passed, and you are again in your right mind, you wish for nothing so much as a candid oblation on both sides. You are ready to make any apology that may be needed, and you would hear meekly even an encouraging stinging if only it were in frank forgiveness and forgetfulness. But your cool-temper does not forgive, and can not forget, and takes great care that neither shall you. If you plunge head foremost into an apology, you are received with the loftiest, the most intimate expression of meekness and forbearance. "My dear," deprecatingly, "why say a word about it? I assure you I bear no ill-will." And next day, and I hope I shall have strength given me to do it; so may you be able to say, "Pooh with the addition, smiling plaintively, "Am I not accustomed to it?"

Another form of cool-heaping is an exaggerated attention to your hasty words. See you have found out by watching your wife or housekeeper, or something that has gone wrong in her special department; say even that, because of a temporary derangement of your health, with derangement of temper to correspond, the fault found was disproportionate to the offense committed; yet all you meant to inculcate was the necessity of a reasonable reform in a slight misdemeanor, and better ordering in some affair of minor importance. Your heaper-up of burning coals is determined that the reform shall be reasonable, and that in it its excess shall be your punishment. You have committed the offense of remonstrating against certain wastefulness in the home commissariat—something which has been absolutely wasteful, and quite beyond all harmony with your means; your cool-temper stints herself in elemental comforts, rigidly cuts herself off from her fried bacon at breakfast and her glass of wine at dinner, on the plea of your not being able to afford it; and if you remonstrate with her, and tell her she is ridiculous, she answers meekly that "you told her to keep down the bills, and she does not know in what else to retrench—as she is sure no one can keep house more economically than she does"—she has indeed, in this matter, the best of the situation. Another case makes you miss like Benjamin's, and redoubles your most aggressive sorrow, which may be just.

One great weapon of a woman in this kind of secret warfare, this heaping up of burning coals, is to pretend to be utterly lost for husband, and not only to carry to the extreme any wish he may have expressed, but to do it with a certain exaggeration of fear, as if he were the ogre of whom she was in mortal dread, though sweetly resigned to her fate all the same. As the ogre, a tyrant, whose good-will she seeks to propitiate by works of supererogation, all the while she is quivering with fear and anticipating the worst. The children play a large part in this special manner of cool-heaping. You are constantly in their power, but you do not think it necessary to give up all the gravity of life, the important cares, or even the pleasures. And you do not think it hurts them to be snubbed if they are troublesome, and put in their right place, but both ought to be horse whipped" he said, fiercely, interrupting me, "and no fear of your being cruel. I exaggerate to a boy like you—I will even go so far as to say a whipper-snapper like you—"

"A whipper-snapper, sir!" I cried.

"I repeat it, a whipper-snapper" cried old Rowley, becoming very red and apoplectic in appearance. "I decline to listen to your preposterous proposal for one instant. Clara, only you will grant the invitation, and I will not—be a mere child."

"But we shall both grow older, Mr. Rowley."

"Ah, and more sensible, I hope. Good morning."

"Good-morning, Sir."

I did not wait to tell him of my expectations from my grandmother, or to reason with him on his want of justice and consideration. I went away crest-fallen and heart-broken. I dashed down the library-door, and brought my fist forehead against that of my beloved with a concussion that was nearly the means of stretching our senseless bodies beside the tyrant's den, the victims of his cruel obduracy. Clara, naturally interested in the issue of my interview with her guardian, had forced her pate but anxious soul to listen at the library keyhole. I had retired from the field, and Clara had gone after.

"Oh, my gracious!" she sobbed forth; "I did not know you were coming out like that. Oh, my head! Oh, how dreadful! Oh, Alphonse, we must part forever!"

She had placed one hand on my shoulder, and shed many tears. I kissed away her tears; I patted her head fondly, hoping dear of her heart which I had raised there. I could scarcely see her goldenen hair for tears myself—the water had risen into my eyes immediately we had met each other. I sought to calm her emotion. I bade her be firm, and I recommended vinegar and brown paper for her damaged brow. I said that I should try them myself when I got home. I told her that I would go rather than submit to part; she said the same thing in a burst of uncontrollable emotion; we renewed our vows of eternal fidelity, and took ourselves from each other's arms, confused in spirit, but strong yet to resist unjust oppression.

I told all my troubles to my friends, my bosom friend and adviser. Jack and I had been school-fellows together; we were going into the same profession together presently: my father had resolved that I should walk the hospitals in advance of the bar, and Jack had a fine taste in story, and said that he would not have stood half of old Rowley's nonsense; but what he would have done with the circumstances he did not impart to me at the time, and I forgot to ask him afterward.

Clara and I met clandestinely. We were lovers; we had been lovers from our youth: the thirty bored Rowley, whom he had outlived, and all passion was not to stand between our fresh young souls.

I met Clara in the village; I scaled the park fence, and met her in the green wood: and Jack, my friend, kept watch on the door of the Hall and old Rowley's library windows with a telescope, lest the old tyrant should get an inkling of the event. Clara and I passed much of our time talking of what we should do when she came of age, and could inherit her own, and her grandmother favored me by departing from this earthly scene. That is a story we always winter, and our teeth chattered over our prospects. Jack and I used to arrange our meetings in this wise. Clara had a governess, the same keeper, Peter Simcox, an invaluable man, with a weakness for tobacco, and with a heart of adamant toward his fellowcreatures. Peter was always getting up memorials for his fellow-creatures in the village; and Clara, with his weakness for tobacco—I kept him entirely in tobacco—my pocket-money have had Peter's heart. Still he had a good heart, and was kind to us. He took charge of our correspondence, which was carried on by a circumlocutory but sure process. Clara gave it to her maid Selina, another confidante—who, alas! proved herself a perfidious snake—and Selina intrusted it to Peter, who took it to a guarded monarch of the forest—an oak-tree in fact—and concealed it from all human gaze in a small hollow cavity some ten feet from the ground, where, at a later hour, I found it, and deposited my answer, to be conveyed by the same process and my dearest Clara's hands.

He had given an awful cough of a double-knock character, that was all. He kept his glasses on his nose, and forsaid me, and the operation was unpleasant. He was not pleasant in his reception of my statement either; he was decidedly unpleasant, not to say desperately disagreeable. But then he was a cross, ill-grained old fellow; every body knew it in Wolvesham, and I have no particular reason to disguise it here.

I recommenced my statement; I poured forth the best feelings of my heart, and with an eloquence that I am sure would astound me if I confessed to him that Clara was my one ambition. As I have said already, I knew that it was no use with me, and I had a poetic eye in the midst of my despairing consciousness.

Mr. Rowley, who had his newspaper, drew his chair an inch or two closer to me, put his great hands—rather disposed to be gouty like his feet—upon his knees, and surveyed me from head to foot contemptuously.

"Mr. Jack your age, young man?" he said.

This was my weak point of defense, but I told him.

"Seventeen."

"And how did you first become acquainted with my Clara, who is a year your junior, the 17th of—"

"Well, Mr. Rowley, it has been a long acquaintance. My holiday school at Beechborough was situated opposite her finishing school, and we saw each other at church; and I think—"

"Upon the whole, that you ought to be horsewhipped" he said, fiercely, interrupting me, "and no fear of your being cruel. I exaggerated to a boy like you—I will even go so far as to say a whipper-snapper like you—"

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Peter was a lank old man, and very wiry; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and I was agile myself. The whole conception was romantic, if you will, but grand! I thought so, Clara thought so. Peter thought so. The idea was from Milton's picture, which we had both carefully studied; and if Peter had not generally deposited his small notes to myself at the same time, asking my "kind consideration, as a gentleman born with a warm heart, to an affecting case in the parish," the romantic would have been quite unalloyed.

Clara defied the obdurate guardian for two months; it was February when the meetings betrayed us. I was advancing, in an innocent and unsuspecting manner, to the secret post-office of Peter Simcox, a mile from the Rowley House, when I became conscious of the whole perfidy. I was close upon the tree—the tree of the oak which had held so many secrets—when voices in another direction filled my soul with horror. They were the voices of Samuel Rowley, Esq., J.P., and Peter Stokes, my Mercury. I sank down in the long grass—there was no rapid thought that morning, and the dump struck to me at once—and trembled for my love. I was not an unsuccessful lover; their footsteps became me. Mr. Rowley's right foot was nearly upon me also; he shared my features by a hair's breadth, and passed on. In the hollow part of his cane was my sacs an instant afterward.

"You don't consider yourself an abominable scamp, I suppose," Mr. Rowley said, "an unprincipled old vagabond, to act as a go-between to a silly young girl and that idiot Jack Ash?" You never thought of the harm of encouraging this, did you?"

"I'm worry sorry, Sir," whimpered Peter.

"Teaching my ward to be deceitful for the sake of a few shillings, I suppose?"

"I've never had a ha'penny, your honor, much more a shillyun."

Neither had he. They were generally half crowns he was in the habit of receiving from me.

"You deserve to be kicked out of the village, Stokes—drummed out of the village, for a wicked old hypocrite."

"They was worry fond of each other, Sir, and Miss Clara used to ask me so beseeching; and I felt sure that her uncle was hard in writing to Master Huskinson without her dear guidewan's knowing any think about it, the elders said it was for the best time, so—really."

"If it was not for your age, Stokes, I'd send you about your business this very day."

"I'm worry sorry, Sir," Stokes said again, shedding many tears.

"Is this the tree?"

"Yes, Sir, that's the tree."

"Then I'll take a last letter is up there now, eh? In that hole? Now no more lies!"

"Yes, Sir, in that hole."

"And how did you get at it?"

Master Huskinson climbs up there, Sir, for his answers, and fetch down Miss Clara's letter in a mint."

There was a small epistle of his own he wished to destroy, I think, perhaps; or it was possible that his noble mind had suggested some scheme to him to secure Clara's missive from prying eyes. But Mr. Rowley suspected this old survivor.

"Stop where you are, Stokes!" he roared forth; "I'll have no more of your monkey tricks. Give me that letter."

"Give you a vot, Sir?"

"Send your back, you rascal, and I'll jump on it, and you'll like better to-night."

"Jump on it!" repeated Stokes, with a look of dismay at Mr. Rowley's portly figure; "it don't strike me that I can bear your weight, master."

"It will be only for a minute," said Mr. Rowley, with a chuckle; "and if I break your back, it will serve you right enough. I'm not an elephant, man, and I will have no more of this nonsense."

Mr. Stokes resisted no further. He made his back as if desirous to commune with the ground, lying with a justice of the peace; and, with more agility than I had given Mr. Rowley credit for, he ascended the tree, and, after within an ace two of our letter-box.

"Now, Sir, I shall you be long, Sir?" asked Mr. Stokes, groaning softly to himself.

"Raise your shoulder, you rascal, a little more," said the employer.

Stokes did so, and from my hiding-place I saw the heavy foot of Rowley—his wife some difficulty—for it was a fat, gouty hand—have already sold—to force itself into that casket, which had contained so many of dear Clara's epistles. Samuel Rowley was an excitable man; for he swore a little in his efforts, and turned very red, and moved his feet restlessly upon Stokes's back.

"I have got it!" he cried at last. "The artful jade—the cunning, plotting little minx, to serve her own guardian in this— Oh!"

"What's the matter, Sir?"

"Wait a moment, Stokes—don't shake. Oh, he, have mercy upon us! Oh, damn it! Oh, fear, what is to be done?"

"In any think particuler the matter, Sir? Not broken, I hope, or a nest of serpents, or any think?" and old Stokes hid his head a little more screwed in his tipsyaway we called at school—to conceal his laughing and sardonic countenances.

"No, Stokes; it's something much worse, I'm sorry to say."

"Wus, Sir?" said Stokes, who left off laughing immediately.

"Yes; I—I can't get my hand out!"

"The devil you can't, Sir!" cried Stokes, in dismay.

"It's twisted somehow, or swollen, or the wood has gripped me. Wait a moment, Stokes—Oh, he, it's all up with me! I can't!"

"Take it quiet, Sir. Keep cool or you'll never do it—don't hurry yourself; but for God's sake look sharp. I'm a-cracking."

"Don't move, Stokes—as you owe a man, don't move! If you move to drop, I can not imagine what would become of me. It will be all right in a minute."

"Make it less, if you can," groaned Stokes; "all the blood's got into my head, orful. Oh, lor, what is to be done? Are you out, Sir?"

"No, I'm not; I'm fixed, Stokes. I'm a dead man if you move. I am indeed."

Stokes burst into tears, and howled with all his might; and Mr. Rowley shouted a great deal, and swore a great deal too. Stokes's howls first run for it, probably, for he was succumbing fast to the dead weight above him, had not Mr. Rowley held him by the throat with his boots, and fixed him too. In another moment I had sprung to my feet, and was rending the door open.

"I am really very sorry, Mr. Rowley; can I be of any assistance?"

"Assistance, you—you—young dev—! Yes, you can, my dear child. Run for a ladder, and a saw, or something, as quick as lightning, to the house."

"Hi—hi—hollo!" shrieked Stokes, as I prepared to obey Mr. Rowley's commands. "Don't run; come here, and let me run, or beat up I must! Oh, lor, Master Huskisson, don't leave me any longer—do come and take a turn. He's not so heavy when you're used to him—he isn't indeed."

I saw the necessity of advancing to the rescue at once, and so did Mr. Rowley. I was tall for my age and tolerably strong, and, I flattered to take the place of Mr. Stokes, which I did with great exertion on all sides. Behold me at last hearing the guardian of Clara on my shoulders, and feeling terribly the weight of my responsibility as he stood with his face to the tree, still endeavoring his ingenuity to get his hand out of the trap.

"I hope it may not too heavy for you, Master Huskisson," he condescended to say, politely, for the sight of me was even pleasant to witness.

"Not at all," was my cheerful answer. "You'll make yourself as light as you can to oblige me, perhaps?"

I had not quite done growing, and man is fragile during that process. Mr. Rowley was very heavy, and Stokes was wrong in his observation—wickedly wrong.

"This is all your fault, mind you, Huskisson. This might have been my death," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, Mr. Rowley, if I hadn't been in the way," was my happy rejoinder.

"Ah! but"—he looked round with difficulty, and found Stokes still there, making every human effort to straighten his back before flying on his mission. "Come it, Stokes, you're not the life—don't stand there, you wretched lunatic, another instant!"

Stokes ran away, and I was left as the one support of Mr. Rowley. Stokes had not been gone more than a minute and a half, when I wished that he had remained and shared the weight with me. I tried to keep firm, but the difficulty was immense.

"Boy, you're giving; Don't shake so. Keep yourself more against the tree," Mr. Rowley called down.

"All right. I'll do it for Clara's sake, if it's possible: but I'm giving."

Then I remembered that he had called me a whipper-snapper; and so did he, too, I think, and was sorry.

"Oh, you'll keep up," he said, offering me every encouragement in his power. "You're a big boy for seventeen, and I'm only nine stone ten—not a great weight. I've seen you at exercises do like a kind of thing for hours, you know."

It was a gross exaggeration, and I felt it to be one. I was getting faint also. I had breakfast on too much; and his language at times was still violent, as he endeavored to extricate his hand.

"If I should die, Sir," I said, feebly, "will you please give my love to Clara? And that I did all I could to bear up—and to bear you up. Oh dear! Did you say nine stone ten?"

"I did."

"I should have thought you had been nine-ty," I murmured.

"You're giving!" he roared again, with a vehemence that revived me. "Keep up a little longer, my dear boy. I can hear Stokes coming in the distance."

Which was another falsehood; but no matter. Mr. Rowley was not a truthful man. I set myself firmly against the tree, according to his instructions, but it was of no avail. I felt, in a few more minutes, would slide gracefully away from me, I was certain, and the greatest pain that Clara would be swinging about by one arm, like an early Christian martyr. His blood would be on my head, and I would be, if I came down with his whole weight—perhaps armless—on the top of me.

"Keep up!" he cried, in a great fright now. "You shall see Clara when you like, my boy. I will not say a word against the match any more. You're a fine, strapping, brave fellow, that you are—a young Hercules!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rowley," I answered; and his words *did* sustain me a little, and helped me to sustain him.

But I was sliding, slowly but surely, from under his feet when assistance arrived—men with ladders and saws and chisels; and Stokes, too, wild with fright, and with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh, my poor gardy!" she cried. "Oh, you wicked Alphonse! it's all your dreadful fault."

This was the last feather on the camel's back. I fell forward, and a grand rush of the servants at Mr. Rowley's legs only saved the gentleman from summary dislocation on the spot. He was got down with difficulty; and once down he was not grateful.

"A pretty fool you have made of me!" he said to Clara as he walked away rubbing his wrist; "and a pretty pair of fools you and that boy are, too!"

Still, after all, he was not so bad as I had expected to find him. He was a man who kept his word, and for that I have always respected old Rowley. Clara and I saw each other in a more rational manner. I went to the Hall once or twice; she was at my house on my eighteenth birthday, at a little party which my mamma absurdly called "juvenile" in the invitations; and there Jack Edwards was too attentive to Clara, and raised a jealous feeling in my breast.

I went to London shortly afterward. Clara and I were to be engaged when I passed, and if we were of the same mind, her guardian said. But we were not. While I was walking the hospitals a letter from her arrived, breaking off with Clara, and I do not think she resisted in the least.

It was an excellent match, though he was forty-seven, and very stout. I went down to the wedding, and returned thanks at the breakfast for the bridesmaids, one of whom has promised to be mine when I set up in business for myself.

MARGUERITE.

TENDROM silent watches of the night,
From dewy eve till morning's light,
I sigh for her, the fair, the bright,
Who never more will gaze on me.
Sweet Marguerite!

By sea and shore, by wood and wold,
By haunted river and mountain old,
By moss-grown beech, whose aged boughs
Their russet garb of green unfold,
Dear Marguerite!

I trace her footsteps' gentle tread,
Her path amid the poppies red;
And still I hear the words she said—
"They'll bloom above me when I'm dead."
Poor Marguerite!

The joyous voice, whose mellow fall
Made music in the ancient hall,
That sang like linnet on the wall,
And shed a lustre over all—
Fond Marguerite!

Now, where the elms their branches throw
Athwart the sliding streamlet low,
Where star-of-Bethlehem bud and blow,
My soul's ideal sleeps below—
Lost Marguerite!

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

IN one of the circumnavigating streets which curve to a general focus in the vicinity of that famous tavern, the Elephant and Castle, there stands an old-fashioned and rather stately looking house, which, from a strange contrast to the hosts of busy yet grubby-looking little shops in its immediate neighborhood.

The building, though old, is yet in good repair, and has probably been the suburban residence of some city alderman a century or two ago, when Kennington Butts was a place of resort on high-days and holidays for London apprentices and their sweet-hearts. It has the appearance of having been made use of subsequently as a warehouse; but it appears to be shut up, and only partially inhabited. The occupants of the two or three tenanted rooms to it are an old lady who acts as housekeeper to the proprietor of the building, and as put in with a view of exhibiting its capabilities to any intending tenant; and her son, a bank-clerk, a fine, well-conducted young fellow of five-and-twenty.

It was Christmas-eve, and Mrs. Marsden and her son were sitting comfortably at their tea, the hour being half past seven.

The widow was a cosy, plump-looking body, midway between fifty and sixty, dressed in the neatest of black stuff gowns, and the whitest of net caps; and as she handed the plate of toast for the second time, with a well-aimed nod, over a ring or two sparkled, she did so with a comfortable motherly smile that would have won any one's heart. The old lady's figure had held a good position in the Costean-house, and with her widow's dower and her son's salary of £100 a year, besides living rent-free, the pair were very comfortably off. Mrs. Marsden kept one servant-of-all-work, to whom she was tenderly indulgent; and altogether no happier little community existed than that which occupied the top floor, including, deserted old house.

"Your Aunt Barbara's sent us a picture of a turkey, Harry dear," said the lady, as, replacing her son's tea-cup with great complacency ("Aunt Barbara" was a farmer's wife in the country); "and we missed the pudding myself, and made plenty of mince-pies: and if your friends don't get themselves into a fix, I'm pleased, that's all."

"Oh, no fear of that, mother. I defy any body to beat *your* cookery. What tea you do make, too!" he said, sipping his cup. "And as to living—why, bless you, mother, you're worth all the 'girls of the period' in creation!"

The old lady had two weak points: the one was her cookery, the other that she should be considered "to carry her years well;" so she put on quite a Mrs. Nickleby air of self-satisfaction as she said,

"Well, my dear, as to that, though I don't pretend to be *young*, I do of the good old-fashioned style—"

"No doubt at all of it," put in Harry, archly.

"And my mince-pies were considered by Mr. Bloxam, your poor dear father's uncle—"

"*My dear* mother, don't I say so?" interrupted the young man, who had heard the story of Mr. Bloxam and the mince-pies about five hundred and fifty-five times.

"Now, Harry," returned his mother, in an injured tone, "why do you interrupt—"

But at that moment a cab drove up, with the intention so peculiar to London drivers, whether or in West End thoroughfare or a Borough bystreet, and so terrific a knocking ensued on the closed shutters of the old house that the empty rooms echoed again with it.

"Bless me, my dear!" cried Mrs. Marsden, turning pale, "An express come to say your poor Aunt Barbara's dead!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said the young man, who was nevertheless a little pale himself.

"Dear, dear!" suggested the old lady; "perhaps the bank's on fire?"

Henry Marsden, recovering from his first surprise, rose to ascertain the truth, sensibly thinking that the easiest way of solving the question. But he was interrupted by the hasty entrance of the maid-of-all-work in considerable trepidation.

"Lor, ma'am! here's a gent and lady as wants to take the house—leastways part of it—"

"What, at this time of night?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, indignantly.

"Yes'm, and he's as ferogious a looking gent as ever—"

Here a loud impatient voice demanded from without, in angry tones, "Are we to be kept waiting in the street all night?"

Young Marsden hurried out with the light, and to his surprise found the passage already blocked up with piles of luggage, while the cabman, after the unconcerned manner of his species, was about to proceed to package with a celerity which threatened shortly to prevent ingress and egress altogether.

The young man at first felt inclined to resent this cool assumption that the house was necessarily at the disposal of the new-comers; but happening to observe the beautiful and delicate-looking girl who was leaning wearily on the arm of a tall, dark, fierce, and hotly-heated man of middle age, he refrained, and said, as mildly as he could under the certainly provoking circumstances,

"Excuse me, Sir, but we have not come to terms yet."

"*Terms!*" thundered the other, scowling. "Aren't you the letter of rooms?"

"Oh, George!" remonstrated the young lady, looking appealingly at the speaker.

"Annie! I tell you of rooms, I say!" asked the visitor again.

Henry Marsden felt his wrath getting the better of him; but an imploring look from the young lady caused him to say, quietly,

"If you please, have I any apartments to let, Sir. I certainly have; but—"

"*What* apartments?"

"A drawing-room suit, dining-parlor, kitchen, and four bedrooms," replied Henry Marsden, carefully. "But we did not at all fancy his would be lodger."

"What rent?"

"Twenty guineas a week," said the young man, hoping, as he afterward told his mother, by the largeness of the demand "to sell off the old brute.

The visitor paused a moment, evidently surprised; then he said,

"I take them—I take them all."

Marsden, Jr., almost quite light Marsden could see was crammed with bank-notes, and which made the cabman's eyes glisten. "Then I'll trouble you for the five-pound notes, and giving them to young Marsden, said, haughtily,

"Here, Jane, you can send up the change and the receipt in the morning."

Marsden bowed. There was nothing for it but to obey him. It was quite evident this man was accustomed to be obeyed.

The last luggage was carried to the cabman: "Half a sovereign for you to bring these boxes up stairs."

"I'll do it, Sir, if there was twice as many on 'em!" cried the delighted driver. "Lord, he pays like a lord!"

Marsden called for the servant-of-all-work to show the way. Then he said, respectfully,

"Shall I help you into my mother's parlor, Sir, until a fire is lighted up stairs?"

"No, I am not cold."

"At least, the young lady—"

"The young lady will do nothing of the sort, Sir," cried the lodger. Then aside savagely to the girl, "Don't stand staring at that young fellow. Follow me;" and he strode up the stairs.

The lady lingered behind him for an instant, and threw a timid, piteous and appealing glance at the young landlord that, as Harry Marsden subsequently declared, he then and there lost his heart.

"I'll send my mother up in ten minutes," he whispered.

"Thank you, *thank you*!" she said, hurriedly, and sped up the old oak staircase.

The young man gazed after her a moment, as if he scarcely knew whether he were awake or dreaming; and then turned abruptly into his mother's parlor.

Mrs. Marsden sat by the fire in visible perturbation, with both curiosity and anxiety depicted on her comely face. She had heard the altercation in the house, and had been afraid of the consequences thereof on her son's somewhat fiery temperament. Moreover, she wondered greatly that *she*—she, the presiding authority in the house—had not been referred to in the matter. Therefore, as the door opened, she turned eagerly to her son:

"Law, Harry dear! whatever is it all about?"

"She's an angel, mother!" said the young man, enthusiastically.

"She! who, my dear?" asked the bewildered matron.

"Oh, I forget," he returned, relieving a little. "She—that is, they—have taken the rooms."

"Who are they?"

"Ah! that's what I should like to know. An ugly foreign-looking brute and his daughter, I suppose. And yet, no! she called him 'George.' She wouldn't call her father 'George,' you know."

"Of course not."

"He called her 'Marietta.' Isn't that a pretty name, mother?"

"Yes, dear. But I want to know more about these people."

"I declare I've told you all I know, mother, except that he paid the first week's rent in advance. And here it is;" and he placed the bank-notes in his mother's hand.

"Why, Harry, are you mad?" she exclaimed.

"You've given me twenty-five pounds!"

"I asked twenty guineas," he said, drumily, "and we're to give change in the morning."

"*Twenty guineas*, my dear boy? and the landlord told me to ask *four!*"

"I know it, mother; but I didn't like the look of the brute, and wanted to get rid of him. So I asked a price I thought would stop him."

"Well?"

"Well, bless you! he just scowled at me for a moment, and then agreed to it directly."

"Law!"

"And then stalked up the stairs as if the whole house belonged to him."

"Bless me!"

"Ah, bless me, indeed! I can't make head or tail of the matter."

"But, my dear, we can't take twenty guineas a week for rooms only worth four. It's not honest, and can't be."

"Well, what's to be done?"

"I'm sure I don't know," cried the old lady in strong perplexity.

"Well, we must think it over to-night, mother, and see what's to be done in the morning."

"Yes, yes."

"And now, mother, please to go and see that all is made comfortable for the young lady, as I said you should do."

"Oh, of course, my dear!" and she went.

Mrs. Marsden ascended the old staircase in rapidity in which my figure would allow her to do, and tapped somewhat timidly at the principal sitting-room, the only suit allotted for new lodgers. A gruff "Come in!" was the answer to her knock, and she entered.

There was a very handsome set of rooms, hung with red damask; but the walls were discolored and the furniture with huge dingy blotches, choking smoke which filled the apartments did not add to their comfort, and in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, Mrs. Marsden felt like a violent fit of coughing.

The maid-of-all-work was on her knees, nervously endeavoring to coax a stubborn fire to show some signs of flame. On the hearth-rug beside her stood the new-comer, evidently at her to no measured terms. His fine, stalwart figure was drawn up to its full height, and with his head bent, gleaming white teeth, and fierce black eyes, he was no bad embodiment of Mephistopheles. Mrs. Marsden afterward declared that the first sight of him "gave her the horrors, and made her feel quite all of a creep."

The man, a big, half bloating, in a large old-fashioned red damask-covered *fauteuil*, the cruinsheen of which contrasted vilely with his shoddy fashionable dress, which had fallen loose upon one arm of it, was a fair girl of not more than twenty, who, with her head thrown aside the numerous wraps in which she had previously been enveloped, it could be seen that she was richly and expensively dressed. A robe of costly blue silk, trimmed with fine, soft black lace, and a black velvet mantle of the same description and if her companion was no inapt representative of Mephistopheles, she might herself have been the original of Marguerite. Poor Mrs. Marsden even, with her throat filled with smoke and her eyes full of tears with vexation at the fire, could not help noticing with admiration the expression of loveliness opposite her.

"I don't wonder Harry called her an angel," she thought; "but, Lord save us, how like that man is to Sir Giles Shrewd!"

Then she busied herself in setting right the matches which the inexperienced maid-of-all-work, superintending the poor young woman's efforts with kindly and reassuring voice.

"Soon coal, Maggie; it is all that coal that makes the smoke."

"Smoke!" interposed the gentleman, irascibly. "It smokes like the funnels of ten thousand infernal steamboats!"

The girl went down directly, Sir," said Mrs. Marsden, mildly. "And you, my dear madam, pray let me show you to a bedroom where there is a fire, and you can refresh yourself before supper."

The young lady half rose, and looked at the gentleman, who nodded a gruff assent.

"That'll do, Maggie," said Mrs. Marsden; "the fire's drawing nicely now." Then turning to her lodger: "You would like tea and supper as soon as possible, I suppose, Sir?"

He relaxed somewhat of his moroseness, and said, with a courteous bow,

"If you please, ma'am."

"Very well, Sir. You shall have a fowl, eggs, cold, and tea in half an hour, if you please, ma'am."

And she gave the necessary orders to Maggie,

who departed, apparently nothing loth to be rid of the presence of the dark-looking lodger.

"Oh, my! ain't he a Tartar, just!" she said, as she went down stairs, resolving to "show him up," as she called it, to her "young man" the next Sunday.

Mrs. Marsden addressed the young lady:

"Now, ma'am—or should I say miss?"

"Say ma'am, please," said the young lady, faintly.

"If you will follow me, there's a fire in the Yellow Room, and I'll have one made ready as soon as possible for your papa."

The gentleman colored furiously, and looked like a thunder-cloud, as he said, in a voice whose tones resembled the growling of a bull-dog,

"The lady is my *wife*, ma'am!"

"Oh, law! Bless me! I'm sure I ask pardon," cried the poor old lady, startled out of her propriety. "By what name shall I call you, please, Sir?"

"Call me Monsieur Moira. That lady is Madame Moira."

"And what—"

But the lodger's patience was exhausted.

"Get out, you chattering, cross-examining old fool!" he cried, in a towering fury. "I and you, Mariette, don't answer any of the prying idiot's questions!" And he turned and poked the fire savagely.

In great consternation Mrs. Marsden made signs to Madame Moira to follow her, and bent a precipitate retreat from the apartment.

Having shown her guest to a small bedroom in which a cherry fire was burning, she furnished her with every requisite of the toilet, Mrs. Marsden descended again to her parlor, and to the society of her son.

"They'll never do for us, my dear, n-e-v-e-r!" she said, shaking her head in an aggrieved fashion.

"I don't think they will, mother; but what now?"

"Fancy, Harry—that brute called me 'a chattering old fool!'"

"How *dare* he!" exclaimed the young man, indignantly, and yet hardly able to help laughing.

"He's a gruesome man," continued the old lady; "and I declare, my dear, the whole affair put me in mind of one of those fairy stories of enchanted castles I used to read when I was a girl."

"Does it?"

"Yes, of a grim demon, or baron, or something, carrying off a lovely young girl, and locking her up in the turret-chamber of some horrible trouble-down place till she promised to marry him."

"Ah! I don't think *this* young lady 'll ever promise that."

"But, my dear boy, she *has*."

A thrill of disappointment shot through young Marsden as he said,

"Why, what do you mean, mother?"

"She *has* married him—she's his wife."

"Impossible!"

"Oh no, dear, not impossible. *He* said so, and so did she, also."

The young man groaned slightly.

Then he said, suddenly,

"Mother dear, there's something very strange in all this."

"All what, Harry?"

"Why, in people tumbling into lodgings at this time of night, paying twenty guineas a week, like dirt for rooms not worth five, without a murmur, and bringing all that luggage without a single servant."

"My dear, people often take lodgings suddenly."

"But don't pay four times their value."

"No," said the old lady, hesitating; "I don't think they often do *that*."

"*Not they!* And then, if that man's her husband—"

"Well, Harry, young girls often marry men much older than themselves."

"So they do. But young ladies of her evident rank and wealth don't travel about without a lady's-maid. Why, you can see she is not used to wait upon herself."

"That's true."

"Then what dread she has of him!"

"Well, my dear, *that* is no argument at all. Some violent men do frighten their wives, you know, without actually ill-treating them. Nor, even your poor dear father—"

"Yes, yes, mother; I know father had a hot temper, and so, for the matter of that, have I. But then, he never ill-used you."

"Of course not."

"And *I* have never ill-used you."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of?"

"Whereas," continued the young man, "this poor girl shrank and trembled when her husband looked at her."

"My dear boy, that is no proof of bodily ill-treatment. I don't suppose he beats her."

"*Beats* her!—beats that superb creature!"

"Well, my dear, I don't suppose he *does*."

"But the mere thought of such a horrible thing! Did he tell you his name, mother?"

"Yes—Monsieur Monsieur and Madame Moira."

"That sounds like a Portuguese name."

"Is it?"

"Yes, or Spanish."

"Oh, law, Harry, I hope they're not Spanish!"

"Why, mother?"

"Oh, because the only Spanish lady I ever knew—such a lovely creature, with a black lace veil tied over her head, you know, and all that—"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Well, my dear, she was stabbed by her husband in a fit of jealousy, poor thing."

"This man certainly seems all that."

"All what?"

"Jealous."

"How do you know?"

"Why, mother, he scowled at me because I asked if his wife would come in here and warm herself."

"Did he?"

"Did he! The man's a veritable Othello."

Here the lull rang violently half a dozen times, and Mrs. Marsden bustled into the kitchen to help Maggie in the dishing up of the supper.

Harry Marsden lighted his pipe, and sat with his feet on the fender, lost in deep reverie, until his mother returned.

Christmas morning broke cold and frosty, but with that indescribable foggy haze nowhere seen save in London and only there in autumn and winter.

Mrs. Marsden and her son were early risers, and unusually so on this particular morning; for, not only were the comforts of the new lodgers to be seen to, but several of young Marsden's fellow-clerks had been invited to join the old party's dinner-table, and she had much to do before she could don her best silk dress for church.

It was, therefore, but a little after seven when the lion-keeper and her son were seated at their early breakfast, and the Christmas pudding had already been put on the fire to receive its finishing touches (for it had been partially boiled days previously). Maggie was below, cheerily chirping a Christmas song while she moved amidst the pots and pans: for the new lodgers were not to breakfast until half past nine, and the little maid-of-all-work had not yet gone up stairs to arrange their sitting-room.

Mrs. Marsden, supping her coffee, was (after her usual fashion on Christmas morning) recording to her son a host of reminiscences of her earlier days—now regretfully recalling some past recollection, now cheerily laughing over some pleasant memory. There are many persons besides old ladies who have this habit of looking back to the past on the anniversary of great festivals; and, indeed, Christmas-day is an important station on the road of life for us all.

The mother and son, having slightly alluded to the festivities of the coming evening, had discussed the new lodgers, but could come to no resolution concerning them.

"It is rather awkward they should have come just now," said Mrs. Marsden. "I wonder what they'll want for dinner! Certainly there are three pheasants your aunt Barbara sent with the turkey."

"And there's a fine bit of beef, mother."

"My beef, indeed! Oh no! We can send 'em up a pheasant and some mince-pies; and quite good enough too for such strange people, who take one unawares."

"Perhaps they'll dine out."

"Ah, perhaps they will."

"I'm afraid we can't keep them here, mother. Certainly we can't continue to take twenty guineas a week. By-the-way, mother, have you four pounds in your purse for Monsieur Moira's change? And I'll write out the receipt."

The old lady rose to see, saying that Christmas expenses had left her very low. However, she managed to produce the four pounds while her son wrote the receipt.

"There!" he said, resuming his seat. "I'll take it up myself when Maggie takes up their breakfast."

"Oh, by-the-way!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, as if a thought had struck her. She opened the door, and called out, "Maggie!"

"Yes'm," returned that young woman's voice from the regions below.

"Hadn't you better light the fire in the sitting-room up stairs and arrange the rooms?"

"Directly, m'!"

"Yes, go at once."

And Mrs. Marsden resumed her seat, and took another piece of toast.

But not five minutes had elapsed when such a shrill scream from up stairs rang through the house that mother and son simultaneously sprang from their chairs in alarm and dismay.

ARRIVAL OF THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

"Good Heavens! what *can* be the matter?" cried the young man, horrified; while Mrs. Marsden, white as a sheet, sank back in her chair, wringing her hands.

Young Marsden rushed up the stairs, and found Maggie on the landing of the first-floor, trembling like an aspen leaf, and almost unable to speak.

"Good God! what is it, Maggie?" he asked, excitedly.

"The bedroom-in't been slep' in, Sir," stammered the servant-girl. "And—and—*look here!*" she added, pointing to a dark, crimson stream, which was slowly trickling from under the sitting-room door.

"It's *blood!*" he cried, horrified.

"Yes, it is, Sir," returned the girl, clinging to the banisters, and overcome with terror.

"Go down to my mother, Maggie. I'll go for the police," said young Marsden. "The door must be broken open."

To describe the consternation of Mrs. Marsden when informed of the state of things would be impossible, while poor Maggie, as frightened as she, clung to her, sobbing. Thus the two terrified women awaited the advent of the police.

Unlike what usually happens in such circumstances, they were not long in coming, and then the party proceeded up stairs.

The door of the sitting-room was broken open, and a terrible spectacle met their gaze.

Lying across the rear the window, her long fair hair soaked in blood, lay Madame Moira. She was still dressed in the ball-dress which she had worn on the previous evening, and in one of her small white hands, which was slightly clenched, was a handful of coarse black hair. A large wound in the region of her heart had evidently been the cause of death, but that it had not been instantaneous was sufficiently proved by the fact of her having made resistance to her murderer, as the hair in her hand and the state of her dress witnessed. The inspector, however, after regarding the body a moment, sent one of his men for a doctor.

"What is the use of that?" asked Marsden, in a hollow voice, and pale as ashes. "She's dead, isn't she?"

"Oh yes, she's *dead* enough," returned the inspector. "But it's always the rule, in such cases, to send for a medical man."

However, when the doctor arrived, to the great surprise of them all, he announced the fact that the lady was not dead, and, more than that, she was not likely to die, unless fever should set in in the system. She was in a state of syncope, he said, from loss of blood.

Examination proved that the weapon with which she had been stabbed had glanced aside from a steel corset which she wore, and thus avoided the heart, within a few inches of which, however, it had gone.

By the doctor's directions, Madame Moira was undressed and put to bed, and a practiced hospital nurse sent for to attend her.

Moira was of course sought for high and low, hand-bills were circulated, and a reward offered; but, after all, he strangely enough met his fate by accident a few days subsequently to his attempted murder of his wife. After having been *perdu* a day or two his body was discovered on the lines of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. It was supposed that, being unacquainted with the neighborhood, he had endeavored to make a short cut across the line after dark, and been knocked down and killed by a passing train.

The account which Madame Moira gave of herself was a singular one. She stated that she was a Swede, and had been brought up at Stockholm by an old lady whom she had always supposed to be her aunt. No expense or luxury had been spared for her, and she was highly accomplished. (It was afterward ascertained that she was the illegitimate daughter of a Russian nobleman.) At a soirée given by her reputed aunt she first met with Moira, a Portuguese merchant, and a man of good family, who became captivated by her singular beauty. Strongly urged by her aunt, and moreover impelled by that strange fascination which sometimes induces women to marry men utterly repulsive to them, she at last accepted the offers of the Portuguese merchant, who, on the sudden death of her aunt, brought her to England. Madame Moira affirmed that though her husband was jealous and morose to a degree, yet he did not actually ill-treat her. Where they had lodged in London she could not tell, being utterly a stranger in the city. All she knew was that, on the night of their removing to Mrs. Marsden's, her husband had told her to array herself for a dinner-party at the house of a friend of his (it was concluded that he did this to lull any suspicion which she might form; for a letter found in one of his valises left it beyond doubt that he had taken his wife to an obscure place on purpose to murder her, his jealousy having become unbearable), and that she had obeyed him. She said that when she received a cab laden with the luggage of herself and her husband she was surprised, and was about to question him, when he stopped her with a peremptory gesture, and desired her to get into the vehicle; that she, well knowing his morose disposition, did not dare to disobey him.

While at supper on the night of their arrival at Mrs. Marsden's, Madame Moira stated that her husband, although a moody, reserved man, was of an unusually kind and tender disposition, and that he was extremely jealous of her. There could be no question that Moira's incessant dread of a rival had rendered him quite insane on this point. He no doubt looked upon young Marsden, though he had never him but an hour, as that rival.

Madame Moira declared that she had never felt more at ease with her husband in her life, and that she imagined she was going to overawing him into a genial humor, when he paralyzed her with terror by suddenly jumping up and seizing her by the hair, declaring that she was "a faithless wife," and that she should "live to see him murder another." This remarkable utterance, seeing his fierce black eyes gleam with the light of a demoniac fury, she considered had the effect, considering to hold him away from her. She was too terror-stricken to give any alarm. Then she made a desperate, fierce push, which sent him reeling to the ground. The weapon with which he had attempted to kill her, a penknife, fell from the floor, the hilt of which was richly studded with sapphires and diamonds.

None of the boxes of the deceased man were found to contain a large amount of valuable property. Besides plate and jewelry, there were large quantities of moidores, double doubloons, English sovereigns, and foreign and English bank-notes. No relations of Moira ever putting forth claim to any of these valuables, they became the property of his widow, who continued to reside with Mrs. Marsden.

Naturally there could be but one end to all this, and that was one which caused the young bank-clerk's companions to term him "a lucky dog." Within one year of this memorable Christmas-eve Mariette Moira changed her name for that of Marsden.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 729.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1870. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

AMERICANS LEAVING PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 819.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1870.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is published a* SUPPLEMENT, *containing a* HALF-SHEET

WAR MAP OF FRANCE,

on which are shown the chief Cities and Towns, with their Railway and other Communications, Rivers, &c., together with a statement of the Military and Naval Resources of France, and a Table of the Principal Events of the War.

☞ *The Splendid* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS *commenced in the last Number of this Journal will be continued in every issue of the* WEEKLY *for the present, thus making it not only the Best and Cheapest, but the* CHEAPEST *Illustrated Paper in the World. The price will remain the same—Four Dollars per Year; Single Copies Ten Cents.*

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GOOD SENSE IN POLITICS.

THERE is a remark constantly made by those who were not really opposed to the rebellion, and which is much too often echoed by those who supported the government with all their hearts, that the old issues are settled. We are exhorted to believe that there is no possible relation between yesterday and to-day, and that those who half a dozen years ago were either forcibly supporting the authority of the government or quietly conniving at it may be now safely trusted with its control. There is no profounder error, nor one which the country will more bitterly rue if it should become more general. The old issues are not settled, simply because the old spirit survives. The action of Governor WALKER, of Virginia, in regard to the President's Thanksgiving proclamation, and the KU-KLUX demonstrations in Kentucky, show decisively, if any proof were needed, that just in the degree that the Democratic party in the Southern States gains power, in that degree the ugly spirit at the South makes itself felt. And it would attempt the restoration of slavery next not to suppose, but that it would be as much as it could be can not be doubted.

It would keep the country in perpetual agitation. It would abuse the colored population in every practicable way. It would threaten and swagger in the old manner; and the country would most anxiously deplore having created the situation theoretically and not practically.

There is one thing, and one thing only, which is the sure guarantee of that safety essential to which is now imperatively necessary, and that is the constant conviction upon the part of all disaffected that the country will unquestionably what it did in the war, and means to secure it to the utmost. To insist that the old issues are settled, that the rebellion was suppressed a few years ago, that slavery is abolished, and the reconstruction acts are law, and that, therefore, it is wise to elect JEFFERSON DAVIS to the Senate, or to take TOOMBS into the cabinet, or to turn over the country to a Copperhead administration, because some of its members hold certain opinions upon certain other subjects, is to trifle with the very gravest peril. Those Republicans, therefore, who, upon a theory that revenue reform is the most vital and paramount of all issues, would willingly bring in the Democratic party under cover of voting for Democratic free-traders against Republican protectionists, assume a very heavy responsibility. Suppose a representative denies the validity of the amendments, shares the Democratic hostility to the negro and hatred of the Southern Union men, and winks at the revival of the old Southern spirit of jealousy of the Union, and of the principles and tendency of the Democratic party, how is he less desirable or dangerous because he may be a free-trader?

It is not a great many years since 1860, when General GRANT was elected. Then that free revenue reformers, who are also Republicans, have not forgotten the scenes and speeches in the Tammany nominating conventions, and throughout the Southern States during the campaign. In prospect of the possible success of the Democratic party, which they had so often proved their power to control before they had washed off the blood of the war, the Southern leaders showed precisely what was the spirit of what they meant. It was the perception of that fact which so stirred the country, and so triumphantly elected Grant and Colfax. The election drove those leaders into their lair. The spirit of disturbance withdrew into silence. But it is not extinct. The best observers always show it to be just as much alive as ever; and when the next Presidential contest begins those leaders will appear with the same battle-cry. And if the Republicans have permitted themselves to separate, under the delusion that old issues are settled, they will very probably find that the old issues will settle them.

Amidst all the criticism and dissatisfaction which there must always be in all parties, there is one thing to be borne steadily in mind, and that is, that the political alternative is very simple. If the Republicans lose power, the Democrats will take it, and what the Democratic party is every man knows. The man or the paper, therefore, that believes, notwithstanding the mistakes which the Republican party may have made, that its ascendency is desirable for the general welfare, will so criticise as not to destroy the party. If a man, however, thinks it so rotten and reactionary as to promise nothing better than the Democracy, he will naturally regard its overthrow with complacent indifference. If, on the other hand, he distrusts a party which has so defied human nature and the universal conscience in common sense, and in spirit and leadership remains unchanged, he will be very careful that no word or act of his conspires at so immeasurable evil. A fortune as a renewed Democratic control of the government. Such a man will understand that a friendly tone in censuring Republican faults is serviceable to the cause he has at heart than the most satirical jeer.

If there were no political necessities, if the most radical differences were settled by the passage of a law, if diverging tendencies were harmonized because one party was in power and the other, if there were but one simple, single question before the country, the duty of every good citizen would be equally simple. But no practical politics a man is morally bound to do the best that he can, not by relaxing his ideal, but by measuring what should be the strength ing that he must decide upon a survey of the whole field, and choosing that which upon all the probabilities promises most for the future general welfare. To mount a hobby and ride furiously out of the line may gratify a very sincere conviction, but it will not help to get the victory to the enemy. It is fine, like the charge at Balaklava, but it is not war.

LOUIS BLANC AND THE WAR.

LOUIS BLANC has published an extraordinary address to the defenders of Paris, congratulating them upon the failure of the armistice. He says that they have "refused to accept a peace with an enemy upon the soil of France. But surely misfortune is not dishonor. It is curious that LOUIS BLANC does not see that the folly of prolonging a war which is destroying the country is criminal. Without reminding him that the French people are not the only ones wanton and cruel way, and assuming even that they are now bravely fighting in the noblest of causes, what is the object for which they contend? what can brave men do but yield? If they are forced to terms which seem to them hard and unjust, they will know how to bear with the misfortune in the field. But when the armies are defeated, and Paris is starved into surrender, and then peace is made upon

ver Public affairs from MR. SUMNER's truths, and we are sure that Count BISMARCK's boots would be very willing to give a pleasing turn to an interviewer. Or "enterprise" might lay an ambush for his valet—the next friend, in a certain sense, of the statesman. The public would believe much more readily that they were reading "almost the exact words" of BISMARCK's body-servant than of BISMARCK himself.

It is a pity if money is paid for sending such stories over the ocean, because a much better article of news, as the dealers say, could be made to order upon this side of the Atlantic. Yankees are equal to the most desperate guesswork, and will give odds to any European. We have forgotten the most exquisite stroke in the BISMARCK business. It was that the organ of the correspondent who brought the proof paper to confidential administration another correspondent that, by an abortive effort to relieve himself upon a cleft of gentlemen, he had lost the opportunity of publishing their conversation.

SELF-RESPECT OF THE PRESS.

The newspaper press, however powerful, will never have its rightful influence so long as it is not respected by its own members. The grossest personalities and bitterest articles with their opposed writers, and to measure the force of an argument by a feeling toward the person who urges it, is the way to be the best power of the press. The advantage of the anonymous article is that it is judged wholly by its merits, and not by the reputation of its author. But this merit is undoubtedly stronger, as EMERSON says, when it has a man behind it. But he is not speaking of anonymous addressed solely to the reason, in which all personality is impertinent and prejudicial. A man may be of notoriously bad judgment, yet his views of particular subject may be sound, and his reasons in a certain case unanswerable. It would be a great injustice to the public which is to be the final judgment by a gibe at himself. And certainly newspaper writers themselves ought to guard the advantages of their position, as secured and interested in insisting that, so far as practicable, public questions shall be considered upon their merits. This is generally unquestionable, but the anonymous newspaper makes it feasible.

The identification of a great paper with a single person is a fatal error at the beginning, as it appear to be a mere speaking trumpet in the hand of a man who may be of no character or weight. But the paper is, that a great paper really the work of many men, each contributing a special talent. Indeed, the most conspicuous of daily papers hitherto, the London *Times*, is the result of the labors of the most accomplished men in the kingdom upon various subjects, and therefore the editor, who does not write. Our own system is different. The responsible editor is very often the writer of the most important articles in the journal. But he is entitled to the courtesy of the anonymous pen, unless he chooses to relinquish it, and it is a curious result of a high order of courtesy that deprives him of it. The public, of course, regard the exposure of the personality of one newspaper writer by another as a surrender of the argument by the last. If you feel that you can show a man's argument to be weak, you are certainly not entitled to dismiss him as a fool or a coxcomb, because coxcombry is not in discussion, and because, even if he be a coxcomb, his argument may be sound.

So to desert the argument, to sneer at an opponent as a foreigner, is to condemn your own cause. We have seen a journal taunted in discussion of public questions in this country upon the ground that its editor was an English man. What had that to do with the subject under debate? It did not follow that the arti cles were written by the editor; and if they were, it certainly was not to be assumed that they were unintelligent because of the nativity of the writer. The best political survey of this country was made by a Frenchman; and it would not be easy to find a fuller and more truthful statement of the political and social problem which ended in the war than "De Tocqueville on Democracy in America." The character and power of the press are in the hands of newspaper men." If they can not see that they hurt the system of which they are parts when they personally sneer at superiors, writers, or when they insist upon treating the views of a journal as those of an individual, the American press must yet wait for more humiliating development. Little by little, according to its guide-book, was the most remarkable place in its own or any other country; but somehow the little Pedlingtons were always ridiculous.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

We are told by those who were present that General BUTLER's speech in Boston was received in expressive silence, except from a part of the hall where there was evidently a group of his supporters. It has certainly failed to have the least effect upon the country, and it shows how little hold the General has of the popular heart. This is all the more striking because the feeling of hostility toward England is too deep and extended to be disregarded. There are thousands of intelligent men—much too intelligent for such dispositions—who eagerly watched the Russian question from the first, with a hope that England might be involved in war, and that we could seize an opportunity of revenge for our *Alabama* and other losses during the rebellion. But just as surely as we are ready for peace, and have treated upon English liberty and civilization, just as surely would the spirit of which we speak react upon America. A nation can not indulge evil passions with more impunity than an individual; and political morality is as essential to the peace of nations as personal morality to that of domestic society.

The intelligent Englishman who comes to this country and examines honestly the popular feeling is surprised to find, with all the personal kindness shown him, a deep sense of injury. And that injury in England which most excites a war policy must ask itself with some uneasiness whether England has a friend. A more terrible and humiliating position no nation could ask itself. Nor is it sentimental merely. The sympathy which universally saluted the heroic struggle of the people of our own race has been a most significant moral support of the German arms. Could England, under any circumstances, have ventured upon the policy of a secret heavy sympathy from public sentiment in any country? And if not, what is the reason? It is that the attitude of England toward the whole world has been too much what that of English captains upon their quarter-decks used to be toward the sailors upon other parts of the vessel—the attitude of the masters of the seas? Yet this position has been officially given to England—for, of course, the root is in the love of the sea, for which we belong—by the spirit which has been and is now steadily opposed by the real liberals in England. It is the unconscious desire to take the advance of civilization, which depends upon international good sense and honorable understanding, will bear steadily in mind that the real friends and true spirits in England, as here, contesting the masters.

The better spirit constantly advances; and what has any thing which is truly American to gain by the overthrow of England? Beneath all jealousies and rivalries lies the deep underlying consciousness that we are essentially the same race—in the same line of civilization, with the same great ideas of human development—the right and the left hand of constitutional liberty—to-day; and under the inspiration of that maintenance of the principle of the future, the better England, which believed and trusted us, and which held the hand of British Toryism and aristocracy from striking us when we were in power. The sympathy between the countries ought now to be closer than ever. An American can not visit any great metropolis and be unmanly as to join in an unreasoning and reckless cry against England. Of course we believe this to be the favorable moment for the formal settlement of our difficulties; and they would begin under the most promising auspices if England would only take the initiative. Any thing helps a government more than magnanimity. That is conceded in many points, as in the treatment of political offenders. It is equally true of its whole action. Both countries want a peaceful feeling as well as the form of peace.

NOTES.

The popular lecture system has now become so extended in the country that the Lyceum Bureau is found to be essential. It is an institution which can not exist of itself, since both to the speaker and to the Lyceum Committee, the intermediate agency of the bureau is the best. For a certain time, naming his conditions, and all the correspondence is managed, without further trouble to him, by an authority which is familiar with distances, routes, and all necessary details. It is a system which, like almost every other one, can be abused, but its uses are very evident. The chief of these bureaus hitherto have been Mr. JAMES REDPATH's in Boston, and the Literary Bureau in New York. But Mr. O. B. FROTHINGHAM has recently established a new bureau, which is to be known as the Independent Lyceum Bureau, and has many very popular names upon his list. The advantage of such a bureau for any lecturer who proposes a Western tour are obvious.

A CORRESPONDENT in Jefferson City, Missouri, assures us that it is a mistake to suppose that the Democratic party in that State is split in the Republican party. The Convention of September 3 divided upon the question of re-franchising the rebels. Many Republicans favored universal suffrage upon principle, and most of the Democrats favored amnesty; and both united in support of Mr. BROWN. That gentleman is a disciple of Mr. BENTON's upon the tariff question; but in the estimate of our correspondent not ten thousand of the hundred thousand who voted for him were influenced by sympathy with his views upon the tariff. Thus in the fifth Congressional district, while Mr. BROWN received more than two thousand majority, Mr. BURDETT, a protectionist, was returned to Congress by a Democratic majority. Such is the situation, and his statement is undoubtedly correct. But the result of the election, as interpreted by Mr. BROWN in his serenade speech, is the restoration of Democratic ascendency. We shall, however, be very glad to find that we are mistaken.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

CAPTAIN C. F. HALL, the celebrated Arctic traveler, who, as is well known, received a grant from Congress at the last session of fifty thousand dollars for polar explorations, is now engaged in examining several screw propellers, with the view of selecting one for use in his forthcoming expedition. His choice seems likely to fall upon a vessel belonging to the government, now at the Washington Navy-yard, one of great strength, built expressly for an ice-boat on the Delaware, and especially capable of adaptation for the purposes in view. The captain expects to start on his journey early in the coming spring in the screw will permit.

DR. PETERMANN (the geographer), of Gotha, announces some very interesting results of very recent polar expeditions. In a late article he gives us a short summary of the German expedition to East Greenland, consisting of the steamer *Germania* and tender *Hansa*, which reached the latitude of 75° 31', the party penetrating to 77° 1' on sledges. The most important geographical result seems to have been the discovery of a fiord extending deep into the interior of Greenland, and the finding of the ground covered for many miles. A snow-capped mountain, Carlsberg, Mount Haidy in height, was also met with. The accessibility of East Greenland was considered to be pretty well established by the discovery of Henry Hudson in 1607, and by visits made since then by SCORESBY, CLAVERING, and others, prior to that of the present.

Of the expedition under VON HEUGLIN and Count ZEDLITZ to Spitzbergen, which they explored from 77° to 79° of latitude, mostly in search of coal, Dr. PETERMANN says that the discovery of an extended main land about thirty-six leagues to the eastward of Spitzbergen, and extending at least sixty miles from north to south, being picked by numerous mountains and peaks. This, if continuous with Gillis Land, was believed to be at least equal in magnitude to Spitzbergen. This discovery is considered by Dr. PETERMANN to be one of the most important results of polar explorations for many years. Numerous important collections were made by VON HEUGLIN, including specimens of the eggs of birds. Additional facts might have been secured had Mr. BENNETT Gris, learning of the war in Europe, in the month of September hastened to return to England instead of proceeding to France.

Another expedition was that of the royal Russian corvette *Warjang*, which was accompanied by VON MIDDENDORFF, and which made many interesting investigations in the Polar Sea, between Nova Zembla and Iceland. The interesting fact was established that the Gulf Stream, as far as Nova Zembla, possessed the very unexpected high temperature of 34° Fahr.

Besides these more important explorations reported to by Dr. PETERMANN, it appears that about sixty Norwegian vessels visited the eastern half of the Polar Sea in pursuit of whales, exploring the whole region to the westward, eastward, and northward of Nova Zembla and the Kara Sea. During the past year this sea was found perfectly navigable in the height of summer; and LAPTEFF-SARYTSCHEFF, who for years before had skirted its entire shores in a sail-boat and about fifteen feet during last summer passed completely around Nova Zembla, and discovered that it extends considerably to the north of the generally indicated on the maps, namely, to 77° 81' north latitude. He found there Norwegian glass bottles, from which, for the first time, the existence of long currents on the Polar Sea coast was established, as the region has not been visited by any intelligent human since the time of the celebrated BARENTZ in 1594. In view of the facts thus adduced, Dr. PETERMANN thinks, in his article, that the knowledge of the polar region has been materially furthered during the past year, as well as that of the coast of East Greenland, East Spitzbergen, and of Eastern and Northern Nova Zembla have been visited, and remote parts of the sea, which have hitherto been considered as frozen, have been found to have become to be navigable. At the date of the communication no information had been received by Dr. PETERMANN from the Swedish expedition to West Greenland under NORDENSKJÖLD, their results, as well as those of various Norwegian explorations in the north, being awaited with much interest.

It is known to many of our readers that Congress, during the last session, made an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to a preliminary one of fifteen thousand, for the purpose of having observations made of the total eclipse to be communicated by telegraph to the principal stations on the sea-coast and the lakes, with the view of furnishing indications of the approach of storms. The matter was placed in the charge of the Navy Department, and entrusted by the Secretary to the Signal Corps; and several parties were organized by General MYER, the head of the corps, in selecting and occupying the points of observation, and in their positions, as well as in organizing the general details of the service. About the 1st of November the machinery was put into practical working order; and since then the reports have been received three times a day, and furnished to such newspapers as desired them. We have every reason to believe that this series of observations is destined to be of signal benefit to the country from the warning of impending storms.

An expedition, under the direction of Lieutenant WHEELER, of the United States Engineers, has recently left San Francisco for the interior, for exploring and surveying portions of Nevada and Northern Arizona, with the view of determining their topographical and geological features. One object of the exploration is to ascertain more particularly the character of the great canon of the Colorado. The expedition is accompanied by a botanist, practical geologist and naturalist, and will, no doubt, by means of the collections and maps they make, add materially to our knowledge of the country.

The Russian government, it appears, is about following the example of some other nations in establishing a complete system for meteorological observation throughout the empire. It is proposed to divide the empire into separate districts, with a central observatory, furnished with self-recording instruments, in each. These such establishments are now in existence, at St. Petersburg, Helsingfors, and Tiflis. Talakend is to be the central station for Turkistan. These institutions are to be quite independent of each other, each being surrounded with its own auxiliary stations, and publishing its own results.

Visitors to the Dublin Zoological Gardens have been much interested in some living specimens of the Australian fish found in the Mammoth Cave, recently carried there, and now in perfect health. The small specimens are so transparent that the vertebral column, the heart, and optic bulbs may be distinctly seen. In the largest fishes are also to be seen the optic bulbs, which, it is suggested, are due to their having been kept in an iron tank, which may have given color to a rudimentary pigment of the membrane.

Many of our colleges have Natural History Societies connected with them, established by some enthusiastic professor or student, but not retaining their vitality for more than a few years. To this Williams College, however furnishes an honorable exception. Its Lyceum of Natural History having been in active operation for quite a long period of time, and continually exhibiting evidences of growth. Every few years a party is organized to go out on the far explorations in some region not represented in its museum; and in the list of places visited on these occasions may be named Florida, Labrador, Greenland, Vancouver's Island, etc. We are glad to learn that a new expedition has just started, consisting of five members of the present Senior Class, which expects to do good work in investigating the region between the Saline and Rosalia Pass. Their stay will probably cover a period of several months, and the members of the party expect to return with a rich collection of material during the coming spring to take part in the graduating exercises of their class.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On Wednesday, November 30, a sortie was made from Paris under General Ducrot against the Vendemy Division on the east. It resulted in leaving the French in possession of the plateau of Avron at Marne. At one time the French formed a line to the right and left of Neuilly-sur-Marne, from which they were finally driven back with heavy loss. Had not the Wurtemburgers been engaged in the bombardment of the French attack, the line of investment might have been broken. As it is, the French have gained a strong foothold on the peninsula of the Marne.

Another sortie was made on the same day north of St. Denis, where the French attacked the Fourth Prussian Corps. The attack was repulsed with heavy loss on both sides.

On the 91 of December the Germans made a desperate attempt to force the passage of the Marne at the villages on the east bank of the Marne from Noisy-le-Grand to Champigny, back across the river. Ducrot withdrew within the peninsula formed by the curve of the Marne through Champigny, Joinville, and Creteil, thus covering his flanks by the stream. As the Germans advanced, the attack they were met by a terrible fire from the forts of Nogent and Rowy and the Mount Avron. The contest was maintained for a moment, but were soon rolled by their officers, who were unable to withstand the great slaughter the French were inflicting. The largest brigade of the second division of the Saxon troops lost 1,500 men.

At noon a heavy fire from the forts of Paris crossed the bridge near Brie, and drove the German troops thence. At three o'clock the firing ceased, the French returning to near the east bank of the Marne, and not recrossing it, but holding the bridges. Numerous on both sides were heavy. The German losses were the greatest on account of their attacking the fire of the forts, and attacking the French in their chosen position.

The advance of the Army of the Loire, which was intended to have been cooperative movement, has been checked by huge masses of German troops concentrated between Orleans and the army of the Loire. The President is said to be to remain at Etampes, thirty miles south of Paris, to prevent the advance of General Trochu's army. Here, according to the London *Times* correspondent, the French, numbering 80,000, attacked the Germans, 100,000 strong, on the Paris road at Etampes, and were repulsed, with heavy loss.

The German army evacuated Amiens. They blew up the bridge between Albert and Acheux to protect their retreat, and the Commander of the Fifth Corps have abandoned his movement northward, and to be marching toward Paris.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Russian question remains unchanged. English popular opinion is the situation grimmer.

According to a London telegram, the Suez Canal is to come under the control of Egypt. A railway will be formed, with the Duke of Sutherland, probably, as its director.

New gold discoveries are reported in Mexico, about seventy miles from Chihuahua. A rich placer has been opened in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

General De Rosas has resigned his position as Captain-General of Cuba, and is succeeded by General Valmaseda.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The third session of the Forty-first Congress began on December 5.

The public debt of the United States was decreased during the last month $7,429,869 90, and since the 1st of March $30,000,000. The decrease of the bonded debt alone, from March 1, 1869, to November 1, 1870, was $20,000,000.

The official returns received at the office of the Secretary of State at Albany show that at the late election in this State 1,364,000 votes were cast. The two governor, and Woodford 360,449.

It is stated that a movement is on foot for the annexation of the Mexican State of Sonora to the Territory of Arizona.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has received over four hundred varieties of apples from the Imperial Botanical Garden of St. Petersburg.

A census of the city of Memphis, ordered by the Recorder of Memphis, Tennessee, for living with a negro woman, has resulted in the discovery that there are 40,226 persons the city, setting his demurrage at $10,000.

The Attorney-General of Maryland is of opinion that the laws of that State distinctly forbid shooting water-fowl bodied in flocks from any kind of craft or bouby blind, at a greater distance than one hundred yards from the natural shore.

Frank Gardner, Australia, has lately been the scene of several shocking murders. The latest case was that of a wealthy farmer, aged 36, Dew Worthington, who had been in the habit of living alone, and keeping a considerable amount of money in the house. The house was broken into and considerably excited over the matter, and seriously contemplate the organization of a vigilance committee.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

On this page we give several views of the Brooklyn caisson of the East River Bridge, which a few days since narrowly escaped destruction by fire.* The interior of the caisson is divided into chambers by temporary partitions of planking calked with oakum. It was in one of these partitions that the fire occurred. It originated from the blaze of a candle held too near the partition by a workman. Once kindled, the fire was driven by the immense force of the compressed air within the caisson with such rapidity as to defy all ordinary methods of extinguishment; and it was not until the interior was flooded with water that the engineers of the work felt satisfied that they had effectually subdued the mischievous element. It is thought that the injury to the caisson can be fully repaired at a very slight expense.

The caisson, as our readers will see from the sectional view, is an immense wooden box, without bottom, covering a space of 102 by 168 feet, or about three-eighths of an acre of ground—nearly seven city lots. Its present height is 24 feet 6 inches. The roof is of solid timber 15 feet thick (except that the upper ten courses have narrow spaces filled with concrete, to increase the weight). The sides of the air chamber are V shaped, and are of solid timbers bolted very firmly together. The lower edge is heavily shod with iron. This V is 9 feet 6 inches high, 8 inches thick at the bottom, and 9 feet thick at the top. The timber joints, from the edge to the top of the fifth roof course, are thoroughly calked and pitched. Between the fourth and fifth roof courses is a sheet of tin, which is continued down the sides underneath

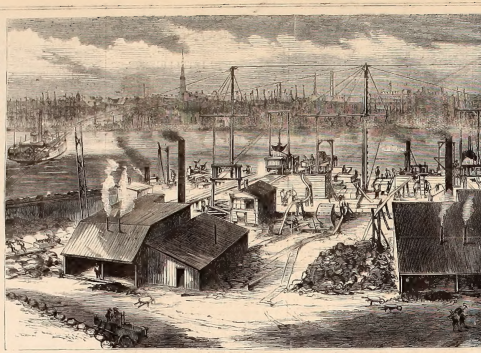

THE BROOKLYN TIER—GENERAL VIEW OF FOUNDATION.

WORKING BENEATH SHOE OR EDGE OF CAISSON.

AIR CHAMBERS FOR THE INGRESS AND EGRESS OF WORKMEN.

SENDING UP DEBRIS THROUGH THE WATER SHAFT.

the outside sheathing; this is intended to prevent all escape of air from the inside.

The air or working chamber is divided by massive timber trusses or frames into six rooms, in each of which fifteen to twenty men are employed. Some are drilling the immense beds, to prepare them for blasting, others pulling stone from the trenches by means of tackle; gangs of men are wheeling material that has been excavated and dumping it into the pools under the water-shafts, and here others are constantly shoving the material under the shafts, from whence it is taken by the dredging buckets.

The interior is lighted by fourteen calcium lights; the gas

being led into the caisson through pipes connected with reservoirs placed outside.

The caisson is supported mainly by blocks of 12 feet square in the trenches, and wedged tightly to the frames. As the lowering is effected by removing material from under the V, and in taking out and blocking and replacing it, a little lower, etc. The movement downward is imperceptible, but goes on steadily at an average of three inches per day.

The water excavating machine essentially a tube, or cylinder, measuring accurately the power of air in the caisson.

A shaft is also a barometer to which is filled with water instead of mercury, and placed at the bottom of the cylinder.

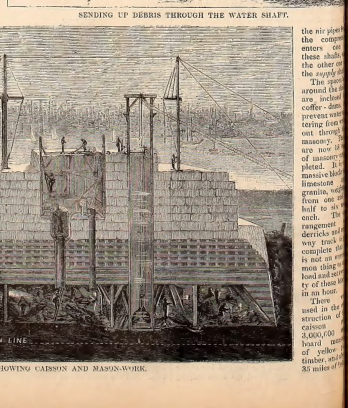

SECTIONAL VIEW OF FOUNDATION, SHOWING CAISSON AND MASON-WORK.

ery pound above the atmospheric pressure (which is, of course, bearing on *top* of the column) in the water a little more than two feet higher this tube. At the present time the pressure inside is 12 to 15 pounds in excess, and the water column is therefore 27 to 34 feet high.

The two smallest shafts shown in the sectional view, called supply shafts, are for the purpose of passing cement, sand, and gravel into the caisson, after the excavation is completed. The whole interior space will then be filled with concrete, made from these materials, forming a massive stone.

The two remaining shafts are the air doors through which the laborers descend by ladders to the chamber below. The enlarged cylinder at the top are the air locks, and it is in these that the change of pressure is experienced either ascending or descending. In changing the gangs about twenty men enter each locks at one time, and the time occupied in shifting the entire force is less than half an hour. On the air pipes the compressed air enters the caisson. These shafts, on the other hand, are the supply shafts.

The space around the shafts are inclosed in coffer-dams, to prevent water entering from without through the masonry. These are now in process of masonry completed. It is of massive blocks of limestone and granite, weighing from one and a half to two tons each. The arrangement of derricks and the way track on the completed portion is not an ordinary thing to behold and some idea of the quantity of those stones in an hour.

There were used in the construction of the caisson 3,000,000 feet board measure of yellow pine timber, which is 35 miles of

THE LAND OF NOD.

...dozing warder by the half-shut gate
...nts his dull head and dreams of sinner-time;
...d round that portal, where mute phantoms wait,
...ream the gay flowers of Oriental clime:
...and from far off there comes the sleepy chime
...of silver bells from a blue mountain height;
...the only sound besides, the measured rhyme
...of a near fountain dripping drops of light—
...dream-region of the Syrphs!

...ed often in the sleepy afternoon
...falls down half lazily among the flowers
...ed velvet, King Summer's priestly boon.
...lipped by yesterday's last sunny showers,
...it shakes the bee from the hollyhock towers;
...soon, like bales that frets itself to rest,
...drop doth revisit it in its sweet bowers,
...sunk into slumber on its mother's breast,
...the sun turns crimson in the west.

...cordless June glows in the cloudless blue—
...cordless except one loitering snowy hill
...getting vapor, cruising either through,
...and promising a sunset that is still
...slow to come, though yet we know it will:
...broadland all the clouds do on their piease;
...soft whisp'ring secrets, murm'ring till meets rill;
...poppy leaves blow by on every breeze;
...low dream-voices stir among the trees.

...ed all around this quiet peaceful place,
...Where never trumpet blew nor shone a sword,
...ar summer's meadows, o'er which race,
...Glazing o'er cowslip cups and emerald sward,
...light sunbeams from rich Summer's golden board;
...rough waves of fluttering flowers they careless play,
...While soft against the face of Dreamland's lord
...ps the grey down the thistles cast away—
...harvest of the day-dreamers, as some say.

...beyond these pastures, far to east and west,
...Stretch great green forests never traversed;
...but there no sound disturbs the wild deer's rest
...But the slipped acorn pattering on his bed,
...or the crisp beech-mast crackling at his tread.
...he hunter's horn scares this birds' paradise,
...Nor beat of echoing hoof; no shalt is sped
...By darting woodman; nor in any guise
...Do fowlers hide here with their lures and lies.

...ind moaning by the flower-strewn river bank,
...No sad friends bring dead in distant lands;
...to some misty glade watch rank on rank
...Of shrouded lovesmen, mothed face and hands;
...And in the lonely forest walk oft mind
...One loved long since, and now how sad and wan!
...A sorrowing angel, who at Night's commands
...Flies ere indeed she well is looked upon:
...So April rainbows melt before the sun.

...his strange land, found only in one's dreams,
...Led by a clew that never yet betrayed,
...wright, through woodland bowers and dells and streams,
...For the great monarch of each hill and glade;
...And after leagues of checkered light and shade
...Stand, in dim alcove by man untrod,
...A Giant throned: face hidden, head down-weighted,
...Propped in star-spangled robes. Behold the god,
...The sleepy ruler of dream-world, KING NOD

THE LAND OF NOD.

TOO BRIGHT TO LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

LUCY DARWENT played the walking ladies, and sometimes the juveniles, at the Theatres Royal, Slowmington, Combely, and Driffford, on which circuit it was my humble lot to be engaged as leading lady and woman and general utility. It must not be supposed that I really was an utility person. I only played old women because my appearance was rather unattractive, my stage wardrobe somewhat scanty, and my aspirations of the humblest. I came of a theatrical family: my father had been a clown, and had lost his life in consequence of an accident during the run of "Harlequin Gulliver and the Fairy Queen of Lilliput," a very splendid pantomime, at one of the East End London theatres, in which Mr. Malvern's celebrated troupe of infant prodigies appeared. The infant prodigies have grown up now, and are great hulking men and women, hanging on to the theatrical profession in very subordinate positions.

My father performed in the heyday of his professional career, leaving my poor mother with three helpless children, of whom I was the eldest. She had been a principal dancer at one of the small theatres when my father married her, and a very pretty woman; but the coming of the children put an end to her dancing, and her beauty faded very quickly with the cares of her married life. I am compelled to admit that my father was not the best husband in the world, though he was the easiest and most good-natured of men, and loved us all dearly. But he was just as easy and good-natured with his loose companions, and was always getting into bad company somehow, and coming home in the early dawn—oh, so tipsy, so helpless, with such a white sodden face and such limp arms and legs!

My mother went back to the stage when she was left a widow; but her beauty being quite worn away, she was at a disadvantage with the managers, and was obliged to fill into a very humble position. She danced a little, and sang a little, and played small parts; sometimes representing a lovely young heiress of seventeen, with her poor faded face and thin wasted figure and shabby dress, sometimes an old woman with wrinkles and a red nose. They used to send her on for any thing, poor dear, knowing that it was life and death to her to be employed, and to get bread for her three little ones.

She wore herself out at last, and when I was about sixteen I lost her. Heaven knows how bitter that loss was to me, and how all the sunshine and youth seemed to vanish out of my life when she was gone. I was an old woman from that moment, and any little talent which I may have had for the stage—and I had been rather successful in childish characters, and had received a good deal of praise in my time—all went with my happiness and hope. I had hoped for a time in which I might succeed as a leading actress, and earn a salary that would keep my mother in comfort. I had fancied the life we should lead, and the bright happy home we might have; but this hope was gone now; I had nothing left but duty. I had my younger sister to work for—the boy had been taken in hand by a brother of my poor mother's, a small tradesman at Brompton, and was doing well—so I had only Amelia Jane to think of. She was a very good girl, and used to travel every where with me, and to act occasionally; but I was very careful that she should not waste her time hanging about the theatres when she wasn't wanted, and I used to send her to a day-school in all the three towns on Mr. Ponsonby's circuit.

Perhaps I am saying too much about myself, as the story I am going to tell has nothing to do with me or my affairs. I was a very humble individual in Mr. Ponsonby's company. Whatever beauty I had ever had—and up to my fifteenth birthday I had promised to be like my mother in her best days—had all gone, after a severe attack of small-pox, that nearly cost me my life as well, and put an end to all my hopes of ever doing much as an actress. I was only two-and-twenty, but I had a grave, old-fashioned way that suited the old women, people said; and I took to that line willingly enough, being glad to earn a living any how for Amelia Jane and myself.

I used to redden my nose night after night, until I scarcely knew what it was to appear with that feature of its natural color; though I really don't know why it is that dramatic old age should always be distinguished by that particular infirmity; but if on any time I did venture to omit the reddening process, I was pretty sure to be told that I had no real love for my profession, and no appreciation of character.

"Character, my dear, is what you've got to think about, if ever you want to advance a step beyond your present position," the stage-manager said to me; "and there's nothing like a touch of vermilion at the end of the nose to give character."

I had been jogging on in my quiet way for some years, and had got to be looked upon as a very useful person in the company. Amelia Jane was grown up by this time, and was rather a pretty girl, with a sweet soprano voice and a good deal of dramatic talent. She played all the chamber-maids, and her salary was much larger than mine—not that she was ever proud or stuck-up about that; for she was the shrewd, simplest little creature in the world, and fancied there was no one like her sister Martha. She had been on the stage three years—in Mr. Ponsonby's company all the time—and I had passed the twenty-seventh birthday, and was beginning to fancy myself quite an old maid, when Lucy Derwent came to us.

I think she was the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life. I don't mean to say that I have not seen women with more perfect features, but Lucy's face had a brightness of coloring and expression that bewitched one at the first glance. I never knew any one fail to admire her. It was such a girlish lovable beauty. Eyes that were really blue—the bright azure blue of a cloudless summer sky—and with an innocent confiding look in them that was even lovelier than their color; the sweetest mouth that ever smiled—and this one was always smiling; a little dimpled chin; and a complexion that was all lilies and roses, and upon which the stage paint seemed a pollution. She was tall and very slim, with none of those points which are supposed to constitute a fine figure, but with a youthful grace which to my mind more than made up for any deficiencies of that kind. Altogether she was a most charming creature, and when Mr. Ponsonby engaged her he told us he had secured a treasure. She was quite a young lady, we found; had been educated at a boarding - school, played the piano, and spoke French and Italian and German with more or less proficiency. Her father was a barrister, a disbarred, extravagant man, who had a large family, and was always in embarrassed circumstances. So, his children being compelled to look about them and think of

MR. MACDONALD'S CONFESSION.

getting a living for themselves, Lucy had elected to become an actress, having a passion for the stage.

Of course I did not learn these things all at once; they came out little by little as Lucy and I got to be intimate. She took to me wonderfully from the first, as I had taken to her, and used to ask my advice about her dresses, and so on, and seemed to think a great deal of my experience. She had only been on the stage twelve months when she came to Mr. Ponsonby, and had made wonderful progress in that short time. I do not say that she was a genius, but she was very clever, and had a gracefulness, over way in every thing she did that won upon her audience, and made her a favorite at once. Her pretty lady, Miss Juliet Varasour, otherwise Mrs. Mole, who was rather a ponderous person of eight-and-thirty, with a husband in the provinces and a family of children at home, was not too well pleased with Miss Derwent, and was very angry and jealous when Mr. Ponsonby cast her my important part.

There never was a more light-hearted, joyous creature than Lucy when she came to us at Stowmington. The household at home was earning on in a streaming, easy-going kind of fashion, as I gathered from her talk. There were ever so many brothers and sisters, and a fond of one another, and still fonder of the mother, who was the centre of all things for them; and they contrived to take life very pleasantly, somehow or other, in spite of all shortcomings on the part of the master of the house.

Lucy was full of wit and fun, dear girl, and her coming among us seemed quite to brighten our lives, as Amelia Jane and I used to tell her often. She lodged in the same house we lived in at Stowmington—a queer, old-fashioned place in a shady court at the obscure end of the town—and little by little she got to live with us altogether, sharing our meals and dividing our expenses, declaring that I was a wonder of management and economy, and that I was the first great deal of money by my careful ways. She was always well dressed, both on and off the stage; for she had a whole tribe of rich and fashionable cousins, who sent her great boxes of clothes in excellent condition, and she was never at all ashamed to tell us the source from which her handsome wardrobe had been derived.

"If I reside with papa to supply me," she used to say, "I should have to wear the same gown from year's end to year's end," she said, laughing; "but, luckily for me, my cousins are rich and generous, and I get the reversion of all their hall and dinner dresses—much to the aggravation of their maids, I dare say."

She was such a bright, winning creature that the simplest dress took a grace from her beauty. I was never tired of admiring her and all her gay, fascinating ways. She was much liked and admired by the gentlemen of the company too, who used to gather round her in the green-room, and make quite a little court of worshipers; but she received all their compliments with a kind of gracious indifference, and seemed to be as much at home among her heart to any one of them. We used to tease her a little about these admirers, on which she would always tell us that she had no room for them in love, and never should be in love as long as she lived.

"What, Lucy," cried my sister, "do you mean to say that you are going to be an old maid?"

"I don't know about that, Amelia Jane. I may marry without being in love, you know. If any one were to offer me a handsome house, and a carriage and pair, and plenty of servants, and all that kind of thing, I think I should be very much inclined to accept the proposal."

"Why, Lucy, is it possible that you could be mercenary?"

"Could that be mercenary?" she asked, laughing. "Well, I don't know. If the gentleman was not very nice, and if the carriage was a shabby one, I might refuse him; but if it was a barouche, and he had dark eyes, I think I should say yes."

"And what is to become of the 'Sighing Shepherd?'" I said. "I am afraid there is no hope for him."

Our manager was a single man, not quite forty years of age, and had proved rather liable and capricious in his relations with the fair sex up to this time. But he had shown himself desperately smitten by Lucy Derwent, and we all of us knew that she might be Mrs. Ponsonby whenever she pleased. He was a very good fellow, too, handsome by any means, but with a kind, pleasing countenance, and he was a great favorite on the Stowmington circuit, both in his private and public capacity. He was the soul of honor in all his dealings, and very kind and liberal to his company. Amelia Jane and I thought that Lucy Derwent might do worse than marry George Ponsonby. He was a very clever knight errant—had acted in London for two or three seasons with considerable éclat, and was reputed to have saved a good bit of money.

"What!" Lucy cried, with a little scream of horror, "marry that old man?"

"My dear child, he is not forty."

"If he isn't, he's awfully close to it—quite double my age at any rate, and a widower. Why, Patty, I might as well marry my grandpapa."

"But if he is devotedly attached to you, my dear, as I'm sure he is, and would make you a very good husband—"

"I don't want a good husband, you tiresome Patty; I want a barouche, and it must have C springs, and he must have dark eyes. Mr. Ponsonby's are green, or at least they were green when he was young and there was some color in them. They are quite washed out now—a pale drab, like white-brown paper—and his hair is exactly the same shade. And oh, if I was his wife, how tired I should be of seeing him play Charles Surface, and all manner of French marquises, in light blue cotton velvet! Perhaps he would want me to sit in the box-office and take the money, or to stand at the wing and prompt him when he didn't know his part."

"I am sure he would make you the star of his theatre," I said, "and that you might have a very happy life."

I had been brought up so entirely among theatrical people that I thought to marry a prosperous provincial manager was almost the highest fate a young woman could aspire to; but Lucy Derwent only laughed at me when I told her this, and it seemed as if there was very little hope for Mr. Ponsonby.

He seemed less hope for him by-and-by when Mr. Roderick Macdonald came to Stowmington for a fortnight's starring engagement.

It was summer time when this gentleman came to us, the beginning of June, and the country would about be in its prime with all its flowers. I don't think I can remember finer weather than we had just then in all my life. It was not like so many mean November weather for a country theatre; but oh, what delicious days, what cloudless skies, what a fountain and glory in the mornings, what a tender, calm, and pensive beauty in the dewy twilight, when the stars came out in the soft, dark, unpolluted heaven, and there was a rosy flush over all the west till nine o'clock at night!

Stowmington is a fashionable town, a great hunting place in winter, and a kind of inland watering-place in summer. There is no mineral spa, but I don't think many people drink the waters; and there is a fine old cathedral, where there are fêtes and archery meetings; yet at its best the town is quiet, and the visitors have rather a dull time of it. The surrounding country is exquisite, and there are more walks and drives than one can ever finish. The river runs by the town itself, and the villas sprinkled on the green wooded slope on the western side of the town, there is a most charming air of domestic elegance not often seen. Rich merchants and manufacturers from the great city of Birmingham have their country houses here; and the place has the wealthy, drowsy air of a town that has never had to fear the bad times.

Mr. Roderick Macdonald had been starring all through England before he came to try his fortunes at Stowmington, and had met with varying success in the course of his wanderings. He was a genuine Scotchman, of the Perth Scotch family, an ex-captain of dragoons, who had run through a handsome fortune, and had taken to the stage as a last resource. He had always had an excited considerable curiosity on account of his antecedents, and was generally looked upon socially as a distinguished amateur, who acted from pure love of dramatic art. No doubt Mr. Macdonald was fond of the profession, but he must be confessed that he wanted money very badly, and looked to his dramatic genius as a source of income.

We were very curious about him at Stowmington, having heard many stories of strolling about his desperate goings-on during his military career, and he had been the theme of every gentleman of the dramatic profession with whose opinions he happened to disagree. He had been unsuccessful in his performances in several towns to answer for this little weakness also. Having heard this of him, we expected to find him a disagreeable, haughty sort of person, and were prepared to hold our own against him, and to throw the cold shoulder to his superior rank by every means in our power.

He played light comedy, eccentric comedy, and the broadest low comedy characters in his *répertoire* from a very wide field, and without reference to any particular line of business. He had been knocking about in the profession for something less than three years when he came to Stowmington, and had acted for a season in London, but with no marked success.

How well I remember that memorable afternoon on which I first saw him! The company had waited for him till quite late in the afternoon, in order to rehearse "one or two pieces for Monday." We had almost given him up, and were talking of going home to tea, the actors grumbling about him angrily, and saying that it was like his impudence to keep us all waiting in this manner.

The green-room at Stowmington was not quite a little bit of garden, where there was a few gooseberry bushes and a lime-tree. I was such a garden as one would have thought something of in any other situation; but it was quite a valuable addition to the green-room, a cooler room, and in fine weather we used to sit out here when we were not wanted on the stage for rehearsal, and it might be pleasant to smoke their pipes here in the pauses of the performance.

Lucy and I were sitting on a little bench under the sycamore when the star made his appearance at last, coming down a narrow passage leading from the stage door, with the manager by his side. He was a tall man, with a fine, round the common height of men, and had a bright, fair face, with brilliant blue eyes, and dark brown hair curling crisply all over his broad forehead; it was rather a Byronic head, if I thought, and was undeniably handsome, but with a patrician air about it, and a youthful brightness that was very attractive. Our manager introduced Mr. Macdonald to us, and acknowledged the introduction graciously enough, and glanced at us all very carelessly, I thought, until he came to Lucy Derwent, when his eyes brightened all at once with a surprised, admiring look, as if he had never seen any thing prettier than the picture before him. And, indeed, it might have been so, for Lucy was looking her loveliest that afternoon, as she sat under the sycamore with her hat lying on her lap, and her sunny hair falling loosely about her face, while the shadows of the leaves flickered upon her light muslin dress.

She was to act a good deal with the stranger, and Mr. Ponsonby made this particular introduction with more *empressement* than he had shown in making the others. He wanted to insure courteous treatment for his favorite. Perhaps when a few nights had gone by, and those two had acted together in a great many pieces, Mr. Ponsonby may have been inclined to think there was a little too much courtesy in Roderick Macdonald's manner to Miss Derwent.

The engagement did not prove a very successful one. Mr. Macdonald was far from being a favorite of curiosity, I think, anxious to see the tall ex-dragoon; but after that the audiences dropped off, and the receipts were very thin. The provincial gardens, and the rural walks and drives round Stowmington, have a more attractive on those lovely June evenings than the prettiest theatre in England.

Mr. Macdonald bore this neglect with supreme good-humor. He had not knocked any one down yet, and had not committed any breach of the very agreeable manner. I do not know whether he was really a good actor; but I know that he was a very great deal on the stage, and played more than his audience ever laughed at him; but then provincial audiences are apt to be timid. He was full of fun and nonsense, mixed up the most ridiculous sayings of his own with the language of the author in the wildest way, made all sorts of absurd remarks about the audience *sotto voce*, and contrived to keep your Lucy a perpetual titter all the time she was on the stage with him.

He was pleased by her laughing so readily at his jokes, he was pleased with her beauty, pleased with her gay, winning manners. So long as he was pleased with her he seemed not to care how empty the house was, or how cold the audience. I don't think he knew that the emptiness at such times; I think the boxes were peopled and radiant for him when those two were on the stage together, and that the shrill and unkind hisses and tenderness, so natural in her girlish confession and sweet simplicity of love, that it was difficult to believe there was any acting in the business. He told her so much one night; but she laughed, and said I was the most unconscious creature in the world. At the wings those two used always to be together, and in the little garden where the sycamore-tree was growing at eleven o'clock, Mr. Macdonald had been a great deal abroad, and talked French and Italian perfectly well. He had used to converse in those languages with Lucy, and was charmed with her own imperfect schoolgirl French. She was always encouraging to make many blushing apologies. It is not to be supposed that such a flirtation as this could escape notice in a theatre, where people are all eyes and ears. That confidential talk in foreign tongues outraged propriety in the breasts of our company. Miss Juliet Varasour was especially indignant with what she was pleased to call Miss Derwent's goings-on. If people were not ashamed of what they had to say, they would speak English, she said; and she could not understand what Miss Derwent could expect from such a flirtation with a man like Mr. Macdonald, who, of course, could have no serious or honorable intentions, and was only amusing himself at her expense. I defend to my dear reader's sympathy what Miss Varasour said these bitter things; but she went on saying them all the same, and was as angry and jealous as if she had been young and single, and had wished to win Mr. Macdonald for herself. I must own, however, that the provincial did seem rather a desperate one, and I took occasion to lecture Lucy very gravely about her conduct, and to tell her that she must not let her enemies even beginning to say about her. When I had finished my remonstrance she threw her arms round my neck, and hid her blushing face upon my shoulder.

"Oh, Patty, you're cruel," she said. "I love him so dearly. It is not a flirtation; it is the most serious thing in the world; it is for life or death."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" I cried, grieved beyond expression to discover the desperate state of the case. "Does he know it? Has he told you?"

"No, he has not told me in so many words, but he has asked me to be his wife?"

"Oh no, Patty. Things have not gone so far as that. And I know that he loves me, he has told me so a hundred ways. I think you can see how much he is with your own eyes, you serious, anxious old Patty."

"Yes, my dear. I have seen that from the first night when he was introduced together. But I don't like the business, for all that, Lucy, and I am sorry you should get yourself talked about on account of a person of whom you know so little. If you were to marry Mr. Macdonald, I don't think it would be a good match, or that you would ever ride in the barouche you talk of."

"I resign the barouche forever," she answered, laughing. "I would go on dragging and toiling all my life as an obscure country actress for his sake. And children my own, perhaps, and play old women. What is there in this world I wouldn't do for his sake? Oh, Patty, you don't know how strong I am, and what a heroine there is in his voice and manner when he talks to me."

"I know that he has turned your head, Lucy," I said, "and that's about the only sure thing I do know of him."

It was nearly the end of the fortnight by this time, and still those two were always together. Mr. Macdonald would escort Lucy home from rehearsal, and would come into our homely old fashioned parlor, and sit there talking to us for an hour at a time, and making himself so agreeable that I could not bring myself to be uncivil to him, however doubtful and anxious I might feel; and I was very anxious, for I saw what a hold he had upon my poor girl's heart, and dreaded the issue of this affair. At night, in the soft summer moonlight—the moon was at the full at the end of that fortnight, I remember—we used to find him waiting for us at the stage door; and he used to walk by Lucy's side through the gaspy streets, while my sister and I were obliged to be helter-skelter in a heap behind them. This new radiance from her happiness past them; I fancied she grew lovelier every day, and I could not wonder that another could behold them with no more invisible—steadiness and truth and honor. A good trooper, and a valiant heart. He had, to me knew about the aristocratic Scotchman, except that he spoke French and German exquisitely, and had a Byronic head and bright blue eyes!

It came to the very last day of his engagement, and I thought Mr. Macdonald looked very gloomy as the time of his departure drew near. He was to leave us on the Wednesday at Stowmington on Monday, and was to travel there on Sunday morning, after acting with us on Saturday evening, and spending the Sunday in the entire state on Sunday morning, and I ventured to ask her if Mr. Macdonald had spoken to her of his departure. They had been ample time and opportunity for him to do so had he been so minded. I think the question startled her a little, and the light of dreams in the sweet young face made me feel myself a monster of cruelty.

"No, Patty," she answered, after a pause, "he has said nothing yet. I think there are obstacles in the way, and that's why he has kept his exact state of his circumstances, perhaps. You know men are not so courageous at women in these things. They are not the poverty in can for the sake of any one we love. He speaks of himself as a man of little, and I am afraid that I can not tell what his troubles are, and I do not like to question him about them."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" was my silence. My darling was very pensive. All the brightness and laughter of the first few rehearsals seemed to have vanished—the time of parting was so near, the sweet, brief midsummer dream was coming to its close.

"I wonder whether I shall ever see him again, Patty, after he leaves us?" she very sadly said to me when we were close to the stage door.

"Of course you will, dear, if he loves you, as I am sure he does," I answered, for the plainest look in her face went to my heart.

"I don't know that he spoke of our parting last night as if it was to be forever—as if it was a good thing for both of us, somehow, that we were going to part."

That Saturday was the warmest day we had had yet—blazing sunshine, and scarcely a breath of air stirring. We were crowded into the little garden where the gooseberry bushes grew. Roderick Macdonald was lounging on the bench under the sycamore-tree, with one newspaper in his hand and another on the ground at his feet.

The Stowmington press had not been kind to him in his engagement. His performances in both the newspapers which had come out that bright June morning. He read the critiques aloud, and laughed with a bitter, sarcastic laugh, and cursed the critics of Stowmington very freely. He was so engrossed by this that he did not look up or hear me and Lucy in the garden. Yes, the dream was over; this Saturday was unmistakably the wreck of it. I went into the green-room, and Lucy sat down in a corner to study her part. She had a very important character in the comedy to play that night, and think her mind was so full of other things that she found it hard to concentrate all her powers into her poor little bend. We were quite alone in the green-room, but we could hear the voice of Roderick Macdonald and Roderick Macdonald's bitter laughter. He came in by-and-by, and threw the newspaper on the floor with a happy talk in foreign languages between them two to-day. Of course the Stowmington critic were utterly insignificant and contemptible in he eyes, as he declared they were, but I think the subserve criticism galled him a little nevertheless. and then his engagement had been altogether a unprofitable one. It was scarcely strange that he should look thoughtful and gloomy this next night.

The rehearsal was a long one, and dragged on for two several hours. The last thing to be rehearsed was a farce, in which there were very few characters—only Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Warren the walking gentleman, Lucy Derwent, and myself. We were rehearsing this quite late in the afternoon, and Lucy and I were seated in the green-room while the two men were on the stage, when Mr. Macdonald was missing from his little treasury, where he transacted all the business of the theatre, with the casts of the piece for the week, and the bills, and all the thing that up in the little frame over the chimney-piece. Yes, the world was to go on all the same after Roderick Macdonald was gone, and pieces were to be studied and acted, and all the common round of daily drudgery was to continue, just as if that bright bowie in Lucy Derwent's life had never come. I knew she was thinking this if she looked up wearily at Mr. Ponsonby, without a spark of interest in the plans for the coming week, about which she would have been so cool

ems and eager a fortnight ago. The manager loitered a little over his task, whistling softly to himself, dawdling for a purpose, I fancied; and in that moment a nervous feeling came over me, just as if I had known that there was something painful coming.

"Macdonald seems rather out of sorts to-day," he said at last, with his back still toward us, as he stood at the mantel-piece. "They certainly have walked into him awfully in the *Mercury* and *Midland Chronicle*; but it does seem rather hard for a critic to see that the man's no actor. I suppose he'll go home to his wife after his Stoggerham engagement, and that she'll comfort him for all his failures."

"His wife!" I cried, turning cold and faint.

"Is Mr. Macdonald married?"

"So it seems," Mr. Ponsonby answered, looking round at me for the first time, "I don't know it till this morning, or I should"—he hesitated for a moment, looking at Lucy—"I should have let others know it. I had a letter from a friend in London by to-day's post, telling me a good deal about our friend Macdonald. He has been married ever since he was quite a lad to a Frenchwoman ten years his senior. I don't know if they live together; but she is a very handsome woman, I hear, and was on the stage in Paris when he first saw her. I suppose it was this marriage that gave him a fancy for turning actor."

I don't know whether he meant to be cruel; jealousy and anger against the Scotchman had made his heart hard, perhaps, even to a true friend that the blow struck home. The fair young face grew white to the very lips, but the betrayed her trouble by no other sign just then. There was a dead silence in the room, and we heard Roderick Macdonald's step on the stair, and the little garden outside as he came out of the theatre. What a leaden gloom there seemed in the place, which was wont to be so quiet and cheerful, lous with the talk and laughter of the actors!

Lucy got up from her seat presently, and went slowly out of the room. I knew that she was going straight to speak to Mr. Macdonald, to ask him whether this thing was true or not. He was sitting by the window, and could see him as he lounged on his favorite seat under the sycamore, with his elbow on his knees, and a look on his face, scratching figures on the gravel with the point of his cane. He looked very miserable, I thought, with that melancholy expression on his pale face softening the bright blue eyes; and there was a pang for him that almost equaled my own. Mr. Ponsonby thrust his hands in his pockets, and planted himself with his back against the empty fire-place in a dogged kind of way.

"She ought to know it," he muttered. "It is only right for her to know."

"I think you might have broken it to her a little more kindly," I said to him, with some indignation.

"Broken it? stuff and nonsense!" he answered, angrily. "What breaking can there be wanted in such a case? What can she care about a man whom she has only known for a fortnight—a dve bad actor into the bargain? I'm sure his behavior and gagging in young Marlow were beneath contempt."

I did not reply to this; I was looking out at the scene under the sycamore-tree.

Lucy had gone slowly up to Mr. Macdonald, and had asked him some question. I could see the pale line upon her cheek, the worn look of pain and faint that I could not bear a murmur. I saw him look up at her with a start, and with a more than sharp anguish in his face, that made it haggard and old-looking all in a moment.

"Lucy," he said at last, "the murder's out. It's true. Some kind friend has told you, I suppose. Yes, it is true;" and then, as she turned face him silently, he stretched out his hands to her in a pleading, despairing way.

"Oh, my love, my love, forgive me!" he cried.

Lucy Derwent gave a little gasping sob, and fell down at his feet in a dead faint. I ran out to the garden directly, the manager after me. Mr. Macdonald raised her from the ground without that time, and was holding her in his arms, imploring her to forgive him, and calling himself a brute and a villain.

"Yes, you may well say that. You have shown yourself a most consummate villain to her!" Mr. Ponsonby said, savagely.

The other turned on him fiercely, with his fists clenched, and I remembered that my sympathy for knocking people down for which this gentleman had once need with a sympathizer.

He did not attack Mr. Ponsonby, however, and bore the reproof meekly enough.

"I can only plead guilty to that, in a gloomy tone. "You needn't hit a fellow that's down. I'm low enough, God knows, to-day, and to have been a villain to her, but not a deliberate villain. I love her with all my heart and soul. If she would trust herself to me, I'd make her a slave, would sacrifice every hope I have in the world for her sake. Yet I love her so well, that I would rush her to do that for my life. She is as innocent and pure as the angels, and I have not said a word to her that I should mind to say my sister. But I love her—oh! my God, how I love her!"

He held her all this time, supported by one strong arm, and with her head lying on his breast, happily unconscious still. He looked down at her—oh, so tenderly!—as the sweet, pale face lay there.

"No, my love," he said, with a smile, "I will not wrong you by so much as a kiss unawares."

She came back to life presently with a convulsive sigh, and I think the fullness of her trouble flashed upon her with the first moment of returning consciousness.

"Let us go home, Patty," she said, quietly; "the rehearsal is finished, isn't it?"

It was not quite finished, but Mr. Ponsonby nodded to me, and said, "Yes, get her home."

Mr. Macdonald had withdrawn his arm from her the moment she recovered. He stood a little way apart now, watching her with a look that was half tenderness, half despair. I have no doubt I ought to have been very angry with him for the duplicity that had cheated me into his net, but I could not for the life of me feel any thing but pity for him.

We walked slowly home in the afternoon sunshine, Lucy leaning on my arm. I did not speak to her once in all the way. I knew that such a grief as hers would be best suffered in silence, and that any attempt at consolation would be worse than useless. She went straight to her room when we got home, and I promised to take her a cup of tea there presently. We were in the habit of having our meal—and dinner, too, late rehearsal, in the homely fashion that was then like; but I felt quite sure that Lucy would eat little or nothing this afternoon.

When I went to her with the tea, I found her sitting with a large book on her lap, staring absently at the page. She had not even taken off her walking dress. I took off her hat and mantle, and got her to bathe her face in cold water, and sat by her while she drank a cup of tea, and ate a little piece of bread-and-butter to please me. Then I persuaded her to lie down upon the bed, and rest until it was time to dress for the play.

It was no good trying to study—the words would come to her somewhat at night, I had no doubt. She sank down on our three-cornered way, and I darkened the room for her, and left her lying down, with her face turned to the wall. It is to this time and the thought of her lying there that the tears came all at once now; for, when I crept softly to her side in the evening, I found her low, suppressed sobbing, and I was not sorry that this relief should come to her.

At six o'clock she came to our dining-room, with a pale, fixed face, but no obvious traces of her tears, dressed ready for the play to begin. We walked there together, she and I, my sister not being wanted till a later hour. How the fashionable life of Stoggerham lurred upon us that evening!—the gayly dressed people walking and driving in the sermon-making hour, the sunshine, the aspect of happiness that there was in the place.

I don't think Lucy Derwent ever acted so well as she acted that night. I had been afraid that she would break down—had only hoped, at the best, that she would get through her task somehow. But the fever and excitement of her mind gave a new vivacity to her face, and she threw herself into the character she was playing with an utter abandonment. Mr. Ponsonby stood at the wing, wondering at the brightness which best ensures the peace and comfort of domestic life would grow up in my quarters, for a long time. I knew that she was faithful and true, and that she would neglect no duty which she pledged herself to perform before God and man; but the solemn old parish church. Nor was I mistaken in this. She made him fairest, brightest home that ever a lonely bachelor had known for himself, and her husband seemed to grow prouder of her and fonder of her every day. She was very generous to her too, and she told me she was now able to send frequent help to the poor overtasked mother at Brighton.

They had been married nearly six months, and we were in the bitter remorseless winter, the very black and smoky, where the inhabitant consumed enormous quantities of pork-pie in the pit and gallery during the night's entertainment; indeed, if the times were bad, and these people could not afford ready supplies of pork-pie, they would stay away from the theatre altogether, preferring to abstain from the drama rather than witness it unrefreshed by their favorite refreshment. We were at Drifford, and it was the end of March—gloomy, blustrous weather, with cold, gray sky, and frequent showers of wind-driven rain that used to beat into my face, and almost blind me as I left the walk from my lodgings to the theatre—and I think I remember this time especially on account of an event which happened to me in the middle of it.

I was at rehearsal on one of these cold rainy mornings, when the theatre was unusually dark and dismal appearance, and when every member of the company seemed either out of temper or out of spirits. I was standing at one of the wings, trying to cram the words of a long, unpardonable part into my head, when the manager came up to me.

"Oh, Patty," he said—he had taken to calling me "Patty," like Lucy—"I wish you would just step round and have a little chat with Lucy; she's not quite herself this morning, and I dare say you can cheer her up if you try."

"I should be very pleased to go to her," I said, "but I've got through this piece."

"Never mind that; it'll be rehearsed again to-morrow, you know. Wilcox shall read you up the part, I'll run along, that's a good soul, and see after Lucy."

I could see that he was very pale, and had a troubled look that I had never seen in his face before. I hurried out of the theatre, and to Mr. Ponsonby's lodgings, which were very pleasant rooms, not far off. I knew the drawing-room used to wear a very splendid appearance, which I fancied any lady might have been proud to occupy. But then I had not seen many drawing-rooms, and this may have appeared to me grander than it was. Lucy made very light of her luxurious surroundings.

She came to me a few moments after I had been shown into this room, pale to the lips, and with an unspeakable sadness in her face. She had a newspaper in one hand, and she was still holding that in a nervous way, as I met my arms, and hid her poor white face upon my shoulder.

"I heard that you were ill, dear," I said, "and Mr. Ponsonby sent me here to see if I could be of any use to my pet. You know how anxious he always is about you."

"He is very good to me," she answered, in a low, tremulous voice; "oh, so much better than I deserve. He knows now how unworthy I am of his goodness. I kept my secret from him till to-day, but he knows all now."

"All what, you foolish child?"

"He is dead, Patty," she answered, with a hush in her voice.

"Who is dead?"

"Roderick Macdonald. It was in the paper this morning. He died at Melbourne, a rheumatic fever. He was only twenty-nine. Oh, Patty, I told you I should never see him again. And to think that he should have prayed so hard for that one last kiss, and I refused it! He is dead, Patty. Oh, if I could only have kissed him in his coffin!"

"My darling, this talk is so foolish—wicked even. I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Macdonald's death; but if he had lived, no good could have come of a meeting between you and him. You have no right to grieve for him like this, Lucy."

"Oh, I know that," she answered, impatiently, "No right! I tell you, Patty, he was the only man I ever loved in all my life."

"Oh, Lucy! And your poor, good husband!"

"I told him I had no heart to give him. I only promised to do my duty."

"And you will keep that promise, darling, and love will come by-and-by. I will come, my dear, I am sure of that; and you will forget that you ever cared for Roderick Macdonald."

She shook her head sadly, and then we sat down side by side, her poor weary head resting on my shoulder. She showed me the brief paragraph in the London paper by-and-by, and I let her talk as much as she pleased about her dead lover. I knew somehow that things would come right in time; and so they did. I should have required a harder heart than Lucy's to keep it self-closed against such an unselfish, faithful husband as Gerard Ponsonby. That time dislikes now, and seem to me a perfectly happy couple. And I think even Lucy herself must know Lucy's thoughts slip away from the little one on her lap, and there rises before her the vision of a fret that shall never be seen again upon this earth.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

It would strike a European as something very odd that, in a new country like ours, where only a few years ago wild game was so plentiful, it should be necessary to create an artificial sporting park, where game may be bred and protected at all times. The forest of Fontainebleau and the Grand Duchy of Baden: but the same want of thrift and forethought which has emptied our mountains and rivers of fish, owner of streams has also destroyed all the large kinds of game. In this respect, and compelled the use of the chase to seek the gratification of his pleasure on the plains of the far West. But this is only for gentlemen of wealth and ample leisure, or for regular sportsmen. There are thousands who have a strong love for wild sports whose business limits them to briefer excursions; and for their special accommodation two gentlemen well known in sporting circles and the public generally, FAYETTE S. GILES and GERRO C. SCOTT, a year ago conceived the idea of providing a game preserve within a reasonable distance of New York.

Great difficulty was experienced in finding a sufficiently large tract of land near this city that contained the necessary requisites of stream, lake, forest, and meadow and forest; but at last one was found perfectly suited to the purpose in Pike County, in the northeastern corner of the State of Pennsylvania. Here fine streams were found running through pleasant valleys, and mountain-ranges within easy walking distance of each other, and a range of high wood-ed hills crowned the southern end of the tract. The streams were already stocked with splendid trout, and the tract seemed really a sportsman's paradise. One of its greatest advantages was its proximity to New York, being distant from the city only four and a half hours by the Erie Railway.

Here about 12,000 acres of land were purchased in the vicinity of Shohola Township, Pike County, and Greene, and an association was formed, called the Blooming Grove Park Association, whose chief corner stone aspirant it proposed to erect a large and commodious hotel in one corner of the tract named, and for the exclusive use of the members and their families, the presence of the ladies being expected and especially desired. The hotel is already under way upon the tract include the back bear, wild-cat, otter, mink, fox, opossum, and the smaller species of the order of squirrel and rabbit, while the varieties of game bird embrace the woodcock, ruffed grouse, quail, and wild pigeon. The lakes, eight in number, are already well stocked with fish of different kinds; and in the lower sheet of water, which is nearly three miles in circumference, a large number of black bass have been placed. Secretarial work is now in progress from which trout and otter fish can be bred by millions and turned into the lakes and streams, keeping them always well stocked. The different varieties of game will be bred in large numbers in inclosures adapted for the purpose, and the young, as soon as they are able to take care of themselves, will be turned into the main park.

Under proper management Blooming Grove Park can not fail to become one of the most popular places of resort within reach of New York. Its scenery, and the facilities it affords for sport of every variety, are illustrated in the sketches on page 820.

IN THE TRENCHES.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 818.]

VICTORY.—[DRAWN BY MR. ALFRED FREDERICKS.]

IN THE TRENCHES.

(See Illustration on Page 816.)

I saw you, when we went away
With all the martial clang and rattle
Of trump and drum, the trim array
Of uniform, bedecked for battle;
I saw you, in the Market Place
You stood and cheered in lusty fashion,
A glow upon your honest face,
Your heart all big with martial passion.

Too thought—at least such thoughts I found
If I then read aright your features—
How poor your trade of tilling ground
To that of killing human creatures.
How mean your blouse by our gay coats,
How dull your life, how small your chances,
To those that come from cutting throats,
Or winning fame and glory 'mid glances.

You thought of us in time of peace,
A lounging, lazy lot of fellows,
Carousing, laughing without cease,
And making worthy people jealous;
Imagined us in time of war
As living in a camp of pleasure,
And winning battles by the score,
As gayly as we tread a measure.

And thus your thoughts were shaped, my lad:
"When I have grown a little older
I'll throw away my pick and spade,
And take a musket on my shoulder.
I'll be as brave and fine, in sooth,
As any who have sought the glory."
Ah, friend, you know but half the truth,
And half the truth is but a story.

There's toil and hunger, cold and wet,
Deep trails, bleak nights, and sodden trenches
Sharp sorrow, disease that's never yet,
Damp lodging, and death-breeding stenches.
Think twice, my friend, before you go!
To strut in War's grim play as soldier:
For there's a little girl, I know,
Would leave you, if you would, but ask her.

And there was once a girl I knew,
I asked her, and was not refused:
She loved at first, and so was few
Then loved me, for the coat I carried;
She loved me for my martial air,
But better love soon grew upon her,
And now she hates the coat I wear,
And so should I—had it not won her.

Citizens at night, when all sleep,
My thoughts fly homeward, and I wonder—
Ah, loss of mine, now I am gone
Does your soul long for me and ponder?
And wearily the time doth trail
He lagged the more most mechanically.
Ah, friend! if reason can't prevail,
Let love persuade you of your folly.

We dig and delve like you, my friend,
But for the harder toil is ours;
And we dig for another end,
Of death and plague we are the sowers.
Be happy, friend, and think not then
The soldier better than the peasant,
For 'tis not always thus, my friend,
And being killed is still less pleasant.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE MINE AT MIDNIGHT.

MR. BALFOUR, for so we must call him now, since he is entitled respectably, from his father's dead, and, moreover, even looks like a gentleman, did not go to the Midlands, as he had given out was his purpose, but took his ticket to Plymouth, to which place the railway had just extended in those days. He brought neither luggage nor newspaper, but sat in the corner, with his hat drawn over his eyes, for the whole nine hours, thinking. From Plymouth he posted to Turlock, where he arrived late at night, and without having broken fast since morning. He took no pains either to divulge or conceal his name; he asked no questions, but when asked any except by whether he preferred to sleep between sheets or blankets for Turlock was still an out-of-the-way region, and the little inn about three-quarters of a mile up turbey behind our modern caravanseries, with their "daily fly-bills" and "electric light."

After dinner, which he scarcely touched, he wandered out—it was his habit to do so, as he told the landlord, who was also the chief chemberlain—and did not return till long after midnight. He observed, as he gave the man half a crown for sitting up for him to let him in, how that the moon looked very fine upon the sea.

"You must be a painter, I guess, Sir," said the hostler, with a grin of intelligence.

"Why?" asked Balfour, sharply. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, Sir," returned the man, apologetically, "I mean no offense; but it is always the gentlemen-painters—or, at least, so they say at Sethin, and I with more of 'em came here—as is so free with their money, and so fond of the moon."

"Lunatics, eh?" said the new arrival, with a loud, quick laugh. "Well, I'm no painter, my friend."

Then he took his candle and retired to his room, but not to bed. He disarranged the bedclothes and rumpled the pillow; then walked softly to and fro in his slippers until morning. On the following day he made no attempt to visit his newly acquired property, but strolled about the harbor, or stood in sheltered nad, therefore, secluded places in the rocks, watching the winter sea. His meals at the inn were sent down at most as they were served up, yet he showed no sign of weakness or fatigue, but in the evening sallied forth at before. The night was very cloudy, with driving showers, and the landlady, good-naturedly warned him of the danger of venturing on the cliff-path, which was narrow, and had been broken in places by a late storm.

"I will take care," said he, mechanically.

"Perhaps you would like supper—some cold meat, or something—since you have eaten so little, and place in your sitting-room against your return?

"Yes, yes," said he, approvingly; "you are right; I shall doubtless be hungry to-night." Then he went out into the black night.

He hung about the harbor as before until near eleven, when all the lights of the little town had faded away, save that at the inn, which was burning for him alone; then he climbed the cliff, and pushed cautiously and stealthily on against the dangers of which he had been cautioned. He walked fast, too, with his gaze fixed before him, like one who has an appointment of importance for which there is a fear of being late. Presently he came to the Lizard Down, where he began to move less quickly, and to peer cautiously before him. All was dark: the grass on which he trod was black, until he sank, until he suddenly arrived at a large circular patch of it which was black, and made the circumference of which he counted by paces. This was the mouth of a great pit; and he sat on the brink of it, with his face to ocean, and his ear in his hand, listening. Nothing was to be heard, however, but the occasional scud of the rain, and the ceaseless moan of the distant waves. Far out to sea there was a round red light, which fell upon him as he sat, casting a shadow making the place which it had filled more dark than elsewhere. It had a weird effect, so though some evil spirit were watching him, upon him; he knew it for what it was—the revolving lamp of a light-house on the main. He rose from position as the red light, he perceived a white one, which, though moving slowly, was certainly advancing toward him; nor did it, like the other, become obscure.

"It is coming," said Balfour to himself with a great sigh. He had begun to have doubts of the other's keeping his appointment; though, indeed, it was not yet the hour that he had himself fixed for it. The light came on, quite close to the ground, and with two distinct curves as well as white. It was that of a lantern, which guided then the footsteps of a tall stout man, who bore upon his shoulders a burden so long that it both projected above his head and trailed behind him. Balfour rose up, and stood erect also in the pit of the mine-mouth, till this light fell full upon him. "Hollo!" cried the man, a little startled by the white figure that had so suddenly confronted him, although he had been looking for it. "Is that you, Mr. Balfour?"

"Yes, Frank! There is no need to mention names."

"Quite true, Sir; but you gave me quite a turn," remonstrated the other, "coming out of the darkness like a ghost. This Wheal Dunes, at midnight, gives one the creeps, and no mistake."

"John Trevethick was not afraid of coming here," observed Balfour.

"Well, so he always said. He told me at the last that he only pretended to believe in any of the foolish stories that folks had got afloat, and in favor of which he used to argue. But he's dead and gone, and I don't think he's much the better. We shall see, however, and pretty soon. I hope, whether that notion can not be got over. Come in six months' time we ought to have a hundred men at work here."

"I hope so. But in the mean time you say nobody comes here even in the daytime, eh?"

"Never. The place lies out of the way, you see: about midway between the parish and the road."

"That's well," said Balfour, mechanically. "And you have not been babbling to any one of our prospects, Mr. Coe—nor of me, I hope?"

"Certainly not, Sir; that would be no part of our partnership, as I understood. Not a soul in Gethin but knows of Trevethick's death [and] or of your coming; they think I'm fast asleep at my own house, this instant. But it's been hard work keeping this cursed lantern alight in such a breakneck night as this, I can tell you, and I am glad enough to get rid of it."

"Well, it's all over now, Mr. Coe."

"Except that I have got to take it back again," grumbled Solomon.

"True, I had forgotten that. We must not leave it here, must we?"

"Of course not. I do not complain of the trouble, however, only you must admit I've kept my trust under little difficulties—oh, partner!" and Solomon chuckled self-approval.

"You will be paid in full for all, my good Sir," answered Balfour, gravely. "That is," he added hastily, "if the mine should turn out as you predict. Then, indeed, the ladder of yours will surely never reach the bottom."

"No, indeed. Did I not tell you that there are three levels, each more than a hundred feet? The copper lode lies at the bottom of the last, in the northeastern corner. You will find I have concealed nothing from you. Well, I have got my breath again now. Are you ready, Mr. Balfour?"

"Quite; but walk slowly, I beg, for your lantern is very dim."

"Yes, yes. But wait a minute; I came here yesterday and hid something." Solomon seated himself upon the edge of the pit, and, with his hanging over, and began to peer and feel about him.

"Take care what you are at," cried Balfour, eagerly; "you may slip down and kill yourself, sliding along like that."

Solomon laughed contemptuously. "Never fear, Sir; I have had too many matches with mines to fear them. I have fallen down such places, and been shut up in others for deeper and darker than Wheal Dunes without food or candle, for a week, and yet lived through it. The shaft has not yet been dug, I reckon, as will prove—. Oh, here's the torch."

He dragged from under the overhanging rim of the pit a piece of wood like a bludgeon, one end of which was smeared with pitch, and placing the lantern with its back to the wind, pushed the stick inside, which came out a torch, flaming and dropping flame.

"There's our corpse-candle!" cried Coe, triumphantly; "that would keep us without wittpurpose even if any one were so bold as, in a night like this, to venture near Wheal Dunes, to trespass on Tom Trelawney's ground, where we shall pick up the gold and the silver." There was a wild excitement, quite foreign to his habit, about this man, as he waved the torch about his head in flaring circles.

"Keep your wits steady, if you please," observed Balfour, sternly.

"It is over now, Sir, and I am in the counting-house again," answered Solomon, submissively. "I felt a little exhilarated at the prospect of plundering the fruit that has been ripening for fifty years, that's all. This Wheal Danes is the very alos of mines, and it is about to blossom into wealth. Now, I had better take the torch myself, the lantern will serve for me; but just show me right here where I place the ladder."

Balfour held the blazing pine aloft, and disclosed the gaping mouth of the old pit, its massive walls of granite, and its sheer sides slippery with the damps of ages.

"It is long enough to get down without this contrivance," observed Solomon, grimly, as he carefully adjusted the ladder, the foot of which was thrown down; "but it would take us some trouble to find our way back again without wings."

"It is daylight, however, I dare say it looks easier," said Balfour, carelessly.

"It may look easier, but it isn't. Nothing but a sea-gull ever goes in and out of Wheal Danes; even the bats keep there, where indeed they are not to be found at all."

"It doesn't feel very warm at present," replied the other, and yet he does not seem to be in a hurry to explore this unpromising territory.

"Ay, but you wait till we get to the lower level, Sir, and then, if there, if the rats would let you, for a whole winter, and never need a fire."

"Oh, there are rats, are there? Why, what do they live upon?"

"Well, that's *their* look-out," laughed Solomon; "they are welcome to be glad to have us, no doubt. It would be only just in my case, for I have lived on them before now; with rats and water a man may do very well for a week or two."

"What! there is water laid on in this establishment, is there?"

"No; the low levels are quite dry. But come, let us not talk of ourselves. We are losing time. I will start first, and do you follow close upon me, but without standing on my fingers;" and Solomon placed his heavy foot upon the first rung.

"No, no," said Balfour, drawing back; "I will not trust myself on the same ladder with a man of your weight. When you are at the bottom give a call, and then I'll join you."

"As you like, Sir," responded Solomon, civilly; but his thick lips curled contemptuously, and he muttered to his mate in a lily-livered affair all; so much the better: it is well to have a coward for a partner."

A deep oath answered his descending form was lost in the gloom.

Balfour waited, torch in hand, until an "All right," that sounded like a voice from the tomb, assured him that his companion had reached terra firma. Then he descended very carefully, and joined him.

"Now, close to the wall, Sir, while I move the ladder," said Coe; "your hand don't seem made for these deep places. Ah, here's the spot. This is a drop of twenty feet."

"And what is the depth of the last level?"

"Five and twenty. But don't you be afraid; the ladder will just reach it, only you won't have so much to hold on by at the top. It's only the getting down that is unpleasant; you'll find going back quite easy work. And then, just think of the lode!"

Solomon began to be anxious lest his companion's fears should induce him to give up the exploration altogether. It had never entered into his mind that what was so easy to himself could prove so formidable to another; and, besides, he had somehow concluded that Balfour was a man of strong nerves.

"Mark me," said the latter, in the tone of one who has achieved some mental victory: "let us go through with it."

In a few minutes [and it was perceptibly warmer. Dark, noiseless objects began to flit about the torch, and their unaccustomed soft strush against Balfour's foot, and then scampered away.

He looked behind him, and not a trace of light from the mine-mouth, while before him was the impenetrable gloom, except for the feeble gleam of his companion's lantern. Above him the roof was just discernible, from which long strings of fungi, white and clammy, hung down and brushed against his face as he slowly descended.

"Come on!" said Solomon, impatiently, whose spirits seemed to rise in this familiar scene. "We are only a few score yards from Golconda."

Balfour stopped short. "I thought you said there was a ladder?" There was a sudden sharp look of disappointment in his face, and even of rage.

"Yes, yes, and here it is," cried the other, putting down the ladder, which he had carried from place to place. "It is only depth that separates us from it. They dug well, those Romans, but left off, as you shall see, upon the very threshold of fortune. They were only to be a little deeper, because the ladder does not quite reach."

He descended first, before, in advance, while Balfour followed slowly and cautiously. "How steep and smooth the rock is!" observed he, examining its surface.

"Yes indeed; it is like a wall of marble. But what matters that? It baffles the rats, but not us. Here is the land of gold, here is—. What the devil are you at?"

Solomon, in his impatience, had stridden on to the object of his desire, and Balfour, having midway in his descent, suddenly retraced his footsteps, and having reached the top, was dragging the ladder up after him.

Solomon heard the noise, with which his ear was familiar, and his tone had a new alarm in it as he cried out, "I say, no tricks, Mr. Balfour."

There was no reply. He hastened back to the spot he had just left, and from thence could dimly perceive his late companion sitting on the verge of the mine-shaft, peering down upon him.

"Come, come, a joke is a joke," remonstrated Coe. "What a fellow you are to be at such games when an important matter is at stake! Why, here is the lode, man."

"It is very valuable, I dare say, Mr. Coe, but it is worth more to one man than to two."

"Great Heaven! what do you mean?" cried Solomon, while a sudden sweat broke from his forehead. "You would not murder a man to dissolve a partnership?"

"Certainly not. I shall leave him to die, that's all. He and the rats will have to settle it together in this mountain fence, perhaps; but it may have a picnic here, and explore the place. Then we shall find, when you are now standing, some well-picked bones and the metal part of your lantern. That will cause quite an excitement; and the coroner's jury, and all in the northeast corner there will be found a copper lode. I will take your advice for that."

"Mr. Balfour, I am sure you will not do this," pleaded the wretched man. "It is not in man's nature to be a fellow-creature's murderer in barbarity. You are trying to frighten me, I know, and I own you have succeeded. I know what it is to be starving and in desolate, dark places, out of reach of succor; and even for eight-and-forty hours or so it is terrible."

"*What must it be, then, to suffer so for twenty years?*"

It was a third voice that seemed to wake the echoes of that lonesome cavern. Solomon looked up in terror and beheld a third face, that of Robert Balfour, but transfigured. He held the glowing brand above him, so that his deep-lined features were all distinctly seen, and there was all instinct with a deadly rage and malice. There was a fire in his eyes that might well have been lighted by fits of madness, and Solomon's heart sank within him as he looked.

"Mr. Robert," said he, in a coaxing voice, "come and look at your treasure. It sparkles in the light of my lantern like gold, and you shall have it all, even if you please; I do not care to share it with you."

"You take me for a madman, do you? Look again; look fixedly upon me, Solomon Coe. You do not recognize me even yet? I do not wonder. It is not that you that are blind, but you so changed by wrong and misery. My own mother does not know me, nor the woman I have you robbed me nineteen years ago. Yes, you know me now. I am Richard Yorke!"

Richard Yorke!" gasped Solomon, dropping on his knees.

Richard laughed long and loud. The echoes of his gibberish mirth died slowly away, and when his voice was heard again it was stern and solemn. "It is time, at last, man: I am the judge to-day, as you were the witness nineteen years ago who doomed me wrongfully to shame and misery. On that dreadful day I have had in my mind; the thought of it has been my only joy—the hope of revenge. I, a veil and nameless, living and wakeful on my prison pillow, I have thought of nothing else. I did not know how it would come about, but I felt sure that it would come. You swore falsely once that I was a thief; you are about to be a murderer, and your unbelieving bones will not be able to witness against me.

"I never swore it, Mr. Yorke," pleaded Solomon, passionately.

"Your memory is defective," answered Richard, grimly; "if you forget that I was in court myself on that occasion. You did your very worst to blacken me before judge and jury, and you succeeded."

"But it was Trevethick—it was father-in-law who urged me to do it; it was indeed."

"I know it," replied the other, coldly; "he was a greater villain than yourself, and I thought an older one. Death has robbed me of him, and made my vengeance incomplete. Still there is something left for me. You will go down slowly here— But no; I shall wait at Turlock for that to happen. I shall be on board in my own yacht before you have had ten days, perhaps. Well, when you are dead, I shall return to your mine-mouth and bring your ore to the light. You permitted me to begin the work in hopes of getting at the copper mine; I shall finish it while you are in sole possession of the whole of it."

"Devil!" cried Solomon, furiously.

"The appellation is a true one by my good Sir; but I was a man once. Evil is now my good, thanks to you and Trevethick. I am no—look at me and see what you have brought me to—eight-and-thirty! You almost drove me mad, and it was easy, for I had the devil in blood in my veins; but I contrived to keep my wits for the enjoyment of this hour. I feel very old, and have few pleasures left, you see. It is impossible, unfortunately, to return here and see you rot; there would be danger in it; just the least risk in the world of somebody coming here to look for us. I must be off now, too, for there is a worthy man waiting for me at the inn, and you, I am sure, will take this basket to Jacketh.

"Mercy! mercy!" raged and despair burst forth from Richard's foe.

"What! you had calc'lated upon the absence of that ladder professing your love to the curious how great wits jump together: that had also struck me. I shall take it back, for I well know where it ought to be; I am quite familiar with your house at Gethin, as you may remember, perhaps. You may keep the lantern, which will not be missed; but, if you will take my advice, you will put out the light, to preserve the candle—as an article of food. Put it somewhere where the rats can not get it, and it may prolong your torments half a day. You will not have to complain of the lantern, but you will doubtless preserve that for a *bonne bouche*. You are not superstitious, she I would suggest that your father-in-law's spirit is exceedingly likely to haunt that northeastern corner down yonder."

Here there was a dull scrambling noise, a violent struggle as of feet and hands against a wall, and then a heavy thud.

"Now that is very foolish of you, Solomon, to attempt to get out of a place which you have been informed me could never be escaped from without wings. I sincerely hope you have not hurt yourself much. I bear you no malice, and forbid again, so I may leave you without anxiety. Good-by, Solomon." Richard emitted a mournful, a frightful figure of hate and triumph, peering down into the pit beneath, where all was now dark. "You are too proud to speak to a thief, perhaps. Well, well, that is but natural in so honest a man. I take my leave, then. You have no message, I conclude, for home?"

An inarticulate cry, like that of a wild animal caught in a snare, was the only reply.

"That is the worst of letting his candle go out," mused Richard, aloud; "some rat has got hold of him already." Then, with a chuckle for his own and smiling face, which showed how all his previous fears had been assumed, he retraced his steps, and mounted to the upper air. The sky was clearer now; and, casting the torch, for which he had no further need, into the pool of mire, and shouldering the ladder, he started for Gethin at good speed. It was past seven o'clock before he reached his inn at Turlock; but before he retired to rest he sat down to the supper that had been prepared for him, but without the appetite which he had anticipated.

SWEARING IN ENGLAND.

LORD BRYCE, recounting his experiences of hero's first adventure in England, says:

"At first I did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth 'God damn!'
And even that he had no right to use.
He sometimes thought twas only their 'Salam,'
Or 'God be with you?' and 'the will mercy.'
To think so; for, but English as I am
To my inheritance, never can I say
I heard them wish 'God with you' save that way."

It is not pleasant to know that this use of a specially reprehensible imprecation is accepted abroad as indisputable proof of an Englishman's nationality, but it is true nevertheless. A Spanish playactor tells a good story illustrative of the melancholy fact. Driving about the streets of Havana, his horse stumbled in a puddle, and upsetted a parade-bound Spanish soldier from head to foot. Drawing his sword, the aggrieved warrior quickly sacked the unlucky black driver of the volante, and by the time the astonished comedian could jump out of the vehicle had sent the poor fellow flying to the ground. Being arrayed in a linen tail-coat and Panama hat, the comedian attracted by the row, took the actor for an American, and made no attempt to stop the soldier from assaulting him in the same style. At last, when the murderer rushed toward him, the Englishman put himself in an attitude of defence, and, in the extremely unusual, "D——n you! what do you mean?" upon which the excited spectators roared out, "Inglese! Inglese!" The red hat then pulled himself up, and contented himself with marching off with the vehicle, while a shopkeeper kindly invited the actor to take shelter in his shop.

Swearing lost caste in Anne's reign; at least the *Tatler* assures us it was eschewed by all well-bred men, and left to bullies, who, hoping sound and noise might pass for sense and spirit, delighted in "ounds!" "thunder!" "furies!" and such rumbling expletives, which made their conversation with oaths and blasphemies, by way of tropes and figures. It divides the lovers of these excrescences of talk into two sorts, "the high and the low—the low swearer being generally a pilgrimage, the high swearer a gentleman of economb." The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourses, and will tell you that "I'll bicken, such a thing is true" is a fine warm him a little he may run into passion, and cry, "Odz bobikins, you do not say right!" But the high affects a nobleness in his oaths, and invokes hell and damnation at the breaking of a glass or the slowness of the waiter. "Sir Harry Slack's assertion that swearing had gone out of fashion is, however, contradicted by the story of the Duchess of Marlborough's calling Lord Orford, ray, afterward Lord Mansfield, and not finding him in, refusing to leave her name. 'I will not make out, sir, who she was,' said his clerk, 'but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality!'" Not exactly what we said to be any sign of reform in another part of the kingdom. Swift, in one of his "Drapier's Letters," says it is unnecessary to state that swearing is a pet vice among Irishmen, and computes that one-third of the population may be designated "swearing souls." He proposes a tax of twelve-pence per oath; calculating to therefor raise ninety-one thousand pounds a year from five thousand gentlemen able to afford an oath every day, twenty-five thousand pounds from ten thousand farmers, and a like amount from the rest of the people. This he calls a tolerable computation, since every one knows there is a much greater consumption of oaths, Dublin alone containing a hundred pretty fellows that swear at least fifty oaths a-piece per day, so that, if one naught fair was good for three thousand, and the militia on muster-day would get through three hundred in the course of eight hours. "It is true," he owns, "it would be impossible to turn all oaths into ready money; for a shilling is so great a duty on swearing that, if it was carefully exacted, the common people would be afraid, pretend to drink wine as to swear, and an oath would be as rare among them as a clean shirt."

In 1712 English ladies were "Dear Lord!" with their pretty lips, the Crabtrees and Buckbites lording their scandal with 'slife, 'sdeath, or 'fore god. Honest Bob Acres, among all such accentric exclamations as "odds whips and blades," "odds bludgers and bullets," "odds triggers and flints," declares "damns have had their day," being superseded by a new method of swearing, "introduced by a correspondent of our militia, who says that there is no meaning in the common oaths now in use, and that while an antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say by Jove or by Bacchus, or by Mars, or by Venus, or by Pallas, according to the sentiment of the time; so that, to countenance it, the oath should be an echo to the sense, and this is called the oath referential or sentimental swearing." Indeed, in addition to all this, Sheridan was guilty of cliche or no exaggeration; such was the practice of the dandies one day, who thus avoided what Lady Wallace calls the *ennui* ness of an oath, although not so utterly as her own "Jeffolish wife" in the "Rivals" Sheridan, "Lord, 'offl'—an example of initial swearing perhaps surpassed by the official who condensed a refusal into three letters by writing Q. B. D. on the corner of the applicant's epistle.

AMERICANS LEAVING PARIS.

On the morning of the 27th of October early risers in Paris were treated to the sight of a long file of heavily loaded carriages wending its way toward the Porte de Charenton. This little caravan consisted of some Americans and Russians who, with no small difficulty, had obtained permission to leave Paris.

After passing through the Porte de Charenton (where the sketch on our first page was taken) the party proceeded to the Prussian outposts near Creteil. At a little distance from this village our travelers fell in with the Prussian guard, and, after the necessary preliminaries and verification of passports, were blindfolded and conducted with them into the enemy's camp. Chassepot, where they staid the night. Some were lucky enough to secure a comfortable bed and a night's lodging in the house of a French lady; but the others, less fortunate, passed the night supperless in the open air. The Russians, however, they were taken to Versailles, where a good breakfast speedily consoled them for past annoyances.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

INVENTIONS, strange and peculiar, increase apace. The necessities of war, which are the mother of thinking men, and the results may be of immense value to the world. The latest idea relates to a new method of directing balloons in their aerial course. The plan suggested was to attach a screw propeller to the balloon, these being believed to be able to conduct it against the strongest currents. The birds were to be guided by a long pole, at the end of which a large piece of raw meat is placed as an excitant to them. The driver is supposed to occupy the position of the pole according to the direction he wishes to take. In accordance with instructions issued by the inventor, a trial was recently made in Paris, in the presence of several scientific gentlemen. Four eagles, belonging to the Jardin des Plantes, were found competent to raise a balloon charged with a weight of ten thousand pounds. The result of the experiment was reported as most satisfactory, though we are not informed how the eagles behaved. It is thought that their conduct was creditable, as a voyage with them was immediately planned. When birds of prey can be used for this duty, horses will have a chance to rest, and even steam will be left in the back-ground.

The burial of the dead, after a battle, is always a difficult task. A French physician strongly urges the desirability of disposing of the bodies of the slain on the Franco-German war in a different manner from by sepulture. Although there is a feeling against this mode, considerations of various kinds render the matter one of serious moment.

Secretary Spinner has in charge many articles of value in the vaults of the Treasury. Among these are a large bundle of letter of recommendation, addressed Van Buren by the Emanon of Siam, valued at $400, a lot of fine shawls, and other rare gifts presented to different Presidents.

Received husbands in that peace-loving State of Pennsylvania are getting to be somewhat of a fighting spirit. Not long since a married woman eloped from Pittston with a friend of her husband. The latter resented the slight by assaulting with the utmost fury the loved her new fancy, and was weary of her legitimate spouse. Forthwith the husband gave her to his friend with his blessing, and a suit of her best clothes. In return the husband received a thrashing his Sunday garments and his best boots on the forehead man. The whole affair was amicably arranged, and nobody killed!

It is estimated that three million francs have slipped into the Papal purse since the occupation of Rome by Victor Emanuel.

The Gilbert Library is a novel enterprise started in Chicago by Miss Linda Gilbert, who is an unceasing worker in the cause of prison reform. In her endeavors to reform criminals she has succeeded in establishing a library in the prison, to which prisoners will be immured in the new county jail. The library-room has been handsomely furnished, and adorned with piano, furniture, and artistic ornaments. There are between three and four thousand volumes, which are neatly marked and covered. There are sixty cells in the jail, each one of which has a table; and we may suppose it would be a favorite with those accustomed to resort to such enforced homes from time to time.

It is announced in the French journals that the Prussian War Department has issued orders that their French prisoners shall be furnished with winter clothing, of which an immediate supply is required for them. The prisoners confined in the fortresses of Silesia have also been supplied with winter clothing. Prisoners, even private soldiers, are permitted to reside in private houses, if their education and conduct be such as to justify such privileges.

The Quirinal at Rome seems to be regarded as too small for Victor Emanuel to inhabit—perhaps he thinks so himself. The history of the succeeding sacristans with which the Quirinal Palace is invested is given as follows: It was once the property of Cardinal D'Este. His Eminence rarely invited Pope Gregory, and never to visit there. The Pope therefore, fond of the palace, prolonged his *villegiature* so as to insult individually, and at last compelled him to be rid of his host. What could Cardinal D'Este do? Of course nothing, but to say that he was too much honored in being allowed to place it at his Holiness's disposition. Now was this a gift to the Pope Gregory, or his King Gregory, or the Pope-King Gregory? This is the perplexing question which is exciting so many fears and hopes, being what belongs to Pius IX. as Pope, his curse be evoked.

Military manoeuvres and exercise-books have been in enormous demand since the commencement of the war. There have been sold no less than 840,000 copies of the "Ecole de Soldat," 170,000 of the "Ecole du Fusilier," 418,000 of the "Service en Campagne," besides hundreds of thousands of cheap abridgments of various kinds.

It is announced that Mr. Barnum, tired of a life of leisure and inactivity, proposes to re-enter the showman's arena, and intends to refresh some years ago and startle the community with a grand "triplex" mammoth enterprise which shall surpass all former achievements of the kind. With his long experience in the showman's business, Mr. Barnum possesses just the sort of talent required to make such an enterprise succeed.

Two elegantly constructed palace coaches have been recently imported into Erie Railroad. They have received the names of "The Morning Star" and "The Evening Star," and are the first of twenty which have been ordered for the line connecting Cincinnati, Louisville, and other Southern places. These cars are of wood, finely finished in every particular, are lighted with gas, and contain, each, seats and sleeping-berths for forty-eight persons. Each car is 66 feet long, and eleven wide.

"Oliver Optic"—what boy does not know Oliver Optic?—recently visited Nova Christian Anderson, and describes him as a "rather round-shouldered, thin, iron-gray hair; not handsome, but with a smile so genial and benevolent that it makes you love him at once." His manner is earnest, though simple and childlike; and he spoke with entire reserve of a Christmas story he was writing. He is about sixty-five years of age."

Professor Winlock, of Cambridge, is now engaged in photographing the sun by the use of a single lens objective, four and a half inches in diameter, and four feet focal length. It is his intention to photograph the sun every day.

San Francisco exhibits some singular lecturers. We quote from a speech recently made in that city:

"Let the Chinese be created free. Republics be was! Ain't fleet experiments always failures? If I was a Chinese, I'd let the Celestials have their heads on! The only decent thing about him, any how, was a rib, and that went to make something better. Chinese! And then they threw it in our face about Eve taking Adam's rib. I'll bet the Chinese has boosted her up in the tree, and then only gave her the core. And what is the Bible to us, anyhow found out? True, it's Chinese instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend. You said, 'I can't,' he, 'you bet.'"

We omitted to mention that it was a lady orator who thus delivered herself.

On Thanksgiving-day the prison rules in the Ohio Penitentiary were relaxed, and the men allowed to converse with one another without restraint. Many were immediately silent for a while, not knowing how to use the freedom granted. At length a whisper was heard from a supposed convict: then a cheery salutation; and at last a general buzz proclaimed that all were enjoying the grateful pleasure of social intercourse.

An Englishman, writing from the French capital, remarks that it is not the luxurious Parisians who are the real sufferers as yet. For a few days the people were startled by hearing a little howling dog. But the sick and the delicate have a terrible time of it. Fancy that we are cooped up in a city which is closely attacked by any knowing fever or disorder there is very little chance for the issue. As the rich and the luxurious begin to really feel the famine, their frames will stint very rapidly under the want of nourishment to which they are not subject.

One of the physicians in Burlington, Vermont, driving into town on election morning, was met by a friend, who hailed him with the query:

"Have you voted?"

"Not yet," replied the doctor: "but I have been all night after a vote. I got his safe, too."

"When will he vote?"

"Oh, about twenty-one years from now."

Some of the reported instances of the speed of carrier pigeons seem scarcely credible. On one occasion, we are told, a pigeonman of Cologne, having business to transact at Paris, laid a wager that he would let his friends know at his exact hour of dinner the next succeeding Paris. The bet was eagerly taken. He went to Paris, carrying with him two pigeons which had a young brood at Cologne. He arrived at Paris at ten o'clock one morning, started at half-past eleven, and they arrived at Cologne about ten minutes past one. This is nearly 150 miles an hour—a marvel that seems to require corroboration.

The siege of Paris has the effect to make some commodities more plentiful in other places. London rags seem besides therefrom in the way of providence. For example, the fragrant Brittany butter, which found a large and ready market in Paris, is now much more abundant than usual in London.

The last great siege of Paris was in 1606, and continued over three months. A frightful record exists of the misery and despair of the people. Such was the famine person must pray that the horrors of those hours never may be repeated. Every thing which was thought by any possibility to contain nutriment was eaten to sustain life, from the dispeating or unpalatable. Hunger made men savages—and in some instances cannibals. The record states the number who died from hunger at 100,000.

An eminent authority in regard to diamonds—Mr. Emanuel—states that the value of diamonds has depreciated thirty per cent. to seventy per cent. the quantity offered for sale in London by French families.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Archbishop of Kent, Connecticut, have lately had a rebellion on their hands. The occasion of the rebellion was the appointment of a peddler who does a large business in the western part of the country. He is a Methodist preacher, and has been very successful in the usual way. After a few weeks, and before the expiration of his term of probation, he was duly elected for and requested that his name be stricken off. Said he: "I can't stand it any longer; I have to deal with them York State fellows, and I can't live so."

KNOTTY QUESTIONS FOR NATURALISTS.

Is a solid a female companion a "help-meet" or only a hose fish?

Do you have a passive voice tongue or a fluid tongue? Is a *bête noir* unable like white-bait?

Can you distinguish the sex of the two half-everylegs and a shilling?

Are bookworms the same as leaf-insects?

Does the tapir consume its own oil, and is it liable spontaneous combustion?

Do the cows in Holland understand *Low Dutch*?

Is a "bull's eye" a cheek bull or a cut bull? If so, can you give the receipt?

Is a cow-fish a stable table to stamp duty?

What becomes of all the cows which the cocks give every year?

Do you keep your pocket-book in a fish-kettle? If you do, like eggs, out of fresh pickings?

Can you distinguish the sex of the two half-everylegs and a shilling?

Are bookworms the same as leaf-insects?

Does the tapir consume its own oil, and is it liable spontaneous combustion?

Do the cows in Holland understand *

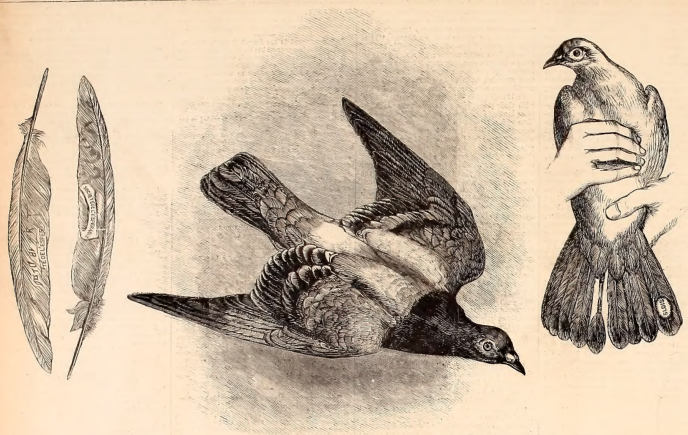

THE PIGEON POST.

THE PIGEON POST.

In ancient times the dispatch borne by the carrier pigeon was necessarily brief, as the lightest weight was an impediment to the creature's flight. Now, however, the camera and the microscope have been brought into play, and the French government have lately informed us that no less than 3500 dispatches of twenty words each, in all 70,000 words, can now be carried by one of these messengers. Readers are familiar with those microscopic photographs of the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments, which, though appearing to the naked eye as the merest atom of dust, are nevertheless perfectly plain and legible under a good lens. A page of the London *Times* has been compressed into the space of an eighth of an inch.

A regular line of post pigeons has been established between Tours and Paris, the birds being brought from the capital by the balloons. Any one can now send a letter of twenty words to Paris on payment of 50½ centimes per word. All he has to do is to send his message to the Tours postal authorities, who will take all due care that it be expedited, though its safe arrival may be endangered by the legion of hawks which the Prussians at Versailles are reported to have

BLOOMING GROVE PARK—THE AMERICAN FONTAINEBLEAU.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

procured to pursue and capture these ornithological postmen. The pigeon, however, is said to fly far quicker than the hawk, and thus will be able to elude his antagonist's vigilance.

Several means of attaching the letter to the pigeon have been tried. Sometimes it was tied round the bird's neck, at other times under its wing; neither of these, however, was found efficacious, as the string was apt to break; and the message was usually wrapped round the leg and secured with a piece of silk. Now a still better method is used, which indeed forms the subject of the engravings on page 820. The letter is rolled up and fastened to the middle feather of the tail—that which remains perfectly stationary when its fellows spread out or close up. The feathers are also stamped with the number of the bird, and the place of departure, as shown in the second sketch.

WAITING FOR RATION TICKETS.

THE lower engraving on this page presents a scene now of daily occurrence in the once gay capital of France—a crowd of people waiting to procure ration tickets, without which no food can be obtained. Each resident was, at latest advices, allowed five ounces of meat every three days; and in order to insure even this limited supply he must wait sometimes several hours in front of the shop for his turn to be served.

RUSSIAN BALTIC TOWNS.

IF, as some people fancy, the next enterprise on which Germany, in furtherance of the idea of completing her national unity, is likely to embark be the annexation of the Baltic provinces of Russia, the natives of which are of Teutonic origin, the towns of Finland and Esthonia will probably come into still greater prominence even than they did during the Crimean war; and the fortifications of Revel and Sweaborg (the citadel of Helsingfors) may yet be destined to play a part as signal as that which has now rendered Strasburg and Metz famous.

Revel, the capital of Esthonia, and situated on a small bay in the Gulf of Finland, 200 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, is a strongly fortified sea-port town. The harbor is excellent, and well defended by batteries. The town is, for the most part, irregularly built. The town proper, which is inclosed by walls, is called the Domberg. Within the walls are two suburbs. The streets are narrow and dark. It contains a cathedral and several churches, a government house, the residence of the governor, an admiralty, a town-hall, a gymnasium, founded by Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; a theatre, a public library, a military academy, and several schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions. It is much frequented as a watering-place. Manufactures—cotton goods, leather, hosiery, pins and needles, earthen-ware, and gunpowder. The town also possesses a cannon foundry, and a large trade in corn, hemp, flax, hides, and timber. Population, 28,000. Latitude, 59° 26′ N.; longitude, 24° 45′ E. This town was founded by Valdemar II., King of Denmark, in 1218, and afterward sold to the Teutonic knights. In 1710 it was taken from Sweden by the Russians, who destroyed its roadstead in 1854, by sinking large blocks of stone to prevent the entrance of the Anglo-French fleet while blockading the Russian ports in the Baltic during the same year. It was at one time the great emporium of the Hanseatic League for the trade with Novgorod.

Helsingfors, the sea-port capital of Finland, stands on a peninsula in the gulf of that name, about 100 miles northwest of St. Petersburg. It has a good harbor, in which line-of-battle ships can lie, and it is defended by the almost impregnable citadel and fortifications of Sweaborg, which stand on a number of rocky islands at the entrance of the harbor. The town is regularly built, and possesses a university, transferred from Abo in 1827, a library of 80,000 volumes, also brought from Abo; a museum, observatory, state-house, churches, and botanical gardens. Manufactures—mill-cloth and linen; and a trade is carried on in corn and timber. Population, 21,698. Latitude, 60° 11′ N.; longitude, 24° 57′ E. This town was founded by Gustavus I., of Sweden, and was burned in 1741, during the war between Sweden and Russia. In 1855 Sweaborg was bombarded for two days by the allied English and French forces, when considerable damage was done to the interior defenses of the place. It is surmised that some arrangement has been made between Prussia and Russia by which these ports may be transferred to the former power, in return for aidin regard to the Czar's pretensions in the Black Sea.

THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.

TRUTH. "Pray, let me speak to her."
M. G—MB—TTA. "No, no, no—certainly not. She doesn't care to see you; and—in fact—you annoy us very much."

PARISIANS WAITING TO PROCURE RATION TICKETS.

UNCONSCIOUS BRAIN WORK.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely voracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering. But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very injections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels which are found scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an

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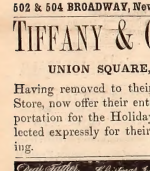

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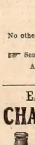

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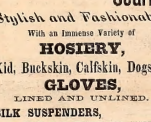

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 730.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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ANXIOUS TIMES—FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN READING NEWS FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.—[SEE PAGE 830.]

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THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS.

THE President's Message has now been carefully considered, and the general impression made by it is most favorable. It is a simple, direct document, the very plainness of the style, as in Mr. LINCOLN'S messages, indicating the honesty which is characteristic of the man. The immediate effect of the Message has been the confirmation of the general feeling that the Republican hold of the country is secure. Before the elections it was supposed that there was much dissatisfaction of many kinds within the party that a very serious reduction of the party's strength would be revealed. There had been much fault-finding criticism upon every point that the opposition really seemed to believe that the criticism meant radical hostility, and that it was not impossible that the Democratic majority in the House might be enough to replace its action. The elections dissipated this expectation. They showed the Republican party, despite the quarrels which had cost it several representatives, virtually unshaken. The suggestion of a new party which was also a very powerful journal at the West, lately Republican, was absolutely without response. There was a reaction of feeling from the criticism and censure of the year, although the retirement of General COX left an unpleasant feeling that the Administration was quite indifferent to civil service reform. But the Message has happily restored Republican unity of feeling, and its distinct expression of opinion upon subjects which had occasioned differences of feeling in the party is manly and sagacious.

But those who therefore conclude that the criticism was superfluous and ridiculous seem to us profoundly mistaken. An able Administration which suffers none earnestly and faithful counsel. Honorable men engaged in the details of government, and surrounded by interested politicians, are not familiar with the movement of public opinion, nor can they always accurately measure the popular effect of their measures. A faithful but friendly criticism is therefore what they especially need and wish. Power of every kind has flatterers enough, and a Republican Administration is not an exception to the rule. If the party press supported every Executive opinion and policy through thick and thin, it might very easily assert the ascendency of the party; and nothing is of higher promise for the permanency of Republican success in the country than the fact that the Republican press is sensible enough to be independent.

But criticism to be serviceable must be friendly. If the inevitable result of constant remark upon an Administration is the conviction in the reader's mind that the party press is thoroughly corrupt, or hopelessly under the direction of dishonest or incompetent leaders, it is hard to understand that the critic meant to intend to defeat the party. There is a sneering tone, which is unmistakably that of hostility, which intensely gratifies an enemy of the party or act criticised, and which also instantly alienates a friend. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S criticisms of the Republican party in Massachusetts, for instance, were certainly not friendly. No Democratic orator in the country could have so delighted his party friends as Mr. PHILLIPS by his gibes and kicks at the only party from which real progress in the government can be expected. It was an illustration of the kind of criticism which exasperates and does not reform. But there is another kind which has not been spared; and to say, as we observe some papers do say, with a smile, that every thing would have proceeded in exactly the same way if there had been no remark, is to beg the question, and to assert that the Administration can not, or will not, be influenced by criticism—an assertion which is so disparaging that no sincere friend of the President or of his party would willingly believe it.

The Message shows President GRANT to be in sympathy with the best feeling and purpose of the party. His position upon the reverse reform question, as it is rather vaguely called, is clearly defined, and is that of the mass of his friends. It involves that mutual concession which we have formerly mentioned as indispensable. If reverse reform implies raising the revenue by direct taxation, the President says that he is opposed to it. Still more is he opposed to it, of course, if it means any form of repudiation. He was not called to observe, although he does not mention the fact, that the repudiators, and those who are indifferent to the honest fulfillment of their national obligations, are all loud for reverse reform; and that the only practical effect of the cry has been to bring the party to a cry of revenue reform would be to bring the Democratic party into power—a party whose stand is identical in its policy of repudiation. If there must be a tariff, it is grateful to the President so far as it encourages home production because indispensable to national independence, and as living wages; and this tariff he would have levied upon luxuries. In these views the President undoubtedly speaks the general conviction of the country.

His plea to this Congress to remedy the abuse known as the civil service system. He would have a law which would regulate the manner of appointments. He argues that as there is no duty which so much embarrasses every department as this thankless and arduous appointment, so there is no reform which will be memorable as those of a President of the United States at a time when the number of offices is so enormously multiplied as now, and does not secure the best men, and often not even fit men, for a public place. The elevation and purification of the civil service of the government will be hailed with approval by the whole people of the United States. If the Republican party can make this distinctly and emphatic declaration of the President, it has the opportunity opened to it of instantly awakening the most enthusiastic support of the most intelligent and, in many senses, the best part of the country.

There are other points of the Message upon which there will be differences of opinion. But they are not points of Republican policy. The general disappointment which has been so unfavorably defined in the closing paragraph: honesty, ability, and economy of administration; reduction of taxation by a tariff which gradually follow will admit, and so as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number; reform in the treatment of the Indians; the civil service reform, and finally, the purity of elections. With these the President separately urges the most careful attention to the subject of the revenue which is responsible to good government. This is the summary of a policy which the country demands, and which unquestionably commands the most progress, and which is to be expected only from the Republican party.

HAS ENGLAND SURRENDERED?

THE Government of Great Britain is accused of "surrender" to Russia because it has assented to a conference upon the question of the Black Sea. But there is no surrender in assenting to a conference. On the contrary, his first note to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, which was considered to be belligerent, distinctly stated that England could not sanction the course announced by Russia; but that if Russia had invited a conference, England would have gladly accepted it. Now a conference is proposed. Russia, in accepting it, certainly modifies its contemplated action, but the Prime Minister's declaration that there shall be no foregone conclusion when the conference assembles. There is no surrender here. It is the result of calm reason and good sense. The principle laid down by Lord GRANVILLE was undoubtedly just—that a solid treaty could not be made by the momentary interpretation of any single signer. But war was not, even in such a case, unavoidable. Joint treaties, like that of Vienna, for instance, were often violated by some of the parties without occasioning war. But whether, even supposing Great Britain to have actually asserted the Great Britain, it was advisable to go to war, was a different question, and one to be decided upon the most careful and deliberate consideration of the best interests of England.

To insist that there has been a surrender because there is to be no war is to assume that those who, for their own purposes, would gladly see a war. But what has Europe or America to gain by a war between Russia and England, or by a general European war? What incalculable suffering the people of Europe, especially of Germany and France, must for many a year endure because of the present terrible war in France! What unspeakable misery among the people followed the Thirty Years' War, and the wars of the Succession! A point of honor, as it is called, between nations may be as shadowy and Quixotic as between individuals, and a war for the sake of "honor" may be as black a crime, but indefinitely multiplied by its greater extent, as a duel between two men. Those who hoped for a war because of a wish to see England, in a sense, at our mercy, under the opportunity to wink at retaliation for the *Alabama*, would probably have applauded General BUTLER'S Boston speech. But they are not very favorable specimens of Americans. We really believe that war is a misfortune, let us, at least, make some little honorable effort to avoid it. The low and cherish ever spark is not the surest way of preventing a flame.

In the last ten years we have all seen two great wars, and we can see that the third is now raging. The first was as truly a holy war as was ever waged. It was in defense of a government and of a people struggling for human liberty. To have yielded to the demands of slavery and secession would have been the most fatal blow of the highest human interests, and of the mildest and most reasonable government in the world. But the war in France is not which is not wantonly provoked, in which the French adopted instead of repudiating, and which threatens their destruction. LOUIS NAPOLEON had some theory of the "honor" of France demanding war. But what could he possibly know about honor? Is any nation justified in making war until it has exhausted every honorable means of keeping the peace? Is it a "surrender" to agree to confer amicably with a power upon a proposed action, which, in the nature of the case, he is at liberty to take? Would not a partner who refused to confer, after it had himself suggested a conference, justly be regarded as worthy of ostracism?

THE DUTY OF THE MAJORITY.

THE financial question will become every day more important. Interest in what is called revenue reform is one of the signs of this tendency, and, as we referred to say when the difference in Missouri declared itself, it is desirable for the Republican party to determine its position. Statesmanship, of course, is the power of dealing with the actual situation; and what is that? It is not that as the necessarily heavy taxation created by the people to study the subject, the great non-manufacturing part of the population, which is, perhaps, nine-tenths of the whole, will see that they are practically for the advantage of the one-tenth? We do not now say whether it is not really a general advantage for which the nine-tenths ought to be willing to pay. But as a fact they will not see this, and the sudden and general reduction of the tariff which party failure would be disastrous to great classes of laborers. It should be remembered that the labor of the country is fairly divided upon the present system, and that a swift radical change of any kind would be a wide calamity. Extreme legislation upon this subject is therefore to be most warmly deprecated.

But there is a constant pressure toward this extreme legislation. The manufactories, or the protected class, were very unwilling to assent to any reduction whatever of the duties upon foreign goods, upon which their own interests had been seriously diminished. Their policy seems to be to demand constantly increasing duties. The number of idlers wants protection because the maker of chairs has it. Legislators are not always chosen for their knowledge of the subject, but are often unable to see why B should not have the same favor from government that A enjoys. The consequence is that the tendency of a tariff is to constant increase. But if the tendency of thought is, as we have suggested, under the pressure of taxation, to reduce rapid reductions, the more extreme the legislation and the higher the tariff, the more disastrous the possible result will be. Is not the true policy of the Republican party evident? Whether a Representative be a free-trader or a protectionist, ought he not to endorse his action to the actual situation? If he be free-traders, as they improperly call themselves, if they do not wish free trade, should not Hennessy and Kelley, and should sweep away all the duties upon industries which now employ large numbers of laborers, the action would be bold, not statesmanlike. And it would be the same if the protectionists should force the tariff up to still heavier rates.

The mischief of our tariff legislation has hitherto been the confusion and paralysis which result from unsteady action. Now a high tariff and now a low, is a policy of incessant uncertainty, and consequently lamentable loss. The duty upon salt, for instance, is very high at present, but than it should be. It would be disastrously unwise to reduce the duty so suddenly and enormously as to deprive owners of their salt. However sound the theory of free trade may be, however true it may be that different countries produce different articles of consumption, and that perfect freedom of exchange would not only secure to all countries what they want at the cheapest rates, but would also tend by a consequence of mutual dependence to keep the peace of the world, yet as society is not organized upon that principle, its sudden introduction, like that of fresh air under certain circumstances to an invalid, would be lamentable.

The true policy of administration, therefore, is the avoidance of extreme legislation; and as the protectionists are probably in the majority, their first care should be to reduce and simplify the tariff. They should avoid the tendency to heighten the duties in any direction, and strenuously cultivate that of lowering them in all. If, indeed, prohibitions were desirable, or if high protection could stand the light of the modern and growing thought in the country, which it certainly can not, then a steady hold of high duties would be politic. But if our judgment of the sure tendency of opinion be correct, it is wise statesmanship to act accordingly, and to save the country the consequences of a sudden demolition of the high tariff policy. The majority should endeavor to meet the growing change in sentiment, and to secure that steadiness which is essential to confidence and prosperity. This can be done without being done gradually; and that is the significance of the President's remark in his Message: "A new revenue reform can not be made in a day, but must be the work of national legislation and time."

AMERICA AND ROME.

THE address of the American Roman Catholics to the Pope upon occasion of the occupation of Rome by the Italians, in accordance with the almost unanimous wish of the Roman people, is an extraordinary document. The address states that the American Roman Catholics "revere the sacred sovereignty of the Holy See over its temporal domain." Now the despotic rule of the governor of a certain part of Italy is in no sense more "sacred" because he is also the chief officer of an ecclesiastical organization than the unconstitutional rule of VICTORIA in England would be because she is also the head of the English Church. The spiritual sovereignty of the Pope may be sacred to those who are of his Church, but his temporal government, which was probably the worst in Christendom, was in no conceivable sense "sacred." And if these Americans "repudiate and condemn the lawless injustice" which has respectfully and considerately removed the temporal dominion of the Pope, what do they think and say of the lawless injustice of the Papal rule over the wretched people whose subject he is? Is it the sympathy of American Roman Catholics devoted to the one man only who rules, and not to the million of men who are ruled?

In this document these Americans also profess faith in the divine right of rulers. They declare that the Vicar of Christ on the Papal governor of Rome is entitled by divine right to complete liberty in the exercise of his office, and that he has "the most undoubted human rights to civil princedom," which is necessary to that liberty. If this really means any thing, it is that the Pope has the divine right to govern a million of men as he chooses, because otherwise he could not properly fulfill his ecclesiastical functions. It is scarcely needful to consider it a little. The very necessity of saying such things, if any thing at all were said, should have suggested to American citizens, of whatever faith, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope could not be successfully defended. Nothing can be more preposterous than such an argument for despotism as this address proclaims. And not content with asserting that the Pope has the divine right to be a temporal irresponsible monarch, it proceeds to allege that these Americans have a right, as Roman Catholics, to the Papal government of their completely exempted from and independent of all civil authority, for in no other condition could their intercourse with him be free and unrestricted."

This, again, is the statement that, unless the Bishop of Rome is an absolute as well as a temporal monarch, his Papal functions are impeded. But if this be so, the argument is much more sweeping than the address seems to see. For why should that absolute temporal power be limited to a certain tract in the centre of Italy? The Pope is no more independent, in that sense, as the head of a little state of less than a million of inhabitants, as history shows, than he would be as the head of the kingdom of Italy. Indeed, he is not so independent, as the head of a scant million of unwilling subjects, as he is as master of a square mile of territory guaranteed by the power of Italy. The Pope's independence of all civil authority certainly does not depend upon the extent of the domain governed by him. He may be as independent in a single palace, under guarantees, as he ever was in the Roman states. But if power and absolute political supremacy over its population are indispensable to this independence, there must be a domain not a people so large as to make foreign coercion impossible. So it is merely absurd to insist upon his late little Roman states as satisfying the conditions of independence.

Moreover, if he must be "independent of all civil authority," no other state in the world may rightfully put any barrier in the way. If, therefore, the Government of the United States continues to recognize the Government of the kingdom of Italy, after the "sacrilegious violence" with which it has "assaulted" the governor of Rome, the United States deny the divine Papal right to the absolute rule of a people who were

never consulted, and the United States violate the right of American Roman Catholics to free and unrestricted intercourse with the head of their Church. And all this because the Pope, instead of remaining the ruler of a part of a city. The allegation of the address is that certain Italians must be subject to a government which they unanimously abhor in order that certain Americans may have free access to their chief bishop. It is certainly remarkable that any Americans should define their religious rights to be invaded unless the political rights of another people are destroyed.

This address will suggest to other Americans that the only religious denomination in the country which feels itself to be injured by the progress of political liberty elsewhere is the only denomination which steadily pursues political purposes among ourselves.

THE PERILS OF LETTER-WRITING.

THERE is nothing more dangerous to the ambition of a public man than letter-writing. Whatever a man privately writes at any time, under any circumstances, is sure to be published, and, of course, interpreted without consideration of any circumstance whatever. Indeed, the right of the public to say that anything written to a person in whom there is public interest is now so broadly asserted that no man who is famous, or who may become famous, can write a note declining an invitation to dine with a friend without incurring the risk of its earlier or later publicity. A great deal of very amusing, entertaining and really illustrative literature, however, is of this personal kind, and all that can be fairly said is that there is danger involved in the publication. It is not characteristic information about noted persons, it is troubling gossip, which makes the chief interest of the annalists. Some of the most valuable books are in the strictest sense personal memoirs and private correspondence, which, of course, are not in the form, and the publication of which gratifies every body and harms nobody.

Those who are in official position, however, ought to feel that whatever they say of official personages and actions, in dispatches to other official personages, throws upon them a responsibility which they can not avoid. Nor ought they to wish to avoid it. An officer in the military or naval service, for instance, would certainly not wish that any thing of a fellow-officer which he does not believe; while a man who is so far mastered by his feelings as to express intemperately will honestly confess that he was angry and did wrong. But the pen is a perilous servant; its very fidelity betrays the writer. I recollect a remarkable moment of foolish passion. It confounds a man by his own folly. There is a subtle little picture, by one of the younger artists in England, called "How they met themselves." A haggard man and woman suddenly encounter a ghostly reflection of their youth and pride—their former, better selves. In the same way, but reversely, the calm man of to-day is confronted in his letter-writing with the angry man of yesterday, and he is confounded to think that it is he.

Admiral PORTER was thus confounded probably when he read his old letter to Secretary WELLES about General GRANT. The difficulty of the situation, however, was not that he had written the letter, nor that it was published, but that he had not long ago told the President that at the time of the FORT FISHER attack he had written of him in a manner which he now believed to be not justified. Then the weapon would have been harmlessly aimed at the Admiral, for the charge would have been drawn. And the President's feeling of surprise would have been avoided, because it did not appear that he had ever been told that Admiral PORTER thought ill of him, but that if he thought ill he should have seemed friendly; or that if he were really friendly, he should not have removed the sting of an earlier expression of ill-feeling by confession. It is always easy, indeed, to be wise after the event. But this case was very simple. The Admiral knew of the letter, and he must also have known how very fragile the seal of secrecy was.

If, however, the grade of admiral in the navy be retained, the fact that Admiral PORTER thought and wrote in an unfriendly tone of General GRANT does not make him less fit for the position, unless, indeed, upon a consideration of the circumstances, the President should feel that there has been duplicity. Meanwhile the event will have the good effect of stimulating other gentlemen similarly situated to put their personal relations upon a more stable ground, to destroy all compromising letters upon which they can lay hand, and, above all, to write none which may be hereafter wrested into weapons to beat them about the head.

REPUBLICAN QUARRELS.

EVERY faithful Republican who thinks that the continued power of that party is essential to the national welfare has a right to demand harmony among the party chiefs. Quarrels at head-quarters will not make a peaceful camp. And that there are quarrels, serious and fierce, we all know. The President and Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ, for instance, are not friendly. The New York Senators are alienated from each other, and we recall, with profound regret, a passage between two of the most eminent Republican Senators upon the floor of the Senate on the 4th of July last. The mischief of these differences is incalculable. They may defeat the policy of the Administration, and they may very easily defeat the party in its Presidential struggle. It is impossible that the difficulty in the State of New York did defeat the party in November. It would not have been a very difficult Democratic collections made by various expeditions, particularly those of Professor LOUIS AGASSIZ and Professor MARSH, of Yale, both of whom, at the head of large parties, have been engaged during the past summer in exploring various portions of the West. Dr. LEIDY has already secured a large number of fossils gathered by Dr. HAYDEN, Mr. CLARENCE KING, and Mr. CONDON, including species of lophiodon, oreodon, rhinoceros, etc. Among the reptiles are a new crocodile of large size and a number of turtles.

It is now announced authoritatively that the odium attaching to the British government of refusing to render any assistance to observations of the eclipse of December is undeserved, and that the blame, if any there be, applies rather to negligence of a former committee having the matter in charge. It seems that the transit was actually brought, even informally, to the notice of the government, every assistance was promised, and arrangements are now being made to carry the whole matter into effect. A ship is to be furnished to transport the observers to Spain, and funds supplied to take others over-land to Naples, with a view to going from to Messina. The various European governments have been requested to aid the different parties, and the British government in other ways has arranged all it was possible to bear toward the success of the expedition.

Professor NORDENSKJOLD, the leader of the last Swedish expedition to Spitzbergen, has visited Greenland, for the same pleasant manner, for the purpose of engaging dogs to be used in his polar exploration of next year. A very interesting letter received from him we learn that no less successful a party could be found in the interior of Greenland, over the inland ice, about thirty or forty nautical miles. He intended to have arrived at 70th of July from Auleitsivik Fiord, an inlet in about 68° north latitude. This makes an addition to the number of more recent expeditions for explorations of the interior of Greenland, the others, as is well known, being those of Dr. HAYES, KIELSEN, DR. RINK and BROWN, MR. E. WITMPER, and MR. A. PETERMANN.

The last number of the *American Journal of Science* records the discovery of a large part of the skeleton of the mastodon near Iliopolis, Illinois. One of the tusks proved to be nearly ten feet in length, and twenty-nine inches in circumference three feet from the lower end. All the bones were found in a state of preservation, and of a dark, spongy, and porous appearance. It is probable that the specimens will be added to the collection of fossils now being gathered together by Professor WORTHEN for the State Museum.

According to the official report from the Treasury Department, it is stated that during the year ending June 30, 1870, 2292 vessels, having an aggregate of 91,460 tons, were engaged in the American fisheries. The tonnage for the year ending June 30, 1869, showed a total of 714 vessels, of about 36,700 tons, exhibiting a very gratifying increase in the magnitude of the branch of marine industry.

It is stated that the United States of Colombia having the control of the export about three and a half millions of pounds of cinchona bark, and more than four hundred thousand dollars worth.

Professor PHILLIPS, of the Museum at Oxford, is very desirous of learning the relationship between the length and weight of crocodiles and alligators of all ages, and requests the friends of science to make as many experiments on this subject as possible, and to transmit the result to the University Museum at Oxford. MR. BUCKLAND recommends that the fish supplied for experiment upon it be first placed in a bag, the common property to each of our readers as may visit Florida this winter, in hopes that the many specimens of sea-fish in that section there will be utilized. Information sent to the *American Journal of Magazine*, 81 Nassau street, or to the Secretary, *Connecticut Journal of Science*, at New Haven, Connecticut, and thus made accessible to Professor PHILLIPS.

The *American Journal of Science*, which has for the many years been the principal exponent of scientific activity in the United States, and which, beginning in 1818, was published as a quarterly for the fourth of a century, and then for some time as a monthly, has for the last few months been issued in the beginning of the month, and will be issued in the beginning of coming year as a monthly, and will appear regularly on the second day before the public, and by come means more faithfully the progress of science than it has been under its former plan. The *Journal* will continue to be edited by Professors SILLIMAN and DANA, with the co-operation of eminent men of science in New England, and will be issued in the same form by that material increase of the subscription list which it is so well deserves.

Panama papers inform us that the heaviest rain experienced at Aspinwall for many years occurred on the 3d of September, when fell and sixty-three hundredths of water having fallen in the middle of the day in the space of a little over three hours.

At the late meeting of the British Association a committee, consisting of Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, Sir CHARLES LYELL, Mr. FINDLAY, and Admiral HAY, was appointed for the purpose of bringing before the Lords of the Commissioners of the Admiralty the importance of revising the survey of the west coast of South America, with a view to ascertaining what changes have taken place in the coast line since the earthquakes on that coast. MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM was appointed secretary of the committee.

Great interest has been felt in regard to the results to be expected from the deep-sea dredgings of the present year by the steamer *Porcupine*, those of last year being so entirely unexpected and remarkable. We learn from other foreign exchanges that the methods of last year have been carefully followed during the present, and that soundings, dredgings, and analyses of sea-water have been made at different depths down to fifteen hundred fathoms. A large part of the Mediterranean basin has been explored, with satisfactory results, and plans have been taken to make out and define, as far as possible, the connections of the current of Gibraltar, on the surface, sets through the Strait of Gibraltar to the eastward.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 5.—Commencement of the third session of the Forty-first Congress. Nearly all the members were in their places. After the usual formalities of the opening proceedings, the President's message was delivered, and laid on the table until the standing committees should be announced. The message was received by the House in a manner "to indicate the satisfaction of United States notes and fractional currency, to the extent of the reduction of the national banks, and to promote the return to specie payments." The President's message was read.—In the Senate it was moved to the roll-call. Delegations were called from the different States, and congratulations passed on the opening.

December 6.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to authorize the election of a delegate from the Indian Territory, and also to pass the repeal of the income tax.—In the House, three bills were introduced for the repeal of the income tax, and one for the appointment of a commission to revise the system of navigation and commercial interests of the country. One of these provided for the issuance of new 7-30 national currency, and publishing vessels for the foreign trade, and two others for the repeal of certain restrictions, for the legality in United States ports of foreign-built vessels.

December 7.—In the Senate, a bill was submitted giving to the American and East India Telegraph Company the sole right, for twenty-one years, to lay a cable from the Pacific coast to Asia, the work to be begun within two years and completed within three years, and the Navy Department to assist in making surveys and laying the cable.—In the House, a bill was introduced providing for the gradual resumption of specie payments. A resolution was adopted inquiring into the seizure of the British schooner-of-war by the Canadian authorities, and one was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs making inquiry regarding the intention of any European power to establish a port at Samana suitable for a naval station to be ceded to be unfriendly to the United States, and in contravention of the Monroe policy.

December 8.—In the Senate, MR. WILSON introduced a bill to prevent persons employed in the government employ for political or other purposes. Any official allowing such assessment to be made is to be dismissed. The penalty is not to be less nor exceeding \$5,000.—In the House, a bill giving the privilege of pressure or gratuities to government officers for any purpose in connection with their official duties.—In the House, a bill was passed to admit free the trunking privileges.

December 9.—The House was not in session.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to restore the rank of rear-Admiral and Vice-Admiral in the navy after vacancies occur in the same, and to reduce the number of Rear-Admirals to three, and of Commodores to six, by omission to fill vacancies occurring hereafter.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

On the 8th inst. the Roman Catholic of Buffalo made a public demonstration of sympathy with the Pope, a procession of about ten thousand persons bearing banners and emblems expressing their homage and obedience to the Holy See, sympathy in the "affliction and captivity" to which the Pope and the Church are subjected, condemnation of the Italian occupation of Rome, a protest against the violation of the right of Catholics to be governed by a chief exempt from and independent of all civil power, a petition to old recognize PIUS IX. as the lawful King of Rome, and a pledge of co-operation in any movement of the Catholic world to maintain the integrity of his sovereignty.

General HIRAM Walbridge died in Utica city on the 6th inst., in the seventy-sixth year of age.

The claim against the United States Government for seizure of the steamer *Lizzie Argenstaff* was paid by Secretary BOUTWELL.

The Navajoe Indians have begun a war upon the Apaches.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

GENERAL DECROUY issued an order to his army at Montmedy that he was both willing to say them after two days of glorious battles they had recrossed the Marne, destroying their effects, to establish a more favorable opportunity to break through the Prussian investment.

Orleans was reoccupied by the Prussians on the 4th instant, after defeat of the army of the Loire. The force lost 10,000 prisoners, 77 cannon, and four gun-boats on the Loire.

The provisional government have established a mint and coin in Strasburg, in supersession of a German one.

The Prussians are about to invest Havre, and French war-boats are said to have entered the port to protect the city.

The Prussian government has informed the Grand Duke of Luxembourg that, as he has allowed a violation of the neutrality of the Grand Duchy by the French, Prussia will no longer respect the neutrality of Luxembourg, which was bound by treaty of 1867.

Two English houses, it is said, have contracted to supply the Germans with 1,000 locomotives.

The French officers and men are reported to be in a very destitute condition in the hospitals of the Bonapartes.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A note from Count Bismarck was received by the representatives of the North German Empire at the Hague, stating that King William had accepted the title granting of the Russian demand is essential to the peace of Europe.

After acknowledging the receipt of a petition from Ireland for British intervention in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, MR. Gladstone says the government of Great Britain, pursuing its changes in Roman since the election of PIUS IX., but it feels bound to maintain the principles provided for protection the Papacy. In the mean time, he adds, Italy can if fit regimes to protect the Pope's freedom and maintain his dignity.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Singular Encounter.—An Unruly Hearse.—Sagacious Dog.—New Style of Cabin Architecture.—The Stream of Lava and the Church.—The Mounds of Hialtadal.—Conclusion of the Journey.

THE hints alluded to in the preceding chapter became so numerous that M. Nougaret was obliged at last to put a peremptory stop to them, even at the risk of wounding the feelings of the country people who desired to pay him attention. He says he counted one day, before he gave up making these calls, and found that the number of cups of coffee that he had to drink was twenty-seven.

He relates one very singular encounter which he met with on his journey. It was a funeral procession, if procession it might be called, though it consisted of a cavalcade conveying a corpse through the country to a church, for interment in the burying-ground adjoining it. The mule coffin had been lashed upon the back of a horse, and so, of course, with such a load upon his back there would be no room for a rider, the horse could only be sent forward free, and followed up by those behind. It seems that, in consequence of some excitement or other, the horse had escaped from control, and, when M. Nougaret met the party, was running away, the whole troop following him with shouts and outcries, intended to bring him to a halt. The coffin had become loosened from its fastenings, and was in great danger of slipping down the horse's side, and perhaps of falling off entirely. Very soon after M. Nougaret came up with this party the horse was stopped, the coffin readjusted, and the funeral cavalcade went on.

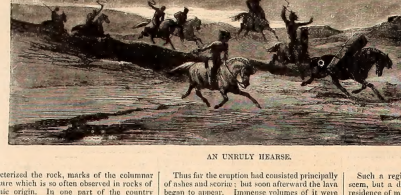

AN UNRULY HEARSE.

On one occasion night was coming on—that is to say, the part of the twenty-four hours which in these latitudes passes for night—and it began to rain. There was no house in sight, and the way was becoming difficult and dangerous. The guide had a dog named Soulon. This dog, seeming to perceive the embarrassment of his master, and understanding the cause of it, began at once to look out for a lodging for the night, according to his ideas of the proper mode of proceeding. He ran to and fro, first on one side of the path and then on the other, barking violently, and then listening for a response. At length the response came, in the form of the distant barking of other dogs. The tired and jaded horses seemed to be inspired with new strength and energy by the sound. They pricked up their ears, quickened their steps, and the whole party, guided by Soulon, were led forward to a habitation where they all found refreshment and rest.

While in this cabin M. Nougaret observed something peculiar in the smoked and darkened rafters overhead. He found, on examination, that the frame of the building consisted of the skeleton of a whale, which had been stranded on the beach, and which the fishermen had contrived to remove to a suitable position and to erect into the frame of a cabin, using the ribs for rafters. Among the furniture in the interior of this cabin there were, in lieu of chairs, several stools, each formed of the skull of a horse, supported by legs formed of the leg bones of the same animal. The flat part of the skull, representing the face, was uppermost, and formed the seat. One author states that this style of stools is very common in the Icelandic cabins.

The country, wherever our author traversed it, whether in the interior or along the coast, gave every where abundant testimony in respect to its volcanic origin, being formed of ancient beds of lava in every stage of disintegration and decay, and presenting in the peaks and pinnacles, and in the ragged fissures and chasms which characterized the rock, marks of the columnar structure which is so often observed in rocks of volcanic origin. In one part of the country there was a church in the midst of a level plain, which was surrounded by a range of these ragged piles. The legend in respect to it is that it was built before the eruption of the lava took place from which these rocks were formed, and that the stream, when in its flow it approached the spot, made a grand detour, out of respect to the sacredness of the place, and thus left the church and the area around it unharmed.

The magnitude and violence of the eruptions of Mount Hecla, in former years, have been such that the imagination in vain attempts to comprehend the extent and grandeur of the effects which have resulted from them. One of the latest great eruptions took place about one hundred years ago, namely, in 1766. Warning was given of its approach by subterranean rumblings and thunderings in the vicinity of the mountain, and by the pouring out from the crater of an immense volume of black smoke and ashes, which was soon followed by the continued ejection of a shower of masses of pumice-stone and scoria, which filled the air completely over the mountain for a long time, and fell at a great distance upon all the surrounding country. Indeed, so dense was the cloud of smoke and ashes that hung over the whole region that the sky was completely darkened, and the ordinary avocations of life were suspended till the air became clear again. And when it did become clear, the ashes which subsided from it covered the ground to a depth of four inches for a hundred miles around!

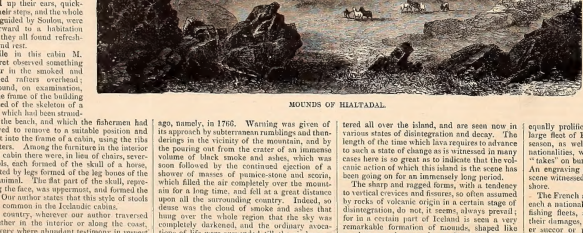

MOUNDS OF HIALTADAL.

Thus far the eruption had consisted principally of ashes and scoria; but soon afterward the lava began to appear. Immense volumes of it were poured out, and began to flow in vast molten streams to great distances over the country. The ice and snow upon and around the summit were melted too, and poured down such floods of mud and water over the surrounding country as to produce in many places the most disastrous inundations. The mountain itself was, moreover, so heated during the operation that it required thirty years for it to become cool, so that snow could lodge and ice form on its flanks again. It did not, indeed, appear to return to its former condition until about 1810; and then in 1845 a new eruption took place, though it was not so violent as the one which preceded it.

The remains of ancient beds of lava are scattered all over the island, and are seen now in various states of disintegration and decay. The length of the time which lava requires to advance to such a state of change as is witnessed in many cases here is so great as to indicate that the volcanic action of which this island is the scene has been going on for an immensely long period.

The sharp and rugged forms, with a tendency to vertical crevices and fissures, so often assumed by rocks of volcanic origin in a certain stage of disintegration, do not, it seems, always prevail; for in a certain part of Iceland is seen a very remarkable formation of mounds, shaped like royal tents, and arranged over the plain on which they stand in a manner which gives them quite an artificial appearance. The name of the place where these mounds occur is Hialtadal: it is situated in the northeastern part of the island.

Such a region as this must form, it would seem, but a dreary and desolate home for the residence of man; and the general aspect of the habitations and their surroundings, as they presented themselves to the view of our traveler in the course of his journey, appeared to him very little attractive. There was, however, one exception. While enjoying the hospitality of the minister at one of the little hamlets that he visited, he was much impressed with the picturesqueness of the situation of the church and of the minister's residence, and with the beauty of the night. The supper, and the Latin conversation which accompanied and followed it, occupied so much time, and the excitement produced in the family by such an arrival was so great, that it was past midnight before they were ready to retire to their beds. The sun, after dipping a little way below the horizon, was beginning to appear again. M. Nougaret and the minister were in the open air, before the house, smoking their pipes. The children were quiet, the cows were lying quietly and ruminating contentedly, the sky was clear and beautiful, and the air was soft and bland. The whole scene was one of romantic calmness and repose.

"What a pleasant evening," said M. Nougaret, "and what a charming scene! How happy your life must be here!"

The minister took his pipe from his mouth, and asked the traveler,

"Should you be happy to live here?"

M. Nougaret admitted that he found this question somewhat embarrassing.

But dreary and desolate as such a region must be as a home for human families, all the littoral portions of it swarm with animal life. The shores both of the interior and the exterior waters abound with birds of many species, which flock there in countless millions to rear their young on the neighboring rocks, gathering their sustenance, in the mean while, for themselves and their families, from the waters of the marshes, rivers, and lakes. The waters of the sea, along all the shores of the island, are equally prolific; and they are the resort of a large fleet of French fishermen in the summer season, as well as of those of other European nationalities, who fish for cod, and dry their "takes" on bundles of sticks set up on the land. An engraving on our next page represents the scene witnessed among the fishing vessels of the shore.

The French and the Danish governments send each a national vessel every season to visit those fishing fleets, and aid the fishermen to repair their damages, and also to afford them any officer succor or protection that they may need. These ships coast around the island, enter the bays, communicate with the principal towns, and sometimes penetrate into interior harbors, where, while lying at anchor, they are often surrounded by scenery of the most imposing grandeur. The *Dryadiad* is one of these harbors, situated in the northeastern part of the island. M. Nougaret was attached to the French ship *Pandora*, in a medical capacity, at the time that he made his excursions to the Geysers and to Hecla.

The people of the country look up, of course, with great respect to the ships, and to the official visitors which they bring every summer to the island, and often apply to the latter for relief in very singular emergencies. One instance of this kind, quite illustrative of the ideas and modes of life prevailing on these lonely shores, occurred to M. Nougaret, and we will repeat his account of it in closing this article.

One evening, when he was ashore from his ship, and had been spending an hour or two in making music for the peasants to dance to on the green, by means of a kind of tin flute which one of the mechanics on board the ship had manufactured for the purpose under his directions, a young woman with a child in her arms came up to him and handed him a letter to read. The letter was written in the Icelandic tongue, and he could make nothing of it, except that it seemed to relate to a man named Le Blanc.

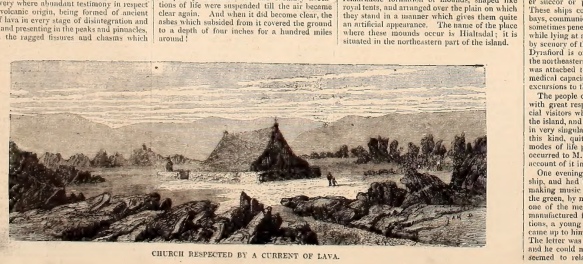

CHURCH RESPECTED BY A CURRENT OF LAVA.

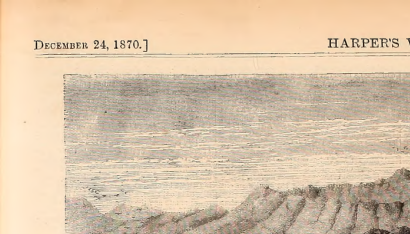

ABUNDANCE OF ANIMAL LIFE ON SHORE.

There was nobody in the company with whom he could communicate, except by signs, and he was accordingly quite perplexed to know what the latter meant, and what the poor woman wanted.

In the midst of his perplexity it so happened that a minister came to the place, and M. Nougaret, being able to communicate with him in Latin, gave him the letter, and asked what it meant. The minister read it, and made some inquiries of the woman, and then reported the case to M. Nougaret, saying that some time previously, at the close of a season,

a French sailor by the name of Le Blanc had been wrecked on the coast, and had found refuge in the family of the father of this young woman. That, before long, he proposed marriage to the young woman, and, with her father's consent, they were married. The sailor spent the winter with them, but in the spring he went to Reykjavik, the capital, ostensibly to seek some employment, and since then they had heard nothing from him. They supposed that he had gone to Europe; and as the woman had heard that M. Nougaret came from France, she came to him to inquire whether he had seen her husband there, and if he could tell her what had become of him.

When M. Nougaret, through the interpreter, said that he had not seen the man, she seemed surprised, and asked the minister whether M. Nougaret did not come from France. If he came from France he must have seen her husband, she thought, if he was there. Her ideas of the extent and population of France were evidently not so enlarged as the facts would warrant.

She looked very disconsolate and sad when she found that she could not learn any tidings of her husband from the stranger. She talked a moment with the minister, and then the minister, addressing M. Nougaret, said that her case was truly a hard one, since the man went away without getting divorced, as he should have done, so as to set his wife at liberty. "If he had taken the necessary steps for a divorce," said the minister, "before he went away, then the woman would be all right, as she could get any time marry another man; whereas, as it was, she was confirmed to hopeless isolation."

After a moment's reflection an idea occurred to M. Nougaret's mind which he thought might perhaps furnish a solution of the difficulty.

"Ask the woman how she was married, and whether the French consul at Reykjavik had anything to do with the affair," said he to the minister.

The woman, on being interrogated, answered this question in the negative. She was married, she said, simply according to the customs of the country people of Iceland.

"Then," said M. Nougaret, "she is free. The marriage was not legal. Le Blanc was a French subject, and under the jurisdiction of French laws; and they require, in such cases, certain acts and documents from the nearest French consul to make the marriage valid. Thus the requisite formalities to render the union legal not having been observed, the woman is free, and can marry any other man as soon as she pleases."

The minister reflected a moment, as if somewhat uncertain how this view of the question was to be received; but finally said that M. Nougaret was right, and that the woman was legally free. He explained the case to her. Her face at once brightened up, and she went away overjoyed at finding herself so suddenly relieved from an embarrassment which a few moments before had seemed hopeless and irremediable. M. Nougaret thought that within a week she was married again.

THE MISTLETOE.

EVERY one knows this parasite, which grows both on deciduous and ever-green trees and shrubs, forming a pendent ever-green bush from the trunks and branches; and some of our fair readers may have *accidentally* stood under it at Christmas, receiving a reward for their pains. We may venture to remind them that, according to the received rule of medieval times, except a maiden was kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas, she could not be married during the ensuing year. When once established on a tree, the mistletoe will grow as long as there is any life in the tree; but when the branch on which it is rooted decays, the death of the mistletoe immediately follows. Two or three inches of the shoot is produced only in a season, and the leaves vary considerably in different plants. The missel-thrush feeds on the berries, and so does the blackbird; and bird-lime is made from the bruised berries. The effect of the mistletoe is injurious to the branch upon which it grows, for the sap is absorbed by the growth of the parasite.

ABUNDANCE OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE SEA.

In orchards it is for this reason speedily removed. The lichens, on the contrary, do not hurt trees, as they do not feed upon their substance.

The mistletoe has always been associated with Druidical worship; and we can not, therefore, do better than give an outline of that superstition. The simplest and earliest form of their religion seems to have been the worship of the sun, moon, and fire. The sun they adored under the name of Tutanes, the same as the Roman Saturn and the Phœnician Baal or Bel. Another remarkable principle was the worship of the serpent; and it has been conjectured that the great Druidical temples, such as Stonehenge and Avebury, were constructed for the united worship of the serpent and the sun. Afterward, however, the number of deities was considerably increased, among whom the chief were Hesus, the god of war, Jow or Jupiter, Taranis, the ruler of thunder, Belin or Apollo, and Ogham or Mercury. The garments of the Druids were remarkably long and flowing; and when employed in religious ceremonies they wore a kind of white surplice. They generally carried a white wand, and had on occasion, called a Druid's Egg, suspended from their neck. Their inquisitions and prophecies were delivered orally, as it was contrary to their religion to commit any thing to writing. The Druids had a sovereign pontiff or pope, whom all the Druids obeyed, without any exception. They called December "the sacred month," and all the Druids met at Rouvres at the time fixed by the sovereign pontiff. The priests came forth from their forests and traversed the various districts, inviting the faithful to follow them with the cry of *Au gui* (first day of the year), or that of *Kelaun* (gifts), to prepare themselves worthily for the holy ceremony of the Gui (mistletoe) of the new year. The fête opened with a search for the famous mistletoe upon an oak that had about thirty years growth; and the mistletoe so found was to become, by its consecration, the *Panchreston*, i. e., "the universal remedy"—the panacea against all sorts of poisons.

When the plant had been found, a *triangular altar* of earth was raised at the foot of the tree on which it had been discovered, and then commenced a species of procession. The Eubagi marched first, conducting two white bulls which had never been subjected to the yoke. These were followed by the bards, who sang hymns in honor of the Supreme Being. Next came the novices, students, and disciples, accompanied by a herald clothed in white. These were full led by the three most ancient pontiffs, one carrying bread that was to be offered up, the second two vessels filled with water and wine, and the third a hand of ivory attached to the end of a wand, to represent justice and power. Next came the priests, preceded by the supreme pontiff in a white robe, wearing a girdle of gold; and the procession closed with great numbers of the nobles and people. When they arrived at the oak the officiant burned a morsel of bread, poured some wine and water on the altar, and divided what remained among the assistant priests. He then ascended the tree, cut the mistletoe with a golden knife, and threw it into the robe of one of the principal pontiffs. The supreme pontiff then sacrificed the bulls, and prayed that "God would permit His benediction to rest upon the gift he was about to distribute among the people," then prostrated on the ground. It was then divided and distributed. They considered that sickness, enchantments, and malevolent spirits were expelled by it.

The Persian Magi used the mistletoe in their religious ceremonies, and the Greeks and Romans for its medicinal properties. It was, perhaps, the golden branch referred to by Virgil in his description of the descent to the lower regions. Pliny says that the Gauls held the plant in the greatest veneration. Stukeley thinks that the Druids cut the mistletoe with their upright brass hatchets, called celts, and laid it on their altars; and he adds that in his time a branch was cut on Christmas-eve, and laid upon the altar of York Minster. Apuleius has preserved some verses of the poet Lælius, in which he mentions the mistletoe as one of the things necessary to make a man a magician. Even now the peasants of Hobstein call it the "spectre's wand," from a belief that holding a branch of it will enable a man to see ghosts, and force them to speak to him. The mistletoe is supposed to have been the forbidden tree in the garden of Eden; hence, some have concluded, arose the custom of kissing under it at Christmas. This is not likely, the custom having been as old as the Druids. Three thousand years ago, the youth of the ancient British tribes danced under the oaks, and whenever they saw the sacred emblem hanging overhead, exchanged vows of truth and *suavia dulcia*. The Taxons dedicated the mistletoe to their Venus, Frigg.

NATIONAL VESSELS IN THE DYEFJORD.

ANXIOUS TIMES.

"TRÉPONT, a sen-port town of France, Department of Seine Inférieure. Population, 2036." So says the guide-book; but things have altered since these words were written, and a census taken now would, we fear, show a marked decrease in the population, and a marked preponderance of women over men. The young men have gone to war; they are gathering in Count KERATRY'S camp, or marching with General PALADINES, arroving the country, with sashes round their waists and cocks' feathers in their hats, taking shots at Uhlans from behind hedges, or surprising outlying German pickets.

In these little out-of-the-way places the times are indeed anxious, not with the anxiety which prompts us to buy "extras," but with a more personal nature. The war makes itself felt to every fibre in the shape of many thousand nerves comes so seldom to break the monotony of waiting. The quiet place is quieter than ever; there is a certain dull routine of work to be gone through, for even in anxiety dinners must be provided and cooked, floors swept and rooms kept tidy, and one day must be much like another, until a precious parcel of newspapers finds its way to the little town, and they hear something of the outside world—of victories or defeats, of heavy losses—and the lists are eagerly scanned to see if the name of husbands, brothers, and lovers are there. A battle has been won and the country has been saved—many small boasts have been fought and won in the papers—and the good women rejoice, and a patriotic glow goes through them when some gossip reads the news, as depicted in the pathetic sketch on our first page. But then comes the dreadful list: battles are won with the blood of men, and the fishing-boat on the beach may have lost its master, and Marie's mother may be put off forever, and the joy is mingled with sadness. In another month they may have fled the battle-ravaged land, but they breathe again most unpatriotically, although that master of the fishing-boat may be killing Germans and Marie's betrothed may be in hospital with a bullet through his leg. If the women of France could shoot, how precious would the war go on? These good women are no doubt sturdy patriots in the abstract, but we fancy they would willingly vote for their good men's return, and would be glad to see their fishing-boats sailing once more from land, although Alsace and Lorraine should pay for it.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Cuttyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE GEORGE AND VULTURE.

ROBERT BALFOUR did not remain at THE lock, as he had originally intended. Perhaps the vicinity to Wheal Danes was not so attractive to him as he had promised himself it would be, although not for a single instant did his purpose of revenge relax. Other considerations had he noted, were powerful, and knew that he had taken the first step, to keep him on that terrible path which he had so long marked out for himself. To disclose the position of his victim now would have been not only to make void his future plans, but to place his own life at Solomon's mercy. Yet he found his heart less hard than the perfidious he had assumed it to be, constant dropping of wrong and hardship for twenty years, should have rendered it. He did not make such late, and the first sound of the bar broke upon his ear was the tinkling of the bell of the little church, for it was Sunday morning. He compared it for a moment with something that he had been dreaming of: a man in a well chiming fourteen for himself in the dark well, up which he climbed a few feet, and then fell down again. But there was a joyful, unwearied sense of help!—help, help!" rang in his ears, instead of the voice that called people to prayers. Even when that ceased, the man who rang for the weather was wild and wet—beating against the window-panes, brought with them light and shade. Sometimes a sudden gust seemed to bear upon a confused voices and the tramp of hurrying feet; and then he would knit his brow and clench his hand, with the apprehension that they had found his enemy, and were bringing him to the door. Not the slightest fear of the consequences to himself in such a case agitated his mind; he had quite resolved what to do, and knew no prison walls should ever keep him in again; but the idea that Solomon should escape his vengeance drove him to the brink of frenzy. He would have left the place at once, but that he thought the coincidence of his departure and the disappearance of his foe might possibly awaken suspicion; he must sit on through the day, waiting for the news which he knew must arrive sooner or later. At noon he thought the hubbuby wrote an unusually great deal of time ill-spelled to ask her what was the matter. But then, if there was nothing—if she only looked sour, as folks often did, because it was a sunday—she might think him too curious.

From the window, a little later, he saw a knot of people in the rain talking eagerly together, and one of them pointing with his hand toward Gethin. But they were too far off to be overheard, and he did not dare go down and interrogate them. It was his object to appear utterly indifferent to local affairs, and as to a total stranger.

He felt half stifled within doors, and yet, if he should go out, he knew that he would be incontrollably impelled to take the cliff path that he had followed the preceding night, to watch that nobody came near the place that held his prey, and thereby, like the bird who shows her nest by keeping guard too near, attract attention. The tidings for which he waited came at o'clock, just as he was sitting down to his dinner. The parlor-maid who served him had that happy and excited look which the possession of a startling secret, be it good or bad, had especially by the latter, always imparts to persons of her class.

"There's strange news come from Gethin, Sir," said she, as she arranged the dishes.

"Indeed," said Balfour, carelessly, though he felt his brain spin round and his heart stop at the same moment, "what is it?"

"Mr. Coe, Sir, a very rich man—he as owns all Dunlopel—has disappeared."

"Ah!" said Balfour.

"Well, Sir, he went to his room last night, they say, at his usual hour, but never slept in his bed, and the front-door was found unlocked in the morning, so that he must have gone away of himself. That was where the bloody footsteps have been tracked to the cliff edge, and there they stop."

"Poor fellow! Has he any relatives?"

"Oh yes, Sir; a wife and son—a very handsome, nice young man, they say."

"Then his widow will be rich, I suppose?"

"Oh, pray, don't call her a widow yet, Sir; is to hope her husband may be found alive. It's awful thing to be drowned like that on a Sunday morning; and as for suicide, why, he's got no call to be did, too. He was a hard man, and no favorite, but one forgets that now, of course."

"Of course also forgets the Harve'ocre, my good girl; chope me by bringing it, will you?" said Mr. Balfour, beginning to puzzle something which did not seem to like his cautions. "You must excuse my hard-heartedness, but I had not the pleasure of knowing this gentleman."

An hour afterward the solitary guest had left the inn, and was on his road to Plymouth. His departure caused little surprise, for the weather was such as to induce no visitor to prolong his stay.

Whether from his long enforced abstinence from society, or from the unwholesome nature of his thoughts, Robert Balfour was always disinclined to be alone. His exceptional love of luxury in search of pleasure had been, though he did not find pleasure, more agreeable to him than the being left to his own resources; and now more than ever he could not bear to be alone. He preferred even such company as that which the smoking-room of a hotel afforded to none at all. The voices of his fellow-creatures could not shape themselves, as many imaginative sound did, into the utterance of into groans and feeble cries for aid. Not twenty-four hours had elapsed since his prisoner was placed in hold, so that such sounds of weakness and agony must have been in every sense chimerical. Yet there they were, for him, then, if these echoes from the tomb should always be heard! A terrible idea indeed, but one which bred no despair nor cowardice, for the fact that his morse should seize him in the very place where he had left him had clutched and consigned him to his living grave.

The hotel at which he now put up was the same at which he had then slept, and the same room was the same in which he had smoked his pipe and drunk his last glass of brandy-and-water. He had had only one companion then, but now he was full of people. By their talk it was evident that they were townsfolk, and not one of them another; in fact, it was a tradesmen's club, which met at the George and Vulture for a social evening through the winter months. In spite of his willingness to be won from his thoughts, he could not fix his attention on the small local gossip that was going on about him. Men came in and out of the room, observing that Dunlopel was not not easy to take note of faces through the cloud of smoke that filled the room; he was fast relapsing into a reflective mood concerning what Solomon was doing in the dark, and if he slept much, when a sudden noise which roused him as thoroughly as the prick of a lance or the touch of a sword.

"There is no misunderstanding and no obligation—that is my motto."

The speaker was a thin, gray man, whose entrance Robert Balfour had not perceived, and who was seated in an elevated chair, which apparently been reserved for him as president of the assembly. The face was unfamiliar, for twenty years had made an old man of the speaker, and honest twenty-five, but the phrase, and the manner of delivering it, identified him at once as his old friend Mr. Bodge.

"It was in this very room," continued the latter, "that I sat and talked with him as sociable as could be, but a quarter of an hour before I put the duties on him; and it's a thing that has often upon my mind ever since, that in so doing my duty, of course, but still it seemed hard to take advantage of such a frank young fellow. As for stealing them notes, it's my belief he had no more intention of doing it than I had."

"And yet he got it into the 'nires, Mr. Dodge, didn't he?" inquired one of the company.

"Got it hot, Sir?" replied Mr. Dodge, with dignity; "he got an infamous and most unjustly severe sentence, if you mean that. But I'm not what he did was contrary to law, but it's my opinion as the law was strained again him. There was some as swore hard and fast to get him punished as knew he deserved no such treatment. Why, the girl as he loved, and whose picture I found upon him myself when I searched him, and gave it him back, too—ay, that I did—even she took a false oath, as Wexel himself told me, who was his lawyer, and had built up his case with that same hussy for its corner-stone. Ah!" and Mr. Dodge, with a gesture of abhorrence, "if there ever was a murderous man, it was that poor young fellow, Richard Yorke."

"Hot I thought he got twenty years' penal servitude," said the same individual who had had interposed before, and whose thankless office it seemed to be to rouse the old gentleman out for the benefit of society.

"I say he was murdered, Sir. He was shut up for twenty years, and then shot in the back in trying to get away from Lingmoor. It was a deliberate case I ever knew in all my professional experience. Lord, if you had seen him—the handsomest, brightest, gayest young chap! that he was when he came folks call well-looking, if he was the son—that is, though, in a left-handed sort of way, it's true—of maid Carew of Crumpstone—you would have thought the same of the month ago or so; and that, in my judgment, was the secret of all his misfortune: it was the Carew blood as did it. To take his own way in the world; to seek nobody's advice, nor use it if given; to be self-reliant and petted by all the women and half the men as came nigh him; to have no master nor authority; to act upon one thought, and to scorn consequences—well, all that was bred in the bone with him."

"Then he had never any one to look after him at home, I reckon, Mr. Dodge?"

"Well, Sir, he had a mother; and though she was a queer one too, she loved him dearly. She was the cleverest woman, Weasel used to say, over the key of the street, and a perfect lady to too, mind you. She worked to get the poor lad into the Service; and when all was over, instead of breaking down, she rallied, she swallowed her pride, and went down on her bended knees to the old woman, the devil, Trevethick, the prosecutor, and to his son-in-law, Coe, likewise: they lived down Cross Key way—where was it?—at Crumpstone, and she begged for her life, and for petitioning in her son's favor. She got down upon the very day of her own big daughter was married to Solomon Coe, be as has got Dunlopel, and is a big man now. But he'll never be Mayor, Sir, that's a scury lot, if he was to be king o' Cornwall. I shall never forget the way he insulted that poor fellow when he was being taken up. Damme, I would have given a ten-pound note to have had him charged with something; but, Sir, what was the handcuffs were't soon to log for his wrists neither."

"And this Trevethick refused to help where he did he?"

"Why, of course he did. He broke her heart, poor soul, and left her to be passed through Plymouth afterward, and she looked twenty years older than before that trial. Even then she didn't give the matter up, but laid it before the crown. But poor Yorke had offended government—been insulted almost another through one of their public examinations; he had wits enough for any thing, had that young fellow. But, there—I can't bear to talk about it, and yet somehow I seem to help doing on it when I get into this room. He was a fine young fellow, and I respected him. I think I see him now, smoking the best of cigars, one of which he offered to me—for he was free with his hand I was accustomed to receive it, for I couldn't take a gift from one as I was just a-going to be hanged, you know," says I, 'but let us have no misunderstanding and no obligation. Your fellow! poor fellow!'"

"No more we shall about the case of Richard Yorke; but it was evidently a contagious topic with the chairman of the *George and Vulture* club. Gathering to behold and enjoy the misery mother who had done and suffered so much for him, they took possession of his soul. His heart had been steeled against her when he found harbored under her roof the objects of his rage and loathing, but he felt now that had never come to pass with some intention of benefit to himself. The very words, indeed, flushed upon him that she entertained some plan of frustrating his revenge against them, with the idea of protecting him from the consequences that were likely to ensue from it; and he forgave her, though he told her not so. He would not carry out his design to the uttermost, but very cautiously, and with a prudence that he would have thought impossible to him only an hour since concerned: and then, when he had avenged himself and her, he would disclose himself to her. The statement he had just heard affected him deeply, but in opposite ways. The justification of Richard Yorke moved him—he did not need that; it was also for too late for his heart to be touched by the sufferings of the old detective's good-will, though the time had been when he would have thanked him for its utterance with honest tears; but the revelation of his mother's toil and suffering in his behalf rewakened all his demoniac love for her, while it made his purpose firmer than ever to be the Nemesis of her enemies and his own.

As he went to bed that night the clock struck twelve. It was just four-and-twenty hours since he had left his victim in the bowels of Wheal Danes. Those hours would have been sufficient to him for the crime, and the mine been filled with gold for him to its mouth, he would not have stretched out his hand to save him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

STILL HUMAN.

MR. BALFOUR awoke to his previous indifference to the wares of the news-boy by sending him next morning to the station for all the local papers. In each, as he expected, there was a paragraph headed *Mysterious Disappearance*, and as lengthened an account as professional ingenuity could devise of the unaccountable departure of Mr. Solomon Coe from his house at Gethin. The missing man was "much respected;" and, "as the prosperous owner of the Dunlopel mine, which had yielded largely for so many years, he could certainly not have been pressed by pecuniary embarrassments, and therefore the idea of suicide was out of the question." Unlikely as it seemed in the case of one who knew the country so well, the most probable explanation of the affair was that the unfortunate gentleman, in taking his early bath along the cliff top, must have slipped into the sea. The weather had been very rough of late and the wind blowing from off the land, which would have rendered the body's disposition was correct—for the body not having been washed ashore. "In the mean time an active search was going on."

Balfour had resolved not to return to London for at least two days. Mrs. Coe and her son would, without doubt, be telegraphed for, and he could not repair to their house in their absence. The latter would probably be under the same roof with his mother was now repugnant to him. He felt that he could not trust himself to meet Solomon. It had been hard and grievous, notwithstanding his resentment against him, to see her in company with others, and her showers of love, that while had been a great relief to him. With his present feeling toward her he could be impossible to maintain his incognito; and, if that was lost, his future plans—to which he well knew she would object—to himself would be rendered futile. He had seen with rage and bitter jealousy that both Solomon and her boy, and especially the latter, were dear to her; and it was certain she would interfere to protect them, for their sake as well as for her own. But had other reasons than these not nerving immediately to town. It might hereafter be expedient to show that he *had* really been to Cornwallshire, where he had gone since he had designed to go; and, moreover, though his purpose was relentless in its steadfastness, he did not perhaps care to be in a house where hourly suggestions would be dropped as to the whereabouts of his victim, and he feel the fiend prompted to him. Harry and her son might even not have gone to Gethin, and in that case the most preposterous and surmises would have been insupportable.

Richard was more human than he would fain believe himself to be. Though he had gone to bed in execration of sympathy, he awoke somewhat shaken through the long hours of a night in which he had slept but little, and waked to think of what he had dreamt. He had dwelt upon the fate of his unhappy foe, perishing slowly beneath the endless treasure. At first once, indeed, the impulse had been strong upon him that very morning to send word anonymously where Solomon was to be found in the police at Plymouth. Remorse had not as yet become chronic with him, but it seized him by fits and starts. He had, for the time when he had been locked (through his prison bars) on all men with rage and hatred, he had not been relentless, he had argued, supremely wretched, for more than half his lifetime, though this must be denied by it for it was certain that Solomon had sworn falsely, in the spirit if not in the letter, and caused him to be punished for a crime which he knew he was well aware he had not in intention committed. He remembered that it was on occasion of his arrest and also been most brutal and insulting; while, after conviction had been obtained, this wretch's mission, as Mr. Bodge had stated, had known no cessation. In the arms of his young bride he had been deaf to the piteous cry of a mother bereaved of her only son.

But, on the other hand, had not he (Richard) gone wrong in that this man in his presence? Had he not robbed him—for so much at least must Solomon have known—of the love of his mother? Had he, if happiness was to be in all assorted union was not to have been anticipated, child, had he not robbed that mother? If their positions had been reversed, would not he have exacted expiation from such an offender to the uttermost? He would doubtless have returned to twist the law as Solomon had done, and make it, if possible, to have evoked instruments of revenge. He would not, of course, have evoked its aid at all. But was that to be placed to his credit? He had not—throughout above the whole length his life; he had never acknowledged any authority save that of his own conscience. He had avowed to himself that his bitterness against his unhappy victim had been caused not so much by the wrongs he had suffered at his hands as by the contempt which he (Richard) had entertained for him. Without narrowly scanning it, he either had possessed to back his pretensions he had imagined himself a sort of irresponsible and sovereign being. (Such influence as by no means rare, nor confined to despots and brigands, and when it exists in a poor man it is always dangerous.) His estimation, if it could be called such, had doubtless fostered this delusion; but Mr. Bodge was right, the same blood had been as poison in his veins, and had destroyed him.

All this might be true; but such philosophy could scarcely now obtain a hearing, while his enemy was dying of starvation in his living tomb. It was in vain for him to repeat mechanically that he had also suffered a sort of lingering death for twenty years. The present picture of his rival's torments presented itself in colors so lively and terrible as to blot out the remembrance of his own. The recollection of his wrongs was no longer sufficient for his vindication. He therefore strove to behold his victim in another light than as his private foe—as the murderer of his

friend Balfour, the history of whose end may here be told.

On the night that Richard escaped from Lingmoor, it was Balfour, of course, who assisted him, and who was awaiting him in person at the foot of the prison wall. The old man's arms had received him as he slipped down the rope; and the object at which the sentry had fired had been two men, though in the misty night they had seemed but one. Balfour had been mortally wounded, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, laden with the burden of his dying friend, Richard had contrived to reach Bergen Wood. As his own footsteps were alone to be traced along the moor, the idea of another having accompanied his flight occurred to no one; and the sentry's shot naturally not occurred to the authorities. Balfour had hardly reached that wretched asylum when he expired, leaving Richard's hand, which bidding him remember Earl Street, Spitalfields. "What you find there is all yours, Dick," was his dying testament and last words of farewell. And over his dead body Richard swore anew his vow of vengeance against the man that had been, though indirectly, deprived him of his only friend. He had watched by the dead body, on its bed of fern leaves, through that night and the whole of the next day; then, changing clothes with it, he had fled under cover of the ensuing darkness, and got away eventually to town.

He had found the house in Earl Street a wretched hovel, tenanted by a few abjects, whom the money found on Balfour—which he had received on leaving prison—was amply sufficient to buy out. Once alone in this tenement, he had easily possessed himself of the spoil so long entrusted, and, furnished with it, he had hastened down to Crompton—the news of Carew's death having reached London on the very day that he found himself in a position to profit by it. The very plan which he had suggested to Balfour, whose name he had assumed, he himself carried into execution. He made a private offer for the dismal mine, which was gladly accepted by one who had the disposal of the property, acting under the advice of Parson Whymper. Terrified, the only man that had attached any importance to the possession of it, was dead; and it was not likely that any one at the sale would give half of the sum which this stranger was prepared to give for the mere gratification of his whim. The mine, indeed, had scarcely been mentioned in the transaction; it merely formed a portion in the lot comprising the best farm across on which the capricious purchaser had expressed his fancy to build a home. "Disposed of by private contract," was the memorandum written in the auctioneer's catalogue which dashed Solomon's long-cherished hopes to the ground.

Richard acted on in the negligent spirit attended the sale. It attracted an immense concourse; and no less than a great many hoped for the price of admission to those who explored the splendid halls of Crompton, discussing the character of the owner, and retailing the scandal of his eccentricities. Poor Parson Whymper, who had not a shilling left to bless himself, and had died intestate, though, thanks to him, not absolutely a beggar—was perhaps the only person present who felt a touch of pity for the man asked for his patron's signet-ring, as a keepsake, and this request had been refused with the grim rejoinder, he wandered among the gay and jeering crowd like a ghost, little thinking that the man with whom he had had such a petty quarrel was he whom he had once regarded as the heir of Crompton. It was the general opinion now that the unhappy chaplain had died from "natural genius, and had "led him on." Even Richard bestowed but that single glance upon him that he was looking in vain for the face that had so terrible an interest for himself. He had not heard that Tyrwhitt was dead, but he knew well that the instant that his eyes fell upon Solomon Coe, and all his hate was at once transferred to the younger enemy. The business upon which this man had come was as clear to him as though it had been written on his forehead. The negligent of pleasure which had visited his dark soul for twenty years was in sight of the object of its contemplation when, on the sixth day's sale, the auctioneer gave out that lot 970 had been withdrawn. Solomon might have entered into the mansion long before but for the cautious prudence which had prevented him from entering into inquiries upon the subject. For a minute or two he stood stunned and silent, then hurriedly made his way to the auction-room. Richard, who was sitting at the long table with the catalogue before him, kept his eye fixed upon its pages while the auctioneer pointed out to the new purchaser of the lot in question. He knew the inquiry that was being asked, and its reply; he knew the unburly form it was that thrust itself the next minute in between him and his neighbor; every drop of blood in his body, every hair on his head, seemed to be cognizant that the man he hated most on earth was seated cheek by jowl with him. was the first step in the road of retribution had been taken voluntarily by his victim himself. The rest is soon told. Solomon at once commenced his clumsy efforts at conciliation; and his endeavors to recommend himself to the favor of his friendship were suffered quickly to bear fruit. He invited him to his house in London, which, to Richard's astonishment and delight, he found to be his mother's home; and in short, fell of his own accord into the very snare which on the other, had he had the fixing of it, would himself have laid for him.

And now, as we have said, when all had gone exactly as Richard would have had it go, and Solomon was being punished to the uttermost, the executor of his doom was beginning to feel, if not compunction, at all events remorse. No adequate retribution had indeed overtaken Harry. To have made her a widow was, in fact, to have freed her from the yoke of a husband she loved master; but the fact was, notwithstanding the perjury of which he believed her to have been guilty, he had never hated her as he had hated the other authors of his wrongs. She had once on the rock-bound coast at Gethin preserved his life; she had accorded to his passion all that woman can grant, and had reciprocated it; not even in his fiercest hour of despair had he harbored the thought of evil to him hated against her; he had hated her, indeed, as his betrayer, and as Solomon's accusation which he had given her with that intention which he felt toward her husband. There was another motive also, though he did not acknowledge it to himself, which, now that his chief foe was expiating his offense, had no inconsiderable weight in the scale of mercy as regarded Harry.

His endeavors to win Charley's favor had had a reflex action. In spite of himself his heart would have grown up in him toward this boy, whom his mission it was to ruin. If there had been any one quality, any one trait of character, or any thing of his father in his character, his heart might have been steeled against his youth by the power of transference; but in a mean son of Solomon Coe's he would have beheld in him the rebuke of a well, and perhaps a thoughtful brain, such as this Agnes Aird was represented to be, what a happy future might be before this young man. But he had no opportunity to study it would be, and how likely, for him to drift on the tide of self-will and self-indulgence to the devil! The decision rested in Richard's own hands, he knew. Should he blast this young life, as he had, in revenge for the sins which he was in no way accountable, and which were already being so bitterly expiated? The consideration that Harry might even yet be found alive perhaps alone prevented Richard from accomplishing his purpose. But there was no further. If his victim should have been rescued, his enmity would have doubtless blazed out afresh against them as unpardonable; and, over, but in the mean time it smouldered, and was dying out for want of fuel. The fuel on which he was in no way accountable, and which were already being so bitterly expired

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA CONFERRING THE "IRO

"The honored soldier placed his own hand in the Prince's, who shook it. Then he rode ba

LOSS" UPON A SOLDIER, IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES.
the ranks, conscious that in his palm reposed the coveted decoration of the Iron Cross."

A DEAD SHOT.

[See Illustration on Page 836.]

AWAY to the breakers white,
Where the Norland lurches awing,
Where the waves bangs red, where the stream in its bed
Runs with amber hues 'neath the fog.

Away where the hills rise unwilled
By the smoke-soiled touch of town,
Through the purple haze of November days,
With the lichen-gold for a crown.

And far from the moss and the moorland
You can see the breakers white;
And the sea-gull's scream, like a voice in a dream,
Comes and dies on the moan ere bright.

And there where we watch so keenly,
Lo! the great dun stags appear,
To the smallest group, as they onward troop,
We have seen since the opening year.

A shot, and dead on the beaches
The king of the mountain lies,
Struck dead on the moss that he raced across,
With a dumb reproach in his eyes.

And fair the autumnal gloaming,
And sweet is the stranded's song,
As we wend our way in the twilight gray,
And bear proudly the spoil along.

WHAT CAME OF THE EARTH-QUAKE.

"I'VE found an old pack of cards! now, granny, tell my fortune." And Cicely Lee seated herself on the cushion at her grandmother's feet.

The pretty little old lady shuffled the cards with a somewhat shaky hand, looking over and round toward the door.

"If dancers should come in," she murmured, "dances a dreadfully severe on cards, and—Hark!"

"Grandpa's gone out for a walk, darling," said Cicely, her sweet face earnest; "please hurry!" And she composed herself to listen, adding, with a little quivering laugh, "Tell me whom I shall marry."

"You'll marry John Saunders," was the reply. Cicely shook her head; a shadow crossed her face.

"But I say you will, deary," repeated the little old lady in decided tones.

"No, granny, it's impossible now," half whispered the girl, "for John and I have quarreled."

"Lovers' quarrels, child; makes no difference, whatever," responded the old lady, sharply, still shuffling the cards. "I tell you I feel it in my bones."

"Then don't you see it in the cards?"

"Don't I? Of course I do. There you stand, with a light all round between you—very light; she faces you, and he faces you. He's John Saunders, and you're going to marry him. Let me see—diamonds are months; there's eleven in all less than a year. I told you so, deary. Master makes! Is that the dancer?" A loud thump by the breadth of her generous linen apron went the cards.

"No, granny, it's the grocer's boy," replied Cicely, looking through the glass half of the old-fashioned door.

"Deacon's so set!"—and out came the cards again.

"I used to be a master-hand at tellin' fortins when I was a young woman and worldly. Folks said I'd make a mint o' money if I changed for it, as the fort-n-tellers do, and I ain't no doubt of it. Why, I told Sally Bowles that was—married a Henderson; dead now, my dear—when farmer Lee give a great huskin, that her beau'd never come back from the fishing-ground; and no more he didn't. I told Kezzy Blacker—she that's a deacon now—that she wouldn't keep her man over next Christmas; and, sure enough, day before Christmas I went to his funeral. Dear, dear, what a sweet corpse he made!

"Oh!" cried Cicely, with a little shiver, "did you see him all dead in the coffin?"

"Well, yes, I thought I did; but I kinder guess I felt it more in my bones. 'Twas awful weather, that year, at the fishing-ground; and poor Joe Blacker had consumption; he never was good for much. Where'd you find them cards, child?"

"In the old blue sea-chest up stairs," Cicely replied, absently.

"Twouldn't do for the deacon to see 'em," said the pretty little old lady; for, as Cicely often declared, she was like a picture, with her white curls, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. "He's awfully down on cards; but, somehow, they seem kinder natural to me," she continued, shuffling them again, "and I've had many a good game fore I married your grandpa. He don't like to be hard from another, poor soul, and I s'pose it's best he don't. I won't bet a penny with him now for thirty years or up'ard. You see, I used to go home once in a twel'month, and your aunt Smantby, as good a woman as ever lived, but certain, she would have her little game o' cards, and so I always humored her; but, bless you, it wouldn't do to let the deacon know it. Smantby's been dead thirty year this month; she was beautiful as twins. Here, child, put them in the right way quick; I'm sure I hear the deacon now."

Cicely took the cards, and ran up to her own little room with them. Placing them securely away, she proceeded to tie her hair with a long pink ribbon, hastily, for tasteful as she was, in her head.

"He can't help loving me," she repeated to herself, with a saucy little nod, as she arranged her curls, gazing into a pair of sunny, smiling eyes; but while she looked a shadow dimmed their brightness; the pretty face grew sad as she murmured, in a half whisper, "Oh dear, if it wasn't for my dreadful tongue!"

She sat down to think over that last interview.

"I needn't have been so hateful," she murmured, her lips trembling a little as faithful memory reproduced the scene.

"I told him that I had never loved him; what an awful falsehood! "This is the second quarrel, too. I know how it will be—he won't give in, and I'd die first. What! ask John Saunders' pardon? Never!"

So, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, Cicely sat and stitched in the sunshine, her profile face as resolute as if no handsome John Saunders had ever called forth its dimpling smiles, or caused it also the momentary kindling of anger. Nobody noticed how quiet she was, as, after her grandpa's nap, she sat with mother and grandmother sewing and done, she went about her preparations for the evening meal, except Rob, a rough boy of twelve, who watched her furtively whenever he glanced up from the battered copy of "Robinson Crusoe" which he was reading.

"Say, Cicy, I saw Let Dunlop coming home from school," at last he said, and went on reading with all his might.

Now Cicely's face was the light girl in the cards standing between Cicely and her lover. Poor Cicely had of late been a little jealous of Let.

"Did he?" was all she could say, as his sister laid the knives carefully.

"Yes, I did; what do you think she asked me?

"What?" Cicely was betrayed into asking, with an eager look.

Rob chuckled after the manner of wicked brothers.

"Nothing, only if you was going to singing-school. I told her that would depend upon whether John Saunders went."

"Oh, Rob!" said Cicely, sharply, her face changing to pain.

"Now you needn't look at me that way, 'cause I never said a word about John; so don't cry 'fore you're hurt. But you bet Let Davis is the prettiest girl in this town."

"Don't say 'you bet,' said Cicely, irritation in her voice; "it sounds vulgar."

"Oh! don't, not if a boy says it; 'tain't half so bad as 'by gum!' and lots o' boys say that at school. Don't you like Let Davis, then? She's a beauty?"

"I don't know," Cicely responded, pulling the white cloth into place with nervous little twitches; "I suppose she's handsome; folks seem to think so."

"Pho! you girls never 'll say who you think's handsome. All the fellows are awful sweet on Let Davis; she can beat you all to nothing."

"Can she?" queried Cicely, in a voice devoid of all expression.

"Yes, she can; any girl with yellow curls and rosy cheeks and blue eyes and red lips——"

"Where's a John?" cried Robinson Crusoe?" asked his mother, who had entered a moment before to see quietly for him a hear, and Rob suddenly, with a burning face, into silence.

Cicely knew in her heart that pretty Let Davis was all in love with her cousin. Everybody in the old grandmother often called John; she knew it by a hundred signs, and she had noticed sometimes that John himself suspected it. In fact, Let was unconsciously at the bottom of all their trouble, for it was about Let's beauty that they had quarreled.

And now tea was over, the dishes all washed, the kitchen tidied; and as yet Cicely had not made up her mind whether she would go to singing-school or not. To be sure she had dressed for it, and looked forward to it; but long ago the clock had struck seven, and John had not come to ask her. Could it be that there was nothing to detain her but the lack of John's company; and she knew Bessie would consider that the girls could talk. So she suddenly resolved to go, put on her pretty little hat with the crimson feather, that John had always admired, and tripped down stairs.

"Good-by, Rob. I want you to see me to singing-school," she said.

The boy looked up from his book with a grin. "What's John?"

"I don't know—and I don't care," she managed to say in a careless voice; but the words almost choked her.

"I don't hoing to singin'-school," said Rob, unwilling to lose his story.

"Never mind, you can go with me to-night; and, besides, you'll see Let Davis; she's the beauty of the village, you know."

"Who cares for Let Davis?" cried Rob, bluntly, stumbling on the consequences that had to be connected with the non-appearance of John. "She ain't half a handsome as you are, and I've heard ever so many say so; and I guess she's deceitful. Her brother is, at any rate;" and with this sudden change of base Rob put by Robinson Crusoe," and took down his cap.

They were late when they arrived at the schoolhouse. The tall singing-master, who in addition to talking through his nose was a tremendous disciplinarian, scowled at their entrance from the board, whereon regiments of scared semiquavers zigzagged up hill and down hill; holding his unlucky wand in mid-air till the culprits had seated themselves; while every body looked on in profound silence.

"How mortifying!" thought Cicely, angrily; for had not the whole assembly had an opportunity to see that John Saunders was not with her? And could she not hear, with burning, tingling ears, the whispered remarks of the girls near who it was; she had caught a glimpse of Lettie's beautiful eyes. Yes, there was no denying it, her eyes were beautiful.

Rob plucked her sleeve while they were singing "China."

"I say, Cicy, there's John just come in. Bet he did call for you."

The blood flew to Cicely's face; her heart throbbed fast and furious. Somebody walked down the aisle, and the next step, somebody seated himself behind her. It was the only vacant seat, but, unfortunately, next to Let Davis. That sly little thing had made the place by dint of pulling. Instinct, perhaps, told her that Cicely and John had quarreled. Unreasonably angry, Cicely would not look round till recess time, accomplishing this feat, when she did so, with more unanswering than was necessary for so simple an act.

She barely recognized John. He, though glued, tried his best to be civil.

"I called for you," he said; "I was detained."

"Oh, it wasn't any matter," Cicely responded, feeling her heart throb through her voice.

"Wasn't, eh?" he asked.

"No; I said Rob."

"Oh, perhaps it wouldn't be any matter if I never called again, then?"

Rash girl! she heard the tremor in his voice, saw the pale lip drawn hard over the white teeth, but just then Let Davis had deserted her.

"I could survive it," she said, coldly, flashing a glance into his face which he could not be supposed to know was half anguish, half resentment, and all pleading. Then one of Cicely's old enemies, Pride, came snatching his opportunity, became round, and Cicely talked as fast as she could, and smiled, and was coquettish, without knowing or caring what she did, persuading herself that she was punishing John.

So she was! but she was proud, and—he said it himself—mad clear through.

"Miss Lettie, shall I see you home?"

Cicely heard the question, saw the old blackboard wiped clean for the morrow's algebra, heard the long-drawled good-night master dismiss the school, and answered something her old admirer said with closed teeth. For a moment it seemed to her as if she should die, she turned so cold—such a deathly faintness came over her.

"I say, Cicy, I'm to walk with Tom Bentley," said Rob, stretching his early head past Ned Waters, the old admirer, who had retained his seat.

"No, Rob, you go home with me," said Cicely, holding her hands together hard to keep them still from trembling.

"Why, ain't John—?"

"I shall be most happy to see you home, Miss Cicely," said John.

"That's folly!' cried thoughtless Rob, after the manner of boys. "Let's go, then;" and before his sister could speak he was gone.

If Cicely wept bitterly, and tossed and turned through the restless night, and that the had the poor satisfaction of knowing that it was all her own fault, that she had trifled with an honest heart.

"He overlooked my harsh words," she sobbed; "he would have asked me, if I had only smiled, and now I have driven him from me forever."

It seemed so. John did not come again. Cicely kept herself close in patient silence, but grew very white and sad; and it began to be whispered about that she was disappointed. It was like walking on live coals to Cicely, when she thought of that inevitable gossip. She tried not to think of John. Every Sunday she saw John, who sat at the further end of the deacon's pew. She thought every she went home from church, she was heavy as lead, for there, sometimes just before her, walked John with happy Let Davis.

Then Cicely returned from church, pleaded a headache, and went up into her own room. Cicely had had a lesson of certainty of whose knowledge she could not doubt, that John and Lettie Davis were engaged to be married. The wedding was to take place in a couple of months, and her informant was to be one of the bridesmaids.

Every body thought at one time it would be you," added the news-giver; "but I fancy Lettie always liked him." Poor Cicely! the retort had stabbed like a thunder-bolt on her heavy heart; for all along she had been hoping against hope. She was unconsciously looking at her own apathy when the truth was forced upon her. Her John, so beloved, to marry another! What could be? Had he forgiven her his deep, manly passion—his vows? But then, what was she to him?

"I sent him from me, and the punishment is just," she cried to herself, walking blindly on, while her fevered excitement the pretty things which Miss Lettie was going to the city to buy.

Every day Cicely grew paler, and kept over the same old battle, till it seemed as if her strength was nearly exhausted and her will palsied. One Sunday her mother had Cicely looked ill, that she had lost her spirit—those at home, who see her daily, being, as usual, the last to take notice that there was something wrong with Cicy.

"Dearest, you you're growing thin, deary," her grandmother ventured to repeat one Sunday morning, when Cicely, according to her usual custom, sat down by the old lady to read to her.

The bright head bent yet lower till it rested on the old lap in silence.

"Cicely, child, you are crying," said her grandmother; and then, after a long pause, "Is it John?"

"Oh, granny," sobbed Cicely, "the light girl stands between us. I love you, I love you, granny dear? But they are both leaving the whole day, not as you said, and it—it will kill me."

The trembling head fell on her shining crosses.

"I tell you, deary," said the solemn old voice, "John will never have the light girl. Don't break your heart, little love. I say it again, he will marry John Saunders yet. I feel it in my bones. I've always felt it."

"No, granny," murmured Cicely, wiping her eyes as she lifted her head; "they are engaged. They will soon be married; and I—I am very weak and foolish. I shall feel better—when it's all over. Then I'll try and be reconciled; for, granny, it's all my fault."

What a morning it was! Through the open window such wealth of beauty, such utter quiet! The wide, grand expanse of heaven, unsullied by a single cloud; the hills sleeping in the ruddy sunshine. The bees droned lazily among the flowers, breaking the bee Sabbath with impunity; the trees stood motionless against the heavenly blue of the horizon. Never had its azure seemed so perfect.

"Curus sort o' day; weather-breeder, I guess," said the aged deacon, as he lifted his Bible, old like himself, and sat down stump with the aid of an enormous knotted cane. Cicely walked beside him, mechanical still to every neighborhood.

"Did you ever know it quite so still?" she asked.

"Well, 'i guess to me 'tis uncommon quiet," said the old gentleman. "Don't know as ever I did."

That morning Lettie Davis sat in the singers' seat. Cicely never looked at her now. That red and white beauty had ruined all between. Yet no; it was all her own fault: and that was the reflection with which she always ended.

Cicely sat near the window, looking dreamily out upon the little grave-yard, hearing the minister's voice as if it were a faint echo. There were tears in her eyes, and the little white and gray head-stones wavered before her misty sight. The silence was awful; the air was stifling. Suddenly there came a strange, low, thunderous cricket stain, smashing as he sat down. Was it that, Cicely queried, with an involuntary smile, and was the sun so? But presently the pews were rocking; the house was moving; the glass in the windows shivered and rattled and broke. The whole congregation sprang to their feet. Cicely among them.

"Fly, children," said the minister, "the great and terrible day of the Lord—" And then the floor upheaved; the old house shook like a reed in the storm. The confusion was indescribable. Men and women and children cried out for fear. Cicely, half unconscious, yet terrified, found herself struggling with the crowd.

Another vibration, that sent the throng of human beings swaying and falling upon each other, shrieking for mercy—and the outer air.

At that moment, in the extremity of her terror, Cicely's mouth uplifted herself, and the fear near her dearer than all the world, cried, in an agony of pain and fear,

"Oh, John, save me! save me!"

Ah! she was in those arms; held close, close in a passionate clasp, and to that heart she knew now beat only for her. How she clung to him, and how sweet and the terror seemed, for then so gently put her from him, with these whispered words:

"God help us both, Cicely; it is too late."

His pallid lips trembled as he spoke.

She hardly remembered what happened after that, walking home as one in a dream. She heard people talking about the earthquake, and vaguely wished that all the world would have followed them up when her head lay on John's bosom. She trembled with rapture and horror when she did not think of Robinson Crusoe. What should she do? How should she live?

A neighbor called in a few days after. Her heart-quake—one of those angular specimens of the genus spinster of which every village has at least one—had had a daily recurrence, and the tastes of those who are willing to listen and gossip by night.

"Curious about Lettie Davis, isn't it?" she asked, her sly orbs noting the tremor and sudden pallor of Cicely, who had a vivid recollection of her left hand and arm, and was slowly rolling a ball of yarn into vigorous proportions.

"Haven't you heard, Cicely?" she queried again.

"I haven't heard any thing about Lettie," said Cicely, not daring to lift her eyes, for the blending of sudden hope and fear conquered to send the blood to her face, but as quickly to turn it back in a current so cold that Cicely shivered involuntarily, and almost dreaded that her tenth would chatter.

"S'pose you remember Lettie's old fortune of two years ago? Jedus Harris' sort o' cousin, I believe. Let liked him, but the old folks wasn't consulted on either side. He died and left her one time. Well, what do you think? Seems when that yearthquake began Lettie run down one of the alleys and never stopped till she came to Colonel Harris's, nearly faintin' with fright, was she declared, for she see but Colonel Harris there. He'd come back the night afore. It's like a story 'bout him. He's been goin' straight all along; and, through his brother's influence, they say, he's to become a partner in one o' the best houses in Cincinnati or St. Louis, somewhere's which. Now Yorke is a harnsome fellow; you know that, Cicely; you've seen him. My dear, there's no gentleman in this village cuts such a dash."

"Indeed!" repeated Cicely, with conscious that something was expected to be said; what was there very strange in all this? she thought.

"Well, granny, I'm glad for her sake. She always was a flirt; either she wants to make t'other man jealous, now she's sure of him, or there's been a quarrel. I walked on Main Street three times with Lettie Davis; I've seen 'em myself."

"Yes."

"I'd as lief tell news to a stick as to you, child; it's all 'yes' and 'well.' It's plain to see what's been on your mind better'n ever; and he's on the road to money, and Let wants a rich husband, I know that. You ought to see him now, such a splendid beard! And style!—why, there's no comparison."

Cicely listened, but told herself she did not in the least care—was not in the least interested. The sad look, the trembling voice of John, good John, manly, grand John, whom she had so desperately trifled with, were ever before her eyes, ever sounding in her heart.

"God help us both, Cicely; it is too late."

Was Miss Crichton's penetration at fault? The corners of her thin lips twitched a little as she looked at her. How she did long to know whose fault it was that John and Cicely had become as strangers all at once; but something in Cicely's face forbade the question, and she ran up stairs to spin her little toothsome yarns to grandma.

Cicely was alone. The ball of yarn had dropped from her hands. Yet, the great yellow cat, had stopped it with one velvety paw, and was gazing with a look of almost human interest into the face of her mistress. Then the girl leaned her head against the high back of the old rocking-chair, and all the beauty and pathos and tenderness of life seemed to fall away as the misty eyes closed, and the choking sob swelled in her throat.

It was "too late—too late."

He it known unto the reader that Miss Crichtons of all the Sunday flock had been a witness to that little scene in the aisle of the parish church. Half startled out of her wits as she was, true to her instincts as item-gatherer for the community at large, she noted the circumstance, and having a little bone to pick with Lettie, whom she very much disliked, she imparted the matter to her, with a few variations, under the seal of eternal secrecy.

"It was natural, perhaps; you know every body expected Cicely and he'd make a match, once," and I s'pose they both thought their time 'd come."

Lettie was angry, jealous, humiliated. Whenever she thought of it, her vain, fickle little heart swelled with resentment; even at first, when she happened to be thinking about it, her cousin came in, and that was very often. He was a discreet young man, had cultivated all himself at finding the old love revived, and desperately unhappy because Lettie was so cruel. It also occurred to Lettie that, compared to this Adonis, blonde hair, beard, and all, John, with his compact, muscular figure looked a little coarse. There was no denying that; but he looked a trifle grand, too.

John had merged all the week. This was something new for him of late. Why could he not forget that one moment of folly, as well as the heavenly sweet? In vain he called himself to task; in vain he threw all his energy into business for five minutes at a time; in vain he strove as resolutely as he could to put aside his uneasy thoughts.

Ever and anon he gave a downward glance, as if to assure himself that there, on his bosom, that dear face was buried, and ever and anon sinful eyes seemed uplifted to his. What should he do? He must be honorable.

Lettie out with the whole matter one day. It was after Yorke Harris had been sitting in a melancholy attitude, listening as she read the few simple airs he remembered of long syne.

John came in just as Yorke had gone out, saying to himself, "I am grateful for this."

"So that's the fellow!"

Poor John! He had never dreamed of this, and the blood rushed to his face. What could he say, what could he do, but the most awkward thing possible? He took him so completely by surprise, that, leaning one hand on the slender table full of nick-nacks, he overturned brum, with its hanging pendants, the card-basket, and every thing movable went to dancing with the sudden, furious trembling and shaking of his nerves.

Lettie consulted on this occasi .n rose to the verge of heroism. She even thought of Yorke's handsome face and his great love for her, poor fellow! In a moment her little romance and she determined to be generous.

"You needn't answer, John," she said, making herself as tall and stately as possible; "I presume it is true. Of course, from this time our engagement is ended, and perhaps it is better for both of us. I'm sure it is for me," she added, a little sting of a laugh at the close.

"But, Lettie—" stammered poor John, more and more confused; and if Lettie wanted revenge, why, she had it in witnessing his very visible mortification—his dumb anger that he was unable to defend himself as he knew he could and ought to.

"Never mind, Mr. Saunders," she said at last, "I don't care the least bit in the world" (she knew it was a fib). "You won't want to stay, I suppose; and I promised Mr. Yorke Harris that I would go to the theatre with him. He is going to take me over in the colonel's carriage."

It was one more little stroke given to the city, John thought on receiving this strong hint. How he possessed himself of his hat, how he got out of that house, he never knew. But he did know, as the hours went on, that he was glad to be free. The sweet thought of Cicely was no burden now, and he said to himself a dozen times, "I thank God!"

John did the best thing he could do under the circumstances—had a long, delicious talk with Cicely some days afterward. Perhaps the trial did them both good, for Cicely made a solemn vow that she would never be a little hypocrite again, but tell the truth in all sincerity of heart; and John went about as if he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of paradise.

Miss Crichton was disappointer, hugged herself whenever she saw Cicely's engagement ring. John pulverized and frowned, but to this day, when sometimes the scene of Lettie's dismissal flashed across his mind, for he was not a little proud. Yet that did not hinder him from being the happiest man alive.

Lettie was quite as pleased as either of them, for she had transferred her affections easily to the fascinating Yorke Harris, who carried her off in triumph.

So Cicely became Mrs. Saunders before the end of the year, and the old grandmother's prediction was fulfilled, though it took an unchi quake to bring it about.

LAKE DWELLINGS.

THE large tract of land that forms the delta of the Orinoco possesses some very remarkable characteristics. It is always wet, but during several months in the year it is completely inundated, the river rising to an astonishing height, and covering with water a tract nearly half as large as England. This seems to be an unpropitious a spot as could be adopted for human habitation, and yet the Warraus (or Guraioo, as Humboldt spells the name), have established themselves there, and prefer it to any other locality, probably because every article of food they use enables them to pass an existence of freedom. Varying much in the height to which it rises, in some places exceeding fifty feet, the Orinoco has the quality of rising year after year to the same height to the day, and the natives have learned so much to designate the height to which the water rose in one year, the same mark will answer a near after year, with the greatest certainty. Irrigation. Here the Ita palm thrives, which supplies to the Warrau food, shelter, materials, and furniture; fire, scheming four that grow near each other in the form of a square, and cutting away any intervening trees, he makes deep incisions in the trunks some three feet above high-water mark. In these notches are laid beams that are tightly lashed in their places by means of tough fibres. On these beams are laid a number of cross pieces, usually consisting of the slender stems of the leaves, then a layer of the leaves themselves, and finally a smooth coating of mud, which soon dries under the influence of the tropical sun. Above, hard, and firm flooring, that will bear a fire without risk of damage to the combustible materials. A ten or twelve feet above the floor the Warrau constructs a roof of palm leaves, the corners of which are supported by the same trees which uphold the house.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEVER was a December more lovely than has been this of 1870. It seems to have forgotten its old established character, and has appeared in such a novel guise that we scarcely know it. The rain, the icicles, alone about October days when the calendar tells us it is December, delightful as they are when appearing in delightful for riding and walking, for business and for pleasure. Expected favorable have been the long intensive shopping which invariably precedes the holidays; and Broadway daily testifies that the ladies, at least, have been advantaged by it. Not that they would have been kept at home by rain, or wind, or snow at this season. Not even an order of no fire for them could forth courage and endurance. Christmas and New-Year's come once in a twelvemonth, and therefore must nurturers with the pleasurable business connected with them. Not even the 21st of December—our great day—makes for bringing us lovely days of warmth and sunshine. All the wiseacres shake their heads, prophesy badly saying: "We shall have no winter." But if the weather is very unseasonable; it can not last." We do not expect to be late. Even the sleighs and all the scientific out-lookers on Mount Washington may discover in the distance, but they will not descend to snow-cloude; the telegraphic wires may signal this unwonted mildness to the country, but no sooner are these lines the wild winds may be blowing, and earth may be shrouded in white. But, while the bright days are here we, in the city, must make the most of them, for bring, and not progressicate evil in the future, concerning ourselves nor knowledge is as limited.

The recent accidents which befell our transatlantic cables have given the public an idea of what it would be if no lines were established, and what a boon to us this wonderful apparatus. A morning paper with no intelligence from France and Germany, from England, Italy, or Spain! We should hardly recognize it. Each person now by cable has become very much a necessity to the American people, and we can not go back. We can not go back to the old times—we must go forward.

That the Germans expect to spend Christmas in or before Paris is shown by a post-office notice recently issued at Berlin. It stated that in order to effect the dispatch of Christmas presents to the troops in France, the usual post-office period would be reduced in the present extent till the evening of the 8th of December, when the receipt of parcels would be discontinued.

Very curious it is to notice how popular names in literature or in the arts are applied to the most contrasting purposes. Thus we have Shakspeare associated in a fuming advertisement of the "Lothair Knife-Cleaner."

The *Court Journal* says: "Only seven persons have been created English titles since the accession from the United States, thus far. Why not appoint a lady?"

Perhaps it is not too late in the season to tell a curious story. Last year, a few days before the end of last November a turkey was brought by a farmer into the market in Syracuse. It was immediately noticed by somebody's dinner on that festive day, only the owner waited to obtain a good price for it. The fowl was, therefore, sold, and it was left in the butcher's shop on with its legs tied. It had no idea, however, of such proceedings, and it escaped from the shop shortly, in spite of cackled legs, it soared aloft, but with such a swaying motion, that it could not possibly determine pane of glass in a store window, and, lighting upon a sewing-machine, was caught. The glass, and a ing about $150, was left with a smooth hole and numerous radiating cracks. The turkey did not lose a feather, and has been "plucked" since.

A new "Garden for the People" will soon be open to the inhabitants of London; and the public are to be admitted on Sundays as well as week-days. It is to include fifty acres of land.

The infant son of Vice-President Colfax is to be the recipient of an elegant table service in silver—a gift of Senators of both political parties, as a testimony of friendship to the father. The service consists of a tray, bowl, cup, plate, knife, fork, spoon, and napkin-ring—the whole inclosed in a superb French walnut case, specially wrought in panels. The tray, which is beautifully ornamented, and inlaid with fretted gold of twelve different kinds, has in the centre a plate for the inscription, "Schuyler Colfax, Jun., from Senators of the 41st Congress." An expansion of the tray at the side is supported by a shield of rat gold, with monogram, surmounted by a wreath of tuberoses and morning-glories. The bowl and cup are finished in Oriental pearl and inlaid with gold. The knife, fork, and spoon also have handles of gold, and the napkin-ring bears the monogram "S. C., Jun.," in delicate characters. The casings are of French walnut, with a cover of damp and satin-wood, inlaid with flowers.

A good fat cat now costs ten francs in Paris.

The Marquis of Lorne is popular just now. A photographer in Edinburgh established himself over a London house for sixty thousand of his photographs.

A citizen of Toledo, while dining at a hotel recently, found a diamond ring of great value suspended by the lodgment of a turkey bone within the esophagus. The astonishment and shocking was followed by vomiting. Medical aid was obtained, but the bone could not be withdrawn by instruments, and its sharp edges produced much torture. Finally an attempt was made to thrust it down into the stomach. This was at length accomplished by a long, whalebone probe, handsome, to the end of which a piece of sponge was firmly attached. The sponge down was accomplished slowly, and with great pain to the patient.

The article gold pen, in imitation of a quill, which was recently mentioned as having been made by Herr Biesinger, jeweler, of Pforzheim, with a view to curtail Bismarck's signing the treaty of peace in Paris with it, has been presented to Count, who, in acknowledging it, wrote: "Your beautiful and very artistic present has reached me in safety. I think I will first some difficulty is knowing how to express my thanks for it." The Count might have added, "And how I shall get into Paris to use it."

During the year ending September 30, 1870, there were filed in the Patent Office 19,411 applications for patents, 14,357 of which were applications for the extension of patents; 13,622 patents, including reissues and designs, issued, 11,094 hundered, and 1,528 allowed, but not issued, by reason of the non-payment of the final fee. The receipts for the office during the fiscal year were $13,620,439 in excess of its expenditure.

Rumors from France are to the effect that the weather has been severe there, and that the ground has been frozen hard. Quite a contrast to our weather here, where the mercury has been hovering about the 60° mark.

A novelty has been started in Islington, England, in the establishment of a church solely for children. The service commences at half past six o'clock in the evening, and continues for half an hour. No infants or adults are admitted. There is a good deal of singing, and a short prayer, but no address or sermon of about twenty minutes' duration is delivered.

The Prussians are said to use the children they take prisoners in France for the purpose of learning French, and speak both French and German, are found useful. Yet it seems very and thus to make the children tractable, as it were, by kindness.

St. Cloud is converted into a fortress; the woods have been cut down, trenches made, and batteries erected. Its position as well as broad-works for its fanzy, rifle-pits, etc.; every house and wall has been loopholed. The defenses are strongly barricaded. Some of the articles employed in constructing the defenses are strangely out of keeping with their present use. The Imperial Throne, a square plain arrow as a stand for a richness under a peculiar loophole; and an Ea. Cole's Patent Safe, with its iron doors, is the component parts of which is a stuffed peacock, in close proximity to a gilded cage.

In Germany there are upward of 18,000 widows and 120,000 fatherless children, in consequence of the losses in the Landwehr corps alone, which is computed chiefly at married men.

We notice a statement that Dr. Russell has seen one of the Prussian rotten-cards marked oil for portions up to January 10, 1871.

At Strasburg all traces of the siege are fast disappearing. The fortifications are said to be restored to nearly their former strength. A large number of workmen are employed in repairing the Cathedral, and it will shortly be reopened by the Prussians.

Many of our readers have very little realizing sense of the immense labor involved in our city postal service, or of the thorough systematization which is required in the post-office in order to keep the machine perfection. During the month of October the total number of letters in New York city was 1,344,176, of which 1,285,340 came by mail, and 998,679 were "drop" or city letters. There are nearly three hundred letter-carriers employed in this department throughout the city are about fourteen hundred street boxes; but those in the business district are not content to stop a box. A proposition has been made, and is under consideration, of placing boxes on alternate corners of the streets all over the city—an arrangement which would be convenient for the correspondents, but which would inevitably require more than the fifty collectors now employed to remove the valuable contents of the boxes. Letters are collected from the boxes from six to ten times daily, according to circumstances. Up town the earliest collection is at half past five in the morning, and the latest at half past six in the evening; down town the earliest is at half past seven A.M., and the latest at seven P.M. The variations in time are with special reference to business convenience. Every drop-letter is stamped with the hour of its receipt by the post-office department; and with the exception of those dropped late at night, no city letter should be more than three hours reaching its destination. Many hours often elapse, however, and detectives are employed to discover the cause of the delay. Sometimes the fault lies between the collector and carrier; but statistics show that the greatest number of delays occur in putting letters into the boxes with wrong addresses, sometimes with only a part of an address, and again with no address at all! Some are not stamped; others bear marks of the stamping-machine, and perhaps upon them. Investigation proves that some dishonest office-boy or messenger has skillfully removed them for his own private use. An unpaid letter is detained for prepayment, though the sender is always notified when it is possible to learn his name.

We find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* an anecdote of George IV., which is said to be now in print: At a small dinner-party at Carlton House Colonel Hamilton, one of the boon companions of the Prince, told a story which, like many of the stories of the Regency, was more distinguished by its point than its propriety. "Colonel Hamilton," said the Prince, "I met Gentleman in Europe" filled his glass and threw its contents in the colonel's face, saying, "Hamilton, you're a blackguard." What was the Colonel to do? To challenge the Regent was treason; and yet to return the insult in kind was to take a course which would have compelled the Prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the colonel. Hamilton was equal to the occasion, however; he rose, and yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamilton was equal to the difficulty by filling his glass and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion. "If his Royal Highness's name was Guelph," he was wit in action. He seized Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. "Hamlyn," he said, with a slap on the shoulder, "you're a capital fellow. Here's a toast to you."

Now that the question of the payment of an Indemnity by France at the end of the war is likely to become a matter of discussion, it may interest our readers to know what France had to pay at the command of the allied powers after the war in 1815. The payments were of three kinds—namely, the indemnity proper, the cost of the army of occupation, and the claims of foreigners who had been despoiled or injured by the French revolutionary government. The amounts were assessed as follows: 1. Indemnity to allied powers, 700,000,000 francs. 2. Pay, equipment, and clothing of army of occupation for three years—the provisions, fuel, and forage to be furnished by France, 265,000,000 francs. 3. Foreign and British claims, the Bank of Hamburg, 25,000,000 francs. Total, 1,165,000,000 francs. This total in pounds sterling made a sum of about 46¾ millions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a seven-pound poker, unless the fire will keep up a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his boots, and finally, after blowing out his companion with the paper-knife, takes a cold potato in his hand to light his bed-candle, he is getting excited. In such a case, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly spirits.

It is said that the reason why the Russian government is so slow in availing itself of the electric telegraph is that it is afraid of the effect of the necessary preliminary operations—such as *streaking the Poles*, for instance.

An enterprising ice-cream maker in Chicago advertises: "Parties supplied by the quart or gallon, and delivered in any part of the city." For those who wish to obtain ice-cream by the lb an eighth-quarter.

The man who shot and killed a boy in his molen patch, when called to account for the deed, said he did it in sorrow for the boy, who otherwise might have died a painful death from cholera morbus.

An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast of a chop, called to the waiting Miss Alsace, being one more bread; I just a good deal of bread to my chop." "Certainly, sir, certainly, sir, immediately," "Please your honor, and ye eat a good deal of steak to your head."

Why is a young lawyer like the national currency? —Because he is a legal tender, and somewhat green.

A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his knowledge of art, was overheard a few days since sitting upon the bank of the river angling for minnows. "Ah," he was heard to say, "this fishing for art does not embarrass, it excites the fancy little to the mind, and is a delightful amusement to the mind upon whose pride it affords a stinty allurement?" "Why, bait the hook, my boy, *I'm definite!*"

Of all the specimens of German-American orthography we have seen, that in the light bread of a Hartford saloon-keeper is the most excruciating. He has "patent light bread," and it reads "Rosenbloom's Gedrunk." *Was der teufel ist das?* "Positively No Trust!"

Why is an elephant unlike a tree? Because a tree bears leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

A gentleman, stating that a person engaged in an extensive business in Boston had lately been robbed by a lady if he knew whom he succeeded in business; to which the gentleman replied that he did not know whom he succeeded, but it was evident that he did not succeed himself.

According to the articles of war it is death to stop a common-ball.

At a church of "color," about twenty miles from Albany, the other evening, the minister soliciting a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during service, called out in a loud voice, "All persons will please step down, both white and color; I see no more for the one dun de odder." Instead the proper persons to step down, they will say, "I'm dun pulpit commences singing in short meter:

Go dun and dun de odder,
Bof white man and color;
Dun I does for de white man,
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FORTUNE-TELLERS.—Bunk clerks.

When the Chinese want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave, and makes a great noise, but who shows his courage, they say that "he is cutting down bamboo to frighten the tigers." "Yes, sir, I did tree down dat tree," said a Western negro to a fellow-hand over the fence—"look-ahee." "Yes, sir, I did tree down dat tree." "Yah, yah, I does." "Yes, sir, I did tip dat tree right over." "Yah, yah, I does." "Was you in dat tree after?" "No, sir, I was not in dat tree after." "Well, I will tell you de day, Sambo." "Well, sure, I did." Sambo scratched the back of his head out of the longest line, and don't hear sullin drap. What do you say, Sambo?" "I do say, I do come." "No, you don't: 'twas dis 'ere nigga; like to broke he neck 'cross hinggin' bout ober stock."

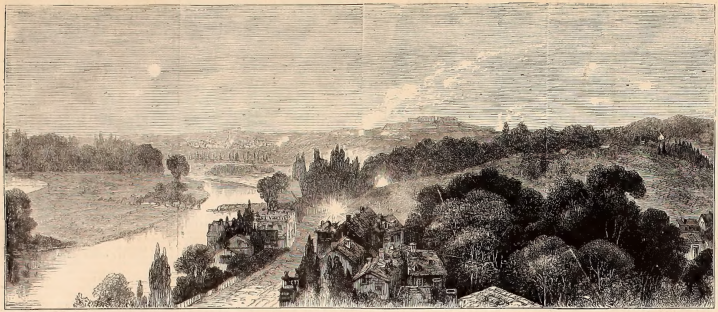

SCENE OF A LATE SORTIE FROM PARIS.

SCENE OF A LATE SORTIE FROM PARIS.

THE above picturesque sketch represents the scene of a recent sortie from Paris, to which the French have given the name of the "battle of La Malmaison." Although the affair, which took place October 21, was the most serious that had occurred previous to the desperate attempt under General DUCROT to break through the Prussian lines of investment, it ended in the usual way; and an afternoon of sharp and bloody fighting was closed by a long string of Gardes Mobiles and Zouaves being marched under escort to Versailles. At Malmaison, JOSEPHINE'S Malmaison, there is a pavilion in the EMPRESS'S garden, where, it is said, the first NAPOLEON planned the Jena and Austerlitz campaign. There was some hard fighting about there, and the dead and wounded lay about the garden when the day's work was done; and around the church of Reuil, with its monuments "à Josephine, Eugène, et Hortense," the Prussians are now quartered. So the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges; but who can tell when it may take a turn the other way?

THE POPULATION OF PARIS.

IN 1866 the entire city of Paris within the fortifications comprised a civil population of 1,799,980, which, with 23,294 military, made a population of 1,825,274, occupying an area of 7802 hectares (the hectare is a little more than two acres). Prior to 1860 the city proper only extended over the 3438 hectares within the octroi limits, and in 1856 the density of population within that boundary was 242 persons per hectare, while in the circle outside the octroi, but within the fortifications, there were only 83 persons per hectare. Taking both outer and inner circles together, the average density was 197 persons per hectare in 1856, whereas in 1866 it was 234. Taking Paris as a whole, twice as many people were living on the same area in 1866 as in 1831, the tendency to agglomeration of course going on latterly with great rapidity in the banlieue, thanks to the dispensation of M. HAUSSMANN. As regards area, Paris is just about twice the size of Vienna and of Dublin, nearly four times the size of Liverpool and Glasgow, about 1300 hectares larger than Berlin, and about a quarter of the size of London within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board. But the inhabitants of London and Berlin have more than double the elbow-room of the Parisians.

The number of houses in Paris in 1866 was 57,686, of which 1057 were uninhabited. This gives a ratio of 32 persons to each inhabited house. The number of separate tenancies (locations) was 641,165, providing for 675,222 distinct families or establishments. The houses in Paris are covered principally with zinc and slate. Only 149 thatched houses were to be found, and those in the outer parts of the city. In 1861 there were 8061 houses having nothing but a ground-floor; but in 1866 these had been reduced to 4778. On the other hand, houses with four stories above the rez-de-chaussée had increased from 14,347 to 16,197.

In point of origin and nationality the civil population of Paris comprised 592,763 born Parisians, 1,098,818 persons born in the French provinces, 2212 naturalized foreigners, 16,114 foreigners, and a small remnant of 1773 whose nationality could not be or was not ascertained. Of the foreigners, 8015 were English, 4022 Americans, 30,356 Germans, 28,430 Belgians, 6509 Dutchmen, 7298 Italians, 9939 Swiss, 2939 Spaniards, 1267 Russians, 4100 Poles, 501 Swedes and Danes, 304 Mexico-Wallachians, 281 Greeks, 307 Turks, and 1225 other foreigners. Thus it appears that only 33 per cent. of the population of the French capital are true Parisians, while nearly 6 per cent. are foreigners, of whom by far the largest proportion were Germans and Belgians, the English being comparatively few.

A DEAD SHOT.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 834.]

Game of Ring-Toss.

Figure 1.

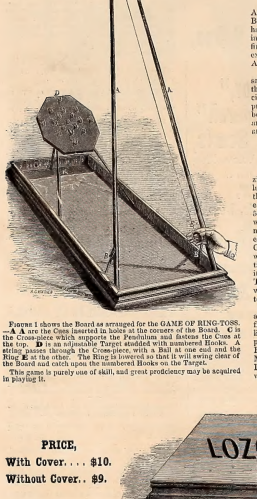

FIGURE 1 shows the Board as arranged for the GAME OF RING-TOSS. —**A A** are the Cues inserted in holes at the corners of the Board. **C** is the Cross-piece which supports the Pendulum and fastens the Cues at the top. **D** is an adjustable Target studded with numbered Hooks. **A** string passes through the Cross-piece, with a Ball at one end and the Ring **E** at the other. The Ring is lowered so that it will swing clear of the Board and catch upon the numbered Hooks on the Target.

This game is purely one of skill, and great proficiency may be acquired in playing it.

THE most wonderful invention of the age for the entertainment of children and adults is the LOZO PENDULUM BOARD, having a combination of eight different games, viz.:

Game No. 1. Ring-Toss with Ring.
" " 2. Ten-Pins with Swinging Ball.
" " 3. Pockets " " "
" " 4. Bagatelle " " "
" " 5. Ten-Pins with Cues and Balls.
" " 6. Pockets " " "
" " 7. Bagatelle " " "

And, by reversing the Bagatelle Board, it becomes a Miniature Billiard Table. All contained in the small space of three and a half feet in length, twelve inches in width, and two and a half inches in depth. It is made of Black Walnut, lined with the finest quality of Billiard Cloth, and it is furnished with a Cover to exclude dust, Two Cues, Ten Balls, a Set of Ten-Pins, and an Adjustable Target, Bagatelle, and Lockers.

In introducing the Lozo Pendulum Board I do not hesitate to say that it has no superior. The immense sale which followed the introduction of this Board into New York and other Eastern cities gives it precedence over all game-boards that have been presented to the American public during many years. It has been praised by the press, it has been commended by the clergy, and has every where received universal approbation as an elevating attraction for the home circle.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

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Pocket Game.

Figure 3.

FIGURE 3 shows the Board as arranged for the POCKET GAME.—This game is played with the Pendulum Ball, in the same manner as the game of Ten-Pins. **I** is an adjustable Pocket, or series of numbered stalls. The object of the game is to propel a ball into each stall, or to obtain the greatest number of points possible by adding together the numbers at the head of the stalls scored.

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Game of Ten-Pins.

Figure 2.

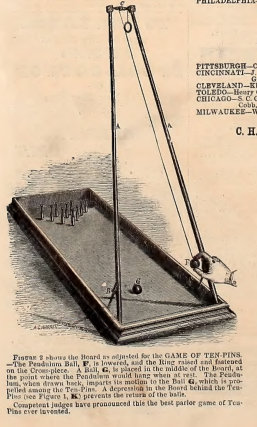

FIGURE 2 shows the Board as adjusted for the GAME OF TEN-PINS. —The Pendulum Ball, **F**, is lowered, and the Ring raised and fastened on the Cross-piece. A Ball, **G**, is placed in the middle of the Board, at the point where the Pendulum would hang when at rest. The Pendulum, when drawn back, imparts its motion to the Ball **G**, which is propelled among the Ten-Pins. A depression in the Board behind the Ten-Pins (see Figure 1, **K**) prevents the return of the balls.

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Game of Bagatelle.

Figure 4.

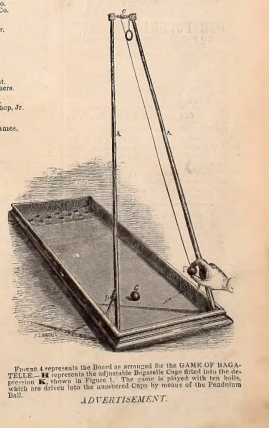

FIGURE 4 represents the Board as arranged for the GAME OF BAGATELLE.—**H** represents the adjustable Bagatelle Cups fitted into the depression **K**, shown in Figure 1. The game is played with ten balls, which are driven into the numbered Cups by means of the Pendulum Ball.

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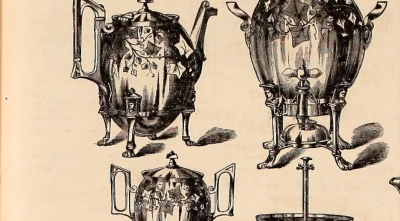

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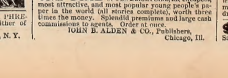

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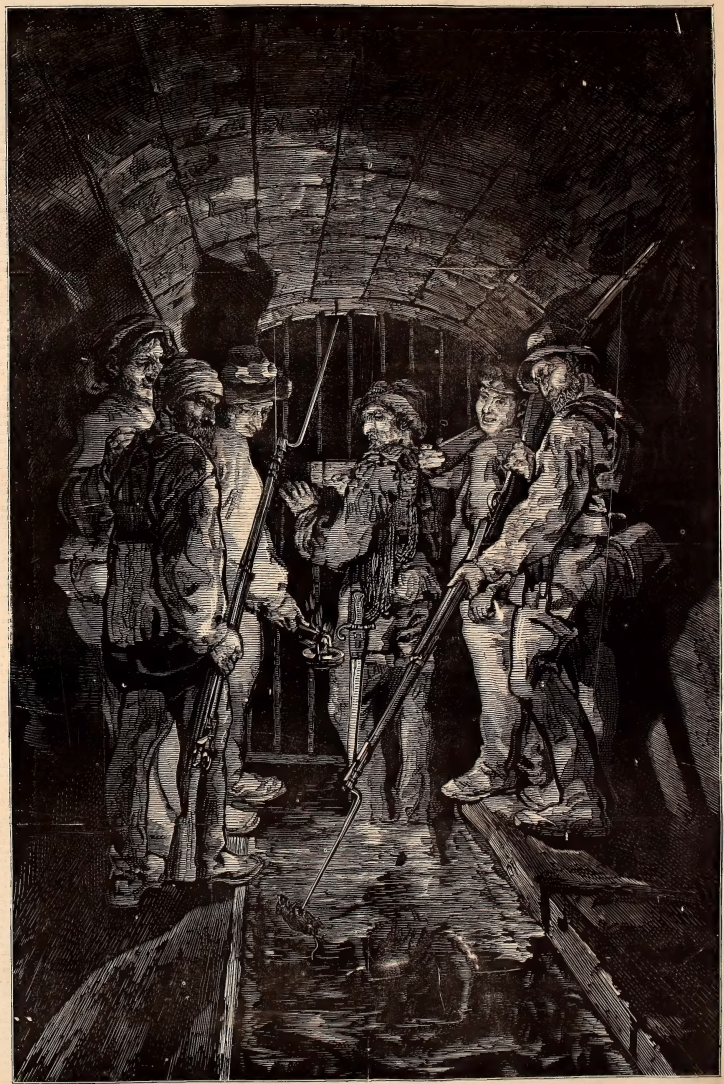

KEEPING WATCH UNDERGROUND—GUARDING THE OUTLET OF A PARIS SEWER.—[SEE PAGE 842.]

FRANCE—1870.

BEAUFORT. France! o'er the wide waste of waters
Swells the heart-breaking plaint of thy sons and thy daughters:
Beautiful France,
Fanned in sunny and romance,
How thy prestige departs
As war's leprous advance
Beautiful France! o'er thy many dominions
The Angel of Death flaps his shadowy pinions;
Lowly lead of the vine,
What enchantment was thine
Ere thy lustre was dimmed
By the hosts from the Rhine.

Valpybourn France! how thy beauty is marred!
With the gashes of war thy fair bosom is scarred;
Yet with eloquent woe,
In the dust sitting low,
Thou breathest defiance
And death to the foe.

Vain threats! as the bird in the fowler's deft snare,
Or the lion entrapped and attacked in his lair,
So the realm of thy foes
Bind the fast—and no fate
In the dream of heaven,
And the hopes which inflate.

The wail of thy peasants sounds like a dirge,
As the billows of war round their flaming homes surge;
And the babe at the breast
Is convulsively pressed,
As hunger's fell tooth
Gnaws the mother distressed.

And Paris, the bright incarnation of joy,
Invested with all that can charm or decoy,
Seat of pleasure and art,
Gilded luxury's mart,
Must thy splendor glow dim
And thy empire depart?

Now a belt, of destruction encircles thy wall,
And proud Paris must yield, or proud Paris must fall;
For Destiny wails
Not for mortals or states,
And Wilhim, the triumph
Shall enter her gates.

O France! bleeding France! what confusion and shame
Overwhelms thee to-day, and obscures thy fair fame;
With the suicide's knife
Thou hast struck at thy life,
And with murder duty
Prolongest the strife.

In the name of true Freedom we conjure thee, cease!
And to-day by bosom the Spirit of Peace;
Lift thy cuisse on high,
And with soul-thrilling cry
Shout, "Vive la Republique
Let tyranny die!"

WATCH UNDERGROUND.

THE striking and picturesque sketch on the first page of our Supplement this week illustrates a phase of the siege of Paris entirely peculiar to that city. It is well known to our readers that underneath Paris lies a vast system of immense sewers, having outlets on the banks of the Seine without the city walls. They are large enough, as the illustration shows, to allow several men to walk through them abreast; and, in fact, they were constructed partly for a military purpose, in case a rising in Paris should require that a means of security, these vast underground passages have suddenly become of great value to the beleaguered city: for should the Prussians once gain admission through the outlets, they might work their way from the very heart of the capital, and destroy it by the explosion of mines. To guard against this, the besiegers employed to keep the sewers in order have been formed, and the engineers of the Ministry of Public Works have taken the precaution to strengthen the interior both of the sewers and aqueducts, with barriers to prevent any intrusion; while they have blockaded up the shafts entering the catacombs and underground quarries, and walled up every gallery that might give the enemy easy access to the inside of the circle of defenses. In addition to these precautions they have strewn the ground outside the outlets with torpedoes, which explode when trodden upon; and mines of large extent, with powerful charges of gunpowder or other perilous material, have been constructed near them.

The illustration conveys a graphic idea of the dismal service demanded of these subterranean guards, and vividly suggests the weird character of the horrors that would accompany a hand-to-hand struggle in those cavernous depths. Fresh romances and artists, after the war, will find material for many a weird sketch in the underground life of these guards.

THE GIPSY OF MALAGA.

AN ADVENTURE IN ANDALUSIA.

"BY JOVE! what a beautiful girl! Look quick, Harper, before the vanishes like a beatific vision from our mortal gaze."

These were the words, uttered half in jest and half in earnest, which I rode from my saddle to my fellow-traveler, Charlie Alston, as, wayworn and weary, we rode up our horses, in the rich glow of an autumn sunset, at the door of a low house, which in Spain does duty for a posada, or inn. We had left Malaga, at noon of the same day, at 11 o'clock on the previous night, and after a forest ride by moonlight, the memory of whose enchanting loveliness no after dreams of beauty can blot out, we had taken what refreshment, in the way of grapes and light wine, the peasants could supply, and started afresh on what proved to be the hardest day's ride that even *I*, accustomed as I have been to the saddle from my nursery, ever remember to have taken. All day we rode under the scorching sun of Spain, sometimes over highways white and hot with dust, sometimes through leafy dells, where the fierce sunlight was broken by the shade of lofty trees, sometimes winding along the base of the lovely Sierra Nevada, and at every turn gazing upon some new landscape more surpassingly beautiful than the last.

During the latter half of the day, however, we had both been far too weary to make enjoyment possible, and my friend Charlie, who was at all times fonder of animated nature, especially when manifested in the female form divine, than of the loveliest landscape that ever enchanted by its masterful sight, was becoming very impatient at what he called the "monotony" of our journey, and especially exasperated that none of the far-famed beauties of Andalusia had thus far crossed our path. We had been riding for more than an hour, with not a sound to break the stillness of the air save the occasional tinkling of a goat's bell's bell, when Charlie's exclamation roused me from the state of torpor into which I had fallen, and I glanced quickly in the direction of my somnolence in the direction indicated by his eye. Before me stood the "posada"—a low, wooden building, the roof rising somewhat in the middle and sloping gradually off to either side. At the door stood a group of three persons—two ugly peasants, with our greasy, swarthy host at their head; and escaping by what seemed to be a back entrance, and leaving rapidly down a sidepath, was as splendid a specimen of womanhood as my eyes had ever lighted upon. She was tall and slight, and her form less fully developed than is common among Spanish girls of her age; but it had the fairness, and the easy, free, graceful spring, of the young antelope. She wore the picturesque costume of the Andalusian peasantry, and as we rode up she turned her head to look at us, thus enabling me to see the delicate oval of the face, the large dark eyes, the scarlet, pouting mouth, and, rarest of all combinations in a Southern clime, the golden hair which in rich coils floated like a halo of glory round her small, well-set head. Altogether it was, as Charlie said, almost like a heavenly vision that appeared to our sight, and for a moment I shared his apprehension that she would vanish as suddenly and as mysteriously as she had appeared. Being, however, an old traveler, and of an eminently practical turn of mind, I checked my own emotion and Charlie's burst of enthusiasm, and requested him in a few slang words to "keep his peace; I lit my cuisjo on high, and with soul-thrilling cry shout, 'Vive la Republique let tyranny die!'"

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"BY JOVE! what a beautiful girl! Look quick, Harper, before the vanishes like a beatific vision from our mortal gaze."

These were the words, uttered half in jest and half in earnest, which I rode from my saddle to my fellow-traveler, Charlie Alston, as, wayworn and weary, we rode up our horses, in the rich glow of an autumn sunset, at the door of a low house, which in Spain does duty for a posada, or inn. We had left Malaga, at noon of the same day, at 11 o'clock on the previous night, and after a forest ride by moonlight, the memory of whose enchanting loveliness no after dreams of beauty can blot out, we had taken what refreshment, in the way of grapes and light wine, the peasants could supply, and started afresh on what proved to be the hardest day's ride that even *I*, accustomed as I have been to the saddle from my nursery, ever remember to have taken. All day we rode under the scorching sun of Spain, sometimes over highways white and hot with dust, sometimes through leafy dells, where the fierce sunlight was broken by the shade of lofty trees, sometimes winding along the base of the lovely Sierra Nevada, and at every turn gazing upon some new landscape more surpassingly beautiful than the last.

During the latter half of the day, however, we had both been far too weary to make enjoyment possible, and my friend Charlie, who was at all times fonder of animated nature, especially when manifested in the female form divine, than of the loveliest landscape that ever enchanted by its masterful sight, was becoming very impatient at what he called the "monotony" of our journey, and especially exasperated that none of the far-famed beauties of Andalusia had thus far crossed our path. We had been riding for more than an hour, with not a sound to break the stillness of the air save the occasional tinkling of a goat's bell's bell, when Charlie's exclamation roused me from the state of torpor into which I had fallen, and I glanced quickly in the direction of my somnolence in the direction indicated by his eye. Before me stood the "posada"—a low, wooden building, the roof rising somewhat in the middle and sloping gradually off to either side. At the door stood a group of three persons—two ugly peasants, with our greasy, swarthy host at their head; and escaping by what seemed to be a back entrance, and leaving rapidly down a sidepath, was as splendid a specimen of womanhood as my eyes had ever lighted upon. She was tall and slight, and her form less fully developed than is common among Spanish girls of her age; but it had the fairness, and the easy, free, graceful spring, of the young antelope. She wore the picturesque costume of the Andalusian peasantry, and as we rode up she turned her head to look at us, thus enabling me to see the delicate oval of the face, the large dark eyes, the scarlet, pouting mouth, and, rarest of all combinations in a Southern clime, the golden hair which in rich coils floated like a halo of glory round her small, well-set head. Altogether it was, as Charlie said, almost like a heavenly vision that appeared to our sight, and for a moment I shared his apprehension that she would vanish as suddenly and as mysteriously as she had appeared. Being, however, an old traveler, and of an eminently practical turn of mind, I checked my own emotion and Charlie's burst of enthusiasm, and requested him in a few slang words to "keep Peace; I lit my cuisjo on high, and with soul-thrilling cry shout, 'Vive la Republique let tyranny die!'"

By this time we had dismounted and entered the inn, where, in our rough traveling garb, we plainly did diggers at our belts, we might easily have been mistaken for the robbers that we were stood upon. The building had, from the appearance of a Spanish posada, consisting of a long, dark apartment, out end of which served as a kitchen and dining-room for the host and guests, and the other being partitioned into roughly made cells, in which the host and his literally entertainment for man and beast under the same roof. It was a dismally rough and comfortless-looking place, and would probably, consisting of a mingled compound of garlic, stable, and smoke-permeated air. Instead of this, we were greeted at this season, and, besides, our horses could be cared for. You'll get used to the perfume in a little while."

"Perhaps so," replied Charlie, with a shrug of his shoulders unmistakable, "but I can't see through Spain again I'll have my olfactories partially destroyed for life."

"And have your head made bullet-proof at the same time," I rejoined, "which is rather the more pressing need of the two." Seeing that Charlie and listen to every word you hear spoken in a foreign country to understand, I've been in Spain before, and I don't at all like the look of this place or its occupants."

As I spoke we glanced ourselves close to the fire, which was throwing out any quantity of heat, but little, but, as far as I could see, was capable of warming nothing but itself.

The night was, however, closing in damp and chilly, and as common sense dictated, both Charlie and myself were glad of the protection that the humble roof afforded.

To add to our complexity, the beautiful vision that had delighted our eyes in the open air proved in and out every way possible to be both for supper, and engaged in a variety of sufficiently mendacious occupations to convince us that the hotel-keeper's daughter she was not. It was difficult to form any opinion as to the relation in which she stood to the wretches by surrounded her, as she scarcely spoke or raised her eyes in reply to remarks that they made to her, and took no more notice of their coarse oaths and impressions than she did of my friend Alston's insinuating efforts to attract her attention. As she was the only female in the house about the place, however, I concluded that she was paid for her services, and would only remain while treated with consideration and respect. I was decided in my own mind that she probably belonged to some gipsy tribe, as her rich dark blood in her veins—perhaps English or Scotch—but from whatever source it came, it was manifested as it was with an Oriental richness of complexion, and eyes that had the darkness and softness of the gazelle.

She seemed to have some unexplained purpose in delaying as long as possible her arrangements for supper, which called forth more than one impatient "Caramba" from the ruffians who called themselves our hosts. There were three men besides himself in the posada, every one of whom, I was ready to swear, had committed more than one, mess and of blood. I watched them as I sat with half-closed eyes beside the fire, and made up my mind that, if ever there was a moment in a peril of their lives, we were that night. Then I necked my brain to recall the last sign of human habitation that I had seen that day; and after satisfying myself that it was too far off to be of any use to us, I began to calculate our chances of resistance should an attack be made. We were well armed, and three to four, supposing that our guide would help us; but a glance into a distant corner of the wide department, where he lay sleeping, or feigning sleep, convinced me that no assistance could be counted upon from that quarter. Well, the situation was not a cheerful one, certainly; but Charlie and I had youth and strength and British pluck to back it lugged up the belief, that had been instilled into me from my childhood, that those qualities were more than a match for foreign perfidy and cunning.

So, after a few words to Charlie (whose whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the movements of the gipsy girl), cautioning him against any drink that might be offered to us, to feinde to be drugged. I possessed my soul with patience, and again turned myself to the fire. I remained in this attitude for nearly two hours, when I opened my eyes it was to see the Andalusian maiden place before me and the table at which the rest of the company were seated, and to hear "Bravo! bravo! very good!" pronounced aloud in Spanish, and "Sleep not an instant under this roof," from the same lips in fairly good English, but in a voice, though tone, inaudible to all but myself. Between sleeping and waking as I was, I shall never forget how like a heavenly visitant she looked, as there stood in that low den, with the light from behind illuminating her golden-crowned head, and making her scarlet lips engrossing silence. It was but for a second, but I understood the danger and the warning so well that it had been written in letters of fire on the wall; and calming by a mighty effort, my desire to leap to my feet at once, and glance of responsive gratitude to the girl, I rose and seated myself at the filthy, uninviting board. There was little to eat besides the usual provision at a Spanish inn, "*olio*," which I verily believe was the principal article under the numerous uses of the manufacture of unguby boys, of "sticks and snails and puppy-dogs' tails," so indescribably revolting was it to the English palate; but we and both Charlie and myself were firm in our refusal of the sour wine which was the only beverage upon us, our host soon rose from the table, and, with a movement of his thumb, indicated the place where beds would conduce to our sleeping room above.

"We are to start again an hour before daylight, and Charlie would, I think, have much preferred passing the night in the kitchen, with the chance of getting an occasional glimpse of the fair Andalusian, but, knowing the danger in which we stood, I was quite firm in my determination to see what could be done in the way of barricading and barricading the apartment appropriated to us above. To this end, as soon as the host turned on his part, I placed Charlie before me on our upward march, and after nearly breaking my neck and his with his frantic efforts to overtake, at last took at his isomnata, I finally succeeded in getting him to the top of the ladder without his him bounding, like a shot out of a shell, into the very middle of the room.

Then closing the door, and perceiving, as I quite expected, that it had neither lock nor bolt, I proceeded to construct our position. The room was large, and not very low, with the naked rafters above, and the roof sloping down on either side. One window was directly opposite the door, in front of which stood two low beds, and a very large and heavy piece of furniture, half secretary, half bureau, in the right-hand side.

"What the deuce has come over you, Sidney?" I knew the latter name that Alston uttered after he had recovered from his surprise at being so unceremoniously propelled into the room. "Are you going to travel with the Zingaro, or to steal those devils down stairs to single combat? I perceive the gallant determination in your eye, as we used to say at Balicl. What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Nothing but that we are going to be murdered to-night, and that those 'devils down stairs' are preparing to do it this moment to do it, so

"Whetting their knives, eh, Sidney? and sharpening their axes to chop us up with? Well, I don't make pretty good kindling-wood, old fellow—your bones must be dry enough by this time, if they were of any use to anybody."

A brandy-flask stood at his head gut an end to further chaffing, and we sat down gravely on one of the beds to consult upon the morning's work on the Zingara's morning, and to form our plans for the night. After some discussion we decided, as we were both pretty worn out with fatigue, to watch by turns an hour at a time, each one waking the other when the expiration of the hour came. As Charlie was younger than myself, and less used to roughing it, I insisted upon giving him the first watch, and looking at my watch, as he threw himself on the bed, perceived that it wanted a few minutes of ten o'clock. Previously to this, however, we had by the exertion of our united strength succeeded in moving the ponderous bureau in front of the door, where, by tolerably blocking up the entrance, it seemed to me that we could successfully resist the attack of any very few seconds sufficed to throw Charlie into an audible slumber, and then silence the most trifling sound above or below on the house.

I walked to the window and looked out upon the range of picturesque hills, now flooded with the moon's pale beams, and then calculated with my eye the distance of the window from the ground, and the possibility of "a leap in the dark," in case we were attacked from the other side.

Having satisfied myself that "the leap" would be certain death, I turned back into the room, and began to examine the strength and position of my barricade. This occupied but a very short time, however, as I felt perfectly convinced from its size and weight that no human being could move it from the outside. Then I sat down upon the side of the bed to await in silence and solitude the termination of my dismal watch.

Charlie's blue eyes were wide open as soon as I lost my hand upon his shoulder to announce that his hour of rest was ended, and, starting up as fresh as if he had slept ten hours instead of one, he turned a deaf ear to my whispered entreaty that he would lie down again with me, and pushed me down with gentle violence upon the bed.

For the first fifteen minutes I lay wide awake, watching Charlie as he looked carefully to the priming of his pistols and placed them fully cocked by his side. Then my eyes closed, and for half an hour I was dead to all sense or knowledge, and at a gesture from Charlie, who was still sitting where I had last seen him on the side of the bed, I started from the couch where I lay, resolutely and angrily at the intruder who had thus presumptuously disturbed my slumbers, but sternly and angrily it was advancing into the room, I glanced toward the top, and could distinctly see that, whereas we had placed it with its back close against the door, so that not a beam of light could have been admitted between, there was now an open space there of more than a foot wide, and as I looked at Charlie, and his honest blue eyes returned the gaze; both felt that an hour of mortal peril was at hand, and as we grasped our pistols and stood side by side ready for the first shot, I think a prayer for mercy and forgiveness went up from both our souls.

Our movements up to this point had been as unable to hinder as they were unheard, as there was probably very little doubt in their minds that we were wrapped in the deep and motionless slumber which overcomes fatigue especially. At the entry, with eyes almost starting from our heads, we watched the slow and cautious raising of the huge secretary, and preparing for an attack at any moment, when a low note, which might have been uttered by bird or beast, struck the ear of both at the same time.

Motionless as we were, we did not relax his vigilance, I turned toward the window, and, glancing out, perceived a ladder resting against the sill, the upper end of which I could see was held in the hands of the gipsy girl below. Without an instant's delay I turned the pistol from Charlie's hand, and motioned him to descend. He hesitated a moment, as both to leave me alone, but I was so peremptory in my entreaty that "Quick!" and there would be time for both," that he clutched the ladder with one hand, swung himself lightly into the air, and disappeared from sight as the body of a man, crawling on his hands and knees, became visible from behind the shelter of the bureau.

As soon as the villain saw that I was up and that my self was alone, he rose to his feet and uttered a hoarse cry for help. At the same moment I summed my pistol and fired it point blank; and in the confusion and obscurity that ensued from the rush of others into the room, and from the smoke of another pistol that followed immediately, I seized the end of the ladder and was in terra firma and flying down the narrow revine between Charlie and the gipsy, before the inmates of the posada were aware of my escape.

The girl was as swift-footed as a deer, and sped rapidly on before us, until we plunged into a dense wood on the opposite side, when she and whose friendly shades we knew that we were safe.

Then the girl opened her lips and told us that she had heard of the plot to murder the "two young English cavaliers" from "Pedro" that our guide was one of the gang of ruffians, and was paid for his services, and promised, instead of to the one a few leagues further on, where respectable travelers always stopped, and to which she was going to meet. Then placing the piece of furniture as barricade against the door had been a preconcerted signal provided for by loosening the panels of the door, which had been removed so noiselessly that even Charlie, wide awake as he was at the time, had never heard it; and then, when the secretary had been pushed sufficiently back, the ruffians hoped to crawl in on their hands and knees, and murder us in our sleep.

"And I could not come sooner to your rescue, Señors," continued she, "because I was suspected and so closely watched; but the instant I saw them all at the top of the ladder which led to your room I rushed round to the window by the only means of access to it. And you are safe, the Virgin Mary and all the blessed saints be praised! Marichita has done one good action more at all events, and may she go to heaven with a glance more mournfully penitent than that of Santa Maria Magdalena."

We had been walking now for nearly two hours, and the purple light of morning began to tinge the tops of distant hills. Then the beams were suffused with a rich crimson hue, which shot upward in brilliant rays to the very zenith, and deepened in fire and intensity as it touched the horizon.

"We must here, Señors," said Marichita, as she stood in the pomp and glory of the sunrise, her delicate features shaded out in clear relief against the eastern sky, and the masses of her

golden hair shining and shimmering in the sun's first rays. "Yonder is the inn where you will find fresh horses and a more trusty guide. May the Virgin and all the holy saints protect you."

"Stay, Marichita," cried Charlie, springing forward and seizing her by the hand; "you shall not go back into that den of thieves. Go with us to Granada. Let us, at least, leave you in safety there; and if the devotee of my life will move my gratitude for this night's service, Marichita, I offer it to you now."

He was about to lay his hand and all his worldly possessions at her feet; but she drew herself up, and waved him gently back.

"Senior, it can not be," she said. "Marichita thanks you for your noble offer, but she would be out of place in your far-off England with one little souvenir is all she asks;" and then, placing her hand upon Charlie's shoulder, she motioned him to kneel before her, and, taking a small dagger from her girdle, she severed one of the short, fair curls that lay on Charlie's head. Thrusting it hastily into her bosom, she turned, and, with an "Adios, Señors," disappeared in the mazes of the forest.

We never saw her again; but we heard at Granada that Marichita, "the pride of the village," as she was called, was well known for her deeds of love and mercy in all the country round. Of her origin or early life we could learn nothing, and the Spaniards shrugged their shoulders when we asked where she was, and would hope to see her again. She was of Zingara blood, they said, though she was seldom with her tribe; and no one knew whether for her life's sake, or occasionally she was heard of in connection with some brave and kindly action.

It took my friend Charlie a long time to recover his tone and spirits after this little adventure, and I am inclined to think the sympathy of the fair Andalusian was deeper than seemed at the time possible to any more philanthropic mind. At any rate, he has never married, and when I ask him when he means to choose a mistress for his ancestral halls, his answer is,

"When I can find another Marichita, *amigo mio*; not before."

RIDERLESS HORSES.

THE illustration on page 845 (Supplement) represents an incident remarked after one of the fierce battles near Metz, where many of the Prussian cavalry lost their chiefs. When the regimental master-call was sounded by the trumpets of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the Royal Guard six hundred riderless horses came in answer to the summons. They were jaded, and in many cases maimed; but they had wounded about in affright till they heard the familiar sound, which their disciplined habits made them obey. The late Lieutenant-Colonel Fassmann upon this subject remarked: "Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw them evidently hear when sergeants' horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wounded or unhit, and halting exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. For economical they are indeed to be prized, for they have neither Vatertand, promotion, nor the coveted medal to hope for, whatever they have done; and few, indeed, are there which have been in action which have not some honorable scars to show."

DOWN A WELL.

In a little village near Bazeilles, before the fall of Sedan and the occupation of the surrounding country by the Prussians, a party of Zouaves caught sight of a young officer of hussars, who had evidently come upon a flying reconnoissance in advance of his party. They instantly gave chase. One hussar dashed away; but one of three light-armed French soldiers rapidly ascended a piece of rising ground, and were able to bring down his horse with the deadly rifle-balls of the Chassepot. The hussar was presently made prisoner; and as he spoke French, and complimented the captors in a speech on their skill and celerity, the Zouaves at once became very friendly, and began to exercise their ingenuity to amuse while they searched him. The only things they found in his pockets were a Dutch pipe, an empty tobacco-pouch, an old knife, and a torn letter. Of course, none of the French have a word of German, and are only less likely to decipher a word in the German handwriting; but, thinking it might contain something worth knowing, they forced their prisoner to translate it for them, first making him go down upon his knees and swear on his honor to give them a faithful translation. He explained that the letter was from a brother officer in one of the new regiments which had not yet been engaged, and that the part torn off had been for his pipe. He then read what remained:

"The regiments of our nation are on the way, but we find them very slow. This is altogether a very lazy business. It began with a hoger of the French for our lovely Rhine—"

Some executions burst from the amateurs, and the prisoner stopped; but was instantly ordered to go on.

"And this is really not surprising, because they once possessed it, and know what a beautiful country it is. But we all swore—do we not, my dear Ernst?—that never again shall French *Pruche* hop on the banks of that lovely river."

The prisoner was here interrupted by a demand to be informed if the word *Pruche* was of an insulting character; but, being assured that it was merely a philological term in natural history, he was allowed to proceed.

"The French are woefully off as to their generals. Only see how they send cavalry to attack our infantry and artillery in a wood! And this repeatedly. Then they are continually surprised: one of the greatest faults, you know. Our officers never are surprised. M. Mahen is a valiant fellow —not a first-rate general, but a good and honorable man—notwithstanding the out-and-out (*gaschich*) thrashing we gave him. Besides that, we were always able to outwit (*überlisten*) him by Von Moltke's art. Bazaine seems a very good and trusty-worthy person to deal with—but then he is far more German than French."

More executions.

"Ah, the chief commander in Paris, what do you think of—"

The unfortunate hussar paused; but he was ordered to go on, and reminded, at the point of the bayonet, of his oath.

"Who is the chief commander in Paris, what do you think of—"

The hussar explained that it was only a pun—a mere *anlenkoser—un jeu des mots*—not to be translated. Here one of the Zouaves savagely insisted upon looking at that part of the letter; and then it was found that the Prussian correspondent had written this pun in French.

"What do you think of old *Trop-cher*?"

Their great commander-in-chief was being thus designated as too much of old cabbage!

Some of the Zouaves were already beginning or shooting their prisoner upon the spot. In vain the hussar endeavored to make them see he had been written but a harmless pun upon that offensive jest. It was a letter written to and not by him. The stronger minded of them would not enter into any of these fine distinctions, and he should *therefore* be shot as a spy.

The sergeant, after a protracted verdict would have led to the speedy execution of the luckless hussar, but that one of the soldiers suddenly called their attention, in a humorous way, to the fact that it was a promising pun for a Prussian; and this both gave the hussar a chance of prolonging nation deserved some favor; that the offense was only committed by their prisoner at second hand, because he had found and not written the letter. This interposition was received with great laughter, and the prisoner saved the bullet or the bayonet was commuted by a proposal to lower the hussar into a well.

This well, as they knew, was at the present moment nearly empty. But rain was beginning to fall, and after two well-grown men had come full even to the top. So down this well they lowered—with many taunts and jokes, not unmingled with a few grim yet not quite unlikely pleasantries—our luckless hussar, whose only error consisted in having

DIVIDING THE SPOILS OF A CAPTURED BALLOON POST.

THE SPOILS OF A BALLOON.

BELEAGUERED Paris communicates with the outside world chiefly by means of the balloon post and carrier pigeons. The latter, in spite of Count BISMARCK's trained hawks, have thus far made their passages in safety; but two of the balloons have come down inside the Prussian lines, and been captured, giving the enemy the first reading of Parisian newspapers and the letters of war correspondents. Such an incident befell a balloon a few weeks ago, and the bundles of newspapers were eagerly divided among the officers and soldiers, as depicted in the sketch on this page. We have seen it stated that the private letters thus captured were consigned to the flames, after being examined by an officer, to ascertain whether they contained military or political news of any importance to the besieged.

A JOLLY PARTY OF GERMAN RECRUITS GOING TO THE FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 843.]

RIDERLESS HORSES ANSWERING THE BUGLE-CALL THE MORNING AFTER A BATTLE.—[SEE PAGE 848.]

THREE GHOSTS.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

I.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, although I have always entertained a great respect for them, and a strong desire to cultivate their personal acquaintance; indeed, I may say I have courted it, though hitherto without any signal success. Yet from the time when, as a child, I listened open-mouthed to the superstitious revelations of my nurse, or, as a girl, watched by night in anxious expectation of the reappearance of compassionate Ann Boleyn, I have been the most unpopular person in their presence, and refuse to credit me with any faith in my own assertion; while others, too thick-headed to penetrate even the finer sympathies of this life, affirm stoutly that a woman of sense should be above giving way to such weakness, and that it is perfectly incredible that any one should really believe such utter nonsense.

How can I refute such conclusive arguments? That I firmly believe the inhabitants of another world are permitted to revisit this I will not say, because I have never had cooler proof of such a circumstance; but at the same time I have received such unanswerable testimony of the fact from the lips of others—trust-worthy, sensible, and nearly connected with myself—that I owe to them the possibility of such visitations were at once to throw the onus probandi upon those who doubt or liars. And therefore I maintain the middle course, by believing that the spiritual is far nearer to the material than most of us are aware of, and that there are more things in this world than are dreamed in our philosophy.

Numerous anecdotes rise up in my memory as I make this assertion; but my space is limited, and I choose but three—three strictly true and well authenticated.

At the time of Anne, while I preserve all details and coincidences in which the mystery of these stories consists, I carefully hide the names of persons who have by negligence or worse of this aspect I should wound the feelings of survivors. And as to dates, it is sufficient to say that they are no time-worn fables, handed down from one ear to another, but circumstances which happened in this our nineteenth century—in the midst of the present generation, and in the very midst of the rapid march of civilization and enlightenment which, in most cases, scatters such superstition to the winds.

Let me begin with that which occurred under my own knowledge.

Years ago, a regiment with the numbers of which I was innately connected was ordered upon foreign service—upon a service of danger—and the women were left behind. I, as the wife of one of the officers of war against their meeting again, can fully realize. Among those left was I, although, who were thus separated, was a certain Captain Gilbert and his wife. They had not been married long, and she was expecting her first confinement; in consequence of which he had been anxious that she should join her own friends or his during the period of their separation. But she was determined to remain where she was, or rather where I was; for we were just about to move, and she had decided to follow us to our new home. She had taken a house to be near me in her time of trial, and nothing would dissuade her from the idea.

The regiment sailed; and shortly afterward we left our old place of residence, and Mrs. Gilbert went with us into established quarters in a little cottage close to our house. At first all went well. She was young and full of hope; the accounts from the seat of war were good; Captain Gilbert continued in excellent health; and she had a fresh prospect of happiness before her.

So that after a few weeks she recovered her health and spirits, became interested in my household, and never mentioned the future except in terms of hope and confidence. Indeed, I was nervous on her own account, nor given in any degree to timid fears; but went about like other people, enjoying society in a quiet way, and without the least doubt but that her husband would be returned to us sure to her.

The disturbed state of the seat of war prevented her receiving letters quite so regularly as she should have done, but they continued to arrive bringing news when they did come, which those from our own correspondents corroborated. It was April when the regiment sailed; and there was nothing occurred to disturb the equanimity of Mrs. Gilbert.

On the 27th of that month, however, I was walked very early in the morning by the announcement that a messenger had arrived from her with a note for me. The note was scribbled in pencil, and very brief; it only contained the words, "Pray come.

I hurried on my things, fearing she was ill, and ran, through the early dawn (it was not more than four o'clock), to her little cottage. When I reached there I found her still in bed, but sitting up and staring at the opposite wall with a strange mixture of fear and incomprehensibility upon her face.

"Adelaide," I exclaimed, "what is the matter? are you ill?"

"George has been here," she answered, in a voice as strange as her look; "he has been sitting in that chair all night;" pointing to one by her bedside.

Of course I disbelieved her—we generally do disbelieve any thing which we can not understand. I thought that she had been dreaming, or was feverish—any thing but that she spoke the words of truth and soberness; and I told her so.

"What nonsense, Adelaide! You must have fancied it. Don't you feel well? Are you in any pain?"

Mrs. Gilbert was impatient of my incredulity.

"I tell you that George sat in that chair by my bedside all night," she repeated, "and that I lay here and watched him. He had his uniform on, but I could not tell his face, because he kept it hidden in his hands. At first I thought it was you, and that you had sat down and sat in the chair myself, and threw my clothes on it; but directly I lay down again I saw him as distinctly as I do you, and I knew something has happened to him—that he is dead."

I sat down by her side, and took her hand, and tried to reason with her, but it was of no use; she was quite certain that she was correct.

"See! I have written it down in my pocket-book," she said; and she drew the book in question from under her pillow and showed me the entry—"George sat by my bedside all last night," written opposite the date of the 27th of July.

I show it to you," she added, "so that you may not think by-and-by that it was not entered at the time.

I reminded her how certain the letters from the regiment were to contain full information of a speedy return, and how well Captain Gilbert had kept his health; but it was of no use. She would point out that in her confused hurry during last it might have a bad effect upon her delicate situation, I proposed to remain with her during the following night.

We were to sleep together; but as to getting rest, As soon as the lights were extinguished and I had composed myself, I was roused by her assertion that her husband was standing, and was sitting in the same chair as he had done on the night before. I sat up in the bed, but I could see nothing; the moon was shining, streaming on his coat. George! George! Oh, if he would but turn his face round and look at me!"

I jumped out of bed, and, half liking my proximity to the supposed apparition; but still afraid of leaving her my friend's condition had some way affected her head.

"You will laugh at this," she said, "as Captain Gilbert; I shall, undoubtedly; and yet, as I lay awake all night holding her hand, it was terrible every now and then to imagine that the person if she were more comfortable, to hear her pathetically sigh, 'Oh no! he is still there; he is looking at me! he is dead!' But it is would only turn his head this way!"

The following day was spent in all that the doctor was called in, and he decided that she must not pass any more nights alone, but have a nurse at once to attend and look after her; and by the next evening a jolly round-faced Englishwoman, who looked as if her very eyes were sufficient of themselves to scare away all thoughts of any thing "uncanny," was ready to walk a vigil with me. But she was not called that night. I sat up by Mrs. Gilbert's side, while she lay quiet as before, and said her eyes were fixed upon the figure of her husband.

The nurse, notwithstanding her jolly appearance, did not remain with Mrs. Gilbert more than I did. She pooh-poohed the idea before her mistress, as in duty bound; but confided to me privately her belief that "the poor young creature would never lie down in his own bed again"; for which I severely rated her for her pains.

I went home during the daytime, but returned at the fourth night to the assistance of my friend. But, so far as I or the late fussy nurse knew, it was not needed. Mrs. Gilbert did not see her husband again; and after a few hours' watching fell off peacefully to sleep.

"And she won't never see him again neither! Mark my words," emphatically quoth the nurse. "Whatever it is, there three days have finished it, and it's all over."

And, without believing in an approaching disaster, I hoped that her words might come true.

But after four days, although Mrs. Gilbert seldom mentioned the circumstance I have related, it had never altered; and I, being left alone, had her spirits seemed to have evaporated, and she lapsed into a melancholy quite unlike her former cheerfulness. Then, gradually the news ceased, continued to be hopeful and even gay; but she appeared to have lost all anticipation for the future. She even left off making any preparations for the little creature whose advent was now expected very shortly, and she never spoke of either her husband or her child. All her friends attributed her depression to weakened health; and those most interested were looking forward to the coming event as the grand cure for all her ills. In this way we lapsed into September, and with the first week of that month arrived a letter from her husband to me—a circumstance which had never occurred before, and rather surprised us.

Captain Gilbert wrote hurriedly, on the eve of his departure for a few days' leave, and inclosed a letter for his wife.

"If Adelaide should be well over her confinement," he said, "give her the inclosed; but if the event has not yet occurred, keep it until she is recovered again. And then he went on to speak of indifferent subjects.

This letter (which had been written at the beginning of July, but, owing to the disturbed state of the postal communication, had been delayed on its road) appeared the more inexplicable to us when we found that Mrs. Gilbert had heard by the same mail, and nothing could have seemed brighter than the prospects of her husband. However, we could see no clue to his mystic; and the mysterious inclosure was, therefore, laid by until the proper time for its delivery arrived. Meanwhile another fortnight elapsed, and a little son was born to Mrs. Gilbert, by the possession of which a beautiful but sixteen hours, but whose loss she took as quietly as though she had never experienced it as she otherwise. This event, and the subsequent attendance in her sick-room, threw quite a gloom upon our little household; and I, although I was with him, ran down to see the baby's birth, we received letters from the regimento officially announcing the death of Captain Gilbert. At first I could hardly believe it. I had almost forgotten the circumstance of the 27th of July, and I dreaded too cruel a blow to have to announce to the childless mother still lying weak and ill upon her bed.

But Mrs. Gilbert had known the mail was expected on that day. She was anxious and eager to receive her letters, and the doctor decided it would be less dangerous to break the news to her at once than to keep her in suspense. And so they deputed me to carry the ill tidings.

I knew not what to say or do; but I entered the sick-chamber with a pale letter crumpled in my pocket, and a face of grave concern. Mrs. Gilbert was sitting up in bed for the first time, with her baby upon her knee, and looked toward me.

"Give me the letter!" she said, quickly.

"There is no letter for you, dear," I replied. And then, as I was searching in my mind for some words to break the news to her, she exclaimed:

"I know what you have come to tell me: he is dead! I knew heaven it all along; he died upon the 27th of July!"

Then all the circumstances I have detailed rushed back upon my memory; and, pulling the letter from my pocket, I read over the contents with her. In the surprise and distress of hearing of Captain Gilbert's death I had forgotten to access on the preceding days; but she was perfectly correct. He had left the seat of war for a few days' change on the 16th of July, had been unexpectedly, on the week arriving, become unconscious on the 25th, and expired on the 27th, without ever having spoken to those who seen him. And when she opened the letter which he had sent under cover to my husband, though written before the symptoms of his last illness had appeared, it proved to contain his final wishes and directions for the guidance of herself and her child, transcribed, as he himself said, under a strong presentiment that they should never meet again.

My story has nothing to do with the grief that followed, which was, of necessity, great. It falls lies in the question which, while I put it, I know to be unanswerable: if the appearance of spirits is an impossibility, what was it that sat by Mrs. Gilbert's bedside from the 27th to the 29th of July? That the imagination alone supplied the vision, it could scarcely have inspired the idea. But I shall make no comment on this or either of the stories, but promise to simply to relate them just as they occurred.

II.

A near relation of mine (let us say a sister) was staying with us, and a Mrs. Long, during the absence of her husband. The place at which she was visiting, a large country house surrounded by a fine park, was situated in Scotland, and the husband of her hostess had gone to Edinburgh on business, which he expected to be detained for two or three weeks. One afternoon, as my sister was sitting alone, Mrs. Long entered the room with an air of great excitement, declaring that the strangest thing possible had just occurred to her. She had been taking a solitary ramble in the park, which was surrounded by a high fence and deep ditch, when she saw, from some distance off, a man in a shooting-jacket bounding along the road. Surprised to see him at all, and particularly in that situation, yet quite certain that it was himself, she stood on some rising ground to watch his approach, which had been successfully accomplished until he drew near to the park; when, instead of turning into the drive, which was the longest way to the house, he suddenly cleared the fence, and put him at the palings. She had seen the animal rise in obedience to the spur, and the next moment a shriek of the ditch beyond it, fall with her husband under him. But when, with a cry of dismay, she had rushed to the assistance of the straggling horse and rider, she had found—nothing! The whole scene had passed away, and there was only a high park fence and a quiet ditch lying before her. Mrs. Long was very agitated while relating this circumstance, and my sister thought it foreboded any ill to her husband, to whom she was much attached. But as the fancied her own sight or mind must be disordered; and it was some time before my sister could soothe her alarm, and make her view it in the light considered a more reasonable light. But by the evening Mrs. Long was quite herself again, and wrote off a cheerful account of the proceeding to her husband. Two days after, however, the same thing happened over again—precisely the same thing, as to time, place, and circumstance. Mrs. Long, walking in the park, and perhaps attracted to the spot on account of her former alarm, watched her husband approach on horseback from a distance, make the fatal leap, and disappear by the drive, and then, apparently changing his mind, put his horse at the palings, and he crushed beneath the fallen, struggling animal. As in the former case, irresistibly she ran up to his aid; as in the former case, the whole picture, as though by magic, disappeared. This time Mrs. Long was seriously frightened. She did not fear that the vision portended her husband's death; but she so far accepted it as a foreboding that she wrote to Edinburgh entreating Mr. Long on no account to return on horseback—a warning which was received with mockery, as he naturally went backward and forward by train. But that episode, as it afterward appeared, never reached the hand for which it was intended.

On the succeeding day she received a few lines before the post left to say he should be home that evening; and on the same afternoon she took my sister out in the carriage to show her the exact spot where she had twice experienced so mysterious a fright. They talked of presentiments and coincidences in this way; but Mrs. Long was so happy in the anticipation of her husband's speedy return that she was conversing rather in the performance of timidity upon the subject, when, as they came to the rising ground before mentioned, she saw the same object, changed since, suddenly invested her footsteps.

"Helen!" she exclaimed, mentioning my sister's name. "Look!—look out there! I see the same thing again!"

My sister glanced in the direction intimated by her, and there, sure enough, she also saw the spectacle of a man riding on horseback along the turnpike-road, and apparently making for her friend's abode, but still too far off to be distinctly recognized.

"My dear Mary," she replied, "that may be any one—a farmer or a servant. I see no marks by which to distinguish your husband."

But Mrs. Long did not answer her; she was staring at the object in question, whose flight my sister was fascinated by what she had heard to watch with her in silence.

The man, for one, just as had been described to her, in a quick canter, as though anxious to reach his home, until he had arrived at the divergates, and was about to enter them.

Then he seemed to change his mind, to form a sudden resolve to reach wide and clear a few minutes earlier; and backing his horse, spurred him on the palings. At this juncture Mrs. Long grasped my sister's arm, but she did not speak; and they continued to gaze silently at this apparition, so strangely revealed to both of them at once.

They watched the phantom horse and rider rise and clear the rail, and then fall heavily into the ditch below, the animal above the man, and struggle violently to get free of the latter, believing it was but a repetition of what the wife had viewed twice before, they yet involuntarily cried out to each other, when, instead of such a vision, a mere presentiment, which should vanish at a second glance. They saw the dead horse flying up at its side, a real man lying *dead beneath him!* Mrs. Long, having at the last moment accepted a friend's invitation to stay a night at Edinburgh, which lay between his own home and Edinburgh, had also accepted the loan of an animal to carry him to the train, for the sake of a little change, but he should ever traverse.

Let me add that the wife's mind enabled her to see twice over an act which had not yet entered into the husband's mind to execute?

III.

My next story will possess more interest for most of my readers, because it happened to my father.* He was not usually considered a timid man (what the nurses term) "my buttons short;" nor was he a particularly nervous or timid man; but he was afraid of what I am about to relate from his own lips.

In one of the northern counties of England there stands an estate which I shall call Burnham Green. It had been for many years in the possession of the Burnham family, when Sir Harry Bell, who had not occupied the house, but allowed it to fall into decay. When he died, however, the property was left to a more distant cousin, and better days dawned for Burnham Green. Sir Harry and Lady Bell resolved to live upon their property, and with that design, thoroughly repaired and decorated the building and grounds, and made their residence fashionable, and moved all their household into Cumberland.

Sir Harry Green, a fine, handsome, middle-aged dilapidated country place, had its "ghost." Sir Harry and Lady Bell had heard of it before taking possession, and, like most sensible people, had laughed at the report, and allowed it to make no difference in their plans. Every old house, as a matter of consequence, has a ghost, and they were not afraid but that light and wounds and children's voices and happy faces would dissipate even the remembrance of theirs. They surrounded Burnham Green with luxury and refinement, filled the house with company, and never gave the "ghost" another thought. But, with all their popularity and hospitality, though Burnham Green was charming, and themselves scarcely less so, would, after a few months' gaiety succeeded by country visits, and, with few exceptions, were found shy of being lured down there again.

Lady Bell was naturally much hurt and annoyed. She had made her house and grounds every thing that could be desired, and yet her friends refused to share her retirement, or to give her any plausible excuse for not doing so. What could be the reason of it?

Inquiry was made, and then it transpired that the fashionable visitors had all heard of the ghost, chiefly through their ladies'-maids; that some had even professed to see it, and pretended to be persuaded it remains under the same roof with

* Sir John Marryat, the celebrated novelist.

it any longer. Then Sir Harry and Lady Bell, who had regarded the ghost story as quite unworthy the attention of educated people, were thoroughly vexed, and did all they could to remove the superstition respecting it which hung over the neighborhood. They disinterred the whole history of the ghost, who went by the name of "the Lady of Burnham Green," and found that it was supposed to be the spirit of one of their ancestresses who had lived in the time of Elizabeth, and been suspected of poisoning her husband, whose picture also hung in one of the unused bedrooms.

The Lady Bells caused that bedroom to be renovated and fitted up in a particularly cheerful manner, by erasing the "the Lady" was shunned and put in a new frame, and the apartment set in complete order.

But no one could be found to sleep in it. The servants gave warning if it was simply proposed to them, and visitors invariably preferred to put their room changed after the second or third night.

Meanwhile reports of the "Lady" having been seen in one direction and another were constantly cropping up. Guest after guest took flight to return no more, and Burnham Green was almost deserted. In this dilemma Sir Harry and Lady Bell applied to my father, who was a valued friend of theirs, for advice how to allay the terrors of their friends. My father undertook the task as much as they did. He found it impossible to contradict or account for the various reports which were floating about; but he felt sure they could be traced to the most natural of causes, and his chief idea was that some one, to whose interest it had not been that Burnham Green should be reinhabited, was playing a trick on its new owners, in hopes of persuading them to quit it again. He requested Sir Harry, therefore, to allow him to occupy the haunted room for a little while, to see if he could unravel the mystery; and accordingly not long afterward he went on a visit to his friends, and was duly installed in the "Lady's chamber," where he slept peacefully for some nights, baking the pretences, however, never to go to bed without a brace of loaded pistols under his pillow.

I believe he had been there for a week or more, without seeing or hearing any thing, and was thinking of returning home again, when the following incident occurred to him. It was the shooting season, and several young men were staying at Burnham Green; and on the morning-room one evening a discussion arose on the merits of a certain gun, then newly invented, and which was the property of Mr. Lascelles, a resident of Sir Harry's. Opinions differed on the subject, and arguments ran strong, so much so after my father had retired for the night Mr. Lascelles tapped at the door, and begged him to come over in his room to examine the weapon in question, and convince himself of some trifling fact on which he had forgotten to speak.

My father had already dispossessed himself of his coat and waistcoat; but the hour was much past midnight; it was unlikely that he would meet any one; and so he accompanied his young friend as he was, taking, at the same time, one of his pistols in his hand.—"In case we meet the ghost," he said, jestingly. They crossed the corridor to Mr. Lascelles's room, where, amidst a few minutes over the virtues of the new gun, and then my father stepped out again into the passage, proposing to returned to his own apartment.

Mr. Lascelles still accompanied him—"just to protect you from the ghost," he said, in imitation of the former allusion; for the ghost story had been well handled and laughed at in the smoking-room. The corridor they had to traverse was long and dark, for the lamps which hung in its deep niches had been extinguished at midnight; but as they entered it they saw a dim light advancing from the further end—a light held by a female figure.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles, "here is one of the ladies going up to the nurseries."

There were a few unsuspecting guests assembled at Burnham Green that autumn, and the rooms in which their little families were located were situated above the story on which the friends stood. At Mr. Lascelles's words, therefore, a consistive modesty took alarm. He did not fancy meeting a lady to whom he was not even introduced in the *déshabillé* of shirt and trowsers; and, with the design of escaping her notice, he pulled his companion to one side.

The rooms in the corridor were placed opposite each other, and were approached by short flights of steps, the first of which, on being opened, disclosed a small entry and the second door, which led to the bedchamber itself. Many persons, in ascending their rooms, only closed this second door, leaving the outer standing open; and this was what Mr. Lascelles and my father stepped into one of these recesses, they were enabled to shelter themselves behind the half-closed portal.

There, in the gloom, they crouched together, very much inclined to laugh; I have no doubt at the situation in which they found themselves, but terribly afraid lest by a betrayal of their illegal presence they should alarm the occupation of the bedroom before which they stood, or the lady who was advancing to the place of their concealment.

Very slowly she advanced, or so it seemed to them; but they could watch the progress of her lamp through the crack of the door: and presently my father, who had particularly kept his eye there, gave the half-smothered exclamation,

"Lascelles! By Jove!—*the Lady!*"

He had studied the picture of the supposed apparition carefully, was intimate with every detail of her dress and appearance, and felt that he could not be mistaken in the red satin sacque, white stomacher and petticoat, high-standing frill, and cushioned hair of the figure now advancing toward them.

"A splendid 'make-up,'" he said, beneath his breath; "but whoever has done it shall find I know a trick worth two of his."

But Mr. Lascelles said nothing. Imposition or not, he did not like the looks of the Lady of Burnham Green.

On she came, quiet and dignified, looking neither to the right nor to the left, while my father cocked his pistol, and stood ready for her. He expected she would pass their place of hiding, and intended to confront her with a charge at him; but instead of that, the dim light gained the door, and then stood still.

Lascelles shuddered. He was a brave man, but sensitive. Even my father's iron nerves prompted him to be quiescent.

In another moment the lamp moved on again, came closer, closer; and then the half-closed door, gaping inquisitively at them, as though nearly curious to see who was there, peered the dark face and form framed them with a frame of dull crimson. Some of the boldest parsuers swarm up to the sliding, and attempt to keep over the encircling barrier; while we hammer them with the butt ends of our pieces, and chop at their paws with bayonets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting-knives—the two tenderest spots of any monster—and, cracking at them over our shoulders as fast as they can load. So for a time the running-fight goes fiercely on, making altogether a very striking tableau. The white skeleton tracery of the frozen forest; the long, snaky line of the pursuing pack, shadowy and spectral, as if boiled of the mist from which it emerges; the whirling figures of the foremost drivers standing and balancing spry of more crowding clouds of bluish smoke; the ceaseless flash of the bony rifles; the steaming horses, urged to their utmost speed by the driver, with his head pallor flew all athwart with excitement, shaking the long reins rhythmically to and fro the whole the huge, cumbrous sledge, rocking and reeling over the snow with its freight of struggling furies.

"All this, and in the skin, uncertain light of the early dawn, has a weird and ghostly appearance, suggestive of the attack of goblin horsemen upon one of those phantom mail-coaches in which the bugman's uncle made the most marvelous journey which is on record. Pack, wick. But "the pace is to stiff to last," as our friend Jorrocks would have observed. A run at full speed through half-frozen snow tries the feet of even a full-grown wolf too severely to be continued for any length of time; and it is the fate of a stout resistance, the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already two or four gaunt, shaggy-haired wretches, who have probably made a good supper overnight, have begun to hang back, as if knowing the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfast; the speed of the rest slackens by and by, and even the whole pack drop off, as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue her very unmolested. Then we ride down into the open plain, across which the first beams of the rising sun are just beginning to fall, we see the wolf, a full-grown, unharmed dog, who is a belated specter into the ghostly shadows of the forest that we have quitted.

Such, I have said, is the usual programme of a wolf-hunt; but in the wilder regions, where the population is untraveled and has given the wolf a wider dominion, the sport often assumes a sterner and more dangerous form. Last December I happened to be unexpectedly detained at a small outlying hamlet in the Vilno district (the name of which I do not remember), and almost the first man I lighted upon there was a German engineer officer, a Prussian formerly known to Heidelberg, and who now insisted upon making me his guest till I could get forward toward Smolensko. He had been over a very primitive country, and my host (who is a keen sportsman) was just hinting at the possibility of getting up a hunt for the destruction of a wolf of uncommon size and strength which had lately haunted the neighborhood, and committed great ravages, when a terrible noise from the upper end of the village, like a score of voices all shrieking in concert, arose on the other side.

"Ach lieber Gott! was ist das?" cried my companion, springing to the door, and throwing it open. The whole place seemed in the height of confusion; men were running wildly about, shouting and screaming, children crying, lights glancing to and fro. I seized the arm of a man who was running past, and hastily asked what was the matter.

"Wolf again!" gasped the fellow, who was hardly capable of speech—"women devoured—run for the watchman," and away he flew.

The German engineer officer comrade I were running at full speed toward the scene of the catastrophe, on reaching which we came suddenly upon a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The fitful glimmer of the rising moon, and the dying glare of the few kindled fires, gave the vain hope of scaring away the wolves, lit up a circle of wild figures and grim, bearded faces, convulsed with every varying form of passion—dumb horror, blank astonishment, panic fear, the spasm of fierce revenge. The stern calmness of concentrated wrath. In the back-ground the gaunt white arms of the leafless forest stood out against the overhanging blackness like giant skeletons; the foreground was the center of the group, half buried in the trampled blood-besmeared snow, by a motionless, shapeless *something*, from which all involuntarily averted their eyes—the lifeless wreck, mangled out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been but a few hours before the pride of a happy household and the beauty of the village.

There are certain catastrophes in the presence of which every one is instinctively silent. For several moments not a word is spoken; and in that dead pause of expectation I have leisure to remark the face of a peasant who stands opposite me. He is a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six, though his broad chest and powerful limbs, as well as the magnificent brown beard that waves over the bosom of his sheep-skin frock, might make him appear much older. His face is comely and weather-beaten enough; but there is something in that broad, low forehead, and square, ruthless jaw, and small, deep-set, glittering eye, which tells me at a glance that, whatever danger might confront him, that man would be very hard to subdue. He is also still looking at him he suddenly says forward and speaks: "It is time to finish this," says he, in a tone which there is no mistaking. "Who will come with me into the forest, and make an end of that brute, once for all?"

The summons does not remain long unanswered. There is no lower man living than the Russian peasant when his sentiments are fairly kindled to once fairly up. Three men instantly volunteer to join him, while my German friend and I, who really sufficiently excited by all that we have seen and heard) hasten to follow their example. I have mentioned that it was snowing, and about two in the morning, under the full splendor of the Russian moonlight, we set forth in the trail of the destroyer. There is but one gun among the six of us, the rest being armed with clubs and hatchets; but the German has brought his short hunting-knife, which has done him good service before.

Tramp, tramp, it had been for miles, without sight or sound of our lurking enemy, and the fatigue, combined to such unwonted exercise, began to fall behind. The German, myself, and one of the peasants at length found ourselves alone, and halt, in order to give the other time to come up. Already their steps are heard crunching over the snow, and a few moments more and the figures come gliding toward us through the fleecy shadow; but, to our astonishment, instead of three, there are only two making their appearance. One leader is still missing.

"Where is the other?" asks the German. The men look at each other without answering, and every face reflects the same look of dismay; for the one who is missing going about the forest in winter really means. In the dead hush that follows we suddenly hear a distant cry—a cry the deep, manly shout of a hunter calling to his mates, but the shrill, agonized yell of a man in an extreme need—the cry of a comrade who feels his hold relaxing, of the swimmer who finds the line hauling in from the shore. At present we are all fleeing in the direction of the sound.

Michael, while quickening his pace to catch up with his comrade, thought to it that he had burning of his shoe-strap, and must stop to adjust it. But the moment after reflecting him will fully appreciate that defenseless posture. Poor Michael does not bear the rustle of that stealthy tread, does not see the glare of that fiery eye behind him, but he can not fail to hear the sharp crackle of the dead branches as the gaunt body pads steadily from the dark thicket, and falls right upon him as he rises, clutching fiercely at his unprotected side with its sharp white fangs. Yet even in that perilous peril the brave fellow does not lose heart. One moment's grace is allowed him while his assailant's teeth fail to pierce his rough sheep-skin frock; and that moment suffices. The wolf's hand is under his left arm; in an instant his right hand is free and is round its neck, jamming the beast's throat in an iron clasp between his side and elbow, while he draws his knife from its sheath at once, and holds the brute as in a vice, lifting his voice at the same moment in a wild cry for help. And now begins a terrible struggle. No time to snatch up the trusty axe which has fallen just in front of him, or to make use of sheer strength. The wolf, erect on his hind legs, strains every nerve to get at his throat free; once free, one ravaging gripe of Michael's throat will pay for all. Hold on, as you love your life! though your joints crack, though your sinews tingle as if they had swum dizzily, hold on still—tighter, tighter, tighter! And now the wolf's one-like shrieks of the lonely forest, with the cold moon looking pitilessly down upon it, does the dendy-grappling Michael's ear in prison to respond—to let at last; the fierce yelps eyes are growing dim, and the head sinks on the cross-bar. And then their edges the last flakes of blood and foam spurt over Michael's face. But how long can that hold be maintained? Let not the strained muscles already yielding? the stiffened fingers already relaxing their grip? Let not the trained muscles of the monster, whose skull is literally shivered by the formidable buckets.

Yes, the gifted Michael we found him, to our astonishment, completely unwounded, though utterly spent with his repeated struggles. He is at present on coming to himself was sufficiently characteristic. After crossing himself decently and mumbling a few words of prayer, he struggled up to the spot where the wolf lay dead, and, bending over it, cried in a triumphing tone, "Now, brute, ya vgrod, shto li?" (Well, brother, *I've* won, *haven't I?*)

We rewarded the brave fellow as he deserved; but in the hope of obtaining him a further reward from the government, we thought it best to publish the whole story in one of the local Russian papers, whence it soon after found its way into the columns of the newspapers of Europe, thereby an interest in behalf of the hero, which is now—I am glad to learn—likely to bear abundant fruit.

* In Sweden wolves are often literally "run down" in this way, without the use of fire-arms at all.

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Such, I have said, is the usual programme of a wolf-hunt; but in the wilder regions, where the population is untraveled and has given the wolf a wider dominion, the sport often assumes a sterner and more dangerous form. Last December I happened to be unexpectedly detained at a small outlying hamlet in the Vilno district (the name of which I do not remember), and almost the first man I lighted upon there was a German engineer officer, a Prussian formerly known to Heidelberg, and who now insisted upon making me his guest till I could get forward toward Smolensko. He had been over a very primitive country, and my host (who is a keen sportsman) was just hinting at the possibility of getting up a hunt for the destruction of a wolf of uncommon size and strength which had lately haunted the neighborhood, and committed great ravages, when a terrible noise from the upper end of the village, like a score of voices all shrieking in concert, arose on the other side.

"Ach lieber Gott! was ist das?" cried my companion, springing to the door, and throwing it open. The whole place seemed in the height of confusion; men were running wildly about, shouting and screaming, children crying, lights glancing to and fro. I seized the arm of a man who was running past, and hastily asked what was the matter.

"Wolf again!" gasped the fellow, who was hardly capable of speech—"women devoured—run for the watchman," and away he flew.

The German engineer officer comrade I were running at full speed toward the scene of the catastrophe, on reaching which we came suddenly upon a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The fitful glimmer of the rising moon, and the dying glare of the few kindled fires, gave the vain hope of scaring away the wolves, lit up a circle of wild figures and grim, bearded faces, convulsed with every varying form of passion—dumb horror, blank astonishment, panic fear, the spasm of fierce revenge. The stern calmness of concentrated wrath. In the back-ground the gaunt white arms of the leafless forest stood out against the overhanging blackness like giant skeletons; the foreground was the center of the group, half buried in the trampled blood-besmeared snow, by a motionless, shapeless *something*, from which all involuntarily averted their eyes—the lifeless wreck, mangled out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been but a few hours before the pride of a happy household and the beauty of the village.

There are certain catastrophes in the presence of which every one is instinctively silent. For several moments not a word is spoken; and in

ONCE MORE IN THE SUN.—WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE GARDEN OF VERSAILLES.—[See Page 881.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIV.—No. 731.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1870. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

CHRISTMAS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

O Christmas bells that downward roll
Across the dark and dewy glen,
Where shepherds heard the joyous song,
Pence on the earth, good-will to men!

What glare eclipses your sweet light
With half the shrinking world on fire,
With blood and reek and battle-smoke,
And ruined home and blazing byre!

What creatures with the thirst of wolves
Round a beleaguered nation rent!
What unnerving armies with their lines
Of angry shade insult your sun!

Down what a length your lustre swims,
A lurid length of grief and pain;
Did you, two thousand years ago,
O Christmas morning, dawn in vain?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1870.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the Publishers take pleasure in presenting their readers with another superb*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

prepared with special reference to Christmas-time. It contains Four Splendid Full-Page

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS,

drawn expressly for this Number by SHEPARD, NAST, AND EARLE; *Christmas Stories, Poems, and other literary attractions.*

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MERRY CHRISTMAS.

PRELUDED by a season of remarkable softness and beauty, Christmas is here with its happy influences. It is also merry Christmas. While Europe bleeds with war, and is anxious with fearful omens, America hums with peaceful industry, and the future stretches out like a flowering prairie to the summer sky. The dark cloud that for five years overshadowed for us the holy time has passed away, and the country has emerged brighter and better from the terrible ordeal. Yet the season will not fail to refresh a thousand tender ties, and to bring before us the figures of those whose presence was the crown of their memory or was the benediction, if unmemorable homes. It is that remembrance also, so natural to the time consecrated to domestic affections, which, as we stand around the glittering Christmas-tree, will deepen our sympathy for the German homes, from which that tree was brought to us, and in which there is unspeakable sorrow and fear today. The same remembrance will soften our hearts for the homes of France, now wretched and ruined. So sad and solemn a Christmas France has never known except in the dark days of the terror.

The day itself falls this year on Sunday, and in every pulpit in the United States there will be a service of especial remembrance. It will be the tongues that speak could be touched with the holy fire! If only the great lesson of the life of Him whose birth we commemorate could be so set forth *as* to become the golden rule of the individual and national life! If only it could be said that the full of our days is conduct, that to serve men is to worship God! For that is the Christmas sermon and the Christmas carol. For now that the Bethlehem shepherds heard is the song that we all hear in our deepest consciousness, that good-will to men is peace on earth. And the preacher who paints the truest picture of the patient, cheerful, simple self-sacrifice of the head of Christendom—who shows that the life of the Christmas season is most appropriate to the memory of a teacher in whom was no gloom, no asceticism, but an overflowing fountain of human love and sympathy—he will be truly the Christian preacher, and his sermon a carol which every generous heart will echo.

A STRAW THAT SHOWS THE WIND.

THE resolution of SENATOR MCCREERY, of Kentucky, was properly characterized by SENATOR SUMNER as an illustration of what may be expected if the Democratic party should return to power. The resolution proposed substantially that the remains of seventeen thousand Union soldiers should be removed from the Arlington estate, in order that the widow of ROBERT E. LEE should live there. Such a proposition was the grossest insult to the patriotism and good sense of the country, and therefore to the Senate, their representative, and the Senate almost unanimously resolved that it should not be received. The Democratic Senators were greatly confused by the motion of MR. MCCREERY. As partisans they saw its effect. It was an unnecessary revelation of the real spirit of the party, and the party leaders know that the country is at least loyal, and that they can hope to succeed only by persuading the people that the party has renounced its sympathy with the spirit and the principles which produced the rebellion. Some of his Democratic friends, therefore, rebuked MR. MCCREERY, who assumed all the responsibility of the resolution, and tried to withdraw it. But SENATOR EDMUNDS held him fast to the rules, and by a vote of fifty-nine to four the Senate refused to receive the resolution.

The Democratic press does not openly defend the resolution. But the manner in which it alludes to it shows how gladly it would defend it if it dared. The effect of the debate in the Senate was an opportunity to show the tendency of its sympathy, which it zealously improved. The extravagant eulogies which were heaped by the Democratic papers upon a man who only claim to the notice of history is that he led a party to destroy the government of the United States in order to establish a slave empire upon its ruins were very suggestive. And the fact, that it was constantly refreshed in the mind by such incidents, that the Democratic party is the next friend and mourner of the lost cause, should impress upon the people the great and controlling truth of the political situation. That truth is that the nation has escaped the peril, but not the necessity, of watch and a new policy; that the principles are those of the Republican party; while the Democratic party is the representative of the men and the principles which have passed away. There is no evidence of any disposition upon the part of the Democratic party to accept the new situation, or to acquiesce in what has been accomplished. Its last national declaration was that the war was a usurpation; and whether in word, and its conduct, wherever it has the ascendency, shows an unblemished sympathy with a spirit which the country abhors.

And even were this not so—even had the same policy which led the Delaware Democratic Senator to censure SENATOR SUMNER'S resolution persuaded the party to profess sympathy with the regenerated Union—it would still be impossible to say why a party whose composition and of such a history should be intrusted with the administration of a policy which it had always opposed, and which depended upon political principles which it has always derided. After the Revolution the government of the new Union was confided to the friends of the principles upon which it was established—the men whose convictions and ability had opened the way for them to the country. And after 1815 the government was controlled for many a year by the party which had made the war, and which was in full harmony with its spirit. And how the country having entered upon a new and more glorious than any in its history, and under the auspices of the Republican party, that party is the one which will deal with all questions in the spirit of the new time, and with the sympathy of profound conviction.

A party whose newspapers hate to speak with decency of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but which quiver with indignation if MR. SUMNER is hit, and from one of whose Senators proceeds the astounding proposition that the bones of Union soldiers shall be removed from their rest under the shadow of the Capitol, that the widow of LEE may not be offended—a party which still believes the war to have been an outrage upon the "South," and which would undo all of its great work that it can—is a party which does not comprehend the new situation, which is not inspired by its faith, and whose restoration to power would be the surest of national calamities.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

THE appointment of General SCHENCK as minister to England is one to which even the *World* takes no exception. The general ability, the high character, the special experience, the ample knowledge of public affairs, and certain qualities of character and temperament peculiarly fit the new minister for his function. He will be accepted by the whole country as an admirably representative American, in a sense which every body comprehends: not the Fog, nor of Jefferson Brick America, but a man sincerely and practically in sympathy with what is called the popular heart of the country. He knows instinctively the view which the average American will take of every subject, and the average American governs the country. General SCHENCK will, therefore, be admirably representative public opinion in the United States to all concerned. Surely, intelligent, prompt, and well-possessed, the English statesman will find in the new American minister a man with whom they can discuss every question that may arise, and directly and frankly as with each of his colleagues. We do not mean that the most perfect courtesy, and the grace of the highest breeding, as it is called, are not American, nor that a man more truly represents us in the degree that he is a boor, which seems to be the theory of some people who absurdly imagine that they are peculiarly American when they are peculiarly coarse and ill-mannered. But there is a certain inflexible independence which is agreeable to gentlemen of every country, and England will find it in General SCHENCK.

He is not the man for an ornamental mission, and therefore it is to be presumed that he will be instructed to take up the *Alabama* question and settle it. If this presumption be correct, it implies that the Government has a very distinct view of the manner in which that controversy should be concluded. We hope sincerely that this is the fact, and that the Government will not politely wait for England to make the first move. It is true, as has been said a hundred times, that we can afford to wait if England can. But that is child's-play. Our treaty-making power sent out an agent unmistakably empowered. He made a treaty which our own Executive proposed, and which was modified at our suggestion. It was signed and submitted to the treaty-making power, and the Senatorial branch of that power threw it out of the window. "If that is not what you want, why not give us a reason to suppose," says England, "what is it?" To reply, "Oh, well, if you want to settle, make us another offer!" is to invite humiliation. It is not statesmanship. The United States will not lose by any kind of magnanimity, and we hope that General SCHENCK'S instructions will be ample to propose the treaty which we intend to ratify. But no American can forget that, even if he is unanimously confirmed, when new negotiation and proposed terms, and even if those terms are accepted without alteration by the English Government, that Government can have no confidence whatever that the Senate will not fling the treaty out of the window or kick it down stairs. We have no reason to be surprised, therefore, if an air of doubt should hang over the negotiation upon the part of England—a doubt which we hope to dispel.

The *Alabama* question is twofold. It involves specific claims for damages, and also considerations of international law. If England prefers to treat for the claims only, and we should acquiesce, the very object of a treaty would be defeated; for the real object is the restoration of good feeling. Our proposition, therefore, should be made in a truly friendly spirit. And England should not be in the nature of a truce between inevitable belligerents, but it should be a bond of real friendship. That is what the general sentiment of both countries would make it. And to that end the serious questions of international obligation ought to be considered. The recent changes in the British neutrality law cover much of what might be suggested by us. But a distinct declaration of the understanding of making the local law adequate to the fulfillment of international obligation would be of the most signal service. We observe with pleasure that leading men of England to promote a friendly settlement of our differences, and that MR. THOMAS HUGHES is chairman. It is a pleasant fact which should remind us constantly of that great and influential body of Englishmen who were steadily faithful to us, and whose conduct during the rebellion undoubtedly saved us from a war with England. Let every patriotic American who knows that a war between the countries would be really a ghastly civil war be a committee to help keep an honorable peace. And of that committee happily GENERAL SCHENCK is chairman.

The country is unquestionably gratified by the appointment of the new minister; but it does not forget that he becomes a most admirable representative, of whom also the country is proud, and whose recall is still a mystery. We hope that the administration will yet authorize some simple statement of the reasons which produced dissatisfaction with MR. MOTLEY. It is certainly personally kind, and most injurious to the public service, that any man should be so publicly humiliated as he has been without any known reason, and it is not a matter which the Administration should leave unexplained.

THE UNITED STATES AND PRUSSIA.

THE protest of the State Department against the action of the German authorities in refusing to allow MR. WASHBURNE'S dispatches to pass from Paris unless they were unsealed is moderate but reasonable. The capital of France being besieged, and our minister shut up with the French Government, he has not lost his right to communicate with his own Government, which has declared itself to be neutral. To insist that the dispatches be open is to assert that the minister is suspected of violating the neutrality of his Government. But if there is reason for such a suspicion, it should be stated to his Government, and it would be a confession of the refusal, because the Germans are not bound to permit any violation of neutrality which they have reason to suspect. But as no such suspicion has been alleged, it must be assumed that MR. WASHBURNE'S dispatches are honorably neutral, and they should not be respected. Secretary FISH very properly remarks that Prussia has been so forward in asserting the rights of neutrals that it is unpleasant to encounter this limitation of the undoubted rights of an independent legation.

It is the more unpleasant because MR. WASHBURNE assumed the care of the Germans in Paris, and because of the universal and profound sympathy in this country for Germany. It is not impossible that the apparent eagerness of MR. WASHBURNE to recognize the Committee of Defense as the Government of France, and to express sympathy for the republic—forgetting that there was no republic—may have made the German authorities suspicious that the American minister was ready in an unneutral frame of mind. The relief of their doubts would depend very much upon their belief in his sincerity in representing the sentiments of his Government. And it is certainly a question whether the United States would have had its telegraphy at MR. WASHBURNE on the 6th of September to congratulate the Committee of Defense upon "the successful establishment of a republican government." It was an authority *de facto*—that was all.

It was certainly not a republican government which existed. The first element of the State Department on the same day was perfectly correct. "If the Provisional Government is not established and possessed of power, and is acknowledged by the French people, so as to be in point of fact a *de facto* Government," etc., it is recognized.

It is not likely, however, that Germany will care to excite ill feeling in this country, and the Government will therefore probably yield to the representations of our minister at Berlin. Indeed, the sagacity with which the political sense of the German people has been managed by Germany is hardly less remarkable than the skill of the military operations. What country could have believed that such a general as VON MOLTKE supplemented by such a statesman as BISMARCK? The clearness, the good sense, the moderation of the political manœuvres have been unsurpassed. In the beginning the German manifest was unanswerable. In all the proclamations of KING WILLIAM and BISMARCK has had plainly the best of it in principle and argument. And in all the exterior diplomacy the same thing is evident. The Germans have told the truth about the situation, and it is not the least remarkable circumstance of the war that no report from the Paris Government, or from French partisans in our own press, have been believed until they were subsequently officially confirmed. BISMARCK will not alienate the public opinion of the United States.

SAN DOMINGO.

THE President does not relinquish his hope of annexing San Domingo. He made a strong argument for it in his Message, stating the advantages of the acquisition in the most striking manner, and showing his very sincere conviction that we ought to have the island. Senator SUMNER has instantly moved a resolution of the most searching inquiry into the sources of the Presidential statements, while Senator MORTON proposes a commission to go to San Domingo and ascertain facts. In the House, MR. BANKS proposed a similar commission. The Senate resolution was voted down. That of the House was referred to the Committee upon Foreign Affairs. Meanwhile a protest is preparing in commercial circles against San Domingo project, upon the ground that it will lead to great frauds and corruptions, and involve a war with the French part of the island, and that at a time when it will be a great misfortune for the country to believe that the war taxes are maintained that our territory may be bought.

The sole practical arguments for the annexation are two: first, that we need a coaling station; and, second, that we ought not to take San Domingo some European power will. But although a coaling station may be convenient, it is all clear enough not necessarily desirable at every price. MR. TOODLES thought that a door-plate was handy to have, and MR. Sparrowgrass thought the same of a carriage. But all things have a price, and however handy, the cost must be considered. This principle must be kept steadily applied to the San Domingo bargain; and a war, a debt, and a totally alien population make up a price altogether disproportioned to the convenience of coaling. As for the advantages of a tropical garden and its productions, we can enjoy them without annexation. It would be a lamentable policy for us to buy or to annex other countries for the sake of what they produce. A generous commerce would secure the products of other lands without the care and expense of raising them. Great territorial size is not necessarily great power. It is a convenience of any kind; and however desirable increased size may be hereafter, we have certainly time enough to wait. To get a vast territory merely for dignity, it is not worth while to pay the immense price which is inevitable.

The annexation of European powers to occupy American islands is probably not very pronounced. If there has been any negotiation with reference to the acquisition of San Domingo, we shall presently know it under SENATOR SUMNER'S resolution. But when we have decided that our just interest requires that there shall be no further European colonization upon this continent we can courteously say so, if, upon consideration, it seems to be judicious. At present there seems to be no European power which is likely to undertake the business of American occupation. Spain, the great col-

caterer, is still wrestling to hold the most important of her American possessions, and her general American example is hardly encouraging to other European countries. If it shall appear that there are promising negotiations pending for the cession of San Domingo elsewhere, there will be something to consider. But the alternative is not annexation to the United States. If that were so, there would be no more virile European policy than the opening of negotiations for outlying territory upon this continent. For upon this theory the result would be to cession to us, and our continual weakening. It would be a kind of territorial dropsy imposed upon us by crafty Europe.

There is one other argument which is sometimes urged. It is that to annex San Domingo would be to extend the area of freedom. That was the avowed argument of the slaveholders when they drove us at their pleasure. It was alleged in the good old palmy days, for which Coppoodom still sighs, that to multiply slavery was to increase liberty. But it was a problem in politico-moral metaphysics to which the country was unequal. As slavery does no longer controls the government, merely to annex other countries is not, as it was then, to spread the area. But before we undertake to extend the blessings of republican freedom let us strengthen and regulate our own practice of it, so that the process of extension shall be one of weakening also. To extend a system of political corruption is not serviceable to any citizen nor to the country. Indeed, it is not a question whether we are yet quite prepared to be missionaries. Certainly it is not wise while in the most powerful crucible of republicanism by the annexation of semi-barbarous tropical regions. If great reasons of state plainly compel us to tropical annexation, we must, of course, make the best of it. But the reasons must be greater and plainer than they yet appear to be in the San Domingo project.

AMNESTY.

In his speech defining his position and describing the political situation in Missouri, Senator SCHURZ announced the recent statement of our correspondent that the division in that State was not upon the question of reconstruction, for, as he declares, true Blue and Gray BROWN expressed himself very strongly upon the subject in every speech that he made; nor is there much doubt that the leaders of the opposition are what is called reverse reformers. Senator SCHURZ, however, insists that the particular distinguishing question of amnesty, and that the policy which he and his friends adopted in Missouri upon that subject must become the policy of the party in the country, as it must expect defeat. He declares that general enfranchisement was made the Republican policy upon the national at the last National Convention, and that it is a political necessity that the Republicans deprive their opponents of that cry before the next Presidential election. Mr. SCHURZ's resolution in the Convention only recommended universal amnesty as soon as it should be compatible with the public safety, which full amnesty under very stringent conditions. Until, therefore, the party is persuaded that the amnesty may be wisely granted it is not bound to proclaim it by any previous declaration.

Thus the party is pledged to amnesty only when it appears to be advisable. Every man may vote for it or vote against it, and still be a consistent and sincere Republican. The question of its advisability upon the party comes to the question of the welfare of the country. If the public feeling in favor of an amnesty is so strong that it threatens to make the Democracy more menacing, then it is desirable to consider that feeling, because to risk Republican power for the purpose of securing it from those who will be enfranchised by a Republican defeat would be unspeakable folly. Permanent disfranchisement is not contemplated, because in the end country it would be a permanent peril. All punishment of great classes of political offenders, including, it perilous, but it is a question that must sometimes be encountered. The time comes, however, when the peril is greater than the evils, and the punishment must cease.

There is little doubt that the disfranchised class in the Southern States includes many influential persons, and that they are naturally hostile to the government. The true policy toward such persons would seem to be one of reasonable conciliation. And this not so much for themselves as for others. The power for mischief of a man who is made to suffer for what others believe to be honest convictions is much greater than that of the same man without his crown of martyrdom. But when, as Mr. WADE HAMPTON against a government which he sought to destroy, yet which forgave him, JEFFERSON DAVIS, wandering foil powerless. RICHARD T. LEE, ostentatiously mourned, are proofs of a clemency of the government as admirable as its power is indisputable. Indeed, it is only a truly powerful government that can wisely be clement.

The Democrats, of course, favor a general amnesty because they know that Democracy bred rebels, and that the more an ex-rebel hates the government and disputes its validity the surer he is to vote the Democratic ticket. But the Democrats should be a little wary in their choice of arguments. They are very defying to hear the late lackeys of slavery urging the principles of Christianity. And certainly nothing would so effectually serve to double the wisdom of amnesty as to hear the resolutary legates of "the sum of human villainies" quoting the Lord's prayer as an argument for enfranchisement.

GERMANY IN FRANCE.

It was lately untruly stated that M. GAMBETTA had relinquished hope of relief from Paris has failed. The army of the Loire has been divided. General DE PALADINES has been driven northward and routed in abandonment. It is to be regretted that the report of M. GAMBETTA's feeling was not correct, and that he still clung to hope to feed France upon lies if the situation has long been hopeless, and all was neither patriotism nor wisdom to refuse to see it. Nevertheless, if the worst was not yet what it is, it would always be too soon for the Frenchman to despair. If it were a contest of resistance to opinion, if it were a struggle for independence against a cruel power, it were a fight for the defense of human rights and conduct, or of a true national existence, then every Frenchman would justly welcome the worst, knowing that the worst of war is not so bad as the basis of slavery.

But that is not the situation, and it never has been. The appeal of France to the moral sympathy and the generosity of the world implored, because it had no reason. It could not invoke enthusiasm for the republic, because there is no republic and the very first principles that proclaim it have plainly shrunk from permitting the people to express themselves. It could not appeal against aggression, because France had picked a foolish quarrel for the purpose of involving Prussia and making peace in Berlin. It could not plead that the Emperor began the war and it had repudiated the Emperor, because it had adopted his war. When the nation has nothing but the sentiment duty of France, if it did not mean war, was to say that the war was the crime of the Emperor, which it disowned, and to sue for a speedy and equal peace. Then if Germany had offered impossible or evidently dishonorable terms, the appeal would continued, and the moral sympathy of the world might have fallen to France. But, instead of this, the first declaration of M. GAMBETTA and his friends was that France would become a republic, which was an appeal for sympathy under false pretenses. Then they declared that not an inch of territory or a stone of a fortress should be yielded, which was mere defiance of a victorious enemy. From that moment there has been nothing but a war for the truth enveloping the authorities. Brave men there are in France, indeed, and noble women. But there is a canker of corruption behind. And now, when the last hope seems to vanish, when the future of France, in case of the fall of Paris, absolutely inconceivable, the Committee of Defense insist upon prolonging the misfortune and deepening the humiliation of France.

Had the report of M. GAMBETTA's request of an armistice to allow an election been correct, that it was not has been, and that the election been accepted, what an extraordinary spectacle it would have been! And so still will be unless the Parisians are suffered to starve into victorious. If the war continues to what now seems its probable issue, Germany will occupy France, and by German permission the elections will be held to determine whether Germany shall be asked for peace, and upon what terms it can be obtained. Meanwhile the moral situation of France is inexpressibly sad to imagine. What untold suffering of every kind and what hopeless desolation of misery! And it seems the completion of the old revolution, the revolution "in permanence" since 1789. The Germans must help it, and if not they are to be new things. It is to be hoped that there are men in France who understand that the only hope of salvation for the nation now is through, not back. We have yet to see whether there will be a reaction which will utterly prolong the agony of the country, or a resolution which will at last regenerate it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We are much gratified to hear of the kind reception which the American astronomers have met in London, on their way to Spain and Sicily to observe the eclipse of the sun during the present month. Nothing could be more cordial than the welcome that has been extended to them, the astronomer royal and engineer in charge of the government telegraphs having offered them every facility, while the Athenæum Club, and the clubs of the Royal and Royal Astronomical societies, have made them their guests. They have visited many of the observatories of England for the purpose of making themselves familiar with the general plans and arrangement of the establishments. Professor NEWCOMB, who represents in part the National Observatory expedition, sailed for Gibraltar on the 5th of December with the English eclipse expedition, having been kindly tendered a passage by the government authorities.

Professor NEWCOMB, of the Washington Observatory, visits Europe at the present time not only for the purpose of observing the eclipse, but also to collect from the different observatories and or unpublished records of the position of the moon, which is used in a discussion of the whole subject of the moon's movements, and the improvement of the lunar tables. Furthermore, astronomy not long since completed an exhaustive discussion of the planet Neptune (published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1866), the results of which have been used to test the precision of the different nautical almanacs, he is now engaged on a similar investigation of Uranus, one object of which is to ascertain whether the perturbations produced by Neptune are sufficient to expaun all the irregularities of Uranus, or whether there are still residuary phenomena which may indicate the existence of a yet undiscovered planet of the first order, and exterior to Uranus. The Washington Observatory possesses not data for the investigation in question, as well as for that relating to the moon.

The latest report of the British eclipse expedition is to the effect that the governmens has, at last, come forward promptly to the interest of the occasion, and will render the utmost assistance in its power, especially carrying out unreservedly the wishes of the public. As at present arranged there are to be four parties—one to Cadiz, and another to Gibraltar; another, in the charge of Mr. LOCKYER, accompanies the American expedition; another to Sardis, under the charge of Mr. HUGGINS, proceeds to Orno, in Algeria.

It is stated in *Nature* that the British government has granted twenty thousand pounds for observations on the coming transit of Venus.

Mr. HEINE, well known in the United States as the artist who accompanied Commodore PERRY on the Japan expedition, and as connected with other geographical enterprises, lately presented a communication before the British Association in regard to the lines for ship canals across the Isthmus of Panama. After discussing the routes proposed across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Honduras, Nicaragua, and the line of the valley of the river of Darien, he came to the conclusion that only two lines were of a kind to be seriously considered. These lines, according to his statement, are—1. From Aspinwall to Panama, by the railway to Panama, having an extreme elevation of 269 feet, a length of 47½ miles, and requiring the excavation of very basalt, and with but middling sorts of entry. 2. From Limon Bay, Caribbean through the rivers Atrato, Caceres, Paris, and Tuqres, to the Gulf of San Miguel, in the Pacific, a distance of 180 feet, length fifty-two miles, through a soil composed of alluvium, clay, and, with some little interval, of grayish sandstone or schist, and with very good ports of entry.

Mr. HEINE says the first line was very perfect, that of the second line less so, and a more exact survey was desirable. Of the unimportance of the undertaken, twelve were of American origin, four were natives of Great Britain, one of Native Colombian, and only two by Englishmen.

Mr. R. M'ANDREW, a well-known English conchologist, has recently occupied for a considerable length of time in dredging in the Gulf of Suez, and has obtained no less than fifty species of shells, of which three-fourths have been determined. These specimens show a remarkable affinity with the forms belonging to the Mediterranean, and the existence is inferred of a subterranean channel by the sea from a very remote epoch although it is thought that the two were united in the early part of the present century.

Among the numerous engineering projects of the present day, few promise to be of more importance in a commercial point of view than the ship canal, which, when its length, by which it is proposed to connect the head of Buzzard's Bay with Cape Cod Harbor, Cape Cod. It is believed that when this is completed a very large proportion of the shipping that now sails down round the outside of Cape Cod, encountering the perils of its lee shore, and the fogs and other impediments to safe navigation, will make a direct course through Buzzard's Bay and Cape Cod Bay, while greatly shortening the time necessary for the passage, and avoiding in a much less risk of loss or detention, as well as at a reduced rate of insurance.

The feasibility of this project has been demonstrated, it is said, by careful surveys of the approaches to the proposed canal, while the nature of the ground to be traversed is also favorable for its construction. A company has been organized for the purpose in question, and it is expected that the canal can be excavated to a depth of twenty-seven feet, and of sufficient width to admit vessels of 2,000 tons burden. A bill has just been introduced into Congress to provide for the construction, by the general government, of a breakwater and harbor of refuge across Buzzard's Bay, at a cost not to exceed $2,000,000. The bill provides for the reimbursement to the government by the company of all the expenditures thereof should any failure occur in the completion of the canal itself.

In this connection we may also refer to the renewal of the project, proposed by TELFORD many years ago, for a ship canal across the counties of Devon and Somersetshire, England, to shorten the sea passage between the British and English channels. The proposed canal is to be seventy-two miles in length, and fifty-nine feet long, and will cost about $17,000,000. The freights on this canal, when finished, will probably consist principally of coal.

A memorial has lately been presented by the Royal Irish Academy to Earl Granville, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, calling his attention to the irreparable loss which would be sustained by the whole civilized world should the invaluable scientific, literary, and historical collection of the Royal Irish Academy ously injured during the siege. As the city contains galleries stored with treasures of art, rich libraries, and scientific museums of the first rank, representing the accumulated labors of many generations, they are to be considered as the property not merely of France, but of the whole world, many of the articles contained in them being irreplaceable should they be once destroyed. The fate of the library of Strasburg shows that there is real danger to the Paris collections from the military operations; and in view of the facts stated in the petitioners, the members of a scientific body, protest against the destruction of these collections, and appeal to and upon her Majesty's government to use the utmost efforts for their preservation by impressing upon the belligerents the duty of taking every possible precaution for their protection from the dangers to which they are likely to be exposed.

Allusions have lately been made in the public papers to the discovery of a silver mine on an island in Lake Superior, which is being worked under the protection of a coffer-dam. Accordingly, we are informed by Mr. CHARLES MOTT, that ore becomes richer with the increasing depth, and is now yielding at the rate of $15,000 a ton.

The contractor for the cable to extend along the west side of South America writes encouragingly of the success of the enterprise, and states that a rival line, which was expected to interfere with his plans, has agreed to yield the route from Payta to Pisco for the European telegraph, so that it will be practically only one line between Valparaiso and Panama.

The Panama Railroad Company, in view of the increase of its trade with the Central American ports, has recently increased its steamship service on the west coast from two to three vessels monthly. The new steamer will leave on the 25th; and returning on the 10th, 15th, and 30th.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 12.—In the Senate, a resolution was offered by Senator SUMNER in favor of the removal of political disabilities. Its consideration was postponed. Mr. SUMNER introduced a resolution for the purchase of the site for the erection of the grades of admiral and vice-admiral in the navy. After a very brief discussion it was passed. A resolution was agreed to that the Committee on Foreign Affairs, authorizing the appointment of a committee to visit Europe for the purpose of investigating for the acquisition of San Domingo. A resolution was offered for the abolition of the pardoning system as soon as consistent with the credit of the government, and referred to the Judiciary. In the House, a joint resolution looking to the removal of the Union dead from Arlington Heights to the National Cemetery at the battle-ground of the late General Lee. He delivered a glowing eulogy on the life and character of the deceased. Mr. BLAIR, of Michigan, introduced a resolution for the repeal of the income tax after the 1st of January, 1872.—In the House, the bill for the relief of the widow of the late General Lee was taken up. A debate continued on the amendment abolishing the franking privilege. An amendment to this, making the free exchange of newspapers and periodicals, was adopted, and the original amendment rejected. The bill was ordered instituting searching investigations into the cost of the public buildings, and after some discussion, in which several members participated, and after much wrangling as to details the whole bill passed without a division.

December 13.—In the Senate, the greater part of the time was taken up in the consideration of the bill for the completion of the Capitol building by attaching to American engineering skill and labor. Mr. SUMNER introduced a bill to provide for the appointment of a commissioner of education, with a salary of $5,000 per annum, and a supporter of the administration, and expressed the belief that the Republican party would perform the duty of the future.—In the House, the debate on the Income Bill was resumed. Mr. SCHENCK opposed the speeches being mainly in opposition.

December 14.—In the Senate, the completion of General Sedgwick's bill was taken up, and Mr. SUMNER made a long and interesting speech in opposition. In the House, a bill was introduced and referred to the Committee on Commerce, to provide for the completion of the ship-building by admitting to American registry and enrollment, for the purpose of foreign trade, the ships, free of duty, of ship-building and engineering materials, of over 2000 tons, the latter to be admitted to the coasting trade of the United States.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The British minister in Washington has received from the British subscribers to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Chicago fire the sum of £2,000, contributed by English subscribers.

Governor Geary's message to the Pennsylvania Legislature, by the State House of Representatives, and will be put into effect at once.

C. C. Rowell, representative in Congress from South Carolina, has left Columbia, South Carolina, for Kansas. An Indian divorce is to be produced in his defense.

The Indian Council of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, was organized on the 11th inst. The chief subject of the council was to organize a Republican government embracing all the tribes. The plan is in contemplation with the Indians, and the Indian agent contemplates the production of the scheme at the next meeting, and is sure it can be executed with the consent of all.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The reports from the army of the Loire are conflicting. From French sources we have positive statements of victories, and from Prussian sources equally positive statements that the army of Prince Frederick Charles is steadily advancing in the direction of the entire line.

The left branch of the French government has established itself at Tours.

It is announced that the delay in the opening of the bombardment of Paris is occasioned by a lack of ammunition, and that the roads are so wet and heavy that more can be brought forward at present.

Montmedy and Pinckney, in the northeast of France, have been surrendered to the Prussians. The latter was occupied on the 12th inst.

Rudow has ratified the treaty of annexation to the German Confederation.

The Prussian troops are concentrating on the Turkish frontier, and Servia has announced the death of Prince Couza, and appointed a new embassador in Constantinople. Great Britain is said to be preparing against a surprise.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.—THE PRUSSIAN BUGBEAR IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES.

SELLING FISH AT AUCTION IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 859.]

ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS.

THIS celebrated French dramatist and novelist, who died recently at Dieppe, was the son of General ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS, a soldier of distinction under the empire. He was born in Villers-Cotterets, July 24, 1803. His grandmother, on the father's side, was an African negro girl, and the characteristic features of the mulatto were presented in his thick lips and crisp, curly hair, though not in his complexion, which was white. He lost his father when about three years old, and was left very much to his own guidance in growing up. His education was consequently defective, and at the age of eighteen he seems to have learned little except to ride, fence, play billiards, and write a good hand. To the last accomplishment he owed his first position, that of copying clerk in the office of the secretary of the Duke of Orleans, afterward LOUIS PHILIPPE. This was the first stepping-stone in a long and successful career.

As an author, the popularity of DUMAS rivaled that of EUGENE SUE, and was not confined to France. He not only wrote with extraordinary facility, but employed a corps of assistants to fill up the details of plots which he furnished in outline. It is said he could dash off a play faster than three expert penmen could copy it. Previous to 1848 his pen procured him an income of 60,000 francs a year. In skillfulness of arrangement, vivacity of narrative and style, and fertility of invention, his novels surpass those of most of his contemporaries; but their moral effect is not elevating. The translations of his principal works have attained a wide circulation in this country, the most popular being the "Count of Monte Cristo," the "Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," "Margaret of Anjou," and the "Memoirs of a Physician."

GURNEY & CO. AT HOME.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

JOHN GURNEY MUSING.

GURNEY PLACE.

It is twenty miles from the city, and three miles inland on the north side of the old road running from river to river. It is shut off from the road by a stone wall, surmounted in the olden time by iron spikes, which have long since rusted away. In the middle of this wall there is a large gate which opens on a circular drive, cut into ruts and littered with leaves. This drive is bordered by a hedge, which, no longer trimmed, thrusts its ragged limbs whither it will, greatly to the peril of flounces and long skirts, whenever such frivolities are at Gurney Place, which is not often. Thirty years ago the grounds were famous, and not without reason, for whatever money could do to make them beautiful it had done. The situation was perfect, and the taste which had embellished it was faultless. Wherever a grove should have been, there was the grove; and wherever a walk should have been, there was the walk. But the glory of Gurney Place, to my mind, is the great avenue of pines on the east of the house. It is carpeted with red needles, which slip, slip under the feet, and emit a faint fragrance, half of the balsamic branches from which they have fallen, and half of the rich earth into which they are mouldering. At the end of this stately avenue there is a rustic summer-house, perched on the edge of a slope leading to a lake, around which is a gravel path, edged, on the water side, with long rushes. Moored to a mimic pier is the remnant of a tiny pleasure-boat, in which young people once rowed about and gathered lilies. The sun has blistered and bleached it, and a turtle, built in it years ago, has reared her progeny on its leaky bottom. It is a lonesome place, this dreary little sheet of water, which scarcely ripples in the wind, and which drinks the light, as some men do wine, growing gloomier every moment. Every thing is gloomy at Gurney Place—every thing but the avenue of pines, which is grand, and the conservatory, which is beautiful the year through with rare flowers and plants. These are the only portions of the grounds which John Gurney loves, and, happen what may, these are always cared for. Of Gurney House he thinks but little, though

THE LATE ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS.

others find it comfortable enough. It is an old-looking mansion, the general effect of which is ugly, though it is not without redeeming points. It is large, to begin with, and solidly built—a brick structure, with stone corners and facings at each end, projecting upon the curves of the drive. The sun shines into the windows of three wings all day—through the right wing in the forenoon, and through the left wing in the afternoon—but the rest of the house sleeps in a half light, the shadows of a row of elms and the shadow of the long colonnade in front. There are small doors in the ends of the wings, and a large, double door in the middle of the colonnade, opening, when it opens, on a broad hall paved with lozenge-shaped tiles. Each side of the hall there is a dark parlor, with windows reaching to the floor, and a high ceiling painted in fresco. The chimneys are large and deep, set in frames of carved oak under high narrow mantels, on the ends of which are silver candlesticks and pairs of silver snuffers on silver trays. For the furniture (if you have a taste that way), it would make the fortune of Marley, it is so massive and unique. There is no such mahogany now as John Gurney's, which is dark with age—transparently dark in its old polish, and as perfect as if it had just been sent home by its maker, who has been dead a hundred years. There are heavy sofas of it, ruffled with black horsehair, and chairs of the same with harp-backs, and more card-tables with claw legs than would be considered reputable now in a well-regulated country seat. Upon large buffets are decanters of noble size, sacred of yore to the generous juices of Spain and Portugal, with silver chains round their necks labeled "Madeira" and "Port." The floors are covered with Turkey carpets, costly in their time, and ugly at any time—disagreeable to the eye, but as soft to the foot as beds of forest moss.

The parlors of Gurney House are like most parlors in the country—cold, forbidding, inhospitable. It is enough to be shown into their eternal twilight; to live there would be intolerable.

The wings are more habitable, especially the left wing, which John Gurney has fitted up as a library, and in which he spends most of his time when at home. It is a cozy, comfortable room, with a bay-window facing the western sea, and a bright carpet, whose green and red berries are suggestive of endless summer. Around the walls are dwarf book-cases, and here are ranged specimens of old china, curious vases of fantastic patterns, bottles with long necks around which lizards are creeping, cups and saucers thin as egg-shells, puzzles in ivory, and boxes in jade-stone; and the effigies of squat little men, with prominent bellies and stiff pig-tails—peculiar

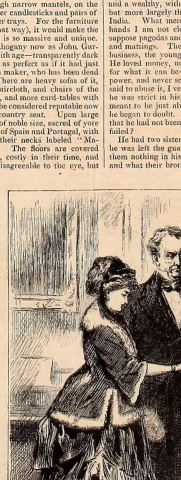

"YOU REFUSE TO RECEIVE YOUR DAUGHTER."

in the leaves, and a threat of rain speedily—an afternoon which could only be brightened by a wood-fire and the light of happy memories. John Gurney had the blaze of the wood-fire as he leaned back in his easy-chair, but he had not the happy memories. He had been thinking, and was not satisfied with himself. Happy the man who is! But no such man exists, who can remember and feel. John Gurney could do both, and he was a hard man. So the world said, and he did not contradict it. It was a fact to him, but a fact of which he was no longer proud. He had been thinking, you see—thinking of his father and mother, who were dead, of his sisters, who were living, he supposed, and of himself—a cold, stern, implacable, disappointed man.

His father had died thirty years before, and left him the master of Gurney Place and the head of the house of Gurney & Co. It was an old firm and a wealthy, with connections the world over, but more largely than elsewhere in China and India. What merchandise passed through its hands I am not clerkly enough to state, but I suppose pagodas and rupees—I mean teas, silks, and muslins. The elder Gurney was a man of business, the younger Gurney was a merchant. He loved money, not for what it is—dross, but for what it can be—power. He was fond of power, and never steeled to use it; his enemies said to abuse it, I venture to think, wrongly. If he was strict in his dealings, he was just. He meant to be just always. That he had been so he began to doubt. It was certain, he admitted, that he had not been generous. Wherein had he failed?

He had two sisters, as I have hinted, of whom he was left the guardian by his father, who left them nothing in his will except his last blessing and what their brother might bestow upon them out of his love and regard. The elder, Judith, was an elderly lady of fourteen, the younger, Ann, was a little girl of nine. He educated them as if they had been his daughters, this stalwart bachelor of thirty, taking, so far as he could, their dead father's place, and demanding respect and obedience. They were well brought up, at least Judith was, for Ann neglected her books, her music, and her dancing. She was like her mother, a wee woman, with appealing black eyes that could be evasive when they would; and, like her mother, she was obstinate and demonstrated in a quiet way. Judith was an out-and-out Gurney, a tall blonde, with flaxen hair, pallid blue eyes, and the cunning of a veteran diplomatist. John Gurney made up his mind that they should marry well. He married Judith to money, as he supposed, and the match turned out badly. Ann married herself to nothing, as she knew, and the match turned out worse. One was now Mrs. Hugh Trevor, of Burlington Row; the other was Mrs. Ann Gaisnett, of Heaven knows where. Ten years had passed since brother John had seen sister Ann, and he had not seen sister Ann since her marriage, over twenty years ago. Was it well for relatives to be so estranged?

He woke that morning, earlier than usual, from a restless sleep and confused dreams. He was in a strange house, in a strange place, a boy in a nankeen suit trying in vain to amuse himself. He clambered up a chair and stared at the picture on the wall, which was divided into panels wherein huntsmen, with horns slung about their mouths, were leaping over hedges in chase of a fox always the same distance ahead. A low face-place was set round with painted tiles, wherein were men with long beards, and wonderful curious robes. A damsel was standing at a well, holding a pitcher on the lip of a rickety trestle, who had journeyed thither on a camel, and who held a bracelet concealed behind his back. A man was entangled in a thicket, near which an old man with a long knife stooped above a kneeling lad. Another lad crouched in a pit, on the edge of which was a hand of men, one holding a coat of many colors. Who were these people, and what were they doing? The boy soon tired of them, and crept up stairs, where he saw a lady walking to and fro with a sick baby. It cried, and cried, and was still. Standing with others in a church-and beside a grave, into which a little coffin was being lowered, he woke suddenly in the act of tearing away from his father's hand.

It was late when John Gurney made his appearance at the breakfast-table, and he was haggard and pale. He sat down mechanically, while the old housekeeper, Martha, poured out a cup of coffee for him. Would he have an egg? No, he thanked her. So she left him to himself.

The coffee was weak, the toast was cold; he had no appetite. He leaned his head on his hand, and thought of the many mornings he had breakfasted there at the same solitary, dismal fashion; and this morning, many mornings he had breakfasted there with his family. He shut his eyes and saw them as of old—his father seated where he was sitting, a cheerful, bounty man; his mother opposite, smiling over the coffee-urn and the teapot; his sisters on her right and left—Judith with flaxen ringlets, and Ann with wavy black hair; and last, himself, young John Gurney, handsome, vigorous, alert. They chatted together, he and his father, of the weather, the crops, the new horses, while his mother prattled in her light way, telling Judith that she was looking pretty, which she was, and Ann that she was a little fright, which she wasn't at all. This was thirty-five years ago, and what a dream to John Gurney, as he opened his eyes, and found himself alone, an oldish man, with a bad liver, and a worse heart! Bah! He rang the bell and Martha reappearing, he asked her to tell Tom to harness up, for he was going to the city.

He must get away from Gurney Place, or from himself.

The carry-all was led up to the door, and he stepped in beside his man, Tom Watkins, whose business it was to drive him to and from the dépôt and the pier.

"Which way this morning, Sir?"

"To the pier."

He spoke so impatiently that Tom gave the horse a sharp cut with the whip, and cast a furtive glance in his master's face. "Something has gone wrong," he thought; "maybe his breakfast; any how, I won't mind him. How old he looks!" And then, aloud,

"'As rone the glass
Mark life doth pass.'"

"And you're an ass" (he spoke testily), "with your Catechism, and your 'Poor Richard.' I hate proverbs."

"I love 'em" (defiantly); "they are the sayings of the wise."

"Of fools; for the wise are not always sneering."

"Ain't they, though? What do you make of King Solomon?"

But John Gurney made nothing of King Solomon; for, if he heard, he did not answer. He was in a brown study. "How ill he looks!" thought Tom. And he added, this time to himself,

"'Here to-day and gone to-morrow;'
This is the end of human sorrow."

What was John Gurney thinking of? I doubt whether he could have told, he was thinking of so many people, among others of a woman, Ruth and Gurney, who once united as a mate for Gurney & Co., and who stole away the heart of sister Ann while she was a mere child. A young fellow of twenty-four, or thereabout, he was invited to Gurney Place to dinner—was expected for any one to whom employ of Gurney & Co. He was a little awed at first by the splendor of the dinner—a circumstance which existed him in the estimation of John Gurney; but the conversation turning on the sea, he was soon at home. He was a good sailor, and he showed it in a modest, manly fashion, which John Gurney thought well of, and which Ann Gurney thought better of. They walked, after dinner, in the twilight, John and Judith to the conservatory, and herself and Mr. Garnett to the summer-house in the garden. When they parted at the door at dusk—he to return to the city, and she to save a child's candle-light—she was in love with the young mate. If he was in love with her, he kept it to himself, as was proper for a person in his condition of life. This drifted through John Gurney's mind as he was driven to the pier, and it made him somewhat unfortable. He had liked Richard Garnett as a mate, but when, two years later, Captain Garnett married his sister without his consent, he hated him. He would not see him, and he would not see his wife, who in four years was a widow with two children. "She has made her bed, and must lie in it."

He spoke aloud, to his own surprise.

"There is but one bed where we lie quietly, and that is in the marriage bed," he said, very low, to himself, gravely, and gave the horse another cut with the whip. They came in sight of the pier just in time to see the boat moving away.

"Turn round and drive back; I shall not go to the city to-day."

"Looks like it," Tom muttered.

"But who can tell, when the arrow is shot,
Whether 'twill hit the mark or not."

John Gurney alighted from the carry-all at the door, and, summoning Martha to have a fire built in the library, wandered up and down the grounds, noting this and that absently. The morrow was crumbling out of the wall; the box was heaped with leaves; the currant-bushes were dead. Cones were beginning to ripen on the pine walk; he must see Tom Watkins about that; and, stooping stiffly, he picked one up and tossed it into the lake. The sun sparkled coldly from the white sky; the air was chill and damp, like the air of a vault. Dead leaves rattled under him; dead leaves rustled around him:

"And when a leaf fa's I may lip,
I'll tell a word true thou."

Was John Gurney in his dotage that he should hum an old song? or was he recalling a fair young girl who sang it to him one moonlight night, how many years ago? She shall look, perhaps, into some of the darkened rooms in heart, but there is one into which we must not look. Every man has his secret, and this is John Gurney's. He shuttered up his each room with a shiver, and hurried into the house.

He left it no more that day, but shut himself up in the library, where a chop was sent to him at noon, where he smoked cigars and drank brandy, and where he persuaded himself that he was reading and writing. He commenced a letter, but, dropping his pen a moment to look out of the window, he forgot all about it. He ran the pages of a review as far as the contents; they were not attractive. He took up a book at noon threw it down as "stuff." Then he went to his bookshelves, and returned with another, never guess with what—an armful of the English poets. That he loved poetry, as he did, is a fact for which I can give more account than any of Kitty Weiss in the Alps, and the presence in its frozen neighborhood of swarms of tourists testifies. He was in him, as love, I suppose, was in him once, and as self-accusation was in him now. What he sought in the poets was not their happy inspirations; not such divine little songs as stud the old dramatists, nor such gleams of spring and summer as light the pages of Chaucer and Spenser; but grave and solemn pieces, like Milton's "Lycedas," Bishop King's "Exequy," and Gray's "Elegy." The death of lovers, the parting of friends, the shadow that will never be lifted from mortality.

He smoked, and read:

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy dwells in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his friend's brother:
They parted—never to meet again,
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pairing;
They stood aloof, scared as by fear
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Surely this was and enough for John Gurney. He seemed to think so, for he shut the book hastily, and read no more, but walked to the couch, put on fresh wood, and, drawing the decanter of brandy toward him, sat down again. It was not his habit to drink brandy, but there are days when it does one good. So he thought, or he would not have drunk it. It did him no good, however, to-day; and no ghost which haunted him, lulled him into no happy reverie. It did not warm his blood, even, as he nodded over the fire with his feet on the fender. He watched the blaze as it flickered up the chimney, listening to the gusty arms that were blustering, flicking on the andirons and the hearth-rug; and out of the light and the shadow a picture was shaped in his mind, distant and vague as a dream, but too near and painful not to be a reality. He saw a room furnished as he knew in his own morning-room, a trim brig, with sails all a-taut, and a man in the cabin kissing his hand to a woman on the wharf, who was crying and waving her handkerchief. Northward sped the brig, with a favoring wind; but, though he watched it, the sea rose before it—the wild, dark sea, where the billow never ceases to sing. Here the sun shone fitfully, where the moon glimmered, where danger and death waited. He, on, day and night, in his cabin dashing against the bow; on, on, night after night, with a light on the stern to show the wave in the storm, the window of the captain's cabin. He is on deck one night—the captain is—one dark and furior night. There is a crashing sound, a thick rigging, the sails strain, the sky grows color and colder. What are they driving on so fast—a steep, mountainous coast? The brig is driving so fast on them? An iceberg! It topples suddenly, and crushes her; and a wild cry goes through the sea;

some very sharp ones. But, forgive me, Judith"—he paused gravely—"forgive me if I do not trust entirely to appearances. A plain business man, I doubt the substantiality of these sudden fortunes. This house, for instance—I fear it is mortgaged."

He seemed to expect her to answer, and it was evident to her that she *should* answer—but how? If she said the house was mortgaged, their prosperity would not appear so real as she wished; and if she said it was not mortgaged, it would appear too real. She was in a dilemma.

"There was a small mortgage on it at first, but I believe it has been taken up. I'll learn, since you wish to know. You are very, very kind. But tell me now of yourself; for, selfish woman that I am, I have babbled all this while of my own poor affairs. You are looking happier, better even than you look, and as busy, of course, as of old. The firm of 'Gurney & Co.' Percy says, is the synonym of success. And Percy, I forgot to mention that Percy, who has not seen you since his was seven, remembers you more distinctly than John. Percy is the only one in the family who will never bear a word against 'Uncle John.' We abuse you, that is, of course we do, and roundly; for, if we can't abuse our relations, whom can we abuse, pray? But Percy won't allow it. 'Uncle John was kind to us once,' he says, 'and if he has dropped us now, is in our own hands.' You must like Percy, Cousin."

Mrs. Trevor! Mrs. Trevor! you know that Percy never said any thing of the kind. You know he did any was. "He was useful to us once, and may be again." How can you fib so?

"Gurney & Co.," Judith, pray on quietly. Never a fast firm, we are growing slow as we grow old. The house, I suppose, will be with you, Mrs. Trevor?"

"My head? Why not take a partner?"

"We are not rich enough to tempt a young man, and as for old men, one is surely enough."

"It is telling the truth when he says he is not rich?" she ordered; "or does he think I was about to recommend Hugh to him again?" She paused for a reply from her. "If your remark about old men had any reference to Trevor, you are right; but he was not in my mind when I spoke. I assure you. It seemed to me a pity that such a house as ours should go down. But so it is, so it is. We must all, John, do your nephews more seriously? Of the grave, I mean, and hereafter. Do you remember the hymn mother taught us when we were children?

"'The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.'"

"Yes, Judith; and, strange to say, it came into my head the last thing last night. I had been thinking of mother and father, and you and John."

So that was what had sent him to her!

"Dear mother!" she sighed.

"Yes, sister," he resumed, "I have begun to think of these things, and shall put my affairs in order."

"Make your peace first, and attend to your affairs afterward. But excuse me for a few minutes; I hear the door-bell ring. You know I am 'at home.'" And she withdrew.

It was only Judith in a new dress, a brunette study, occasionally stopping to look at the pictures and objects of *vertu*.

"I don't think Judith is as mercenary as she was. Her last advice was good—from her point of view. I would not have thought she could be so disinterested. We shall get on well together, I hope. I don't know what to do for her, though. If his house is really Trevor's, and in no need of help from me, and, even if he were, I could not give it to him outright; for, first and last, he has muddled away a hundred thousand of mine. He's always muddling away something or other. If he would go into the army now I would settle it, and as much more, on Judith. It would be a set-off against the money of which I have been juggled. I wonder if she wouldn't like a set of diamonds?"

Whether Mrs. Trevor heard the bell, as she said, or whether it was her fancy, is of no great consequence. It is enough for us to know that no person was at the front parlor when she entered it, which rather pleased her than otherwise, since it gave her an opportunity to see what had just occurred between herself and her brother. "How unfortunate it is," she said, "that I couldn't know that he was coming; and how unfortunate that we are prosperous! He would have done something handsome for me, for it is certain that he isn't satisfied with the way he has used me. He must be very much changed, or he wouldn't have said that he no longer cared for money. When a Gurney feels like that, his end is near! He hasn't made his will, it seems, he is deceiving me, and I don't believe he is. He may remember the children. He must; I mean to bring it about. But how—how? I can't ask him to leave Elizabeth any thing; he'll think Percy can make sure of himself, and I won't give him the excuse for saying so. Stupid of me! I could cry my eyes out with rage." But she thought better of it; for, reaching the window of her robe, she rejoined her brother with a sweet, and, smiling face.

Drawing an easy-chair up to the fire she made him sit down, and placed herself on his left, where she could see him best. "Is it well, now, you to come!" she exclaimed; "and how sorry I am that none of the children are at home!

"You are fond of your children, Judith?"

"Fond is not the word, John. But I can not expect a man to understand the feelings of a mother. No man can—least of all a hard-headed bachelor like you. I wonder—no, I do not, either, for you never liked women, I remember."

"Perhaps I am cured of that—who knows?"

"What did he mean? Was he— But no, it could not be.

"By-the-way, John, how did you know I was 'at home' to-day?"

"How does any body know any thing now, except from the newspapers, which tell us every thing that happens, and a great many things that do not happen. I read it in *The Tickler and Tattler*. But your speaking of being 'at home' reminds me that we shall be 'at home' ourselves soon. I will send you a card to-morrow or next day."

"John Gurney, you have not been getting married?"

A queer smile flitted across his face: he enjoyed her mistake.

"Why not? I am old enough, I suppose."

"Too old—to make such a fool of yourself."

At this moment the bell rang, and so loudly that both heard it: a sudden, hurried peal.

She was on her feet at once.

"Some one will let me tell you about it. Last summer, when I was ill—and I was very ill, Judith—I think I shall never recover the shock of old Wyman's death."

"Where's mamma?" cried a voice without.

"In the back parlor, my lady," the servant was heard to answer.

A rush of steps to the door, which was thrown open violently. "Mamma! mamma!"

"Lady Onslow! Elizabeth," said Mrs. Trevor, starting to her feet, "how you have frightened me, child!"

John Gurney arose, somewhat startled, and was presented to the new-comer.

"I didn't know you had company."

"It's only your uncle John. You remember Uncle John?"

"No—do I?"

"So this is little Lizzy that was," he said, coming forward: "the bud has indeed ripened. I hope you are well, Lady Onslow."

She looked at him, and at her mother, and burst into tears—wild, passionate tears, that could not be suppressed.

"For God's sake, Elizabeth, what is the matter? Why are you here? Where is Lord Onslow?"

"Tell me, tell you what has happened, Judith," interposed John Gurney. "You have married your daughter to an adventurer. Am I not right, Lizzy?"

She bowed sadly. "Worse, Sir—a villain. Set here, mother." And drying her eyes, she pointed to black and blue spots on her arm, which were evidently the grip of strong fingers. "He struck me, and I forgave him. I—I—he was drunk."

"The more fool you," remarked her mother.

"I loved him, and I forgave him." She paused, and put her hand to her head as if she had been stunned by something. "We were staying in Washington this week, quietly and happily, planning what we should do when we returned home. I was, that is, and he agreed to it. Night before last I retired early, while he was playing billiards with some of the officers. When I awoke in the morning he had not returned. He had abandoned me."

"Have you finished, fool?" demanded her mother.

"Judith!"

"No; he robbed me of my jewels, and all the money he could find. He would have taken my purse, I suppose, but it was under my pillow. There was enough in it to bring me home.

"Is the story without a text or a title. She was the calmest person there—so calm that she seemed to have been relating the wrongs of some other, not her own. Mrs. Trevor, your woman, was in a furious passion, enraged with her daughter, her brother, Judith herself, with the whole body and every thing. Speechless with fury and shame, she appeared to have grown old suddenly; the bloom had withered from her cheeks, the lustre was gone from her eyes. They had become gray and faded.

"So," she whispered, when she found a voice, "this is the reward of all my motherly care, the object of all my ambition! This is what you have done? You have ruined me. I shall never dare to hold up my head again. We shall have to leave the neighborhood—to shun all our acquaintances. I shall die with shame."

"And I, mother?" asked the poor girl.

"Mother me no more; you are no child of mine."

"Judith!"

"What brought you here? Do you think I will have you here, Lady Onslow?"

"Judith, Judith—you are brutal."

"Mind your business, John Gurney—this is mine.

"Where shall I go, mother?"

"Where you will. You shall not remain here."

"You refuse to receive your daughter, then, Judith?" said John Gurney, looking his sister sternly in the face.

"I do."

"You are a wicked woman."

He turned toward his niece in his stately way, looking like what he was—the soul of chivalry and kindness.

"My child, I am a lonesome old man. Will you not share and brighten my solitude? Say 'yes'—I wish it so much." He opened his arms, and she rushed toward him with a cry. He smoothed the ripples of her hair with one hand, and brushed a tear from his eye with the other.

"Come," he said at last.

"Good-by, mother."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Trevor."

Where was Mrs. Trevor's heart? where was Mrs. Trevor's conscience? where was Mrs. Trevor's worldliness, even—that day? Percy out "at home."

VENICE.

UNLIKE other celebrated towns of Italy—such as Padua, Mantua, Naples, and Rome itself—Venice is not an old classical city. According to the best historians it dates from the 25th day of March, in the year of our Lord 421, when Simon de Gloucestshire, Antonius Calvus, and other lovers of liberty, who sought a refuge from oppression among the islands and lagoons of the coast, laid the foundations of the new commonwealth on the Rialto, the nearest island to the embouchure of the Brenta. The state of which they were the founders had a long and for many centuries a very prosperous existence. Under a nominal subjection to Padua and other cities of old Venetia it passed its first two hundred and seventy-six years. For the following six hundred years, during which it made great additions to its power and wealth, Venice was governed by her doges—a sort of monarchs whom the people elected, and whose power they limited. After that, and during the last five hundred years of her existence, she was really and practically governed by her nobles. Then came the end. France, ever ready to seize on other territories, had, by the new-born law of Lynch-down, deposed the last doge by the hands of her great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, and, while lifting his sceptre, was in their gain most likely to spread and lofty bearing of other days, not less than one-fourth part of her inhabitants are so poor as to be more or less dependent on public charity. What a fall is there from the days of Dandolo, Zeno, Foscarini, about the middle of the fifteenth century, composed these immortal lines touching Venice:

"Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand
Prize as a rock, and all the sea command.
'Thanks, Thanks, O Jove,' he cried, 'Rome's walls extend
Not half so far.'

Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
Great Tiber hears, view how the Rialto swells!
That men did those, gods these foundations lay."

These verses give us a good idea of the ancient glory of Venice, and that of the wealth and magnificence of her citizens, that the poet received—the reigning critical literature, in the form of poetry or prose, ever won—for these six lines six thousand golden crowns. But low as she has fallen, Venice can no have passed the lowest ebb-tide of her fortunes. Since the Austrian was driven from Italy forever, since she has united in the new-born liberties of Italy, since the Gospel, banished in the days of her degeneracy, is now taught and preached and practised there, and her people are learning that "whom the truth shall make free they shall be free indeed," good reason to hope that this city will yet be the subject and the scene of a great, glorious, and most beautiful resurrection.

With graceful towers, domes, campaniles, and palaces standing in rich contrast with the low shoreless waters, and now with the tide on every door-step, and, carrying boats and gondolas in place of coaches and carriages, for its four-fifths and almost its only streets, the city might have owed its name—though it had a different origin—to the old Roman legend that represents Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, as born of the ocean. Venice looks like a city torn by some great convulsion from the shore, and, with all its churches, palaces, manufactories, and business establishments erect and entire, floated to sea, and securely anchored to its sandy bed. Save dogs and cats, there is no four-footed animal in all the town—no horses, nor cows, nor even a donkey. Wheels are unknown; their grinding, rattling noise never heard where sheets of water, along which gondolas, in place of cabs and omnibuses, are shooting with their passengers, separate opposite neighbors, the houses on one side of the street from those on the other. A very pretty city, indeed! since, with the houses built on piles that have been driven into the bed of the sea, there, as has been said, we stood on the top of trees.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SAID a loving wife to her husband: "Will you never learn to see the difference between real and exchangeable value?" "The husband, tired of political economy, replied, "Ah yes, my dear, I know your great learning and many virtues. That's your real value; but I have also that none of my friends would change wives with me. That's your exchangeable value."

A gentleman, speaking of the happiness of the married state before his daughter, disparagingly said, "She who marries will rue it," but she who does not marry, does better." "Well, then," said the young lady, "I will do so!; let those who choose do better."

The man whose feet were so enormously large that he had to pull his pantaloons on over his head has recently joined the woman's rights party, and is very determined to wear a sheath.

A traveler in Georgia, down among the rice swamps, observing the sallow, sunken-eyed, emaciated appearance of the inhabitants, asked one of them what the matter was unhealthy. "Wa'al, no," replied the sickly looking fellow; "ain't nothin' pertickler, only we have the fever and ague all the time in these parts; but then we've got a powerful sight of medicine for health, which beats the ague all to nothing!"

Hide-plus are now called switch-tenders.

WEATHER RHYMES.

February fill dyke,
Be it black or be it white;
But if it is white,
It is better to like.

March winde and April showres
Bring out the May flowres.

He who sees his wheat on a weeping May
Will himself go weeping away;
But he who sees it on a weeping June
Will go weep to another tune.

When the sand doth feed the clay,
Laughing sun will soon be gay;
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then 'tis well with Argyle Land.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
But a swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

After St. Bartlemew
Come long evenings and cold dew.

At a wedding the other day one of the guests, who had partaken rather freely of champagne, gravely remarked that he have often remarked that there have been more wet men than wet days this year."

A Low Fee—Cabelle.

A Dutchman, in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said: "Dey wash very much alike, specially de off one. One looks as much like both, I could not tell todder from which; when I went after de one I always took de todder; an I whipped de one most dead because de oder kicked at me."

A Hive to Millidge—Enough on that bend.

An exchange says: "Marriage makes a man and woman happy." So, but the bachelor can't be blind to them in the one.

Stammering, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of wit, the struggle to say something, in laughs producing the happiness of the Duke of Cumberland, and causing the Duchess from rushing up to embrace her, when she had not seen her for a considerable time, and insisted on her receiving him in state. "How dreadful, my dear," said the Duchess, "you've got Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the best Cumberland."

A man in a crowd found elbow-room quickly by telling a neighbor that he was sitting on his revolver.

An exchange says: "The competitors in San Francisco are many ladies." The competitors in San Francisco ought to be ashamed of themselves.

An English writer thinks the American sixty pounder is too large to go and see long, for as each new vacation is planned the season shows itself earlier than any other, the time between planting and digging will soon be cut up.

There is a man in Dorchih, Iowa, so penurious that when shelling corn, and a kernel flew into a woodhole, he immediately went down after it. So did his neighbor, standing near, dropped a kernel near his, and so speedier was looking. He stood and watched it he said: "You can't fool me with that small kernel; the next I lost was a large one."

Why is a butcher's cart like his boots?—Because he carries his calves there.

MANAGER A. (to actress)—"How do you manage your hair, Miss Crocker?" Such a job as I have of it, honestly, Mr. Manager." "Indeed! then why don't you have it switch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a load of rake to make. Well, do you suppose because my daddy is in for nasty—cuss that my scold need be there, too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of things all the time I am raking, and I never say a single cussed word at my heels, and bringing me plump down, in a heap, on the ground. Now you see, it's the price of the sugar I'm using."

Mr. Jones was trying to write up his morning, and saw the furious stye, when I know I had him on my knee, and wondered I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he would get out to catch his death soon; whether that if he wasn't capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay at home and talk with me; at my rate he mustn't go out; and I hid his umbrella and India rubbers. Well, he was quite right and up I got as I expected, and in less than ten minutes was streaking down street in the rain of two heads of hair. Now you see nothing like understanding human nature; my woman should be married life she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of her education."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A REVERIE.

THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

(ON CHRISTMAS-EVE.)

HE will see sweet stockings cramming and now,
Warm in scarlet and dainty in white—
Stockings that never have crept in a shoe—
Waiting his morning's enchanted light.

And other glad stockings, that he should know,
Grown larger, perhaps, than they were last year!
In many a pretty, half-shoppy way
They wonder, no doubt, if he is near.

This Saint of the Children, who loves them so,
Faintly filling each colored store,
Will touch clear dreams with his kiss—and go
With them, I think, in his heart before.

Ah! spite of his fare, he will shiver, I fear,
At the thought of stockings, bright and small,
Whose curious looks are no longer left,
Awake for him by the lonesome wall!

Oh! you whose little hands reach no more
Toward his gray, kind beard in the mingled play,
Whose little feet passed through the great dim Door,
With never a step nor a sound, away!

Have you found Another who lights with love
His Birthday Tree for your charmed eyes?
Do you sit in its branches the snow-white Dove?
Is it fair with the flowering and fruit of the skies?
MRS. G. M. B. PIATT.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Owen-dale's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CURTIUS.

RICHARD had many subjects for thought to beguile his lonely way to Gretna, but one so paramount, and absorbed the rest, though he strove to dismiss it all he could.

He endeavored to think of his dead mother. His heart was full of her patient love and weary, childless life: but her portrait faded from his mind like a dissolving view, and in its place stood that of Solomon Cox, hugged, emaciated, hideous. Still less could he think of Harry and his future, whose schemes and himself this spectre of the unburied man rose up at once, annihilated by the thought of them, as by a spell. It did not occur to Richard even now that he had had no right to kill him; but he shuddered to think, if he had really done so, how this late opening flower of love which he had just unfolded would blossom into fear and loathing. In that case his heart would have been poisoned at the root as he pierced. His mother's death, the knowledge of Harry's fidelity, and of the existence of his son, to whom his affection had been estranged

at his delay. It was his hope, for a certain reason, that he would NR arrive until the body was stiff and cold.

He saw Richard first, of course. The case was very serious; so much so that he thought it right to mention the fact, in order that his patient might settle his worldly affairs if they needed settlement.

"There is no immediate danger, my good lad; but it is always well in such cases to have the mind free from anxiety."

"I understand; it is quite right," said Richard, gravely. "Moreover, since the opportunity may not occur again, let me now state how it all happened."

"Nay, you must not talk. We know it all, or at least enough of it for the present."

"What do you know?" asked Richard, with his eyes half shut, but with eager ears.

"That in your benevolent attempt to seek after Mr. Coe you met with the same accident—though I trust it will not have the same endings as that unfortunate gentleman himself. He pitched upon his head and broke his neck, which you fell upon your side."

"That is so," murmured Richard. "He and I were partners, you see—"

"There, there; not a word more," insisted the doctor; "your deposition can wait."

And leaving those what he could for his patient, he left him, in order to examine the unfortunate Solomon. His investigation corroborated all that he had already learnt of the circumstances of his death, with which also Richard's evidence accorded. An observation made by one of the men who had found the body, to the effect that it was yet warm when they had come upon it, excited the surgeon's curiosity.

"It is now Tuesday morning, my friend," said he, "and this poor fellow met with his death on Saturday night for certain. He must have died before, have been much warmer when you found him than he is now."

"Well, me and my mate here we both fancied—"

"I dare say you did, my man," interrupted the doctor; "and fancy is a very proper word to apply to such an impression. If you had any evidence, however, you will not repeat such a piece of evidence when put upon your oath, for the thing is utterly impossible."

"Then I suppose we be in the wrong," said Dick to Jack; and on that supposition they left it.

In this way self-confident Science, whose mission it is to explode fallacies, occasionally assists in the confirmation or sufficiency of facts. Solomon Coe had not been dead half an hour when his body was found.

When Richard came on his errand of mercy, was approaching the brink of the third level, he could hear Solomon calling lustily for help. "Help it was not only "Help!" but "Murder!" that he cried out: and notwithstanding the menace that that word implied toward himself, Richard, stupified, on, well pleased to hear it; the vigor of the cry assured him that his enemy was yet alive living, but unhurt. As the light he carried grew more distinct to him, indeed, these shouts redoubled; but when it came quite near and disclosed the features of its bearer, there was a dead silence. The man was stood confronting him or other—the one in light, distinctly seen, looking down upon the other in shade, just as they had parted only eight-and-forty hours ago. The face of them, as we know, this space had been eventful; but to the other it had seemed a lifetime—an age of hopes and fears, and latterly of cold despair, which had now been warmed once more to hope only to freeze again. How was not this man, to whom he had looked for aid, his cruel foe come back to taunt him?—to behold him already half-way toward death, and to watch his slow approach more bitter. But great as was his agony Solomon held his peace, reserved to this monarch of his fate the tribute of a groan.

"I am come to rescue you," said Richard, in low but distinct tones; "so much do I feel that I have already done, although it was no less than you deserved, the sin of overpowering the kindness you. In return you will doubtless denounce me as having meant to murder you."

No answer. If Richard had not heard his cries, it would have seemed that this poor wretch had lost the power of speech. His face, which had drooped upon his shoulder, and he leaned against the rocky wall as though his limbs could not have otherwise supported themselves. "I am afraid indeed—but was it with weakness or with hate?—as though he had the palsy.

"What you will have reason to do so," continued Richard, calmly, "for I did mean to murder you. In two minutes hence you will find yourself among your neighbors, free to act as you please. I shall make no appeal to your mercy; I ask, I know, no act of kindness so was yours to mine the other day; but if you abstain from molesting me, this mine, with all its buried treasure, shall be your own. I have nothing more to say."

Solomon answered nothing. "Perhaps," thought Richard, "he still doubts me.—Well, here is the ladder"; and he raised the article in question. Solomon's great hand flew out from his side, and clutched a rung as a dog's teeth close upon a bone; a dog's growl, too, half suppressed half threat, came from his deep chest; then he began slowly to ascend, keeping his eyes fixed on his rival. The latter drew back a little to give him space, and watched him with folded arms.

"Now," said Solomon, stepping off the ladder with the prolonged "Ha!" of one who breathes freely after long oppression, "it is my turn!"

"What are you about to do?" asked Richard, calmly.

"What you think we are quits. Richard Yorke, do you? or at least that when I had seen you hung it would seem so to me? You don't know what it is to die here slowly in the dark; you are about to learn that."

"Indeed."

"Yes. You complained the other day of my having used the law against you. Well, you shall not have to reproach me with that a second time. We are about to change places, you and I, that's all. You shall keep sentry down yonder till Death comes to relieve you, and unbeknown to you to venture here alone to dictate terms, my friend."

Solomon's voice was grating and terrible; it had grown hoarse with calling. His face was gaunt and pinched with hunger; his eyes flashed like those of a ravening beast of prey.

"I swear to you I came here to rescue you, and with no treacherous intent," said Richard, earnestly. "I was not afraid of you when you were hale and strong, and much less now that you are weakened and helpless; but I do not wish to have your blood upon my hands. I came here to help you."

"Is it help?" interrupted the other, eagerly. "I did not know that it was right; how should I, in this place, where there is no law? Well, that was still more indiscreet of you, for I shall get away unseen, while you lie here unsought."

"Your scheme is futile. There are fifty men about the pit's mouth now. I have told them—"

"Lies!" interrupted Solomon, with a shriek, and, throwing away the torch, as though disdaining to use any advantage in the way of weapon, grappled with him at once. At the touch of his foe his scruples vanished, and his hate returned with tenfold force. But he was no match for a giant. Privation had doubtless weakened Solomon's limbs, but it had not touched his iron sinews; and his rage supplied him for the time with all that he had lost. They clung to one another like two wild beasts, without uttering a word of defiance. Whichever fell underfoot was a dead man; but neither fell. For a few seconds the flickering torch still showed them each other's hot, vindictive faces; then they battled in the dark, with blowing breath and straining limbs, which only knew Not whither. At last the huge weight of Solomon overbore his lesser antagonist. He fell, and his hands were beneath him; and as he fell, but fell through space; for in their gyrations they had approached the unfenced edge of the top of the ladder. His foe, fast clutched, fell with him, but, pitching on his head, was killed, and the body of Solomon Coe fell alone.

This was the true history of what had occurred in the mine, as Richard, on his pallet in pain, recalled it step by step, and strove to shape it to his ends.

FISH AT AUCTION.

LIKE every other article of food in Paris, fresh-water fish has become scarce, and brings exorbitant prices. The practice is to dispose of it by auction, as shown in the illustration on page 852; and the excitement, says a letter from Paris, that will be given to the sale, and the bids of the dozen gudgeons—which will be eventually knocked down, the one at five-and-twenty francs and the other at seven-and-twenty—are positively tremendous: the screaming and shouting and struggling among rival buyers, the excitement at the commencement of the siege, when a cargo of Dutch cheeses, the owner of which was unknown, had been handed over by order of the government to the Halles factors for sale by auction, and such a disturbance ensued that the police were obliged to suspend the sale, and to call in armed National Guards to clear the market-place.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

WHEN, by the "bloodless revolution," PRIM and his colleagues upset the old BOURBON rule, there was great chatter of spirit among the republicans, and their language filled the air with fire; but the thing was not against the system, but against the dynasty. The country was swept clear of the old rulers with startling suddenness, and PRIM, instead of trying new forms and making a new system in the place of the old, took up the old. The thing was to get a king. The General undertook to make him, and he has done so, and has been trying desperately ever since, but "for some time" "couldn't quite succeed." His failures were many. He tried Spain, Portugal, to Germany, to Italy; he tried schoolboys and old men; those with and those without the power. Princes who were popular were not willing, and all the time there were the republicans and Carlists and Montpensierists ready to be at his throat—trying it now and then—the BOURBONS mildly intriguing in Paris, and the Emperor of the French watching his every move intensely, but quietly hinting objections which were always decided to success.

At last, however, General PRIM has justified his title of "king-maker," and the king whom he has produced is one who will be a BOURBON no longer; but there were difficulties in the way then as there are now, and considerable risk. The DUKE OF AOSTA, whose portrait we give on page 861, the second son of the King of Italy, was not the first candidate on the list after the throne, and he doubtless felt some reluctance to pronouncing his election. The Cortes, in spite of a desperate republican resistance, accepted the candidate by what, in the divided state of the country, must be considered a large majority, and the house of Savoy reigns in Spain as well as in Italy.

King AMADEUS was born on the 30th of May, 1845, and was married in 1867 to FERDINANDE MARIE, daughter of PRINCE CHARLES EMANUEL DEL POZZO DELLA CISTERNA, by whom he has several children, one a son, born since the vote of the Cortes. He is very popular in his own country, having the virtues of his house, bravery and frankness, and without those faults which are said to have at times somewhat dimmed his father's popularity. The house of Savoy is essentially representative of constitutional government. The present king's position, then, is assured, so far as such a thing can be. The new king, if not a man of brilliant parts, is honest, and will be loyal to all that is needed, and we may therefore hope that under the new dynasty Spain may recover some of her former grandeur and prosperity, emulating Italy in her task of regeneration.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In no country, perhaps, is Christmas so universally observed and so much enjoyed as in Germany. In the "old country" it is a family festival, to which young and old, and poor, look forward with intense delight. For weeks before preparations are made for its coming, and when at last the eventful morning has arrived grown folks and children are all ready to begin the enjoyments with which they are accustomed to observe the day. Every house has its Christmas-tree, which is the object of the most attentive regard, and we forgotten in the distribution of gifts; the servants are as sure to share in the general hilarity as the children of the household. It is a mistake with the Germans that every body must be happy on this day. The poor are not overlooked, and in every district of the public schools receive a gift from the public authorities. The day is observed with religious punctuality. From one end of Germany to the other it is a welcome interruption to the routine of scattered families, and the strengthening of social and domestic ties. We can, then, imagine what bitter disappointment awaits in Germany when home-ties, now that Christmas is just at hand, and future, brothers, husbands, and sons are far away, and exposed to the vicissitudes of war. Nay, more; with what sorrow and heart-sinking sensations of widows and fatherless children remember, on the coming Christmas-eve, how vacant places will be left, and how many cannot be filled by the beloved ones! The thought of the great increase of suffering caused by the European war will tempt many prominent incidents to Christmas, and incline the hearts of all to charity.

Certain classes in England are becoming very restless under their present political disabilities. The "Reform League" recently held a large meeting in London, at which bitter speeches were made, contrasting the position of the country—there being 127,860 paupers in London alone—to the wealth of the Queen, who "owns 400,000 a year, besides a million more from the royal family." An appeal is made to the entire people, because not only the "working men" are disfranchised, but they should supersede "the present cumbersome and ruinous system of government by the establishment of a republic."

The Prussians caught a Parisian balloon the other day. One which had been successfully used in the siege was provided with a new car. The passengers—mostly wealthy foreigners—had assembled, the purse money was paid, when, by some misunderstanding, the balloon was overturned by a gust of wind, and, dropping down the boulevard, it ascended by Berlin, and was totally lost to Paris, as it eventually fell into the hands of the enemy.

Maine promises to harvest a much larger crop of ice this year than ever before, having been estimated that the Kennebec alone will yield no less than 250,000 tons. Maine generally has her promises kept, but the ice is by no means thick enough to cut yet!

An important experiment was recently successfully tried in the North River—that of blowing up a wrecked vessel. All ice can, each holding about ten pounds of powder, were lowered into the wreck, and fired by a galvanic battery. The shock was terrific; but the wreck was thoroughly broken up, and then completely removed by dredging—showing the feasibility of removing sunken vessels from the harbor.

It is said that Esther celebrated Christmas-eve in his family according to a German custom. In an article published in Leipsic the great author of Faust is quoted as surrounded by children, and playing upon a pianoforte—a composition not unlike the modern guitar.

Typhoid fever and diphtheria often follow a summer drought, because wells and cisterns are not cleansed when the hot water and sediment which have accumulated in them.

The devotion of Napoleon III. at Sedan was certainly far removed from sentimentality, if reports are true. It is stated of him that in the midst of the scene of confusion which ensued upon the surrender of the palace-carriage, French line-boats, while riding slowly through a wide street swept by the German artillery and crowded by the French army, he paused for a moment to address a question to a colonel of his staff. At the moment a shell exploded a few feet before him, leaving him unharmed. The Emperor continued on his way without flinching, and was received with cheers by the enthusiastic roots of the city, who, with setting at a window inside, recognized him for the hero of the Crimea, a shell struck the wall just outside, and burst only a few feet from the Emperor's chair, again leaving him unscathed and unmoved.

The Mercantile Library of New York city now numbers over 40,000 members. The circulation of books delivered to members is 800; some days as many as 1800 are delivered. The library now touches many as 1800 are delivered. The library now touches Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Yonkers, Jersey City, and Elizabeth, N. J., receiving books from the metropolitan depots. The reading-room, which has the reputation of being the largest and best furnished in America, contains over 400 newspapers and periodicals.

A giant Christmas pie is described in an English newspaper, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, of January 8, 1770, as containing two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, six ralpies, four pea-wide-fowls, two pheasants, six snipes, four partridges, two moles' tongues, two curlews, one hare, a hen, and six pigeons. This enormous curiosity was made for a baronet—Sir Henry Grey—and measured four feet each way in circumference, weighed about twelve stone, and was neatly fitted with a case and four small nests, to facilitate the use to every guest that inclined to partake of its contents at table.

The ladies of Washington have been much annoyed in past seasons by the large number of uninvited guests who attend private receptions. Often the uninvited guests have been as numerous as those to whom cards were issued. Some are even so uncivil as to enter private houses on special occasions. At a certain entertainment a year ago one of these guests was a man with whom the bride and her family were totally unacquainted. He was present at the ceremonies and left without guests. The President's receptions and those of the Speaker of the House of Representatives are the only ones in the evening for which no cards are issued, and to which every body is privileged to go.

The annual report of the Fire Marshal of this city contains some items of general interest and value to the public. During the year ending October 31 there have been 886 fires. Twenty buildings have been totally destroyed, sixty-nine badly damaged, and seven slightly damaged—eighty damaged. More than half the fires originated from carelessness, the use of inflammable and explosive materials, or were incendiary. No less than two hundred and six fires occurred from carelessness in the use of candles, matches, pipes, and cigars; and thirty were caused by children playing with matches.

The number of fires in one house last year, and in one cause being the introduction of the biographic alarm system below Fourteenth Street.

The circulation of our prominent newspapers has increased to such a point as extent that even a short time ago considered *fast*, and which could easily print ten thousand copies per hour, is now one hour, now deemed old-fogyish, and are insufficient for the purposes of a single day's issue. To meet the wants of these ever increasing trade, Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has ordered three new presses of the Messrs. Hoe a new printing-machine for his newspaper, which, when completed, will enable the establishment to turn out eighty-six thousand copies of the *Ledger* per hour. The new press will cost, we are informed, upward of forty thousand dollars, and will be ready for use in two or three months.

We had thought to give our readers a little idea of the holiday books of 1870. But when we looked at the enormous size of the principal book-stores convinces us of the impossibility of so doing in our brief space. Even a mere catalogue of the titles of publications would fill columns. A special feature of the season is the multiplication of "juveniles," which not only charm the eyes of expectant young folks, and very valuably benefit them, but those who write books for them. Without making invidious distinction—for we are rather bewildered by the rich embarrassment of riches passing before our eyes—we mention a few of the many which interest us, on behalf of the children. The "Wonderland Stories," among which "Letters Everywhere" contains a most curious and ingenious combination of the alphabet to natural objects, amusing to young and old; "Mother Goose in her New Dress;" "The Rescue of Sea Fairy;" "The Children's Party;" "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist," with 131 elegant illustrations; Dickens's "Children of a Larger Growth;" My Agingil Kingdom," written by the boys' friend, Du Chaillu; "Black Peter," containing exhibitions by Paul Bedford; "Stories of Old Rhymes for Boys;" "Popular Fairy Tales," illustrated by Doré; "Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls;" "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and the end is yet far off. Nor have we even mentioned the numerous sets of children's books which, beautifully bound and illustrated, come in neat boxes. A visit to our bookstores are now in full tide of interest to the young people as well as their parents.

Miss Nightingale never ceases to retain the most lively interest in all those who are called to suffer from the subjection of war. In sending a contribution to the fund for relieving the suffering peasantry of Montenegro she says:

"I wish it was ten times as much; for in this most terrible of all the wars—it is the continuous horrors of this most horrible of mankind's histories—I believe the sufferings of the wounded, struggling, and burnt-out peasantry are the greatest horrors of all."

Five great cartridge factories in Paris give constant employment to about 1,500 workmen, under the immediate direction of the artillery officers. The total daily production is 800,000 cartridges.

An excitement is being aroused concerning the diamond fields of South Africa, each extending over a space of six hundred miles, from Hall County, Georgia, to Virginia. This may prove a counter-irritant to the South African diamond fever.

The following incident is related of General Kearney: A private on guard duty at Malden was ordered by the General to pass him without the countersign. His orders, strictly adhered to, were disobeyed, and he was ordered, by artillery from General Kearney, to be shot. The whole army was drawn up to witness the execution. The drums rolled the death notes. The culprit received the last consolations of religion, and the firing party was ready awaiting the signal, when at the very last moment the General developed to the front, and said he had determined to save the man's life, but that his commander-in-chief was to be interpreted, and that in future discipline would be strictly observed. The soldier returned to the ranks a Frenchman should never go down on his knees."

A New Bedford captain, who has spent the most four years in whaling voyages in the Pacific and Arctic Seas, says that on his opinion that the purchase of Alaska was a good bargain for the United States. The climate of Alaska is not too severe for Americans, and not so trying to the constitution as tropical countries. The soil is adapted to grains, and numerous vegetables are raised in abundance, making it a good recruiting-ground for ships. The sea-fisheries on the coast and islands are very extensive and valuable. San Francisco gets her fish, codfish, salmon, etc., there. The timber of the Territory is something like the Oregon pine. The mercantile fields of Kodiac Island now are the fortunate, are immense, and the berries I ever ate in any country. Gold mines have recently been discovered in Alaska, and California miners have gone there in considerable numbers. The true value, of course, is well known to be valuable.

THE PARIS FOOD MARKETS.

A ROMAN emperor is reported to have once offered a handsome reward to any one who would invent for him a new dish. Could but this imperial *gourmand* now visit Paris he might revel in dainties as novel as they are reported to be delicious. Have not besieged correspondents been amusing their readers for some weeks past by relating the many experiments the once so fastidious Parisians have been trying as to the edibility of various animals hitherto considered to be exclusively confined to the table of a luxurious Chinaman or a Cremorne *Zouave*? One resident reports cat-flesh exquisite; while another falls into ecstasies over the delicacy and flavor of a *salmis des rats*, which, however, he adds, was put down in his bill under the now comprehensive title of *gibier*. Ass-flesh is reported to be superior to veal; horse roasted and then pickled for some days is capital beef; dog is by no means unpalatable; and a roast mouse is matchless eating.

Not only, however, have the beleaguered Parisians been testing the flavor and digestibility of these familiar animals, but the Zoological Gardens have also furnished them with still stranger meats. Those hungry orgiasts which you were expressly forbidden to feed, and which, consequently, were stuffed to suffocation by the more youthful of the *habitues*, have themselves been slaughtered, while the reverend missionary of Fontbuctoumou memory, so hastily devoured by a cassowary, has been simply revenged by the fate of his antagonist's representatives at the Jardin des Plantes. Yak, kangaroo, and monkey have been procurable; the hams of the bear, so superbly advised by M. Dumas in his "Impressions de Voyage," have been speculated on with great gusto; while buffalo-steak has been discussed at a select party of besieged epicureans, and pronounced most excellent eating.

Beef and mutton have long been rationed by the government at a very reasonable tariff, though in infinitesimal portions; but poultry, scarcely indeed obtainable, has sold for enormous prices. Thus the sketch on the left represents a scene witnessed on the Pont Neuf. An old lady, bent on making the most of the last of her poultry-yard, proclaimed the lot, estimated by a by-stander to be a veteran of at least eight years' standing, to be "the last cock in Paris," and, though admitting him to be no chicken, declared him not so old as represented, and stated his price to be 25 francs. A rabbit and two hens were also in her basket, the whole being valued at 50 francs. The lot was easily sold at the old lady's own price.

Milk also has been rare during the siege, and though it is stated that there are 6000 milch cows in Paris, this beverage is by no means easy to procure. Thus, as the second sketch depicts, no sooner do the milk-carts arrive from the Bois de Boulogne, or from some other oasis outside the ramparts where large herds of cattle are kept, than crowds of thirsty souls surround them, struggling to obtain, at any price, a small basin of this grateful liquid, made still more simple by the addition of considerable quantities of *aqua pura*. Rarely does the peasant escape till all his milk be gone, and a correspondent writes that "this scrambling frequently ends in half the milk being upset in the road. Those who have regular customers," he adds, "are obliged to change their itinerary every two or three days, or their cans would be dry before they arrived at the first house. We shall soon be without milk, as all cows are to be killed unless the proprietors can prove they have fodder enough to keep them for a month."

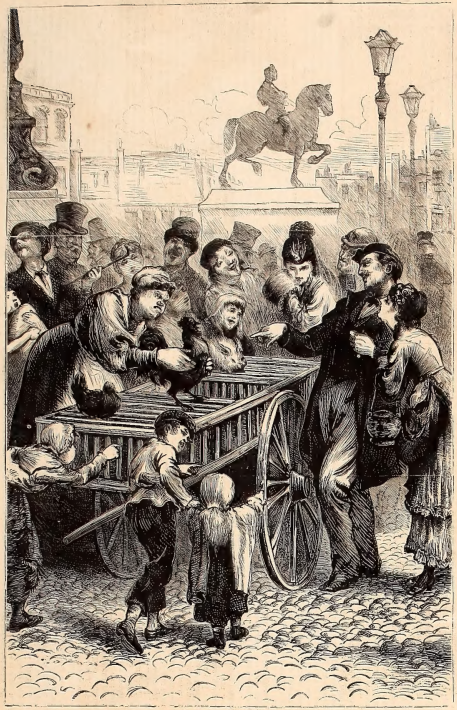

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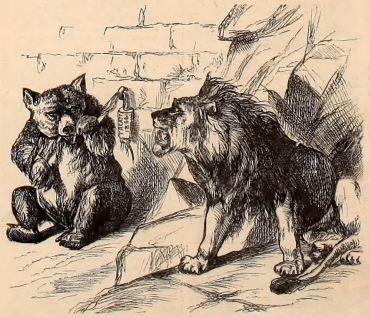

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TRIMMED HOUSE DRESS ... " 28
TRIMMED WALKING DRESS ... " 29
WATTEAU-BASQUE WALKING SUIT ... " 32
TRIMMED EVENING DRESS ... " 33
TRIMMED DRESS OF SILK ... " 34
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT ... " 43
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TOM THUMB
SANTA CLAUS
THOMAS NAST
1870
PUSS IN BOOTS
PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN
CINDERELLA

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-EVE.

The following is a very old Christmas carol, once extensively known in England, and still a great favorite in many parts of that country:

As Joseph was a-walking
He heard an angel sing—
This night shall be the birth-time
Of Christ the heavenly King.
He neither shall be born
In honour nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in no ox's stall:

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the linen white and fair
That men bebies all:
He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger rude
That resteth on the mould:

He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the water from the spring
That on you shall be shed.
As Joseph was a-walking
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight hour
Was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles, for
His star it shineth clear;
And all in earth and heaven
A joyous carol sing.
For lo! to us a child is born,
And all the bells do ring!

APPLES OF SODOM.

A Christmas Story.

All night long the snow had been falling steadily, and when the sun arose on Christmas morning it seemed almost inclined to go back again, the air was so crisp and frosty. If the sun had any such half-formed intention, however, the idea was not executed, for the round red ball rolled slowly the heavens, and the snow, which was all around upon the white surface spread before it as if sighest at the amount of work it had to do to warm such a cold earth. An early bird, if any had been stirring, would have seen the long line that marked out Broadway, extending, in appearance like a piece of white tape, through the length of New York. Broadway was very quiet that Christmas morning; even the milkmen had not started on their noisy trips, and the overnight lounger had all apparently found resting places of repose, and had not ventured out of them yet. No stores were open, no pedestrians were abroad—every body was asleep.

Meanwhile the red ball rose higher and higher, and gradually its influence began to be felt, for the white roofs that lined the white streets, and little drops of water began to perspire from their edges, and over on the east side particularly by the frosty windows, and they became gradually more transparent, by the life of the sun, and gradually it began to stir. First a window went up, a night-capped head peered out, and then popped in again; then a door opened, and a great coat and muffler issued forth; then the tinkling of bells was heard, and a horse appeared, panting and sneezing, while the discordant voice of a milkman startled the silence—and New York was awake.

In a narrow lane, between two narrow streets on the east side of the city, stood a tall, thin structure, which seemed as if it had been wedged in between the two fat houses on either side of it to separate them, and had been forgotten there. It was a cosy old house—one of those that grow up in the heart of every great city, and, living a neglected and forsaken life, are not missed when they decay. It was full of windows, and every window seemed stuffed with old hats and coats and bits of cloth; and the blinds had all been wrenched off, and the doors hung loosely from their hinges; and altogether it presented a most miserable and dilapidated appearance. But there was one comparatively bright feature even about this forlorn old relic. Away up in the top story the early bird could have seen one window that was not stuffed with old clothes and rags, albeit it was as shattered as any of the rest. Every broken pane in this window had a thin piece of wood tacked neatly over it, and though this pan excluded some of the light, it kept the cold out also, and looked less shatterly, and that was a great deal where every thing was dirty and slovenly and wretched. But there were a few pieces of glass carefully preserved in the window, and through these the first rays of this Christmas sun poured with their full glory. There was nothing remarkable about the room into which these rays carried a share of the Christmas sun—which shines alike in broken-down old tenement houses and rich mansions—but its neatness. The furniture was old and common, but whole and clean. A plain table, dresser, bedstead, and a few chairs, that was all—all except a little, cold, cheerless stove, which, as it is destined to play an important part in this story, deserves and shall receive special description.

It was a funny little stove, made of sheet-iron, and having a little pipe with a matter-of-fact kind of elbow that twisted up into the chimney as if it only did so on compulsion and under protest. There was no fire in it, and it stood there looking cold and black, yet with a cheerful expression as the sun glistened on its smooth sides, while, the cover being off, it stared straight up to the ceiling through its large round eye, like a little square, black, inanimate Cyclops.

On the iron bedstead lay the figure of an old man. He was asleep, and the sun, shining full upon him, lined out his shape upon the coarse counterpane with marvelous distinctness. From the soft, thin, gray hair down to the very boots he wore it was all sharp; not the sharpness of acuteness; not the sharpness of meanness; but the stinging, biting sharpness of extreme poverty. He was a very old man. He did not seem as if he had grown sharp by years of suffering and pinching, but rather as though he had been suddenly clutched in a corner by distress, and had all the blood and flesh and marrow crushed out of him at once, and so had fallen asleep in misfortune and lain there until Christmas. For he lay on the bed with his clothes on, and his arms and his fingers looked as if all the cold weather since October had been at work lluing him. After all, however, he had only lain there a few hours, as we shall see by-and-by.

There was a thump and stamping up the ricketty stairs presently the door flew open with a bang to admit the form of a jolly, red-headed Irishman, whose hair bristled and seemed to counteract the chill of the cold blast that blew in through the open door. He made noise enough in his entrance to have awakened the Sleeping Beauty; but though the old man stirred slightly, he did not wake. The new-comer was a mass of humanity in the Boston rocker rolled on the floor, neither seemed say the less asleep by these changes of position. "Hallo, Old Christmas! Wake up, Boot-black!" shouted the new-comer, and he presented his foot to the fire on the floor, and his fist to the old man, with one and the same movement. Slowly the two took upright positions, and, stretching and yawning, awakened. The figure rising from the floor seemed the younger man of the two, though he might have been of any age from twenty to fifty, as far as his face was an index of his years, but was probably not more than thirty. Carter, his mess of humanity in the Boston rocker rolled on the floor, neither seemed say the less asleep by these changes of position. "Hallo, Old Christmas! Wake up, Boot-black!" shouted the new-comer, and he presented his foot to the fire on the floor, and his fist to the old man, with one and the same movement. Slowly the two took upright positions, and, stretching and yawning, awakened. The figure rising from the floor seemed the younger man of the two, though he might have been of any age from twenty to fifty, as far as his face was an index of his years, but was probably not more than thirty. Carter, his name was Barty Brady, and he was a native of the Emerald Island, whose blood was evidently quickened by the cold, for he was all life and fun, and he was the very soul of mischief. The other was a man of a totally different stamp. He was a native of Yankee land, and was a Down-East Yankee, too, as his nasal twang and his every movement betrayed. He was a man of about forty years of age, and was a tall, thin, sharp-looking man, with a face that looked as if it had been whittled out of a piece of pine wood with a jack-knife, and had never been finished. He was a man who looked as if he had been born in a hurry, and had been left to grow up in his own way; so he grew like a tree in the forest, and not like a tree in a garden. He was a man who looked as if he had been born in a hurry, and had been left to grow up in his own way; so he grew like a tree in the forest, and not like a tree in a garden. He was a man who looked as if he had been born in a hurry, and had been left to grow up in his own way; so he grew like a tree in the forest, and not like a tree in a garden.

"Merry Christmas, old boy!" said Barty, in the surprise and consternation of Cheney, the proceeds of his father's daily truffle gradually became diminished. Had the demand for them lasts ceased? Other dealers appeared to flourish, and the old man's stock seemed always to be on hand. He gave us an explanation once in a rolling-off of his returns sometimes one reason and sometimes another. He had sold off at a low price, for fear of having his stock remain on his hands; he had lost the money; some rude boy had broken a window. He never drank, and he showed no signs of having exposited the mustache in any way; so poor Cheney, I fear, I suspect his father, or even to question him, only worked the harder, and waited for the future to make up for the past. Sometimes he tried to reduce the old man to change his business; suggested apple stalls or coal yards; but the old man had but one idea on this subject, and that was constancy, and to chestnuts he stuck, like their own jackets. There is a remarkable fact in our social history that the American chestnut is only thoroughly appreciated and eaten in the streets. Blandy's national prejudices would not admit of his dealing in foreign wares, the result was that during the autumn months his kiln-fires were more apparent than real, and this period was usually devoted to the development of his second original idea, namely, that he was a revolutionist of 1812.

Though Barty was old enough to have belonged to that interesting and warlike corps, yet for various reasons he could not legitimately claim the honour. The chief of these reasons was the fact that he had always been of so peaceful a turn of disposition that nothing short of invasion could have ever induced him to adopt a soldier's life. Further, at the period celebrated by the pompous orators and toasts who grace annually Broadway on Evacuation-day in all their glory, Barty was a mere infant in arms, and the period where rumors of wars never reached him. However, it is a lamentable fact that one of Cheney's principal sources of his success was the oppressing of the old man's anxious desire to provide around the veterans, or, in default of that, independently. Cheney occasionally laboured in situation in a store; but perhaps, after he had been in it for a day, he would be suddenly called to from his duties to behold the awful spectacle of his father marching stiffly into the store with a broomstick for a musket, and drilling sternly up to "Patchin!" This would never answer in a business household of a peaceful turn of mind, and after a few such experiences Cheney would lose his situation.

But the poor can almost always live in the midst of misfortune. It is when the cruel winter comes on that they suffer most.

Of late summer days Ike had not confined themselves to the summer, and once or twice Cheney had been obliged to extricate his father from the consequences of a fight he had been pummeling for a vagrant—a disgrace very hard for the poor lad to bear.

This winter they had suffered much. Cheney had shoveled snow, put in coal, blacked boots, and, in fact, done every thing possible to keep from starving; but the old man was evidently failing. Andy, the Irishman, was a generous old soul, and had occasionally helped them to the extent of his means; and so it had gone on until Christmas-eve. Barty had been celebrating his nativity all day, and late into the night. Cheney had made the crisp air ring with his shouts of "Oysters! Fine oysters!" until his voice at last was cracked. He had wandered into Broadway, and as he came down it he could see that his little pail he saw the richly dressed and comfortable-looking gentlemen and ladies, and young girls and boys, merry, ruling and waving, laughing and shouting. He saw the bright windows filled with toys and toys and all the delightful things, and the brilliant lights glancing through the frost on the glass; and so he had wandered on, with his pail in one hand and his eyes full, for he was only a boy, in spite of his twenty years—and he had sunk down in his weariness in the white flakes, and then he turned about and hurried after the old man. Barty was cold and queerish, but he was not the only very little child who, and for a wonder much of his stock was left: so Cheney got a fire in the little stove, and ordered his heavy load, and plodded on, wearied and miserable.

It was now very late; the snow fell silently and heavily; the few persons out passed rapidly along with muffled footsteps; and when father and son reached their little room it was midnight, for the bell of a neighboring church sounded the hour with a heavy clang, and afar off could be heard the sweet chimes of Trinity awakening the echoes in memory of the birthday of the Saviour.

They were so tired when they got in that they dropped down exhausted, and could not speak to have seen, Andy found them on Christmas morning; and so we return to the group we left in the little tenement-room. Cheney was making the fire with his last remaining bundle of wood, and as it brightened up the room assumed a more comfortable appearance. But the old man sat upon the side of the bed, humming a fragmentary little ditty, and looking straight out of the window, without seeing, however, even the snow that by banked up so heavily on the roofs of the opposite houses.

"An' what have ye got for breakfass?" said Andy. "It's little I receave, my way." Cheney reddened, and, going to the dresser, opened it, and took therefrom a loaf of bread and a piece of cold meat. These he laid on the table, and helping his father to a chair, seated himself, and was preparing to eat, when Andy broke in: "What's this? Why, ye be'r't to get a Christmas present for ye, bedad!" And he clumped out of the room and down the narrow staircase without further words.

In a few moments he returned, bringing with him a little jug of coffee, a heavy the Blandys had not tasted for many a long day. With this addition to his bill of fare Cheney made a comfortable breakfast, but the old man would taste nothing. Andy went away to his own establishment, and Cheney, after seeing his father as well disposed of as was possible under the circumstances—for he seemed too ill to go out—started off to shovel away the snow. Before he had breakfasted, it was yet but an hour or two after sunrise. The old man took his seat on the bedstead, and remained silent as he had awaken to before.

Hours went by, and there was no movement in the little room; then, suddenly rising, the old man moved unsteadily toward the dresser, and seemed to search for something. Presently he found an old school-book, and tearing from it a blank leaf, took a lead-pencil from the shelf, and slowly scrawled something on it, folded it up, and laid it on the table; then, taking his pocket-book in the hand, he sat as before, with his head bowed upon his breast, his hands clasped over his knees, and his eyes completely hidden. Meanwhile the fire in the little stove went out. Colder and colder grew the air: far below could be heard the sound of the bells of Christmas, and the glad shouts of children. Again the poor bent figure roused itself, but a sad change had gone over it. The head was raised, the hands clasped, the eyes, sunk deep under the wrinkled brows, could hardly be seen; they were motionless—some fearful thought, dimly struggling toward the light, had startled him. Slowly dropping on the floor, he was very long in getting back to the little stove; he paused there a moment; then the wizened it as if he were about to speak, but with his trembling, emaciated hands drew out a clumsily made yet quite hidden slide from one corner of the stove. Something was in that, he took from the cavity a small tin box, which he gently tapped: it contained a few coins, and a few bits of coarsest paper. With a bound the old man was on his feet: his eyes dilated; he grasped at a broom, and struggled for breath. He sunken fall—not very heavy—and the old chestnutseller was dead.

Hours passed by; all was still in the little room, save that at regular intervals there could have been heard a gentle tap, tapping upon the floor, and right below the old man's head, as it rested on his knee, there grew to be a round spot of dark and dull blood.

It was long past noon when a slow step ascended the staircase; the door opened, and Cheney entered.

He saw it all! He dead old father, for whom he had been so many long and weary years; the little stove, as it lay overturned by his side; the little pool of blood; and last, the folded paper on the table. He mechanically stepped forward and opened it. This is what it contained:

"For seven long years, I have walked as with a vice for you. My time is up. Pull out the left-hand lower corner of the stove, and you will find enough to bury me. Bless you heart! your poor old father to drop on you."

The little box by with its blackened contents on the floor, and the old man's mystery was solved at last.

Slowly the lad sank down beside his father—and the room was still. Still through the long afternoon—still in the twilight—still in Christmas night; and when the round red sun arose the next morning it was yet still, for there was no life there. Two of the apples of Sodom had fallen and the dead son, and the little stove with the dead fire.

THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

In length of descent is a thing to be proud of, there ought to be no family more proud of Europe than that of Bourbon. Not only can they trace their line unbroken to Hugh Capet, the strongminded patriarch of the Capetian dynasty, but it leads through thirty generations of kings, princes, dukes, and lords, and, when a stream breaks off, to run through banks studded with castles of honor only just short of royal. Hugh Capet is the first name in the list, and we unhesitatingly tell we come to Louis the Ninth, the saint. Then we have the two great and warrior kings, which terminated in the children of Philip the Fair, and gave place to the house of Valois, which, in the person of Henry, the Bourbons came in. Robert, sixth son of Louis the Ninth, married Beatrix, heiress of that noble fief of Bourbon which lay in the centre of France, north of Auvergne and Guienne. From him sprung eight dukes of Bourbon—an unbroken, hard-fisted race, who were ever to the fore when fighting was going on, and always loyal to the house of which they were a part.

Antoine de Bourbon—a poor, irresolute creature—had "the grand game," when Henry IV. knew which side he was fighting for, nor which reli-

ion he belonged to; dying, indeed, in a grievous perplexity whether he ought to call himself Catholic or Protestant—had the great grand luck to marry Jeanne d'Albret, daughter to the King of Navarre and his wife, Margaret of Valois, the author of the "Heptameron, and protector of all the speculators and free-thinkers of her free-thinking age. By greater luck still, he had for an only son the jolliest, if not greatest, of French kings—their fourth Henry—whose succession put the Bourbon family, for the first time, on the throne of France. His claims were threefold. Through his father, from Antoine de Bourbon, the Ninth; through his mother, from Charles the Fifth; and through his maternal great-grandfather from Louis the Tenth. In the next generation but one, the race splits up again. The brother of Louis the Fourteenth, the Duke of Orleans, was the first of the Orleans branch, which now survives in the children and grandchildren of Louis Philippe.

The Count de Chambord, the last surviving descendant in the direct line, is now in his sixty-of age, has been long married, without children. He is supported by a very small following in France, who cling to him from principle, and who will transfer their allegiance to the Orleans family as soon as he is out of the way. From time to time he puts his name to a document, which is drawn up and published to let people know he is still alive, and their duty to divine right; but it may very reasonably be supposed that he has long since given up all hope of succeeding to the throne. He seems to have inherited that character which is occasionally reproduced in the Bourbon family, of which the type is the indecisive and vacillating Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henry the Fourth. Such was Louis the Eighteenth, and such was the Dauphin, such Louis the Sixteenth. Their energy and bravery are dashed by a fatal hesitation; they dare, but they think too long about daring; they resolve, but too late; they act, when the time for action is past.

The Orleans branch has been in exile for twenty-two years, and has shown how adversity may be borne without loss of dignity. They have spent their time in travel, in study, in writing, and they have shown that, in intellect at least, there is one branch of the grand old house which is still ready to go to the front.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASES.

I.

"So you've determined not to come and spend the Christmas vac. with us?"

"My dear old boy, if I do, it's good-by to my chance of a degree, and therefore a heavy blow to my hope of a fellowship."

The first speaker was Walter Cavey, heir to one of the richest brauxiteries in wealthy Beershire, and gentleman commoner of St. Cuthbert College, Oxford, on which fine old foundation his friend Charlie Brandreth was a scholar.

"Well, then, at all events you'll come and stay somewhere handy, so that you can spend your Christmas and New-Year's Day with us?"

"I say, you cannot cherry me off my work every day?" said Brandreth.

"No; pon honor, I won't. There's a farm of the governor's, Bishop's Climstoke, within ten miles from the nearest station, and that's an hour and a half from us. They're excellent people, and I will put you up capitally, and for a moderate screw. Say yes, and I'll write to old Dinsdale about it by this evening's post."

"It is a tempting idea. Are you sure there is nothing about the locality to keep a fellow from reading?"

"Not more than any other place on this jolly sphere. You know I'm no judge, as my old coach used to say, the only place where I should be likely to stick to reading would be Edinburgh. Lights blaze there, and I should have to promise not to fish."

"Well, I confess, with all my anxiety for a class, I don't quite like the notion of Christmas-day in Oxford and solitude; so I'll say yes."

The upshot of this conversation was that the beginning of the Christmas vac. found Brandreth comfortably established at Thornhay Farm, the retired little village of Bishop's Climstoke. He found the Dinsdales very agreeable people, and under supposed to his honor of their guest. The family consisted of old Dinsdale, an honest and energetic man, his wife, a very honest and easy-going body, and Rose, their daughter, a girl of about eighteen, and pretty enough to deserve to be, what Brandreth once suspected that she was, the belle of Bishop's Climstoke.

Brandreth had been drawn on by this and one orphan at an early age, with no kith or kin save an old bachelor uncle, who was his guardian until he came of age—an event which will hereafter place a couple of years before the date of this story. He had, therefore, never known what family kindness or attention; and the care and thought which Rose bestowed on him as their visitor came upon him with no less novelty than enjoyment. She, on the other hand, having been all her life accustomed only to the awkward homage of rustic admirers, was charmed with the refined and respectful attention which Brandreth unstudgingly paid to a woman.

It was hardly likely that such a state of feeling should remain at a fixed point, and it was scarcely probable that it would settle into satisfaction. It naturally deepened and strengthened. Brandreth, with a man's instinct of rivalry, could not bear to see a girl like Rose surrounded by such clowns as her village suitors; and taking advantage of his position as a visitor at her father's house, he contrived on all occasions to monopolize her, much to the chagrin of her rustic swains, but greatly to her satisfaction.

Poor Rose! her guileless and unsophisticated heart was no wrong, no danger, no inequality in their love. How could she fail to believe and return what she supposed to be an honest and honorable passion? What else could his attentions mean?

And now it was Christmas-eve, and he was about to start for Sir Ranulph Curew's, to spend his Christmas. Poor girl! though the separation would only be for a day, it seemed as if it was to be for ages. It was her first experience of the bitters of love.

She stood in the hall, waiting to see him off, with a sad heart, which sorely hindered her in her appointed task—the decoration of the old farm-house with evergreens.

At last Brandreth came down stairs equipped for his journey, which was to be only a cold one, as the winter had begun to set in severely.

"Good-by, Rosie! A merry Christmas to you," said he, kissing her.

"And to you too," said she, but in no very merry tone.

"So you're doing the decorations, eh? I shall take the privilege of the season."

He caught a bit of mistletoe, and holding it over her head bent down and kissed her.

It was the first time he had ever kissed her, and it should have been pleasant therefore. But it was not. As he drove away toward the station he reflected again and again on his folly in such an uncomfortable feeling, a self-reproachful dread.

Shall I tell you why? Because, when he stooped down to kiss her, she had not turned her head away or tried to escape. She had raised her face calmly and unconsciously to meet his lips with hers. It was so simply and trustfully done that there was nothing unmanly in the act, nothing which he should repent as a mean elation—in that kiss she had given him her heart. He felt he was a villain. He had won the poor child's affection by false pretense. He had blighted her happiness merely to gratify his vanity; for, of course, he had no intention, honorable, there could be nothing between them, their stations in life were so very different.

The line between the station at which he entered the train and that near Sir Ranulph's seat was one of the village of Bishop's Climstoke, and as he was whirled rapidly by it, and recognized many a familiar object, he could not help thinking what evil he had wrought in that quiet hamlet, and to the poor trusting girl who had given him her heart.

Before long, however, he found himself at Sir Ranulph's hospitable mansion, where, in the pleasure of meeting Walter, and in the jollity of the season, he soon forgot his remorse, and dismissed the subject of his conduct from his mind.

It was a thoroughly old-fashioned Christmas, kept up in the regular old-fashioned style. There was a side-big dinner, there was a party of mummers was held on the capacious hearth, and games to blind-man's-buff and hot cockles indulged. There were big flakes of snow coming down the while chimney, and they sputtered and hissed in the huge fire on the hearth.

A week passed pleasantly enough, and perhaps only a week. Brandreth had formed a strong resolution to make up his mind to tear himself away and get back to his books. His difficulty in doing so was the apprehension of the fact that his friend's only sister, Edith, showed a decided preference for the visitor, and that he was not at all delighted to foster, and upon which Brandreth could not help fancying neither her father nor mother looked with favorable eyes.

However, by a strong effort he resisted the spell, and on the day after Boxing Day, he announced to the tutor on the return journey to Bishop's Climstoke. As he passed the village inn-door, he saw a cart had just stopped when he left it came back to him again vividly. He could not help reproaching himself for his folly in not Edith's kind reason to Rose. And yet, after all, how could that be? Rose and he had simply indulged in a passing whim, and neither of any thing serious between them!

But when he arrived at the farm he found the Dinsdales in sore distress and consternation. Rose had gone that morning early to visit her grandmother, who lived about half a mile on the other side across the moor. At mid-day—though Brandreth had been too much occupied with his thoughts to heed—Rose had not returned. Search was made, and

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.—EGG-NOG PARTY.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH—YOUNG FOLKS CELEBRATING THE DAY.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

CHRISTMAS MORN.

"GOOD-WILL to all!" See, the gold rays fall
Of the rising sun on the caves,
And the holly shakes as the glad day breaks,
And he rustles his shining leaves;

The thick berries red on his spike-crowned head
Nod welcome out to the morn
Of the day of days when, mid pæans of praise,
The Saviour of man was born.

The eyes bend low o'er the drifted snow
And their green anna creak and sway,
As the look-out freeze stirs the grand old trees,
And they chant the hymn of the day:

"Good-will to all!" in the cottage small,
Where the brown-cheeked children shout;
"Good-will to all!" in the palace hall,
Where the greetings of kings ring out.

What though no more bare for the dead gone year
Be mixed with our smiles to-night?
It is ever so on our earth below—
After shadows comes light!

"Good-will to all!" And a guerdon small,
A silver fee for my song;
Oh, on this glad day let us turn away
Not one, not one, from our door!

Your hands, dear sisters! Thou too, my brother!
Let our petty discords cease.
The old year dies out 'mid our parting shout,
Let it go, let it go in peace!

CAPTAIN DENISON'S AFFINITY.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CAPTAIN HUGH CRAIGLIE DENISON was a gentleman Britain. He was a young man of good heart, good abilities, more than average culture, and very ample and formal manners. After the close of the American civil war he came out to the United States, following a stream of his countrymen, who, as they do, for the first time, some actual and genuine knowledge about the extraordinary expanse which had so strangely distended one of the British Philistine's cherished articles of faith by refusing to burst up according to all sound predictions and intuitive perception of British Philistinism. Now our captain was not by nature or training a Philistine; but he had some of the Philistine's prejudices about him, and he was especially settled in his mind as to the inferiority of the citizen of woman. Captain Hugh Denison hated the very mention of woman's rights. His idea of a well-bred and lady-like woman was that of a graceful and elegant doll person who rarely spoke, and when she did speak, uttered only some becoming commonplace, to which no investigation could detect an idea, and with which reference itself could not desire to quarrel.

In fact, the properest thing a woman could do was to do nothing—or as little as possible—and to do nothing out of the way in common. A woman of conversational talent, displaying honestly her capacity, our captain would have set down in such a case category as a bullet-girl displaying her legs. In fact, no matter how useful or charming a woman's talents might be, they were, in Captain Denison's estimation, like her lower limbs, to be kept always from the public observation.

Of course Captain Denison knew that, when visiting the United States, he would be likely, some time or other, to meet some of the fair advocates of the rights of women. Indeed, he had something like a timid and doubtful curiosity about them, as one has about seeing a ghost or a muzzled bear. He dreaded yet wished to meet a few of the creatures. He took it for granted that they all were trowsers, and—well, let us say nothing more.

Captain Denison saw a little of the outer and inner life of two or three of the largest cities, and was, like most Englishmen of any observation, a little disappointed on finding how very like the interior, at least, was to that of Anglo-Saxon cities across the water. His letters of introduction brought him into the society of steady-going, respectable, mildly fashionable people, who were in the habit of visiting England pretty often themselves, and had English friends about them. Captain Denison sat at many dinner-tables in New York which were splendid and quiet and formal and stupid enough even for London. On general subjects the opinions he heard expressed quite coincided with his own; and as he thought he clearly understood why the Northern States were great in war—"they are just like ourselves," Denison said to himself, with satisfaction and pride.

Sometimes the question of woman's rights was broached, and Captain Denison found that on this subject, too, his own views were exactly those of the people with whom he exactly mixed. Women who talked of their rights were incessantly coarse, vulgar, hard, unfeminine, unsexed creatures. None of his friends had ever met any of them, and knew something about them in the newspapers. In fact, though he once seemed to have a clear and decided opinion about the appearance and habits of the creatures, yet the women did not seem to be visible in any place on which the sunshine of society ever shone, and Captain Denison began to set them down as a race of beings who led a subterranean existence, or only came out at night, and in dark, mysterious places.

Please don't set down Captain Denison as a fool or a pig. He was neither: had not a spark of the nature of either in his composition. He was only an able and well-read man who had had but limited means of observation, and had easy prejudices and national prejudices. He had many long and interesting conversations with some Americans well qualified to instruct him, and he was quite open to instruction on most subjects. One of the men he liked best and met oftener of late was Julius Wynter, a retired merchant, who had a pleasant place far away in the country, whither he always fled when New York became hot and dull. Denison much liked both Mr. and Mrs. Wynter, and found pleasure and profit in their society. So when it came to be "the month of roses," Captain Denison cordially accepted a pressing invitation to spend a few days with the Wynters at their country place somewhere among the mountains. A day was fixed, and the visitor received an elaborate *carte du pays*. He was to go a certain distance by steamer, then a certain distance by railway, and then a carriage was to meet him and convey him on to Wynterwood, the residence of his host and hostess.

By some mischance Captain Denison failed to get the steamer at the right hour, and so had to take an evening boat instead of one starting at noon. Therefore, of course, the whole programme of his arrival was deranged. When the Wynters' carriage came for him he was not there; when it came out of the station a rare carriage awaited him. The Wynters assumed that he were not coming by that train, waited stood, portmantuas in hand, at a low, half-finished railway station; there was no one to receive him; the day was hot, and Palewood was six miles off.

There was only one vehicle of any kind near the station when Denison got out, and that was a pretty pony carriage. Denison at first had some hope that it might prove to be the carriage of his friends, and to be waiting for him, but it was not so. A young lady got out of the pony trap into the carriage. She took the reins into her own hands from those of the driver, and off went the sweet little animal. A man of Captain Denison's age never fails, in whatever perplexity, to look at a young woman. Denison saw that she was *petite*, pretty, bright-eyed creature with delicately formed features and fair hair.

Denison looked at the pony, but only looked at him. He was evidently a stranger, and in some sort of a fix. He was not relieved giving the word of departure to her ponies.

Our captain began to ask about the way to Fedville, about the possibility of getting a carriage to go there, over which progress the functionary in charge of the station shook doubtfully. The lady in the pony carriage heard the conversation, and called out, in a clear, ringing voice, not high-pitched, but with a little strain in it:

"Are you going to Palewood, Sir? A friend of Mr. Wynter's? If so, I am going there, and shall be delighted to take you."

Denison took off his hat, thanked her, expressed his pleasure and his gratitude, and then of course only too happy to accept her offer. Girls in the old land don't invite strangers to drive with them, even when they are well known. Denison, grateful and glad though he was, could not help thinking that in this case, however, the difference of manners was so entirely to his advantage that he almost approved of it.

"Get right in, Sir," the young lady encouraged gaily, said. Captain Denison accepted the invitation, and got in. He was not sure whether it was the "right in" and the "Sir," which are unfamiliar words under such circumstances in England. He got right in, and sat near the pretty girl. Really she was very pretty, and even a stolid Englishman could not help thinking of the sort—must have been glad to sit by her side.

He offered, of course, to relieve her of the trouble of driving. She declined politely, but he didn't know the way; next that the road was very steep, and he thought somewhat unmanageable for a stranger; finally, that he could take the reins from the black servant because she spoiled like to drive. So she took the reins, and they rattled away; and our Briton began to think his position at least as pleasant as it was decided odd.

The young lady had plenty of talk; and her talk was animated, and even interesting, and Captain Denison, despite his recorded admiration of silence in women, found himself much delighted with the conversation of this young woman; and, more than that, he began to be quite pleased with the book that was opening nice in himself conversational resources the existence whereof he had never before suspected. Delicious was the day, delicious the drive, delicious the road lay through a beautiful country, through woodland groves of lofty trees, by streamlets through the foliage of cedar and tulip-tree and hickory and oak. His companion pointed his attention to one thing and was especially anxious that he had something interesting to say about this glade and that brook and another beyond among the trees, and had questions to ask of him about England's trees and landscape and social life, which also had their use, and the conversation never flagged. In England Captain Denison was always found a it a bevy ordeal to have to talk to girls.

Something or other brought up an allusion to woman's rights. The young lady seemed anxious to express his profound and proper contempt for all such unfeminine pursuits.

"Have you met any of our leading women—those who advocate women's rights, I mean?" asked the young lady, very curiously of him, with an odd expression in her bright eyes.

"And you?" he asked, meets them, I believe. They are all dreadful creatures." He would not quite eloquent in denouncing them.

"And you?" she said, "have you met any of our leading women?" he answered, "I have not had the pleasure of meeting any of them, and I am not sorry for it. I should not like to see one of the wrongs of her suffering sisters—I think that is the correct phrase—yes, of her suffering sisters?"

"Didn't know, I'm sure. I hope she is not any thing of the kind."

"Past hope, Sir; she is. I should not wonder if she had several distinguished representative women to meet you."

"Oh, pray don't."

"Yes, I think it quite likely. I fancy I heard something about a convention in the village yonder, but I don't quite recollect the date. This is Mr. Wynter's. It is not a charming place?"

The servant had got down and flung open the gate, and the carriage drove up a beautiful avenue and on to a lawn. The house, which stood upon the lawn, and from the "stoop" of which one had glimpses of a lovely river, and of blue, distant hills, was a large, handsome, irregular, picturesque structure, all windows, verandas, gables, porticoes, and trellises, flaming with bright creeping plants.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynter had come forth, with the genial and hospitable ways of the country to receive their visitors at the door.

"I have found your friend," said the young lady, "and now pray do make us acquainted, for I have not yet the pleasure of knowing his name."

"You are always doing good of some kind, Julia Eeslyn," said Mrs. Wynter, as she cordially kissed the girl; and then the regular presentations were gone through; and soon after the party broke up, to meet again at dinner-time. Captain Denison found that his pretty friend, Miss *Julia Eeslyn*, was to be a guest in the house for some days, at which he was greatly pleased. She was not to him at dinner, and they renewed their conversation after dinner, especially.

Suddenly Miss Eeslyn, now addressing her careless, who was at the other side of Captain Denison, said:

"I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Wynter, that Captain Denison has a worse than even British prejudice against the advocates of women's rights. He poured out a mine of vituperation against them, against the whole movement and its champions as we came along to-day."

"I have not, then converted," said Mrs. Wynter, graciously. "He comes here at a very favorable moment. I am happy to say. Captain Denison, that I expect the honor of a visit from some of the most distinguished advocates of women's suffrage in the state now here. I thought you would be glad to meet them."

Captain Denison looked miserable out, "very happy, I'm sure," and shuddered, and broke down.

He forgot his alarm, however, in the enjoyment of a delicious walk in the shrubbery, just at the close of dinner, and evening, with Miss Eeslyn. Frank and fearless, the well educated American girls of her class, she was easy, happy, and unconstrained in the society of this English stranger; and the English stranger liked her society amazingly.

Mr. Wynter joined them after a while, and Miss Eeslyn returned to the house. Wynter and his guest walked and smoked through the grounds until it was quite dark, and then returned to the drawing-room.

Miss Eeslyn was gone; and Captain Denison on entering saw, as he thought, a small, slight, female figure, dressed in white, sitting back to the fire-place. There was no one else but Mrs. Wynter in the room. When our hero entered she rose, and said:

"I am so glad you have come, Captain Denison, I really do, and at once to give girl. Really she was very pretty, and even a stolid Englishman could not help thinking of the sort—must have been glad to sit by her side.

He offered, of course, to relieve her of the trouble of driving. She declined politely, but he didn't know the way; next that the road was very steep, and he thought somewhat unmanageable for a stranger; finally, that he could take the reins from the black servant because she spoiled like to drive. So she took the reins, and they rattled away; and our Briton began to think his position at least as pleasant as it was decided odd.

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"I am so glad you have come, Captain Denison, I really do, and at once to give girl. A distinguished country woman of mine, one of the most celebrated advocates of justice to a trampled sex! Mrs. Carnifex Mango, who is about to endeavor to you Captain Denison, of the British army."

Captain Denison bowed and trembled. He had calmly and with unshaking hand lighted a fresh cigar just before taking his place at the head of the dinner-table to nourish the Britain; his cool composure never once failed him through all the terrors of the Cawspence; but he looked at Mrs. Carnifex Mango, and his eyes swam and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

Mrs. Carnifex Mango was a stout woman, with great mass of row-like hair falling over her shoulders. She wore spectacles and a black coat, something like a trunwear's sailing. "I look down toward his feet," says Othello, "but that's a fable." No; beneath the skirts of the long gabardine flowed a pair of unmistakable, the article of dress which an Englishwoman is only allowed to wear in connection with her husband's boots. Mrs. Carnifex Mango stood before our hero in trowsers!

A Britisher!" exclaimed Mrs. Mango, in a loud, harsh voice, and with a dash of pity and contempt in her tone. "And pray, Sir, how does the present progress in Britain? How is your J. S. Mill?"

Captain Denison stammered out a modest admission that he had not any personal acquaintance with that illustrious man, and that he did not know much of the progress of the movement—in fact, what movement?

"What movement!" exclaimed Mrs. Mango looking for a moment upward and then up toward heaven. "What movement, the prejudiced ask for a proof of despotism asks of free citizens." The movement, Sir, is the emancipation of the nobler sex from the iron grasp of a debasing tyranny! The movement, Sir, which is to restore woman to herself, which is to enable her to fulfil the glorious mission for which God and nature destined her!" The movement, Sir, which is to raise up oppressed and injured woman and place her by the side of man—her—"

Perceiving that the contrast passed for a word, Captain Denison good-naturedly but feebly suggested "her husband," but Mrs. Carnifex Mango waved away the unhappy suggestion, and went on:

"Place her firmly on her true pedestal! You, Sir, you, I perceive, one of those who are prejudiced against women—"

"Oh dear, no, I do assure you," Denison faintly interposed.

"Your own desperation, Sir, has perverted and destroyed your moral nature. Say, Sir, by what right you claim to dominate over the suffering sex?"

"Never did any thing of the kind! Won't

upon my honor," pleaded the luckless British officer.

"I perceive, Sir, that you are not acquainted with the bearings of this great question. It is, then, my duty, as one who has taken a conspicuous part in its promulgation, to endeavor to enlighten an ignorant stranger. It is my duty, Sir, and, difficult as the task may be, ungrateful as the task may be, I will endeavor, Sir, to enlighten you."

So she did. She endeavored to enlighten him. She addressed him at great length, and with immense volubility of words and vehemence of nature. The captain was crushed. By the time she had closed he felt quite broken and spiritless.

"Wonderful woman," said Mrs. Wynter, after the eloquent Mango had taken her departure.

"Splendid intellect," said Mr. Wynter.

"I've seen a good deal of her, you know," said Miss Eeslyn, who just now entered the room. "Why do people have headaches at wrong times? Were you not struck after, Captain Denison?"

"Very much indeed," replied the captain.

"Then, her manners are very graceful and gentle! Nothing unladylike or *prononce* about her." None of our lady reformers are, perhaps, a little marked and uncommon in manner, but Mrs. Carnifex Mango is perfection."

"And yet," said Mrs. Wynter, thoughtfully, "I doubt if Miss Athene Puffin will not impress Mrs. Carnifex Mango more deeply."

"Impossible, I think," murmured Captain Denison.

He had some conversation that night with Miss Eeslyn, and grew more and more charmed with her green, her animation, her culture, and refinement. "In the name of all the Philistines of mouse," he asked of his own soul, "how can this charming and intellectual creature endure such a hideous monstrosity as Mrs. Carnifex Mango?"

It was about the talk of the following evening that our hero had the happiness of being presented to Miss Athene Puffin. Bad as Mrs. Carnifex Mango was, Miss Athene Puffin showed even more appalling in the captain's perplexed and distressed eyes. She had not, indeed, moustached petticoats; but she wore those garments so hideously lank and long that they were rather suggestive of feminine grace than aught else. Mango's pantaloons. Her hair was screwed up in an extraordinary mass, or mop, under an immense hat; and the not only revealed her eyes under spectacles, but concealed them under green spectacles. She bowed a solemn bow when Captain Denison was presented to her, and heaved a sigh. Then she began:

"You are from England, Sir, and seeking, I hope, for the truth?"

"Well—not at least I hope so, madam."

"Where have you sought it, Sir?"

A puzzling question, truly! Captain Denison began to talk himself, in hurried mental examination, where he had been seeking for the truth. Well, he had been reading the daily papers; he had been talking with no end of people; he had been—

Athene Puffin lofty waved away his attempted explanations with a grand gesture of the hand.

"Truth, Sir, must be sought of woman. Of woman, Sir! In the Sierras! The new gospel comes from woman. She is nature's lost and misunderstood child. She is nature's gift effort. With her the divine intuition supplies the place of the inadequate, played-out reason which man boasts of. Sir, has reason been found? Of course, Sir, you admit the natural and destined supremacy of woman?"

"Oh yes! He was prepared to take his oath of that.

"Have you considered, Sir, the eternal relations of woman with the infinite?"

Captain Denison, exactly considered them, stammered the wretched Britton, but he began to go to work at considering them at once.

Miss Eeslyn came near and smiled with an air of sadness and superiority.

Captain Denison could not inform those relationships. His grosser nature is strangers to that sublime task. Woman must aid him and guide him upward. Let her, then willing, Sir, to be guided upward?

"I not very high," the captain tried to say.

"I am sure Captain Denison will be only too happy to receive guidance," interposed Mrs. Wynter, very kind. She and her husband were hanging on the words which fell from Athene's inspired lips.

"Good Heavens!" thought Denison, "how much I have been mistaken in these people! I thought them so intellectual and refined, and they are content with this hideous creature and her mad jargon!" In his agony he looked wildly around for Julia Eeslyn, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"Because, then," said Athene, rising majestically from her seat—" choose a spiritual guide of the superior sex to enlighten and instruct you during your stay in this place. She will, if she be true to her mission—and any woman under this hallowed roof must be true—she will arouse your sleeping intuitions, and open for you your spiritual eyes. Think of the noble women you are privileged to meet here. Think of the deep insight of Rachel Wynter, the sublime affinities of Carnifex Mango, the—"

"The sanctified aspirations of Athene Puffin," interposed Mrs. Wynter. And she added in an undertone, meant for our hero, "Nonsense, Athene Puffin! Don't lose such a chance! Let her be your guide."

A bright idea lit up Denison's distracted mind. "No, thanks!" he exclaimed, hurriedly; "I fear I am not quite up to the mark of these gifted women. Their intellect would rather appall me. I should prefer one of a—I know I shouldn't. But if I must choose, I think I should like for my guide and elevator—is that the word?—or my

affinity, or whatever it is, the young lady who was here just now—Miss Evelyn."

A burst of laughter from both host and hostess saluted this sudden and rash proposal, and Athene shrank back as if overwhelmed with confusion. Indeed, she turned round, and seemed as if about to hurry from the room. But to Denison's horror, Mr. Wynter sprang from his seat, ran to place himself between her and the door, and actually seized the divine Athene's hat—nay, and her hair also, and pulled both from her sublime head. And behold there was no Athene Puffin any longer visible; and there stood in her place, with flowing cheeks, head thrown back, and hair falling over her shoulders, the graceful, vivacious Miss Evelyn herself.

"Please, Captain Denison, do forgive me!" she pleaded when she had a little recovered her composure. "It was a dreadful piece of work of mine, concocted in concert with Mr. and Mrs. Wynter. I am a fierce champion, in my own heart, of the rights of women, and I wanted to punish you for setting all such persons down as hideous old frights. And I had some idea that you might even take the thing so completely *au sérieux* as to write a book on Amazons, and declare at least a whole chapter to Mrs. Carnifex Mango and Miss Athene Puffin, as types of American womanhood; and that would have been such delightful fun for us here who were in the secret."

"Have you seen Mrs. Carnifex Mango too?"

"I was. Did I do it well?"

"Need I answer? Didn't you utterly deceive and bewilder me?"

"Oh, I am so glad! But you forgive me, after all, and you won't believe our typical American women are all Mrs. Mangos and Miss Puffins any more?"

Captain Denison gave his full forgiveness, and pledged himself never again to believe in Mangos and Puffins as representatives of transatlantic womanhood in America. He has, moreover, given practical proof of his appreciation of American womanhood by falling profoundly in love with Julia Evelyn, and finally persuading her to marry him. He has, in fact, found his affinity.

KING WILLIAM AND THE SOLDIER.

A Brunswick paper gives an anecdote illustrating the King of Prussia's kind-heartedness. A soldier from Stargard, in Mecklenburg, is on outpost before Paris. Here he received a letter from home, and, as he had been a long time without news, he could not refrain from opening it immediately. In reading it he became so absorbed that he had not seen that the post had passed around him. Suddenly he heard a noise, looked up, and perceived the King and General Moltke with their retinue. Startled, he let the letter fall, and gave the customary salute. The King remarking his anxiety and confusion, stopped up to him in a friendly way, and asked, "Well, my letter from your mother-heart?" "No, your Majesty, from my father," he replied. "May I read the letter, or are there secrets in it?" asked the King. "There is nothing secret in it," said the King, who turned to his suit and read, *inter alia*, as follows: "In a fortnight your sister's wedding comes off; we shall all greatly miss you on that day, but your old mother is most of all vexed at not seeing you here. It does not matter, however; only go to the French in earnest, so that the insatiable mouth of these fellows may be very soon stopped." The King returned the letter and rode on. No long time elapsed before the soldier was relieved from his post. He received fourteen days' furlough, and was able, at the King's expense, to make a journey to Mecklenburg and attend the wedding.

PURGED IN THE FIRE.

A Christmas Story.

"Uncle Herbert, will you tell us a Christmas story? Please, do!" The speaker was only a little maid of six years old, and a dozen voices echoed the request.

It was Christmas, and we were gathered, according to time-honored custom, round a blazing fire under my grandfather's roof. We were a merry party, comprising some fifteen persons of all ages, with their respective parents, and a few married and unmarried uncles and aunts. Uncle Herbert, otherwise Mr. Herbert Milward, was our uncle by marriage only, as the husband of our aunt Alice; but though there was no kindness related to us, I think he was, with the younger ones at any rate, the best-beloved of all. Perhaps because he had no children of his own, he was always specially sympathetic in youthful troubles, and especially lenient to youthful misdoings.

However grave the offence, we were always sure of Uncle Herbert's intercession; and he never failed privately to admonish the offender—very gently, but so gravely and seriously that his quiet words would bring one to bow too proud to weep under the severest punishment, and cause the most rebellious spirit to submission and repentance. He could be very merry at times; but there was a gravity mingled even with his merriment, as of one to whom the more solemn aspects of life are always present. His devotion to his wife was remarkable, even to one youthful eyes. No one could say that his affection was demonstrative, and yet no one could be in the company of the two together, even for an hour, without feeling that Aunt Alice was more precious to her husband than any thing else in the world. Wherever his eyes wandered, they always seemed to come back to her as their resting-place; and however deeply, to all appearance, he might be engrossed in conversation with others, he was always able, by some magical process of intuition, to divine her wants or wishes and silently to supply them. Her fare was the warmest, her silks the softest; nothing was too costly, no trouble too great, that ministered to her pleasure. There seemed to be no such thing as forgetting, no possibility of mistake, wherever she was concerned. If she had found a footwarmer elsewhere, and had good fairies constantly attending her, she could hardly have been better cared for. Nor was Aunt Alice behindhand in returning her husband's devotion. She was many years older than she, but I fancy the difference in their ages was only to say that she spoke and pleasure in his love. She never did any thing (indeed she had no need) to test or draw attention to his devotion, but she quietly shamed herself to his tender care. She seldom thanked him in words, at least in public language, but she was thanked enough by the look of perfect love and perfect repose that was the habitual expression of her gentle gray eyes.

On the present occasion Uncle Herbert was seated in a high-backed carven chair, with Aunt Alice on a footstool beside him, and the rest of the party grouped around in a semicircle before the blazing fire. The candles were not yet lighted, but the dancing flame shed a ruddy light throughout the room, flowing into and filling the carved work of the oaken furniture, and brightening with a genial glow the red berries and dark green leaves of the Christmas evergreens. It was just the moment for a fireside story, and as Uncle Herbert was known to be learned in legends and German fairy-tales, which he was wont to narrate with much quiz humor, our little cousins were eager in their appeal. Uncle Herbert did not immediately reply, but sat contemplatively reflecting, with his eyes on the roaring fire-light, playing over his face, shewed us that he was in a serious mood. Aunt Alice glanced up at him inquiringly; but I thought to myself that I had never seen her bright young face (for she was many years younger than the rest of our aunts and uncles) look more perfectly beautiful than it did that night; and I caught myself wondering how it was possible that I ever came to pass that she should have married one so much older, and so little remarkable, as Uncle herself, as sober grey-headed Uncle Herbert.

"Well, my dears," said Uncle Herbert at last, "I will tell you a story, a true story. I don't think it is quite what you mean by a Christmas story: but the events about which I am going to tell you happened at Christmas-time, on the very night indeed, twenty-seven years ago."

We all settled down to listen, and, after a minute's pause, he went on:—

"It was Christmas-eve, or rather Christmas-day, for we had left the ball-room before the people left in the streets were getting gradually fewer and fewer, and the last stragglers had left licensen and the waits would shortly have London to themselves. It was a bitter cold night, and snow was falling fast. Not that most of the houses were dark and silent, though here and there lights were out, and the sound of music and of happy voices showed where a household was seeing Christmas in, and giving a merry welcome to the happy season. The moon, brilliantly lighted house in one of the West End streets there came a young man, who looked up and down intently with wine, and his face was contracted with a look of hopeless despair. And little was he for those whom he had just left was a noted gaming-house. He had been tempted by some companions, and had ventured more than he could afford, and had lost. Not only his money, but his character, which, when he expected to be able to restore it secretly, he had thought of as nothing. And now he was ruined, and by the basest means. He knew now that, disguise it as he might, the taint and pain of his punishment. Already he felt its imagination the office's hand upon his collar, the handcuffs on his wrists. He could see the astonished looks of those he had fancy to his crime; he could hear the voice of the judge pronouncing sentence on him. And if he dared not meet the consequences of his sin, and in his mad despair, fearing to face offended man, he had dared to sin against God, and the presence of an offended God. He was now hurrying home to his father's house, not daring to the drought that brings the awful sleep whose waking is eternity. With his hands clenched, and his head bared to the cold, he hurried on. He was rushing madly on, when he heard a sound of shouting, and suddenly he found himself stopped. He looked up, and saw that the sky above him was red with a lurid glare; and then a moment's sound like a distant rumble, and then a shout was on fire in one of the streets through which he had just passed. He was seized with a fit of reprieve, he turned aside—turned aside from the road to his death—to see the sight. He ran through the streets, through the crowd, which gave way right and left at the pressure of his muscular arms. Then he came to the burning house, had been somehow got out, and now stood half naked and shivering in the street. All, it was thought, were safe; but just as he reached the group there was a fearful shriek, for it was found that there was one, the youngest, missing. The poor mother sobbed and screamed, and was only held back by force from re-entering the burning house, and perishing with her little one. The father, wringing his hands like one distracted, offered a thousand pounds to the firemen, if they would but rescue his child.

"It can't be done, Sir," said one of them; 'not if you said a hundred thousand, it couldn't be done. The floors will fall in in five minutes, and it's certain death to enter that house again.'

"The red flame was already shining through the first-floor windows, and through the open door could be heard the roaring of the fire, which was fast gaining hold upon the staircase. A thought flashed across the young man's mind. His minutes were numbered, his life was worthless; its last act should be a worthy one, and if he perished in the flames, he would be guilty of one sin the less. With quick eager questions he ascertained where the child was. The fireman guessed his intention, and held him back.

"'Don't go, Sir, for God's sake! it's waiting two lives instead of one. We're not cowards, Sir, but this is certain death. If you attempt it, the Lord have mercy on your soul!'

"'Amen!' said the young man; and throwing off the hands that held him back, he rushed into the house and disappeared.

"The fire was raging on the first-floor, the child was on the second. The first-floor landing was already in flames, but the young man, with a firm step, sprang past the burning spot, and in another second was in the room where the child lay. The room was already filled with the flames and here and there the flames were darting through the crevices of the flooring. He could see the door, but a little flame frightened voice, sobbing 'Papa, dear papa, do come, papa!' guided him to the spot where the child lay. 'Don't be frightened,' he said, 'don't be frightened, dear.' He did not, he thought, he would not tell the little one in the blanket, and began to retrace his perilous route. Quick, however, as he had been, the flames had gained upon him, and were at his feet as he stepped over the burning floor. He rushed to the window, thinking that even the fall from it he might escape that way; but pouring from the windows below him was a sheet of flame. The burning staircase was the only road. Then his handkerchief round his mouth and nose, to keep out the suffocating smoke, he appeared his way to the door. To his horror, he heard a crash—one half of the staircase had gone.

"A deadly terror seized upon him; the last hope of escape was lost. The life which a few minutes since had seemed a burden too heavy to bear, suddenly grew unutterably precious. His eyes were blinded, his throat scorched by the black smoke, and he felt that he was dying, and leaping up around him, seeking to devour him. With awful distinctness all the evil of his life, all the sins of his youth, passed in review, shone out clear as noonday before his eyes. Instruction wasted, good deeds neglected, good resolutions broken, rose up before him; and one and all seemed to sing him down—lost, lost, lost for ever! And he was lost, lost since he had not dared to live, now he did not dare to die. Suddenly, in the midst of his despair, returned strength. Threading his way through the flames, which were now rising all around him, he crept to the back of the room, and then, grasping his broken hand-rail, swung himself over, and dropped on to the first step, a depth of some fifteen feet, into the hall below. Fearfully burned, he had just strength—still holding his burden in his left arm—to stagger into the street, and fall senseless into the fireman's arms.

"He was carried to a neighbored between life and death, in the intensest physical and mental agony. For the most part of the time he was delirious, and raved of the horrors of that awful moment when, standing on the brink of death, he had looked over into the abyss of eternity. As he regained his reason a new terror came to him, the dread of the consequences of his crime. He was awake when the first step of the officers of justice at his bedside, waiting to carry him before the judge. But this last fear had lost its keenest sting; being, as it were, swallowed up in his overwhelming thankfulness at having been saved from the jaws of death, and in the sense he knows no repentance. On his bed of pain he prayed as never before—prayed as the publican prayed, and was heard; and by the time he was able to sit upright, he was ready to endure without murmuring the shame and pain of his punishment. For some weeks the evil day was delayed; but at last, as he was beginning to regain strength, a writ was served upon him, and he employer entered the room. With a beating heart, but still resigned, he felt that his hour was come, and prepared himself to meet it. To his surprise, his master made no allusion to his misconduct, but kindly inquired after his health and the daring deed; and he thought flushed across him that his folly and sin were still unknown, and that if he did but keep his own counsel, might so remain forever. The tempter whispered, 'Be silent!' and for a moment he was inclined to yield; but his good angel triumphed. With bowed head and downcast eyes he told the story of his sin, and was ready to hear his sentence from the man he had wronged. For a few minutes the good old man (God bless him!) was silent, and then he said, with tears in his eyes:

"'My boy, I am glad that you have told me this, very glad; although I knew it before. You have committed a great sin, and you have suffered a terrible punishment. Thank God, who in his mercy has saved you from a far greater sin—a sin unrepented of, unforgiven, for ever and ever. You have been through a fiery trial; let your future life show that you have been truly "purged in the fire." For your offense against myself, God forbid that I should add to your punishment—I forgive you with all my heart, my boy, and you need have no fear about coming back to your old place in the office, for no one except myself will ever know a word of the matter. One thing, however, you must promise me—never to enter a gambling-house again, on pain of instant dismissal.'

"'That I do, Sir, upon my honor—' he began, and then stopped short, as the unfitness of the word, from one in his situation, flashed cruelly upon him.

"'Nay, lad,' said the old man, holding out his hand, 'don't take it back, that is just the way in which I want your promise. Upon your honor, mind. It is a little tarnished now; let it be the lubor of your life to make and keep it bright.'

"And, with God's help, he did. He rose from that bed, where for so many weeks he had lain in peril of his life, an altered man. His former friends wondered at the change, and declared that he had left his youth in the fire; but they knew nothing of the fierce fire through which those long weeks had raged in his bosom, and had scorched and seared the rebel heart within. Having stood so awfully near to death, he had learned to value life; and to strive so to live that death should be no longer terrible. And so striving, God prospered him. The father of the little girl he had saved was a wealthy man, and with generous kindness helped him even against his will. The kind old master stood his faithful friend, and even made opportunities for showing his confidence in him; and for many years past he has been a partner in the firm, and a much respected merchant. Very few people know his story. It is not a very merry one, but it was supremost in my mind when Effie asked for a story last month by on Christmas-eve—and therefore I have told it to you.

"Who was the young man, uncle?" said a childish voice. "Have we ever seen him?"

"Yes, my dear, you know him very well."

"But what became of the little girl that was saved, uncle? Is she alive still?"

"My dears," said Uncle Herbert, "the little girl is now your aunt Alice."

And then the fire-light, which had grown dim, flickered up into a blaze. Aunt Alice bent over Uncle Herbert's hand and kissed it, and he raised her head, we could see that there were tears in her eyes.

And we guessed the rest of the story.

A PRUSSIAN AMAZON.

A Prussian paper gives some particulars of a female volunteer in the Prussian army, whose name is Bertha Weiss. She was born at Stolzenberg, and educated as a respectable establishment required. She soon, however, evinced a singular preference for manly attire, and acted as a page when sent to a regiment of the Sixty-ninth Regiment at Treves, with whose family she had occasion to make long journeys to the south. Her good conduct induced her master to provide for her further education, so that she was competent to pass the ensign's examination. Soon after the war, provided with a good outfit, Bertha left from the captain, and without being subjected to a single drill or examination, she entered his regiment, and took part in the battle of Spicheren. Transferred to the Crown Prince's regiment, she succeeded, in the battle of Gravelotte, first alone, and afterward supported by her own staff, in recovering the lost Seventh infantry regiment, which had been seized by the French. She received in this exploit four bullet wounds, one of which, in the knee, disabled her from walking. She received from Prince Frederick Charles for her bravery the decorations of the Iron Cross, as well as an autograph certificate couched in the most flattering terms. She is likewise styled Bernard von Weiss, and is granted a furlough. The lady is twenty-four years of age, and has prepossessing features.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIERY.

WHILE every men is a soldier, no man is a mere machine. Hints, literary and other, of the first individual responsibility to the Fatherland are strongly as the general who commands them. The Prussian soldier would make a better scout or "lodge" his sentry duty for worlds. He does his best to make himself master of the whole military machine, with a tendency to go out of order on temptation. Many a time have men been found on sentry a mile at least out of the line of any authority, and where they might have broken the rule without smoking or seeing any thing remarkable, and no untoward results. Most people know what a smoke is to a German, and it may be hardly imagined how difficult it is to mystified if he has not seen the color of tobacco smoke for a fortnight. When offered a cigar, they have accepted it, but never would any man take a light. Indeed, the office was resented with some severity. Indeed, Prussian soldiers are well-educated, and it is a truism not worth repeating that natural intelligence is developed and added to by education. They understand military operations, and delight in seeing them successfully worked out. With the new political complications, they have had to the war they are familiar, and each man speaks of it as if he had been present at the battles. Intimate benefit success will confer on his country, and not out of a mere frothy desire not to be "kicked." Marked ignorance of the Prussian troops, and the convictions and aspirations to which well-directed intelligence invariably gives rise, entirely result from among them grumbling or malingering. It rids greatly also in preserving the health of the army, for it must be remembered that the uniform sobriety of the troops, which does so much to secure their ailments to which large bodies of troops, often in unfavorable circumstances, are so liable. All men who have seen active service know how a frantic "spree" to-day is followed by dysentery to-morrow, and possibly by cholera the day following. The Prussians never indulge in a frantic "spree," and so escape the cause-agent disorders. They will bivouac beside a fat and sour cider-cellar, and keep their minds above then if they were visiting the locality merely, and had to pay for every thing.

CHRISTMAS-TIME—FEEDING THE PETS.—[DRAWN BY A. E. EISSLER.]

AUG 1968

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